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THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

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November, 1868.



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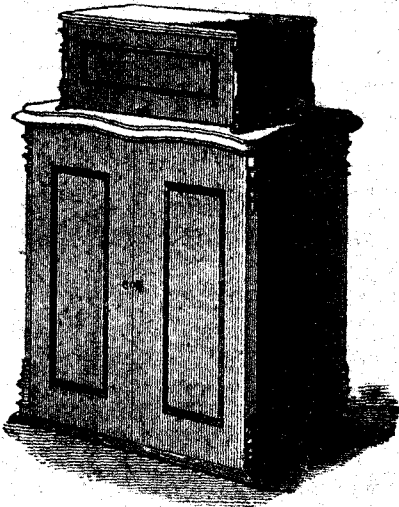
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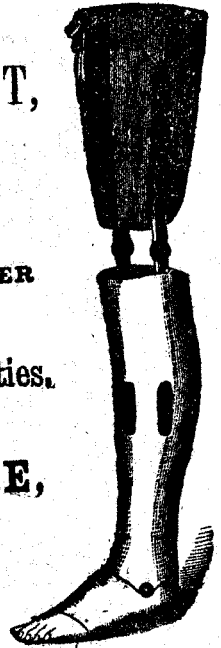
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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

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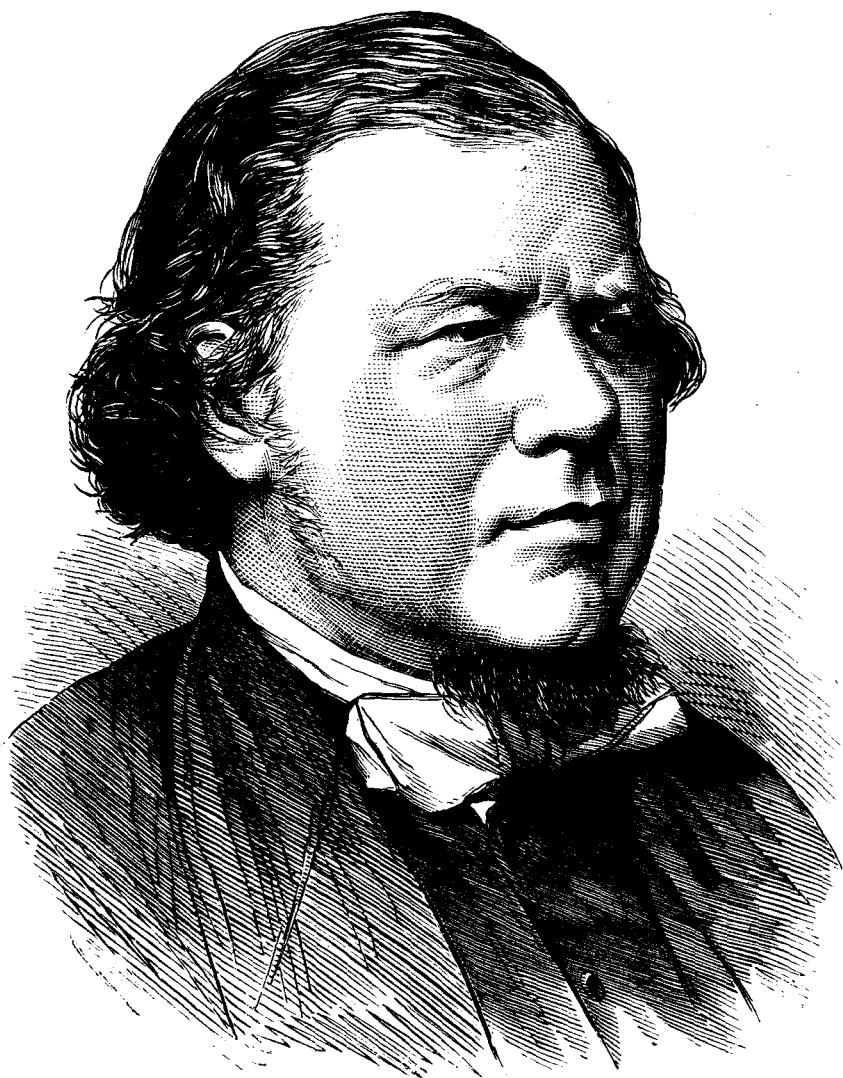
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9th Oct., 1868.

J. D. & S.



W. Morley Pritchard

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. 2.

Original.

ANNALS OF THE CAMP.

(Continued.)



UT I must not anticipate. After a long discussion — for many elements entered into the question—as to how we should arrange our expeditions, it was resolved that Murphy and the minister should start forthwith; sleep at Castle Chinky, on another lake, and return to the camp next night. He had, unfortu-

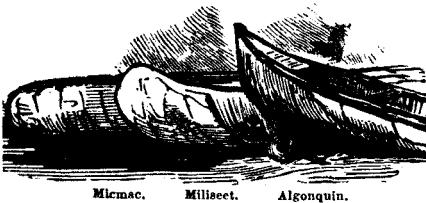
nately, to start on Saturday morning for home, as he had to preach in Dover on Sunday, and some one must watch the nets, so that the party could not go off all together. We would accompany them, however, to the limits of the lake, and we four visitors took the big canoe, while Murphy preceded us in the cat. Behold us, therefore, again afloat on the lake, bound further into the wilderness.



We had three miles before we got to the portage where we were to say farewell to Rev. Mr. Robertson. We thought we were gaining on Murphy, the tail of whose canoe wagged amusingly in the distance, when we saw him haul ashore on an island; and Jones assured us he was looking at an otter slide. We soon were near him, and saw one or two steep places where the sand was smoothed down by this sliding operation, which the otter performs, it is said, exactly in the same manner as boys and girls slide down a snowy bank on the heels of their snow-shoes. Some will doubt this, however. What unseen reasons there are in the mind of the trapper for choosing one of these in preference to others must be imagined by the expert; but in all such

matters he was very decided, and the trap was set in the following manner. The trap was the familiar steel rat-trap, except that it was much larger, and had a spring at both ends of the jaws, each of which, for compactness sake, was made to circle the jaws at the opposite sides of the trap from that to which it was attached. This trap was laid in the water, just at the foot of the slide, without bait of, course, and was fastened by a chain to a spruce sapling, which was easily locked to its position by placing the thin end of it among the branches of a tree, and sticking the suspended point of the stem into the mud. A little consideration will show that no amount of pulling in any possible direction from below could do anything but tighten this stick in its place.

Thence, after a little partridge-hunting, we again set forward. At the next point the "cat" was changed for what Murphy called his "kitten." As the young of his fur-bearing animals were called kittens, it was natural that this baby-boat should get the same name. It was an Algonquin canoe, while the large one in which we were was an Abenaki—pronounced by Murphy, who was doubtless, as he claimed to be, an authority on such matters, Abenakée, with the accent on the "kee." The Algonquin differed from its larger neighbor, chiefly in having a flatter bottom, and, consequently, being a little less "tollish." I don't find it in "Get-the-best," but you know what I mean by that. The Iróquois (accent on the "roq") of Caughnawaga, I believe, are not now great canoe-makers. The "cat," as I have said, was of mongrel breed, having been made out of a larger one. It resembled the Millesect of the St. John river in form, being solidier at the end, and without the upturned point in the bow.



Every canoe is made out of one piece of bark, unless it be such an enormous canoe as those used by the Honorable Hudson Bay Company, and familiar to visitors to Lachine. Those are pieced so that the unions on the sides do not coincide with the unions at the bottom. If they did, the canoe would break its back the first time it was strained. The way a canoe is built may be found by cutting a piece of stiff paper about three times as long as it is broad, and pinching it together at the two ends, then turning off the lower corners of the ends very little. It has then only to be laced together with willow, to be strengthened with a gunwale, cross-bars, and ribs of ash, and all the cracks and im-

perfections to be soldered with a mixture of pine-gum and beeswax.

Further on we got to a narrow part of the lake, across which there had been thrown in past years a beaver-dam, and which had become in consequence very shallow, being filled with bottomless depths of light mud, into which it was easy to sink, but from which it was impossible to rise. In this grew a dense forest of Equisetan rushes, through which our progress was somewhat singular, reminding one of the Mississippi steamer that was built to sail through a meadow on a heavy dew. It was with some difficulty that our laden craft could find a channel to float them over this shallow. At the dam, Murphy set a trap for muskrat, and then we went on to the most beautiful landing in all the lakes. Its advantages were these: you could not see it from the water, and yet, when found, it was not only easy to land, but any number of canoes could be hauled up, and left without fear. In this beautifully overhung bower, we bade farewell for a day to the Rev. Mr. Robertson and the trapper, who, with the kitten over his shoulder, started off through the trackless forest before the parson. That evening, after seeing to the net, which, by-the-bye, had no business to be there, we got to a good angling-ground just at sun-down, and there began to bag lusty trout as fast as would ordinarily be thought desirable. I, John Smith, however, must honestly own that I only caught one. As it darkened the bites slackened, and we returned to our camp, and made a relishable meal, and burned the nose off the tea-kettle. It was a glorious moonlight night, and we went forth again, but got nothing but our fill of moonlight beauty, and with a due supply of "Nicholas Nicholas," interspersed with snores from Jones, we closed the day, and sought slumber on our hard bed, lying length-wise this time, as there were only three of us.

Next day fish were scarcer, and we sought them, from place to place, from dawn till evening, and, had we never got a fish, we should have considered that day as one of

peculiar enjoyment. Jones, always with the steering paddle, and young Tom, in virtue of his enthusiasm, always in the bow, and John Smith, midshipman, and every time we dipped our paddles in that glassy water, we opened new marvels of beauty to our view; for island upon island, point beyond point, clad in the royal apparel of autumn scattered in ever new combinations, imparted as much of beauty to the scene as if we had travelled on all day through paradise. Though we caught little, Murphy's contraband net was well stocked. This net will some day make Inche Brachie Lake as destitute of fish as some of the lakes nearer the settlements are to-day. How the net is so destructive I do not know, for a few otters might, with ease, destroy as many fish as it does.

At dusk we welcomed back our spiritua and our temporal guides. Whenever Murphy started, however far he went, he always reached the lake on his return just at dusk. That night, as the hunter—the pot-hunter, as he called himself—sat undressing a muskrat, which, for the purpose, he had hung by the jaw to the roof with a string of bass bark, and which when its Esquimaux trousers were being peeled off, presented a comical appearance, we had many a good story told, and, among the rest, we learned why our leader called himself the pot-hunter. Fifty years ago, we shall say—no one could have told Murphy's age from his looks, but this makes the most of it—he was in the service of Sir Richard Murray Billingson, a noted surveyor in one of the countries in which he had been—and in what country had he not been since he forsook the smuggling trade on the north channel for lack of adventure? Sir Richard had as his assistant a Mr. Fooline de Forest Jaques, who pressed grasses and stuffed birds. Jaques had secured the disdain of the humbler *attachés* of the party by bringing curiosities of camping life into the bush. He had one box of horns to be distributed to the various members of the party—to blow when they got astray; and a tent of costly fabric, which had not been pitched

an hour before, (through some mischance which also cost the owner his whiskers), it became a blackened pole—an occurrence which Murphy never complained of, as his labors in making a new tent out of several heavy rolls of the same costly fabric which had been provided against such an emergency, saved him much toilsome labor in portaging the weighty provisions. Among these provisions was one parcel of sugar, which had been packed in a thick, hardwood tub of great size, heavily clamped with iron, which too often fell to the share of Black Fergus, a patient Highlander, who, for fault of better English, always designated his load as the "Sukar boosh." Well, Mr. Fooline de Forest Jaques had become aware of the existence of an eagle's nest on an island in a lake at some distance, and easily obtained permission from Sir Richard to go and shoot one or both of the assiduous parents. With Murphy as guide, after a journey over mountains of some six or eight miles, they found the bird on the nest, and, as they went boldly forward, so as to raise it for a shot, the eagle flew directly away from its enemies. Next morning, after a similar expedition, a similar result was attained. Both birds, with singular uniformity, always flying directly away from their pursuers. On the sixth or seventh day (I tell all the stories just as Murphy told them, and he was always very sensitive about any imputation against his veracity), Sir Richard complained somewhat hastily to the woodsman of his mismanagement of the matter, and Murphy at once promised, if he could get the direction of matters, to bring home at least one bird the first time he went. With this understanding, they went again, and landed on the island as usual. Murphy then ordered the boat away that the birds might suppose that they had returned as before. All left but Jaques, who would follow the hunter. The latter crept slowly towards the tree where the nest was, and in due time had the pleasure of seeing the eagle return. It was then the work of a minute or two to get near enough to fire, and bring it down.

Murphy was about to dispatch it with his tomahawk, when he heard a voice calling: "Stop! it's an honorable bawed, Muffy. Yaw miserable pot-huntaw to shoot an honorable bawed on its nest," with that he seized the eagle by the ends of the wings, and stepped upon its



breast to put it to death in kingly fashion. The eagle of course dug its claws into Mr. Fooline's calves, and it was soon a question whether man or bird was in the worst plight.

One word more about Jaques before we leave him. One time, Sir Richard having missed him for an hour or two, becoming solicitous, sent Murphy to find him, which he soon did—coming upon the melancholy Jaques beside a cross which he had erected, and to which he had pinned a large sheet of paper containing his epitaph and last words, with a kindly message to his unfaithful lady-love.

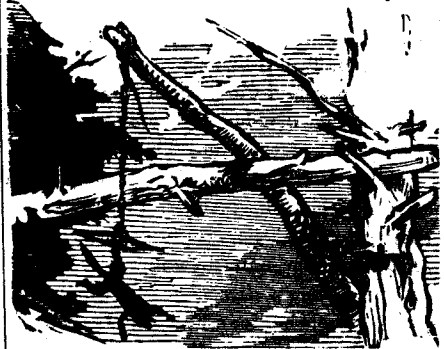
After another night in camp, according to our programme, Tom Brown and myself accompanied Murphy on a journey to Devon's Lake, where we were to get a canoe belonging to Xavier, and thread our way through numberless lakes, by a way almost unknown to white men, Jones having magnanimously consented to remain behind, and look after the nets and fish, with the minister that day, and the next morning to put him early on his way to Dover that the good people might not miss their sermon. Our friends accompanied us to the portage—not that by which Robertson had left the lake, but one through a valley, called—to frighten us—eight miles long.

It is here in place to refer to some common misconceptions about the primitive forests. Who has not seen a Canadian or American book with illustrations produced in England, or some other attempt of foreign

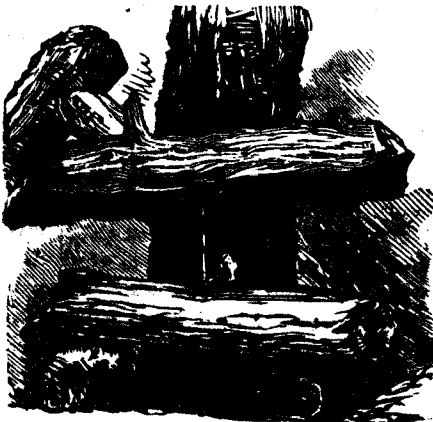
art, to represent the "backwoods?" What noble, old-knotted stems spring everywhere from the undulating sward, through which a man might chase a deer on horseback, and where the branches of the trees spring from their sides as gracefully as in a park or avenue. I, John Smith, have a decided respect for the English as a people, and if they are able to make their forests grow that way, my respect will be in no wise diminished. Naturally, trees stretch up long, straight stems to bear their leaves to the ever receding daylight, and, however unpicturesque this fashion is, it must be acknowledged it produces better boards. An error which Canadians are more likely to make is to go to the opposite extreme. In the vicinity of settlements—and it is seldom we get away from the close vicinity of settlements—the results of fires are generally observable. The frequency of fires in the bush is familiar to us in Montreal, for we all know that on a dry day in the month of June, and almost any other month, we cannot mount an eminence but we must see, in the landscape, three or four large volumes of smoke rising from the comparatively well cleared prairie beyond the river. The effect of a fire is generally to kill a great many trees, which fall either then or soon after. Another result of fire is often to give a start to underbrush, which in five or six years grows up as thick as nature will allow. The result is that in woods in inhabited countries the fallen trees are almost as numerous as the living ones; and the difficulty of travelling through,

except on recognized paths, is enormous. The country through which we were now to pass was not of this character, but saving here and there a *slash*—that is, the confusion made by the fall of some tree, which, as never fails to be the case, has brought down a long succession with it in its fall, just as nine-pins or insolvent merchants do—saving too, an old beaver meadow, which was grown over with tea-plant and high reedy-grasses, and also a portion at the end of the journey, where an old, partial clearing had been overgrown by a thicket of hazel underbrush,—the whole day's march was over the richest and softest of carpets. What straw-stuffed Turkey carpet—what sofa or feather-bed is so luxurious as eight or ten inches of moss—matted so thick that, although a good portion of our way was over heaps of the roundest and barest of boulders, without any soil between them, we were not aware of the caverns over which we trod, except when, now and then, one foot breaking through, went down until the impossibility of the other following, stopped the descent. Over this rich carpet the red deer and the caribou bound among the thick, irregular colonades of the forest with as much freedom as horses on a plain. Ere we started on our tramp, we were introduced into the mysteries of a mink or martin trap—it does for either of these animals, although in nature they are more different than in shape—the mink being a weasel, and the martin of the cat kind.

The trap is constructed by excavating a hole in the side of a tree, about six inches from the ground. In front of this hole is laid a round piece of wood the top of which is on a level with the hole. A long pole, about four inches thick at the butt, is then chosen; the thick end of which is supported above this at a distance, just high enough to allow the animal to pass through, by a twig which rests on the lower stick a little on the outside of its highest point, or rather on the outer end of another twig, which stretches into the hole, and on the opposite end of which a bait is tied. The upper stick is then loaded to the utmost capacity of the twig which supports it, and the trap is complete. The mink, to obtain the meat, must have its head and shoulders in the hole, and the first pull he gives it sets the perpendicular twig running down the outside of the stick on which it stood, and the whole superincumbent mass falls upon the body of the devoted fur-bearer. A few yards



from the mink-trap was a fisher-trap, whose construction is entirely different. The fisher or wild-cat is too wary for dead-falls, and a steel-trap, under ordinary circumstances, would be equally useless, as the trapper would be quite likely to find nothing but a foot or two, or the proof of having been left in the trap by their original owner. The steel-trap is set under water where the fisher usually frequents—the only way to elude the scent which would accompany the setting of it. The chain is attached to the small end of a tree, which has been fastened to the ground in some slight way,



while the butt-end is, high in air, thrown over some branch in the vicinity. When the fisher is caught, his vigorous pulling immediately loosens the fastening of the light end of the tree, which forthwith flies up, suspending the trap and the astonished cat helplessly between heaven and earth!

Our portage was comparatively light, and might have been exceedingly pleasant, but for the fact that it rained inveterately; and, although it was hard to say what difference that made, except on the appearance of things, the trapper gave it as his opinion, and we verified it, that walking was very much more fatiguing on a wet day than on a dry one. Of course we were all dressed for mid-winter, for when all weather is to be taken in one suit of clothes, they must be clothes of proof. The mode of our progress was, with Murphy ahead as leader, moving along over the ground, or logs, or whatever the footing might be, at a rate which quite left me, John Smith, behind; and in this he only showed the remains of the still greater agility of an earlier day. Tom Brown was not left behind, his Canadian and Californian training and well-knit frame made him able to follow close with apparent ease. The path, which is quite unmarked—for what human footprints will last six months, the probable average interval between the travellers over this portage—and lies now over moss, now, in crossing a *slash*, over logs generally following them out lengthwise, and involves jumping down or up, say three feet, from one to another—this while loaded with *tumpline* or gun! Had it been all level, the city pedestrian—for most city people are comparatively good pedestrians—would have kept easily abreast with the country athletes. I had much satisfaction, however, in the frequent, very frequent, resting places which, with savage instinct, our guide constantly made for us, when I, John Smith, felt as little desire for his halt as I had done for the rapid motion which made him blow. Quiet, unwearying, plodding in regular hours, is the road to success in St. Paul Street, while a readiness for un-

bounded exertion to be relaxed, when possible, into the most supine laziness, is an essential part of a close dependence on untamed nature, and agrees closely with the habits of those races of animals and men which live by prey. The most interesting thing in this walk was the observation of the marvellous acuteness with which Murphy, while it was hard to do anything but watch one's footsteps, noticed every few steps the marks of the recent presence of some animal, and could tell by footsteps hardly visible when pointed out in the deep lichen, how the bear had passed, or where the mink had gone, or how long since a white hunter or an Indian had set a trap in this domain of Murphy, who claims as his own, all the region of these lakes and tributaries, except Devon's Lake, whose water happens to find exit a different way, and which he would claim in vain, so long as Devon, a patriarchal hunter, and boys live there. The fief had been for years rented from a squaw, who was its recognised owner among the rovers of the hill-country until she passed away full of days and honor, and her heirs had shown a desire to bring the lease to a close. Murphy doubted the title of the heirs (although had they continued the lease he might not have done so), and had defended himself from their demand, which appeared in the form of two men with brandished tomahawks, with his hunter's knife, wherewith he had spoiled the face of a young brave. After that encounter the war was carried on by hieroglyphics, each party leaving in the way of the other the most ominous of pictures—figures made with red chalk on trees—so as emblematically, if not artistically, to represent the adverse party, with the knife of his enemy (a small chip carved into this shape), sticking in his heart. It was now Murphy's full resolve to clear this part of the country of beavers and whatever other game he could get, sparing none for "seed;" as he did not know how soon discretion might become the better part of valor. The next most interesting thing in this walk was the stories which Murphy

never ceased to tell, which had at this time for their text the daring deeds of the men, and still more of the women, of the early settlements. How Mrs. Conifer during the absence of her husband and sons, who were off lumbering, had seen her cow, on which her life almost depended, come home from the bush at a furious run with something on its back, and had taken out the gun and shot the animal, and then retired to the house in fear. How some squaws came in, and hearing an account of the transaction, went out, and examining the cow, soon followed up the retreat of the bear, and finding it lying dead in the bush, brought back its skin and flesh to the woman, who thus made up abundantly for the loss of her cow's life. How Mrs. Conifer's daughter, soon after born, has all her life been partially clothed with a natal garment of bear skin. I can only afford a sample of these precious tales, which might easily extend over a thousand and one nights round the Camboose-fire.

Long was the tramp, but we came at last to a clearing, and such a scene of highland beauty as opened on us—highland in general contour, but the heather well replaced by bright birches and dark green pines—is hardly looked for in Canada. We looked upon the little lake surrounded by mountains, however, with little ecstasy, through the interminable drizzling rain. We brought up willingly at the first couple of shanties to have a meal, and found the household in one of them not yet scattered, after dinner, and received chairs and stools to sit on, while the good woman would make our tea. These matters arranged with some pleasantries on both sides, Murphy was just about to sit down on the end of a sofa, when the lady of the house remarked,

"You didn't see that our old man was dead?" Murphy was in the act of sitting down on the feet of the corpse. He got up, looked round, and said,

"Sure enough he's gone, is he?"

The young women said they were making his shroud. It was an old pensioner who had eked out his life with the family,

but whose departure was apparently a matter of utter indifference, for it was no more referred to. The woman that ruled in this home was a good-looking, well-built person of about thirty. Owing to some long and tiresome quarrel between her and a neighbour in the next cabin, it had been resolved to have the matter settled in a regular way. In this fight Mrs. McInailey had put Mrs. Scratchard to utter rout, and was consequently looked upon as the prize-boxer. The next house we came to after leaving this one was English Jackson's (for singularly in so small a settlement there were two Jacksons), where we must needs enter and hold converse. Talk of Barnum's fat girl! I, John Smith, once travelled a long distance with that pityable prodigy, but her monstrosity was nothing to that of a (lengthwise) little boy and girl of English Jackson's. The boy is about eleven, and the girl seven or eight, and such a shape! I might give the figures of measurement and weight were I not afraid that this truthful tale might thenceforward be looked upon as a fiction. The conversation with the invalid lady at the head of this family turned on a visit she had just had from a squaw, whom she had recognized as one Nat Shuniaw's wife. On being asked if she was not, the allusion to her departed husband by name, had been reproved by the poor rover with a look of reproachful sadness. I have known lordly halls where would have passed unseen this gentle hint, which had been so quickly caught by the delicate sympathy of the settler's wife. It was explained by the trapper, that an Indian always avoids a subject of sorrow, even when long gone by, and will never mention a departed relative by any designation more distinct than a gesture, or such an expression as "He that's gone." Next we came to Devon's, the looked-for resting-place after a weary day, when we found the hospitable old pair just finishing up their day's work. The lady was a Baptist, diligent, deaf, Dutch, and devout; while her lord was a Methodist, sinewy in person, and more elastic in conscience, ever ready, however, as

the postmaster, and chief man of the place to entertain the wayfaring preacher. We must pass over the long, long conversation between the patriarch and his erratic apprentice, as he was in the habit of fondly regarding Frank, as he called Murphy, the pleasant meal, the clean and welcome bed, the breakfast, and the prayers night and morning, in which the stranger, who was discovered to have a Bible was called upon to officiate—for who but preachers carry bibles—and pass on to the dilemma in which we found ourselves when ready for the road in the morning. Devon had explained how the canoe on which we had calculated, had been taken off by his sons on a hunting excursion miles away. Here was not only the loss of our hoped for excursion, for which we had toiled so hard through yesterday's rain, but the prospect of ruin to the canoe, for the young Devons were careless at the best, and Murphy had learned they had a good stock of whisky with them. His good natured indignation, for Murphy was not a man to quarrel, except at some distance, vented itself in invoking the wrath of Xavier, who had left the canoe in the old man's charge.

"My, but eXavier 'll be mad!" he said; "won't eXavier be mad!"

Another controversy arose about some traps that were not returned in the identical form in which they had been left. There had been among them two Fortin traps, and only one was now forthcoming, and again Xavier's indignant spirit was invoked. That precocious boy had evidently gained an influence over his step-father at least, but whether the dread of him was shared by old Devon or not was not observable. The circumstances under which the traps and canoe had been left there had been, during our stay, the constant source of chaffing which Sonny had to bear, and bore nobly, from his loving father-in-law. The year before Xavier and young Devon had entered into partnership on a hunting excursion, and the two boys had gone far back into the bush where their success had been but partial.

They had not caught enough to keep themselves alive, and were forced to buy meat from Jocumawdaw who sold them a beaver he had taken from one of their own traps minus the skin. This announcement at Sonny's expense, however, cost Murphy some anxiety, and his chief delight in every capture was in the immunity it would help to secure him from any return of teasing from his young relative, who was now in partnership with himself. It now remained for us to retrace, on a dry day, the path which we had first traversed on a wet. The rain of yesterday had been followed by a gale during the night, which was now succeeded by a bright sunny morning; and, with the difference of a few traps weight and some butter for some biscuit, we made our homeward way, the stories being now with regard rather to the feats of animals than of men, but never ceasing to flow. It was one in the afternoon when we neared our lake again, of course, considering how best we might reach our island home, for there was no knowing how many miles off Jones might be. Our appointment had been to meet him at another quarter, and at another time; were we to fire and wait all night perhaps, before we knew whether the shot was heard, or were we to make a raft and cross? Having resolved on the latter course, if necessary, we were pleased as soon as our footsteps were within sound of the lake (a footstep in the bush cannot be missed in that still region) to hear the shouts of Jones and the rest close to the opening of the portage, where they happened to be fishing. It took two journeys to land us, after which we returned with delight to our trout fare, and merry tales and songs.

Knowing from reading that it is a literary thing to take down ballads from the oral repetitions of those who have them by tradition, I have done my best to set in order the song wherewith Murphy entertained us on the evening now being described; as he sat on the cambouse undressing a martin, he sung the following

fragmentary reminiscence of his smuggling days:—

CHORUS.

There was Toogal More and Tonal More,
Chack Tamson and the mate;
And the skipper, he was turn ashore
For preakin the scathan [herring] plate.

*Twas in the year of ninety-twa,
July the twenty tay,
The Chessie—that most noble craff—
From Gourrock sail away.

There was, &c.

The Chessie was so fine a craff
As ever yet was porn;
She was loaded down with scathans,
And pound for old Leghorn.

There was, &c.

But in the middle of the night
There came a dreadful fog,
Says Tonal More to Toogal More,
“We must throw out the log.”

There was, &c.

Murphy's name is Irish, but during the recitation of the above ditty he might have been either of the triumphant Gaelic mutineers of the “Jessie”—Dugald or Donald. The musk rat, the first fruits of the year's toil, was beginning to assume, in a semi-nude state, a somewhat comical appearance. The martin's skin was at last completely removed, and the animal being laid aside for bait, the fur was turned inside out, and then placed on a frame to stretch and dry. The frame was made of a stout switch, bent round into the shape of a horse shoe, and bound to that position with a string of bass-wood rind. The soft skin drawn over this assumed exactly the shape of the stretcher, and being hung up near the fire, would not take long to get quite hard. Exavier being away on a visit to his mother, the occupants of our bed were reduced to four, a possible number, and we looked for a good sleep in preparation for Sunday.

Sunday rose bright, and Jones and I proposed to ourselves a journey to church, and our canoe was soon afloat on the glassy lake. Jones told of the waves the canoe called the Cat had to undergo a day or two before in landing the minister in time to reach Dover for Sunday, the early morning after

that stormy night we passed at Devon's Landing, we *cached* our canoe, and after travelling a mile or two and finding our abundant clothing for the first time uncomfortably warm, we *cached* a lot of that, and proceeded to Ireland, where the neighborhood soon gathered together, and heard the simple story of the Gospel, told them all too seldom. We went on four miles more to Scotland, to reach a Sunday school held there, for this useful agency reaches further than any other. We met the children going home, having apparently unconsciously got through their duties before they should have been begun. We sought the house of the chief man of the place, in the hope of Canadian or Highland hospitality, and some conversation that might reveal the condition of the country. We found, however, Highland pride instead, for we could not set down the omission of the custom of all unpeopled lands, and especially of every Celtic home, to any worse cause—and, chilled with the same cold atmosphere, the day school and Sunday school teacher, who looked with wall-eyed indifference on our efforts to learn concerning her work. It was evening when we got to Ireland, and found Xavier ready to go back with us, and it was already moonlight as we started through alternate clearing and bush for Inch Brachie Lake. We entered the bit of bush where our clothes lay hid, unconsciously by a different path from the one we came by, and the consequent hunt for our *cache* was deeply interesting, and took us unavailingly through many an untrodden cove. We had to go on without our clothes, and must pass through a new piece of bush to find our canoe. The moonlight does not pierce the leafy trees like the sunlight; it does not pierce them at all. We were three, yet each alone in an inextricable tangle, guessing as well as we might our way to the lake shore. It is hard to pass through a forest at night; it is particularly hard along a shore where the number of fallen trees is specially numerous; you walk ten feet on a trunk six feet above the earth, then on returning to the ground find your foot going down every

few steps between two sunken logs. We reached the lake at different points, and all wrong! and we rummaged round the wrong cove for a good while feeling for our canoe. After a bold change of base, Jones suddenly came on Mr. Little's duck-shooting punt, or *bunn* as they call it here, for the use of which he had an order. We quickly got this to the water, and, finding the oars all right, were soon out on the glassy moonlit lake, where it needed but a glance to show where we had left our canoe; and Jones and Xavier in that, and I in the *bunn*, were soon on our way through the romantic alleys of the wilderness of islands. That night we supped heartily on trout, and after a long theological discussion with the sage Murphy, retired to our welcome and somewhat fuller couch. Next morning it was an easy matter to go and find our *cache*, and bring back with us a box of biscuit, but it took all the morning; and in the afternoon we fished with canoe and *bunn*, cut down trees, etc., reserving for Tuesday, the last of our stay, which of course was rainy, the finest enjoyment of all—the examination of the traps set on the first day of our stay by the trapper and Mr. Robertson. Before starting, we were called to account by the faithful Watty McCullum, who had found his way to the island, along with a stout friend, on a raft, to know why we had taken the *bunn*. The order was produced, and the voyageurs of the raft retired. Proceeding in the *Cat* and *Kitten* to the same beautiful port at which we had before parted with Robertson, we struck back into the bush. After going about a quarter of a mile, which was purposely left un-blazed, we came on a sort of path. We had with us a gun and two canoes, one of which Murphy carried, and the other Jones and I turn about. Canoes are carried by tying the paddles lengthwise along the bars, just far enough apart to let the head go between them, so that the handles of the paddles rest on the shoulders. The pressure there is painful to those unaccustomed to it, but, it is said, soon passes away, and otherwise the canoe incommodes one very little. In a shower of rain—and we had abundant means on the



day in question to test its qualities as an umbrella—and still more in going through a thick hazel cover the canoe is a positive advantage. In passing through underbrush, the man with a canoe would always beat the man without, the canoe turning off the twig, and bending back the stems just as do the horns of the deer which are in such circumstances anything but an incumbrance. After skirting a hill for a considerable distance, we found our path lay directly over the shoulder of a mountain, which was toilsomely ascended only to be descended again on the other side, by which we were brought to the shores and dark waters of Spruce Lake. Launching thereon, we had occasion to notice numerous beaver cuttings, which proved the recent presence of these staple fur-bearers. These were of all thicknesses, from half an inch up to four inches, and I know not how much more in diameter, and of the length of cordwood and downwards. Their habit is to bring these billets and twigs to their houses, and after devouring the inner rind of the bark, to cast them adrift. On this lake we were shown, for we could not have found it, them ost distant castle on Murphy's demesne. Hid among the thick red and yellow leaves, could be discovered the corner of a tiny log cabin. We passed it by, and a few miles more brought us to the end of Spruce Lake, and we left its black and dismal silence for a more dismal wood. We spent, however, little energy on sentiment, but marched from log to log and from boulder to boulder, under our canoes; climbing hills and threading gorges, seeing but the trunks and the moss around us, until we emerged at last on a model of a mill-dam as it appeared, built by the spirits of the flood or of the fell, with its trickling rivulet pouring over it, and then threading its way among the bare and mossy boulders, down, down to the lake far below which we had just left. Near by were the saw-mills, dome-shaped buildings made of sticks and twigs, laid on in the wildest confusion, and the stocks of lumber piled in the most admired

confusion. This lumber is driven, and, then, when it reaches the mill-dam, rafted and towed, or rather pushed to the mill. The dam was built, not as men would build, with mighty beams laid across, and a few to stay them up, but with all the beams laid end-ways as stays, and the lesser sticks wattled across, and then plastered with mud. The stays were of all sizes and shapes, and most painfully irregular and unparallel in their positions. The inhabitants of these singular domes are supposed to lay up a stock of wood for their winter's sustenance, between now and winter; and they are singularly uneconomical in their choice of timber limits. They will cut at any distance from their houses, and often choose trees quite away from the water. Above this dam it behoved us to launch our canoes, and then with the most cautious navigation to find a possible channel among the boulders. The long avenue of sluggish water was clear of any but sunken obstructions for a width of some three yards, outside of which was a mighty growth of the brownish tea-plant, that, backed by a shrubby growth, and that, by the over-arching trees. Long was our journey through this stygian water, and the paddles touching the surface was the only sound. We seemed going deeper and deeper into the mid-region of death; but now we must lift our canoes again, soon to float them on another lake, one storey higher in the hills than the one before; it might have been called Auber. I don't know what it *was* called, but we called it Porcupine Lake. It was surrounded by precipitous hills, one great bluff among which was clad with pine. No one can look upon such a rounded promontory as this, or its great namesake in the province of porcupines and may-flowers, without thinking of the quills on the hind-quarters of that fretful quadruped. There is something really solemn in the grand repose of solitude. We left Porcupine pond again to climb among logs and boulders. We were shown one stone as big as a house, that was resting on one or two points, and otherwise completely hollow underneath. Its

upper surface was only accessible from one corner, where a stem of a tree with a few nicks of an axe made a staircase. Twenty or thirty trees of all sizes grew on the top, and from a great pine of 18 inches in diameter Jones secured a plentiful supply of nasty, bitter spruce gum. High up we reached another lake—Beaver Lake. We might have gone many more steps up this great stair had it not been necessary to be back the same day at Inche Brachie Lake. We took a view from a high hill in the direction of the “wastes that dern and dreary lie” beyond, and then went down to examine the trap which Murphy and Robertson had set six days before, and in it was found a lively young pooyaway, as the adolescent beaver is termed by the Indians. A living beaver is as strange a thing to find in a trap as a dead otter. The beaver was under water fastened by one hind leg, which was broken in the trap. His death was easily accomplished by a blow from the back of the tomahawk. Would I were able to indulge in some of the picturesque exaggerations, wherewith Jones delights the young ladies in descriptions of such scenes! I was sorry for the poor fellow struggling there with his broken leg and starving to death, and could not touch his soft coat until they tied him up in the tumpline, and hung him to my neck like the mariner’s albatross. However, the tumpline made the load feel lighter, and I had no conscientious terrors as I bore my 60 lbs. of fat over the hills, now on my collar bone, now on my forehead, to our camp. We were now about equally loaded—none sufficiently so to be any way impeded—and we retraced our steps as far as Spruce Lake castle, where, amid much smoke, we made a meal on some hard tack and butter we had carried all the way with us, after which we took our mountain journey back to Murphy Castle, where we supped on trout and potatoes and good biscuits, and proceeded merrily with shanty tales, and packing up to decamp on the morrow.

Next morning before our departure a grand feast was prepared for us, being the

addition of beaver tail to the usual fare. It had been boiled for hours and skinned; the flipper was made of something between gristle and fat, and was exceedingly delicious to Murphy, and I believe holds a very high rank among epicurean dainties. We all did justice to it, and then to the trout, and also to the tough remains of a partridge, and most of all to an incomparable broth, from which these remains had been taken. To cook partridge: pluck and boil a very long while, adding savory and salt. The broth is very delicious; the bird is good for the dog.

All that day we retraced our way over the settlement road and the government road, and it was night when we passed the minister’s house, and saluted him with a miscellaneous discharge of fire arms. This succeeded in doing what the most unwearied and atrocious singing of Jolly Dogs, then in vogue, had failed to do—urged our wearied but hardy pony into a run, so that our second volley was discharged in front of “S. Jones’s store” with much eclat. Debarking here, we prepared for tea, when we met all the friends of the first evening, as well as Mr. Little and his sister, who had accompanied Mr. Earle from Little Rapids to spend an evening with the Joneses. It was another merry night, and when the curtain next rises, I, John Smith, am in St. Paul Street, meeting the correspondents of John Smith and Co.

Original.

NOVEMBER—A DIRGE.

BY J. E. RAMSAY.

The old oak tree is dying,
The storm-tanned branch of centuries is bare,
The bark is riven from its trunk, and lying

Distant and near;
The last fair robe of summer leaves is flying,
Withered and sear.

Departing wild birds gather
In the high branches, ere they haste away—
Singing a farewell to the frigid ether

And fading day;
To sport no more o’er withered mead or heather,
No longer gay.

And sullenly assuming
His throne to vindicate the summer past,
Stern Autumn stops the thunder's distant
 booming,
The lightning's blast;
While from the north the dreary clouds are
 coming,
Sombre and vast.

The little cricket's singing
Sounds lonely in the crisp and yellow leaves,
Like bygone tones of tenderness up-bringing
 A thought that grieves—
A bell upon a ruined turret ringing
 On Sabbath eves.

The "tempest-loving raven,"
Pilot of storms across the silent sky,
Soars loftily along the heaving heaven,
 With doleful cry,
Uttering love dirges. Thistle beards are driven
 Where the winds sigh.

And yet here is a flower
Still lingering; by the changing season spared;
And a lone bird within a leafless bower—
 Two friends who dared
To share the shadows of misfortune's hour,
 Though unprepared.

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURG, ONT.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

THE CHIPPEWA CREEK—EARLY SETTLERS— THE WAINFLEET MARSH.

The Chippewa Creek, now known by the more dignified name of the Welland River, rises in the township of Ancaster, County of Wentworth, passing through the counties of Lincoln and Welland, it empties itself into the Niagara, a few miles above the falls. It is a very sluggish stream, and its course being exceedingly serpentine, gives it a length of nearly one hundred miles. The river is navigable for small propllers and small craft generally to the narrows, a distance of some twenty or twenty-five miles, from the small but active little town of Chippewa, situated at its mouth. The town still bears the original name of the

stream, which was called after the once powerful Indian tribe of that name, known also as the "Ojibways." The country through which the Chippewa flows is very fertile, but for miles from the town of Chippewa the land is but slightly elevated above the surface of the Niagara river, hence, when the wind blows up the Niagara, its waters not unfrequently back up the Chippewa, so much so that a stranger, finding himself on the side of the latter stream, would sometimes find it hard to decide in which direction it flowed.

This region was a favorite haunt of the Indians. The creek in certain places was at times almost literally covered with wild geese and ducks, and the waters abounded with fine fish. The muskrats swarmed along its marshy margin, while the deer sported in countless numbers on its verdant banks. The peculiarity in its current enabled the Indians—with the greatest possible ease and facility, to pass in hundreds in their light bark canoes up and down the stream in pursuit of its finny and feathery treasures, and the surrounding forests teemed with the choicest varieties of other game. Here the red man roved for untold generations, and reveled in the wild liberty and rude plenty of savage life in so favored a locality. From this vicinity he went out upon the war-path with his battle-axe and his bow, striking terror into the hearts of his enemies. Here, within hearing of the roaring of the mighty cateract, which inspires awe in the most highly cultivated minds, the untaught Indian mused. What were his musings? Did he in his simple faith believe that in it he heard the voice of the Great Spirit?

As its solemn tones fell upon his ears in the solitude of the forest, did he think that he could detect, in its varied cadences, approval of high or generous deed, or reproof for treachery or ingratitude? Or, did it boom out prophetic warning of the doom which awaited his race? Alas! he has left us no record of his musings.

While all else about magnificent Niagara has changed, its wondrous deep base

thunders on incessantly, and its concentration of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity inspires the admiration and deluges the soul with overwhelming awe, not less in the learned and wise who now gaze upon its beauties, than it did long ago in the heart of the simple child of nature. But where now is "the poor Indian?" "The palefaces" came and sat down on the redmen's lands and breathed upon them, and the aboriginal inhabitants melted away before the new-comers like snow before the genial sun.

Into this land, so rich in promise to the industrious husbandman, at an early day came Mr. Stephen, Mr. Farr, and Sarah, his good wife, and pitched their tent, or rather erected their little log-cabin in the depths of the forest, on the banks of the Chippewa Creek, in the township of Wainfleet, at a place now known as "Brown's Bridge." The waters of the Chippewa flowed slowly and silently along in front of their cabin door as if too well-bred to disturb, with noisy babblings, as a common rude stream might have done, the quiet of the newly married couple in their peaceful bridal home.

With cheerful hearts and willing hands, they addressed themselves to the task of subduing at least their portion of the earth, and soon the tall trees fell beneath the stalwart blows of Mr. Farr, while his wife, by the practise of various womanly expedients known only to the initiated, gave valuable aid and comfort in the enterprise. They were not long without neighbors, other persons attracted by the fertility of the soil, came and settled near them. None but those who have been dwellers in a solitude can realize to its full extent the pleasure afforded by the advent of new neighbors. They are all regarded as friends ready to exchange kind offices, sharers together of similar toils and difficulties, and alike hoping ere long to enjoy the comforts of life. Isolation from the rest of the world and companionship in the same pursuits and interests beget mutual good will, and in many instances self sacrificing friendship worthy of filial ties, and enduring as life.

Such was the friendship which grew up between our friends, the Farris and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burger, of whom we will hereafter have occasion to speak. The settlement of a portion of Wainfleet was greatly retarded by the existence there of an extensive marsh about fifteen miles in length, and varying from one to five miles in width. This immense swamp—now considered valuable as a portion of the Welland peat beds—was then wild and frightful almost beyond description. So much so that the Indians themselves shrank from exploring its inmost recesses. In some places it was a dense thicket, the bushes being so closely woven together with vines and creepers of various kinds that even the wild beasts seemed unwilling to force their passage through the tangled masses; but, as the trail indicated, they were obliged to make frequent detours in search of intricacies through which they might crawl. In the wet seasons of the year, it was almost entirely flooded and throughout the year considerable parts of its surface were covered with water, through which grew a coarse grass called "cut grass." This sedgy grass will cut the flesh like a knife, and it was a source of much annoyance and suffering to persons when obliged for any purpose to go into the marsh. Large sections of it were covered with cranberry bushes which used to yield incredible quantities of berries.

Here the wild savages used to assemble in bands at the proper season to collect, though with caution and at much risk, the cranberries and other wild fruit with which the marsh abounded. Here also beasts of prey and venomous serpents held high carnival. The rattlesnake the black-snake and the blowing-adder shared the domain with bears, wolves, wild cats, &c. These denizens of the swamp had for ages held undisputed sway, disturbed only by the occasional intrusion of the hunter who soon again gladly abandoned the uninviting locality to the sole possession of its original occupants.

The croaking of frogs, the screeching of

owls, and the howling of numerous bands of wolves often made night hideous to the weary settlers whose slumbers were disturbed by the terrific serenade.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS; OR THREE CHILDREN LOST IN THE GREAT CRANBERRY MARSH!—A NIGHT OF SORROW AND FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Years have sped away since Stephen Farr brought his young wife to the Chippewa—years of energetic effort and courageous endurance, and now fruitful fields encircle the home they had erected in the wilderness. Other sounds now greet their ears than the cries of forest besets and birds. The “patter, patter of little feet” is heard upon their floor and sweet childish voices prattle to them all day long, gladdening their home and making music in their hearts! Three sons have been given to them, the eldest now nine years old, and the youngest having seen his fourth summer. The face of the country also is changed; a thriving settlement now surrounds them; but the great marsh remains the same. When a settler in quest of his stray cattle, or with any other object was known to have ventured within its precincts many were the fears entertained lest he should become entangled in its intricate mazes.

To be lost in the Welland peat bogs even in this day would not be unattended with serious difficulty and danger; but the idea of any human creature wandering about not knowing whether he was going amid the treacherous bogs and bewildering labyrinths of such a marsh as that described in the previous chapter is appalling, even in thought.

It is difficult to convey with written words an adequate idea of the intensity of the excitement which prevails in a wilderness community upon learning that a person is lost. Even in a city, when a child is missing, who can realize the distress of parents and friends? The bellman traverses the streets giving the alarm—the words

“lost, lost,” following the ringing of the bell, and thrilling every heart. The lost one is described, perhaps a reward offered, and at once numbers become deeply interested, and rush into the streets and alleys to assist in the search! But in the wilderness the excitement over a lost child is still more intensified, the danger being so very much greater. Almost every one in the settlement hastens to the place of rendezvous to engage in the search, or to sympathize with the deeply afflicted parents. This was exemplified in the details of an event of the nature which occurred on the Chippewa Creek at the period of which we have been speaking.

The proximity of the creek, the woods, and above all, of the great marsh to her dwelling, had made Mrs. Farr habitually apprehensive of danger to her little ones, causing her to be remarkably careful of them, warning them, as soon as they were old enough to understand her, against going near the stream, or wandering away from the house when by themselves. Mrs. Farr and her friend, Mrs. Richard Burger, having occasion to go to a small store, which had been opened some distance from them, in order to procure a few necessary articles for the comfort of their families. The mother thought, as her husband was at work with a neighbor in the barn, and her eldest son was nine years old, that she might safely entrust the children to the care of their father during her absence. Charging him to be watchful of the boys, and renewing to them her oft repeated cautions against going to the creek or into the woods, she departed with her friend upon her journey. Mr. Farr and his companion, believing the children to be perfectly safe playing about, and thinking—if they did not say it—that mothers were always giving themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble and anxiety about their children, were soon engrossed with their employment and oblivious of the proceedings of the boys. They were not slow to observe that their father and his friend did not share the fears for their safety expressed by their mother

and Mrs. Burger, and therewith came an accession of self-confidence. Boys often think that they know better than their kind mother what is good and fitting for themselves, and that it will appear very manly in them to risk dangers against which she has warned them; therefore, they often disregard the best counsels of their fond parent and best friend. Some such thoughts probably influenced the movements of the elder boys, but all went on smoothly till about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the three lads, unobserved by their father or his friend, then engaged in killing a beef, slipped out of sight, and into the woods to gather hickory-nuts. They thought they could go a short distance into the bush, and gather some nuts, and be back before their father would miss them; and, as to their mother, she would never find it out.

Meantime Mr. Farr and his friend had entered into conversation, and had forgotten all about the boys. The women returned after a weary day's journey, and found that the three children were missing. The men knew nothing respecting them, but thought that they could not be far away.

They called again and again, till the old woods rang with their names, but no answer came! The path to the creek was searched, but no foot-prints were discovered. Then, as they looked into each others hopeless faces, they realized the fearful fact that the helpless children had wandered away into the wilderness, possibly—and the parents hearts stood still at the agonizing thought—into the great marsh, which finally proved to be the fact.

It was late in the month of October, the day had been fine for that season of the year, till the latter part of the afternoon, when it became dull and chilly, with indications of rain. Night was now falling fast, promising to be as dark and dismal as the hearts of the almost distracted parents. The father bitterly reproached himself that he had so little heeded the mother's

anxious solicitude for the safety of the children, and because he had not kept a better watch over them. While the wretched mother, her fond heart tortured with fears too terrible for words, uttered no reproach but stood gazing with eyes like balls of fire into the surrounding faces, as if to see whether help or hope was anywhere to be found.

Soon, as the same dreadful fear had fixed itself in every mind, the men hastened to the woods. The miserable mother would not be kept behind, but ran hither and thither calling her lost darlings by the most endearing names, and entreating them to answer her. For reply she heard only the screeching of owls, the howling of wolves, and the echo of her own agonized voice! The darkness of that night was fearful, the rain came on and continued to fall till about midnight, when suddenly the wind changed and it began to freeze,

Finding no traces of the wanderers, the darkness and the rain rendering it impossible to find any, even if they existed; and if they did, it was feared that so much trampling in the wet in the vicinity of the clearing would obliterate them. Therefore, it was determined to return to the house, and make preparations for a more vigorous and extensive search next day. The unhappy mother weary and heart sick, dragged herself back to her now desolate home to wait and weep.

After consultation, it was concluded that a few men might be collected, and kept in the woods the balance of the night, who, by keeping up fires, discharging guns, and blowing horns, might intimidate the wild beasts, and thus keep them at a distance. And the children, probably not having gone far into the marsh, might by this means escape destruction, and be found by daylight. This scheme was faithfully carried out. The self-condemning father remaining in the woods all through the dreadful night, but with no apparent benefit to any one.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT IN THE SADDLE—RESPONSE OF THE
SETTLERS—DISTRESS OF THE PARENTS—
SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS—THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Richard Burger, then an active young man, upon being informed of the sad occurrence, mounted his horse, and hastened to offer his sympathy and assistance to his sorrowing friends. Learning the determination to postpone further search till daylight, he manfully proposed to continue till that time, dark and inclement as the night was, in the saddle-riding to different points in Pelham, and the other settled sections of the surrounding country, notifying the people of the distressing event, and soliciting a general turn out for a thorough exploration of the swamp next day. Runners were still dispatched into neighborhoods still more remote, entreating every man to be at Stephen Farr's, if possible, by the dawning of the next morning.

Bravely was the call responded to. Fathers and mothers sprang from their beds as they heard the startling intelligence, and glancing at their own precious ones, sleeping the happy sleep of infancy, shuddered at the thought of these darlings being exposed to such dangers as then encircled the hapless little Farr's, and needed no other stimulus to rouse their sympathies or expedite their proceedings.

Young men with the fire of youth in their veins paused but for indispensable garments ere they rushed forward, and snatched down their rifles, eagerly scanning the state and amount of their store of ammunition. Old men, with the memories of other years tugging at their heart strings, arose with long-unwonted alacrity from their couches to prepare the torches, while painfully excited women put up provisions for the campaign. All was bustle and confusion in the so lately silent abode of almost every settler till the parties had departed on their errand of fraternal kindness. For, in circumstances such as these, all but the most hopelessly depraved feel the common tie of human brotherhood.

As these parties pursued their way towards Mr. Farr's, ever and anon, one and another diverged to this side or to that from the direct course, to call out those who dwelt aside from the path taken by Mr. Burger. Thus gathering numbers as they proceeded, they hastened onward to the general rendezvous.

Mr. Farr unwilling to believe that his children could be far distant, kept wandering about all through that sad night, in the intensity of his sorrow, scarcely conscious of the inclemency of the weather, continually moving up and down the dismal marsh with his lighted torch, but to no purpose, except perhaps to impress its ferocious denizens with "the fear and the dread of man."

A few of the neighboring women had come in with their husbands, as soon as possible after the alarm had gone out in the early part of the night, to offer their aid, and at the least to sympathize with the afflicted mother; and, so far as it was in their power, to assist in assuaging her grief. These, with her tried friend, Mrs. Burger—who was but little less affected by the melancholy occurrence than the mother herself—after Mrs. Farr had returned from the woods when the search was given up for the night, endeavored to persuade her to lie down and seek rest, but although almost overcome by physical fatigue and mental agony, she was not able thus to find even momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow or rest for her wearied body. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" refused to encircle the suffering mother in his balmy embrace, and she spent the night in sighs and tears "refusing to be comforted for her children because they were not." Her now highly wrought imagination was haunted with terrible fancies respecting the condition of her absent darlings, each more horrible than its predecessor.

Now, in the noises which were abroad, she heard the wailings of her terrified, tired, and hungry little ones as they crouched, benumbed by the cold, upon the wet earth, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm,

or their shrieks as some foul monster of the marsh enveloped one of them in his slimy folds, or as another writhed in agony from his deadly sting.

Then she would see their little waxen faces far down in the depths of the Chipewewa, or their tender limbs torn piecemeal by the bears, wolves, or catamounts that infested the marsh. In this state of mind, she would walk the floor wringing her hands in unutterable anguish, or rush out into the open air as if she found some relief or a feeling of nigher proximity to her suffering children in being like them abroad beneath the wide canopy of heaven.

In the meantime, how fared it with the little wanderers? They did not forget the anxious charges of their mother to keep away from the creek, and not to go out of the clearance, but they thought that there was no need of her being so very particular. It was very strange they thought that she did not know, as their father did, that they were old enough to take care of themselves and their little brother too. A very large hickory tree grew near the fence, and they would "just cross the fence, and get some nuts." Having regaled themselves with what they found there, another tree attracted their attention, and then another and another. Thus they penetrated farther into the woods till, when they began to think of returning home, they could no where see the clearance! Alarmed at finding themselves so far in the woods, they each took a hand of their youngest brother, and started with all possible speed in the direction in which they thought their home lay. They ran on as fast as they could till the wearied little brother they were dragging along between them began to cry. Still they saw no signs of home, and when they attempted to comfort him they broke down, and wept too. Instead of going towards home they had been leaving it behind, and were now far in the marsh. They could make but little farther progress, for the darkness was coming on. Terrified and weeping they sat down by a clump of trees, and clung to the hope that their father

would come and find them. The rain in the first part of the night wet and chilled them very much, and before morning they were sadly benumbed by the frost. Yet they tried to bear up as bravely as possible, and, by way of protection, still kept their little brother between them. At length, overcome by hunger and cold, weariness and weeping, notwithstanding all the dangers and discomforts of their position, they all fell fast asleep. Blessed slumber that brings oblivion, however brief, to suffering and sorrow.

Here, almost in the very lair of the wild beast, the helpless little innocents slept on profoundly, as if they had been tucked up in their own little beds by the caressing hands of their tender mother—forgetful of their terrible surroundings, of their cold and hunger, and lacerated limbs—dreaming, perhaps, of their fond parents and happy home. And here, guarded only by Him who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and "heareth the young ravens when they cry," we will leave them for the present.

(To be continued.)

Original.

BESSIE.

BY J. C. P., OTTAWA.

I.

An empty crib, and a quiet room,
Which little feet had haunted,
And a void where a flower was wont to bloom—
A little flower transplanted.

II.

A wild flower in a world of men,
A tender budding only;
Must the angels take her home again,
And leave a household lonely?

III.

And is she then an angel bright,
While we, poor shivering mortals,
Strain dimmed eyes up to catch her flight,
Beyond the starry portals?

IV.

How strange! we knew her short time from
now,
A little two-year maiden,

With soft brown eyes and fair wide brow,
By clustering locks o'er-shaden.

V.

That she, unskilled in all we teach,
Should gain the fount of knowledge,
And soar to heights beyond the reach
Of savant, sect, or college.

VI.

She knows the mystery of the spheres,
The secret of all knowing;
We know the brackish taste of tears,
And what has set them flowing.

VII.

I cannot look in her mother's eyes
But my own hard heart is smitten;
Such utter sadness in them lies
As is not said or written.

VIII.

What can we do but stand aside,
With bowed heads, reverent, lowly;
Nor seek to paint what love would hide,
A grief of all most holy?

IX.

Yet when the gradual lapse of years,
Which steal away our pleasures,
With kindly touch has dried our tears
O'er blighted hopes and treasures.

X.

I know a heart will be beguiled,
And bless the glad evangel,
Whence whispers, "You have lost a child,
But heaven has gained an angel!"

XI.

An angel! what a lofty name
For that wee-toddl'ing lassie!
There are, who, by love's old-time claim,
Had rather call her Bessie!

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THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.

"The peace of God,
Which passeth understanding, stealeth o'er
Thy heart. For I am come to Him,
To him, at last, and He has given me rest
According to His word."

B. M.

And now, our readers, we must in
imagination pass over eight long months,

and once more greet the sunny days of
spring. These months, though to us borne
on fancy's fleet wings, seem but as moments,
were to poor Edna long and sad.

The autumn had been gay with marriage
festivities. About two months after Edna's
introduction to Major Bird, Selina was led
to the hymenial altar, and promised that as
long as life should last, she would "love,
cherish, and obey," a man, whom, far from
esteeming, she despised; and, instead of
obeying, she ruled with a rod of iron. That
there could be no real happiness in such a
union may be well believed.

Selina dashed about the town during the
gay winter months, priding herself on
being better dressed than any lady in
L——, yet she looked peevish and dissatis-
fied, while the poor little Major's brow was
becoming furrowed, and his smile less
constant. He was certainly proud of his
dashing wife, and delighted in showing her
off among his military friends; never ven-
turing, however, to make any of the flat-
tering remarks, which he used to lavish so
freely upon her before their marriage. The
fatigue and excitement consequent on
Selina's marriage, was too much for poor
Edna, and when Winnifred's wedding-day
arrived, her intended bridesmaid was lying
in a darkened room, raving in the delirium
of fever.

When she had so far recovered, as to
think over all that had occurred, Edna felt
really glad that she had been unable to at-
tend Winnifred's marriage, at which time
she would have been necessarily thrown
much in Ernest's company, and she was
thankful she had been spared the trial.

It was some weeks after, before she
learned from Mrs. Maitland (who had been
her unwearied nurse during her long ill-
ness), that, while visiting in L——, Ernest
had come to the house daily inquiring about
Edna, and bringing her fruit, flowers, and
every delicacy procurable.

"Is not that a proof that he still loves
you?" inquired Mrs. Maitland.

"Oh! I don't know," replied Edna sadly,
"he probably showed me kindness for my

father's sake. Mr. Leighton naturally feels grateful to him for all he has done for him."

Mrs. Maitland could have told Edna words which would at once have assured her of Ernest's continued affection, but she felt that the time of disclosure was not yet come. Edna had confessed to Mrs. Maitland in her delirious ravings, what she would never have told her in her sane moments, and often had her kind friend's heart been wrung by the thought of the misery and suffering which Edna's words assured her the poor girl must have endured.

Mrs. Maitland had also read in Ernest's anxious face the tale of love still cherished towards Edna, and she resolved that she would leave no means untried by which to reunite two so long separated.

She was well aware that the principle obstacle to their reconciliation, was the belief, on either part, that another had usurped the place once held by each in the other's affections.

In what way this formidable obstacle was to be removed, Mrs. Maitland could not yet discover; there was so much on both sides to warrant the belief, yet she knew in God's own time He would make the way clear, and, with confiding trust, she left the matter in His hands.

During the winter, Charlie had paid his father a visit, and returned to his far away home, full of hope and happiness, for he had obtained Mr. Wyndgate's consent to his engagement with Jessie, and he hoped in a year to claim his bride. He had improved, and grown very manly-looking and he appeared to be getting on well' Mr. George Clifford having written to his father, speaking in the highest terms of Charlie's application to his office, and his steady habits; trusting also, that before long he would give him a share in the business.

When Edna, tremblingly, had gone to her brother, feeling it was her duty before he should leave them to speak to him of those things, which were now to her the great concerns of life. She wept with joy, when,

to her surprise, he thanked her for speaking to him, told her he believed it was all true, and that he would not forget what she had said to him. Larry was in raptures, and declared he always knew Master Charlie was made of the right stuff.

Altogether, Charlie's visit was like a gleam of sunshine, leaving its gladdening influence behind, long after itself had passed away.

Edna's severe illness had left her far from strong, and she was now feeling the spring weather very trying.

One bright April day, she was lying on her couch in the sitting-room, looking out on her garden just beginning to display its various tints of tender green, while here and there a bright crocus, or modest Star-of-Bethlehem, raised its delicate head. A bouquet of lovely wild flowers stood in a vase on the table before her, which Winnie and Frank had brought her that morning. Winnie had paid Edna daily visits during her illness, and seemed to bring the sunshine with her, as she would slip into Edna's room on tiptoe, and take a kiss—

"On her way," as she would say, laughing, "to take Frank to his office."

Edna had been listening anxiously for some time for her father's return, whose coming she always waited with delight. It was now the greatest joy of her life to be with her beloved parent while he read to her, or together they talked on the subject dearest to them both, for Edna's sick-room had been to her a school, where she had been taught the precious truth that to believe simply in Christ is salvation, and that to those who believe He is precious. Yea, the chiefest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely! He had become to her all her salvation, and all her desire, and she no longer feared to look forward to the future, knowing that going up through this wilderness, leaning on her Beloved, that wilderness should be a place of gladness—it should even rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

Of late her father had spoken much to Edna of her mother. The fountains of a

heart, which for years had been sealed up, seemed to open once more to the genial influences of love and sympathy. How glad and thankful Edna felt when her father would tell her that he was happier than he had been since her mother died, and that she should be the comfort of his declining years.

Edna looked at her watch.

"Half-past four," she said, musingly; "he ought to be home by this time."

At that moment she heard a ring at the bell. She and her father lived so quietly, and had so few visitors but those who might enter unceremoniously, that Edna wondered who the visitor might be. What was her surprise when a servant entered, and handed her a card which bore the name of "Captain Ainslie." A flush of pleasure stole over her pale cheeks, and yet she felt in some perplexity now as to how it was possible to receive her friend. She had not left her room for more than a week, yet she could not refuse to see the Captain, so, after some hesitation, she told the servant to show the gentleman into her room.

When Captain Ainslie entered Edna's sitting-room, he thought he had never seen any one so lovely as its fair occupant. She was leaning back against the pillows of her couch, her white dress relieved by a scarlet shawl thrown over her shoulders, and the bright color coming and going in her cheek. Her visitor hurried forward, and taking her extended hand, he said,

"Miss Clifford, I am indeed glad to see you again, but extremely sorry to find you looking so pale and thin. Have you been ill long?"

"I had a very severe illness last autumn, and have not been very strong all winter. I think the spring weather is peculiarly trying, but I am feeling better to-day, and hope to be about as usual in a short time. But when did you come, Captain Ainslie? I trust you are going to pay us a long visit."

"Many thanks to your kindness, Miss Clifford," replied the Captain. "I can hardly tell how long I may remain in L.—.

My regiment, recently ordered to Canada, has been fortunately stationed here for the present. We only arrived yesterday. I was delighted to find you were in town. You are such a traveller, I feared this fine weather might have tempted you from home."

"I am sure my father will be very glad to meet you, Captain Ainslie," replied Edna. "He has heard some long accounts of your kindness from Mrs. Maitland and myself. He has been quite desirous to know you," she added, with a smile.

"I am afraid he will be sadly disappointed, Miss Clifford, and I fear your kindness of heart makes you overlook my faults. It was very little you would allow me to do for you, then you were always so very grateful for the smallest kindness, so different from other ladies, who seem to take a gentleman's attentions as a matter of course, and not even worth saying 'thank you' for."

Edna, by way of changing the conversation, which was growing too personal in its nature, reverted to the Captain's voyage, and was soon quite interested in her friend's entertaining account of his numerous adventures by sea and land since last they met.

An hour passed, and still Mr. Clifford did not return, and at length the Captain rose to go. As he parted with Edna, he stood for some moments in silence, leaning against the window frame, and looking down on her with a sad, thoughtful look in his deep, dark eyes. At last he said, in a low voice, and without changing his position,

"Miss Clifford, I cannot leave you without asking you one question: Is there no hope of your ever revoking the words you said to me that last evening in Liverpool?"

Edna's pale face flushed, as she looked up and met his earnest gaze, but she said, calmly,

"I cannot, indeed, I cannot, Captain Ainslie; it can never be otherwise. It would not be right in me to give you the

least hope that it might be, though it causes me real pain to refuse you."

"I honor you for your decision, though it makes life very dreary to me, Miss Clifford," replied Captain Ainslie, as he shook hands with Edna. "But you will at least allow me to be your escort occasionally,—to be a brother to you."

"As my friend, I shall always be glad to see you, Captain Ainslie, and I am sure my father will unite with me in giving you welcome."

"Thank you, Miss Clifford; I fully appreciate your kindness. I trust you will be looking stronger when I see you again. Good evening."

Edna was left alone, and she lay pondering on what had occurred in the past few hours.

"Why should I cast off a true, sincere heart—a deep affection that might make my life so happy!" she bitterly exclaimed. "But, oh, happy did I say? Ah, none but Ernest's love could make me happy. And yet it seems sad that I should be growing old in sorrow. But I must not think thus. Is it not the Lord's will, and must be best? and if it please Him to spare my life, have I not my father to live for? My blessed work is to cheer his declining years!"

At this moment she heard her father's well-known footstep in the hall. Soon, the door opened, and Mr. Clifford entered the room.

"Well, my dear, how do you feel this afternoon?" he said, tenderly kissing his daughter. "I think you are looking brighter and more cheerful."

"I believe I am better, dear papa. I have had a very unexpected visitor to-day. Who do you think?"

"Who?" enquired Mr. Clifford, quickly. "Not —"

"No less a person than Captain Ainslie," interrupted Edna, for she knew all too well whose name was on her father's lips. "His regiment is stationed here now."

"Ah, indeed! He seems to have quite brightened you up. I think I shall ask

him often to the house, if his visits do you so much good."

"I don't think you will have much trouble in urging him to come, papa; the only fear is that you will grow tired of him, judging from the number of visits he used to pay to our lodgings when Mrs. Maitland and I were abroad."

Mr. Clifford looked up inquiringly in Edna's face, peering at her over his spectacles.

"Oh, you need not look so alarmed, dear papa! Captain Ainslie is not going to carry me off. He knows perfectly well what are the only conditions on which I will ever allow him to come here."

"What are those, little girl?" asked her father, in an amused tone.

"His visits must be only those of a friend, papa, and I have told him so."

"What occasion was there to do that, my love, unless you knew that Captain Ainslie wished to be something more?"

"But I did know, papa dear, he told me so when we were in Liverpool. Of course my answer there was just what it was to-day; but he had hoped time might have altered my feelings, and so reverted to the subject again this afternoon. I am rather glad that he did, for, though I should be very sorry to lose him as a friend, I would never wish him for a moment to think he could ever be more to me."

"Very right, my dear child. There is nothing I abhor so much as a coquette. I always despised the abominable practice of flirting. Perhaps, had my opinion been otherwise, I would never have married Harriet Somers. I am thankful to find my daughter possesses the same spirit as her father in this respect."

"Surely, papa," exclaimed Edna, "you could never for one moment think that I would give Captain Ainslie, or any other gentleman, false encouragement."

"No, my child, I have never had reason to think so. But, my dear, it is getting late. I will ring the bell, and we will have dinner brought in here this afternoon."

"That will be charming. But you look wearied, papa dear, and you are very late in coming home this afternoon. I do wish you would try and leave your office earlier, and so have time to take some exercise before dinner. Only wait until I get well, and I will come and take you for a walk or a drive every day. I think I shall feel strong enough to go for a drive to-morrow. Will you come with me, if I call for you at four?"

"I will try and be ready at that time," replied Mr. Clifford, but he heaved a deep sigh as he rose and left the room. He was feeling very anxious about his daughter, who seemed every day to be growing more and more fragile; and he resolved that very evening to ask Dr. Ponsonby what his candid opinion was concerning Edna, and whether he thought change of air would be beneficial. Yet, he almost dreaded the doctor's replying in the affirmative, as at present it would be impossible for him to leave home, and he could not bear the idea of being again separated from his beloved daughter."

He spoke on the subject to Edna while they were seated at dinner, but she assured him that it would be perfectly useless in him to mention anything of the kind to the doctor, for that no entreaties would induce her to leave home without her father.

Mr. Clifford's heart grew light as he listened to her affectionate words, and his fears seemed almost groundless as he looked on her flushed face and sparkling eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

"Down the hill I saw them ride;
In a moment they were gone,
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
And back returns the dark,
With no more hope of light."

TENNYSON.

Some weeks after Captain Ainslie's first visit at Mr. Clifford's, he called one sunny afternoon, to beg Edna to take a ride with him, and as she was feeling stronger than she had done for some time, she yielded to

his persuasions. They resolved to pay Mrs. Maitland a visit, and accordingly turned their horses' heads in the direction of Burnside.

They rode slowly along, enjoying the balmy spring air, and lovely scenery surrounding them on all sides. The road lay along the lake shore, and they passed many a smiling villa and lovely cottage embosomed in trees. At length they emerged into the country, and their path wound through a partially-cleared wood. The trees were clothed in their fresh mantle of tender green, and from among the velvety-grass the bright flowers were springing up on either side. Some little knolls were blue with myriads of violets, while close to the moss-grown roots of some forest tree the delicate trillium hung its fragile head, or the starry hepatica peered upwards through the leafy boughs to the blue sky beyond.

Captain Ainslie was unusually silent, and neither of the two had spoken for some time. Edna's head was drooping, and she was absently stroking her horse's mane. Her thoughts had flown back to a day long ago, when she had last ridden along that road, and to him who had been her companion then. She was roused by the sound of horse's feet quickly descending the hill. She slowly raised her head, but in an instant she became deadly pale, and trembled so violently she could hardly keep herself from falling; for approaching her (slowly now, for he had slackened the pace of his impatient steed) was the subject of her thoughts—he whom she had not seen for nearly two long years, and from whom she had parted in anger. She averted her face, so that Captain Ainslie might not see its deadly pallor, and thus Ernest had a full view of it as he rode slowly past. As he gazed once more on that beloved form, he could hardly believe it possible that in this fragile, delicate girl, he recognized her whom he had left in the full bloom of health and beauty. Winnifred, it is true, had told him Edna was much altered; but he had not been prepared for such a change as this. As he looked at her pale, wan face,

his own grew almost as white as hers, and, strong man as he was, his whole frame quivered with emotion. Had Edna been alone, he would at once have gone to her assistance, for he feared that she would faint, and fall from her horse. But another—he who was by her side—he firmly believed now possessed the right to protect and help her, which she herself had deprived him of. And yet, the look of suffering depicted on that beloved face, as it was raised for one moment to his, and the deep, loving earnestness of those deep, tearful eyes, seemed almost to convince him that to whomsoever Edna Clifford promised her hand, her heart was still his.

Edna was thankful to find that they were close to Burnside, and that thus there would be no need of further conversation with Captain Ainslie.

When they drew up at the door, the Captain came round to assist Edna in dismounting, and then for the first time he saw how ill she was looking, and, in a tone of anxious surprise, he exclaimed,

“Why, my dear Edna, how ill you are looking! I fear the long ride has been too much for you, why did you not tell me?”

But she could make no reply, and her head sank upon his arm as he led her to the house.

Mrs. Maitland had seen them approach, and at once guessing at the truth of the matter, she stood at the door to receive her poor young friend. But Captain Ainslie, unheeding her presence, and forgetful of all but Edna, lavished upon her every term of endearment, and implored her to speak to him. Mrs. Maitland had her at once conveyed to her own room, and it was not until several restoratives had been applied that Edna opened her eyes. Mrs. Maitland then left her for a moment to tell Captain Ainslie that she was so far recovered, that all that would be necessary would be to let Mr. Clifford know the cause of her continued absence, and to tell him she would be sent home before night. The Captain promised to deliver the message, and rather reluctantly rode away. Little did he know that

quick eyes from behind the hedge were watching his departure, and that other ears save Mrs. Maitland's had heard his endearing words to Edna; that each expression had been as a knife piercing to the very depths of a heart filled with anxious solicitude for her whom Captain Ainslie called his “beloved,” his “darling.”

Ernest could not repress the longing to watch Edna until she reached Mrs. Maitland's, which he supposed was her intended destination, for he very much feared she would not be able to ride even that short distance. He accordingly turned into a lane which led to the stables at Burnside, and which was separated from the lawn by a thick privet hedge. Dismounting, he walked quietly up until he reached a spot from which he saw Edna dismount, and distinctly heard the Captain's expressions of love and affection for her whom he called by the familiar name of “Edna.”

Of course, Captain Ainslie had never addressed Edna save as “Miss Clifford,” but the rules of etiquette were forgotten in the anxiety and concern for her whom he so truly, yet vainly loved.

To Ernest Leighton's mind, the words could only be those which a betrothed might make use of, and it was with a sad heart he remounted his horse and rode slowly away.

When Mrs. Maitland returned to Edna, after despatching the Captain with his message to Mr. Clifford, she found her lying on the sofa with her eyes closed. She opened them when Mrs. Maitland entered, and bent them on her with such a look of earnest inquiry that her friend spoke at once.

“I know what you would ask, my love, so I will at once put you out of suspense. Mr. Leighton is in L—— on business. He was only in town for about an hour, and left me for the station. I had hoped to have time for a long conversation with him, but he had only a few minutes to spare. His first inquiry, dear Edna, was for you.”

Edna's pale face flushed for a moment, but she made no remark, and closed her

eyes wearily. When she felt well enough to start, Mrs. Maitland drove her home, and delivered her to her anxious father, who had been waiting for her, and had not touched his dinner.

"The child is very frail," he said to Mrs. Maitland, looking sadly after Edna as she walked slowly down the hall to her own room.

"The long ride was rather too much for her, just yet," replied Mrs. Maitland, "but I would advise you to get her to take all the exercise you can, only taking care that she does not over-fatigue herself. But I must hurry away now, for Bessy is not very well this evening."

"Indeed," said Mr. Clifford; "nothing serious, I hope.

"No, but she is never very robust, and this spring weather appears to weaken her. I think she will be better when the summer weather sets in."

"I trust so, and I hope it may be so with Edna also. I thank you, Mrs. Maitland, for your unchanging kindness to my poor motherless child."

"Gladly, indeed, will I ever do anything in my power which will contribute to the comfort or happiness of your dear daughter," replied Mrs. Maitland, with deep feeling. "I trust you will send for me if Edna is worse to-morrow."

"I thank you, Mrs. Maitland; but Miss Ponsonby is so near that if Edna requires any one she will come, and it would not do for you to leave Bessie; she will be thinking your absence long already, I fear. Good evening."

However, Edna continued slowly to improve, much to her father's delight, who hailed every symptom of returning health with thankful joy. He and Edna made several excursions during the summer, either up the bay or among the lovely islands of the St. Lawrence. Even this short change seemed to do Edna good, and when autumn arrived she was enjoying her usual health, and able once more to resume her district visiting. E'er long she was a well-known and welcome visitor in many

of the houses of the poor, and often was Mrs. Maitland reminded of Edna's mother when she would meet her on one of her errands of mercy, her face lit up with the joy of bearing to some poor soul the consolations of the gospel of peace, or relieving the bodily necessities of some child of poverty. Though Edna often accompanied Margaret Wyndgate to her chamber, she never, after that first discovery, found any of Ernest's letters, and she often wondered that, though a frequent visitor at the Rectory, she never heard Ernest's name mentioned by any member of the family.

Captain Ainslie was a constant visitor at Mr. Clifford's house, and a great favorite with the old gentleman, whom he would entertain for hours with his amusing anecdotes and interesting accounts of places and people he had seen in his travels almost all over the world. After the day when Edna fainted at Mrs. Maitland's door, he never seemed to forget the relationship in which he stood to his kind host's daughter, and though treating her with unflinching kindness and politeness, his manner was wholly changed from its former chivalrous gallantry. He walked, drove, and rode with her whenever she would allow him, and, in fact, made himself so generally useful to her and her father that both would have missed him much.

Meantime Major Bird's regiment was ordered to the lower Provinces, and Selina seemed rather glad of the change, saying she was "heartily weary of L——." She was tired of displaying her endless variety of silks and velvets before the now non-appreciative eyes of the fashionables of her native town, and seemed pleased to be able to transfer herself and finery to some other city, where she should astonish the natives by her exhibition of millinery and dry goods in general. It did not seem to disturb her equanimity very much to leave her now aged father and her step-sister; Selina was too wholly selfish to care about others. But the Major's parting with Edna was truly affecting; he pressed her hand to his lips, exclaiming:—"Oh, Miss Edna!

if Mrs. Bird had been like you—not but what I think Mrs. Bird a handsome woman, and a clever woman—in fact, Miss Edna, a very superior woman—but could goodness and amiability have been allied to beauty—not but what I think goodness and beauty can be united, for do I not see a living proof before me?”—[here the little man stopped for want of breath, for being very fond of parenthesis he invariably nearly choked himself to insert them without taking breath, and very often forgot what he was talking about in the first place. Having recovered himself, he continued.] “But, as I was saying, could Mrs. Bird have possessed your excellent and amiable qualities, as well as her splendid appearance, why, in fact, Miss Edna, this world would have been a paradise to me—but, oh!” added the little Major, pathetically, raising his eyes upwards; “it is far otherwise, and now I must part from you, and it is a grief to me.”

“But you know,” replied Edna, when the Major paused for a moment, “that you should not expect to find your paradise here; nothing earthly brings true joy; we are placed here not to seek our happiness below, but to prepare for a heavenly world where there are pleasures for evermore.”

“It is true—it is true!” said the Major. “Well would it be if there were more like you in the world; but it is rarely that such angels are sent to this earth of ours. Adieu, very dear friend; may you, e’er long, find a congenial spirit with whom you may have that sweet converse which, I am sure, your noble intellect would delight in, and one whose greatest happiness it would be to protect and adore a being so lovely and so pure.” After making this wonderful speech, the Major took his departure.

Edna longed to speak to her sister about her soul, so tied and fettered to earth, but all her attempts to introduce religious subjects were repelled by Selina with the utmost scorn and contempt; and thus the sisters parted.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bird were settled in their new home, Selina wrote, telling Edna

how charmed she was with everything—that she was creating a great sensation, and the belle of all the balls she attended.

At length the time came when Charlie was expected to claim his promised bride, and great were the preparations made at the usually quiet Rectory for the approaching wedding. Mrs. Wyndgate would have much preferred that Jessie should wait for a few years, as she was only nineteen, and Charlie had but just attained his majority; but Mr. Wyndgate was a great advocate of early marriages, and as the young people seemed so much attached, and Charlie getting on so well in business, even the careful mother did not like to object.

However joyous as were light-hearted Jessie’s hopes for the future, tears would often dim her bright eyes at the thought of leaving all so dear to her, and changing a cherished and happy home for one among unknown scenes and strange faces; but Charlie’s letters, full of affection and bright pictures of the home he was to bring her to, and of the happiness before her, would re-assure her, and she would feel willing to endure any hardship had she but Charlie’s arm to lean on, and his loving care to depend on. Thus, from Jessie to Winnifred Austin, all were looking forward with happy expectancy to Charlie’s coming, and counting the days which must elapse before he could arrive.

(To be continued.)

Original.

MAPLE LEAVES.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

Beautiful leaves! maple leaves,
Rich and bright are they,
As they flutter down
A golden brown,
Chasing each other in play,
Those beautiful maple leaves!

Beautiful leaves! maple leaves,
Gems of the forest are they;
Things ever so bright,
They gladden our sight,
On a sad, sighing autumn day,
Those brilliant maple leaves!

Beautiful leaves ! memory weaves

In the home across the sea

Chaplets of green,

Fair to be seen ;

But none so fair as thee,

Beautiful maple leaves !

Beautiful leaves ! maple leaves,

Child of the dear new world,

Emblem of right !

May you lead in the fight,

When you float on the banner unfurled,

Wreath of bright maple leaves !

Beautiful leaves ! maple leaves,

Blushing at Autumn's breath,

Floating around,

Soft carpet the ground,

And pale at the touch of death,

Beautiful skeleton leaves !

Beautiful leaves ! maple leaves,

Breathing a requiem o'er

The summer past,

And shadows cast

By what will return no more,

Beautiful fading leaves !

Beautiful leaves ! maple leaves,

Brightest at wane of life,

Shedding thy flowers

O'er dying hours,

Conqueror in the strife,

Beautiful maple leaves !

Beautiful leaves ! maple leaves,

Teaching us lessons of trust,

Casting no gloom

Around the tomb,

Brightest when nearest the dust,

Beautiful maple leaves !

Original.

SOME STORIES OF A LOST TRIBE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

(Continued.)

Now, we must leave the confines of authentic history and enter into the cloudland of speculation and romance. During the past forty years the Red Indians have given no signs of their presence ; none of them have ever approached the settlements, and no traces of their actual existence have been found by the few per-

sons who have gone any distance into the interior. A few Indians—not more than three or four families altogether—can be seen in the vicinity of the settlements, even they belong to the Micmacs, and are as ignorant of the Beothics as the whites themselves. No doubt, in their anxiety to avoid their dreaded foes, the aborigines withdrew, year by year, more deeply into fastnesses of the interior. The hunter on the banks of the Exploits, or the Red Indian Lake, now and then sees some relics of the lost tribe. Some of the Micmacs tell stories of having seen, only a few years ago, in the interior, traces of recent camps. One of them narrates that on one occasion, whilst hunting in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Exploits, he saw in one of the islets of the lake considerable smoke, which evidently proceeded from a camp. He had not the means of reaching the spot, and was too far off to tell to whom the camp belonged. Subsequently, he visited the locality with some other Indians, and found the signs of an old encampment, which from certain indications, they decided did not belong to the Micmac tribe. It may, however, have belonged to some of the Montagnais, of the mainland, who, now and then, have visited the island to hunt.

A few years ago, there was an old man living on one of the numerous islands that cover the surface of the Bay of Exploits. Without kith and kin, he had lived in a little cabin, built on the borders of a prettily sequestered inlet of the island, for more than sixty years, supporting himself by hunting and fishing. His father had pursued the same life before him, and the son had no aspirations beyond a good catch of cod or plenty of caribou in the hunting season. "Old Tom"—nobody knew him by any other name in the days of which I write—was quite a character in his way, and those who had the honor of his intimate acquaintance always said he was somewhat inclined at times to pull the long bow to its utmost tension. But it is not for me to doubt Tom's veracity, for that would be unfair to one who seemed certainly to

believe implicitly the marvellous tales he delighted to tell of forest and sea life, for the amusement of those who visited his rude cabin, whose walls, covered with fishing-tackle, implements, and memorials of hunting, spoke eloquently of the pursuits of the inmate. Tom's grizzled locks and swart visage, seamed and roughened by exposure to sun and storm and wind, gave evidence of the many summers and winters that had passed over his head. Yet the hard life he had led, at one time a hunter, at another, a "toiler of the sea," had not damped his spirits or courage; and, though to the stranger his manners might be somewhat uncouth, and he might appear uncommunicative, yet those who knew him best could vouch for his loquacity, when he was once approached at the right moment and in the proper way. Like others of his class, Tom dearly loved to speak of the mysterious Indian tribe, which once lorded over the forest and the streams, which were as familiar to him as Great St. James' Street is to the people of Montreal. When Tom was a boy—and that was sometime in the very indefinite past—he had seen some half a dozen members of the Red Indian tribe, at the mouth of the Exploits, whither he had accompanied his father on a hunting expedition. The Indians traded off some furs with his father, and then disappeared suddenly into the country, without having given any notice of their intention. Tom had never seen one of the tribe since that time, though he had frequently come upon traces of their old settlement, in the course of his forest wanderings. Now, Tom had a deep vein of superstition in his nature, and it would have been hard to convince him that there is nothing supernatural to be seen now-a-days. Tom could tell some very curious stories of strange adventures—you may call them ghost stories, if you like—he professed to have met with in the course of his life, but there was one which he liked to repeat above all others.

Tom, I must tell you at the outset, invariably scouted the idea that any remnant of the Red Indians was to be found in the

interior, and firmly believed, that the last of the tribe had long since gone to their happy hunting-grounds. "You must see, Squire," said Tom on one occasion—and I am sure my readers will not find fault with me if I take the liberty of altering his phraseology, and simply adopting its spirit and purport—"I have tramped for very many years over the country on both sides of the Exploits River, and its head-waters. I have even gone some thirty miles to the northward of the Red Indian Pond, where white man hardly trod before. I have not only stood time and again on the shores of Red Indian Lake, but on that of Deer Pond and Big Pond (the two last are reservoirs of the Humber, the largest river of the island), but never once have I seen a sight of the Red Indian. I can, however, tell you what you will think a curious story of what once happened to me some fifteen years since, whilst I was out hunting in the fall with a party from Trinity Bay. The deer were still very scarce, for it was early in the season, and it would seem as if I had missed my usual good-luck. We had at last got to the southern side of the Red Indian Pond where there were a number of islets in mid-water. In the course of the evening we made our usual encampment of spruce, and after we had our supper of venison and strong tea, we remained for an hour or so chatting about hunting and fishing, then we had a night-cap all around, piled up plenty of logs on the fire in front of the camp, and at last rolled ourselves under the blankets and skins. I had slept perhaps, about three hours, when I awoke up with a sudden start, and heard a distinct sound—just like a wail or moaning. I saw all my comrades were still asleep, but even if they were awake none of them were likely to indulge in such a mode of passing the night. I listened intently for a few moments, and at frequent intervals the same sound came floating to my ear. Then I stirred up the other men, who awoke quickly enough; but when they heard what I had to tell them, they abused me for disturbing them for such nonsense, and

rolled under the coverings again. Well, stranger, I stirred up the fire which was burning but slowly as the logs were damp, and then tried to sleep once more. But hardly had I settled myself comfortably when I heard the same monotonous chant repeated, so I started up, and, taking my gun, investigated the neighborhood, but to no purpose. Listening attentively for a few moments, I concluded that the sound proceeded from the lake, which was about a hundred yards distant from the camp. Passing through a clump of fir that concealed the camp from the lake, I soon stood on its margin. Its surface was hardly disturbed by a ripple, and I could just see the outline of the wooded islets by the light of the moon struggling through a passing cloud. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night, except the rustle of the decayed branches beneath my feet, or the wailing sound which appeared to me somewhat fainter. As I strained my eyes to see across to the islands, I saw something which staggered me for the moment. Close to one of the islets, I saw what I will always believe to be a tall Red Indian slowly paddling a canoe. I saw the motion but heard no sound from the paddle. I saw something else at the other end, which looked like a dead body. A wail would every now and then reach my ear, but gradually it grew fainter until it ceased altogether, as the canoe turned a corner of the islet, and disappeared out of view. Nothing can ever make me believe that what I saw was an earthly sight. Next morning I told my companions what I had seen, but they laughed at me, and said that I had taken my night-cap too stiff. But, stranger, my head was as clear as it is now when I took that walk; I was never more wide-awake in my life. I wanted to go and visit the island on the next day, but my comrades would not consent to lose any time, as the season was getting late, and they had not got their usual supply of meat. Three years later, however, I was again in that same locality, and determined to visit the spot where I had seen the mysterious

visitant. My companions and myself made a raft of spruce-logs which enabled us to reach the island, which showed signs at a glance of having been frequented by the Indians. After a quarter of an hour's search we stumbled upon an old hut which we entered, and saw a quantity of bones and other things, showing that we were in one of the buildings the Indians set apart for their dead. From the appearance of the hut it had not been entered for years, nor did I see anything on the island to show that it had been recently visited by any person. Now, will you or any one else tell me that what I saw on that October night was natural, that it was not the spirit of some of the Red Indians haunting an old burial-place of its tribe?"

Such, substantially, is old Tom's story, and his acquaintances will remember that no amount of argument could now convince him that he did not see an Indian wraith. To his very death-bed—for Tom's career as hunter and fisherman ended three or four years ago,—he honestly believed that he had been unusually favored by an apparition of one of the Indians of the old times. My readers are, of course, at perfect liberty either to become Tom's disciples or laugh at him, just as they may select after mature consideration of all the facts of the case. Some of Tom's enemies have always declared that his head was not very clear on that particular night, and that he imagined the whole story; but, no doubt, these persons have been envious of the celebrity that Tom attained whenever he told this adventure. Others again prefer to believe the old fellow, and seek another solution of the mysterious appearance. The most dramatic interpretation certainly is, that Tom, if he did not see a veritable ghost, at all events, was a spectator of the interesting and novel sight of one of the ancient Beothics performing the last funeral rites of some dead member of his tribe; but there is another interpretation which may appear still more reasonable to matter-of-fact people in this prosaic age. I have already stated that Micmac and Montagnais

Indians from Labrador were in the habit of frequenting Newfoundland, up to a recent period, on account of its superior hunting. Whilst McCormack was travelling in the interior he met with two Indians—the man was a Micmac and his squaw, a Montagnais or Mountaineer—at a large body of water, formerly known as Mulpegh or Crooked Lake, but named after Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh, by the explorer. These two Indians were in camp on one of the islands of the lake, and preparing to proceed to winter-quarters at the Bay of Despair. Now, it is reasonable to suppose that some of the Mountaineers were in the vicinity of the lake that Tom visited, and he may have seen one of them carrying the body of a wife or friend who may have died in camp, to its last resting-place on one of the islets of the lake.*

With these few explanations in reference to Tom's ghost, I leave the matter in the hands of an intelligent public; and if they decide against him, I hope they will not be inclined to deal harshly with his memory. Before any one laughs at what may be called Tom's delusion, he should imagine himself in the same position at that unknown lake amid the forests of Newfoundland. What the old hunter saw on that still October night by the dim light of the moon and stars, was certainly calculated to excite at least the awe of the most strong-minded individual. However Tom was not strong-minded, but a firm believer in the existence of ghosts.

The fate of the Red Indians of Newfoundland foreshadows that which is rapidly overtaking the tribes that still inhabit Labrador. Indeed, in all parts of America

* Many Montagnais in remote parts of Labrador, until very recently, clung with much pertinacity to certain of their old customs. One of their traditions was that the spirits of the deceased travelled at night to the happy hunting-grounds, which were supposed to be situated somewhere in the setting sun. Hence, probably, the origin of their preference for burial at night. Mr. Hind in his interesting work entitled, "Explorations in Labrador," gives many facts connected with the Indians of Quebec and Labrador. Among other facts, he mentions that many of them still entertain the belief that they will die with the setting sun whenever they are dangerously ill. The frontispiece of the second volume of the same work is a chromo-lithograph of an Indian carrying a corpse at moonlight, to a burying-ground by some stream.

the doom of the aborigines appears determined. Everywhere they are receding before the irresistible progress of the pioneers of civilization.

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves."

Throughout Labrador the Montagnais are steadily dwindling away. Yearly large numbers die from disease and starvation, for game is becoming very scarce, and few of them are willing to cultivate the soil. But in concluding the subject immediately before us, I can only add that it is not probable, as a few persons still persist in believing, that in some unknown district of the island a feeble remnant of the missing tribe may still linger, only anxious to avoid the curious gaze of the European. The interior of Newfoundland is still very little known, and many generations must pass away before its mysteries are revealed. But when that time comes, the Red Indian will be even far more than he is now, a tradition of the past.

Original.

TO THE BOTTOM OF A COPPER-MINE SHAFT.

To visit a copper-mine, stroll along its dark and smoky passages, descend to the depths of its shafts, and realize all the alternate pleasures and fears of an underground journey, are not in Canada within the experience of many. Opportunities seldom present themselves, as, though there are extensive copper deposits in the country, and numerous mines have been opened upon them, but few of these mines have been well developed. The copper-mining interest is, however, of considerable importance to the trade of the country. On the north shore of Lake Huron operations have been carried on for some years, and at Lennoxville and elsewhere in the Eastern Townships copper-mining has become a valuable branch of industry. To have a glimpse at the scene and mode of mining operations, and a little insight into the life of a miner, may therefore prove interesting.

Let the reader picture to himself the side of a somewhat rugged, rather thinly wooded

range of hills in the Township of Ascot, of about seven hundred and fifty feet in height, and sloping at a heavy inclination to the River Massawippi, which skirts its base; a scanty soil covering the slope—the bare unmosy rocks protruding in many places; and a few unpainted wooden houses, the smelting works and piles of roasting ore emitting their little clouds of sulphur fumes, situated at varying distances up the side of the hill, and it will give him a fair conception of the appearance of the locality where the mine to be described lies. Unfortunately for the comfort of the visitor, the entrance to the mine is not situated at the base of the hill. A somewhat winding road up the steep hill-side has to be travelled to gain it. As the entrance is approached, the objects which attract the attention are the immense heaps of broken ore lying along the dressing floors outside. Both men and boys are here engaged in breaking, screening, sorting, and washing the ore, which, as it accumulates, is carried in waggons along a tramway to the roasting-ground.

At the office the visitor is invited to don a rather old style, well-worn and mud-bespattered coat, originally intended for more brawny shoulders than his own, and a hat at which he looks twice before he places it on his head. Visiting a mine is, however, not quite the same as paying an afternoon call, and the thought of this rather heightens, to him, the novelty of his appearance. To complete the underground outfit, a candle with its rim of mud is alone requisite. To make a candle last requires a miner's experience, but it is effected by this plastic, globe-like rim of mud at the upper end, which prevents waste, furnishes a convenient means of holding the candle when moving about, and is equally useful at other times, as by a slight pressure the light, by means of it, can be made to adhere to any little projecting ledge of rock. As the candle is consumed, the rim is merely pressed farther down with the fingers.

To gain the entrance to the nearest tunnel or level, to use the mining term here, a few steps only are requisite. A door closes the entrance to prevent the draft; within there is a midnight darkness. A light is, however,

soon struck. The effect upon the eyes of this sudden change from midday to the appearance of midnight, is sensibly perceived in the apparent dimness, at first, of the candle light; and the consequences are fully realized when, as is too frequently the case, the foothold on the sleepers or rails of the tramway is lost, and a splash in one of the numerous little puddles of water or accumulations of coppery mud, is the rather awkward consequence. When the height of the tunnel is sufficient and long distances have to be travelled, miners have an easy mode of obviating under any circumstances such troubles. They walk in pairs, one on each rail of the tramway, and each with an arm around his companions shoulder, the one thus aiding in the support of the other. The height here is, however, not sufficient for an upright position, and this gives rise to another trouble—and it may prove a grievous trouble—against which a novice must guard. In walking, a stooping posture must be assumed. The manager or captain, as in mining phraseology he is termed, who acts as guide, gives timely warning of this by abruptly telling the visitor to take care of his head, but alas! how forgetful sometimes is human nature! Mineralogists assert that quartz is so hard that it cannot be scratched with a knife, but, occasionally a novice visiting a copper mine, without the application of so feasible a test, is forced to admit from the experience of feeling that it is very hard.

At present the level has been driven to a distance of about six hundred feet in a horizontal direction into the hill-side along the vein of copper. For a considerable part of this distance stoping, as it is termed, or removing the copper from the level upwards, along the heavily inclining vein to the surface of the ground, has been carried on to a large extent. The width of the vein averages four or five feet here, and as the copper is removed, the roof is supported by columns formed of the trunks of trees cut to the proper length. Far overhead, here daylight is dimly visible, as the vein has been followed in one or two places to the surface of the ground.

To descend a giddy, perpendicular height by means of a ladder is usually, to most people, a rather perilous undertaking. The descent

down the dark shaft of a mine is, however, accompanied by no similar feelings of nervousness or fear. The candle affords no more light than is sufficient to distinctly see the steps of the ladder immediately near, and to peer into the darkness beneath excites no timorous fancies. The only misgivings a visitor will probably entertain, are of the untimely going off of a blast. The principal shaft of the mine here has been driven on a slight deviation from the perpendicular, so as to follow the vein of copper. Step by step, from ladder to ladder, and from landing to landing, the visitor following his guide, and inwardly wondering when the bottom will be reached, descends. The hands were smeared with grease before the descent commenced, but now when the coppery mud on the cross-bars of the ladder is added, what a mixture ornaments them! A mine is, however, not the place for delicate notions. At a depth of sixty feet, drifts which are in the nature of tunnels, have been driven to the north-east and south-west, for long distances so as to well expose the vein of copper, and show its extent. At a still further depth of ninety feet, driving has been carried on to a very considerable extent, in similar directions, and with the same objects. A few feet more and the bottom of the shaft, over three hundred feet from daylight, is reached, but before the last step of the ladder is left, the captain is again ready with a warning that the square hole which the candle reveals, in the planking covering the bottom, gives access to five or six feet of water, and he adds, that one of his miners had not long since taken a bath there which was quite as unrefreshing as it was unexpected. The water occasionally accumulates in considerable quantities here, and requires to be promptly removed.

In mining, the regular supply of air is a very important consideration. Here, where in the drifts at the bottom of the shaft, no other shaft is available to create a circulation, a novel device has been adopted. A little rivulet on the hill-side has been partially diverted from its course, and made to afford a continuous fall of water into a wooden pipe, which protrudes perpendicularly through the rock above the entrance to the level near the office, and the lower end of which is immersed

in a trough of water on the floor of the level. From where it enters the level, a branch at right angles to it is conducted along the level and thence down the shaft. The water falling through the main forces the air which is drawn down with it into the branch-pipe, and then escapes into the trough which it always keeps full, and whence it flows away to again join the rivulet. At the bottom of the shaft, the force of the air issuing from the wooden-pipe is so great that a candle placed in front of it is at once extinguished.

When down here, and in the drifts on either side, a person of nervous temperament may be frequently startled by the shouts—quite unintelligible to the unpractised ear—of the miners. Whenever the large buckets filled with water or ore, are ready to be drawn up, the signals must be given to the boys driving the horses far overhead at the surface of the ground, and shouting appears to be the effectual method. The distant cry of "fi-ire" is, however, sometimes heard sufficiently distinct to at once excite the latent fears. The question is nervously asked, if the blast is far away? but before the answer can be given, the low, deep boom—very startling to one unaccustomed to the sound—comes heavily on the ears. The strong rush of air accompanying the boom is very observable.

The copper here, as elsewhere in the mine, quickly becomes covered with a thin coating of mud, deposited by the water constantly trickling down the sides of the rock. By breaking off some little projecting knob or ledge, the shining metal becomes visible. The novice at once pronounces it very rich, and is rather astonished when the Captain—*anxious as he is to laud his ore—informs him that much of it is mundic. "Mundic what is mundic?" is the query.* Geologists have sometimes long, incomprehensible names for very common metals and minerals, but their nomenclature is not followed by miners. The miner pleads priority in names, thinks his own terms shorter and better, and sees no reason for setting aside words which his fathers, and perhaps forefathers, used before him. His mundic, the captain says, is what Sir William Logan and his geological friends would pronounce—iron pyrites, or sulphuret of iron."

As the further end of the long north-east drift at the bottom of the shaft is approached, the frequent taps, caused by the successive strokes of the hammers upon the drills, reveal the presence of the miners. Far above, many are removing the copper from its vein; elsewhere others are engaged in sinking a shaft; but here are some who are driving a level along the vein in order to expose it, and to facilitate the removal of the copper. One of the first impressions created on the mind when watching these miners is, that their life must be monotonous. To remain within the narrow compass of six feet square from hour to hour, except when a blast necessitates a temporary retreat, to find the wet rock dimly lighted up by the candles, meeting the gaze on every side but in the dark rear, and to have no sounds breaking on the ear, except those from the strokes of the hammers upon the drills, the rumbling of the car upon the tramway, and the booms of the blasts, would be at first very trying to any but a miner. From early youth he has been engaged in mining, and has become habituated to its little troubles and pleasures. He has generally a family to support, and he works by contract at a sum per fathom, variable each month according to the nature of the rock through which he is passing, and has therefore a two-fold interest in his work. As the contracts are relet every month it frequently happens that he is not for two successive months in the same part of the mine, or engaged on the same description of work. It is true, that his contract may necessitate night-work on the part of him and his partners, but in the mine, night and day are alike to the miner. The candle is his source of light, equally at one time as at another. But a miner has in the course of his work real difficulties to contend with. Cool, damp air often fills the shafts and levels; smoke frequently accumulates and becomes sometimes so dense as to drive him from his work; the water in the spring trickling from the roof, at times thoroughly drenches him, and at all seasons his feet are liable to wettings in the pools of water which gather in the levels.

During, and after his return to daylight, the observant visitor can readily follow the process of extracting ores from their bed, and preparing them for market. After blasting

the ore and rock displaced, are indiscriminately thrown into waggons which carry them over a tramway to the shaft up which they are hauled in large iron buckets. A waggon in readiness at the top of the shaft to receive the contents of the buckets, carries them over another tramway without the mine, to the dressing floors upon which they are dumped. In their present state the rock and ore vary in size from very coarse sand to masses containing a cubic foot. The large masses holding copper are at once broken to a convenient size, and the very small pebbly and sandy portions are screened by being thrown upon a nearly upright, very coarse sieve. The probable percentage of copper in most of the pieces of rock can be now determined, and wherever this is the case sorting at once takes place. The rest of the ore, including the fines which have gone through the screens, is then treated with water, the little rivulet before referred to being diverted from its course to the dressing floors to facilitate this. The fines are thrown into a trough having holes in its bottom, to admit and let out the water, and the trough is moved quickly up and down in the water. The copper being heavier than the quartz and slaty rock, falls to the bottom, and much of the lighter material is thus easily removed. From the larger pieces of rock the adhering dirt is removed by shovelling them over in water, and then a number of boys pick out all such pieces as contain copper in quantity. In sorting, the better quality of ores, termed "firsts," are separated from such as contain a lower percentage of copper, which are called "seconds."

Original.

MIND-PICTURES.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

There are sights and sounds and events met with up and down in our journey through life, that stamp themselves indelibly on the mind, retaining their vividness through a lifetime, though one sometimes has occasion to wonder how or when they got there. Sometimes it is a soft violet-tinted cloud, a budding leaf, a streak of

sunlight, a dew drop, the tendril of a vine, the rippling of water, the carolling of a bird that thus fixes itself on the mind to be erased only when the mind ceases to be. Some of these "mind-pictures" lie dormant, enclosed in a case, as it were, the spring of which has to be touched by some sight or sound or circumstance before the picture can come to light. I met with a striking illustration of this a short time ago, which I shall relate for the good of the community in general, and for the benefit of the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* in particular.

Going into a store in my native town not long ago, I was politely waited upon by a tall, black-haired man, whom I did not notice particularly until on paying him for my purchases. He said, "Thank you," in a peculiar nasal tone that seemed to strike some chord in my memory that caused me to turn and look at him attentively; and straightway there rose up before my mind's eye a vision of a little boy standing very close to a white wall, with his toes turned out, and dressed in a blue pinafore, made with a yoke, and with the skirt trailing down almost to his feet, such a pinafore as one never sees now-a-days; and with a black leather belt fastened round his waist—that is, supposing his waist to have been about six inches long—and a white collar six inches deep about his neck, and fastened with a bow of black ribbon. His face is long, his complexion sallow, his hair jetty black, and parted smoothly down over his head. He holds a book up underneath his chin, the top part of which he grasps firmly with both hands, while the bottom part rests against his chest, and from which he reads, in a high-pitched, sing-song, nasal tone:

"Accord-ingly-with-a-great-army-he-pur-sued-and-overtook-the-Israel-ites-just-as-they-had-encamped-on-the-shore-of-the-Red-Sea-a-a!"

"What an odd thing for that man to make me think of!" I say to myself, as I go out of the store.

And as I walk up the street, I turn and

involuntarily glance up at the sign over the door I have just left, and a conviction flashes itself across my mind like lightning. The little boy in the blue pinafore, and the tall, black-haired, and rather fine-looking man are one and the same person. How strange that I did not think of that before, and how strange that that picture should stamp itself so vividly on my mind when I was not much more than a baby!

Many of these "mind-pictures" come crowding up as I write, which I shall describe as they come, numbering them to keep them from getting confounded one with the other. And now for picture No. 1:—

I am standing at the door of a small old-fashioned room, with a very white ceiling and bright blue walls, and with a dingy threadbare carpet on the floor. At one side of this room is a window that reaches the whole width of the room, and that looks out east, west, north and south, as far as the eye can reach, on the smooth blue waters of a lake. Underneath the window is a long green flower-stand, covered with potted-plants. Fuchsias there are that trail down luxuriously over the dingy carpet, their waxy scarlet, and purple, and pink, and white blossoms peeping out from the midst of a shower of leaves. Suspended from the top of the window are baskets—wonders of shell and moss, from which miniature plants creep up over the crisp white muslin valance that runs along the top of the window, or trail down among the plants underneath. Seated in an easy chair in the full light of the window, is an old gentleman with long, thin grey hair, and an eye like an eagle's, enjoying one of the most delightful of earthly pleasures—rest after labor; and a picture of enjoyment he is as he sits with his slippered feet resting on a hassock, reading his newspaper, with the most wrapped interest depicted on every feature. The low, washing, sobbing sound of the waves on the beach may be heard from without, which casts a soft peacefulness over the scene. The old gentleman, seeming to have become suddenly conscious of my presence, looks

up, and smilingly addresses me in a deep, rolling, sonorous voice, and with an accent that calls to my mind a picture of an old grey castle in a wild rocky place, high up above hills covered with blooming heather, and surrounded by clumps of dark firs, through which strange wild birds swoop in and out, while dark, lowering clouds hang overhead. A picture that I have certainly never seen, but which has stolen into the album of my memory in some unaccountable way.

No. 2.—The scene of picture number two lies in the interior of a church. A young lady is kneeling on a purple velvet cushion, beside a snow-white marble font. Her pure white dress floats away behind her like a cloud, and her white crape shawl is gathered about her throat in fleecy folds, and fastened with a miniature wreath of white ivory roses, in the midst of which nestles a dewy-looking moss rose bud. Her bonnet is of white lace, and can be compared to no earthly thing but a fleck of foam encircled by a spray of purple hare-bells. Her dark hair falls in massive curls on each side of her full, oval face that is almost as white as the marble she rests against. Her soft grey eyes are bent on the golden-clasped book she holds in her hand, and her lips, expressive of subdued sweetness, move slowly as she reverently repeats: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name," after a white-haired, white-robed clergyman, in a voice like the cooing of a wood pigeon. The refulgent rays of the setting sun stream through the stained chancel window, casting a gorgeous bar of purple and crimson and golden light across the floating cloud of white muslin. What is she like? a snow-drop in the shadow of some gorgeous exotic flower, I think.

No. 3.—A low-roofed verandah, embowered in grape vines, pendant with purple clusters of grapes, in the shadow of which stoops a tall, large-boned negress, as black as jet, and with pure African features that fairly sparkle with good-nature as she holds a lovely little three-year-old boy by the hands, to whom she is saying :

"Now, wont Charley give Pauline a kiss?" A request that Charley complies with very readily.

"And now, wont Charley give Pauline two more to bring to Frank and Emma?" which request Charley complies with as readily as before.

"And now, another for Pauline's self," says Pauline again, and her face glistens as he kisses her again and again.

Poor jetty Pauline! she looks like a kind-hearted, funny-tempered creature. How proud she seems of little Charley's perfect confidence and love, and what a grotesque-looking figure she is with her gaudy, broad patterned dress, and with an orange and scarlet-figured cotton kerchief tied over her head, from underneath which her wool frizzes out in little bunches here and there, a strange contrast altogether to little pearly-skinned, golden-haired Charley, with his white frock and blue ribbon sash.

No. 4.—It is a bright, clear, warm moonlight summer evening, and I am sitting on the door-step enjoying the beauty of the night. Suddenly, the moon becomes obscured by a cloud, and it commences to rain heavily. The cloud over the moon grows brighter and brighter, until the whole atmosphere is aglow with a bright amber light; the rain which continues to fall in a perfect stream, having the appearance of a shower of precious stones. I keep looking on the ground as it falls to see if the sparkling amber drops can really be nothing but pure water. The rain ceases after a few moments, and is followed by a soft amber mist that presents a truly magnificent spectacle as it rolls through the air, bathing the heavens and the earth in a flood of golden light. The light grows gradually less and less vivid, and finally floats away altogether; and the moon sails out, looking as cool and clear as if nothing had happened.

* No. 5.—It is a sunny morning in the proverbially fickle-minded month of April. The morning sun has converted the hoar frost of last night into millions of shining drop, that glitter and sparkle at every turn,

though the mists still hang in the valley. The corolling of many birds proclaims that the spring time is coming, and anon a blithe little red-breasted blue bird comes to breakfast off the crimson berries of the mountain ash, that have weathered so many wintry storms—a little bit of vivid color in the midst of a maze of brown twigs. It now pecks greedily at the berries, and now trills its morning song.

No. 6.—Scene, a street. *Dramatis personæ*, a lady and gentleman and a little morsel of a girl, who is dressed in a wine-colored velvet pelisse, that does not reach to her knees, with a little sweeping cape to it, and the tiniest white velvet bonnet, ornamented with a long curling white plume that sweeps around it and down over her shoulder like a wreath of foam. And such a face as the bonnet encircles—a mouth like a rose bud, and eyes like the sky on a sunny summer day; cheeks brighter than any rose, and hair that clusters about her temples like rings of sun-light, and goes rippling down underneath the fairy-bonnet like rills of molten gold! Lace-ruffles cover her knees, and on her feet are the veriest mites of slippers. The lady and gentleman, each holding a tiny hand, lead her carefully along. I dare say they are her father and mother to whom she must be precious beyond words. I turn and gaze after her, and the little fairy girl fixes herself on my mind forever!

No. 7.—A woman is walking in a green lane in the shadow of a tall picket-fence. The shadows of the pickets seeming to chase each other over her as she walks along. She has evidently been washing somewhere all day, and looks "sweary," if any one ever did. Her hair hangs down on her back in a frizzy-looking coil, and her dress is gathered into a bunch and thrown over her arm, as being the easiest way of holding it up. She has a thick slice of bread and butter in her hand, and I have never in all my life seen any one eat anything with such a gusto as that poor, fagged-out-looking creature eats that bread and butter. She does not eat it greedily, but with a per-

fect enjoyment, and heartfelt satisfaction that it does one's heart good to look at. But enough of "mind-pictures" for the present. Kind reader, fare thee well!

THE TWO RABBIS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

(From the *Atlantic Monthly*, for October.)

The Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,

Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks prayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marveling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excel
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek
fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wall of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the
shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead
saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each others arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the
sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like
thine.

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair,
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not
read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander?' Burning with a hidden fire

That tears and prayers quench not I come to thee
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
 "Pray thou for me Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
 In the low sunshine by the turban stone
 They knelt; each made the brother's woe his
 own,
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress
 Of pitying love his claim of selfishness;
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
 His prayers were answered in another's name;
 And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
 Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were
 read:

"*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt
 Thou canst not pay, the angels shall forget:
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!*"

THE LOBBY.

Lobbies are an important institution in all representative governments. Men no longer hang about the ante-chambers of kings and princes to ask for favors; they go to the real seat of power and patronage, and make the lobby of the popular assemblage the scene of their intrigues and entreaties; and though we have not in England, as they have in America, a regular party of "Lobbyers," the lobby of our House of Commons is hardly less the scene of political wire-pulling and private scheming. Let us take a look at it as it appeared during the late session, since some of its foremost figures may possibly not appear on the same scene again.

A fine lofty apartment this lobby is, with its oak-pannelled walls and roof, its colored windows, inlaid floor, and huge brass candelabra. The hour is early yet, and one has time to notice the accessories of the scene: the little bar in one corner, where honorable members are in the habit of cooling themselves in summer with ices and lemonade, and warming themselves in winter with sherry and cherry-brandy; the post-office, where, during the session, letters are received half an hour later than at St. Martin's-le-Grand; the doors leading to the members' entrance in Westminster Hall, to St. Stephen's Chapel, and to the Library; and that other door, of sturdy iron-bound oak, which admits to the House itself, and behind which the first legislative assembly in the world deliberates. The hour is early yet; I say, but already the lobby is pretty full. The members have hardly begun to arrive, but there is a crowd of loungers awaiting their coming, each eagerly watch-

ing the glass door through which our representatives enter the apartment. How various are the types and conditions of humanity gathered together before us! Here, rather anxious and excited, is a deputation upon some ecclesiastical question, awaiting an interview possibly with Mr. Newdegate or it may be Mr. Hadfield. The reverend gentlemen of whom the deputation is composed are laden with petitions, and as they cling together in a knot, they never take their eyes from the spot where they will first behold their prey. Close to them is an unmistakable priest of the older church—close shaven, long coated, and of ascetic face. He, however, is more fortunate than his ecclesiastical rivals, for he already has an Irish member by the button-hole, and is explaining to him the special grievances of the Roman Catholic paupers of the town of Ballyhoolan. There is a red-cheeked jovial country gentleman waiting perhaps to meet his friend the county member, who has promised him an order for the Speaker's Gallery, or that yet more coveted privilege, a seat "under the clock" during the debate which is to come off to-night. The thin pale-faced young man who presents so striking a contrast to the squire, and whose attire shews him to be one of the people, is by no means so insignificant a personage as you might be inclined to believe. We shall see him presently conversing on equal terms with some of the best known members of the House; and I doubt, indeed, whether there are many members whose names are better known throughout the length and breadth of Britain than his, for he is Mr. George Potter, the leader of the trades-unionists. The elderly man with the deeply-lined face who stands behind him, talking to a friend of military bearing and aspect, is another leader of the people—Mr. Beales; and his companion is his *Fidus Achates*, Colonel Dickson. You cannot often come into the lobby without meeting one or other of these gentlemen.

No; the tall handsome man with the camellia in his button-hole, who is so superlatively well dressed, and who looks so contented with himself, with the group of hearers of which he is the centre, and with the world in general, is not a cabinet minister. I daresay you never heard his name—never met with it in a newspaper even. But there are people behind the scenes, my friend, in politics as in other things, and they are at least as important as the bellows-blower of the story. I wonder how a general election could, for instance take place without the assistance of this gentle-

man; or how a ministerial crisis could be got over, or a new cabinet formed, without his having something to do with the matter. Above all, where would the "great Conservative party" be if he retired into private life? These are inquiries made in all seriousness, and yet the name of the gentleman whom they concern is, as I said, probably unknown to you. It is Mr. Spofforth, the Conservative agent, at whom you are looking with so much interest, and of whose influence in politics so many wonderful stories are told. The man of slightly Jewish features, who is listening to him so attentively, and to whom he is talking so confidently, is not, however, himself a Tory—far from it; he is the managing proprietor of a great Liberal journal, and is, I suppose, gathering some hints from the Tory agent with respect to the forthcoming election. Journalists of all sorts are here, indeed—proprietors, editors, reporters, and those wonderful London correspondents. Some of them will hang about the lobby half the evening talking to one man after another, until you wonder what they can find to say to them all; whilst others will lie in wait for a single member, pounce upon him when he appears, ask him a single question, and then depart, well satisfied apparently with the result of their visit.

Almost as numerous as the journalists are the private secretaries who lounge about the apartment. Some of these are but a step above the position of a valet; whilst others are the sons of cabinet ministers, and will doubtless themselves some day hold high office in the country. What a comfort a good private secretary must be to a statesman! It is not the letters he writes, or the official work he does, that matters so much; but if he is up to his business, and has the tact and activity essential to one in his position, how invaluable he must be as a safeguard against the intrusion of bores! The position of a private secretary is by no means an unimportant one, nor is his social standing to be despised. A prime minister will walk down to the House leaning on his arm, and a swarm of supplicants for the great man's favor will surround him with their flatteries. It is not, I hope, a rude transition from this digression to the group of gentlemen who are ranged in a line at one side of the door of the House. These are no ordinary frequenters of the lobby. The open-mouthed wonder with which they regard all things and everybody, reveals their character. Pity the sorrows of the member for Little Stoke Pogis, who will have to entertain them with half an hour's

talk when he arrives, on pain of losing their votes at the next election.

The time is passing; but you may just notice for a moment the solemn individuals, clad in evening-dress, who are lolling in the comfortable hall-porters' chairs at either side of the door of the House. They are not dukes, though I believe they are occasionally mistaken for something of the sort; they are only the door-keepers. But the door-keepers of the House of Commons are important persons; and these gentlemen, it must be confessed, are sufficiently alive to the dignity of their position. In little racks at the sides of their chairs are stuck innumerable letters, addressed to different members, and they will deliver them to their owners as each passes the door. One of the chief duties of these gentlemen is to see that no unauthorised person passes the spot where they keep watch and ward; and, of course, one of the essentials of their office is an intimate acquaintance with the person of every member of the House. A favorite story in the provinces is that about the gentleman who, coming up to town on a visit, just after a general election, went down to Westminster, and mistaking his way, marched right into the House of Commons, and took a seat among the members. That, however, must be set down as apocryphal. After a general election, the door-keepers require every new member to give his name to them whenever he passes, until such time as they are well acquainted with his appearance; and at any other season, the care taken renders such an accident impossible.

"Hats off!" roars a policeman in one corner; so you must uncover, reader, as everybody else does. Three or four more members of the "A Reserve" of the metropolitan police force an open passage through the throng in the lobby, and then another voice, in stentorian tones, announces "Mr. Speaker;" whilst we look on in admiration at the little procession, in the midst of which the First Commoner in England marches to his post. First comes an usher; then Lord Charles Russell, clad in court costume, and bearing on his shoulder a massive-looking gold mace—the veritable "bauble" to the presence of which Cromwell objected; then Mr. Speaker himself, in full-bottomed wig and gown, with his chaplain at his side; and lastly, the train-bearer, solemnly holding aloft the bottom of the Speaker's gown. The party passes through the door, which is half-closed behind them, and one of the gentlemen in the hall-porters' seats cries; "Mr. Speaker in

the chair.' In another minute, the cry is, "Mr. Speaker at prayers;" and then the doors are shut, and no members are allowed to pass until prayers are over. The rule of the House is, that those members who choose to go down early, and to be in their seats during prayers, can reserve the seats they then occupy for the rest of the evening. They do this by placing their cards in little brass frames, which are fastened to the backs of all the seats. On great nights, the chaplain has quite a large congregation; but on other occasions, I fear the attendance does not speak so highly for the devoutness of the House. There are certain persons however, who have no need to go through this ceremony in order to secure their places. The ministerial bench is of course always reserved for its proper occupants, as is the top front bench upon the Opposition side; but, in addition to these seats, a particular place is always kept for Mr. Bright; Mr. Fawcett—who suffers from the affliction of blindness—has accorded to him the seat nearest the door; and General Peel, Mr. Mill, Mr. Baines, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Walpole, and one or two others, enjoy by courtesy a prospective right to the places they occupy on either side of the House. Amongst these must not be omitted Mr. Kavanagh. This gentleman was born without either arms or legs; and though he is reputed to have a capital seat in the saddle, and to be an ardent fox-hunter, he is not able to move without assistance of some sort. One of the rules of the House is, that no person, not a member or a sworn clerk, shall enter the House proper whilst the Speaker is in the chair, and Mr. Kavanagh, consequently, is only able to reach his place before the Speaker enter the House, when he is carried in by an attendant, and has to sit there until such time as the Speaker again vacates his seat. When a division takes place, as he cannot of course go into the lobbies, two of the tellers come into the House, and solemnly "tell" him apart from all the other members.

But we must go back to the lobby, and watch the stream of members which is now pouring through it. The good-natured policeman, of "swelling port," who is one of the institutions of the place, is surrounded by the gentlemen from Little Stoke Pogis, as well by other strangers, and is engaged in pointing out to them the different celebrities of the House as they pass. Let us join the group, and share the benefit of Mr. Policeman's knowledge. To begin with, you are disappointed at the number of members passing you whose very names you

hear for the first time. Remember, however, that there are six hundred and fifty members in the House of Commons; whilst there is only one Gladstone, or Disraeli, or Bright. And mentioning Bright, here comes the great orator, as usual, an early attendant. He is stouter than in the old anti-corn-law days, and whiskers and hair are almost white now, but the fine eye has lost none of its ancient fire, and the announcement that "Bright is up" will empty Library and Smoking-room, and fill the House with an audience which can be gathered to hear no other man. "And who is the spare, unfashionably dressed person, who walks with a slight limp, beside Mr. Bright?" That is Mr. John Stuart Mill, the member for Westminster and the author of that priceless essay *On Liberty*, which would alone suffice to make his name famous. As you look at him now, you are at a loss to identify in the mild-faced old gentleman the great teacher of political economy, to whom the cause of good government is so much indebted. One of Mill's aptest pupils, Henry Fawcett, follows him, led along by a little boy, amidst a crowd, which opens readily to make way for him. The face of the member for Brighton teaches one a beautiful lesson of contentment. No more cheerful laugh rings through the lobby than his, nor is a pleasanter face than his to be seen in the whole House of Commons. The man with the eye-glass who is sitting about amongst the crowds in every corner of the lobby, and who has a word and a handshake for each, is Mr. Maguire, the biographer of Father Mathew, and the historian of the Irish exodus; and this short-sighted gentleman, with close-cropped gray beard, and a rather military bearing, is another literary celebrity of the House, familiarly known there as "Eothen Kinglake." And see! by a curious coincidence, there has passed him just now, on his way to his favorite corner under the gallery, the editor of the *Times*, whose bluff open face looks more like that of a country squire than of the omnipotent being who controls the great oracle that speaks from Printing House Square.

But honorable gentlemen are pouring in now so fast that we can hardly notice them singly. Those two handsome men, remarkable for their stature, who walked in together just now, are at once rivals and friends. They divide together the lead of the Western Circuit: one is Sir John Karslake, her Majesty's present Attorney-general; the other, Mr. Coleridge, grand-nephew of the poet, and the man whom

rumor points out as the next Attorney-general of the crown. Ministers and ex-ministers rub shoulders with you as they walk into the House, or stop to post a letter, or chat with a friend. Hardy, Layard, Cardwell, Forster, Corry, Stansfield—all pass in quick succession. Here comes one whom you ought not to leave unnoticed—I mean the tall man with the grey moustache and rather melancholy eyes—that is Lord John Manners, the First Commissioner of Works. He does not hold—he probably never will hold—a prominent position in the ministry, but one looks at him with interest as the original Lord Henry Sidney of Mr. Disraeli's novel—the man who was in favor of the restoration of Maypoles, who preferred the word "peasantry" to "laborers;" and who was at one time the hope of the Young England party in politics. He has not rivalled the fame of Pitt; but his old friend, who has himself risen to the top of the tree, clings to him with a kindness which deserves to be remembered, and therefore he sits on the Treasury Bench now.

There is no mistaking the man who comes next; who looks round with keen gray eyes, taking in at a glance the whole assemblage, and who passes on quickly to the House. There is no mistaking the noble thoughtful face, in which care has ploughed more furrows than time. Men fall back respectfully, and not a few uncover, as Mr. Gladstone passes them. This is not the place in which to indulge in political discussions. You and I may be of very opposite creeds, my friend; but at least we can both do honor to the man whose earnestness no one has questioned, and whose strange political career is almost without a parallel. He is gone almost before we saw him; and while you were watching him, you missed another notable man, whose praises are sung by Liberals and Conservatives alike—our Foreign Minister, Lord Stanley.

Mr. Lowe, conspicuous from his pink face and snow-white hair, is the next to pass; and then we have the Prime Minister himself. He walks with a tripping step, with downcast eyes and swinging arms, taking no heed of the salutations by which he is received. Look well at him, reader, and think of the time when, poor and obscure, he entered upon that wonderful career which has placed him at last on the steps of the throne, and made him the virtual ruler of the British empire. A strange halo of romance surrounds the man. When you look at him, you cannot, but call to mind Vivian Grey; you think of his early

difficulties, of his struggles, his temptations, his ultimate triumph; and thinking of these, good Radical though you may be, you feel a strong personal sympathy for the man who has suffered and achieved so much.

After this, you will hardly care to inspect the minor celebrities who are yet to come. There are plenty of them—men who are worth seeing, and whose careers are worth studying, but the stranger's curiosity is generally satisfied when he has feasted his eyes upon the great trio of the House—Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli. Stay one moment, however, and regard that exceedingly well-dressed gentleman, who draws the exquisitely fitting glove from his hand in order to grasp that of a friend. There is nothing apparently very terrible about him. A lord's younger son, you suppose? Hardly. That is the O'Donoghue, whom Tipperary worships, and whose claims to the throne of Ireland have more than once been openly advocated. There could scarcely be a greater contrast than there is between his appearance and his fame; and I remember well how the House stared in wonder when this elegantly dressed young gentleman made his appearance to take the oaths, instead of the wild red-headed rebel whom they had been led to expect.

The lobby is the scene of bustle all the evening. Gentlemen are continually arriving and sending their cards in to members, who come out, for the most part, rather unwillingly to meet them. Friends, constituents, supplicants, secret advisers—all manner of persons are gathered in the place. Here, too, are hatched those wonderful rumors which, in times of political excitement, are spread so recklessly abroad by means of the press. It is here we learn—most probably from an Irish member—that "there's a split in the cabinet;" or that "Lowe is going dead against his party;" or that Spofforth has got his circulars all ready, in case a general election must come. The loungers of the lobby know a great deal more of the secrets of the two great political parties than the chiefs of those parties do themselves; and the "London correspondent" who chooses to spend a portion of his time here daily, never fails to carry away with him a budget of startling news for the delectation of his provincial readers. But, upon the whole, we have no reason to be ashamed of our lobby. When we remember how absolutely the House of Commons holds the reins of power in this country, we have good cause for congratulation that the ante-chamber of the House presents none of those humiliating scenes

which are to be witnessed in some other lobbies. You may stand here all the evening; and yet see nothing that would offend you; none of those open attempts at cajolery and intimidation, which are not unknown elsewhere; none of those painful exposures of the private weakness of members, which do so much to lower one's respect for the assembly in which they sit. But see! the debate is at an end. It was interesting, but short; members are streaming out to the dinner-table, the House is up, the electric bells are tingling all over the huge palace, and now the door-keeper cries aloud: "Who goes home?" You and I do, at anyrate.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HOUSE PLANTS.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

Yes, I have "house-plants," have you not seen them?

Come and I'll show you in this little room; The shades of evening have fallen between them,

And day's golden glories of sunshine and bloom.

This is my "Rose," all fragrant and blushing, Blest is the bower that its graces adorn; Sunniest hopes in its young life are gushing; But touch it not rudely; my Rose has a thorn.

This is my "Woodbine," eagerly reaching After new objects around and above, Each wayward tendrill'm training and teaching, Hoping it ne'er may outgrow my fond love. This is my "Snowdrop," timid and gentle; Trimming and pruning, I'm striving to bring Into fair form like a blooming mantle Every new growth from its life that may spring.

This is my "Cactus," the stranger repelling— Blossoming slow, yet a promise I bear, "Patience, and care on its features are telling; The longest delayed will the fairest appear." This tiny thing is my gay little "Creep'er," Winning its way wherever it will, Closing its eyes with the earliest sleeper, First in the morning its sweets to distil.

Here is the vase where I cherish a "Lily"; Fair as the morning, fragrant and pure, Fond was my care but it fitted it illy— The climate of earth it could never endure. Back to the Giver my flower I surrendered— Wept as its fragrance was wafted away— To the great Florist my Lily I tendered, Fair in His garden 'tis blooming to-day.

Yes, I have house-plants, the tender and hardy; Dally I'm striving their natures to learn, Guiding the wayward, urging the tardy, Trimming and pruning, and watering by turn. Fain would I bring unto glorious perfection, Every fair flower which the Father hath given, Fitting alike for an earthly connection To battle with life for the glories of Heaven.

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?"

Through the genius of a very brilliant writer, we have had lately brought before us, in bold relief, some of the more striking events in the life of Lady Mary Wortley

Montague, a woman who, beyond all others of the times, accumulated what are called the gifts of fortune, and who was destined most conspicuously to show how worthless these gifts, without religious faith, really are. It may not be out of place to dwell for a few moments on the picture thus exhibited, as displaying, in the most vivid way, the vanity of the world to whose shrine even Christians so readily bow.

Mary Pierrepont was a duke's daughter, born to wealth, beauty, and wit, as well as rank. The first view we have of her, as the essayist whom we quote well writes, "conveys a curious foretaste and prevision of her whole career. Her mother died when she was a child; and her father was one of those gay and easy men of pleasure who are the sternest and most immovable of domestic tyrants. He was very fond of her so long as she was a baby, unable to cross his will—proud of her infant beauty and wit, and the first rays of an intelligence which was afterwards one of the keenest and brightest of her time. He was a Whig, and a man of the highest fashion, and 'of course belonged to the Kiteat Club.' At one of the meetings of this 'gay and gallant community,' the object of which was 'to choose toasts for the year.' Lord Dorchester (such being his title at the time; he was afterwards Duke of Kingston) nominated his little daughter, aged eight, declaring that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members of the Club objected that their rules forbade the election to such an honor of any unknown beauty, upon which ensued the following characteristic scene:—

"Then you shall see her!", cried he; and in the gayety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved, in due form, on a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what, perhaps, already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sentiments—they amounted to ecstasy; never again throughout her future life did she spend so happy a day. . . . Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her portrait painted for

the club-room that she might be enrolled a regular toast.'"

Such was the opening scene; and the next we select is from the early married life of this young heiress, beauty, and wit. So far as concerns her husband, her lot certainly was not worse than that of the average of the women of rank in that most dissolute time. Her own father was a selfish epicurean; and Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Hervey, and George I, whom we may take as representing several prevalent types, differed mainly in this, that the dissoluteness of the first was jovial; that of the second, cynical, and that of the third, brutish. Mr. Wortley, whom, after some few struggles she married, was a man both quiet and respectable; but, though deficient in romance, he certainly did not expose himself to those great scandals which disgraced so many of his leading cotemporaries. Lady Mary's English married life, as she describes it in those animated letters which, with all their defects, threw such wonderful light on the history of the day, was divided into two sections—that spent in the country, and that in town, where she was the center of a very brilliant and distinguished circle. Of her country life she thus at the time writes, addressing her husband, then engaged in his parliamentary duties in London:—

"You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and thus needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasiness almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice, but a little kindness will cost you nothing."

And so she writes, letter after letter, finding her husband, love-match as it was, as far from approaching to the ideal lover to whom she had looked forward so buoyantly, and writhing with misery at the months of quiet she was compelled to pass in the country with her infant child. And yet, when on her husband's accession to fortune and office, a London house became hers, with all the splendid accompaniments which were drawn to it by great wealth, high rank, unlimited social ambition on her part, and almost equally unlimited social talent, the same cry of disappointment rises with equal bitterness. At this very time, after recapitulating in her own brilliant way, in a letter to her sister, some of her social triumphs, she utters these sad words:—

"All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment: I am satisfied I have been one of the *condemned* ever since I was born; and, in submission to the Divine justice, I don't at all doubt that I deserved it in some former state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that, after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlor at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once in possession of all we wanted. . . . Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune."

And, forty years afterwards, she thus writes of this same period, a period when she was the leader of English fashion, and was herself the reigning English beauty and wit:—

"I could never endure with patience the austerities of a court life. I was saying every hour from my heart (while I was condemned to it), 'The things that I would do, these I do not; and the things I would not do, these I do daily;' and I had rather be a sister of St. Clara than lady of the bedchamber to any lady in Europe. It is not age and disappointment that have given me these sentiments; you may see them in a copy of verses sent from Constantinople in my early youth to my uncle Fielding, and by his well-intended indiscretion shown about, copies taken, and at last miserably printed."

Children were not denied her, but what of these? Her own reply, written while she was at London, in the full tide of her beauty, her wealth, and social success, is:—

"One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials, when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavors; and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel who is, at present, everything I like; but alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments. You are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!*"

—“My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction,” she writes a little later; “but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant.”

And again,—“I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived, at his age, to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where; and hitherto it is impossible to find him. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much.”

Old age was vouchsafed to her, as if not a single object of worldly desire was to be refused to one who was so eminently what is called the favorite of fortune, and this old age found her with wealth almost unrivalled in England; and with her health and her genius unabated by time. Yet what were these worth? Her son had fallen into a disgraced grave. Her daughter, though eminently respectable, and though married to the then Prime Minister, and hence in every way gratifying her pride, had a large and engrossing family, and had fallen into a range of life independant and distinct. And when Lady Mary herself—beauty and queen of fashion as she had once been, wit and woman of genius, of wealth, and of ducal family, as she still was—returned to England in her seventieth year, after many years absence on the Continent, she became the butt of that gay and brilliant society over which, years before she had reigned supreme. To Horace Walpole she was an unflinching object of ridicule; and, after paying his last visit to her—a visit no doubt marked by the most abundant flattery on his part—he writes:—

“I found her in a little, miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood wrapped entirely round so as to conceal all hair or want of hair; no handkerchief, but instead a kind of horseman’s riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l’air*, made of dark green brocade, with colored and

silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced; a full dimity petticoat sprigged; velvet muffatees on her arms; greystockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and that she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she should have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the cheapness of the provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an old secretary, but whose age, till he appears, will be doubtful, she has travelled everywhere. She receives all the world who go to homage her as queen-mother, and crams them into this kennel.”

So closed the life of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Had her father, the epicurean Duke, at that dinner at the Kitcat Club, which we began by noticing, been empowered to ask for her what he considered the chiefest blessings of life, he would have enumerated beauty, wit, wealth, social power, and a ripe old age.

All these his daughter had in abundance; and in addition, she was endowed with great courage and energy, and with heroic impulses, which—in one eminent instance, that of the introduction of inoculation—made her the benefactress of her race. Yet where, in the whole range of literature, do we find letters exhibiting a heart more devoid of true peace than hers? Where do we find more vividly illustrated the worthlessness, as an instrument of happiness, of worldly eminence and power? From whence do we hear a sadder echo of our Lord’s words, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?” Our Lord adds, “And lose his own soul.” The world is blind, and cannot see beyond this life; but looking back on its own dominions, it repeats, and repeats, as each history of its favorites closes, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?”—*Christian Witness*.



COME WHEN THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS TO THE ROSE.

(WARBLINGS AT EVE.)

Andante con Espressione.

J. H. HEWITT.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

First system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics: "Oh, come... when the night - in-gale sings..... to the rose..... And The brook - let is mur - - mur-ing slow - - ly a - long..... The". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The time signature is 7/8.

Second system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "night..... flow-ers nod..... where the riv - - u - let flows..... Come whip - - poor-will war - - bles his sor - - row-ful song..... We'll". The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The system ends with a fermata and the number "8....".

maid - en fair, and sit with me, We'll gaze up - on the
 list - en to the bil - lows moan, While creep - ing up the

8.... 8..... 8..... 8....

moon - lit sea, And I will whis - per in thine ear The
 shore a - lone. Come sit by me - the gay thron'g leave - And

8.... 8..... 8..... 8....

words hear of love to thee so dear. Oh, come..... when the
 the war - bling notes of eve.

8.... 8.....

rall. *a tempo.*

cres.

night - - - in - gale sings..... to the rose,..... And

8 8 8

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note on 'night', followed by a half note on 'in - gale', and then a quarter note on 'sings'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

night..... flow - ers nod..... where the riv - - u - let flows.....

8 8 3

This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line continues with a dotted quarter note on 'night', followed by a half note on 'flow - ers', and then a quarter note on 'nod'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The key signature remains one flat.

This system contains the final two measures of the piece. The piano accompaniment concludes with a series of chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand, ending with a double bar line. The key signature remains one flat.



CRADLE SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by GEORGE F. ROOT.

*Tenderly.**Sing first four lines of first verse each time in De Capo as a chorus.*

Ba - by, sleep! the summer breezes Rock the young bird in the tree;

Mother's breast shall be thy pillow, Mother's arms have cradled thee!

Down the ro - sy vales of slumber, Soft and low the dream-bells ring;

Fol - low where their voices call thee, While my cra - dle song I sing!

Baby, sleep! the rose has folded
 Half her sweetness from the night;
 Sleep, and when the rose is fairest
 Thou shalt wake to new delight.
 Sweeter, clearer, softer, nearer,
 I can hear the dream-bells ring!
 Follow where their voices call thee,
 While my cradle song I sing.

Baby, sleep! some brighter vision
 Than thy mother's eyes can see
 Angel hands are swiftly bringing
 From the silent land to thee.
 Down the rosy vales of slumber
 Fairy chimes the dream-bells ring.
 Baby, sleep! and, dreaming, listen,
 While my cradle song I sing.

Young Folks.



Original.

THE INK-FLY IN OAK GALLS.

BY JNO. MOSLEY, TORONTO, ONT.

"Edwin," said Mr. Rose to his little son, "I am inclined to take a walk into the woods this afternoon, I should like to have your company. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I will go. Will you go soon?" said the little son.

"Yes, we will leave here in an hour's time."

"Oh, I am so glad," Edwin exclaimed; "I do like to ramble in the woods among the tall pines, and the great oaks, and the handsome maples and shrubs. Perhaps, we may see some birds and squirrels. I will get myself ready. May Charlotte go with us?"

"Oh, yes, if she has completed her lessons, and your mamma can get her ready. Your mother is busy this afternoon preparing for a few visitors, else she also would go with us. She and I had a ramble in the woods a few days ago. We were much pleased with the variety of colors which the Canadian woods present at this season of the year. We intend going again to the woods in a day or two, when the various colored leaves are in the height of their beauty."

The appointed hour soon came round, when Mr. Rose set out on foot, in company with his little son and daughter—the former aged twelve, the latter nine—on a tramp to the adjoining woods and fields. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, in the early part of October. The weather was of the most inviting character. The sky was clear, and a deliciously, balmy breeze had just sprung up. Edwin and Charlotte—by the side of their father—eagerly pursued their journey through the lanes and

fields. In half an hour from the time of their setting out, they entered the bordering woods, where they for a full hour rambled under the care and protection of their father. Many were the questions asked about the different variety of trees and shrubs, their uses and so forth; all of which were with pleasure answered by their kind parent.

They were fortunate enough to see a couple of black squirrels, one of which was busy cracking a butter-nut. It was very amusing to little Charlotte especially, to see with what dexterity the little animal handled the nut with his fore-paws, and nibbled it with his teeth, while he sat upon his hind-legs, with his handsome tail beautifully curved over his back.

The only birds they happened to see that afternoon were a red-headed wood-pecker, which was busy pecking a hole in the trunk of a decayed beech in search of worms, and four or five robins which just then alighted upon a mountain-ash, and were feasting themselves with the red berries which grew so plentifully on that beautiful tree. They also saw several butter-nut and hickory trees, several of them bearing nuts, but which were of course out of their reach. They, however, exacted a promise from their father, that as soon as the nuts became fully ripe, and fallen to the ground, that he would go with them to the woods "a nutting." They picked up here and there a few nuts; also some acorns and oak galls which had already dropped from the oaks.

Mr. Rose, ever ready and upon the watch, not only to instruct his children, but also to incite them to habits of reflection and inquiry, reminded Edwin and Charlotte of what he had already informed them of some time

before; namely, that the acorns are the seed of the oak, which, if planted in the fall, will in the following spring grow up out of the earth miniature oaks; and in the course of years, will grow to the same size as the large oaks which bear the acorns now in their hands; and that out of a few of those trees enough of timber may be hewn to build a large ship or steamboat; that the oak was the material out of which "the wooden walls of old England," or war-ships were made. But, although war-vessels, and some of the merchant and passenger steamers, are now clad with iron, yet their beams and some of the other timbers are still of oak. Acorns, he further reminded them, are excellent food for hogs and other animals; and he informed them that it has lately been discovered that acorns, by subjecting them to the roasting and grinding process, are a good substitute for coffee.

After hearing with delight what their father had to say about the acorn, the children were desirous to know of what use the little oak apples or galls are. They wondered much when they were told that the chief ingredient of the black ink with which they wrote in their copy-books was obtained from an infusion of those galls; and especially delighted were they when told that, in the centre of the hard, barky core, which grows in each full-grown gall, would be found, if carefully cut open, a live, beautiful fly, having six legs and four wings, much resembling the house-fly in form, size, and color! and that it might *very properly* be called the *ink-fly*; as those flies are the *secondary cause* of the galls forming on the oaks. God's creative power, of course, being the *original cause*.

Little Edwin and Charlotte wondered very much to see their father cut out of the centre of the hard, barky core of one of the galls, a perfect fly, and that there was no hole through which it could have got in or out! They were informed by Mr. Rose that *this fly*,* when in its larvæ or worm

state, in the spring of the year, attached itself by means of a glutinous substance which it exuded from its body, to a leaf of the oak; that around its body, so attached, grew the gall in which this fly was enveloped. After being thus enveloped, this worm, in a few days, passed into the third insect state—that of the chrysalis; and now in the autumn of the year, this chrysalis is changed into the fourth, or perfect insect state; namely, into that of the ink-fly, now before them.

The ink-fly, after being sheltered in its snug quarters during the winter, at the proper time in the spring, eats its way through the core of the gall; and after laying about thirty eggs in its gall-cell, takes its flight into the open air to enjoy its short life. These eggs—the first or embryo state of the insect—after a few days of warm weather in the spring of the year, hatch into the larvæ state; and after clustering together for eight or ten days, become strong enough to leave their cells in the old oak galls; and then, after a few days more feeding, they attain their full size; and attach themselves to the oak leaves, in the manner before stated.

The sun was near setting when Mr. Rose and his children set out for home again; Edwin and Charlotte carrying with them, from the woods, quite a collection of beautiful, many-colored leaves, to present to their mamma, for the purpose of being placed in her press folio; in which she had already a very fine collection of leaves and flowers.

It was a beautiful evening. The sky, as the sun was setting, displayed in the west a rich and gorgeous appearance, infusing in the hearts of parent and children, a feeling of wonder, admiration, love, and gratitude towards their heavenly Father and Benefactor, who has in every shrub and tree, and flower and fruit, displayed His Almighty power and goodness, and who has so richly betokened His love to mankind, by enveloping all that He has made in robes of beauty and magnificence.

* Alluding, by way of example, to the fly then cut out of the oak gall by Mr. Rose.

THE TWO WINOGENES.

Away up in the northern part of Michigan, in a little village, there lived a baby—her parents' only one, and therefore the dearest, sweetest, cunningest little creature in all the world. Never before had there been seen such a baby as this. She was the queen, as well as the pet and plaything, of the house. Her wants were anticipated, her wishes obeyed, and she had everything that the heart of a baby could desire. Her little frocks were tucked and embroidered to the very last extreme. She had a beautiful crib to sleep in, a baby-jumper to jump in, a silver cup to drink from, and playthings innumerable to amuse herself with. But there was one thing that she didn't have, which money was not able to buy, and that was a name. To be sure there were a dozen pet names that she was called by, such as Precious, and Birdie, and Brighty, and Flutterbudget, and Susquehanna, and Troublehouse; but she had no "real truly name," as her cousin Charley used to say, and which he thought was altogether too bad; and so, in the generosity of his heart, he bestowed upon her the one belonging to his black, curly-tailed dog, Whisk. Little three-years-old Nell was bent upon calling her Jimmy, but her sister Kate, older and wiser by a year, though still innocent of grammar, exclaimed contemptuously, "Why, don't you know, Nell, Jimmy is a boy's name, and he's a girl?"

The uncles, aunts, and friends generally, all brought their favorite names, and laid them, willing offerings, at her feet. One would have her called Beatrice, another Zorida, another Ethelind, and so on; so that, if they could all have had their will, the little creature would have been fairly smothered under so many. But her father and mother had some objection to them all. Not a single one could be found quite dainty enough for the little lady, so that the probabilities were very strong that one would have to be manufactured expressly for her, or else that she would live all her life and go down to her grave nameless. Meanwhile she smiled on, and if she could only have the usual amount of kisses, and tossings, and rides to Banbury Cross, cared not a straw whether she ever had a name or not.

One day her mother and a friend took her out for a ride in her little carriage. As they were going through the beautiful winding paths of the forest, they came suddenly upon the half-dozen tents of an Indian encampment. These Indians, who are scattered all through the northern part of the State in

settlements of their own, often come down to the villages and pitch their tents for a few days, and sell baskets, and berries, and maple sugar, and such things. The encampment was deserted just now, except by one woman, who sat under a pine-tree, embroidering a pair of moccasins with gay-colored beads, and at the same time keeping guard over the empty tents.

"Bushoo," said the ladies, going up to her.

"Bushoo," she replied. This was simply the polite way of saying, "How do you do?" in the Pottawatamie dialect. When she saw the baby in her carriage, she smiled, and pointed up towards the tree above her head. Her visitors looked up too, and what do you think they saw? They saw a board, very prettily carved, and with something fastened to the upper side, hanging from one of the branches and swinging about in the wind.

"Oh!" they cried, "there's a baby! Do take it down and let us see it." She understood, and laughed, and took it down; and there, sure enough, was a little brown baby, bound firmly to the board, all except its arms, and with its feet resting upon a kind of little shelf. It had been having a fine time up in the tree, with the wind to rock its cradle, and the birds to sing its lullaby, and the leaves to dance and flutter for its amusement. The squirrels came and peeped at it with grave eyes, and wondered what manner of creature it was, and chattered together about what business it had to intrude itself into their busy home, and then went away to their work of gathering nuts. And the baby swung, listening to the birds and the squirrels, and trying to catch the sunbeams that flickered through the leaves.

She had a pair of small, shining, black eyes, which opened as wide as ever they could in wonder at the other pair of big blue ones in the carriage. Little Flutterbudget was for making acquaintance directly. She laughed, and crowed, and held out her little arms; but the brown baby looked gravely back, not understanding such demonstrations at all.

"Suppose you swap babies," said the friend.

"No, no, my pappoose best"; and the Indian mother hugged the pappoose, board and all, closer to her, as if she was afraid they really meant to carry off her treasure.

"How old is she?"

"Ten moons."

"Why, that's just as old as Birdie! What is her name?"

"Winogene."

"Winogene. That's a pretty name. What does it mean?" for Indian names always have some meaning. The Indian woman understood English much better than she could speak it, so she looked around for something to help her. A knife was lying on the ground; she took it up and held it in the sunshine, giving it a quivering motion, so that the dazzling rays glanced off in every direction. They caught something of the idea, and, after a few more words, went home, and left the mother to her work and the baby to its swinging.

Arrived at home, Birdie's mother flew up stairs to the library, where was an old Indian dictionary, and, opening it, she found, "Winogene,—a quivering ray of light." All that day she kept saying over to herself, "Winogene—a quivering ray of light"; and at last she exclaimed aloud:—

"That is just what my baby is, and her name shall be Winogene." And Winogene it was.

There were some wry faces when this decision became known. Some of the aunts and friends thought it was an outrage to hang such a barbarous name upon an innocent little baby that couldn't help itself at all. If she must have a foreign name, better call her Gretchen, or Hedwig, or even Bridget, than to go to the wild Indians for one. Meanwhile she thrived under it beautifully. She grew out of her babyhood into a healthy, happy, romping child, and her name was prophetic of her sunny spirit. She was, indeed, a ray of light all through the house. Every room seemed brighter when she was in it, and she trailed the sunshine after her wherever she went. It was the delight of her parents and friends to make her happy. Everything that love and wealth could procure for their darling she had. And it did not spoil her. She was growing up in all good and lovely ways,—an affectionate, obedient, happy child.

And how fared it with the other Winogene? Her home was a little, filthy, smoky wigwam. Her clothes were poor and scanty enough, and she often went to sleep at night very hungry; but when the pleasant summer days came she forgot all about that, and was as happy as a bird. Then she lived out of doors. She could climb a tree as nimbly as a squirrel. She knew the name of every tree and shrub, of every bird and animal, in the forest. Her father made her a bow and arrows, and taught her how to shoot with them; and her mother taught her to hoe corn and embroider moccasins and leggings. And the little dark Winogene was a happy child too, but in a very different way.

One day as Winny was trundling her hoop in the yard, she saw a company of Indian women and children coming down the street. They were walking solemnly, one behind another, at just such a distance apart, and looking right ahead. Their stiff, straight black hair was flying loosely on their necks. They wore blankets over their heads instead of bonnets, and moccasins upon their feet instead of shoes; and, strapped upon their backs, the women each carried a huge pile of baskets, and occasionally from some basket there peeped out a little, sober, brown face, belonging to a baby whose mother found this the most convenient way of carrying it. This strange-looking cavalcade was by no means an unfamiliar sight to the child; still, when a woman and a little girl left the procession, and came through her father's gate, she stopped her play and ran in, for she always liked to hear them talk. They had some very pretty open-work baskets to sell, made of splints, and stained with all sorts of bright colors.

"Winogene," said her mother, "shall I buy you a basket?"

The woman and child both started at the name, and looked at the little girl in surprise.

"Her name Winogene?" she inquired, pointing to Winny.

"Yes."

"Her name Winogene too," pointing to her own little girl. The two mothers looked at each other a moment. Each recognized the other, and remembered the meeting under the pine-tree six years before.

"Yes, and I named my baby for yours." Both laughed, and brought forward their little girls for exhibition. A greater contrast than they presented could scarcely be imagined. The one with her clear complexion, sunny curls, and blue eyes, dressed in a blue muslin frock and white apron, and jaunty little hat—the other with her dusky skin, and small black eyes shining out from under the straight hair that fell over them, wearing a faded frock, below which were seen a pair of leggings gaily embroidered with beads, and a multitude of strings of gaudy beads, of which she was very proud, around her neck. But each mother still firmly believed her own to be the prettier. The children were shy, and only looked curiously at each other. Their mothers tried to talk, but it was slow work when they had so few words in common. However, Winny's mother gave them a bundle of clothes, and a bountiful dinner, and bought twice as many baskets as she

had any use for; and, just as they were going, Winny brought one of her dolls, the one that could open and shut its eyes and cry, and gave it to Winogene. I suppose she intended it as part payment for her name. The little wild girl had never seen such a thing before, and did not know what to make of it. She thought it was alive, and was afraid, and clung to her mother. It was a long time before she could be made to comprehend anything about it; but when at last she did, and realized that it was her own, her black eyes danced for joy. She keeps it yet. She has a special corner for it in her mother's wigwam, and she ties it to the same carved board which was her own cradle, and sets it swinging among the branches, as her mother used to her. She is a heroine in the eyes of her playfellows. They look with wonder and admiration and envy upon her and her treasure, and I suppose there never lived a prouder little papoose than she.

A few weeks after, as Winny was playing in the yard, she looked up and saw another company of Indians coming. As they came opposite her father's house, a grotesque little figure left the procession and came towards her. She recognized Winogene at once, but she laughed aloud as she recognized also one of her own muslin frocks, which, without hoops, almost dragged upon the ground and her own old doll, which the little girl was carrying perched upon her back. She was leading a beautiful fawn by a cord, and, running up to Winny, she put the cord into her hand.

"This for you," was all she said; and before Winny had time to recover from her surprise enough to thank her she was back, walking solemnly along in file with the rest. I don't know which is the happier of the two girls,—the one with her doll, or the other with her fawn, which is as tame and loving as a kitten, and her constant companion everywhere.

And so, occasionally, the pathways of the two Winogenes cross each other, and perhaps will long continue to, for they live not very many miles apart; but how different will be their lives! One will grow up amidst all the refinements of civilization. No pains will be spared to make her an educated, useful, and Christian woman. The other will be perfectly content to hoe the corn, and cook the meat, and do cunning embroidery, with no thought of any higher life. She may learn to read, for the government provides schools and teachers for them; but it will do her very little good, for she likes to climb trees and pick berries

so much better, and her father and mother do not care whether she learns or not. Ah! the Winogenes will have very little in common but their names.—*Our Young Folks.*

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

She glides among the banded shocks,
As blithe as robins after rain,
With pansy eyes, and tossing locks
Of tawny gold that shames the grain;
She follows where the binders go,
To glean among the stubble low,
The stalks they spill or break in twain.

The reapers smile to see her face,
They drop the stalks before her feet,
They lift their heads as though her grace
Sent life and coolness thro' the heat;
And, list'ning to her childish song,
They spread the rustling swaths along,
Nor think a bird could sing so sweet.

Where tardy clover blossoms late.
And hum-birds suck in honey wine,
She loves at noon to lie and wait
Till sickles freshly clink and shine;
Or where a streamlit parts the grass,
She feels the supple zephyrs pass,
And hears the crickets piping fine.

She turns aside the sickles keen
To save a sparrow's humble nest,
And goes her merry way to glean
The wide, wide field, from east to west,
Till silly o'er the noisy mill
The moon is rising, fair and still—
Till truant birds go home to rest.

And then she climbs the mossy bars,
To bear away her broken wheat;
She laughs to see the peeping stars,
She sighs to hear the lambkins bleat,
And gaily skirts the sluggish pond
To meet the miller's hound beyond,
Who guards her to the village street.

And while they go, she twists a chain
Of sweet wild flowers around his head;
She greets a beggar in the lane,
Who toils to make his leafy bed;
"Good night," she says and passing so,
She leaves his heart a warmer glow,
As if an angel passed instead.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

A PARABLE FROM MRS. GATTY.

The sun shone softly down upon the Hillside Cemetery, where Mr. Bell and his children were standing amid the fresh clover, strewing a new-made grave with roses and violets from their garden. It was only a little mound, and the weeping mother sat at its head mourning for her youngest born.

"Papa," said Arthur, "where is heaven, that my little brother has gone to? It is not up in the sky, for I can't see anything there." The little boy looked sorrowfully up into the far-off blue, and then turned to his father for a reply.

"Heaven is not in sight, Arthur," an-

swered his father. "We cannot tell where it is. It might be very near without our being able to see it with our eyes."

"But, papa," said Helen, "if heaven is near, isn't it strange that Willie cannot just come back one minute to tell us he is happy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Bell, "it is all strange to us. We can only trust our Father in heaven about it, and wait till we go to Him. If we love Him here, we shall be where He is hereafter, and with dear little Willie, too, I think."

They lingered awhile beside the precious grave, and then turned homeward through the pleasant cemetery grounds. As they passed a little pond fringed with flowering shrubs, Mr. Bell said to his wife, "Anna, let us sit down beside this pond while I tell the children that parable of Mrs. Gatty's which sister Alice read to us,—'Not lost, but gone before.'"

"O yes," said their mother, "I should like to have you."

Mr. Bell placed his wife upon a rustic seat, and sat down by her side, with Arthur on his knee and Helen at his feet.

"This parable," said he, "tries to teach us how near heaven may be to earth, and how holy people may remember us and know where we are, and yet not to be able to return or to speak to us. I will tell you all I can remember of it.

"Once there was a beautiful pond in the centre of a wood. Trees and flowers were growing about it, birds sang and insects hummed about it. Under the water, too, there was a little world of beings. Fishes and little creatures that live in water filled it full of busy life. Among them was the grub of a dragon-fly, with a large family of brothers and sisters."

"What is a dragon-fly?" interrupted Arthur.

"It's just a darning-needle," said Helen.

"Yes, you children call it a darning-needle," said the father; "that beautiful swift creature, with a long glittering blue-and-green body and brilliant gauzy wings. Now, before he became a dragon-fly, darting through the air and flashing back the sunshine, he was a dark scaly grub, and lived down in the forest pond. He and his family were born there and knew no other world. They spent their time in roving in and out among the plants at the bottom of the water in search of food.

"But one day this grub began to talk among his mates about the frog. 'Every little while,' said he, 'the frog goes to the

side of the water and disappears. What can there be beyond?'

"'You idle fellow,' replied another grub, 'attend to the world you are in and leave that "beyond" to those that are there!' So said all his relations, and the curious grub tried to forget his questionings. But he could not do it; so one day, when he heard a heavy splash in the water and saw a great yellow frog swim to the bottom, he screwed up his courage to ask the frog himself.

"'Honored frog,' said he, approaching that dignified personage as meekly as possible, 'permit me to inquire what there is beyond the world.'

"'What world do you mean?' said the frog, rolling his goggle eyes.

"'This world, of course; our world,' answered the grub

"'This pond, you mean,' remarked the frog, with a sneer.

"'I mean the place we live in;—I call it the world,' cried the grub with spirit.

"'Do you indeed?' rejoined the frog. 'Then what is the place you don't live in; the "beyond" the world, eh?'

"'That is just what I want you to tell me,' replied the grub briskly.

"'Well then,' said froggy, 'it is dry land.'

"'Can one swim about there?' asked the grub.

"'Dry land is not water, little fellow,' chuckled the frog; 'that is just what it is not.'

"'But tell me what it is,' persisted the grub.

"'Well, then, you troublesome creature,' cried the frog, 'dry land is something like the bottom of this pond, only it is not wet, because there is no water.'

"'Really,' said the grub, 'what is there then?'

"'They call it air,' replied the frog. 'It is the nearest approach to nothing.'

"Finding that he could not make the grub understand, the good-natured frog offered to take him on his back up to the dry land, where the grub might see for himself. The grub was delighted. He dropped himself down upon the frog's back, and clung closely to him while he swam up to the rushes at the water's edge. But the moment he emerged into the air the grub fell reeling back into the water, panting and struggling for life. 'Horrible!' cried he, as soon as he had rallied a little; 'there is nothing but death beyond this world. The frog deceived me. I cannot go there, at any rate!'

"Then the grub told his story to his friends, and they talked a great deal about the mystery, but could arrive at no explanation.

"That evening the yellow frog appeared again at the bottom of the pond.

"*'You here!'* cried the startled grub. *'You never left this world at all, I suppose.'*

"*'Clumsy creature,'* replied the frog, *'why did not you cling to my back? When I landed on the grass you were gone.'*

"The grub related his death-like struggle, and added, *'Since there is nothing but death beyond this world, all your stories about going there must be false.'*

"*'I forgive your offensive remarks,'* said the frog, gravely, *'because I have learned to-day the reason of your tiresome curiosity. As I was hopping about in the grass on the edge of the pond, I saw one of your race slowly climbing up the stalk of a reed. Suddenly there appeared a rent in his scaly coat, and after many struggles there came out of it one of those radiant dragon-flies that float in the air I told you of. He lifted his wings out of the carcass he was leaving, and when they had dried in the sunshine he flew glittering away. I conclude that you grubs will do the same thing by and by.'*

"The grub listened with astonishment and distrust, and swam off to tell his friends. They decided that it was impossible nonsense, and the grub said he would think no more about it. He hurried restlessly about in the water hunting for prey, and trying to forget. But not long after he began to be sick, and a feeling he could not resist impelled him to go upward. He called to his relations and said,—

"*'I must leave you, I know not why. If the frog's story of another world is true, I solemnly promise to return and tell you.'*

"His friends accompanied him to the water's edge, where he vanished from their sight, for their eyes were fitted to see only in water. All day they watched and waited for his return, but he came no more.

"One of his brothers soon felt the same irresistible impulse upward, and he also promised the sorrowing family that, if he should indeed be changed into that glorious creature of which they had heard, he would return and tell them. *'But,'* said one, *'perhaps you might not be able to come back.'* *'A creature so exalted could certainly do anything,'* replied the departing grub. But he also came not again. *'He has forgotten us,'* said one; *'he is dead,'* said another; *'there is no other world.'*

"And now a third brother felt the same inward necessity driving him upward. He

bade his friends farewell, *'I dare not promise to return. If possible I will; but do not fear in me an altered or a forgetful heart. If that world exists, we may not understand its nature.'*

"His companions lingered near the spot where he disappeared, but there was neither sign nor sound of his return. Only the dreary sense of bereavement reminded them that he had once lived. Some feared the future; some disbelieved, some hoped and looked forward still. Ah, if the poor things could only have seen into the pure air above their watery world, they would have beheld their departed friends often returning to its borders. But into the world of waters they could never more enter. The least touch upon its surface, as the dragon-fly skimmed over it with the purpose of descending to his friends, brought on a deadly shock, such as he had felt when as a water-grub he had tried to come upward into the air. His new wings instantly bore him back.

"And thus divided, yet near; parted, yet united by love, he often hovered about the barrier that separated him from his early companions, watching till they, too, should come forth into the better life. Sweet it was to each new-comer to find himself not alone in his joyous existence, but welcomed into it by those who had gone before. Sweet also to know that even in their ignorant life below, gleams from the wings of the lost ones they had lamented were shining down into their dark abode. Oh, if they had known, they would neither have feared nor sorrowed so much!"

Mr. Bell sat in silence a few moments after finishing this parable, and then said,—

"Do you see how the other world may be out of our sight and hearing, though very real and near?"

"Yes, father, I do," replied Helen. "It makes it seem as if Willie might be close beside us."—*Household Reading.*

RIDDLES.

In olden time the riddle was often allied to apologue and fable, and therefore, if for no other reason, its birth-place was probably the East. It certainly seems to have been known to the Egyptians, if it did not originate with them. That the Jews were well acquainted with it must be clear to any one familiar with the Bible. Not to dwell on the well-known one of Samson; Josephus tells us how great was Solomon both at making and solving riddles, and how he once won a sum of money from Hiram,

King of Tyre, in a riddle contest, and afterward lost it in a similar way to one of Hiram's subjects—nay, the questions which the Queen of Sheba put to Solomon, it has been thought, were posers of the riddle kind. But other peoples of the East, besides the Jews, have cultivated the riddle largely. It figures in the Koran as well as in the Bible, and even whole books of riddles, we are told, are to be found in Arabic and Persian.

Then, again, we know that among the Greeks and Romans the riddle was very common. Indeed, if Plutarch is to be believed, Homer died of one that he could not solve. Chagrin at his failure killed the poor old bard. Nor during the Dark or Middle Ages do we find that riddles had grown into disfavor. On the contrary, they were much cultivated, and our forefathers found great amusement in them.

Specimens of what these riddles were may be met with in English, French, and German. They exist in many a funny old book like that which was printed by Wynkin de Worde as early as 1511, and which bore the title of "Demands Joyous." Some of these demands, like the age, were very coarse, and some were very simple. When we get nearer to our own times (for the Reformation somewhat put a stop to the merry-making and riddle-making that used to go together), we find the riddle kept its ground as well on the Continent as in England. In France a learned Jesuit wrote a treatise on the subject, and about the time of Louis Quatorze the making of riddles grew quite fashionable. Those literary big-wigs, Rousseau and Voltaire, tried their hands at riddle-making. After their time the *Mercur de France* became a regular vehicle for riddles, and to solve one, it is even said, made the solver famous. In Germany Schiller built up the riddle to what it had scarcely been before. Its conception became a poetical one. With him it grew to be a thing of beauty, and invested with charms that only poetry can give. He made it possess an interest and meaning that lay beyond its mere solution. As treated by him, it gives one an idea of what it might have been of old, and of his having gone back to the time of the Sibyls, and learned the art of making riddles from them.

In England and in this country we have always shown a love for riddles as great perhaps as that of any other country, and never more so than in the present day, to judge by the collections made of them, and by what we almost daily see or hear. But

most of these are properly conundrums—a mere playing upon words. A taste for this kind of thing may be indulged in till it grows to be a very frivolous one; but it is worthy of note how many English names among the illustrious in every walk of life belong to those who, in some form or other, have tried their hand at riddle-making.

To begin with statesmen—Fox tried his on woman, and made a riddle of her which was hardly fair from him. It is not bad; but a better one is that which he contrived about a bed :—

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

Nor less good is that by Canning on the word Cares, which perhaps his political life suggested, but which, it is to be hoped, his domestic life in that case might find a ready answer to. It is not so well known but that one may give it here :—

A noun there is of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquillumber:
Now any other noun you take,
By adding a you plural make,
But if you add an a to this
Strange is the metamorphosis;
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Cod has been made into something very good, and has often been laid at Macaulay's door, but he never had any thing to do with it. The supposition, however, that he had—perhaps, even more than its own excellence—has led to the cutting off many a head and tail that folks can make neither head nor tail of. Here are some of these *disjecta membra* for our readers to make any thing out of that they can :—

Cut off my head, and I have horns to gore you :
Cut off my tail, my sting yet know me by ;
Cut off both head and tail, I still may bore you,
Though nothing now is left me but a cry !

What are my head and tail cut off? Effects,
If sounded, sure, without sufficient cause !
Following but where his pleasure man connects
With following me, and not kind Nature's
laws.

Once more :—

Cut off my head, you bring a king to life !
Cut off my tail, and lo ! no less you see ;
Cut off both head and tail, where eyes are rife
You find me now, tho' naught you make of
me.

What are my head and tail cut off?—Remains
Of Royalty deposed for having spared
Those who with my successor, for their pains,
If they went further, certainly worse fared !

The riddles of Præd—or rather the charades—are remarkable for their force and spirit, and their singular elegance and beauty. They are the only ones to oppose to those of Schiller, though they are written

in a very different style from his. Schiller's are those of a poetical recluse, and have a Sibylline beauty about them. Præd's are those of the man of the world, but of one who carried something of the poet too, and the philosopher also, into it. They seem written not so much for the sake of the enigma is to give free play to his own poetic fancy. They are none of them very hard to guess; and yet there is one that some twenty years ago made not a little noise in the world (though not by any means his best), as no one had been able to find the answer to it.

The term Charade is said to be French, and derived from the name of him who invented it. And as good an example as could possibly be given of what a true charade should be may be found in the dictionary of the French Academy. "My first employs my second to eat my whole." The answer is, "Chien-dent, or dog-grass." But we shall look in vain for any charades that have all the various merits of Præd's—his easy elegance, his force and spirit, his play of fancy, his true poetic feeling. As it is very short, and elegant besides, we find room for one of the only two riddles, properly so called, that he wrote :

In other days, when hope was bright,
Ye spake to me of love and light,
Of endless spring, and cloudless weather,
And hearts that doted linked together!

But now ye tell another tale;
That life is brief, and beauty frail,
That joy is dead, and fondless blighted,
And hearts that doted disunited!

Away! Ye grieve, and ye rejoice
In one unfehl, unfeeling voice:
And ye like every friend below;
Are hollow in your joy and woe!

If we leave the politicians for the poets, we find a beautiful riddle by Cowper that might have been suggested to the amiable bard by some such sweet lips as prompted Johnny Gilpin;—

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that can not be told:

I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,

An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

Two or three of Moore's political squibs were in the form of riddles. Here is one that was *telling* in its day:—

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlebough?

Answer:—

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

Among novelists who have been guilty of riddle-making was Mrs. Opie, and one that was very well known in its day; but when we get among scholars and divines the guilt grows more common, and of deeper dye! Is not Porson charged with Latin charades? and, worse still, the late Archbishop Whately with conundrums?

The late Master of Trinity has the credit of a riddle to add to the list of great names already quoted, and one of a very original kind. I will not vouch for his being its author, but I know that his friends heard it very often from him, and that he took as much interest in it as if it were his own. Here it is:—

U o a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me:
Then let not my O a O go,
But give O O I O thee so.

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me:
Then let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sign for sign for I sigh for thee so.

This sighing riddle was much admired by Dr. Whewell, but is it much more ingenious than this old one?

Stand take to takings,
I you throw my.

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

or than this:—

If the B m t put:
When the : burns make a .

If the grate be empty, put coal on:
When the coal on burns, make a full stop.

To add one more illustrious name to the list of those already mentioned, we give Professor De Morgan's for the following capital riddle: "How do you know that there is no danger of starving in the desert? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. And how do you know you will get sandwiches there? Because Ham went into the desert, and his descendants bred (bread) and mustered (mustard)."

ENIGMA.

In a house of stone I keep,
Where I hidden lie and sleep;
But, steel weapon summoned by,
Forth I leap, and out I fly:
Faint, weak, small, at first, a breath
Might o'ercome me; and in death
Whelm me might a rain-drop then;
Yet doth victory fledge me, when
Joined by my strong sister, lo!
I the world's dread conq'r grow.

—Schiller.

KATRINA AND KATINKA.

Once on a time—no matter when—in a certain beautiful city—no matter where—there lived two lovely twin sisters, with the brightest eyes, and the cunningest little roly-poly figures, and the slenderest ears, with the softest pink satin lining, and the spryest motions imaginable. They were brunettes in complexion, with white breasts and tall tips, and they were kittens. Katrina and Katinka were their names, if I remember rightly—may be I don't, but anyhow they *might* had those names, which to my thinking, are very pretty and appropriate for kittens.

Well, these same twin pussies were singularly fond of each other. They never called names, or scratched, or spat in each other's pretty faces, or pulled each other's little smellers, or quarreled over their meals. They were so marvelously alike that it was always difficult to tell them apart; and when they slept, as they always did, hugged close in each other's arms, you couldn't have told to save you, where one kitten left off and the other kitten began.

They not only slept, ate and played together, but as they grew older, took their strolls for health and recreation, and their mouse-hunts in the same close and loving companionship. They were very curious and wide-awake little bodies, and liked to see all they could of the great, busy world; so every pleasant afternoon, when there was much driving and walking up and down the fine street on which they lived, they could be seen strolling down the long walk to the gate—always exactly side by side, "neck and neck," as the horse people say—as even in their pace, and as perfectly matched in their action, as ever were a pair of trained ponies in Hyde Park. Reaching the gate, they would pause and stand quite still for a half hour, or so, gravely gazing through the palings at the passers—pedestrians, equestrians, and drivers of fast horses, like a pair of dear little brigadiers reviewing their brigades marching by. Then with the air of having discharged a public duty to the entire satisfaction of the community, they would wheel exactly together, and again precisely neck and neck, and tail and tail, trot gently homeward.

So they lived on, in and for each other, almost as much united as if they had been a pair of small feline female Siamese twins—amiable, loving and virtuous, and grew in knowledge and stature up to a comely young cat-hood. At last, it happened that a very

interesting event occurred to the twin sisters at precisely the same time—they became happy mothers—were blessed with three or four fine kittens a piece. But alas! before the little strangers had got fairly to feel their legs—before they had got their eyes open, all, save one, mysteriously disappeared from each nest. It was one fatal morning, when the twin sisters had slipped out of their happy attic apartment for a little air—to take their "constitutional" in a trot down the long gravel walk, to see how the world would look to them now they were mothers, that this kidnapping occurred. When they returned to their families, they found them strangely thinned out; but they were mothers for all that, and did not seem to fret much, or abate their maternal pride a jot.

You see, the ruling power in the human household in which they were domesticated, and who was to them as a providence, had ordered a little Hydropathy for their poor, feeble, sprawling, blind darlings—beginning with what is called in water-cures "the heroic treatment," a cold plunge; and it don't agree with them—it never does with any but the healthy and hardy patients; so it was they never came back. But under the blue waves they sleep well, though never a mew or a purr comes bubbling up to the surface to tell the spot where they lie on beds of tangled sea-grass. "*Requies-cat in pace!*"—as old tombstones say.

The next mournful event in this true family history, was the untimely death of Katrina's one darling. This had proved to be but a frail flower of kittenhood; very pretty she was—"too sweet too live," people said. Her constitution was defective, her nervous system was extremely delicate. Before she was a week old, she had something alarmingly like a fit of catalepsy. Suddenly, while imbibing nourishment, with her fond mother purring over her, and two or three children looking on in smiling sympathy, she gave a piteous mild mew, rolled over on her back and stuck up her four little legs, and laid out her little tail stiff as a poker! On the ninth day of her little life, she opened her blinking blue eyes on this great wonderful world, in which she had as good a right to be as you or I; but she didn't seem to like the looks of things, for she soon closed those small eyes again, and never opened them more. Life was evidently too hard a conundrum for her poor, weak little brain, and she gave it up.

Of course Katrina was greatly afflicted, but she did not abandon herself utterly to

grief. Had not her sister a kitten left? and had not they two always had everything in common? So as soon as the sympathetic children had buried her dead out of her sight, under a lilac bush, she went straightway to Katinka, and with her full consent, began to divide with her the duties and joys of maternity. All three just cuddled down together in one nest—from mamma or auntie, master Catkin took nourishment, just as it suited his whim or convenience, and as you might suppose, he grew and thrived astonishingly. So equal and perfect was this partnership in the kitten, that it was impossible for a stranger to tell which of the two cats was the real mother. One day all three were brought down to the parlor to amuse some visitors. Both mammas seemed equally nervous about having the baby kitten handled, and presently one of them caught it by the neck, the cat's usual, immemorial way of transporting her young, and started with it for the attic; when to the surprise and immense amusement of all present, the other caught hold of the tail, and so the two bore it away in triumph. After this I am afraid the children gave the little kitten rather more travelling than he liked. It was such fun to see the two anxious cats following him mewling, and at the first chance catching him up, and lugging him home in that absurd manner. Generally the real, certain true mother seized on the head, but sometimes she was magnanimous enough to yield the post of honor to the aunt, and take to the tail herself.

So things went on for a few weeks, and then there happened to this estimable cat-family another sad event—for this is a tragedy I am writing, though you may not have suspected it—Katinka died! What of, has never yet been decided—physicians differed about it, and the coroner could not make it out. But this much is certain, Katinka died. The grief of Katrina was and is very affecting to behold. She mopes, she mews, and her slender tail, which she used to carry erect with such a jaunty air, droops dolefully. She takes no longer the "constitutional" trot down the walk to the front gate. Life seems to have grown dull and wearisome to her, and the pleasures of mouse-hunting and tree-climbing appear to have lost their zest. If she remembers at all the halcyon period when much of her precious time was spent in a dizzy round of gait, in a swift pursuit of a ball of cotton, or a futile pursuit of her own tail, it is in sad wonder that she could ever have been so merry and thoughtless. She grows

thin, neglects her toilet, and often refuses food—but when the children offer her catnip, she turns languidly away. If she were acquainted with Shakespeare, she would doubtless say—"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" "Throw physic to Bosc and Jowler—I'll none of it!"

Friendly cat-neighbors call in occasionally, but they cannot console her—all the petting of the household fails thus far to make her cheery and playful as once she was. She is fed on the very "milk of human kindness," but grief has licked the cream off.

She seems to find her only consolation in her care and affection for the motherless cat-kin, and in his fondness for her. I am sorry to say that he does not show a very deep sense of his loss—perhaps he is too young to realize it. His good aunt seems sufficient for all his needs, and he thrives finely, is fat and jolly, and full of all kittenish pranks and mischievous tricks. Poor Katrina will have a time with him, I fear, as he is sadly petted and indulged. Such a lazy rascal as he is too—don't earn the salt of his porridge—that is, if he took it salted—and though quite old enough to "go on the war-path," has never yet killed his mouse, or brought home a rat's scalp, or a ground-squirrel's brush, or as much as a feather from a tom-tit's wing. Ah, of all the darlings in the world an aunty's darling is the likeliest to be spoiled.

This is all I know about this curious cat-family. I hope, dear children, that my true story may not sadden you.

All I can say in the way of a moral to my little story is:—How beautiful is love! even when shown in the fortunes and sorrows of cats and kittens; how beautiful is love!—*Grace Greenwood in Little Pilgrim.*

COURTESY.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

In Athens, ere its sun of fame had set,
Midst pomp and show the gazing crowds were met,
Intent forever upon something new,
The mimic wonders of the stage to view.

So where the wide-extended circus spreads
In gathered ranks its sea of living heads,
Ranged in close order, rising row on row,
The void arena claims the space below.

The seats were filled, but ere the show began
A stranger entered—'twas an aged man.
Awhile he sought a place with aspect mild;
The polished Athenians sat and smiled—
Eyed his confusion with a sidelong glance,
But kept their seats, nor rose on his advance.

O! for a burning blush of deeper hue
To mark the shame of that self-glorious crew;
How poor the produce of fair learning's tree
That bears no fruit of sweet humility;
The growth of arts and sciences how vain
In hearts that feel not for another's pain!

Not so the Spartan youth, whose simple school
Instilled the plain but salutary rule
Of kindness, and whose honest souls preferred
Truth to display, performance to a word.

These Spartan youths had their appointed place,
Apart from Attila's distinguished race,
And rose with one accord, intent to prove
To honored age their duty and their love;
Nor did a Spartan youth his seat resume
Till the old man found due and fitting room.

Then came the sentence of reproof and praise,
Stamped with the sternness of the ancient days;
For, standing full amid the assembled crowd,
The venerable stranger cried aloud:
"The Athenians learn their duty well, but lo!
The Spartans practice what the Athenians
know."

The words were good, and in a virtuous cause;
They gladly earned a nation's glad applause;
But we have surer words of precept given
In God's own book, the words that came from
heaven:
"Be kind, be courteous, be all honor shown."
"Seek others' welfare rather than thine own."

STOP THIEF!

Such a sight as that cake closet was!
A swarm of big, black ants, had taken possession
of the sugar bowl, and the cake basket,
and the dish of honey. It was of no use
to brush them off, or try to shut them
out; they knew of fifty ways to get in, and
in they came.

"Camphor will drive them out," said a
wise woman, who understood all such
mysteries.

"Put a lump of camphor in the closet."

So we put the camphor on the shelf, shut
the door, and left the ants to their fate.

When we came back from the country,
after a few days, sure enough, the ants had

vanished; not a single one remained to tell
the tale. But, strangely enough, the camphor
was gone, too. Could the ants have
eaten it?

"Oh no," said the wise woman, "it's
only evaporated."

"Will it kill him?" asked a little girl,
dubiously, not quite understanding about
the thief.

That night we brought out the sugar in
triumph, and cut the loaf of nice cake for
tea, thinking ourselves very fortunate that
it had kept so nicely. But when papa had
tasted his tea he made a wry face; and even
the wise woman said, "This tea tastes
abominably like some kind of medicine."
Nobody could drink it; and the milk was all
right, and the water as refreshing as ever,
so it wasn't much matter.

But when it came to the cake, papa
looked at the wise woman, and the wise
woman looked at papa; and they both
scowled first, and laughed afterwards, and
a little girl said,

"Seems to me, mamma, this cake is
fumed with camphor."

"That accounts for the camphor!" said
mamma; "it evaporated in that close
closet, and was all absorbed by the cake
and sugar!"

"No wonder the ants wouldn't touch it,"
said papa; "it is nothing but a sponge
saturated with camphor."

So the air was the thief who stole the
camphor, and the cake and sugar received
the stolen goods.—*Lee.*

Domestic Economy.

IMITATION OF PAPIER-MACHE.

A good imitation of this beautiful, but
troublesome, work can be produced with
far less trouble and expense than by the
usual rules observed in doing real papier-
mache.

Old fancy tables and chairs which are too
shabby for the parlor can be made to look
equal to new articles; and among the re-
fuse furniture to be found in the corners of
garrets, lumber-rooms, and auction-marts
may often be seen fine specimens of antique
patterns, odd-looking and quaint, which
will answer better for this purpose than
anything which could be made to order.

To prepare a fancy table of this descrip-
tion, let the whole be well cleaned, and

freed from grease. Then rub the surface
well, first with sand-paper, and afterward
with pumice, until all the inequalities are
smoothed down. Next give the whole a
coat of black paint, and when quite dry
apply another of black Japan varnish.

While these are drying you can prepare
the flowers, leaves, etc. Get some of the
finest quality of English furniture chintz,
such as has bright-colored flowers, birds,
etc., printed upon it. Cut out the designs
very carefully, leaving none of the ground-
work visible. The bunches of flowers need
not be cut entirely in one piece, but in de-
tached sprays, as they can be arranged
afterward to better advantage in that way.

When the table is entirely dry, put on
the flowers with thin gum-arabic, distribu-

ting them according to your own ideas of beauty. If the top is round or oval, a wreath around it, with a design of birds, or a bouquet in the centre will look well; if square, corner designs will be more tasteful.

The remainder of the flowers can be arranged around the stem and feet of the table in the most satisfactory style, and when the flowers are all on a little gilding can be applied; a few tendrils, moss-work, leaves, or general fancy touches, may be drawn with the point of a camel's-hair pencil, dipped in gold size.

After the size has remained on for a few minutes, so as to be half dry, lay a sheet of gold leaf over the whole space so occupied, using a gold tip for the purpose. The foil will readily adhere to the parts where the size has been applied, and the superfluous leaf can be removed by rubbing or wiping gently with a soft rag or chamois leather. If care be observed in doing this, the larger pieces can be preserved and used for other places yet to be touched.

If at a loss for patterns in applying this part of the decorations many good ideas can be gathered from the Chinese lacquered articles, waiters, etc., that may be within reach. In some designs small fish-scales, in imitation of pearl, will have a very good effect.

A pretty wreath may be produced by cutting ivy leaves of various sizes, and round pieces to represent berries, out of tinsel or tin-foil; the colored varieties look the best. These may be fastened on to the table while the Japan varnish is still sticky, and if pressed firmly down will adhere very closely.

Arrange them so as to form a wreath, and after the table is entirely dry trace a stem and tendrils with oil paints, using different shades of green, with a little brown for the shading. This will have a beautiful effect.

When the whole design is completed, whether the chintz flowers or the tinsel leaves be used, finish the table with a coat of white varnish—either Damar or Grecian will answer.

Vases of earthenware, stone jars, and also turned wooden vases, plates, etc., can be ornamented in this manner, and although the fine polish and artistic finish of the real papier-mache and pearl work may be wanting, still the general effect will be the same, and will fully repay the time and trouble expended on it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.

Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it, and take its place when brought in contact with it; thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving *nitrate of lime*, or *muriate of lime*, or *sulphate*, or *acetate of lime*—as the case may be—in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect on marble.

All varnished or polished surfaces of wood on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by *alcohol*. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol so as to liquify them, and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the whole surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed.

Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards easily be expelled.

Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substance to swell, or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum-arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy-work.—*Artisan.*

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

How many of our fair readers have the beautiful vine of the *sweet potato* running over their mantel-piece? This pretty sight can be enjoyed by placing the sweet potato in a tumbler or other glass vessel, filled

with water, passing a pin through the tuber so as to keep the lower end from one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel. Keep on the mantel-piece, in a warm room, and every day give it sun for an hour or two, and in a few days rootlings will begin to appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel, and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow and run upon suspended twine or any little trellis-work prepared for it.

The "Morning Glory," can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during winter; it flowers with its natural colors, and the delicate little vine can be made to run over the windows. A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread so as to nearly touch the water in a glass vessel (a hyacinth glass is perhaps the best), set upon the window or mantel, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less, without being interfered with, except to supply the evaporation of the water, and the acorn will burst, and as it throws a root down into the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful little green leaves; thus giving you an oak tree in full health within your parlor.

Again, tie a piece of lace over a tumbler, letting it down about half-way; put in some sweet peas, fill with water so as to just cover the peas; in a little while roots will appear and seek the bottom of the tumbler, then the vine appears and can be trained on a twine or support, and it will soon begin to show its pretty flowers.

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the forgoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the females of a family and a real pleasure to all who have a taste for the beautiful to witness. We trust to see a greater inclination on the part of the ladies, to introduce into their houses this most agreeable addition to their domestic pleasures.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE CLOVE IN HISTORY.

In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago, there were but five in that early period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tyder, Motiel, Makian, and Bacia. Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were to the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice. It is wonderful to reflect upon the strong

composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But, by the beginning of the seventeenth century, that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate woes, of so much vituperation, negotiation and intrigue, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependant upon the growth of a particular gilly flower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as no torrents of blood could wash away. A common-place condiment which seems to us now easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled; the poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.—*Motley's United Netherlands.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

HOW TO BAKE APPLES.—Bake without breaking the skin. Bake from three to five hours. When the pulp is perfectly tender, break the skin; if that is silken, like the cuticle of the hand, you have your fruit done. If you break the skin by baking, the heat and moisture will escape, and your apples will be dry. The peel prevents evaporation, and is a conductor of heat. Bake on paper, and there will be no dishes spoiled or to wash.

RECIPE FOR GRUEL.—Take of unbolted wheat-meal two large spoonfuls; wet it in a pint of cold water; stir it smoothly; let it stand a minute; then pour off the top in a saucepan; stir it until it boils and foams. If you like, add milk, more or less, as you please; let it boil again. Oatmeal gruel may be made in the same way.

TO SWEEP STAIR CARPET.—A stair carpet should be swept with a short brush, holding the dust-pan close under each stair. Never sweep the dirt from one step to another. By doing so, the carpet on the lower stairs becomes much soiled.

TO CLEAR IRON FROM RUST.—Pound some glass to fine powder, and, having nailed some strong linen or woollen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum-water, and sift thereon some of your powdered glass, and let it dry. Repeat this operation three times and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from iron utensils with the cloth thus prepared.

BRISKET OF BEEF STUFFED.—A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours

to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing in between the fat and the lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth, pin the beef up very tight in it, and boil it five or six hours. When it is done take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices and eaten cold.

FILLETS OF MUTTON WITH VEGETABLES.—Bone a neck or loin of mutton and lard it; after having rolled it into shape, roast it, and serve under it a ragout of vegetables, such as spinach, sorrel, chicory, cauliflowers, haricot beans (either green or white), or potatoes fried, round the dish; cut in fillets.

OYSTER PATTIES IN BUTTER.—Make a batter with the yolk of one egg, (or more, according to the quantity of oysters you intend to prepare), a little nutmeg, some beaten mace, a little flour, and a little salt; dip in the oysters, and fry them in lard to a nice light brown. If preferred, a little parsley may also be served very fine, and mixed with the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mould, the oyster being dropped in and covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

MRS. WOLCOTT'S PUDDING.—Pare and quarter some apples, sprinkle a little sugar and cinnamon over them, cook them in the oven till soft, cook and pour over them a batter made of three eggs, a pint of milk and flour to thicken sufficiently; bake it and eat it with wine sauce.

POP-CORN PUDDING.—Soak two quarts of popcorn, broken fine, in three pints of milk over night; in the morning add three beaten eggs and a little salt and nutmeg. Bake the same as a custard.

GRAHAM BREAD should be freely eaten. If rightly made it is both healthy and palatable. It should not be stiff enough to mould but only so thick, as to be conveniently stirred with a spoon. Set a sponge as for other bread. After rising, add one-half teacupful of molasses, (some prefer it not so sweet), and one teaspoonful of soda, to sponge sufficient for one loaf. Thicken with flour as above. If kept moderately warm it will soon be ready for baking. It is even better when fresh sour milk can be had, to be stirred up with that (adding more soda), and baked at once.

PUDDING SAUCE.—To four large spoonfuls of fine white sugar, put two of butter, one of flour, and stir them together to a cream, in an earthen dish. Cut the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and add it; then pour into the dish a gill of boiling water, stirring the mixture very fast. Put it into the sauce tureen and add essence of lemon, or rose, or grate nutmeg over the top as you prefer.

TEA ROLLS.—Two quarts of flour; boil little more than a pint of milk, and when luke-warm put in a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a half a cup of yeast. Make a hole in the flour, and put milk and all in, and let it stand without stirring it over night. Then knead up and let it stand till night. Roll out about an inch thick, cut in narrow strips, let them stand fifteen or twenty minutes before baking. If the weather is hot, it will do to set them to rise at first in the morning early, and knead about noon-time.

A PLAIN LOAF CAKE.—Three quarters of a pound of butter, a pound and a half of brown sugar, and beat them well together. Then add one pint of molasses, one pint of sour milk, one spoonful of saleratus, five eggs, one spoonful of cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, one nutmeg, and flour enough to make as stiff a

batter as for pound cake. Then add two pounds of currants and one of stoned raisins. This will make about three loaves. Bake it two hours.

APPLE JAM.—The apples, which should be ripe and of the best eating sort, being pared and quartered, are put into a pan with just water to cover them, and boiled until they can be reduced to a mash. Then for each pound of the pared apples a pound of sifted sugar is added, being sprinkled over the boiling mixture. Boil and stir it well, until reduced to a jam. Then put it into pots. The above is the most simple way of making it, but to have it of the best possible clearness, make a thick syrup with three pounds of sugar to each pint of water, and clarify it with an egg, as before directed. Then add one pint of this syrup for every three pounds of apples, and boil the jam to a proper thickness.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Pare, core, and stew ten tart apples in a very little water; season as for a pie, and put it in a fruit-pie dish into a cool oven. Beat up meanwhile the whites of four eggs, as you would for icing, piling it on the apple like rocks, or irregularly, avoiding the edge of the dish. Return it to a warm oven, and brown macaroni color; slip all out carefully, by aid of knife or spoon, into a China dish, and serve with cream. If you have not cream, make a custard of the yolks, flavored with essence of vanilla.

DELICIOUS DISH OF APPLES.—Take two pounds of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it with thick custard or cream.

ABERNETHY BISCUITS.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in a half pint of warm milk, and with four pounds of fine flour, a few carraways, and half a pound of sugar, make a stiff but smooth paste; and, to render the biscuits short and light, add half a drachm of carbonate of soda in powder. Roll out very thin; stamp the biscuits pricking them with a fork, and bake in tins, in a quick oven.

OIL STAINS IN MARBLE.—Stains in marble caused by oil can be removed by applying common clay saturated with benzine. If the grease has remained long enough, it will have become acidulated and may injure the polish, but the stain will be removed.—*Scientific American.*

STUCCO WHITEWASH.—The following recipe is for making the celebrated Stucco Whitewash which imparts to a house such a clear, fine, smooth color: "Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it one peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in water; three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste, and stirred and boiled hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking well, and then hanging it over a small fire, in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes, more or less small, may be used according to the neatness of the job required. Coloring may be used to impart any desirable tinge to the preparation, which retains its brilliancy for a long time."

Editorial and Correspondence.

[The following pleasant autumnal verses came to hand too late for the usual place for Poetry in this number; but as they would be rather out of date a month hence, we adopt the unusual course of inserting them here.—EDS. N.D.M.]

Original.

A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

BY W. H. W., TORONTO, CANADA.

Oh! how I loathe this sad autumnal weather!
Clouds that lower and winds that wail;
The rain and the leaves come down together,
And tell to each other a sorrowful tale.

The beauty of Summer, alas! has perished,
The ghosts of the flowers stand out in the rain—
The fairy flowers that we fondly cherished,
But cherished, alas, in vain, in vain!

The wind it wails, it wails forever,
Like a soul in pain and in dread remorse;
Like a murderer vile, whose pain can never
Cease, as he thinks of his victim's corse.

For the Summer now on her bier is lying,
Lying silent and cold and dead!
And the sad rains weep and bewail her dying
Over her drear and lowly bed.

Pallid and wan she grew yet fairer
Than in richest wreaths of leafy green;
The hectic flush on her cheek was rarer
Than ever is seen in health, I ween.

Thus all things fair, as they fade, grow dearer,
Dearer and fairer till hope has fled;
We closer clasp, as the hour draws nearer,
That bears them like forever away to the dead.

Through the grand old woods, a cathedral hoary,
The organ chant of the winds doth roll,
As if bearing aloft to the realms of glory
On its billows of sound her weary soul.

Through the long-drawn aisles the dirge is
swelling,
Orate pro Anima—pray for her soul;
Now *Gloria in excelsis*, welling
In fountains of music its waves do roll.

The clouds like funeral curtains lower
Darkly and heavily round her grave,
And the trailing vines of the summer bow er,
Like the plumes of a gloomy *catafalque* wave.

The fair young spruce, like a beautiful maiden
Heavily draped in weeds of woe—
A sorrowing soul—a nun, grief-laden,
Bears a dread weight at her heart, I know.

The dark-robed cypress, a gloomy friar,
Doth patter his prayers and count his beads;

The sorrowful cedar, a saintly prior,
Doth fold around him his mourning weeds.

The lofty pines toss their plumes so sadly,
And chant aloud their dirge of woe;
Now high and wild rise the notes, and madly
They wail—and now are moaning low.

All nature grieves and weeps, bemoaning
The fair, fond Summer, forever fled;
And bends, in her sorrow lily groaning,
Over the bier of the early dead!
Oct., 1868.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M.A.

We copy the following sketch of the celebrated preacher whose portrait adorns our present number from *Harper's Weekly*:

“William Morley Punshon is a native of Doncaster, where he was born in the year 1824. His father was a draper in that town, engaged in a large and prosperous business, and at the same time a prominent and active supporter of the Wesleyan cause. He received his second name after his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, a gentleman well known for many years in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and who lived to witness the eminence to which his nephew and namesake attained. His education was commenced in his native town; but when about eleven years of age he was placed under the care of a gentleman, the son of a Congregational minister, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where he discovered a singular aptitude for learning. At this time he was a stiff, chubby lad, with fresh curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from the ‘Speaker,’ and recite them to his school-fellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake. Notwithstanding these and other indications of remarkable ability, he was not designed by his father for public or professional life, nor does it appear that at this period his mind was drawn out to the vast concerns of the future. At fifteen years of age he was placed at Hull as a clerk in the shipping business, from which port he subsequently removed to Sunderland. When about twenty years of age, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Woolwich,

and his residence was with his uncle, the Rev. Benjamin Clough. Here he was brought into a congenial atmosphere. Mr. Clough was a man of rare, though not showy endowments. A distinguished Oriental scholar, he had compiled a dictionary of the Singalese, one of the Eastern languages, which, after forty years, still remains the basis of all similar works in that language. He was also a zealous and self-denying missionary, having been one of the first company of young men sent out by the Wesleyans to the East under the superintendence of Dr. Coke, who died on the voyage, and was buried in the ocean. Mr. Punshon has composed a suitable and beautiful memoir of this excellent man, to whom he owed so much. It was under his advice that he made his early attempts at preaching, and in May, 1845, he presented himself for examination in London, as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. At the Conference of 1843 he received his first appointment, which was to Whitehaven, where he spent two years, followed by two years in Carlisle, and three years in Newcastle. This residence of seven years won for him an extraordinary popularity in the far north, his faithful devotion to every department of his work being no less remarkable than his eloquence. Previous to his entrance into the ministry he had published a small volume of poems; and when at Carlisle he made his first literary effort of a religious kind, entitled 'Tabor, or the Class-Meeting.' This little publication was an indication of that ardent attachment to the peculiar views and discipline of Methodism which has all along been characteristic of Mr. Punshon, though in combination with such a breadth of view and catholicity of spirit that he has been claimed again and again by other churches as almost their own. Soon after coming to reside in Newcastle, Mr. Punshon married the daughter of Mr. Vickers, of Gateshead. This lady died in 1858, leaving several children. After leaving Newcastle, the next six years of the subject of this sketch were spent in Yorkshire, three years in Sheffield, and three in Leeds. While in Leeds his popularity was approaching its height. It was in January, 1854, that Mr. Punshon made his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a lecturer in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was 'The Prophet of Horeb,' and the lecture, although inferior to several which he afterward prepared, was yet highly characteristic, and produced a marked impression. He did not appear again in this

capacity till the beginning of 1857, when he delivered what was probably, for rhetorical effect, his master-piece—his lecture on John Bunyan. This oration was delivered with electrical effect in various places. In 1858 Mr. Punshon received an appointment to Bayswater, where the task was assigned to him of endeavoring to raise a new Wesleyan cause and congregation. This, by the blessing of God, which rested upon his labors, he accomplished beyond expectation; and in 1861 he was removed to Islington. During this period several other lectures were delivered by him, which excited remarkable interest; large sums of money being frequently offered and refused for tickets, after as many as could possibly be issued had been sold. One of these, 'The Huguenots,' was published at a shilling, and from the proceeds of its delivery, Mr. Punshon gave a donation of a thousand pounds toward the Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields. Large sums were also raised for various local charities by means of his lectures. In the meantime he was growing in the esteem and love of the brethren of his own church, was honored with many tokens of their regard, and, had it not been for the failure of his health, would probably have reached by this time the highest dignity at their disposal—that of President of the Wesleyan Conference. It is impossible to speak too warmly of Mr. Punshon's unselfishness and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Every thing seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred, his own health failed; and, besides this, nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled; and last August, the term of five years being completed, Mr. Punshon had the gratification to announce that the pledge had been accomplished! Such manifold labors, however, nearly broke down his health, and for the last three years Mr. Punshon has, to a considerable extent, retired from public life beyond the sphere of his own circuit labors.

"A new sphere, however, awaits him. He was recently appointed to visit the United States and Canada as representative of the Wesleyans of Britain, and to preside at the conferences in the important and rapidly increasing provinces of Canada."

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MONTREAL WITNESS

For 1869.

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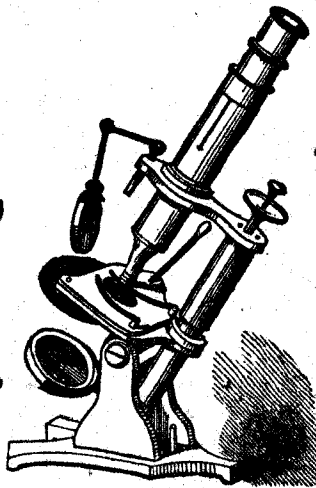
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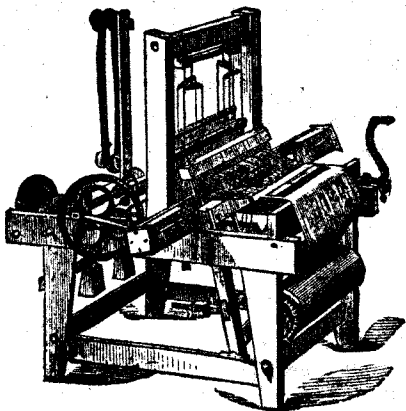
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