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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

June, 1876.

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New Dominion Monthly.

JUNE, 1876.

QUEBEC SINCE CONFEDERATION.

"I refer to the spontaneous and powerful development of the spirit of association, and the evident increase of the power of the clergy and hierarchy."—BUNSEN'S SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Eight years having gone by since the establishment of the Dominion of Canada, it may not be amiss to examine how the new constitution has worked in the Province of Quebec during that period, and enquire closely into the position there held by those of British origin and of Protestant faith. That the times are ominous and danger threatens, there needs no stronger proof than the anxiety which pervades all classes of society, and the feverish disquietude which has seized the public mind. Into the causes of this uneasiness we propose now to examine.

Under the Union none of these symptoms appeared. Canada was peaceful and prosperous, and the Roman Catholic French-Canadian population of Lower Canada lived in quiet and harmony with their fellow-citizens of different origin and different religion. The Romish hierarchy, possessed of more freedom and independence than it has ever enjoyed in any other land—Italy, the place of its birth, not excepted—pursued its way, untrammelled by the civil power and avoiding interference with it. When Confederation was discussed, though many foresaw and foretold a possible future clashing between the different nationalities of Quebec, yet no voice was raised to proclaim the danger as likely to proceed from the clergy or find its source in the aggressions of the priesthood. It was thought that such as their conduct heretofore had been, such it would continue to be, and that supposing internal trouble should at any time arise, the priesthood, as it ever had been, would still be found advocating the cause of established authority, and by word and example preaching obedience to the laws and submission to the constitution. Though the Syllabus of 1861 and the Encyclical of 1864 had already caused much dissatisfaction and taken the world somewhat by surprise, they were, by many, looked upon as the effusions of an irritated old man suffering under the souring influences of misfortune and senility combined. No one dreamt that the Church seriously contemplated entering the lists against modern advancement and civilization, and practically arrogating to itself the universal dominion it claimed in the middle ages. When the Œcumenical Council, convoked in 1868, had in 1870 proclaimed the doctrine of "infallibility," and that to every one of the

teachings put into the mouth of the Pope by the Jesuits, who for years had the complete control of his mind and conscience, had been given the seal and authority of an article of faith, the civilized world was alarmed; but to Canada the note of warning came too late,—Confederation had been passed. The priests in the Province of Quebec, emulating the struggle which the Church all the world over is now making to establish its unquestioned superiority over all civil government, according to the teaching of the Syllabus, were not slow in availing themselves of the peculiar advantages which their position in Canada necessarily gave them. At the time of the Conquest, the Roman Catholic priesthood were under the dominion and subject to the control of the civil power, as they always have been in France. The bishops were named by the Crown, and the priests, as they are still by law supposed to be, were permanently appointed to their various parishes, and could only be removed for cause duly established before a competent tribunal. The consequence was an enlightened and independent clergy, who dared to think for themselves and act for themselves, and not the trembling missionaries who to-day have taken their places, completely at the mercy of the bishops and liable at any moment to be punished for independence of word or action by the loss of their living. The change came about naturally and simply; the treaty of 1763 secured to Canadians the free exercise of their religion in so far as the laws of Great Britain permitted; but in consequence of the cruel enactments with which the British statutes were replete against priests found in the British possessions, it was deemed advisable by the early governments to ignore as much as possible the Roman Catholic priesthood, and they were allowed to follow their own courses to a great extent unnoticed and unmolested; though the bishops were sworn in with all due solemnity and made take the usual oaths of allegiance, and in so far recognized the authority of the civil power—a very slight form of submission from which they have freed themselves since. The bishops were not slow in seizing the opportunity thus afforded them of strengthening their power, and ceased naming parish priests to the various livings as they fell in, substituting missionaries, whom they could recall at pleasure. The policy of the princes of the Church has always been as much as possible to crush out anything like an approach to freedom of act or thought in those holding a lower rank in the priesthood, and nothing can be more absolute than the thraldom in which the whole parish clergy is, at this hour, held by the bishops of the Province of Quebec; and that in open defiance of the express letter of the law. Such being the state of affairs, and their power being thoroughly secured, immediately after the establishment of confederation the bishops resolved to make a bold move to seize the reins of government, which resulted in the Programme, the joint production of the bishops of Three Rivers, Montreal, and St. Hyacinthe. The Programme is an absolute prohibition to vote for a Protestant when a Roman Catholic is in the field. It was the first step in the way laid out, and has since been followed by pastoral letters directed not only against Protestants, but further against all Roman Catholic Liberals. When first it was promulgated the Programme naturally raised a storm; its doctrines appeared so extraordinary and its tendencies so utterly at variance with the enjoyment of civil liberty and the freedom of electoral franchise, as to stamp it at once as a bigoted and unconstitutional attack upon the rights and privileges of the Protestant portion of the community which would not and could not be tamely submitted to, and which, as tending to inflame national and religious

strife, was fraught with peril to the public peace. The Archbishop of Quebec, a man of learning and sound sense, saw the danger likely to attend the wicked and offensive course adopted by the three bishops, backed by a few lay supporters, among others the present Premier of the Provincial Government, and hastened to disavow and condemn the Programme and its teachings. The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Quebec, on that occasion, resembled closely the doctrine recently proclaimed by the Archbishop of Toronto in a letter to the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, and strongly pointed out the harm that must necessarily accrue to the cause of religion if its ministers mix and take part in the turmoil and excitement of political contests. Much sagacity was not required to foresee the line of conduct that the Bishop of Montreal would adopt. He at once commenced a furious newspaper warfare upon his superior, regardless of the scandal such a course must perforce cause among the more respectable class of his own faith, and was finally carried by his evil passions to such lengths that the Pope had to intervene and order both parties to desist,—an order which the Bishop of Montreal, as the Archbishop pointed out to him in a short but powerful letter, no sooner received than he hastened to disobey. Though the wording of the decision from Rome might be said to favor neither one side nor the other, the sympathies of the Pope, subsequent events have tended to show, must have been strongly in favor of the Programmists, since the Archbishop has never since attempted to impede their actions, though their course has remained uninterrupted, and their actions been marked by bolder interference and more revoltingly unconstitutional political proceedings than before. That the leaning of Rome was such as it has shown itself to be, can cause surprise to no one who has at all studied the policy of the Church as shown in the pages of history. The Church never yields; its pretensions are the same as when eight hundred years ago, by a simple bull of excommunication, Henry the Great, Emperor of Germany, the proudest potentate of Europe, was brought ignominiously to sue for pardon at the Pope's feet. The Church submits to force alone, and the moment the pressure is in the least relaxed urges onwards towards its former claims; it gives away before coercion as a matter of fact, not of principle, and even declares its intention, should circumstances permit, of having recourse to self-redress by force if required. These are the grounds now taken by the whole Ultramontane party in Europe, and the principles distinctly set forth in the Syllabus. The Church must be supreme over all civil power, and its members amenable to no civil tribunal. This doctrine, moreover, has received the sanction of one of the judges of our Superior Court, who expressly founded himself, in giving his decision, upon the Syllabus, and, by so doing, knowingly and openly violated the law of the land which he is sworn to administer. The Church is ever gracious to those who serve its purpose, and for that decision the judge who gave it has received from the Ultramontane party much flattery and high praise, besides being entertained with distinguished favor, on his arrival in England, by Monsignor Capel and Cardinal Manning. And yet, so strange is the perverted medium through which prejudice may make even wise men view a plain and simple fact, it is not likely that when they so graciously received him, these distinguished men realized that by that judgment the judge who delivered it, having violated his oath to administer faithfully and justly the law of the land, branded himself as forsworn, and, by presuming from Her Majesty's Seat of Justice to decide a case brought under a writ issued in Her Majesty's name, by the laws established

by a foreign potentate, setting at naught as inferior and secondary Her Majesty's law as it now exists, proclaimed himself a traitor at heart, even if his offence should not quite come under the definition of the statute; while the utter good faith in which he did it, demonstrates his ignorance and incapacity to be such as to disqualify him from discharging with decency and decorum even the more humble duties of a simple Justice of the Peace.

The struggle now going on between the Church of Rome and the civil powers of Europe, is continued on three chief heads: the laws regulating marriage, education and ecclesiastical property. These are, it is almost unnecessary to add, the three chief points for the control of which the Ultramontane Programmists of the Province of Quebec are at the present moment massing their forces. On the first head, there is but little to say, the British North America Act having provided that all laws concerning marriage and divorce shall be within the jurisdiction of the Dominion Legislature exclusively, these institutions may be deemed safe from Ultramontane interference, for some time to come at all events. The laws regulating education and property, unfortunately, are included within the powers assigned to the Provincial Legislature of Quebec, and towards these the efforts of the Church party have been already directed not without success. The most favorable occasion for the priesthood to place their power on a secure and firm basis, was the general local elections of last year, and they availed themselves of it to the utmost. Pastoral letters, the confessional, the pulpit, were engines unscrupulously and universally used to favor the Programme party, and resulted in the return of the present Ministerial majority in the Local House, at the bidding of the priesthood forced to act by a league of Ultramontane bishops. The Government, therefore, in the Province of Quebec comes to be the clergy; they nominate the members, secure their return, and direct their votes as absolutely as if they held their proxies, supposing the proxy system to subsist. The question of clerical interference has not yet come before our tribunals for decision, though the decision of Judge Keogh, in Ireland, if followed in Canada, and the law on the subject seems to be the same, has established it to be an absolute ground of nullity. That during the last elections the greatest efforts were made by the clergy to secure the return of their nominees, and in many instances the most reprehensible means resorted to for that purpose, no one at all familiar with the late electoral campaign can for one moment pretend to deny. The leader of the Opposition was attacked on the sole ground of his religion, and, in a county which he has loaded with benefits of every kind, and which he has represented for some fifteen years, was closely run by a young and unknown man, whose sole title to a vote was that he proclaimed himself the nominee of the Archbishop. The Minister of Agriculture, whose qualifications, from want of natural ability and lack of early training, are of the most humble order, was returned for the county of Quebec by the majority the Parish of Beauport cast in his favor; a majority obtained by the parish priest, by means the most wicked and reckless, going so far at last in his desperation as to stir up national jealousy and hatred between the Irish and French-Canadian workmen employed in the immense lumber manufacturing establishment at Montmorenci, an extreme course to which he was driven by the fact that both candidates were Roman Catholics. Having returned the members, it was but fair that the clergy should direct the Cabinet policy, and the result was the passing of the Burial Law and Educational Bill. With the first measure the Protestant portion of the community has nothing to do. In

the East a man may, if he choose, sell himself to slavery, and secure by that means some luxuries he cannot hope for otherwise. The Roman Catholics, without raising one voice to defend their freedom and rights, have chosen to put it in the power of their bishops, at their good will and pleasure, to punish them for disobedience during their lives by disgrace after their death—a disgrace calculated to affect their memory and bitterly hurt and deeply wound all their surviving relations and friends. So be it. The law had raised its arm to protect them, they preferred not being protected, and without even the return of the miserable mess of pottage have chosen to forfeit their birth-right. How heavily the scourge they have been pleased to place into their priests' hand may fall on their bared backs, time will tell and they alone will feel. But the question of education is one that affects all alike, the Protestant as well as the Roman Catholic, the British as much as the French Canadian. It is a question touching closely the material prosperity, not only of the Province, but of the whole Dominion. To their common school system the Americans point with pride, and not without reason, as the chief cause of their prosperity. To their system of education the Scotch attribute the enviable position their countrymen assume all the world over, and the prosperity which invariably marks the race wherever its sons are to be found. To obviate the disadvantages attending the education received for Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and extirpate the evils which have been found to arise therefrom, the most distinguished legislators of France, Prussia and Austria have for years been devoting their strongest energies. In the face of these facts, the Legislature of Quebec, without a struggle, at the bidding of the priesthood, have handed over the care of education to the bishops. The evils which must attend such a system of teaching the past had made plain enough, had the members chosen to open their ears to the warnings of experience. In the Province of Quebec the higher branches of education may be said, among the French-Canadians, to have always been in the hands of the priesthood, the Montreal College, the Jesuits' College, the Quebec Seminary, the St. Hyacinthe College, and the St. Anne's College, having turned out all the priests and most of the professional men of the day. What advantage did they receive within those institutions? A smattering of Latin of the scholastic school, some little Greek, a little mathematics, a most superficial knowledge of modern history, very distorted and incorrect, and a strong hatred of everything English and Protestant, with an extensive knowledge of miracles and of the lives, not the writings, of the Fathers. Of the great questions now occupying the attention of the civilized world, of political economy, of the teachings of history as laid down by writers of a philosophical mind, of the new discoveries recently made in all branches of science, of the constitution of their own country and that of others, they know absolutely nothing. To acquire even the small stock of practical knowledge which is indispensable to enter a merchant's office, or fill the place of a bank clerk, they are forced to spend some time in an English school, there to acquire some training, which may be of use in the every day affairs of life, and rub off some of the prejudices, and forget many of the delusions which had been so assiduously ground into them within the walls of the priestly college. That the ecclesiastical system of teaching is not of a certain advantage by developing to some extent the faculties of the mind, it would be idle to deny; all teaching, however superficial and misdirected, must do that, but that the pupils issue from the portals of those colleges with the same amount of valuable information acquired as the young men of their own

age coming from the higher Protestant schools and colleges of the Dominion, no one for a moment will pretend. And why? Not because the priests do not number among themselves men of marked ability capable of teaching them, if they chose; not because the Jesuits are unqualified to furnish the requisite information (they are unquestionably the most learned body of men in the world); it is because they will not. Let him be anathema who believes "that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." (Syllabus, Prop. 80). Modern advancement and improvement is considered dangerous to the power and influence of the Church, and, still holding the pretensions put forward in the middle ages, the Church considers its greatest safety to lie in as speedy a return as may be to the ignorance and superstition of those remote times. There is, moreover, another and a stronger reason why the education imparted in the Roman Catholic French-Canadian Colleges of Quebec, is not such as to fit the pupils properly for the discharge of their duties as citizens and men of the world, and that is, that these colleges were founded, and their system established, with a view to the training of youth for the Church, not for the world. So harmful has this same mode of instruction been found in Europe, that Belgium, Prussia, and Austria, have all adopted the system of Joseph II.: "The clerical training to follow the general course of study in the national high schools, the university to precede the Episcopal Seminary." And until the same plan is adopted in Canada, and the direction of education in the Province of Quebec taken out of the hands of the priests, we must expect all our French-Canadian youth trained in the colleges to enter the world as destitute of useful and practical knowledge as so many young ecclesiastics suddenly turned loose upon society without their cassocks, and our common school system to recede to utter uselessness and futility—the day in fact not being very far distant when the French-Canadian population of the country districts will in all probability find themselves in the same benighted state they were in under the government of Sir James Craig, when a large population of the representatives subscribed the necessary oaths with their cross. This may seem exaggerated, but straws show how the wind blows, and the present local member for Bellechasse, a supporter of the De Boucherville Ministry, it is well known, could neither read nor write when he presented himself for election. In 1840, Lord Sydenham, a most competent judge, wrote from Montreal:—"The only things I cannot manage here, which I should like to deal with, are education and emigration. The first I can do nothing in; first for want of money, and next that I cannot get the priests to agree in any feasible scheme. They pretend to be in favor of something, but are in reality opposed to teaching the people at all, being weak enough to think that so long as they are ignorant they are under their control." What the clergy then were they still are. In its hostility to progress and enlightment, whatever may be said about doctrine, the Church may safely raise its ancient boastful cry of *semper eadem*. The successful, and to the country most disastrous, efforts of the clergy to secure the control of education, will doubtless be followed by the attempt to free all ecclesiastical property, from lay supervision and management, the next most important object the Ultramontane party has in view. No endeavor has, so far, been made to do so by sweeping legislation in what might fairly be called the Church Parliament of the Province of Quebec; but the resistance offered to the Burial and Educational bills, the only two it was deemed prudent to present last session, was certainly not of a very discouraging kind

and, though the attempt has not yet been made, there are not wanting signs to show the intention to do so before long. The session before last the small end of the wedge was introduced by the action of the Redemptorist fathers, with regard to the St. Patrick's Church property. The property of the St. Patrick's Church was vested in a committee of laymen, most of whom had largely contributed to the fund. The working of the committee was found inconvenient and unsatisfactory, as that of all numerous bodies must ever be; but instead of bringing a remedy, as might easily have been done, to the defects there might have been in the original constitution of the committee, the Redemptorist fathers, an American institution holding no property in the country, unrecognized by our laws, receiving their orders from Baltimore, here to-day and gone to-morrow, according to the wish of their American Superior, who happened to be in charge of the church for a few months, and had endeared themselves to the female portion of the congregation by preaching a temperance revival, deemed the moment propitious to seize the property of the church and hold it in their own hands. The scheme was certainly a bold one, but Father Burke, the Superior, is not a man easily deterred. One fine Sunday, without any previous notice, the congregation were informed by handbills plentifully scattered through the church, that unless the management of the moneys belonging to the congregation was given into the hands of the Redemptorists, they would give up their charge; and the people were called upon to make their decision that afternoon and accord it by vote. The vote was, as the priests well knew it would be, strongly in their favor, the Irish servant-women and non-pew holders, who had nothing at stake and nothing to lose, voting five and six times, one enthusiastic old charwoman distinguishing herself by voting twenty times for Father Burke. In consequence, an act was introduced to despoil the property holders, and transfer the property to the Redemptorists, and, as opposition was feared from those whose interests were in danger, a very powerful and riotous mob, headed by the priests, came down in force, having assembled for the purpose at St. Patrick's Church, to the Parliament buildings, intimidated the members and carried the bill. The property subscribed by the wealthy members of the Irish congregation, in spite of their most strenuous efforts and protests, was wrested from them by a most iniquitous law, amounting to positive robbery, and vested in the hands of the Redemptorist fathers of—nowhere. These adventurers therefore, strangers in our midst and aliens, have by an outrageous law, passed by the De Boucherville Programme Ministry, despoiled the property holders of the St Patrick's Church, in spite of all they could do to save themselves. The consequences of this success were not long in being felt. The St. Patrick's Literary Institute, for electing Mr. John Hearn, the member for Quebec East, and a strong opponent of the bill, President, were turned out of the building erected by them and held by them for nineteen years, but vested in the St. Patrick's Church fund. An opposition society under the leadership of Father Burke has since been started, which promises well to end in the ruin of both. Moreover, at the moment of writing, the efforts of the same reverend gentleman have resulted in dividing the hitherto united Irishmen of Quebec to such an extent, that they cannot even agree to celebrate together peacefully the feast of their patron saint. This is not the only warning received of the intentions of the priests, though by far the most flagrant usurpation yet attempted. The Seminary of Montreal, it would seem, are no longer required to render to Government account of the expenditure

of their immense revenues in which the country has so great an interest, and have not as a fact rendered such accounts since Confederation. The new claims and high-handed pretensions put forth in the Oka business, sound the same note. The Provincial Parliament, moreover, passed a law last session, which has to a certain extent the effect of freeing priests from the control of civil tribunals by declaring it not compulsory for them to answer as to whether or not, or in what degree, they have interfered in Provincial elections. It is sufficient that they should testify that they have acted from conscientious motives. The Jesuit cry of *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, has sharpened the knife of the regicide, mixed the poison cup of the murderer, absolved the adulterer, glorified the traitor, lauded the conspirator, comforted the perjurer, and excused every crime and sin known to the world. And in the face of this state of things, which certainly seems bad enough, we have the Loyal Reformers' League demanding, for what reason it seems impossible to tell, the repeal of the law of Mortmain, a barrier not absolute it is true, but still efficient, erected by the wisdom of ancient French legislators, for the express purpose of putting a stop to the insatiable grasp and cupidity of the Church. Let the law of Mortmain be done away with, and then see how many youths of good prospects will be allowed to issue from the portals of a priestly college without a monkish cowl over their heads. Meanwhile the whole Province is bearing the intolerable burden of all these ecclesiastical institutions, whose property must go untaxed, because the priests, by returning the lawmakers, have become superior to the law. Let him be anathema who would dare to "assign to the State the power of defining the civil rights (*jura*) and province of the Church." (Syllabus, Prop. 19); and the De Boucherville Ministry has been returned to uphold the Syllabus.

In one word, those of British origin, and those belonging to the Protestant faith in the Province of Quebec, are completely ruled, not only by the French-Canadian majority (that would be constitutional provided the rights of the minority were to a certain extent respected), but by the French-Canadian majority named and directed by the Romish hierarchy. Instead of a constitutional government, the Province of Quebec is now ruled by a theocracy; a state of things utterly opposed to the spirit of the constitution, and which cannot long be submitted to. And be it remembered, that, in order to carry its views with a high hand, the Ultramontane party, headed by the Bishop of Montreal, have placed the French-Canadian Roman Catholic Liberal party under the same ban as the British and Protestants. The same bishop declares, in his semi-blasphemous production of last February, "that the laity" (*i.e.* the supporters of the Programme and Ultramontane party in and out of the House) fulfil in that a filial duty from the moment that they combat under the direction of the clergy." If these words convey any meaning, it is that the priests must direct the choice of the electors and the policy of the Cabinet. To this direction and control, neither the Roman Catholic Liberals nor the British Protestants, seem much disposed to submit and should therefore, as Sir A. T. Galt so strongly points out, combine to resist.

The true secret of powerful and well-directed action is to be found in association. Let the lovers of good rule, constitutional government, electoral freedom, and the progress and welfare of the Province and Dominion, therefore combine. It is not necessary, though it would perhaps be better, that all should join in one vast association or alliance, and it is scarcely to be hoped that all should. But let powerful combinations be formed, and then these combinations can see in how far

it is possible for them to join together for given purposes, defined, regulated and determined after mature deliberation. There was, for example, and still exists, among the French-Canadian Liberals the "Parti National," of which we have not heard much lately; why should not that association be, to a certain extent, revived and its object taken up and promoted with renewed vigor? The Parti National would have no sympathy, perhaps, some of the individuals composing it might in truth be opposed to many of the measures the Protestant Defence Alliance may hereafter deem it necessary to take to protect their religion from what they justly enough consider improper aggression or illegal oppression; but that should not and would not prevent the "Parti National" from combining with the Protestant Defence Alliance, to prevent the clergy from unduly interfering with the freedom of the electoral franchise to the detriment of both. In the same way, the Roman Catholic Irishman, who has joined the Civil Rights Alliance or the Loyal Reformers' League, though he may not wish to help the Protestant Defence Alliance in protecting the Oka Indians, or punishing the rioters of Arthabaska, can have no objection, jointly with them, to aid in preventing the expulsion of his countrymen from the lands they possess in the Eastern Townships, to substitute in their place French-Canadians whom he has been taxed to lure back by the offer of great advantages from the States. Let each society, league, association or alliance, regularly form and constitute itself for whatever purpose it may deem proper, so long as the object is lawful and constitutional, enrol its members, establish its by-laws, and hold its meetings; and then, when that has been done and they are all properly organized, let deputations from all of them meet together and deliberate on some fixed plan, in which all could combine in united action to cast off if possible the yoke which the priesthood, with the help of a weak and bigoted Ministry, is fast imposing upon the whole Province. It is hopeless for individuals to attempt single-handed to cope with so perfect and complete an organization as that of the hierarchy. If the parish priesthood were free, it would be different, and the difficulties not quite so great. There are many men among them whose sympathies, if they dared to give utterance to them, are undoubtedly with the Liberal party. Those of the former Archbishop were always supposed to be so, and so were the tendencies of the present man, like those of all his relations, until, it is to be presumed, the pressure from Rome forced him to change his views. There are, moreover, a number of quiet, conscientious parish priests, who, without favoring one side or the other, would much prefer being left peacefully to pursue the even tenor of their way, discharging the duties of their calling, and not embroiling themselves in the troubles and animosities which must ever attend exciting political contests. But as matters now stand, they are handed over, helplessly bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of their bishops, and must, whether they like it or not, carry out the orders they receive, the only alternative left them being the loss of their living, entailing in most cases absolute penury. It is clear that such a crying abuse calls loudly for immediate remedy, and that no persons have a greater interest in seeing this evil righted and the law, such as it exists, properly administered, than the priests themselves. The emergency rendering necessary these strong measures of defence is a very pressing one, so pressing that it would be well for the friends of freedom and good order to lose sight, for the time being at all events, of any smaller differences which may exist between them, and unite for the one great purpose of crushing the Ultramontane Programme party, which, like a huge boa-constrictor, seems al-

ready to have begun to wind its coils round the Province, and under whose tightening grasp religious liberty, political freedom, and all our rights and privileges, seem doomed slowly but surely to be crushed out of existence. But let it be remembered at the same time that a mutual understanding can only be arrived at by mutually recognizing the claims of others, and by voluntarily limiting one's own—and it must further be borne in mind that this union of the various associations, so much required, and of such vital moment to the existence of each, is one, by its nature, not easy to cement, though nevertheless indispensable to the security and usefulness of all. The Ultramontane organs have already begun and will, with ever-increasing vehemence, continue to proclaim the union of the Roman Catholic liberal party with the Protestants as a combination against the Roman Catholic religion, and endeavor to deter the former from vindicating their civil rights and liberty by casting in their faces the opprobrious terms of infidel and apostate. The struggle the Roman Catholic Liberals have before them is an arduous one, but one to which long years of persecution has somewhat inured them. They well know that religion has nothing to do with the question now at issue, that it is merely one of political freedom or subjection. When the Church chooses to abandon the domain of faith, to enter into the list and compete for civil power, when forgetful of the spiritual supremacy it braces itself to seize upon the reins of temporal government, the question at issue between it and the people becomes one of mere political expediency and wisdom, on which every freeman is by law empowered, and must as a fact be permitted, to express his opinion and conviction, untrammelled by threats or coercion, either spiritual or temporal. The two dominions of the hierarchy must be kept perfectly distinct, in spite of the strenuous efforts they are making to mix them up and confound them in the minds of the people. This truth was strongly felt by Napoleon I., who, in writing to his brother Joseph in 1806, and speaking of the Court of Rome, made the following pertinent remarks: "They think I cannot reconcile a great respect for the spiritual authority of the Pope with the repression of his pretensions to temporal dominion. They forget that St. Louis, whose piety was undoubted, was always at war with the Pope, and that Charles V., who was an eminently Christian prince, long besieged Rome, and ended by taking possession both of the city and of the States of the Church."

In conclusion, we may state that a most dangerous and powerful conspiracy exists in the Province of Quebec, headed by the Ultramontane clerical party, and directed by the bishops, having for its object the illegal and unconstitutional oppression of the British Protestant portion of the community and the Roman Catholic Liberal party; that the hierarchy have acquired much strength in their unholy designs, by allying to themselves that extreme portion of the old Conservative, or Blue, party of Lower Canada, now known under the name of "Programmists," and that the only hope of safety left for the friends of order and constitutional liberty, seems to be in the immediate formation of powerful and well-directed political associations, bound together by the strong instinct of self-preservation, and having for their object the saving of their country, by legal and constitutional means, from the darkly threatening approach of a reign of anarchy and confusion, and the tyrannical and harmful domination of an arrogant and aggressively overbearing Ultramontane priestly faction.

BEARING WITNESS TO THE TRUTH.

BY CORINNE.

"Yes, Bessie, that's a very nice book," said Lucy Grey, speaking a little less languidly than usual, as she laid down the book her little sister had been showing her.

"Wasn't it kind of Aunt Jenny to get it for me?" said Bessie. "Just the book I wanted; she always does just the right thing, doesn't she?"

"Yes," said Lucy, with a sigh; "it must be nice to be Aunt Jenny, to be able to go about and give pleasure to so many people. I wish I could."

Then Conscience whispered, "Did you when you could?" and Lucy was not unmindful of the "still, small voice."

"Well," said Bessie, with a long-drawn sigh, "I must go and learn my lessons. You keep my book, Lucy, and then I shan't be looking at it all the time."

She laid it on the bed, close by her sister's thin, weak hand, and ran away. As soon as she was alone, Lucy took it up again. It was a child's book, full of nice little stories and simple poems, and she opened at the story of the child-martyr, "Rudolphus." By the time she got through it, the poor, weak arms were tired, and she was glad to drop them by her sides; but the spirit of the simple piece brought a little flush of pleasure to the sunken cheeks. "How beautiful!" she thought. "It was indeed a high reward to win the crown of martyrdom. And those men who put him to death, how little they knew that they were only unbarring the gates of life and glory the sooner for the noble child! Death wore a smiling face to him; and, oh! what must Heaven have seemed like to one who so deserved it! Oh! if I could give something to my Lord; but life and death seem both denied to me. It can scarcely be called *living* to be here: a burden to everyone, day after day. I am no good to God or man."

The flush was all gone from her face now, and it turned sorrowfully to the pillow, and remained motionless until Mrs. Grey and her sister, Jenny Bright, came in.

"Well, mother," said Lucy, as Mrs. Grey bent over her with a look of anxious tenderness.

"Well, my child. My poor darling; you are not comfortable at all. Couldn't you try to let us take you out, and make the bed soft and smooth?"

"Oh, mother, I can't bear it," said Lucy with a look of dread.

"But, my dear Lucy, it wasn't done yesterday, and the longer you leave it the more disinclined you are to be moved. If you leave it until to-morrow it will be worse, and it would make you feel so much better to —"

"I can't bear it, mamma," said Lucy again, turning her head restlessly from side to side, and getting excited.

"Well, well, my child, never mind. There, don't worry yourself. Now, you are going to try and eat a little tiny piece of chicken, like a darling, aren't you?"

"I can't eat anything, mother."

"Oh, my dear, do. It is so nice."

"Yes, mamma, I daresay it's very nice, but I can't eat it. I can't eat *anything*," and there was a quiet persistence, or, to speak plainly, obstinacy, in Lucy's manner, that her mother knew

it was useless to try to overcome, and she walked out of the room in tears, as she had often done lately. The sister, Jenny, followed her into the next room to ask her some question, and, as the door was left a little open, Lucy heard her say,

"I think Lucy might *try*, for your sake, to take things. She doesn't show much consideration for you."

"Oh, Jenny!" remonstrated the mother, "what can you expect? The poor child is a perfect martyr; think of her sufferings."

Aunt Jenny relented, and echoed her sister's sigh, as she thought over the weary weeks, now growing into months, that Lucy had lain there struggling with one complaint after another. Struggling it had been at first, but now, to their sorrow, they saw that she had almost ceased to fight against death, and that, day by day, she was growing weaker.

Mrs. Grey's next words showed that she was thinking of the same thing.

"She can't get well," she said hopelessly; "she is going; I shall have to give her up."

"Oh, I don't feel so hopeless," said Jenny; "she is young, and I think if she will only make an effort she'll recover."

"Ah, Jenny, you are not her mother," said Mrs. Grey.

"I know that," said Jenny, "but I have an impression on my mind that she will get better."

"But you heard what the doctor said."

"I don't care that for what the doctor said," said Jenny, snapping her fingers. "I don't believe in him much. I wish Alfred could come and see her," and there the conversation ended, but it set Lucy thinking.

A martyr! Was she a martyr? Was this living death the thing her Lord meant for her. She saw in a moment what she might have seen weeks ago, but for the blind unbelief of her heart, that, living or dying, laboring or suffering, her will was what He wanted of her.

"What is a martyr, Charlie?" she asked of her brother in the evening, when he came up to see her. "I mean, what is the dictionary meaning of the word?"

"One who, by his death, bears witness to the truth," said Charlie, who was often called the family dictionary.

"Then, there are no living martyrs?" said Lucy, in a little disappointed tone.

"I don't know about that," he said. "I hear of them sometimes. Many people think that you are one. The word is used with great liberty now-a-days."

"Well," thought Lucy, "I don't see that it makes much difference; the dying is only the sealing of the act. The *consenting* to suffer or die is the real thing. It would have been complete in the Lord's eyes if the judges had relented at the last moment, so long as the martyr had *given* himself. Well, I can give myself now. I thought I did it before, but I deceived myself."

Charlie was called down to his tea, and Lucy was left alone. A very, very, solemn time was that she passed before anyone came back to the room, in renewed self-consecration to Christ, and in earnest prayer that she might, in her little, narrow sphere of influence, be enabled to "bear witness to the truth," and sweet, deep peace fell around and enfolded her, bringing a pleasant reward for her gift of that will which seems to be the most costly gift Our Lord asks of us.

Lucy slept more that night than she had for weeks before. Struggling indeed she had been, though it had not appeared outwardly, but struggling against what? Against the Spirit of God, which would have drawn her closer to the Cross; and, now that she had laid down her arms, she seemed to rest as on the arm of the All-Father. She had a beautiful dream early in the morning. She thought she

saw the child-martyr going up to heaven. As he neared the beautiful gates, he changed to a star, and seemed to become part of the great indescribable light that streamed out upon him, and yet without being lost in it; and, just as she caught the sound of Heaven's music, she awoke with a smile, and found the morning sun streaming into the room, and Aunt Jenny standing, dressed, by the bed.

"Why, how bright you look!" said Aunt Jenny, kissing her.

"Do I?" said Lucy. "I have been dreaming about Heaven," she was going to add, but wisely checked herself, and Aunt Jenny did not know where the illumination came from.

The same thoughtfulness prevented Lucy's saying how painfully worn-out she felt when she was lifted back into bed again, after it had been shaken and arranged; but after Aunt Jenny had gently bathed her face and hands, and brushed her hair, and her mother had given her a few spoonfuls of some delicacy she had prepared for her, she said heartily, "Oh, it feels so comfortable! I m glad I had it done."

Her mother's look rewarded her for that, and helped her through the rest of the trying day. Jenny was a quick observer, and she looked at her niece wonderingly several times, when she heard, instead of the fretful, "I can't, mother," a cheerful "Well, I'll try."

At first she was afraid it was not a hopeful sign. Lucy's obstinacy had seemed to her something more earthly and promising than this submission, but, in a few days, she changed her mind.

"Aunt Jenny, let me hold that yarn for you," said Lucy one afternoon, when she had watched her aunt for some time holding and winding a skein of scarlet yarn.

"You, my dear child! You couldn't do it."

"Yes, let me try. Well, let me wind then?"

Aunt Jenny thought it best to humor her, and Lucy began her task with great pleasure, but after a very little while the delicate fingers went round slower and slower, and at last the ball dropped on the bed, and Lucy cried out half laughing,

"Oh, I'm so tired! My poor arms are quite used up with such an exertion."

"'Poor arms,' I think they are," said Jenny, and laying down her yarn, and pushing up Lucy's sleeves, she preceeded to rub the wasted members of which little remained but skin and bone.

"Now, don't stay here rubbing my arms," said Lucy, feebly pushing her away, "but go on with your work; I wish I could help you. I know you have so much to do between this and June."

"Oh, not so very much," said Jenny. "I have done a good bit this last fortnight, and what I can't do before then I must leave, that's all about it. I have nearly two months now."

"More than two months."

"Oh, yes, before the wedding; but Alfred is coming a fortnight before, to attend to some business here, and I don't expect to sew much after he comes; and, besides that, there will be the bustle of getting the house ready. I shall not have time to look at a needle."

"I should like to do a little bit of that tidy for you, Aunt Jenny," said Lucy a day or two later; "I see it doesn't get on very fast."

"Oh, I wish you would. You crochet so much better than I do,—I get into such confusion. Don't work long, Lucy."

"No, I will put it down when I'm tired; it's very pretty, isn't it?" she said, spreading it out to look at the pattern. "It will look very nice in the Doctor's study," she added with a smile as she began to draw the hook slowly through and through.

"Indeed it's not going in the Doctor's

study," said Jenny in pretended indignation.

"Aunt Jenny, wouldn't it be nice if 'Uncle Alfred' could attend me? What consultations you and he could hold on the stairs you know! Oh! wouldn't it be grand?"

"I wish he could attend you," said Jenny seriously. Then she added in another tone, "I know what he would prescribe now."

"What?" asked Lucy.

"A visit from John."

"John" was the Doctor's cousin, and an old beau of Lucy's. When he was a big boy, and she a mite of a girl, he had fallen in love with her, and been most devoted until he had gone away to G—— three years ago to begin business. Since then Lucy had seen very little of him, but the old joke had been kept up to her until her illness had made joking impossible. Until the last few days Lucy's manner had repelled any attempt to introduce such subjects of conversation, and as soon as Jenny had uttered the words she remembered herself, and looked up quickly to see how they were received, and she was re-assured by the smile and funny little look that Lucy gave her.

"Alfred went down to G—— to see John a week or two ago," she said after a pause. "At least he went there on business, and he and John spent an evening together. He told me they had a jolly oyster supper."

"Oh, how I should like some oysters," exclaimed Lucy.

"Would you?" said Jenny, and a few minutes later she left the room. She did it so quietly that Lucy did not think what she was gone for, until, in a very short time, she re-appeared with the desired oysters and a delicate slice of bread-and-butter.

"Why, Aunt Jenny! I had no idea you were going for these," Lucy exclaimed.

"No, I didn't intend you should, for I was afraid your appetite for them would be gone before I could get them if you were thinking about it. I was fortunate enough to get them at Smith's. I was afraid I should have to go all the way to Benning's, and that would have taken me so long."

"Oh, how good you are to me!" said Lucy, looking at the oysters with such a keen, hungry look as she had not given to anything for a long time.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Jenny coolly, as she gently raised the pillows a little and slipped another under. "I'd go all the way to G—— and fetch John, if I thought it would make you hurry and get well enough to see him by the time he came."

"Now, stop, Aunt Jenny, and behave yourself," said Lucy, laughing.

"I've been behaving myself too long already. What has come over you, Lucy, that I can venture to tease you again? You are so different this last day or two. Your mother's face is so bright."

"I'm very glad!" said Lucy. "I hope it will be brighter yet. I hope—"

What more she hoped, a threatening of rising tears prevented her saying. She felt all softened within since the day we first saw her. The rebellious, murmuring spirit was gone, and it could no longer vent itself in fretful looks and words and tones. They all noticed the difference, and Lucy's room became the favorite resort of all the family.

"What's come to you, Lucy?" asked Charlie one evening when they had been laughing together over some queer stories of office life he had been telling her. "A little while ago everyone seemed to have given you up as a gone case, and you seemed not to care what became of you; and all at once you took a turn as if you meant to get better."

"I do," said Lucy. "I mean to be Aunt Jenny's bridesmaid, so you can tell father he will have to buy me a new dress after all. Oh, Charlie! I ought to be so thankful."

"I guess you are," he said. "You are always looking as if you were."

Charlie told at the tea-table what Lucy had said. "I'd buy her twenty new dresses," said her father heartily. "She's the light of the house now, and what she will be when she gets well again, is more than I can tell."

It cost Lucy no small effort to keep up the sunshine through all the days of weakness still left to her, especially when she saw that they were getting used to seeing her improve, and the keen interest flagged a little; but she grew stronger spiritually as well as bodily, and was ready to meet the increasing demands on her strength. By the time she was tired of the oysters something else had taken her fancy, and when Dr. Campbell came, a fortnight before the wedding, she was able to sit up in her room, but had not been downstairs. He was delighted to see the improvement in her, for she had been a little pet of his when she was small enough to sit on his knee. He was a good many years older than Jenny, but the disparity was only in years. He was young in heart, and with his warmth and depth of nature, and kindliness of temper, he promised to make an excellent husband. And Jenny deserved a good one, for she was a downright, sound-principled, earnest-hearted girl. She and Lucy were more like sisters than she and Mrs. Grey were, and to Mrs. Grey she gave a daughter's respect no less than a sister's love.

"My dear little woman!" said the doctor when he paid his first visit to Lucy, "you are looking charming. I didn't expect to see such a complete cure in so short a time."

"I could hardly have done better under your treatment, could I, Uncle Alfred?" said Lucy, audaciously giving the doctor the title he had not yet a right to. "But you see I wanted to stand by and see the very last of Jenny Bright, or 'Bright Jenny' as father calls her."

"Do you think she'll never be bright anymore when she is married?" he asked, pinching Lucy's thin cheek.

"I don't know how Lucy manages to look so bright, but don't you be deceived in her, Alfred," said Jenny. "I think though you might have made an effort for her sake, and stopped in G——, and brought John with you. After saying to herself all the time, 'The Campbells are coming,' it's a sad disappointment to find that it's only you."

"I did stop in G——, Jenny, but John couldn't come with me. He looked very melancholy about it, and made most particular enquiries for a certain young lady. Never mind, Lucy, he is coming by-and by. He has promised to stand by me and catch me when the fainting time comes."

"And shall I have to catch Aunt Jenny?" asked Lucy.

"No, you can devote all your energies to catching John," was Jenny's parting shot as she took herself off.

There were so many jokes against Lucy about John that when he did come, and news was brought to her room that he was coming up to see her, she blushed and felt quite nervous; but when he sprang in, and, making a rush at her, caught her in his arms and kissed her as he would have done three years before, she forgot to be confused, and gave him a good warm welcome.

"Why, little sweetheart?" he exclaimed, dropping on one knee beside her sofa, "there isn't much of you left. They said you had improved wonderfully, but if you have I can't think what you can have been at the worst. And they've been and gone and cut off your beautiful hair, too!"

"Yes," said Lucy, pathetically, "it was that Aunt Jenny did it. Oh, she has no more heart. Look at her; I believe at this moment she only regrets that it didn't match the color of her own."

"I dare say. But come, old lady,

you're coming down stairs to tea. I'm going to carry you."

"I think I can walk," said Lucy, delighted at the thought of joining the merry party at the tea-table.

"Well, you are not going to," and, suiting the action to the word, he caught her up in his arms, and bore her off to the dining-room.

There was a general exclamation of delight as they entered the room, and a great rush to get an easy-chair for Lucy. After tea she was placed comfortably on the parlor sofa, and John established himself beside her.

"Lucy, dear," he whispered, bending over her once in the evening, "what is there about you that makes you sweet? I can't help looking at you, and the rest of the folks can't let you alone a minute."

"Oh, I'm an interesting invalid, you know," she said, laughingly, though a little flush rose to her cheek.

"No, I'm sure that's not it," he said, emphatically. "I am not at all partial to invalids, but I'm very partial to you. I think I know what it is," he added in a lower tone; "you were always a dear little thing, but now you are *good* too. Isn't that it?"

"Not very good, John," she whispered back, shaking her head; "but I think I'm changed a little."

He pressed her hand silently to express his perfect understanding of her meaning, and she rejoiced that so far she had been able to "bear witness to the truth."

All the day of the wedding she was kept as quiet as possible, as the ceremony was to take place in the evening, and she wanted to stand up with her aunt. John insisted on helping her down stairs himself before he and the doctor went into the drawing-room, and as Mr. Grey took the bride in immediately, and the ceremony was soon performed, Lucy managed to stand it out, and then her devoted lover took upon himself the privilege of his office as groomsman, and attended to her to his heart's content. It was quite a family party, and there was no need for any formality, of which freedom John gladly availed himself when supper-time came, and, instead of offering Lucy his arm in the orthodox way, he coolly put it round her waist, much to the amusement of everybody, and half-carried her into the dining-room.

After the wedding was over, and the bridal-party gone, the house was all alive with callers to see the invalid, who was the subject of the greatest wonder to all her acquaintances. She had been given up by every one but her aunt and herself. Jenny had always, as she said to Miss Grey, had a feeling that Lucy would recover, and Lucy herself had never quite believed that she was dying. She had felt all the time as if she might get well if she tried, but she had grown so listless and depressed that life did not seem worth the effort. She knew now that this was a wrong feeling, and that it was her duty to use all the means in her reach to retain the life that was given by the Almighty to be spent in His service.

In the fall Lucy spent a few weeks in Jenny's beautiful house in B——, and John managed to meet her there, and spend some delightful days in her company. Before they parted he tried to persuade her to write to him, but she said she would not promise then, but she encouraged him to hope that after his intended visit to her home in the winter, if her father and mother had no objection, she would begin a correspondence with him; so the fall and winter were brightened for both of them with hope. John seemed so steady and reliable, and was so unmistakably affectionate, that Lucy was not afraid to look forward to a happy future. When Christmas came he found that he would only have a day with Lucy if he took his holiday then, but that if he left it until the beginning of the new year, he could have a week; so Christmas week passed, and Lucy

was thinking that in a few days he would be here, when, one day, a neighbor, a Mrs. Allingham, called on Mrs. Grey. She was a member of the same church the Greys attended, and was called a very good woman; but she was no great favorite with any of the family. Lucy could not help noticing all through the call that she was uneasy in her manner, but it was not until Miss Grey was called out of the room that she found out why. Then, however, the lady burst out with, "Well, Lucy, your beau has been carrying on nicely!"

Lucy would have liked to put her and the subject down at once by an air of cold dignity and unconcern; but, true to her principle of treating every one as pleasantly as possible, she took a wiser course, and said with a smile, "Which of them, Mrs. Allingham?"

"Which! I didn't know you had more than one. I mean John Campbell. Did you hear how he spent Christmas day?"

Lucy shook her head.

"Well I did, I'm sorry to say; I'm sorry for your sake, and for my sister, Mrs. Hallet's, for her son Dick was in his company. They made up a party, those two, and four or five others, hired a sleigh, and went out to a place they call 'St. Claire's,' another such a place as 'Baker's,' out on the L——road; and they stayed there drinking and carousing all day, and drove back to town in the evening like a lot of wild fellows, *all* a good bit the worse for liquor. I know it's true, and I'm *very* sorry indeed."

Lucy's heart for a moment seemed to stand still, and her cheeks whitened, but she retained her composure enough to make Mrs. Allingham think that after all it was not such a blow as she expected. As soon as she was gone, Lucy carried her heavy aching heart to her own room, and sat down to think it out. Leaning her elbows on the arms of the lounge, and pressing her throbbing temples between her hands, she tried to lay the matter calmly before herself, and to decide what to do. How she longed to take up the comfort of disbelieving the whole story, but she could not; she dared not. She knew that Mrs. Allingham had told her in sincerity, and on reliable authority, because she had mentioned her nephew, and she was not one to tell anything against her own kin unless she had some strong reason. And Lucy knew that John's genial disposition made it likely he *might* be led into such a thing, but she had hoped his tastes were pure and his principles stronger.

"But John might have been drawn into such a company, and not have been like the rest, or have approved of such doings," she thought, and then she remembered that Mrs. Allingham had said emphatically, "*all* a good bit the worse for liquor," and so she was tossed about from hope to fear, and fear to hope. "Well, he will be here soon, and then I shall ask him about it."

All her thinking came to that conclusion, until after her father and mother were in bed, and Charlie came to her room, and obtaining leave to come in, told her the same story, which he had heard from an old school-friend of his and John's.

In the midst of her trouble about John, Lucy was glad to see that Charlie took it very much to heart, and was honestly distressed and disappointed. She did not know that her influence had led Charlie to see things often with her eyes, but so it was. He was gradually adopting her opinions, and aiming at her standard of excellence.

After he left her, she sat still on the lounge far into the night, thinking and praying. She could not collect her thoughts enough to frame a connected prayer, but her overcharged heart found relief by an occasional cry for help and direction, and she felt sustained and comforted by the thought of having an Almighty hand to cling to, through the darkness of her clouded way. It was

very late when she bethought herself that she ought to try and take some rest to prepare her for the next days duties; more especially as she had decided, since she knew that Charlie had heard the story, to write to John instead of waiting to see him; and she felt quite unequal to the task until she had rested, for she was still weak and it took but a little to bring her down. She had no hesitation as to the right course for her to pursue. She must write and tell John that she had heard something about him which made her think it best that they should not begin a correspondence; but, to show him that she had no wish to condemn him unheard, she would ask him if he had any objection to telling her how, and in what company he had spent Christmas day. She had no false notions as to her duty to him. She knew she had no right to expect happiness herself, nor to be able to make one happy, who sought his pleasure in ways so far removed from what she considered right; and there was running in her mind a line or two that she had read, but had forgotten where, or exactly how they ran; but she knew they were something like:

"To thine ownself be true.

* * * * * * *

Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

But however clear her notions were as to her duty, the sting, the smart, remained. John had not yet formally asked her to be his wife, but she knew he loved her, and she loved him; and now to know that he could come down to such a level! And to feel that she must give up her beautiful dreams, and the right to think of him as she had done, and to withdraw her influence from him—this last the hardest of all—weighed very heavily on her young heart. Once the thought suggested itself to her that she might ignore the rumor, but if John came and paid his visit, and asked her again for the correspondence, without telling her of the affair, she could laugh it aside, and let him think that she had only felt a childish attachment for him, and then his self-esteem would not be wounded, and certainly it would be a more modest course for her to pursue, than to write and take it for granted that his request for an occasional letter from her, meant an offer of marriage. But she put the thought away as a suggestion from the evil one, and decided to meet the matter openly and honestly. It was better, she felt, for John to lose faith in himself than in her. And then, with regard to her influence over him, she felt that it would be a broken reed to trust to. No, her husband, if she ever had one, must be restrained from evil, from *principle*, and not merely from fear of grieving his wife. She wanted him to build on a surer foundation. If her influence could lead him to the one sure Rock on which he could safely rest, then all would be well, but unless that could be done, she could not trust her future life to his keeping and guidance.

"And oh!" she thought, over and over again, with many bitter tears, "to think that *John* should do such a thing! To think that *he*, of all people, should sink so low!"

It was very, very hard for Lucy to keep up under this weight of sorrow and anxiety, and do her duty in the house, in society, and in the church; but she sought and found strength where it is never sought in vain. The room was the scene of many an outpouring of prayers and tears, and she received all the comfort and all the grace that it is only the privilege of those who suffer to receive. But when week after week passed and no John came, and no letter, and all the excuses she made for him died away, such a feeling of utter loneliness and weariness came over her that she would gladly have given up the conflict at once and died, but she knew that such was not the divine will. She must go on bearing witness a little longer, and then, by-and-bye she could rest.

The weeks passed on and were growing into months before this burden was lifted off her heart, and meanwhile she smiled, and laughed, and talked, determined that she would inflict her sorrow on no one, but bravely bear it in silence until her Father should take it from her. And oh! how thankful she was afterwards that she had not fretted nor murmured under the cross.

One day in March she was sitting alone, copying a piece of poetry for Bessie, when a voice at the door, enquiring for her, set her heart palpitating painfully; then the door opened, and John came in. She rose and held out her hand without speaking, and as he came near to grasp it, she saw that he was looking very careworn and anxious. He looked round to see if they were alone, and then said,

"Lucy, I've come to explain something to you, and to thank you. I hope you can receive me without any— or without much pain. Can you?"

"I am glad to see you, John," she said, "but it is so unexpected that I scarcely know what to say, or how I feel."

"Sit down," he said, placing her on a chair, for he saw that she trembled very much. "Lucy," he began again nervously, standing with his hand on the back of her chair, "I suppose you wondered why I never answered your letter, but the fact is, I didn't know how to. You were not deceived in the report you heard of me. It was all true; but I hope, after all, I am not such a bad fellow as you thought me. I don't like such doings, and I never would join such a party again, even if I did not know you, but I was led into that; I was looking forward so eagerly to meeting you, Lucy, and to persuading you to love me, and I felt so impatient at the delay that I was glad of something to pass the time away. I did not intend to drink at all when I went out, but we were so cold, and there were so many reasons urged why I should, that I yielded weakly, and all that I could do or say since, has not undone the mischief that my weakness that day did. You may know that the first sight of your letter didn't make me feel very happy. Before I read it all I felt that I could *kill* myself for doing such a thing, and when I read it —Lucy, it cut me to the heart! I saw at once the utter defencelessness of a man without religion, and I saw that it was something besides your finer nature that made you so far above me. I think I am changed a little, Lucy;" he was bending over her by this time, and had taken one of her hands. "Do you think you can put me back *almost* into the place I once held in your esteem?"

"I can, John," she said, tearfully, "I am glad to be able to respect and believe in you again just as I used to."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and then said, "How did you hear about it?"

She told him the story as well as she could, and her broken voice and her tears told him much more than her words. Before she ended she was in his arms with her head resting on his breast, and something in the way he drew his breath made her keep her face down and not look up into his for a long time.

"Lucy," he said, in a trembling voice after a long silence, "God helping me, you shall never suffer like that about me again."

"No John, I feel sure of that. There is no doubt about God helping you, if you want him to."

They sat for sometime longer in silence, and then, kissing her hand again, John said, "Do you know what else I want to help me, my darling? I want you, and a home of my own. If I had had any place resembling a home to spend that day in, or if any kind-hearted people had asked me to join their Christmas festivities, however simple they might have been, I should never have gone out with that party. I

have no mother or sister you know, and I want a wife. Lucy, you gave me a little hope last summer that you cared for me. Can you trust me well enough to give me back that hope again?"

"Yes, John," she whispered. "But," she added aloud, "you must set yourself right with Charlie, or else I *know* he will think it his duty to interfere. He was *so* distressed, John, and I was glad to see it, for I want to see him keep from such things. You'll tell him how you feel about it, won't you?"

"Yes," said John, "I'll tell him. *I'm* glad, too, that Charlie's tastes don't incline that way; you have had something to do with that. If all women were like you, my love, we men would be better too. The thought of the purity of the woman we loved would keep us from a great many evils. That thought was for a long time the bitterest drop in my cup of repentance, but I would not have lost it for anything. So you see how I want you, Lucy. I can't give you such a home yet as this, or as Alfred gave Jenny, but you don't want to wait for that, do you? Couldn't we be happy in a little, quiet, simple home, now while we're young and hopeful? and by-and-by we'll be better off. Are you willing to try the experiment?"

Lucy slowly raised her face from its hidingplace on his shoulder, and gave him a silent but most complete and satisfactory answer.

TECUMSETH HALL.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

"I wish I could sleep forever," muttered Kitten, the next morning, as she came back in her wrapper after having performed duty as ladies' maid to Miss Spragg.

She threw on her clothes as if by magic. The curl papers were tossed far and wide. "Just a lick and a promise," said she, throwing a little water over her face, and running her hands through the short curls until they frizzled over her well-formed head.

"I hear a bell," said Myrtle, who was giving the finishing touches to her dainty toilette.

"That is 'morning study bell.' Now it's against the rules to speak, and there is twenty-five minutes to say your prayers and wind yourself up for the day. It's my practice time. I have my devotions after breakfast, when the music girls and ones that study now have theirs. You had better learn a verse for chapel. Bother, where is my music?" Kitten scrambled through a pile of books, finally drew out two sheets of tattered exercises, and then skipped down the passage-way. Myrtle was left alone in the topsey-turvey room. In a few moments, Miss Gamble joined her with a paper of directions for the day.

"Good morning, dear; is your window open? Was your ventilator open last night? Ah! yes, I see, it's fresh as possible; but what a room."

Miss Gamble looked round at the confusion with a patient smile. The carpet was strewed with torn papers. The bed-clothes were awry. Kitten's muddy boots adorned the window-sill. (She had put them to dry on the previous night). The table was littered with books, and everything was at odds and ends.

"I came in for a little talk," said Miss Gamble, sitting down near the window. She had a pleasant face, firm mouth, and wonderfully quick motions.

"Now, this hour," she continued, "is divided into two parts. Every young lady is expected to spend thirty minutes in meditation and reading of her Bible. The other half she spends in practice or study. We breakfast at seven. Walk from half-past eight until nine. At that time the school opens in the chapel-room. A few words about your little room-mate, then I must go to the study room; it is my day to be on guard, as Kitten would say." Clearly Kitten had wound her way into the lady's heart.

"She is a very lovable girl, but a fine nature has been spoiled by bad training, I have some friends in the village where she was brought up, and I've heard that her life at home was a weary one. Now I do not know if you love good things. I trust you do. I want you to be a steadfast friend to Kitten, and bear with her for awhile. Perhaps, if she chooses, she will try you very very much. If she loves you, she will be a faithful little friend. I know her well, although she takes many a twist and freak. Do not talk to her of her faults. Show her the example. I decided instantly last evening to put her with you."

"Why, Miss Gamble?" enquired Myrtle, earnestly.

"Oh, I am a witch, my dear. I've been studying faces for twenty years. I was very young when I began life as a teacher, and I've had to do with girls, old and young, good and bad, tidy and untidy, every sort of girls in fact, so I know them pretty well. I know those I can trust. You may take the room for this week. I will be around at a quarter after eight to see if it's in order. Good morning." She went down the hall to the big study, where she was rapturously greeted on all sides.

Left to herself, Myrtle, who loved order, put everything in its accustomed place, and having given a few dainty touches, by which a cozy air was imparted to the room, she sat down and read her chapter as she had been used to do since childhood. Then, having repeated the prayers learned from old Mamie, she seated herself by the open window, and took a good view of Hayton and its surroundings.

Below her was the flower-garden with its pretty walks, also a croquet ground. Farther on came the kitchen garden, near by it a long building, the side fronting being open. In it were swings, hanging-rings, boxes of mallets and balls, beside many other devices for amusement. Stretching away from the gymnasium was a sloping field, through which meandered a tiny rivulet, which merrily sang that fair September morning:

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

Hedging in all was a grove of poplar, maple, butternut and cedar. The eastern sky was flushed and golden streaked, and slowly over the distant hills "forth from the curtain of clouds" came "the Great High Priest in his garments resplendent," blessing the world with warmth and sunlight. The glad morning air brought a fresh sweetness to Myrtle's face, and smilingly she answered Kitten's summons of,

"Breakfast! there's the second bell."

The two ran nimbly through the deserted halls, down the long winding stairs; but were too late. The glass doors were closed, through them they could see long lines of girls standing behind their chairs, while Miss Gamble asked a blessing.

Kitten drew Myrtle quickly in when the servant opened the door. Before she had time to feel nervous, they were seated at the further end of the immense room.

Myrtle glanced timidly around. No one had noticed her. All were intent on their porridge and syrup. Presently she heard a voice, a little above on the opposite side of the table.

"A new one!" Then another voice harsh and quick,

"I suppose; when did *she* come?"

"She is fine looking, and dresses well," said first voice.

"Proud," muttered second.

The owner of the first voice laughed affectedly, and said, as she dawdled over her plate:

"You are so odd, my dear. Do you treat 'Hum' to any of your little speeches?"

"Oh no, the dear creature. Will you play that duet this morning, or shall I?"

"You, of course."

They wandered off from Myrtle, who, indignant at their cool criticism, began a close inspection of both.

The first speaker had quantities of fiery red hair coiled elaborately around a small head. Her face was pale and her mouth pimply. She wore a dress of plaided white and mauve, with ribbons to correspond.

The second was a thin-faced girl, with a vinegar aspect. Her beautiful hands were well displayed. She was dressed in mourning, and there was a a general air of meanness in her *toute ensemble.*

"Who are those two young ladies near the brown bread?" whispered Myrtle, under cover of the noise of the servants pouring coffee.

"Miss French and Miss Grabb. They are Yankees. I can't bear them. They flirt with the music master and powder their faces. See! there is Mary Flight. That one up higher, the long lanky thing with the tipped-up nose. She is going to marry a minister The next one with lovely gold hair is Violet Greene, an English girl. She got sick last term and left before I got to know her well."

"Who is the beautiful lady in blue, away over at the table of little girls?" asked Myrtle, in a tone of admiration.

"That is Miss Edith Long, a junior teacher. Look how she puts her spoon in her mouth, as if she was afraid it would pop down her throat.

"I think she is lovely," said Myrtle, and ever and anon she glanced over at the pure face with its broad intellectual brow, clear, shy eyes, and sensitive mouth.

Away up at the head of their own table, sat Miss Gamble, beaming on all so cheerfully that in spite of her dried wheat complexion, snub nose, and big mouth, Myrtle thought her very nice looking. It was the charm of a beautiful soul that gave the plain woman a something so attractive that she drew young hearts to her for sympathy and love.

"Who is the stout lady with the large water-fall?" asked Myrtle, as they bent over their thick coffee.

"That is 'Greasy,' the German teacher. See, she has made her mark on the wall. Are you going to take German?"

"Yes."

"Well, look sharp then; she will eat you. I was turned out of the class. The old dame in the fuzzy wrapper is Mademoiselle. She's got a heart like a big pumpkin. We all like her."

"What is it, Minnie?" asked Kitten of one of the little girls in pinafores who sat opposite.

"Some more hash, please; and will you show me how to do my questions. I tried until I was tired?" said Minnie, as she passed her plate.

"I'm your man," said Kitten. "Box 18, sharp after breakfast. You will find me at home. This is Miss Haltaine, my new room-mate. The Misses Mith," she said, turning to Myrtle.

The little girls giggled and nodded, then made frantic efforts to well supply their small frames, for Miss Gamble was about to rise.

After breakfast, Myrtle was conducted to the wing where Mr. and Mrs. Mason lived. There she was put through an examination by the lady. A tall, fine figured lady with marked decision written in every line of her strong face. Mr. Mason, an elderly, stout gentleman, with a pale, studious face, hoped that her stay would be a happy one. He left very soon, and, as he took his hat, he said, "Charlotte, do not send the class at eleven; I have to lecture in the college this morning."

From this and other things, Myrtle gleaned that Mr. Mason taught but little in Hayton, and devoted most of his time to the young men's classes in the town.

At "Chapel Service," as they called morning prayers, several of the girls gave out texts, among which, Myrtle always remembered Kitten saying, in her plaintive tones, while her eyes, with a soft, dreamy look, glanced away out of the window, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Afterwards a little one said softly, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me."

Myrtle proved to be far behind her schoolmates in the more solid branches. She had eaten deeply of "jam tarts" and yet more wholesome food, still she had never thrived on brown bread and porridge. As Kitten put it, she did not

need to eat the "whale" to gain brains; but, having been born with them, and having trained them very much her own way, they were still latent. Poetry and romance being the chief fruit, the wide fields were ready for the ploughshare of thought, method and research.

She applied herself in earnest, and, engrossed with her studies and a growing love for Kitten, she forgot her homesickness and wrote Miss Douglass sunny letters that came like a part of Myrtle's sweet self to gladden the inmates of Tecumseth.

Chapter XV.

The first Sunday at Hayton was a lovely autumn day. The breakfast was at eight, and greasy, indigestible muffins were served extra as a treat. Everyone appeared in fresh apparel. The little girls in pinafores were as fresh as daisies. Miss French's face was paler and her abundant braids had an extra twitch. Miss Grab appeared meaner than ever in her scanty robes. Kitten delighted her heart in her new kid slippers, and pretty Miss Long looked shyer and sweeter. Her clear eyes had an expectant look which Kitten soon explained.

"I guess Miss Long will see Mr. Sharp to-day. Don't she friz her front hair nice! So soft and wavy; and those blue knots stuck on the side look cunning, don't they?"

Chapel service was longer this morning. "An extra dose because it's Sunday," said Kitten. Miss Grab played the organ as if her slender fingers were so many bones. The tones came clear and firm, but lacked the something Myrtle liked—the heart, perhaps.

Then the well-trained voices burst forth, led by Miss French's splendid contralto.

Mr. Mason's prayer was so heart-felt that morning that a perfect stillness reigned through the great room. A hushed, attentive audience listened afterwards to the simple, sincere address of the good, earnest man. When the girls were dismissed, they wandered at will through the garden and play-ground. Kitten coaxed Myrtle down to the brook, and, finding a shady, mossy seat, they prepared their verses for Bible Class.

"There, I know mine," said Kitten in a short time. "Will you hear me, please. Seven verses of the first chapter of Revelation?"

She recited them correctly, then, flinging herself on the grass, she began to hunt for four-leafed clover.

"Ready?" said Kitten at last, after a vain search.

"Yes, the twenty-third Psalm."

"I shall not want; I shall not want," murmured Kitten, as Myrtle ceased.

"I wonder if David ever felt tired of himself? He seems to be thinking that he will get rested here."

"Everybody gets tired, I suppose, Kitten; I hardly know what you mean," replied Myrtle, who could scarcely understand the hunger and thirst of her friend's heart.

"But I've been tired so long, and, do you know, when I'm laughing at my maddest, something keeps saying, 'In the midst of life we are in death! In the midst of life we are in death?'"

The sad look came back to the beautiful eyes, but, in an instant, it was gone, as she said, "Look! there's the English girl, Violet Green. She is coming this way; see how her hair shines; she was the prettiest girl last term. Miss French says you have a distinguished air. I like Violet's hair; it's like gold. She don't look tired; still she has not the something you have. I can hardly express it. Someway, she would yield to the wind, while you would be like the tree Mrs. Mason talks of, every time the wind comes it strikes its roots firmer into the mountain side."

"Oh, Kitten, is it you!" said Violet's silvery tones, as she came nearer.

"Yes, it's I; and this is Myrtle Haltaine. Guess you ain't acquainted yet.'

Violet bowed and blushed, while she played with the book-marker of her Bible.

"Take a seat. Cheap sitting as standing," said brusque Kitten. They all laughed and felt easier. Violet nestled down by the stone, and Kitten began to plait up the shower of glittering hair that fell over her friends' shoulders.

"Are you all over your sickness now?" she asked kindly.

"Not quite yet; but I'm better, thanks."

"You came near going off the hooks, eh?" again enquired Kitten, with the utmost composure, as she twisted up the heavy braids into a gleaming coronet around the white brow.

"I came near dying, you mean, dear Kittie. I got better, though mamma and the doctor gave up hopes once. I may have another attack again."

"Aren't you awfully afraid," said Kitten, seriously.

"I? Oh, no. I'm ready to go any time. You remember the girl in the 'May Queen,' Kittie, ?" she said.

"And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done! Sometimes when the girls sing as they did this morning I want to go right away. Is that Miss Long beckoning to us?"

"Yes, what does she want?"

"Oh, I forgot. I promised to take her class of little girls; she is going home to dinner, and I do not know where the lesson is." Violet went away, and Kitten said slowly,

"She talks about her death as if it were holidays. Miss Gamble told me once that she might die any moment. It's heart disease she has. For all that she may live to be an old lady. Come now, it's church time."

They went to church and sat in the gallery in the Hayton seats. Not long after they assembled, a great number of young men and boys flocked into the pews below.

"College boys," said Kitten. "See that stumpy squint-eyed man; that is Mary Flight's beaux. The one with the long-tailed coat and the short pants. Mary thinks it is prime to be engaged. When she got boxes last term I used to help her to write her love letters. Mind you I made them soft. He is going to be a minister, and they are going away to Labrador, I think it is."

"Miss Corry is making eyes at us," whispered Myrtle. "Do be quiet, like a dear."

"Let her," said Kitten. "Dame Trot cannot quench this child! Oh, there are the Longs. I visit these sometimes. See that is Mr. Sharp. The tall one with the well ironed shirt and the nice blue eyes. Oh, but he is clever, I tell you what. You watch; he will walk home with Miss Long after church. They go along like two turtle doves. Now we must be quiet, here is Mr. Mason."

"Does *he* preach, Kitten?"

"Of course he does. Look at Corry's eyes. Squint away, dear. Now I will be quiet; Miss Gamble is shaking her head at us."

The service was a beautifully impressive one, and Myrtle went home feeling someway as if she had been asleep all her days and some one was tapping to wake her up. Dinner that day consisted of cold meat, mashed potatoes, apple-pie and weak tea. In the evening, after tea (at which, in addition to the usual repast, they partook of heavy cake, thinly strewn with dirty currants), the Hayton school girls again attended service. The speaker was a stranger whose simple, eloquent words won their way to many hearts, and one young listener went home with the tapping growing louder. She forgot to *repeat* the prayer taught by Mamie to her infant lips; and formed a heart-felt one for herself.

Chapter XVI.

One o'clock at Hayton and the building is in a buzz. Girls, girls in every

direction, laughing, chatting, sparring. Here a group by a globe. There a pair studying over a map; some in the windows; some in the music rooms; some dancing in the sitting room; others lounging in the reading room.

"Letters!" screams Kitten from her watch tower on the fence by the front gate. There is a rush for the windows, and, for some moments, Simon, the carrier, becomes a person of distinction. All watch him with longing eyes as he enters and crosses the lawn to Mr. Mason's office, where he hands in the big bag. Then there is a general scattering, for the monitors distribute the letters at the bed-room doors.

"Mary Flight is post-master this week. Dear, I hope I will get one. Aunt Betty might send my pay," cried Kitten, as she pranced like a young colt outside the door of 18.

"Your pay, Kittie?" said Myrtle glancing up from her "English Literature" which she was studying at the table.

"Yes, my ten cents a week for staying here. Oh, Miss Mary Flight, I'm delighted to see you. A letter? Oh be joyful!"

Kitten seized three letters and hopped on to the bed.

"Shut the door, Myrtle. Here, 'Miss Katherine Jane Airlie,'—shaky hand, that's Aunt Bettie. Bless her old soul. 'Miss Myrtle Haltaine,'—round hand, blots and flourishes, that is from a boy, I bet. Another, 'Miss Myrtle Haltaine,'—lady's hand, graceful and easy. Heathfield post mark. Here you are, dear. Let us read.'"

She sent the envelope spinning across the room, and, settling a pillow to steady her back against the wall, she read eagerly:—

"DEAR KATHERINE JANE:—

"Been as it's about time for us to settle up, I take my pen so as to let you know that we are all tolerable, except, perhaps, father. He's a touch of rhumatics, and Cousin Ann she's *nuriligia* pretty considerable. I'm at my usual and am making my apple-sass. Joseph's little boys felt powerful bad after you went, and cried until they were nigh sick. Children were always mighty fond of you, Katherine. I don't know why, I'm sure your ways ain't taking, but you'll mind to behave proper up thare. Mind we ain't agoing to give you schooling for nothing. Father he is bound to give you a clean sweep through everything. I take it that a girl needs to learn house-work as well as jim-cracks, so does cousin Ann, and she's a woman of sense. I'm against your being a school-ma'am, as was your mother. Always said she brought on her sickness by stooping over desks and breathing close air. Your father too, he was given too much to larning. It was his Greek and Latin fudge that killed him. You just take warning by them as has gone afore. You take advantage by what goes on up to Hayton, and prepare yourself for a lasting eternity, for you cannot go on at this poor dying rate. My duty to Miss Mary Flight and others from these parts. I send you a dollar. Don't spend it on sin. I draw this letter to a close, hoping you will put on your flannels early, as you are apt to ketch cold, and doctor's bills ain't as cheap as they might be.

"Your Aunt,

"BETSY STANLEY."

Kitten turned her head on the pillow, and after a long silence said pleadingly,

"Myrtle, would you mind reading your letters to me, so that I can know how other people write to their friends?"

"Yes, Kitten, I will read Aunt Theresa's," was the willing answer. "Listen now."

"MY VERY DEAR MYRTLE:—

"Your kind and loving letter was brought to me this morning, while I was sorting Philip's shells. I assure you that the merry vein in it cheered m

heart immensely. Is it not wonderful that we can write, and thus give our friends the benefit of our feelings and thought? It is indeed the gift of our Heavenly Father.

"Tom's letters are very amusing. I have had two within a few days. Now I watch for news from my children as eagerly as I suspect they both wait for word from *home*. The Hall is very quiet, Myrtle dear. It will be a great pleasure to me when your school-days are over. The little Trevors come over occasionally, and ask wonderingly where the nice girl with the pretty dresses has gone to. Mrs. Trevor is her sunshiny self. Mr. Trevor laughingly wishes for Christmas and the song of our nightingale.

" Philip is buried in business, in addition to which he superintends a night-school, and is enlisting my interest in a class for the factory girls. In spare moments we have had some delightful readings. I have enjoyed some of Macaulay's Essays greatly this fall, but this will not be interesting to you as you have yet to read them.

"What shall I tell you of now? Yes, I must not forget the Irvings. Mrs. Irving is still the charming lady we have always found her to be. Mr. Irving is quite my idea of a country squire, and Greyley is the scene of much hospitality. I must tell you that Guy has gone to college, and Gerard is now on his way to his ship. Miss Baxter Burke is busily engaged in collecting old debts. She speaks hopefully of the time when our Tom will be her father's partner.

"As I write in my own room, I see the Trevors in their garden. Mr. Trevor is tossing little Harry, and Mrs. Trevor is trundling Daisy in the 'little barrow.' Chickie, Percy and Tessie are playing tag. There now, Philip is coming from the office, and the children are rushing to meet him. His grave ways do not frighten them in the least, for he takes kindly interest in their little woes and joys. I must go down and give Rosalie some directions for tea. She has already commenced a siege on your room. I expect it will be in beautiful order when you come. Write very soon, Myrtle, and, my dear child, you have the kindest wishes and most sincere love of

" Your affectionate Aunt

" THERESA."

"Don't you just love her," cried Kitten, as Myrtle folded up the sheets of paper with tender hands.

" Indeed I do. Here is Tom's letter. He writes in jerks, but then he is honest and a real friend."

"DEAR SUNFLOWER,

"Have been digging all day. Now a few words to you, just for variety. College Hill Square boarding-house serene; two old pea-soup Methodist ladies to keep a fellow straight. Have had some splendid letters from aunt. Not over crammed with good advice, but someway in such a way that one cannot go far astray. When one knows that the most blessed old lady in the world trusts him, then he wants to be a credit. The medicals are a jolly hard lot, but good chaps. One Irish woman who has a sick boy (poor little shaver) in the hospital, says that the 'medical students are just the best young gintlemen out of Hiven.' Sorry for the rest. Guy Irving is a heavy swell. Floats round and has a big time. Saw Olive and Grace Harris hoofing it down street this afternoon as if they were in mortal agony. They were all in style.

"About the drinking and smoking business. Honor bright, Myrtle, I'll stick to the rigging, so don't worry your kind sisterly heart. Write soon, do. Just before I left home, Miss Baxter came to me, beaming like a basket of chips. 'Thomas,' says she. 'Very well,' says I. 'Thomas a good correspondent is an estimable privilege to a young man subjected to the dangers of college life. I will take it on myself to give you my counsels at times.' I knew her dodge in a second, but told her to fire away. Isn't she a schemer? She wants

to get all the news out of me. One of her epistles winged its way to my grinning gaze last week. *I am quite posted on Heathfield affairs.* In return for her manifold kindness to a *soft* boy, I sent her my notes on Mr. G——'s Sunday sermon, and a receipt for pickled peaches. Tell me all about Hayton. Take care of yourself and

"Believe me, very muchly,

"TOM.

"P.S.—Guy has the cheek to send you his love. As Aunt Theresa does not approve of that kind of thing, I better not send it, eh Myrtle?"

"Tom likes fun, don't he," said Kitten. "Who is Miss Baxter?"

"Dr. Burke's daughter. She takes a great interest in Tom. He studied with her father during the summer. There is the bell, Kitten. It's English Literature, first hour."

BERNADOTTE.

BY FANNY FRENCH.

On the 20th of January, 1763, the household of a respectable lawyer residing at Pau, in the south of France, was gladdened by the birth of a son, who, in a short time, according to French custom, was baptized, and received the name of John Baptiste Julien. For the next few years the boy, bright, handsome and healthy, might be seen with his playmates in the streets of the quaint old French town, enjoying the out-door life so pleasant in that genial clime.

When John Bernadotte was fifteen his father wished him to embrace his own profession, the law; but the life planned was so distasteful to him that he left his home and enlisted as a private in the Royal Marines.

This act of extreme disobedience seems extraordinary on the part of a lad who, in after life, gave proof of being swayed by high principles and a sense of duty, and would lead to the idea of undue harshness on the part of the elder Bernadotte.

Weak indulgence is bad, but it is wise, as well as loving, in parents to consider the bent of the inclinations in so important a thing as the choice of a profession for a son, as success and usefulness greatly depend upon it. Where there is a strong liking for any particular calling, peculiar ability for it generally exists also.

This was eminently the case with John Bernadotte.

During the war then raging between France and England, Bernadotte served in the East Indies, and, although so young, showed so much military talent, that a year after his enlistment he was made a corporal, and on his return to France, in 1783, a sergeant. In 1789 a very daring and humane act raised him in rank and general estimation.

At the risk of his own, he succeeded in saving the life of the Marquis d'Aubert, the colonel of his regiment, who was exposed to the fury of a revolutionary mob in Marseilles, in which place the Royal Marines were stationed.

In 1793 he received the colonelcy of the 72nd regiment of the line, which was attached to the army of the North, under the command of General Kleber.

Here his military conduct was so highly approved that his promotion was rapid. Before the end of 1795 he was a general. In the following year Moreau commanded the French army against the Austrian Archduke Charles, and General Bernadotte was placed in the division of Jourdan, and had in many instances a command in which he had entirely to rely on his own resources.

Here he so greatly distinguished himself that, in 1796, a refusal was made when he proposed to resign his command in consequence of some false charges of extortion made against him at Nuremburg. He was told that "he could punish with contempt the malice of those who did not appreciate his services, and who only envied him because he was their superior in excellence."

From this period the name of Bernadotte is for a term of years more or less in connection with that of Napoleon Bonaparte; but although Bonaparte recognized Bernadotte's talents, and at times bestowed on him brilliant honors, it is not probable that any close friendship ever existed between men of such very different characters, and Napoleon treated him at times with much hauteur, and brought against him petty charges of misconduct, which must have been excessively annoying to a man of Bernadotte's high principles. In 1797 he had a division of fifteen thousand men in the army of Italy under his command.

On one occasion the cool courage and firmness of Bernadotte quelled a dangerous mutiny which had broken out in consequence of the distress caused by the pay of the soldiers being in arrears.

During the short peace with Austria which followed the successes of the French army Bernadotte was, in October, 1797, appointed ambassador at Vienna. The embassy to Holland was offered him on his return from Vienna, but he declined it.

In August, 1798, Bernadotte married Mademoiselle Clary. The sister of this lady was the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one, and Bernadotte lived in a quiet, domestic style for some years. His home was a small house in the Faubourg du Mousseaux, in Paris.

The assumption by Bonaparte of the imperial dignity drew Bernadotte from retirement in 1804. In this measure he was one of Napoleon's warmest supporters; less, it would seem, from attachment to the man than from sincere love of his native land. Bernadotte held the opinion that a settled government, even in some respects a faulty one, was preferable to the anarchy and mismanagement which had prevailed for so long a time in France while nominally a republic.

One of the first acts of Napoleon was to appoint Bernadotte a Marshal of the Empire and General of the army in Hanover.

In September, 1805, the campaign opened which ended on the second of December by the signal defeat of the Austrians at the battle of Austerlitz. Throughout the campaign Bernadotte greatly distinguished himself, and was in June, 1806, created Prince and Duke of Ponte Corvo.

At this time he was treated by Napoleon with more confidence and favor than at any other period, and in the war with Prussia he received the command of one of the centre divisions of the grand army. The victory of Jena placed Prussia at the mercy of Napoleon.

Bernadotte defeated the Prussian reserve under Prince Eugene of Wurtemburg, and afterwards received the surrender of General Blucher and his corps in conjunction with Murat and Marshal Soult.

Bernadotte was so severely wounded at the bridge of Spandan that he was obliged to quit the army and resign his command to Marshal Victor.

In 1808, Bernadotte was again in active service; he was sent with an army into Denmark, and when in 1809 a fresh war broke out with Austria, he received the command of the Saxon army, and was afterwards given the command at Antwerp on the landing of the British forces at Walcheren; but this was withdrawn in an unjust and irritating manner, and was his last employment under Napoleon.

1810 brought a vast change in the eventful life of this man, and afforded a strong proof of the truth of the old adage "Truth is often more strange than fiction." The violent death of the only son of Charles XIII., King of Sweden, caused the States-General of that country to elect an heir presumptive to the childless king. The King proposed Bernadotte in language which showed the high character held by him at that period:

"Brilliant exploits have illustrated his name as a warrior, at the same time that eminent talents mark him for one of the most skilful statesmen of our age. Universally admired for the probity of his character and the mildness of his temper, he has in a peculiar manner gained the good opinion of the Swedish nation by the kindness with which he treated the Swedish officers and soldiers whom the chances of war subjected to his power. All these considerations could not fail to attract my attention, and determine my resolution when the question was to propose a successor to the Swedish throne."

The States-General acceded to the nomination on condition that Bernadotte would pledge himself to govern according to the laws of Sweden and conform to the Lutheran Protestant faith.

Bernadotte proceeded at once to Sweden, and on the 31st October, 1810, signed the required conditions, and on the 5th November was formally received by the States-General and the King as his adopted son, and he then assumed the name of Charles in addition to his own of John.

In his new situation, Bernadotte soon gave proof of his eminent ability. By his respectful and affectionate conduct he so completely gained the confidence of the King, that the affairs of the country were soon almost entirely in his hands. By his liberality, industry and urbanity, he won the hearts of the people, and the moral power thus gained enabled him to act with decisive energy for the benefit of Sweden.

It seems apparent that Napoleon regarded the advancement of his former general with jealous disfavor; he treated Bernadotte as if he looked on him as a vassal, and the French ambassador at Stockholm, Count Alquier, behaved with extreme insolence. This conduct, and matters connected with the welfare of Sweden, led to a complete rupture between Bernadotte and Napoleon.

The vast power of Napoleon, who for a time was in effect master of the whole continent of Europe, had enforced the Berlin decrees by which the Continental ports were closed to British commerce. Great commercial distress was caused by this in Sweden, whose chief trade had been with Great Britain.

The welfare of his adopted country led Bernadotte to ally himself with the other great European powers against Napoleon, but he personally took no part in the military operations which ended in the overthrow of that remarkable man.

After the restoration of peace to Europe, Bernadotte by treaty with Denmark, annexed Norway (which had hitherto been a province of that kingdom) to Sweden, and this union of the whole of the Scandinavian Peninsula under one crown was a happy thing for the people of both Norway and Sweden. This union was completed on the 7th November, 1816.

From that time the labors of Bernadotte were peaceful, but most important to the country. He devoted himself to

the improvement of agriculture, which was so poorly conducted that sufficient grain was not grown for the support of the nation; but in a few years such was the improvement that more than sufficient was produced for the supply of both Norway and Sweden.

The death of Charles XIII., in 1818, called Bernadotte to the throne under the title of Charles XIV.

In 1822, an important work of great value to the country—a canal from the Cattegat to the Baltic—was completed, and proved of vast benefit to commerce.

When not in Stockholm engaged with the affairs of state, Bernadotte resided in a country-house near that city, with his family, in a very simple and unpretending style. His manners were singularly courteous and pleasing, and never failed to make a favorable impression on all with whom he had intercourse. He died in 1844, at the advanced age of 81.

In person Bernadotte was very handsome, tall, soldierly and commanding; like most of the natives of the south of France, he had a brown complexion, dark brilliant eyes and black beard and hair.

His grandsons, the reigning king of Sweden, and his brothers, greatly resemble him in height and other respects—a fact particularly noticeable in contrast to the fair-complexioned Swedes. In a more important point, their useful, virtuous and respectable lives, which gain for them the love of all classes of persons in Sweden, they also resemble him; the reigning king is a man of learning and ability, and devotes his leisure to study and self-improvement.

The recent marriage of the only daughter of the King of Sweden to the eldest brother of the Princess of Wales has closely connected the household of Bernadotte with our own Royal family. This young lady has the reputation of being an amiable and excellent person, and is much beloved. While such qualities remain the characteristics of the family, we may wish prosperity to the Bernadottes.

Young Folks.

LOTTY LOYD'S PARASOL.

BY M.

I am now getting to be an old woman, dear children, yet never in the course of my life's journey have I met with the juvenile who would not listen to a true story, no matter how simple it might be. This, then, is the reason why I unhesitatingly rush into print for your sakes, for my short tale of "Lottie Loyd's Parasol" is quite true.

Lottie was but a little girl when she became the happy possessor of a lovely green parasol. Can any of you imagine how pleased she was? I dare say you can, for have not all of you at some time or other received some particular thing which, for a while, made you feel as though you were the only person of importance in this vast universe. It may perhaps have been only a poor little half-starved kitten, or a broken-nosed doll, still to you she was a treasure, and you prized it accordingly; and Lottie felt all this about her parasol. She could not see what was really the case, that the parasol was large enough for her mother; in fact, I think that only increased its value in her eyes, for had not papa bought one "just like mamma's, only mine's gween" (poor Lottie always stumbled over the letter r)?

Now, I suppose you would like to know why Lottie had not a parasol of the same diminutive size that young ladies now-a-days use,—and I can give the reason in few words. Lottie lived so long ago that small parasols were not thought of, and, again, her father had often heard his economical wife say: "I make the boys' jackets rather large, so as to allow for growing," and some how he got the idea into his head that if a boy's jacket was to "allow for growing," why should not a girl's parasol. At any rate, home to the farm came the parasol one fine June evening, and from that day Lottie became deeply interested in the appearance and disappearance of old King Sol.

This is a true story, and so I am obliged to tell you that Lottie was a great trial to everyone with her treasured parasol. It was carried everywhere, and was in every one's way. Papa, tired with haying and longing for a rest, mamma rocking the baby, Bridget making bread, or Tom weeding the garden, it was all the same to Lottie, the parasol had to be examined and admired by each and all times without number; and as the young lady was too small to open or close it for herself, you may think she kept all pretty busy. Things went on this way for about a week, even papa and mamma were beginning to wish she would tire of her treasure, and Bridget did not hesitate to wish it at "the bottom of the Red Sea." But a respite was to come, and in a most unexpected manner.

Edward, or Ned, Loyd was Lottie's cousin, and came as usual to Fairydell to spend part of his vacation. Here was somebody new to whom Lottie might exhibit her parasol, and she brought it forward the very first time she had a chance; but to her great

consternation Ned laughed at it, calling it "a tent," a 'carriage umbrella," a "portable dwelling," and I don't know how many other names. That Lottie was surprised, hurt, nay (sweet tempered as she was) even a little angry, is all true, but if you think that Ned could laugh her out of her love for her parasol, you are much mistaken. It was just as handsome as ever in her eyes, and not all the Neds in the world could make her think otherwise.

Poor mamma required an extra amount of patience after this, for she had to listen to Ned's speeches against as well as Lottie's in praise of the "gween parasol," till at length papa laughingly proposed that Lottie should practice "out doors," how to walk with it.

"May I take dollie, too ?"

"Yes, certainly, if you wish, and mind don't go far from the house."

"Yes, mamma," and away went the happy child with Miss Judy, held fast with one arm, and the parasol so low and wide spreading that she could see little but what lay directly in front of her. Is it any wonder that she wandered down the road further than she intended ? I think not, for she really was not aware where she was going. Miss Judy had been asleep two or three times and had waked again, when at last Lottie thought she must "turn back," which she did immediately she remembered her mother's orders.

The distance from home was not so great after all, and nearly half of it had been traversed by the little six-year-old feet, when Lottie saw a something which caused her to remain rooted to the ground in very fear. "How can I ever get home," thought poor Lottie, frightened out of her little wits, though the dreadful sight which met her gaze was only a harmless cow. I do not know how long Lottie and the cow stood looking at each other, but to the terrified child it was hours at least. Pass the cow she dared not, and climb the fence she could not with her open parasol, and remember she was unable to close it, so all she could do was to stand her ground, and showing far more real bravery than she was aware of.

At last a voice was heard somewhere away over Lottie's head, saying, "An' where now did ye git that illegant parasol ?'

Lottie looked up as well as she was able, answering as well as she could through the gathering tears, "My papa gave it me, and oh, Mr. Pedlar, won't you please send away that cow."

"Indade thin but I'm afeared I can't, for she's jist looking at that same purty thing you're carrying."

"Oh I know she is, but why does she look that way ?"

"Well darlin' it's asey enough to know why; shure what can the baste do but think it's a bundle of clover, and she's waiting there till she gits hungry loike."

"Oh, don't let her eat it please," and Lottie really did cry now, "do send her away."

"An' that's more than I dare do," replied the man, "for you see, if that parasol were to move at all, at all, she'd jist make a run for it; but see now, I'll jist creep underneath and hould it up till yer jump the fence and run away to bring yer father, and may be the two of us can manage her."

Lottie hesitated a second, for she did not like the idea of this dirty looking man touching the dainty ivory; but another look at the cow, who, being troubled at this precise moment by a fly, was shaking her head in the attempt to dislodge it, decided her. The ivory handle passed from her smooth, chubby fingers to his knotted and dirty ones, and so soon as she could she was over the fence and away for home.

"Yer'd better not be too long," said her queer-looking acquaintance; and so poor little Lottie ran as fast as ever she could till at length she stood breathless, and panting before the astonished Bridget. Once she had looked back,

and there crouched the man under the parasol, there stood the cow "waiting to get hungry." She did not look again, but hurried on, still it did seem a little odd, even to her childish brain, that though the peddler was afraid of the cow eating her parasol, he did not seem at all afraid of her doing so to his pack, which was also green, and which lay most temptingly between her and him. I say it seemed odd to her, but she thought, or feeling, whichever it was, soon left her, and once more she hastened on towards home.

"Oh! Bridget, quick, quick; my parasol is all eaten up, I know, I know," and then the long restrained tears fell quick and heavily.

"What ails the child with her wild talk," exclaimed Bridget to Mrs. Loyd, who, hearing her darling's sobs, had entered the kitchen, and it was no wonder Bridget called it "wild talk," for really it was hard work to find out whether Lottie meant that the cow had eaten the parasol, the parasol the cow, or the man both.

"Go quick, quick," was all that for some little time was intelligible, and Bridget, guided by the pointed finger, departed long before Mrs. Loyd could pacify her child.

Need I tell you, that neither man nor parasol were ever found again, but the cow was still there when Bridget reached the spot, and I really believe that poor simple little Lottie would have considered the "poor pedlar man," as having been eaten by that. "dreadful cow," if Bridget had not told her that the cow was *blind.*

I am not going to attach a moral to this my little story, though if you desire one very much I have not the least doubt but what you may easily discover it for yourselves.

LITTLE THINGS AND GREAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

Many years ago, before the white men had come to America and when even the red men were few, there dwelt in a bleak Northern wild, two youths of giant race; as usual with their tribe, they left the parent roof to seek a new home for themselves, where they might dwell in peace and safety, and subsist in comfort without encroaching on the meagre hunting grounds of their family.

After a journey of two days and nights they espied by the shore of a small lake what seemed to be a castle, and on approaching it they found it to be a castle indeed, but as it had long been untenanted it had by neglect and the action of the elements become almost a ruin.

The brothers, after some consultation, agreed to take the old castle for their home; for its first value and beauty could by hard work be restored, and give them a safe and pleasant place of abode, finer than they could ever build by themselves; and its neglect and long desertion told them that they were not likely to be disturbed by any neighbors, whether hostile or not.

So with a will the two set to work, and after much digging, piling and fitting, they had, in less than two months, time, a better home than any of their kindred had ever enjoyed, and a very

palace in comparison with the poor wigwams of the sunken Indians of to-day.

Here they lived together very happily; they fished and bathed and paddled their canoe in the lake ; they hunted in the forest and so obtained skins for clothing, and the fuel was supplied by the pine trees which they felled as they needed them. Their pride, however, was always the castle, their home.

One day,as the brothers were at their evening meal, a tiny fairy tripped in and said, " O, kind giants, the winter is coming with its snows, and may I dwell with my troop in the warm eaves of your castle ?"

When the elder giant, whose name was Rare, had recovered from his astonishment, he said, " To be sure you may ; if we can do you little people any good, we shall be very glad."

Whereupon the little fairy danced with joy,and said, " For your kind help and protection, we tiny ones shall every day watch the seams of the roof and the walls of your castle ; not a grain of sand shall the wind drive out but we shall replace it ; not a seed shall a bird let fall in a crevice but we shall find it and take it away, and not a needle point shall the frost be able to enter at to destroy your great castle."

Then the fairy tripped out again, and soon brought her troop with her, who, with a few rushes for beds, and red berries for food, took up their abode in the warm eaves of the castle, where neither rain nor snow could hurt them.

Now the younger brother, whose name was Flare, was somewhat indignant at the fairy's words, for the tiny one seemed to think that it and its race could actually protect from harm the great and lofty castle, and could so return the aid and protection given by the strong, youthful giants.

Flare told his brother what he thought, who said, " Do not despise little things nor little people ; these fairies are nimble if they are feeble ; if their eyes cannot see far, they can see sharply, and many things hurtful to you and I are too small for our notice, but not for their's ; if we can do them good, they can do us good, so let them alone."

Years passed, the brothers grew to full manhood, the fairies' children and children's children still dwelt securely in the eaves, and for all that the winds blew and the frosts and snow came violently, none seemed to hurt the castle, for it always looked as it did when the brothers had first restored it.

This, giant Rare thought, was due to the fairies' care, but his brother laughed at such a notion, and said, " How could such stout walls as these be protected in any way by those miserable little fellows, who should live in their buttercups and daisies and not in our castle ?"

One day giant Rare went into the forest alone, with his bow and arrow, in search of birds for a meal ; he had not gone far when he saw a huge bear coming toward him, so rapidly as to tell that its pace could not be impeded by a full stomach, but rather otherwise. The giant and the bear struggled long together, but the powerful beast at last gained the mastery, and Rare lay dead.

His brother, alarmed at his long absence,went out and in every direction made search for him in vain—he was not to be found ; so, in great grief, he came home and wept and lamented the loss of kind, good Rare, which loss the tiny fairies echoed with all their little hearts.

After his sorrow had in great degree abated, his attention one day turned again to his tenants in the eaves ; he had never liked them,—he despised them ; he thought it undignified that his castle should harbor them. As for them doing any good whatever, he would not believe it.

So next morning he dislodged them with a shout, and bade them never come near him again. They left with sorrow for their old home and indignation that

Flare should think they had not fully earned the protection of the castle.

Now, as time passed, and the rain and winds came, the roof gradually became leaky; tiny chinks in the mortar grew greater; birds built their nests in them; seeds wafted by the air took root and became strong plants; the moisture in winter, expanding as it froze, lifted some of the great stones in the walls and split others; deceitful moss covered these injuries and made them worse by eating away the mortar, until by the time Flare was old, his castle was well on its way to decay, and all because he despised the small labors of the fairies which a giant cannot do.

On one side of the castle there was a maple grove, and particularly at twilight the trees seemed almost to be a human family. There was the rocking of a cradle as a feeble shoot at the tip of a branch was much affected by the wind, and there were the pompous movements of the head of a family of boughs, who bent and swayed with much dignity, and who was mimicked and followed by a stripling twig near by, as if in fun. Then two branches might be seen approaching, and as if in conference, remain together for a moment, and then dart suddenly away as if fearful that their secrets might be overheard.

As news of a storm from the North came one evening, the most northerly bough told its neighbor, and it the next, until all were in a state of violent commotion preparing for the tempest.

Giant Flare in his castle heard it coming, and soon in his solitude felt great alarm, for the thunder and lightning seemed to say that the heavens should fall with the shock of the elements. The rain fell furiously on his roof, and without an instant's warning, a large part of his wall, weakened by decay and neglect, gave way, and Flare, when the storm ceased, found his proud home humbled and reduced to the woful state he and his brother had found it in. Next morning he had to forsake it, for he could not live in it, and alone and old he had not strength to repair it; so that with his gray hairs upon his head, he had to betake him to the forest, where, homeless and forlorn, he perished in the rigors of winter.

THE PACHYDERMATA.

BY MRS. LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

Hornèd Rhinoceros,
Sleek Hippopotamus,
Elephant, tapir;
Ponderous Pachyderms,
One who your right affirms
Puts pen to paper.
Mammoth and mastodon,
Relics of ages gone—
Gone like a vapor—
n deep, sonorous tones
Stir up your mighty bones,
Vestiges hoary;
Great Megatherium
Speak your delirium,
Tell us your story;
Mastodon, Elephant,
Say something relevant
Touching your glory.

Mammoth, Megatherium, Mastodon.—

Giant Conifera,
Monstrous Herbivora,
Misty Morasses,
Great Ferns and Grasses,
In such proportions
Yours seem abortions!
This was the dreamy Earth—
Home of our early birth.
Jungle and swamp we roved,
Roots, fruits, and leaves we loved;
Ate the cane succulent,
Sometimes grew truculent,
In contests engaging
With roaring and raging;
Our bulk so stupendous,
Our forces tremendous,
Gave impetus, motion,
Like surges of ocean.
A herd of us frantic
Was simply gigantic;
With trunks in the air,
Enormous tusks bare,
To chaos we hurled
The pre-Adamite world.
In Kentucky salt-lick,
On shores of the Baltic,
Our bones you may view.
We bid you adieu.

Hippopotamus.—

On the cool river bottom all the day
I stand, or in the soft mud roll and play,
Besmear my hide or lave my uncouth bulk,
Or sunk or stranded, still a shapeless hulk.
My goggle eyes, great nostrils, litle ears
Above the water, all else disappears;
These map out my huge head, and broad, flat nose;
And you may guess my form so adipose.
My homely baby squats upon my back,
Contented in his hydropathic pack.
I represent the monster of the Prime,
And by the swampy Nile I bide my time.
To you my inch-thick hide and heavy teeth
Of finest ivory I may bequeath.

Rhinoceros.—

My skin is tough
And thick enough
To blunt a leaden bullet.
Horn on my nose
Excrescent grows;
Be careful how you pull it.

My demi-snout,
It pokes about
To find the rice and honey,
While all in folds
And uncouth moulds
My black coat hangs so funny.

My upper lip,
The buds to nip,
Elastic and prehensible;
For digging roots

Or pulling fruits,
Convenient utensil!

My piggish eyes
Show no surprise
Howe'er the prospect changes;
To British tanks,
From Ganges' banks,
Or Java's mountain-ranges.

I keenly scent
Each fell intent,
And seldom am I taken,
For Tiger's spoil
Or Caffre toil,
Or Hottentot's rich bacon.

And, when too near
Charged Bushmen-spear,
I jumped and dodged and scampered
With furious rush,
Reached sheltering brush,
Where still I roam unhampered.

Elephant.—

In spicy Indian lands,
On palmy river-strands,
Along the torrid lines,
In woods of myrrh and musk,
The elephant's great tusk
Of polished ivory shines.

His trunk so lithe and great,
Of touch so delicate,
Is his portcullis grand;
His ivory battlements,
Strong towers of defence,
Stand out on either hand.

Where fierce siroccos parch,
Like armies on the march,
His troops resistless sweep;
Or, with resounding snort,
Swifter than trained cohort,
Rush to the rivers deep.

Mark his majestic tread,
His wise sagacious head,
His regal dignity!
The gentle and the strong,
Both to his name belong,
Might and benignity!

Tusked Babiroussa, Little Peccary,
Hog of Papua, Hog ordinary,
British Wild Boar, South American Tapir
With long, flexile snout, and short, clumsy caper!
Space failing, your names may go in as "Errata,"
Proboscidean Pachydermata!

—*New England Journal of Education.*

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER XII.

She arose and left the house.

When the front door closed, mamma's nerves gave way.

"I never was so insulted!" she exclaimed. "I cannot imagine the reason for it. Somebody has been making mischief."

Joey came and stood before mamma, and looked at her wonderingly. He had very seldom seen her lose her self-control, and it amazed him.

He felt like a miserable little guilty creature, for he knew that he was the mischief-maker who had brought Mrs. Allen's outburst upon mamma.

Such a sense of her wrong came over mamma that she began to cry.

"O mamma, don't, don't!" said Joey, throwing himself on her knees.

"You don't care, Joey," said mamma. "How could you come down and say what you did to Mrs. Allen about papa? You are a naughty boy."

"Yes'm, I know it," said Joey; "I know it, I know it;" and he fairly jumped up and down in his distress, for mamma's tears went right to the bottom of his heart.

"I'm a tattler," he said, "that's what I am; and a mischief-maker, too; and a mean little girl-boy, too! Don't cry, mamma—don't, don't!"

"What have you been talking about now?" said mamma. "Is it you, Joey, who has made all this mischief with Mrs. Allen?"

"Yes'm, it's me," said Joey wildly. "I made every bit of it my own self. I told her what you said 'bout her brass breastpin, and that we didn't get salary enough."

Mamma lifted Joey's arms from her knee, and moved him away from her.

"I'm sorry mamma," said Joey, trying to get back.

"Go away from me," said mamma; "I don't want you."

"O dear, dear!" wailed Joey.

"Go over there on the lounge," said mamma, "and don't come near me. You are cruel to me. You make trouble for me all the time."

"I won't any more," said Joey. "I never, never will again; true as I'm alive, mamma."

"I don't believe you," said mamma. "You have deceived me so often that I can't trust you any more.

Joey hid his head in the lounge, and wondered if there was in all the earth another such a wretched being as he. He wondered if he ever had been happy, and ever could be happy. He could not realize anything but his present woe. A little boy cast off by his mother! What could be more pitiable than that?

All this time the hand on the clock, which Joey had forgotten, was travelling steadily on its journey. It had got beyond the point of time at which mamma had told Joey that he might expect Jack and the overcoat. How impatient that would have made Joey if he had been thinking about it as eagerly as before Mrs. Allen came in. But what should a little boy whom his mother had forsaken care for new overcoats? Joey did not give his one thought.

Jack came at last with a great stamping. As he always enjoyed teasing Joey, he left the overcoat on the piazza, and came in empty-handed. He expected Joey to meet him in a rage of disappointment, and great was his astonishment to see the child stretched out quietly on the lounge.

"What's up?" he said.

Jack's voice and actual presence revived Joey's interest in the overcoat.

"Where is it, Jack?" he asked, not as he would have asked it half an hour ago, but still with some zeal.

"What?" said Jack.

"Why, you know," said Joey; "my overcoat, my new one."

"Oh!" said Jack. "Why, I had it when I left the tailor's, but I don't see anything of it now."

"There, you lost it on the way!" said Joey. "I told mamma I b'lieved you had."

"That's too bad!" said Jack. "I'm afraid Mr. Alabaster won't give you another."

"'Course he won't!" said Joey.

His back was toward mamma, and he forgot for the moment that she had forsaken him, and began to feel quite the old interest in his overcoat.

"You've got to go look for it, Jack, or I'll tell papa," he cried. "Come along. I'll go too"

Joey flew out the door and stumbled over something on the piazza.

"I b'lieve that's it now," he said, "and you've been fooling me." He put his short arms around the big bundle and lifted it in, and poked through the paper.

"Yes, sir. Gray and blue! those are colors," he said. "Untie it; do, Jack."

Jack broke the string, and it fell out in all its glory, lovely soft gray, bound with silk braid of the same color, and all lined with blue.

"O my, what a beauty!" shouted Joey. "Look, look everybody!"

He hugged it in his arms, and danced around to show it. He forgot his disgrace and sorrow—until he saw mamma's face.

And that face of mamma's was not lifted up in gladness. It was not smiling on Joey's joy. Had there ever been a time in his life before when mamma had not rejoiced with him? Joey could not remember such a time. She kept her head bent over the patch she was putting in Jack's trousers, as if that were all she meant to see.

Joey could hardly believe that she did not mean to look at his new overcoat at all. He ventured to come nearer her, and nearer, and nearer, until he could have touched her if he had dared.

"Mamma," he said, very timidly.

She did not answer, and the grave look in her face did not change into a smile as he expected.

"Mamma," he said once more, for he thought that she must certainly relent in a moment, "look how pretty it is!"

"Go back where I sent you," said mamma.

Joey threw the overcoat on the floor, and went over to the lounge and cast himself at full length upon it, and cried. Surely mamma would come and forgive him now. His sobs must bring her. She was not so hard-hearted as to resist his sobs. But sob after sob, and even wail after wail, never moved her.

"Hush!" said cousin Louisa, speaking for the first time since Mrs. Allen's call.

At that Joey asserted his rights to indulge in lamentation by making more noise than ever.

"I shall send you to bed at once, if you are not quiet," said mamma.

Oh, how heartless Joey thought it to threaten punishment instead of offering consolation, when he was in such grief! He had suffered his penitential pangs for as long a period as it was possible for them to endure. He felt the full sense of his guilt, been humbled to the depths of regret, made confession, and received what he considered sufficient punishment. So, having gone through his regular programme, he was ready to be received again as a worthy member of society, on a footing with other people who had some time sinned, repented, received punishment, and begun anew.

But Joey was the only one who thought that he had received the due punishment of his offence, the only one who believed that he had really begun anew.

His new beginning was but a brief rest from his labors. It was a lack of opportunity to go and repeat himself. It was only a season of waiting for temptation to return. Mamma knew very well that although her coldness grieved Joey, it had not made sufficient impression to do him any lasting good. She knew that in spite of his sobbing and wailing and apparent penitence, he would betray all their family secrets within twenty-four hours, if any one should come along and ask him some tempting questions.

And so, although his sobs inclined her to pity him, although she could have taken him up in her arms and comforted and forgiven him, and begged him to be a good boy, and honored him with her confidence, as she had done so often, she had determined to punish him in a way that would make a lasting impression, if such a thing were possible.

Joey's sobs were not quite so annoying after mamma's threat. He was afraid to disobey her very loudly. Besides he was thinking of something, and he could not think and devote all his energies to crying too. He was thinking over that threat of mamma's. "I shall *send* you to bed," and wondering why she had not said she would *take* him, and if it could be that she meant to let him go without her.

About this time there was a knock at the side-door, and Jack opening it, saw a man with a big basket.

"Joey's cookies," said the man, giving Jack the basket

Every Saturday night grandma Cady sent a basket of cookies to Joey; white jumbles with little holes in the middle of them, that Joey could put his thumb through and so play he had a ring, a very big ring, which it was fun to eat down and down, until it was quite the proper size for a finger-ring; and little round cakes that went up to a point and were crowned at the point with a raisin, and which, on being opened, revealed other raisins; cookies speckled with caraway seeds; and gingersnaps that cracked like glass when you set your teeth into them. Almost always at the bottom of the basket there was a loaf of cake. Grandma Cady made these all herself, every Saturday morning, for her minister's family; and because she was half ashamed to give such things to mamma, and knew that mamma could not afford time and money to make them, she always sent them as "Joey's cookies from grandma."

Joey's sobs ceased once more. He was tired of being miserable, and welcomed a chance to rejoice over something. He rolled off the lounge and ran for his basket, took it out of Jack's hands and lifted the napkin. Right on the top were six little round yellow cookies, with red jelley in their hearts.

"Oh, jelley-cookies! jelley-cookies!" said Joey. "Now," he thought, "I'll fix everything all right with mamma. She must be ready to make up by this time."

So he carried the basket over to mamma, and though he had some misgivings about doing it, he offered her one of the cookies.

"Put the basket down," said mamma, "You cannot eat any to-night."

Joey, marvelling at her hardness of heart, and too thoroughly amazed to cry, set the basket down. Mamma covered it with the napkin.

"Come here," she said, and Joey obeyed.

"You are not my dear little boy any longer," said mamma. "How can I love and take care of a child who is cruel to me whenever there is the least temptation? A little boy who doesn't love his mamma enough to try to make her happy, cannot expect her to make him happy. I am not going to kiss you good-

night, nor put you to bed, nor pet you and take care of you as I used to. You are your mamma's enemy; and until you can prove that you are a friend to her, she won't love and trust you again. Go up stairs and undress yourself and get into bed."

Joey opened his mouth wide to let out his sense of abuse in a mighty scream.

"Don't cry!" said mamma. "If I hear you, you shall be severely punished. Go immediately. Jack will give you a lamp."

Jack lighted a lamp and gave it to Joey without a word, or even a friendly look.

Joey took it in his hand and went up the stairs.

Chapter XIII.

Never did little boy carry up those stairs a heavier heart. It was loaded with shame and indignation, with remorse, and also with a sense of bitter wrong.

He mounted very slowly, for the lamp required careful management, and it seemed to him a long way up. He had never gone that way alone before at bedtime. He was used to having some one lead him. He clung to the banisters now, but they could not help him like mamma's hand. It was later than he usually went to bed, and he was more tired and sleepy than on other nights.

Why, he was his mamma's baby! and it was as natural for him to seek her at evening, when the dreams began to creep into his brain and the drowsy languor into his limbs, as it is for baby-birds to call their mammas with chirps, to cover them up and tuck them in and cuddle them under their warm breasts when they are sleepy.

He knew no more about stowing himself away for the night than a kitten might, who had never gone to sleep except in a little fuzzy ball under its mother's fur.

There was all his buttons and strings. Joey had grave reflections about the difficulties he might encounter in dealing with them. There were his stockings to be pulled off quickly, the last thing as he was ready to hop in, and his feet to be rubbed warm between somebody's hands. There were his prayers to be said by somebody's knee. There were the kisses for somebody to give him to make the good dreams come; and who would tuck him in?

Poor little motherless fellow! His face was woe-begone enough to have belonged to a genuine orphan-boy; and his grief had rolled itself into a little hard lump that came up from the region of his heart and stuck fast in his throat, and hindered his breathing.

He pinched it hard, as he paused on a stair, to make it go up or down; but there, midway in his throat, it had taken its station, and thence it refused to move.

He fancied as he paused on the next stair, that he was going to be choked to death for his sins, and he remembered distinctly having once swallowed a large button which had never been heard of since, and which he had not a doubt had been reserved somewhere for this very occasion.

As he felt of the lump again, it seemed to him to be a large white agate button. In imagination he saw it lying obstinately in his windpipe, playing cruel tricks with his breath. Oh, to be choked to death by an agate button and have no mamma there to see!

He did not dare cry out for her to come to him. The great gentleness of her disposition made this unusual severity seem more severe than it would have seemed in another person. He felt that severity in gentle mamma was not to be trifled with.

He reached the hall at last, and went into his room and set the lamp on the bureau. He was astonished, as

he caught a glimpse of himself in the glass, to discover that he had not changed particularly since his trials, that he had still his brown locks, blue eyes, and fair complexion, as if no blight had touched him.

He turned his back on the looking-glass, and boldly attacked the strings and buttons. He met with many obstacles, but succeeded at last in seeing all his clothes laid low upon the floor, and his nightgown established in their place.

By that time he was very cold, for he had been a long while undressing. He had taken off his stockings in an early stage of the proceedings, and his feet were like lumps of ice. There was nobody there to warm them, and he curled them under his nightgown as he knelt down to say his prayers.

Joey did not feel like saying prayers, but he did not dare omit them. He was more afraid of his heavenly father than fond of him to-night. When he loved him then he could talk to him easily.

He felt that God was far away up on his high throne, farther away than the prayers of a naughty child could travel. A little boy whom his mamma had cast off for his sins, much more must God have cast off. Cold in his body, cold in his heart, Joey said quickly a cold prayer to a God who seemed to him coldest of all.

He could not have knelt by his mother's knee and said such a prayer. All warm and loved in her protection, he would have seemed warmed and loved in the protection of his Heavenly Father.

It sometimes happens to good children who are fatherless or motherless, that God becomes to them father and mother as they pray alone, and that they seem to be kneeling at his knee and folded in by his loving arms as they speak their petitions.

But Joey was only motherless through his own misdeeds, and God did not come to him as a mother that night.

He slept in a little bed alone, in the room with Dan and Jack's big bed; and he crawled in and pulled the clothes over him, and wondered how long it would take that lump in his throat to choke him and make an end of his misery.

He opened his eyes wide, wide, wider and wider, for there was no sleep in them now. Cold, bitter draughts of wind came up from the side of the bed where nobody had tucked the clothes in, and not the smallest beginning of a good dream was in his head, for he had not been kissed to sleep.

It was not a very great while that Joey lay there wide awake, cold, frightened, but it seemed to him as long as a day; and it was time enough to work more wonders in him than had been wrought in all the years of his life.

Young as he was, almost a baby in thought, he was still sufficiently advanced to understand and consider three facts; that he had lost the love that was most precious to him; that he had lost it because he did not deserve it; and that he could never win it back to keep but by becoming worthy of it.

In that unhappy time Joey set out on a journey towards true happiness. He took his first steps in the road that leads thither by becoming a penitent.

Truly penitent. Not penitent as he had been before—sorry, ashamed, regretful for a little while, and ready to be as bad as ever shortly. He was sorry now in an earnest, determined way that was new to him. He was sorry now with a brave, resolute purpose to make the sorrow work better things.

And before he knew it he was telling God about it. He felt his fatherly presence. His love was about him, and he nestled in it as in kind arms, and was warm and comfortable—a castaway no longer.

When the boys came up to bed they found no traces of grief on their little

brother's face, but an untroubled look, as if he were sleeping soundly and having good dreams that the angels had brought him.

When mamma came up, very late, after the mending was all done, and the Saturday-night pain in her eyes had been secured, she found a smile, and believed in her believing heart that God had been with her child when she left him, and had done for him more than his mother could do.

She tucked him in and kissed him softly before she went to bed.

(To be continued.)

A QUEER PLACE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Queer stories we hear about far-off Africa. Hear a little of it. Winter begins in May, and summer in November. Women wear their hair short and work in the gardens, and men wear their hair long and stay at home and do nothing. They think it horridly disgusting to eat eggs, and make their favorite cake out of ants. They are shocked at the thought of drinking milk, and eat their meat in a state that we would throw it away. They put their butter outside instead of inside their stomachs, and when they want to be particularly polite they spit in your hand.

If a baby cuts its upper teeth first, it is unlucky and must be killed; and the regular nursery hobgoblin is white. They jerk the head up when they mean yes, and wear an ox's tail on the forehead, for an ornament.

They think blue eyes are terrible and a red beard is hideous. They are never in a hurry. Ask for anything, and they will say: "Wait till to-morrow, and you shall have it."

When a person dies, instead of quarreling over what he leaves, everything is broken up and destroyed, because he will need them no more. For mourning they wear a narrow strip of palm-leaf wound around the head, arms, and legs, and never take it off till it decays and drops off. If they have a headache, they think it is caused by their dead relatives scolding them, and the sight of a white man will frighten the whole village, including dogs, which drop their tails and slink away, and hens, which leave their chickens and fly screaming to the tops of the houses.

If they try to eat with a spoon, they merely take the food up with it; from the spoon they put it into the hand, and from the hand to the mouth.

Some of the people of that curious country expand their lips till they rival the bill of a duck, and can snap them together like a snapping turtle. They make a hole in the lips, enlarge it by putting in larger and larger things, till big enough to hold a round piece the size of a silver quarter, made of horn or quartz. Sometimes they hang a bit

of quartz as large as a cigar through the lower lip. In some tribes a ring is put into the hole, instead of a flat plate, and when the proud owner of the ornament smiles the muscles throw the ring back against the face, and one can see his nose through the ring. This is a horrible-looking thing.

These beauties wear head-dresses of iron spikes fixed to a plate and adorned with strings of beads; or they tattoo themselves with a set of buttons like those on a policeman's coat; or they paint themselves in stripes like a tiger. To make themselves more ugly than Nature intended, they knock out the two front teeth, so that their smile looks like a crocodile's, as a traveller says; or file two front teeth to a point. They shave off their eyebrows, pull out their eyelashes, and shave the head excepting on one round spot. On that fragment of hair they lavish all their efforts at adornment. It is greased and dressed into a monstrous chignon, eight or ten inches high, over a frame, and one combing and dressing must last about two months.

Different tribes dress differently, however, for the country is wide. Some ornament their heads with monkey's tails, cover the neck with the skin of a wild-cat, and hang a bit of scarlet cloth over the shoulders, by way of full dress; while others wear great iron chains, three or four at a time, and soldered on, so that they never come off.

When the chief, or head man, wants to count his army or take the census he orders every man to bring to him one egg. I suppose it is easier to count eggs than people.

The most dignified equipage the chief and princes of that queer country can command, when they desire to travel, is the shoulders of a man. One princess that I read about came to the house of her husband sitting on the shoulders of a man and attended by ten maids. So you see she was a lady of high rank.

Having no beast of burden, all the goods that go into the country are carried on the heads of men. They walk in long strings, one behind another, in a sort of caravan. When two caravans meet, the leaders sidle up to each other like a pair of roosters, and suddenly put down their heads and butt against each other like two rams; or in another tribe they throw themselves on the ground, on their backs, and flourish their legs in the air. A dignified greeting, you must admit.

Their courts, or their manner of deciding on the guilt or innocence of people, is very droll. Instead of trial by jury, as we have, they have trial by ordeal. Many of these ordeals are curious and all are horrible. One is to force the prisoners to lick hot iron. If not burned, he is innocent. Another is to make the accused hold one end of a linen thread, while the judge, or witch-finder, holds the other end. A red-hot iron is then touched to the thread, and if it burns he is guilty. I can't see how he could well be otherwise, by that test.

When two are disagreed and tell different stories, the judge fixes to each of their foreheads a sea-shell. They are then made to bow, and the one whose shell drops first is the one who is wrong. Very satisfactory, isn't it?

Another way of trial is to make the accused drink a kind of poison, which always injures and kills them. If he dies, or even falls down, he is guilty.

I think you have heard enough about this way of administering justice. I must tell you about some of their neighbors, in that sunny land. One is the Gorilla. It is his native country, and no doubt you have read about his pleasant ways—carrying off people and so forth. For my part, I'm willing he should live ever so far off.

Other nice neighbors are the ants, of which there are many kinds in Africa. There is the White Ant, which eats up everything not made of metal, tunneling under houses, devouring the furniture and books, and even the very house

itself. To punish them for their mischief, the people eat them — sweep them up in basketsful and fry them. They are said to be very good.

Dr. Livingstone tells a funny story about the way a tiny bit of an ant manages to dine off a fly, many times larger than himself. He simply seizes hold of a leg or wing of the thoughtless fly and holds on. The fly cares very little about his companion; walks and flies about as usual for a while. But he soon gets tired, and the cunning ant never relaxes his hold till the big fly is completely tired out, when he is an easy prey.

The conqueror of everything in that country, however, is another ant—the Driver Ant. This creature travels in an army. There are countless millions of them, and everything goes down before them. Cockroaches, beetles, and ants, and all the thousands of living things get into a panic when they appear. Men and wild beasts fly from them, and even the big elephant cannot stand before them. One of them is not so very bad; but there are millions in every place at once, it seems. When they get on to a man they bite all at once, all over him, and in five minutes he is covered with bites, which bleed profusely. He may frighten them; but as fast as he pulls off one a half dozen rush in, and if he is helpless they will soon kill him. They have a pair of curious jaws, or mandibles, which they stick into the flesh, and then with their six legs push themselves around so as to enlarge the hole and start the blood.

There are some pleasant things about that land, however. There are plantains and pine-apples to be had for the gathering, peanuts and sugar-cane grow wild, and the plants that we cultivate in green-houses grow out of doors like weeds. The most valuable product of Africa is ivory, and hundreds of tons of tusks are taken out of the country every year, to supply England alone. Forty-four thousand elephants die every year. —*N. Y. Independent*

The Home.

SICK NURSING.

BY M.

Most women are born nurses. It comes natural to them to know just how to ease and soothe the sick, and as, at some time or other, all have to take their stand by the bedside of some sufferer who is dear to them, perhaps a few simple, practical hints on the subject may be acceptable in connection with what may be called the historical treatment of the subject.

A quick eye to read the patient's unspoken wants, a deft hand to arrange pillows, an unswerving obedience to the doctor's orders, an even temper; above all, a tender heart, and the nurse is there—her diploma given by God Himself when He decided her sex.

Professional nurses, or "Nursing Sisters," are common in England, there are certainly eight institutions of the kind, if not more, besides those attached to large hospitals.

Perhaps the little that I have been able to gather about them may be interesting to some of the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and particularly so because the word "sister" is apt to give one an idea that it is some Roman Catholic institution in disguise.

The oldest, and, I believe, the one best known in London, was established by Elizabeth Fry, the celebrated Quakeress, and whose name will ever be associated with deeds of mercy. It was originally called "Protestant Sisters of Mercy," but the late Queen Adelaide having been attended by some of the members through a serious illness, suggested a change in the name, and they are now known as "Institution of Nursing Sisters."

The Home of the institution is in Devonshire Square, and here the sisters remain when off duty, but that is very seldom, for their services are much sought for, and it often happens that the *two days'* rest which they are entitled to, after returning from an engagement, has to be shortened.

Protestants of all denominations are accepted, no questions being asked as to their particular creed, but the candidate must give satisfactory references as to moral character and former mode of life. She must be twenty-eight at least, unmarried, or a widow, and must, on admission, sign a certain form which sets forth the conditions upon which she enters. These rules vary in the different institutions, but in all are of such a nature that the law of the land recognizes them. The sisters usually engage for a period of fifteen years, with permission to leave them or again engage, as they please. Usually the members, after this period, either become "superanuated sisters," and retire from the "home," or they go out nursing on their own account, and find it a profitable profession. Should the sister wish to leave during her fifteen years' service, she has to give a certain notice. During the first nine years she can retire at the expiration of every three; otherwise she must give three months' notice, and pay a forfeit of £6.

She has to promise to nurse poor as well as rich, to wear a certain dress, (in some of the institutions), to avoid all stimulants and conspicuous trinkets, to refuse presents from grateful patients, (unless of trifling amount), and to go wherever she may be sent by the superintendent. The scale of prices differs in the different establishments. In the one founded by Mrs. Fry, it is one guinea per week, of which the nurse receives one-half, the Home the other. In cases of mental or infectious diseases, it is sometimes double; but a reduction is often made, and many are attended gratuitously.

On first entering the Home, the candidate has to pass through a course of training. This is done by attending for four months in some hospital, assisting the regular nurses. During this time she receives no pay, but food and lodging are provided for her. If, after her probation, she is found skilful, she is permitted to the privilege of full sister, with a regular salary of £20 per annum the first three years of her engagement, £23 for the second three, and £25 afterwards; she also receives clothes from the Home, and is maintained there during sickness or between engagements. Should a "candidate" prefer continuing so after the four months is passed, or should further training be necessary, she receives ten shillings per week, only when engaged in nursing, but is supported at the Home when not engaged. In most of the institutions the only payment the nurses receive is their regular annual salary, and it is the members of these which can send out nurses gratuitously more often than the others, for, as the Homes receive all fees, they can afford to allow even several of their nurses to be out at one time, and yet receive no payment.

In cases of infectious sickness, or where the "sister's" health fails from over work, she is well cared for by her companions, indeed a branch establishment is in connection with all the larger institutions where sisters go to pass a kind of quarantine after having nursed a patient through an infectious disease, or where they can be nursed themselves if attacked with such a malady. They will also be sent to the country, at the expense of the "Home," if change of air is deemed needful for them.

These facts, drawn from different sources, will perhaps encourage some ladies who are in straitened circumstances to follow nursing as a profession. Even at the institutions I have been speaking of it, it often happens that sisters leave before the expiration of their fifteen years, and do so with the full consent of the superintendent, setting up for themselves, and being recommended by the "Home," and once fairly launched as a trustworthy nurse, she is soon able to lay by a little hoard for her old age. It is well known that the style of nurse chosen most frequently by patients of the higher class, who can afford to pay liberally, are the cultivated ladies who have entered the profession. It would be rather curious to know how many are now in Montreal lying upon sick beds who could well afford to pay for such a nurse, and who would willingly do so, but the nurses are not to be had. In some sicknesses, I dare say the ordinary nurse, provided she is trustworthy, would be preferred to the lady. There are many reasons why such should be the case, and it is all the better, for thus the addition of a few extra nurses of an entirely different type would not interfere with those who are already established.

It often happens that a sickness is very lengthy—or may be the sickness itself is short, and the convalescence long and tedious. Suppose in either of these cases it is a young wife, far from her own, or her husband's relations—a lonely middle-aged woman, either widow or spinster whose female relatives have home duties which preclude their giving her proper attention—a daughter-

less wife, whose sons, though all that sons can be, are yet helpless here—or, worse still, the "incurable," whose long lonely days have to be spent in bed, and though possessed of riches, yet is poor in relations and friends who can devote their time to her. How many such cases may there not be even here, people who would pay well and willingly, if only they could get a certain kind of nursing, which, up to the present, I believe, has not been attempted.

The mother of a young family is sometimes stricken down by illness—which attendant think you she would prefer? the mere nurse and nothing more, or the lady who can be companion as well as nurse, her equal in everything but money, who can take her place in the management of her house and children, not in the obtrusive manner, so usual yet so hard to bear, but quietly, gently, unostentatiously—willing to do the work so long as needed, to give it up when no longer required.

And here let me mention the only objection I have ever heard against "lady nurses."

"It will never work well," said the objector; "a woman will never feel grateful. or even friendly toward the one who fills her place, even if it is only during sickness; a mother never wishes to have her place supplied by another."

Dear readers, I hope this is not the case; indeed I feel sure it is not, for the woman who, being helpless herself—through illness—yet feels jealousy of the one who not only attends to her, yet tries to supply her place in the household, must indeed be one whom her sister woman would like to ignore. It cannot be true that any would feel so—on the contrary, I believe that their gratitude would be lasting, and the lady who had entered a house as a "nurse,' would leave it as a friend.

Again, how many are there who are fitted for this work? And even as I write, many a one passes before my mental vision, kind, gentle, refined, religious middle-aged women, whose means are scant, whose hearts are large; women who would willingly do all required from a nurse, for the sake of friendship, yet who never thought of doing so for payment. And yet what a noble field is here laid open to them, wherein they can carry out their Master's work, whilst ministering to their own necessities. But whether nursing is followed as a profession, or in the ordinary discharge of our duties towards each other, perhaps the following hints may be acceptable.

Never place anything cold around your patient; if a shawl is required, air it before using, as also a pillow, or even the handle of a knife and fork. The sudden coolness often gives a shock to the weakened nerves though it might be pleasurable to your healthy ones. To speak loudly, walk heavily, knock things about, or twitch the bedclothes, pillows, &c., is often exceedingly trying to the sick, but it is still worse to whisper, walk on tip-toe, or dawdle over what you have to do. Endeavor to the utmost of your ability to have your voice and movements natural, though subdued, and avoid everything in the way of dress that might annoy the patient, or incommode you in your movements. Creaking boots, a rustling dress, hanging sleeves, a shawl, bugle or fringe trimmings, rings or watchchain, may any one of them cause great uneasiness, and at any moment. The rings or a long finger nail may hurt the tender flesh, the trimming or fringe may annoy as you lean over the bed, the watchchain, the loose sleeve, the long skirt may throw something down and spoil a health-giving sleep, as also may the rustling silk, or creaking shoe.

A whisper outside the sick room is just as bad as within, for sickness often makes the hearing unnaturally acute.

To carry out the doctor's orders faithfully is necessary, giving neither less nor more medicine than what is marked on the prescription, giving it at the

regular hours—but never interrupting a sleep to do so, except by the express orders of the medical man. Giving different food than that ordered, or in greater quantities, is often productive of much harm in serious illness.

Attention to personal appearance is most desirable ; let the patient have the sight of a neatly-dressed, pleasant-looking nurse to rest the weary eye. In non-infectious cases a black or dark dress of some soft woollen material, white collar and cuffs, a bright colored ribbon at the neck, and a small white cap—such as is usually termed a "breakfast cap," make a very pretty costume, and one that is becoming to nearly all. A small white muslin apron tastefully made is a great improvement to the dress. It is not wise ever to put pins in your cuffs, sleeves, or indeed any where that you can possibly do without them, for in lifting a patient to arrange pillows, or to receive food or medicine, they might fall into the bed, or inflict a painful scratch.

And if a pleasing costume is to be thought of, how much more a pleasing, happy face. This is hard to carry out, dear friends, when a dear one is the sufferer, but try your best to crush back your tears, or shed them elsewhere, and bring only smiles to the sickroom, even if your heart is breaking the while.

A suggestion or two for the comfort of the nurse herself, and I will close my paper, which has already become longer than I intended. Do not avoid food, but take your meals as regularly as you can get them, and if the patient requires night nursing, endeavor to have food during that time. A long fast, or broken irregular meals, are very hurtful to the nurse, and particularly in cases of long illness. Sleep too, whenever you can be spared from your watch.

Coffee, tolerably strong, and of good quality is usually considered the best drink, but avoid all stimulants. They are bad at all times, but more than ever so in the sick room—they give only a fictitious strength, are apt to make you either nervous, irritable, or sleepy, and must be disagreeable to the patient.

Some persons are actually useless in a sick room, though they have every desire to aid and ease the sufferer—I allude to the really nervous, those who have an unconquerable fear of disease, who find it almost impossible to sleep, or whose sleep is little else than a repetition of their bed-side duties. One could never ask such an one to go through the agony of nursing, unless she could not avoid it, nor should we speak or think uncharitably of her—her fear is constitutional, she cannot avoid though she may deplore it.

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Let us glance at the leading contrasts between the education of the past and of the present.

The suppression of every error is commonly followed by a temporary ascendancy of the contrary one ; and it so happened, that after the ages when physical development alone was aimed at, there came an age when culture of the mind was the sole solicitude—when children had lesson-books put before them at between two and three years old —when school-hours were protracted, and the getting of knowledge was thought the one thing needful. As, further, it usually happens, that after one of these reactions the next advance is achieved by co-ordinating the antagonist errors, and perceiving that they are opposite sides of one truth ; so we are now coming to the conviction that body and mind must both be cared for, and the whole being unfolded. The forcing system has been in a great measure given up, and precocity is discouraged. People are beginning to see that the first requisite to success in life, is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service, if there be not enough vital energy to work it; and hence to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other, is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are discovering the wisdom of the saying, that one secret in education is "to know how wisely to lose time."

The once universal practice of learning by rote, is daily falling more into discredit. All modern authorities condemn the old mechanical way of teaching the alphabet. The multiplication table is now frequently taught experimentally. In the acquirement of languages, the grammar-school plan is being superseded by plans based on the spontaneous process followed by the child in gaining its mother tongue. Describing the methods there used, the "Reports on the Training School at Battersea" say:—"The instruction in the whole preparatory course is chiefly oral, and is illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature." And so throughout. The rote system, like other systems of its age, made more of the forms and symbols than of the things symbolized. To repeat the words correctly was everything; to understand their meaning nothing: and thus the spirit was sacrificed to the letter. It is at length perceived, that in this case as in others, such a result is not accidental but necessary—that in proportion as there is attention to the signs, there must be inattention to the things signified ; or, that as Montaigne long ago said—*Sçavoir par cœur n'est pas Sçavoir.*

Along with rote-teaching, is declining also the nearly allied teaching by rules. The particulars first, and then generalization, is the new method—a method, as the Battersea School Reports remark, which, though "the reverse of the method usually followed which consists in giving the pupil the rule first," is yet proved by experience to be the right one. Rule-teaching is now condemned as imparting a merely empirical knowledge—as producing an appearance of understanding without the reality. To give the nett product of

inquiry, without the inquiry that leads to it, is found to be both enervating and inefficient. General truths to be of due and permanent use, must be earned. "Easy come easy go," is a saying as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. While rules, lying isolated in the mind —not joined to its other contents as outgrowths from them—are continually forgotten, the principles which those rules express piecemeal, become, when once reached by the understanding, enduring possessions. While the rule-taught youth is at sea when beyond his rules, the youth instructed in principles solves a new case as readily as an old one. Between a mind of rules and a mind of principles, there exists a difference such as that between a confused heap of materials, and the same materials organized into a complete whole, with all its parts bound together. Of which types this last has not only the advantage that its constituent parts are better retained, but the much greater advantage, that it forms an efficient agent for inquiry, for independent thought, for discovery—ends for which the first is useless. Nor let it be supposed that this is a simile only: it is the literal truth. The union of facts into generalizations *is* the organization of knowledge, whether considered as an objective phenomenon, or a subjective one: and the mental grasp may be measured by the extent to which this organization is carried.

From the substitution of principles for rules, and the necessarily co-ordinate practice of leaving abstractions untaught until the mind has been familiarized with the facts from which they are abstracted, has resulted the postponement of some once early studies to a late period. This is exemplified in the abandonment of that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children. As M. Marcel says:—"It may, without hesitation, be affirmed that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument." As Mr. Wyse argues:—"Grammar and Syntax are a collection of laws and rules. Rules are gathered from practice; they are the results of induction to which we come by long observation and comparison of facts. It is, in fine, the science, the philosophy of language. In following the process of nature, neither individuals nor nations ever arrive at the science *first*. A language is spoken, and poetry written, many years before either a grammar or prosody is even thought of. Men did not wait till Aristotle had constructed his logic, to reason. In short, as grammar was made after language, so ought it to be taught after language; an inference which all who recognize the relationship between the evolution of the race and of the individual, will see to be unavoidable.

Of new practices that have grown up during the decline of these old ones, the most important is the systematic culture of the powers of observation. After long ages of blindness men are at last seeing that the spontaneous activity of the observing faculties in children has a meaning and a use. What was once thought mere purposeless action, or play, or mischief, as the case might be, is now recognized as the process of acquiring knowledge on which all after-knowledge is based. Hence the well-conceived but ill-conducted system of *object-lessons*. The saying of Bacon, that physics is the mother of sciences, has come to have a meaning in education. Without an accurate acquaintance with the visible and tangible properties of things, our conceptions must be erroneous, our inferences fallacious, and our operations unsuccessful. "The education of the senses neglected, all after education partakes of a drowsiness, a haziness, an insufficiency which it is impossible to cure." Indeed, if we consider it, we shall find that exhaustive observation is an element in all great success. It is not to artists, naturalists, and men of science only, that it is needful; it is not only that the skilful phy-

sician depends on it for the correctness of his diagnosis, and that, to the good engineer, it is so important that some years in the workshop are prescribed for him; but we may see that the philosopher also is fundamentally one who *observes* relationships of things which others had overlooked, and that the poet, too, is one who *sees* the fine facts in nature which all recognize when pointed out, but did not before remark. Nothing requires more to be insisted on than that vivid and complete impressions are all essential. No sound fabric of wisdom can be woven out of a rotten raw-material.

While the old method of presenting truths in the abstract has been falling out of use, there has been a corresponding adoption of the new method of presenting them in the concrete. The rudimentary facts of exact science are now being learnt by direct intuition, as textures, and tastes, and colors are learnt. Employing the ball-frame for first lessons in arithmetic exemplifies this. It is well illustrated, too, in Professor De Morgan's mode of explaining the decimal notation. M. Marcel, rightly repudiating the old system of tables, teaches weights and measures by referring to the actual yard and foot, pound and ounce, gallon and quart; and lets the discovery of their relationships be experimental. The use of geographical models and models of the regular bodies, &c., as introductory to geography and geometry respectively, are facts of the same class. Manifestly a common trait of these methods is, that they carry each child's mind through a process like that which the mind of humanity at large has gone through. The truths of number, of form, of relationship in position, were all originally drawn from objects; and to present these truths to the child in the concrete is to let him learn them as the race learnt them. By and by, perhaps, it will be seen that he cannot possibly learn them in any other way; for that if he is made to repeat them as abstractions, the abstractions can have no meaning for him, until he finds that they are simply statements of what he intuitively discerns.

But of all the changes taking place, the most significant is the growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful—a desire based on the more or less distinct perception that at each age the intellectual action which a child likes is a healthful one for it; and conversely. There is a spreading opinion that the rise of an appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the unfolding mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purposes of growth: and that, on the other hand, the disgust felt towards any kind of knowledge is a sign either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form. Hence the efforts to make early education amusing, and all education interesting. Hence the lectures on the value of play. Hence the defence of nursery rhymes, and fairy tales. Daily we more and more conform our plans to juvenile opinion. Does the child like this or that kind of teaching? Does he take to it? we constantly ask. "His natural desire of variety should be indulged," says M. Marcel; "and the gratification of his curiosity should be combined with his improvement." "Lessons," he again remarks, "should cease before the child evinces symptoms of weariness." And so with later education. Short breaks during schoolhours, excursions into the country, amusing lectures, choral songs—in these and many like traits, the change may be discerned. Asceticism is disappearing out of education as out of life; and the usual test of political legislation—its tendency to promote happiness—is beginning to be, in a great degree, the test of legislation for the school and the nursery.

What now is the common characteristic of these several changes? Is it

not an increasing conformity to the methods of nature? The relinquishment of early forcing against which nature ever rebels, and the leaving of the first years for exercise of the limbs and senses, show this. The superseding of rote-learnt lessons by lessons orally and experimentally given, like those of the field and play-ground, shows this. The disuse of rule-teaching, and the adoption of teaching by principles—that is, the leaving of generalizations until there are particulars to base them on—show this. The system of object-lessons shows this. The teaching of the rudiments of science in the concrete instead of the abstract, shows this. And above all, this tendency is shown in the variously directed efforts to present knowledge in attractive forms, and so to make the acquirement of it pleasurable. For as it is the order of nature in all creatures that the gratification accompanying the fulfilment of needful functions serves as a stimulus to their fulfilment—as during the self-education of the young child, the delight taken in the biting of corals, and the pulling to pieces of toys, becomes the prompter to actions which teach it the properties of matter; it follows that, in choosing the succession of subjects and the modes of instruction which most interest the pupil, we are fulfilling nature's behests, and adjusting our proceedings to the laws of life.

Of course, this fundamental principle of tuition, that the arrangement of matter and method must correspond with the order of evolution and mode of activity of the faculties—a principle so obviously true, that once stated it seems almost self-evident—has never been wholly disregarded. Teachers have unavoidably made their school-courses coincide with it in some degree, for the simple reason that education is possible only on that condition. Boys were never taught the rule-of-three until after they had learnt addition. They were not set to write exercises before they had got into their copy-books. Conic sections have always been preceded by Euclid. But the error of the old methods consists in this, that they do not recognize in detail what they are obliged to recognize in the general. Yet the principle applies throughout. If from the time when a child is able to conceive two things as related in position, years must elapse before it can form a true concept of the earth, as a sphere made up of land and sea, covered with mountains, forests, rivers, and cities, revolving on its axis, and sweeping round the sun—if it gets from the one concept to the other by degrees—if the intermediate concepts which it forms are consecutively larger and more complicated; is it not manifest that there is a general succession through which only it can pass; that each larger concept is made by the combination of smaller ones, and presupposes them; and that to present any of these compound concepts before the child is in possession of its constituent ones, is only less absurd than to present the final concept of the series before the initial one? In the mastering of every subject some course of increasingly complex ideas has to be gone through. The evolution of the corresponding faculties consists in the assimilation of these; which in any true sense, is impossible without they are put into the mind in the normal order. And when this order is not followed, the result is, that they are received with apathy or disgust; and that unless the pupil is intelligent enough to eventually fill up the gaps himself, they lie in his memory as dead facts, capable of being turned to little or no use.—*From "Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical."*

BALLAD.

BY MENELLA B. SMEDLEY.*

In a grand old German city
There stands an Orphan's Home,
Where all stray lambs, for pity,
Are folded as they come;
They fill four hundred places,
Unwelcomed, undismissed,
And all those little faces
No mother-lips have kissed.

There came a great disorder
On the brave old German land,
With battles on her border
And mighty foes at hand;
And wounded, sick, and dying,
By many a mournful score,
In Leipzig town were lying
Till there was room no more.

Then spake a Proclamation,
"O loyal Leipzig men,
The soldiers of the nation
Serve every citizen;
Take home these orphan children
Till good times come anew,
And make their hall a hospital
For those who bleed for you!"

Soon in the quiet places
Of children's sleep or play,
Long rows of restless faces,
Bearded and war-worn, lay;
And the children went, half-frightened,
Into a world unscanned,
Where many a small clasp tightened
On many a careless hand.

By many a fireside sitting,
Goodman to goodwife spake,
"We take this charge, as fitting,
For our dear country's sake;
The toils of war with reason
The fruits of peace should earn,
And it is but for a season,
And the children will return."

In walked each helpless stranger,
With such a doubtful face,
Half in the fear of danger,
Half in the hope of grace;
They thought—as memory rouses
Dreams of their big bare hall—
"O! these must be children's houses,
Because they are so small!

"On tiptoe I should be able
To reach that trim-set shelf,
I can dine at this toy-table,
And carve the meat myself;
Can I venture to ask it,
Is this little chair for me?
Is there a babe in that basket?
And may I peep and see?"

Strange were the simple labors
Where children could do half,
Strangest of all, the neighbors
Who came to talk and laugh;
Life grew a pleasant story,
With all things strange and sweet,
And O! the honor and glory
Of errands in the street!

The days were busy and cheery,
The food was just enough,
And if sometimes the wife was weary,
Or sometimes the man was rough,
Why, cuffs were followed by kisses,
And showers made air serene,
And where's the child that misses
The calm of a cold machine?

* This true history of the beginning of boarding out in Leipzig is told by Professor Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, in an admirable paper on Pauper Schools, read before the Statistical and Social Society of Ireland, January 18, 1876.

The war-tide paused, receded,
The strong land laughed again,
And room no more was needed
For men in their battle-pain;
Then spake a Proclamation,
And the good words seemed to burn,
"There is joy through all the nation,
And the children may return."

O strong land that rejoices
When those good words are said,
Did you hear the children's voices
From many a little bed?
Did they waken, hardly knowing
What was about to be,
Then whisper, "I am going;
There is no joy for me."

I think their Father heard them,
For when that morning comes
One joyful thing is happening
In four hundred Leipzig homes;
The goodwife looked at the goodman,
And wistfully she smiled,
But he spoke out, with never a doubt,
"We'll keep our orphan child!"

It was only the kind hours moving,
And the common daily light
Had taught the trick of loving,
Through word and touch and sight;
And they never questioned whether
Trouble or loss might come,
For their hearts had grown together
In the little life at home.

Now all you German people,
For peaceful nights and days,
Let tower and throne and steeple
Send up their songs of praise;
But God can make an altar
Of every cottage hearth,
And children's lips can falter
The happiest hymns on earth.

—*Good Words.*

HINTS ON HOUSE FURNISHING.

Mrs. H. W. Beecher gives weekly in the *Christian Union* words of advice to inexperienced housekeepers on various subjects connected with domestic economy. From these papers we copy a few paragraphs on house furnishing.

CHOOSING THE CARPETS.

Dark grounds, well covered with rich colors and tasteful designs, are much to be preferred to light, or plain dark colors in carpets. One scarcely perceives at first how easily a light-colored carpet is defaced, or, if not faded, how soon the color loses its freshness and looks old. But in a little while the change is so marked that we wake suddenly to the consciousness that what was a few months since a bright, fresh and attractive carpet has been imperceptibly transformed to a dingy, faded, untidy thing, that must be a discomfort to the eyes as long as it lasts. On a plain, dark color, also, every foot-print is visible at all times. Snow, rain or mud will leave marks, notwithstanding the utmost care, that can never be removed. Rich, bright flowers or trailing vines scattered over dark surfaces prevent these daily disfigurements, and, if you do buy light carpets, the same holds true with regard to them—the more they are shadowed by mixed, bright colors the less perceptible are the changes that are wrought by time, accidents, or carless usage.

Bear in mind, when purchasing, that pleasing and harmonious combination of colors and graceful designs in carpets, as well as in dress, cost no more than uncouth, disagreeable ones. A

handsome carpet, that is a perpetual pleasure to look at, may wear just as long as a homely one that is a perpetual torment. Therefore every one should search till that is found which satisfies. Quality and price should be the first consideration ; then the beauty of the article ; and the search should not be relinquished till these three points are satisfactorily combined. Patience and perseverance will ensure success, but a large amount of grace will be needed to be patient with a disagreeable article always before the eyes.

LAYING IT DOWN.

In putting down carpets, lay something between the carpet and the floor, for the dust which sifts through and settles on the boards will grind and wear out the carpet much sooner if it comes in contact with bare boards. Some recommend laying straw, evenly, over the floor, and fastening it down by passing any old twine back and forth across the straw, tacking the string at each side of the room, as it binds the straw in place firmly. This mode will teach housekeepers and children to *untie*, not *cut*, the strings that come round bundles, and carefully rolling them in balls have them always ready for any emergency. But we do not like straw under carpets, and think the hard, rough joints of the straw, and, indeed, the straw itself, wear the carpet more than any dust that can sift through on to the boards.

Newspapers laid smoothly on the floor, and fastened down with very small, smooth-headed tacks, are much better than straw. But carpet-wadding is better than anything we have known for this purpose. It is not expensive, and more than pays the cost by the protection it affords to the carpet. It is made expressly for this use, of coarse but soft brown paper, in large sheets, with cotton placed between the sheets. It is to be found at all carpet stores, and will last for years, only requiring to be brushed off and rolled up when carpets are lifted for house-cleaning. It adds much to the warmth and comfort of the room on cold, windy days, beside the saving in the wear of the carpet, for the wind which can easily reach one through the carpet cannot find its way through this cotton-wadded paper

In putting down a carpet, it must be stretched perfectly smooth and taut as it is nailed down, for any loose spot or wrinkle will soon wear out. Carpets once well nailed down should not be lifted too often. Ingrains and three-ply will need it every year, and twice a year —spring and fall—if the rooms are constantly and severely used, because dirt settles under them more than under the thicker kind of carpets which are very closely woven. Brussels, if in a small family and subjected to little rough usuage, does not need to be taken up more than once a year, and in rooms neatly kept and little used, only once in two years. Wilton carpets should never be raised oftener than every two years, and Moquette and Axminster only once in three years, and should not be swept oftener than every other week. Be careful to go over the carpet with a dustpan and soft brush whenever any dirt is seen, but do not wear out the carpet by too heavy sweeping. On lifting one of these heavy carpets one is surprised to see how little dirt has found its way through to the floor or carpet-wadding, and cannot but feel that were it not for fear some mischievous moths had lain their eggs in the corners, it would have been better not to have gone to the trouble of taking it up.

RAG CARPETS.

We are asked, "Are not rag carpets the most durable for dining-room and kitchen, and also the most economical?" In most cases, we think not. When one's resources are very limited, or where the men of the family are farmers or out-door laborers, and, of necessity,

often enter the house with soiled, heavy boots, a strong, well woven rag carpet may possibly last longer than an ingrain or three-ply carpet; but even in such cases it is doubtful if, in the end, it will prove the best economy—certainly not for a young housekeeper. It takes this "wear and tear" of a large family through several years to *save*—not *buy*—rags enough to give the first semblance of economy to these carpets. When a rag carpet begins to wear out it may be pieced and turned, to be sure, but can never look very well or be of much service after it has once come to mending; whereas ingrain and three-ply carpets can be pieced and turned as long as any of the pieces will hold together, and, if neatly done, will, to the end, look quite respectable.

As far as mere taste is concerned, we much prefer a clean white floor to a rag carpet. If scrubbing is too hard work (can it be harder than sweeping a rag carpet?), the floor can be painted—not a dark color, that shows dirt and every footprint too easily, but select a color as near that of freshly planed yellow pine or oak as possible—perhaps just a shade darker. With a light, soft mop and a pail of clean, warm suds, a painted floor may be easily cleaned. It has this advantage in the kitchen over carpets or oil-cloth—that every spot can be easily removed without injury.

CURTAINS.

There is nothing more refreshing than plain, white Swiss muslin curtains, open in the middle, looped back on either side with a broad band of insertion, over blue, green or cherry ribbon. Or a strip of well glazed paper muslin looks as well as ribbon, is much less expensive, and can be purchased in any delicate color. Or the curtain may be simply tied back with ribbon. There should be a broad hem on each curtain, with ribbon or paper muslin laid inside the hem. By joining the hem to the curtain with a handsome insertion, and sewing a ruffle on the outer edge of the broad hem neatly fluted, one secures a charming effect from the parlor curtains. Lace curtains are very elegant, but difficult to do up so as to look like new, and somewhat expensive to hire them cleaned by a French cleaner; and when one has them they are no more beautiful than these Swiss curtains, which can be easily cleaned, and fluted, and look like new curtains each time.

LAMBREQUINS,

made also of white Swiss to match the curtains, produce a very airy, cheerful effect, or the lambrequins can be made of damask, or cretonne, with its rich, soft colors, and trimmed with heavy fringe. If one has not confidence in one's own skill to cut and shape these lambrequins, any upholsterer, if near by, will shape them, and then it is easy work to trim and put them up.

LOUNGES.

Very pretty and comfortable lounges can be manufactured at home with very little trouble or expense. If the husband or sons have any spare hours, or skill with saw, hammer and nails, they can snatch leisure moments, now and then, and make the frame; or if they are not skilful, a carpenter, in an hour or two, could make it and give it a proper shape to suit the part of the room where it will be put. After the slats are nailed on, if there is any place near by where a few springs can be obtained, they will make the lounge much more comfortable. Over the springs cotton batting, hair or moss should be laid, then a thick, strong canvas or bagging that the springs may not wear the outside cover. When this is nailed down smooth and tight, taking care that the stuffing is spread on evenly without lumps or hard spots, put on the cretonne, chintz or woolen outside cover, and nail it down strong. Finish by nailing with brass or black nails, a gimp and fringe plaiting or ruffle to cover the edge, and you have a neat lounge, quite as comfort-

able as most that you buy. Three large square pillows, filled with feathers, hair, moss or "Excelsior" (a kind of poplar shaving made expressly to pack furniture in), and covered to match the lounge, are a great convenience for a straight lounge placed as it should be close to the wall.

BRACKETS.

Pretty and very useful corner brackets can be shaped and made without difficulty, and covered with embroidery, damask or reps. Round the shelf or bracket a piece of the same material with the furniture cover or lambrequin, may be cut in points or scalloped and finished with heavy fringe. These pieces are often beautifully embroidered on Java or canvas, and the brackets when finished are quite ornamental as well as useful. Leather work or pine cones varnished are often worked up into very fanciful brackets, and are quite strong and durable.

FOOTSTOOLS AND OTTOMANS

may be manufactured out of old boxes, peck or half bushel measures, or long store boxes. Nail old bagging loosely on the top, leaving one side open till you have filled it evenly, plumply (not too hard) with cotton, hay, moss or Excelsior. Then nail the canvas very tightly all round, and cover with embroidery, or with material to match the furniture. Cover the edges with gimp or fringe. Nail a piece of oil-cloth over the bottom to make it slide easily over the carpet when wishing to remove it. or the top may be fastened by a piece of strong leather or hinges to one side of the box and stuffed, and covered and trimmed as described above, and thus not only the footstool or ottoman is secured, but a box for pieces, work or anything necessary. In this case there should be castors on the bottom to move it, when filled, without trouble.

These are only a few of the comforts, conveniences and really elegant articles that can be manufactured by one's own ingenuity, skill and perseverance, saving much money, and gaining more comfort and pleasure.

TOILET TABLES.

Four pine boards are nailed together, forming a box about the dimensions of a medium bureau ; the back, front, top and bottom are complete, but the ends are open. The back rises about four and a half feet above the point where it joins the top board, sloping till at the top it is not more than a foot across. On this is nailed a half circle, projecting half a foot in front. This skeleton box is covered with delicate blue Silesia or French cambric—not paper muslin —which is nailed all around tight, except the ends. There the cambric is only fastened at the top, and left loose at the sides and bottom ; and thus the inside of the box may be used for a little closet. The blue cambric is covered with white dotted Swiss muslin, with a broad hem at the bottom and two deep tucks above, both finished with narrow lace edging. Over this a valance or flounce of the same material is nailed at the top of the table, a little full—hemmed, tucked and trimmed like the underskirt. This is caught up in festoons at the front. Round the top a pleating of narrow blue ribbon is nailed on with fine brass-headed nails, and an edging above and below the ribbon. Long loops and ends of narrow blue ribbon are fastened in the centre of the top, where it is festooned up and at the end of the table.

In the centre of the back board, half way to the top, the board has a piece cut out, a foot and a half long and a foot wide. Round this is the narrow ribbon pleating and on each side a lace edging. In this open place is a fine mirror, fastened on the back with cleats. From the half circle at the top a long curtain of dotted Swiss is nailed a little full, opening in the middle, and fastened with a bow of blue ribbon, with a

broad hem and tucks, edged with lace like the bottom part. This curtain falls apart from the mirror, leaving that and the table open, and falls nearly to the floor, fastened at each corner of the table with bows.

This is, we fear, poorly described, but it is, on the whole, one of the prettiest toilet tables we have ever seen. Of course other colors—buff, pink or light green—can be used to match the furniture where it is to stand.

TRANSFERRING ON WOOD AND CHINA.

Easy and mechanical modes of ornamenting light articles are continually coming in and going out of favor. As diversions that occupy the fingers while calling for just attention enough to keep the mind from deeper thought, they will always have a place in the family circle, while to those who have only brains enough to be absorbed by them these lesser arts rank beyond all praise. Transferring pictures to wood or glass is an easy process, yet requires nice fingering to be successful. It has lately been revived, with additions, in England as a means of decorating windows, and is fashionable work there under the title of vitremanie. Indeed, transferring is the base of all those pretty ways of gilding the hours which have littered centre-tables with clippings and gums, florid roses and Cupids and French grisettes, glass panes, wood panels, and bisque vases, while the mysteries of potichomanie, decalcomanie, and the like, were going on. It is charming when a little girl, all smiles and delight, produces a paper-weight of Parian with device in glowing colors of butterflies and love-knots for her mamma's Christmas present, or when a boy adorer makes an absurdly short call, leaving one to find on the hall table a crystal box of confections, all mounted with gilt paper and blushing with the sweetest rose-buds and forget-me-nots, the work of many an hour stolen from skating or the gymnasium. You keep the gilded box years after the confections have vanished, and I am not sure the little marble paper-weight is not among the mother's lace and old jewellery when somebody comes to look over the things for the last time. The children of any age from ten to sixty may take up the little art, and learn it against next holidays. Of course there are pictures on purpose for the work, at absurd prices, at the regular shops for such fancy articles. But they are hard to find and easy to lose, these potichomanie shops, and often much harassment and coming to grief in search of fine pictures in gay colors. I prefer to go down town to the dealer who keeps them by wholesale for pasting on handkerchief and collar boxes to supply the trade. He is obliging enough to let one have for a dollar a sheet of twenty-five brilliant and extremely pretty designs—roses half blown, carnations, myosotis, convolvulus, eglantine, lilac—such a wealth of flowers and color as one would have to pay treble for; and it is well to make interest with some merchant for the reversion of the delicate enameled labels with graceful designs that set off some choice French goods. The fine specimen engravings that accompany prospectuses of new books are to be hoarded, and the volumes of old magazines offer unexpected treasures. The pictures in magazines used to be good. Now for the choice steel plates we have the delightful improvement in wood-engrav-

ing. Full-page pictures like the beautiful one from Landseer, "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," published some time since in the *Bazar*, may be transferred to panels of whitewood or of glass, retouched with crayon or pencil, and mounted in *passe-partout* with excellent effect.

The surface to which the picture is to be transferred may be wood, glass, or stone. Hickory or whitewood panels are the best, as they have no grain to show between the lines. Pine wood, painted with whitelead ground in half oil and half varnish, dried carefully, and rubbed with rotten-stone after the third coat, makes a good surface. The effect of the engraving is improved if the ground is tinted straw-color, or the smooth shadow tint of lithographic stone, which throws out the ink with surprising clearness. In some parts of the country it is possible to get pieces of very smooth soft limestone which receive the transfer beautifully, and have a mellow ground tint. It is worth while some morning to walk into a stone yard and see what it has to offer in the way of unconsidered trifles of broken marble slabs, soft limestone, and slate. These may be cut in shape for paper-weights, lamp pedestals, and feet for vases, or tiles to ornament a mantel or window-seat. Brackets, hanging shelves, book-racks, the sides of book-cases, box-covers, hall mouldings, and staircases may be decorated with panels of stone or wood in transfer. There will be a choice of subjects for these different uses, in which real taste comes into play. A view of Melrose or a French head will answer equally well for a holly-wood work-box; English scenery will decorate the tiles set about a window or book niche; the host of roses, butterflies, Cupids, and such fancies best suit table ornaments; the figures of animals may furnish a series of panels for the base-board of the hall or stairs; the medallions in the mouldings of chamber furniture may be covered by a thin piece of whitewood, not to say ivorine, glued on or set in with a lovely head—after Greuze, if you are lucky enough to find a print from that artist in the *Illustrated News*. A crew of grotesques may laugh on a banner screen, and they may be every-one cut from the scenes of plantation life or the cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*. The most uncouth figures, cut from old-fashioned wall paper, may be transferred to window-glass or slates, painted with dark green, blue, or brown, in varnish colors, with the slightest degree of skill, and furnish tiles for a jardinière that do not ill resemble majolica. But the most convenient subject for transfer yields also the finest effect. All broken plates and saucers of stone china, delf, or porcelain that have three square inches of flat surface may be covered with vignettes, tempting and soft as if pencilled on china.

But how? asks that charming and impatient reader, who is always anxious to get at the kernel of a paragraph, and to find how her story is to turn out, and will have her materials gathered to begin before she reads the column through. Suppose she confiscates a square old-fashioned white platter from the dining-room closet, and a steel engraving from the *Art Journal*—very nice beginnings both. The picture must be placed face upward in a shallow dish of warm soft water, in which a great spoonful of salt is dissolved. The dish must be large enough to hold the picture without curling the edges, which should be cut off close to the print. Leave the picture till it is thoroughly soaked through, which will take from twenty minutes to an hour, according to the thickness and quality of the paper. Leave a bit of the margin to soak at the same time for trial. When it is soft enough to peel without being pulpy it is time to take the picture out. The platter should receive a coat of transfer varnish on the side where the picture is to go. If the bottom has no stamp or embossed let-

ters, it will be most convenient to work on, and the edges will form a bevel. Commonly the face only is available. It must be free from cracks, figures and chippings, for the least of these will tear the picture, and spoil it. Heat the platter, and brush thinly with transfer varnish, which is sold at artists' shops, but is readily made by mixing six ounces of fir balsam with twelve of spirits of turpentine, both of which are found at the druggist's. Shake well, strain through muslin, and it is ready for use. Copal varnish is also good for this purpose, but takes longer to dry. Have ready an old sheet, folded in four; lift the picture from the water by slipping the hands under it, and lay gently on the cloth, which must be folded over it to absorb the moisture. When it is only damp, and not the least wet, lay it with the printed side down on the varnished plate, one end at first, smoothing it with a soft cloth as it falls in place, that no blisters remain under it. Place over it a smooth board or slate, and put it in press or under a weight for six hours. Then sponge the picture with warm water, and absorb the moisture with soft cloths; let it lie for half an hour, and begin rubbing it gently with the finger tips till the paper peels away, leaving a faint film over the engraving. Rub till the lines of ink show through the film, taking great care not to destroy the film or make a hole in the paper. This is the nicest part of the work, for the paper must come off evenly all over the plate, and every part of the engraving appear. If the paper dries, sponge it slightly till it peels readily; if too wet, leave it to dry a little. When done, let it dry thoroughly, and cover with two coats of the clearest white varnish, which will strike through the film and bring out the picture while it preserves it. Paint the edges of the platter any neutral tint that will bring out the picture, if it is to be colored; if not, coat them with white paint in varnish, which will give an ivory-smooth border. Cover the engraving in the latter case with a very thin, clear sheet of glass, held at the edges by strips of maroon or gray velvet, glued on in the strongest manner. Heavy, narrow ribbon may be used in the same way, and afterward gilded. The sloping edges of the plate are to be covered with velvet to match the beading, and the whole let into a narrow, flat, grooved frame of maple, ivory, or ebonized wood with white edges. If the artist has a slight knowledge of drawing in India ink, the picture may be touched up to resemble a fine copy rather than a print. On wood the process is much the same. The panel must be varnished, the picture pressed, peeled, and finished as on china, but the last coats must be copal varnish. If the picture is to be colored, it must be coated with strong size, made by breaking a sheet of isinglass into a small cup of boiling water. This is applied before varnishing and dried, when the figures are covered with a wash of the lightest shade of color desired. The grass should be touched with the sunny tinge in which it appears in sunlight, dressed with the palest shade that appears in high light, for the dark lines of the engraving furnish the depth of tone. Paints mixed with varnish will give beautiful specimens of enamel-work on wood. To imitate tile-work a pattern of wool embroidery may be transferred, sized, and painted in varnish with solid colors—dark red, blue, brown, and light yellow without shading. This is easy for a novice, the only care being to keep the edges of figures distinct. For this end a fine black line may be drawn outlining each when finished.

The application of transfer to glass is susceptible of most attractive effects. Thick pieces of beveled glass are sold by mirror dealers, that vary in size from three inches to a foot square, with ovals to correspond, at prices from twenty-five cents to five dollars. The small pieces are available for paper-weights,

feet for lamps, vases, and cushions; the larger for panels and box covers. But common window-glass is as useful if clear and free from cracks. The picture is transferred as to china, but the tinting offers the widest field to fancy. The clearest varnish, the highest colors, and mosaic patterns are called for, with central figures of saint, or queen, or angel, encircled with border of jewelled color, perhaps on backgrounds of gold. A glance at Rossetti's mediæval designs will give the best notion of what is wanted. If figures are not desired, old English texts or letters may be illuminated in this way with mosaic border or grounding. A print of Adolph Henning's cherub in the illustrated papers not long since, is a good subject for transferring to glass. The fair hair of the cherub might be touched with gilded rays, his wings undertinted with rose, his robe deep blue or sky-color, and the deep diapered border painted in dead gold. To such an extent is this transfer-work carried in England that altar and hall windows are decorated in this way, with effect not inferior to any but the finest stained glass.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FLIES

BY ELSIE CAMPBELL.

One of the plagues of the Egyptians that has crossed the deserts and the waters, and that annually visits us, is flies.

Rise up early, some July morning, stand forth; lo, swarms of flies upon us and upon our houses, yea, the houses of the people are full of swarms of flies, and also the ground whereon they stand.

Knowing of no act of penance by which this sore evil might be averted, we tried to fortify ourselves against it as best we could. We put wire-screens at all our doors and windows, and slept under musquito netting; we took our afternoon siesta with a newspaper thrown over our faces.

We covered our best hat with a handkerchief as soon as we returned from Church; we darkened our parlors, and put green gauze over all the picture-frames.

We sewed up the hams in cloth, and whitewashed their shrouds; we covered everything upon the tables, and gingerly removed them one by one as occasion required; we hired a small boy to stand behind us and wave a feather-brush over our heads while we ate.

But still the flies came; one unguarded crack, and they were upon us. Bridget gave us discouraging reports of "the mate, mum." The baby was often awakened from his morning's nap by some impudent fly that had tickled his precious little nose.

Our best books and pictures were ruined, and the lovely cream roses on our hat for which we paid ten dollars were all seeded over with black.

We adorned our mirrors with asparagus, and spent our leisure moments in making "air-castles" of hog's bristles, that the intruders might have suitable resting-places.

We prepared dishes of fly-paper and fly-poison, and had the pleasure of seeing all the friends and relatives coming to the funerals of the few whose end we had hastened.

We skimmed flies out of the cream, and swallowed them in the gravy. We flirted towels and dusters at our numerous visitors, upset the vases, and broke the lampshade, and as one bevy of tormentors were driven out at the top of the window, fresh arrivals came in at the bottom.

Wearied and perspiring, we sat down, and fanned ourselves with a slow, gentle motion, varied now and then, by a vigorous slap at some inquisitive bluebottle. We counted those buzzing upon the window-panes, spent fifteen minutes in catching one, and shook him into the grate only to see him spread his wings and fly away.

Three months of incessant watching and fighting well-nigh exhausted us; we looked upon our fly-specked household goods in despair But as our energies flagged, those of our pestilent little enemy grew more active. We built a fire to ward off the chill of the autumn days; he immediately came with all his kindred to our house-warming, and there they stayed! We saw them in the early morning arranged as silent, black frescoes upon the walls; as the sunlight came glancing into the room, they would yawn and stretch themselves, take a few steps, spread their wings, and go sailing about the room in search of a breakfast.

There seemed to be no help; the autumn is the very worst time for flies. We remembered our experience last fall, just as the house-cleaning was over: there came a warm, sunny day, and with it, came under the carpet, from cracks in the furniture, right through the fresh paint, came the flies again, just as sticky and saucy, and busy and buzzy as ever. Thinking of this, we were ready to give up the house and seek peace and comfort out of doors until thanksgiving, or the first "cold snap."

But even at this eleventh hour, and before an unexpected quarter, deliverance has come. We are indebted to a contrivance described in a newspaper, for our present entire freedom from flies. We wish that we could give the name of the inventress; we are sure it is due to woman's ingenuity.

The weapon of defence looks something like a fisherman's dip-net. It is made by sewing a large hoop into the top of a cornucopia of mosquito netting. The bag must be deep and pointed, and a long handle should be attached to the hoop. When in a rapid motion, a current of air is formed that carries the flies right into the bag. A little practice with this sort of fly-net, enables one to scoop up the insects swiftly and deftly. The end of the bag must be tightly grasped when pausing for breath, that none of the victims escape. It is a matter of taste and moral instinct whether they shall meet their final doom by drowning or cremation.—*Christian Weekly.*

BIBLE FLOWER MISSION IN LONDON.

In the early spring of 1874, a snowdrop, primrose, and two or three violets, which had been casually enclosed in a letter to an East-End worker, were passed round her sewing-class of two hundred poor old widows, "for each to have a smell," and then divided and given to three dying Christians, one of whom breathed her last fondly clasping them. From that time flowers were collected, and during the season distributed by the ladies at the Home of Industry among the sick in the neighboring courts, and in different Hospitals.

Having seen the wonderful effect produced by the flowers, not only in cheering suffering ones, but in obtaining access to the darkest haunts of sin and misery, it was thought they would prove a valuable aid in the work of carrying the Gospel to many hearts and homes, in connection with the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London.

To accomplish a wide-spread distribution of flowers and texts, it was necessary not only to establish depots in central positions where flowers could be received, but to have a band of truly missionary workers attached to each, who could take the flowers to their various destinations, and tell the old, old story to the recipients in loving words, or with the voice of song.

By the kind permission of Mrs. Pennefather and Miss Macpherson, the Central Depots were opened on March 30, 1875, at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, N., and the Home of Industry, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, E. Every Tuesday and Thursday a number of ladies meet to receive the boxes, and arrange the flowers in the Text bouquet-holders, before taking them to the various Hospitals, &c.

Most generous was the response to a plea inserted in the *Christian* of March 18th: "FLOWERS—FOR JESUS' SAKE." For a while flowers poured in in great abundance, from all parts of the United Kingdom. When the wild flowers were over the supplies were diminished greatly, so that at times we had only a hundred bunches to send where we were expected to give, as usual, five hundred; and this was a sore trial to the sufferers, who anxiously looked out for their wonted cheer. A lady overheard a poor woman telling her fellow-passengers in the omnibus that she had been in a hospital for eight months, and, she added, "It would have been a long, weary time, but that some kind ladies came twice and brought such sweet flowers, and, more than that, there was such a beautiful text with each nosegay," and, at their request, she repeated some of the texts.

Sunday-school children sent boxes with sweet messages of love to the poor Londoners:

"We all send our love to the dear sick people, and hope they will make haste to get well soon, and love Jesus."—"The enclosed were gathered in Welsh lanes; perhaps there are some Welsh patients in Hospitals who would value them more on this account."

School-boys and young ladies sent willing help, and seven girls wrote to say they each had a garden at school, and intended cultivating them to give the flowers to Jesus. Mothers tell us of their joy in gathering their little ones round the table, and searching out of the big Bible suitable texts for them to write on the labels; and governesses speak of "The bright, happy object given for country walks, and the sympathy thus awakened for the sick and suffering. We shall be so glad if our flowers can bring a ray of brightness into any dark life!"

"We hope to send you some flowers from time to time, and have consecrated a small patch of ground out of our mother's larger garden for the purpose. How much I long that all the children of England would this summer give the flowers of their 'little gardens' to the Lord What a new pleasure, and deep, holy interest they would thus feel, as they ply their tiny rakes, spades, and watering-cans in the busy spring-time, if it was to make the flowers grow beautiful and strong for them to give for Jesus' sake to His sick and weary children."

A tender bond has by this means been established between those who are one in the fellowship of suffering, and many have been the letters telling us of flowers and texts prayerfully sent, in the hope that the same comfort to mind and body that has long been felt by the senders, may be experienced by the recipients.

"From a sufferer from hip disease, confined to bed, and lying always on her back."

"The texts are but the effort of an old lady,

still it has beguiled many weary hours of her life."

"From one who has been an invalid seven years, and loves to share the flowers brought her with fellow-sufferers, trusting the silent little messengers will be used for His glory, and that many poor lonely ones may be cheered by their presence."

"These violets from a blind, dying boy, could not be better employed than in cheering some other suffering one."

"From a little child, dying in consumption, for another suffering in the same way."

"The flower-holders were cut by a young girl of seventeen, who was dying of rapid consumption. Too weak to write the texts round herself, she chose them from the Bible and made a list for me to write, that it might be all hers; and she said that with every verse she chose she should send up a little prayer that it might be God's messenger to some soul, and carry a blessing with it. Surely we may believe that these prayers may be answered, and that the thirty texts may be the means of comfort to some poor creatures. The young girl herself died very peacefully and happily a few days ago; she so appreciated the flowers during her illness that she was anxious to do all she could for the Flower Mission."

We were asked by one who had been an invalid for thirty years, to send her the names and addresses of half-a-dozen sick people living in the back courts; she thought that their joy in receiving a parcel by post direct, containing a kind letter and some sweet flowers, would be very great; and indeed, it would be difficult to describe how well this plan succeeded.

The following incidents are from the experiences of various workers who have kindly supplied the information. Not the least blessed has been the mission of the flowers in the lowest dens of misery. In the *London City Mission Magazine*, Feb. 3, 1875, the following graphic description of the locality is given:

"Opposite the Jewish quarter, and only divided by Commercial Street, is a part of the Parish of Spitalfields, which is almost entirely occupied by a criminal population. All the houses in Wentworth Street, Thrawl Street, Flower and Dean Street, Keate Street, etc., with a few exceptions, are houses of ill-repute, all occupied, more or less, by thieves and lost characters. The moral and spiritual condition of the people is truly distressing, as they not only neglect the house of God, but live in the practice of almost every vice and crime possible. I shall never forget my first entrance into the Thieves' Kitchen! Imagine about one hundred persons,—men, women, and children,—round an immense fire (summer and winter alike), preparing food for meals of every description,—one toasting some red herrings; others frying onions, and perhaps a bit of meat, in a hissing frying-pan; some boiling cabbage. The odor of all this, with the fumes of stale tobacco (of course every adult is smoking), the room beautifully festooned with rows of washed linen (or rags), and the whole illuminated by a jet of gas burning dimly on account of the foul air; and you have the interior of a Spitalfields lodging-house."

In these low lodging-houses the plan has been to give a bouquet to each inmate, and then, after singing a hymn and speaking a few words collectively, deal more personally with individuals, who by the moistening eye, or hasty turning-aside, seemed to be more or less impressed. Thus many a precious opportunity has been given for pleading earnestly with the perishing, telling of Him who will forgive if they only believe."

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

One day we were warned not to go down —— Street, being assured it was not safe,—"such a queer lot of people down there;" and, indeed, it has the character of being one of the worst streets in London. Thanking for the kindly warning, we replied we had already been welcomed into every lodging-house in that street. In every instance we have been courteously received—yes, even asked to partake of their "dish of tea;" and most attentive has been the listening to God's message of love.

A poor fellow, bearing a superior stamp about him, was reading attentively the verse, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;" he told us that a lady had given him and his "tiger" (*i.e.*, chum) each a bunch lately; he remarked to the other, "Well, what have you got?" "Only a few flowers, just a lot of rubbish," was the reply. "Oh, it's something more than that. Look here, what does this say?—'God so loved the world that he *gave* His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Why, that's a gift worth more than all the world!"

After three visits to the courts and alleys, accompanied by a band of little ones, who sang hymns while we distributed the flowers, we were obliged to discontinue this mode of giving, and confine ourselves to visiting the lodging-houses. It was a marvellous sight to see the flower baskets carried once through the Jews' quarter, and at other times through Flower and Dean Street, and its off-shooting courts, including the lane of legendary fame whence Dick Turpin started on his ride to York. From every window heads were thrust; from attic to cellar the men, women, and little children poured forth, following us in ever-increasing numbers, pleading, beseeching, clamoring for flowers. At times the pressure was suffocating, we had to

implore them to keep off, and more than once to take refuge in a house till the crowd should have dispersed. "What does it all mean?" was the question asked by passers-by. "Little country children, hearing of the darkness and misery of these East End courts, want to make the people happy, and have gathered these flowers for those who never see them growing." The astonishment is so great that these lovely flowers are given away, that we have found some reluctantly turning away from them, fancying they were for sale, and having no money to pay. The crowds that followed reminded us forcibly of the German tale of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin Town," who with his magic flute, charmed all the little ones away to the enchanted mountain.

Strange, though the crowding became most oppressive, and thieves and criminals wedged round us in dense masses, not a rude word was heard, but a quiet hush came over them. A policeman, standing by, gazed with astonishment at the scene. It was wonderful, and yet so painful, to look up from the pure fresh flowers to those sin-stricken faces (I had almost said *demoniacal*, for every vestige of humanity seemed swept away by the ravages of sin—"the show of their countenance testified against them"), and tears sprang unbidden at the contrast. Suddenly a woman's voice was heard; a poor lost girl forced her way through; and, pointing to the text around her violets, exclaimed, "I can read this,"—"I am He that comforteth you." "Oh, I need that!" and burst into tears."

Returning through these streets, we have noticed little groups gathered at the corners, or doors of public-houses, around one who has a bouquet, and is reading the text.

"Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

Very touching is the tale that follows, of the Honeysuckle bringing back sweet memories of Home.

A young girl received a bouquet; the honeysuckle in it reminded her of that twining round her mother's porch when she was a happy, innocent little child, tripping along to the village school. She came to the Mission-room, asking that prayer might be made for her that God would give her a clean new heart. After this her lodging was visited, but she had gone. The neighbors said that she was away, she could never rest till she went home to her mother's cottage, since those flowers were given her. Asking an old woman, herself a homeless wanderer, if she had seen her, she replied: "Not since the day she came to you at George Yard, and she was in a terrible state about her mother and her home. You see she has a soft heart like—not like me, my heart is hard. Poor dear, when we were out together she would often say, 'I wish I was a better girl,—I know I am breaking hearts at home.' I don't know where she came from, but somewhere in the country. I suppose she has gone home,—soft-hearted girls like her have no right to be without a home in the streets of London. I wish I was as good as that girl." This is all I can learn about the poor thing, but have no doubt, like many others, she will one day write telling all about herself, and the change the Lord Himself has wrought.

The following account of a day spent at the Flower Depot may interest our friends, as coming from the pen of a country visitor:—

The journey from Cannon Street to Spitalfields was none of the pleasantest; the road was so crowded, and we had a shaft and a horse's head nearly into our cab more than once! Several ladies were already in the Mission-room tying on the texts. We had just time to see our hampers opened, and were glad to find that the flowers had travelled very well and looked fresh. One lady soon had a small hamper ready to take to the Consumption Hospital, Victoria Park, and asked if we would accompany her, which, of course, we gladly did. We had to walk some distance and carry the basket in turn. A thin muslin was tied over the flowers, through which they were quite visible, and it was curious to see how astonished passers-by seemed, and how they watched the carrying of the flowers down the street. The lady we went with was so nice, with such a sweet gentle face and manner; she often goes down the street alone, and it is such a low neighborhood. The work of distribution in the Hospital was delightful. The poor patients looked up eagerly from their pillows, as, with our hands full, we entered the different wards. They brightened up so at the sight and the smell of the flowers, and many would half rise from their beds to receive them. The plan is to give the flowers, read the text, and say a few kind words about it. It was nice for us; just having come from the country where the flowers are sent from, we could say a word or two about the friends and children who took such pleasure in sending them. The texts are an introduction for a few words, and you can fancy what a glorious opportunity they give of pressing home each short message of God's love. The patients seem quite to open up, and make it so easy to speak to them. They are so disappointed if the texts are not read; and when one lady left the flowers without doing so, more than one said reproachfully as she was leaving—"But you have not read the text!" Most of the faces were beautiful—from being consumptive, I suppose. One poor man looked almost dying; such a beautiful text came to him, and he listened eagerly to it. Another man looked as if he had lived a very fast life, and his text was something about the putting away "many sins." "Ah!" he said, "I feel that; I know that I have been a great sinner, a *great* sinner," which he kept repeating. One of the bouquets had these words attached—"Prepare to meet thy God." I could not bear to give it: one seems to want comforting texts for the poor sufferers. At last I thought it *must* be given to somebody, and on going up to the next bed, I somehow felt on looking into the man's face, "Well, you are just the man, if any, to give it to." He had not

at all a nice face, and looked so hardened. He took the flowers with a slight acknowledgment, but the words really seemed to catch his attention, and he listened quietly to a few words about the way of preparation; and he took up the flowers and looked again as I left him.

In the first Hospital entered by our ladies, a doctor thankfully welcomed the flowers, saying he had been thinking of establishing a little Flower Mission for the patients; and in the wards a nurse cheered them by telling how once, last year, she felt very tired and down-cast, and going up to a sick one's bed, her eye fell on the text encircling the flowers: "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." It was God's message to her soul, and, as a cup of cold water, refreshed her to go on in her arduous work for the Master's sake.

From Guy's Hospital we had the message that the "poor patients seemed to take a new lease of life from the freshness of the flowers; and bright, happy, contented faces were to be seen on all sides, after advent;" whilst from the Fever Hospital we received the following encouraging words: "Even if the flowers fail to bring their message of joy to the sick and weary, the well-chosen texts that accompany them tell of our Heavenly Father's everlasting care, and the perfect happiness of those who have taken Jesus Christ for their own Saviour and Friend; and when we look at the *faded* flowers, they remind us that 'we all do fade as a leaf.'"

It is beautiful to see the way in which the flowers and texts are preserved. Some flowers are kept for *three weeks*. Others have been carefully dried, and tied in strings round the glass, while the texts have been nailed to the walls—"that they may always read them." The Hospital patients take their texts when leaving; some will not let the flowers go from their hands till quite dead, others fasten them to the pulleys attached to their beds. In several Hospitals little penny glasses have been provided for each bed, on purpose that the patients may have the pleasure of keeping their bouquets fresh

In a drunkard's home, a withered bunch was found stuck in one of a set of brandy bottles,—the text still witnessing, abiding sweet when the flowers were gone.

Sometimes a flower will have a tiny root attached, or a few seeds, and it has been pleasing to notice how our poor friends have taken care of these, planted them, and tenderly watched over them, till they have got a bit of garden in their own little windows. Visiting a room in habited by three old women, who cover umbrellas at 3d. a-piece, and exist in a state of semi-starvation, a friend saw that bits of moss, ivy, and flowers out of the bouquets had been preserved and coaxed to grow in the dingy room. So gloomy is the place, that when they were taken to the seaside with the annual excursion, these poor women were quite ill with the air and sunshine. The bright August sun proved too much for those who lived almost like bats in the dark gloomy courts, and they were fain to creep away and hide among the shadiest trees.

Perhaps it is in the Workhouses that the Flower Missionaries are most valued. The inmates are so cut off from the outer world, that the visits are truly welcomed, and the poor people sit around entranced, listening to the simple singing of the Gospel in hymns like "The ninety-and-nine." "Thank you very much for the flowers, but above all for the sweet hymns." echoes through the wards. On one occasion the old men lifted their hats when the ladies entered and *a number of the text-cards, preserved from previous bouquets, fell out from the crowns!* A woman said, "Have you not made a mistake ma'am? I never had a flower; and look at the sweet message, that is nice." Another remarked, "They are very sweet, very pretty, but" (handing them back) "I suppose I musn't keep them?" "Not to-day, not to-day," cried an old woman, "indeed, I haven't any pennies."

Country friends may be helped by the following account of a plan which has proved successful:—

In the Hull Flower Mission, it has been found a simple and useful plan to collect flowers by means of a "village basket." These special baskets are of strong wicker work, with wire trays inside, and midway between the bottom and lid, a flap hung on hinges rests on corner pieces to prevent the flowers being crushed; each bears an oval enamelled plate, lettered as follows: "Flowers for the Sick and Infirm Poor of Hull, from——." They work as follows:—A resident in a village undertakes the charge of a basket, which is supplied with two permanent labels, one addressed to the Flower Depot, the other bearing the address of the resident in the village. Printed cards, kept for the purpose, are then filled up and addressed to all those who are likely to contribute to the basket, and they are told where it is, and the day and hour it will be despatched. Flowers are received, and the basket is despatched, either by carrier, rail or boat, to the Depot, and is returned the same day, to be ready for the next despatch. Village baskets have been established at several places, and one is worked by the common carrier, who collects on his road. We shall be glad to hear from friends in other villages—and from other carriers—that they are willing to undertake the charge of a basket. *The trouble is little, the leasure is great, and the good done immeasurable.*—*From Women's Work in the Great Harvest Field.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

FRIED EGGS.—Melt some butter in a frying-pan, and when it hisses, drop in the eggs carefully. Fry three minutes; dust with pepper and salt, and transfer to a hot dish.

FRICASSEED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard, cut in half crosswise, and take out the yolks. Chop these fine, or rub to a paste, with a little ground tongue or ham or cold fowl, some minced parsley, some melted butter, and a *very* little made mustard. Work well together and fill the whites with it, setting them close together in a deep covered dish, the open ends up. Have ready some veal gravy or chicken broth; heat to boiling in a saucepan with a half teaspoonful chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and lastly three tablespoonsful of cream to a cup of broth. Boil up; pour smoking hot over the eggs, let them stand five minutes, closely covered, and send to table.

This is not an expensive dish. Eggs are always a cheaper breakfast dish for a small family than meat, even at fifty cents a dozen. Six will make a nice quantity of the fricassee, and it is a delicious relish. Always drop hard-boiled eggs into cold water as soon as they are done, to prevent the yolks from turning black.

BREADED EGGS.—Boil hard, and cut in round thick slices. Pepper and salt; dip each in beaten raw egg, then in fine bread-crumbs or powdered cracker, and fry in nice dripping or butter, hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease, and serve on a hot dish for breakfast, with sauce, like that for fricasseed eggs, poured over them.

BAKED EGGS.—Break six or seven eggs into a buttered dish, taking care that each is whole, and does not encroach upon the others so much as to mix or disturb the yolks. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put a bit of butter upon each. Put into an oven and bake until the whites are well set. Serve very hot, with rounds of buttered toast, or sandwiches.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Put a good piece of butter in a frying-pan, and when it is hot drop in the eggs, which should be broken whole into a bowl. Stir in with them a little chopped parsley, some pepper and salt, and keep stirring to and fro, up and down, without cessation, for three minutes. Turn out at once into a hot dish, or upon buttered toast, and eat without delay.

SCALLOPED EGGS.—Make a force-meat of chopped ham—ground is better—fine bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and some melted butter. Moisten with milk to a soft paste, and half fill some patty-pans or scallop-shells with the mixture. Break an egg carefully upon the top of each, dust with pepper and salt, and sift some very finely powdered cracker over all. Set in the oven, and bake until the eggs are *well* set—about eight minutes. Eat hot. They are very nice. You can substitute ground tongue for the ham.

EGGS UPON TOAST.—Put a good lump of butter into the frying-pan. When it is hot, stir in four or five well-beaten eggs, with pepper, salt, and a little parsley. Stir and toss for three minutes. Have ready to your hand some slices of buttered toast (cut round with a tin cake-cutter before they are toasted); spread thickly with ground or minced tongue, chicken, or ham. Heap the stirred egg upon these in mounds, and set in a hot dish garnished with parsley and pickled beets.

EGGS AU LIT (*in bed*).—Mince some cold fowl—chicken, turkey, or duck (or some cold boiled veal and ham in equal quantities)—very fine, and rub in a Wedgewood mortar adding by degrees some melted butter, pepper, salt, minced parsley, and two beaten eggs. Warm in a frying-pan when it is well mixed, stirring in a little hot water should it dry too fast. Cook five minutes, stirring to keep it from scorching or browning. Form, on a hot patter or flat dish, into a mound, flat on top, with a ridge of the mixture running all around. It is easily moulded with a broad-bladed knife. In the dish thus formed, on the top of the minced-meat, lay as many poached eggs as it will hold, sprinkling them with pepper and salt.

Arrange triangles of buttered toast in such order, at the base of the mound, that they shall make a pointed wall against it.

EGG BASKETS.—Make these for breakfast the day after you have had roast chicken, duck, or turkey, for dinner. Boil six eggs hard, cut neatly in half and extract the yolks. Rub these to a paste with some melted butter, pepper and salt, and set aside. Pound the minced meat of the cold fowl fine, in the same manner, and mix with the egg-paste, moistening with melted butter as you proceed, or with a little gravy, if you have it to spare. Cut off a slice from the bottoms of the hollowed whites of the egg, to make them stand; fill with the paste; arrange close together upon a flat dish, and pour over them the gravy left from yesterday's roast, heated boiling hot, and mellowed by a few spoonsful of cream or rich milk.

OMELETTE (*plain*).—Beat six eggs very light, the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone, the yolks to a smooth thick batter. Add to the yolks a small cupful of milk, pepper and salt; lastly stir in the whites lightly. Have ready in a hot frying-pan a good lump of butter. When it hisses, pour in your mixture gently and set over a clear fire. It should cook in ten minutes at most. Do not stir, but contrive, as the eggs "set," to slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelette to guard against burning at the bottom. The instant "hiss" of the butter as it flows to the hottest part of the pan will prove the wisdom and efficacy of the precaution. If your oven is hot, you may put the frying-pan in it as soon as the middle of the omelette is set. When done, lay a hot dish bottom upward on the top of the pan, and dexterously upset the latter to bring the browned side of the omelette uppermost. Eat soon, or it will fall.

I *know* these directions to be worthy of note. I have never seen lighter or better omelettes anywhere than in households where these have been the rule for years in the manufacture of this simple and delightful article of food.

OMELETTE WITH HAM, TONGUE, OR CHICKEN.—Make precisely as above; but when it is done, scatter thickly over the surface some minced ham, tongue, or seasoned chicken, slip your broad knife under one side of the omelette and double in half, enclosing the meat. Then upset the frying-pan upon a hot dish.

EGG-BALLS FOR SOUP.—Rub the yolks of three or four hard-boiled eggs to a smooth paste with a *very* little melted butter, pepper, and salt. To these add two raw ones, beaten light, and enough flour to hold the paste together. Make into balls with floured hands and set in a cool place until just before your soup comes off, when put in carefully and boil one minute.

OMELETTE AUX FINES HERBES.—After the yolks and whites are mixed together with the milk, stir in, with two or three strokes of the spoon or whisk, two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley, green thyme, and sweet marjoram, with pepper and salt. Fry instantly.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—Grate some rich old cheese, and having mixed the omelette as usual, stir in the cheese with a swift turn or two of the whisk, and at the same time some chopped parsley and thyme. If you beat long the cheese will separate the milk from the eggs. Cook at once.

SWEET OMELETTE.—*Omelette Soufflée (Fried.)*—6 eggs, 4 tablespoonsful sugar (powdered), 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, 2 tablespoonsful butter.

Beat the whites and yolks separately. Add the sugar to the yolks, a little at a time, beating very thoroughly, until they are smooth and thick. The whites should stand alone. Put two tablespoonsful of butter in a frying-pan, heat to boiling, and when you have added the vanilla to the omelette, pour it in and cook very quickly as you would a plain one. Slip the knife frequently under it, to loosen from the sides and bottom. It is more apt to scorch than an omelette without sugar. Turn out upon a *very* hot dish, sift powdered sugar over the top and serve instantly, or it will fall and become heavy.

Omelette Soufflée (Baked.)—6 eggs, 6 tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, juice of a lemon and half the peel, grated.

Beat yolks and whites separately and very well. Add to the yolks by degrees the powdered sugar, and beat until it ceases to froth, and is thick and smooth. The whites should be stiff enough to cut with a knife. Stir together lightly with the seasoning, pour into a well-buttered dish, and bake in a quick oven five or six minutes. The dish should be warmed when it is buttered, not to chill the eggs. Send around with a spoon, and let each one help himself before it can fall.—*From Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household."*

Literary Notices.

DANIEL DERONDA, by George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," &c. Copyright Edition: Dawson Bros.

As this is the great novel of the year, we have no doubt that those of our readers who do not see the parts as they come out will be glad to see a few extracts from the portion of the work already before the public, which constitutes more than a third of the whole.

THE HEROINE.

The Nereid in sea-green robes and silver ornaments, with a pale sea-green feather fastened in silver falling backward over her green hat and light brown hair, was Gwendolen Harleth. She was under the wing, or rather soared by the shoulder, of the lady who sat by her side at the roulette table; and with them was a gentleman with a white moustache and clipped hair; solid-browed, stiff, and German. They were walking about or standing to chat with acquaintances; and Gwendolen was much observed by the seated groups.

"A striking girl—that Miss Harleth—unlike others."

"Yes; she has got herself up as a sort of serpent now, all green and silver, and winds her neck about a little more than usual."

"Oh, she must always be doing something extraordinary. She is that kind of girl, I fancy. Do you think her pretty, Mr. Vandernoodt?"

"Very. A man might risk hanging for her—I mean, a fool might."

"You like a *nez retroussé* then, and long, narrow eyes?"

"When they go with such an *ensemble*."

"The *ensemble du serpent?*"

"If you will. Woman was tempted by a serpent; why not man?"

"She is certainly very graceful. But she wants a tinge of color in her cheeks; it is a sort of Lamia beauty she has."

"On the contrary, I think her complexion one of her chief charms. It is a warm paleness; it looks thoroughly healthy. And that delicate nose with its gradual little upward curve is distracting. And then her mouth—there never was a prettier mouth, the lips curl backward so finely, eh, Mackworth?"

"Think so? I cannot endure that sort of mouth. It looks so self-complacent, as if it knew its own beauty—the curves are too immovable. I like a mouth that trembles more."

"For my part, I think her odious," said a dowager. "It is wonderful what unpleasant girls get into vogue. Who are these Langens? Does anybody know them?"

"They are quite *comme il faut*. I have dined with them several times at the *Russie*. The Baroness is English. Miss Harleth calls her cousin. The girl herself is thoroughly well-bred, and as clever as possible."

HERR KLESMER.

We English are a miscellaneous people, and any chance fifty of us will present many varieties of animal architecture or facial ornament; but it must be admitted that our prevailing expression is not that of a lively, impassioned race, preoccupied with the ideal and carrying the real as a mere make-weight. The strong point of the English gentleman pure is the easy style of his figure and clothing; he objects to marked ins and outs in his costume, and he also obejcts to looking inspired.

Fancy an assemblage where the men had all that ordinary stamp of the well-bred Englishman, watching the entrance of Herr Klesmer—his mane of hair floating backward in massive inconsistency with the chimney-pot hat, which had the look of having been put on for a joke above his pronounced but well-modelled features and powerful, clean-shaven mouth and chin; his tall, thin figure clad in a way which, not being strictly English, was all the worse for its apparent emphasis of intention. Draped in a loose garment with a Florentine berretta on his head, he would have been fit to stand by the side of Leonardo da Vinci; but how when he presented himself in trowsers which were not what English feeling demanded about the knees?—and when the fire that showed itself in his glances and movements of his head, as he looked round him with curiosity, was turned into comedy by a hat which ruled that mankind should have well-cropped hair and a staid demeanor, such, for example, as Mr. Arrowpoint's, whose nullity of face and perfect tailoring might pass everywhere without ridicule? One sees why it is often better for greatness to be dead, and to have got rid of the outward man.

GRANDCOURT.

Mr. Grandcourt's wish to be introduced had no suddenness for Gwendolen; but when Lord Brackenshaw moved aside a little for the prefigured stranger to come forward, and she felt

herself face to face with the real man, there was a little shock which flushed her cheeks and vexatiously deepened with her consciousness of it. The shock came from the reversal of her expectations; Grandcourt could hardly have been more unlike all her imaginary portraits of him. He was slightly taller than herself, and their eyes seemed to be on a level; there was not the faintest smile on his face as he looked at her, not a trace of self-consciousness or anxiety in his bearing; when he raised his hat he showed an extensive baldness surrounded with a mere fringe of reddish blonde hair, but he also showed a perfect head; the line of feature from brow to chin undisguised by beard was decidedly handsome, with only moderate departures from the perpendicular, and the slight whisker too was perpendicular. It was not possible for a human aspect to be freer from grimace or solicitous wrigglings; also it was perhaps not possible for a breathing man wide awake to look less animated. The correct Englishman, drawing himself up from his bow into rigidity, assenting severely, and seeming to be in a state of internal drill, suggests a suppressed vivacity, and may be suspected of letting go with some violence when he is released from parade; but Grandcourt's bearing had no rigidity; it inclined rather to the flaccid. His complexion had a faded fairness resembling that of an actress when bare of the artificial white and red; his long, narrow gray eyes expressed nothing but indifference. Attempts at description are stupid; who can all at once describe a human being?—even when he is presented to us we only begin that knowledge of his appearance which must be completed by innumerable impressions under differing circumstances. We recognize the alphabet; we are not sure of the language. I am only mentioning the points that Gwendolen saw by the light of a prepared contrast in the first minutes of her meeting with Grandcourt; they were summed up in the words, "He is not ridiculous."

STRONG PASSIONS.

Grandcourt's passions were of the intermittent flickering kind; never flaming out strongly. But a great deal of life goes on without strong passion; myriads of cravats are carefully tied, dinners attended, even speeches made proposing the health of august personages, without the zest arising from a strong desire. And a man may make a good appearance in high social positions, may be supposed to know the classics, to have his reserves on science, a strong though repressed opinion on politics, and all the sentiments of the English gentleman, at a small expense of vital energy. Also, he may be obstinate or persistent at the same low rate, and may even show sudden impulses which have a false air of demoniac strength because they seem inexplicable, though perhaps their secret lies merely in the want of regulated channels for the soul to move in—good and sufficient ducts of habit, without which our nature easily turns to mere ooze and mud, and at any pressure yields nothing but a spurt or a puddle.

DERONDA'S EDUCATION.

Sir Hugo appeared not to notice anything peculiar in Daniel's manner, and presently went on with his usual chatty liveliness.

"I'm glad you have done some reading outside your classics, and have got a grip of French and German. The truth is, unless a man can get the prestige and income of a Don and write donnish books, it's hardly worth while for him to make a Greek and Latin machine of himself and be able to spin you out pages of the Greek dramatists at any verse you'll give him as a cue. That's all very fine, but in practical life nobody does give you the cue for pages of Greek. In fact, it's a nicety of conversation which I would have you attend to—much quotation of any sort, even in English, is bad. It tends to choke ordinary remark. One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves. But talking of Dons, I have seen Don make a capital figure in society; and occasionally he can shoot you down a cart-load of learning in the right place, which will tell in politics. Such men are wanted; and if you have any turn for being a Don, I say nothing against it."

"I think there's not much chance of that. Quicksett and Puller are both stronger than I am. I hope you will not be much disappointed if I don't come out with high honors."

"No, no. I should like you to do yourself credit, but for God's sake don't come out as a superior, expensive kind of idiot, like young Brecon, who got a Double-First, and has been learning to knit braces ever since. What I wish you to get is a passport in life. I don't go against our university system; we want a little disinterested culture to make head against cotton and capital, especially in the House. My Greek has all evaporated; if I had to construe a verse on a sudden, I should get an apoplectic fit. But it formed my taste. I daresay my English is the better for it."

On this point Daniel kept a respectful silence. The enthusiastic belief in Sir Hugo's writings as a standard, and in the Whigs as the chosen race among politicians, had gradually vanished along with the seraphic boy's face. He had not been the hardest of workers at Eton. Though some kinds of study and reading came as easily as boating to him, he was not of the material that usually makes the first-rate Eton scholar. There had sprung up in him a meditative yearning after wide knowledge, which is likely always to abate ardor in the fight for prize acquirement in narrow tracks. Happily he was modest, and took any second-rateness in himself simply as a fact, not as a marvel necessarily to be accounted for by a superiority. Still, Mr. Fraser's high opinion of the lad had not been altogether belied by the youth; Daniel had the stamp of rarity in a subdued fervor of sympathy, an activity of imagination on behalf of others, which did not show itself effusively, but was continually seen in acts of considerateness that struck his companions as moral eccentricity. "Deronda would have been

first-rate if he had had more ambition," was a frequent remark about him. But how could a fellow push his way properly when he objected to swop for his own advantage, knocked under by choice when he was within an inch of victory; and, unlike the great Clive, would rather be the calf than the butcher? It was a mistake, however, to suppose that Deronda had not his share of ambition: we know he had suffered keenly from the belief that there was a tinge of dishonor in his lot; but there are some cases, and his was one of them, in which the sense of injury breeds —not the will to inflict injuries and climb over them as a ladder, but—a hatred of all injury. He had his flashes of fierceness, and could hit out upon occasion, but the occasions were not always what might have been expected. For in what related to himself his resentful impulses had been early checked by a mastering affectionateness. Love has a habit of saying, "Never mind" to angry self, who, sitting down for the nonce in the lower place, by-and-by gets used to it. So it was that as Deronda approached manhood his feeling for Sir Hugo, while it was getting more and more mixed with criticism, was gaining in that sort of allowance which reconciles criticism with tenderness. The dear old beautiful home and every thing with it, Lady Mallinger and her little ones included, were consecrated for the youth as they had been for the boy—only with a certain difference of light on the objects. The altarpiece was no longer miraculously perfect, painted under infallible guidance, but the human hand discerned in the work was appealing to a reverent tenderness safer from the gusts of discovery. Certainly Deronda's ambition, even in his spring-time, lay exceptionally aloof from conspicuous, vulgar triumph, and from other ugly forms of boyish energy; perhaps because he was early impassioned by ideas, and burned his fire on those heights. One may spend a good deal of energy in disliking and resisting what others pursue, and a boy who is fond of somebody else's pencil-case may not be more energetic than another who is fond of giving his own pencil-case away. Still, it was not Deronda's disposition to escape from ugly scenes; he was more inclined to sit through them and take care of the fellow least able to take care of himself. It had helped to make him popular that he was sometimes a little compromised by this apparent comradeship. For a meditative interest in learning how human miseries are wrought—as precocious in him as another sort of genius in the poet who writes a Queen Mab at nineteen—was so infused with kindliness that it easily passed for comradeship. Enough. In many of our neighbors' lives there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be written or even spoken—only divined by each of us, according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

The impression he made at Cambridge corresponded to his position at Eton. Every one interested in him agreed that he might have taken a high place if his motives had been of a more pushing sort, and if he had not, instead of regarding studies as instruments of success, hampered himself with the notion that they were to feed motive and opinion—a notion which set him criticising methods and arguing against his freight and harness when he should have been using all his might to pull. In the beginning, his work at the university had a new zest for him; indifferent to the continuation of the Eton classical drill, he applied himself vigorously to mathematics, for which he had shown an early aptitude under Mr. Fraser, and he had the delight of feeling his strength in a comparatively fresh exercise of thought. That delight, and the favorable opinion of his tutor, determined him to try for a mathematical scholarship in the Easter of his second year; he wished to gratify Sir Hugo by some achievment, and the study of the higher mathematics, having the growing fascination inherent in all thinking which demands intensity, was making him a more exclusive worker than he had been before.

But here came the old check which had been growing with his growth. He found the inward bent toward comprehension and thoroughness diverging more and more from the track marked out by the standards of examination; he felt a heightening discontent with the wearing futility and enfeebling strain of a demand for excessive retention and dexterity without any insight into the principles which form the vital connections of knowledge. (Deronda's under-graduateship occurred fifteen years ago, when the perfection of our university methods was not yet indisputable.) In hours when his dissatisfaction was strong upon him, he reproached himself for having been attracted by the conventional advantage of belonging to an English university, and was tempted toward the project of asking Sir Hugo to let him quit Cambridge and pursue a more independent line of study abroad. The germs of this inclination had been already stirring in his boyish love of universal history, which made him want to be at home in foreign countries, and follow in imagination the travelling students of the Middle Ages. He longed now to have the sort of apprenticeship to life which would not shape him too definitely, and rob him of the choice that might come from a free growth. One sees that Deronda's demerits were likely to be on the side of reflective hesitation, and this tendency was encouraged by his position; there was no need for him to get an immediate income, or to fit himself in haste for a profession, and his sensibility to the half-known facts of his parentage made him an excuse for lingering longer than others in a state of social neutrality. Other men, he inwardly said, had a more definite place and duties. But the project which flattered his inclination might not have gone beyond the stage of ineffective brooding, if certain circumstances had not quickened it into action.

THE MEYRICKS' RESIDENCE.

Mrs. Meyrick's house was not noisy; the front parlor looked on the river, and the back on gardens, so that though she was reading aloud to her daughters, the window could be left open to freshen the air of the small double room where

a lamp and two candles were burning. The candles were on a table apart for Kate, who was drawing illustrations for a publisher; the lamp was not only for the reader, but for Amy and Mab, who were embroidering satin cushions for "the great world."

Outside, the house looked very narrow and shabby, the bright light through the Holland blind showing the heavy old-fashioned window-frame; but it is pleasant to know that many such grim-walled slices of space in our foggy London have been and still are the homes of a culture the more spotlessly free from vulgarity because poverty has rendered every thing like display an impersonal question, and all the grand shows of the world simply a spectacle which rouses no petty rivalry or vain effort after possession.

The Meyricks' was a home of that kind; and they all clung to this particular house in a row, because its interior was filled with objects, always in the same places, which for the mother held memories of her marriage time, and for the young ones seemed as necessary and uncriticised a part of their world as the stars of the Great Bear seen from the back windows. Mrs. Meyrick had borne much stint of other matters, that she might be able to keep some engravings specially cherished by her husband; and the narrow spaces of wall held a world-history in scenes and heads which the children had early learned by heart. The chairs and tables were also old friends preferred to new. But in these two little parlors, with no furniture that a broker would have cared to cheapen except the prints and piano, there was space and apparatus for a wide-glancing, nicely select life, open to the highest things in music, painting, and poetry. I am not sure that in the times of greatest scarcity, before Kate could get paid work, these ladies had always had a servant to light their fires and sweep their rooms; yet they were fastidious in some points, and could not believe that the manners of ladies in the fashionable world were so full of coarse selfishness, petty quarrelling, and slang, as they are represented to be in what are called literary photographs. The Meyricks had their little oddities, streaks of eccentricity from the mother's blood as well as the father's, their minds being like mediæval houses, with unexpected recesses and openings from this into that, flights of steps and sudden outlooks.

But mother and daughters were all united by a triple bond—family love; admiration for the finest work, the best action; and habitual industry. Hans' desire to spend some of his money in making their lives more luxurious had been resisted by all of them, and both they and he had been thus saved from regrets at the threatened triumph of his yearning for art over the attractions of secured income—a triumph that would by-and-by oblige him to give up his fellowship. They could all afford to laugh at his Gavarni caricatures, and to hold him blameless in following a natural bent which their unselfishness and independence had left without obstacle. It was enough for them to go on in their old way, only having a grand treat of opera-going (to the gallery) when Hans came home on a visit.

WHAT BANISHES ROMANCE.

To say that Deronda was romantic would be to misrepresent him; but under his calm and somewhat self-repressed exterior there was a fervor which made him easily find poetry and romance among the events of everyday life. And perhaps poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world, except for those phlegmatic natures who I suspect would in any age have regarded them as a dull form of erroneous thinking. They exist very easily in the same room with the microscope, and even in railway carriages; what banishes them is the vaccuum in gentleman and lady passengers. How should all the apparatus of heaven and earth, from the farthest firmament to the tender bosom of the mother who nourished us, make poetry for a mind that has no movements of awe and tenderness, no sense of fellowship which thrills from the near to the distant, and back again from the distant to the near?

THE PROPOSAL.

While walking into the drawing-room she had to concentrate all her energy in that self-control which made her appear gravely gracious as she gave her hand to him, and answered his hope that she was quite well in a voice as low and languid as his own. A moment afterward, when they were both of them seated on two of the wreath-painted chairs,—Gwendolen upright with downcast eyelids, Grandcourt about two yards distant, leaning one arm over the back of his chair and looking at her, while he held his hat in his left hand—any one seeing them as a picture would have concluded that they were in some stage of love-making suspense. And certainly the love-making had begun; she already felt herself being wooed by this silent man seated at an agreeable distance, with the subtlest atmosphere of attar of roses and an attention bent wholly on her. And he also considered himself to be wooing; he was not a man to suppose that his presence carried no consequences; and he was exactly the man to feel the utmost piquancy in a girl whom he had not found quite calculable.

"I was disappointed not to find you at Leubronn," he began, his usual broken drawl having just a shade of amorous langour in it. "The place was intolerable without you. A mere kennel of a place. Don't you think so?"

"I can't judge what it would be without myself," said Gwendolen, turning her eyes on him, with some recovered sense of mischief. "*With* myself I liked it well enough to have staid longer, if I could. But I was obliged to come home on account of family troubles."

"It was very cruel of you to go to Leubronn," said Grandcourt, taking no notice of the troubles, on which Gwendolen—she hardly knew why—wished that there should be a clear understanding at once. "You must have known that it would spoil everything; youknew you were the heart and soul of everything that went on. Are you quite reckless about me?"

It was impossible to say "yes" in a tone that would be taken seriously ; equally impossible to say "no ;" but what else could she say ? In her difficulty she turned down her eyelids again and blushed over face and neck. Grandcourt saw her in a new phase, and believed she was showing her inclination. But he was determined that she should show it more decidedly.

" Perhaps there is some deeper interest ? Some attraction—some engagement—which it would have been only fair to make me aware of ? Is there any man who stands between us ?"

Inwardly the answer framed itself, "No ; but there is a woman." Yet how could she utter this ? Even if she had not promised that woman to be silent, it would have been impossible for her to enter on the subject with Grandcourt. But how could she arrest this wooing by beginning to make a formal speech—" I perceive your intention ; it is most flattering," etc.? A fish honestly invited to come and be eaten has a clear course in declining ; but how if it finds itself swimming against a net ? And apart from the net-work, would she have dared at once to say anything decisive ? Gwendolen had not time to be clear on that point. As it was, she felt compelled to silence, and after a pause, Grandcourt said,

"Am I to understand that some one else is preferred ?"

Gwendolen, now impatient of her own embarrassment, determined to rush at the difficulty and free herself. She raised her eyes again and said, with something of her former clearness and defiance, "No!"—wishing him to understand, " What then? I may not be ready to take *you*." There was nothing that Grandcourt could not understand which he perceived likely to affect his *amour propre*.

" The last thing I would do is to importune you. I should not hope to win you by making myself a bore. If there were no hope for me, I would ask you to tell me so at once, that I might just ride away to—no matter where."

Almost to her own astonishment, Gwendolen felt a sudden alarm at the image of Grandcourt finally riding away. What would be left her then ? Nothing but the former dreariness. She liked him to be there. She snatched at the subject that would defer any decisive answer.

" I fear you are not aware of what has happened to us. I have lately had to think so much of my mamma's troubles that other subjects have been quite thrown into the background. She has lost all her fortune, and we are going to leave this place. I must ask you to excuse my seeming preoccupied."

In eluding a direct appeal, Gwendolen recovered some of her self-possession. She spoke with dignity, and looked straight at Grandcourt, whose long, narrow, impenetrable eyes met hers, and mysteriously arrested them—mysteriously ; for the subtly varied drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words put together like dominoes, according to obvious fixed marks. The word of all work, Love, will no more express the myriad modes of mutual attraction than the word Thought can inform you what is passing through your neighbor's mind. It would be hard to tell on which side—Gwendolen's or Grandcourt's—the influence was more mixed. At that moment his strongest wish was to be completely master of this creature—this piquant combination of maidenliness and mischief ; that she knew things which had made her start away from him, spurred him to triumph over that repugnance ; and he was believing that he should triumph. And she—ah, piteous equality in the need to dominate !—she was overcome like the thirsty one who is drawn toward the seeming water in the desert, overcome by the suffused sense that here in this man's homage to her lay the rescue from helpless subjection to an oppressive lot.

All the while they were looking at each other ; and Grandcourt said, slowly and languidly, as if it were of no importance, other things having been settled,

"You will tell me now, I hope, that Mrs. Davilow's loss of fortune will not trouble you further. You will trust to me to prevent it from weighing upon her. You will give me the claim to provide against that."

The little pauses and refined drawlings with which this speech was uttered gave time for Gwendolen to go through the dream of a life. As the words penetrated her, they had the effect of a draught of wine, which suddenly makes all things easier, desirable things not so wrong, and people in general less disagreeable. She had a momentary phantasmal love for this man who chose his words so well, and who was a mere incarnation of delicate homage. Repugnance, dread, scruples—these were dim as remembered pains, while she was already tasting relief under the immediate pain of hopelessness. She imagined herself already springing to her mother, and being playful again. Yet when Grandcourt had ceased to speak, there was an instant in which she was conscious of being at the turning of the ways.

"You are very generous," she said, not moving her eyes, and speaking with a gentle intonation.

" You accept what will make such things a matter of course ?" said Grandcourt, without any new eagerness. " You consent to become my wife ?"

This time Gwendolen remained quite pale. Something made her rise from her seat in spite of herself, and walk to a little distance. Then she turned, and with her hands folded before her stood in silence.

Grandcourt immediately rose too, resting his hat on the chair, but still keeping hold of it. The evident hesitation of this destitute girl to take his splendid offer stung him into a keenness of interest such as he had not known for years. None the less because he attributed her hesitation entirely to her knowledge about Mrs. Glasher. In that attitude of preparation, he said,

" Do you command me to go ?" No familiar spirit could have suggested to him more effective words.

"No," said Gwendolen. She could not let him go ; that negative was a clutch. She seem-

ed to herself to be, after all, only drifted toward the tremendous decision—but drifting depends on something besides the currents, when the sails have been set beforehand.

"You accept my devotion?" said Grandcourt, holding his hat by his side and looking straight into her eyes, without other movement. Their eyes meeting in that way seemed to allow any length of pause; but wait as long as she would, how could she contradict herself? What had she detained him for? He had shut out any explanation.

"Yes," came as gravely from Gwendolen's lips as if she had been answering to her name in a court of justice. He received it gravely, and they still looked at each other in the same attitude. Was there ever before such a way of accepting the bliss-given "Yes?" Grandcourt liked better to be at that distance from her, and to feel under a ceremony imposed by an indefinable prohibition that breathed from Gwendolen's bearing.

But he did at length lay down his hat and advance to take her hand, just pressing his lips upon it and letting it go again. She thought his behaviour perfect, and gained a sense of freedom which made her almost ready to be mischievous. Her "Yes" entailed so little at this moment that there was nothing to screen the reversal of her gloomy prospects: her vision was filled by her own release from the Momperts, and her mother's release from Sawyer's Cottage. With a happy curl of the lips, she said,

"Will you not see mamma? I will fetch her."

"Let us wait a little," said Grandcourt, in his favorite attitude, having his left forefinger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, and with his right caressing his whisker, while he stood near Gwendolen and looked at her—not unlike a gentleman who has a felicitous introduction at an evening party.

HON. L. A. WILMOT.

One of the best known names in New Brunswick is that of Judge Wilmot, whose history. in no ordinary degree, for nearly half a century is connected with that of the Province in which he has lived. He was born in Sunbury County in 1809, and educated at the University of Fredericton, from which he subsequently obtained the degree of D.C.L. It is told of him that when young he was much troubled by stuttering. When his father asked him what profession he intended to follow, he answered "The law." His father demanded how he would attempt to plead with his stuttering tongue, but he remained firm in his choice, determined to overcome his defect; perhaps, taking courage from the great orator of ancient times who once was troubled as he. He was called to the Bar in 1832, and created a Queen's Counsel six years later, having at that time occupied a seat in Parliament for four years. For the seven years following 1838, he was a member of the Executive Council without office, and in 1845 resigned. Three years later he was called to office and made Attorney-General, which position he occupied till 1851, when he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1868 on the Confederation of the Provinces was made the first Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. The following is from an appreciative sketch of his career:—

"Catholic and Protestant can alike look back and thank him for eminent services rendered—he is chosen to represent us before the British Goverment—we proudly nominate him to speak our railway necessities at the Portland Convention, and their ablest reporters lay down their pens, as they told me, forgetting their business in their admiration of the man. At the Bar he was eloquent and fearless, as in the forum. That stuttering youth has long since attained the summit of his young ambition, but while an honored member of our honored Bench, he is never happier than when leading the choir of his church, or organizing the means to pay off its debt, which he mainly by his own labor has accomplished, or in pointing out to his young Sunday-scholars the pleasant paths which lead to the Palace of the Great King in a brighter world."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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"Nothing succeeds like success" is a proverb whose truth is every day illustrated. Success emboldens the most timid, and by force of its own aggressive power and momentum makes conquest easy, and victories which under other circumstances would appear as exemplifications of great power, as a simple matter of course. The WEEKLY WITNESS is a striking example of this: first gaining a little, then losing; for years hardly able to stand by itself; next making a little decided progress; then a year or two after, thrown back by some necessary change; it, after a time, has gained a secure footing and begins to make strides in advance. Soon at the end of the year its increase is counted by hundreds, then a thousand, at last three thousand, and now ten thousand in one year.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, which is of later date, has had a somewhat similar experience, and now shows evidences of growth which it is hoped will be permanent and progressive. During the months of March and April of 1876, the receipts for subscriptions to the Magazine were forty-five per cent. more than for the corresponding months of the previous year. If this increase were continued for a year, at its close the circulation of the Magazine would be over 4,300 copies. But it is hoped from the very great improvements to be made in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY that this proportion will be even increased. In regard to the Magazine it is the publishers' desire that each successive number should increase in value and interest until it shall vie with any Magazine published in the world in these respects. The next number will contain 96 pages, 16 more than the present one, and besides will have some departments illustrated by engravings.

This enlargement and improvement, although by no means justified by the Magazine's present circulation, are made in the hope that its increased value may make it additionally attractive, so that it may obtain a subscription list which will make it a profitable investment, a state of affairs from which would date still further improvements. To place the Magazine on such a basis that no loss will accrue from it, we must have four thousand new subscribers to begin with. To obtain this number would not appear at first sight to be a very difficult matter, and every effort will be made to that end. The chief object in these efforts to gain a large circulation for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is to give to the public a Magazine free from anything injurious, and one showing forth the spirit and genius of our young and growing nation. This we expect, we will soon be enabled to do, and as Canada in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia is amongst the foremost in exhibits concerning education and science, it may be seen that in literature she is not far behind. It is through magazine articles that nowaday writers of note are at first introduced to the world, and in England and the United States the greatest statesmen do not consider it beneath their dignity to contribute to them. The *Canadian Monthly* published in Toronto by Adam, Stevenson & Co, presents a more than fair record of Canadian literary ability, and it is to be regretted that it is not more generally encouraged in Canada. We think that we can call with confidence upon our friends and readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to assist us in the matter of increased circulation, and look to the summer months with great confidence in this respect.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all our publications on or before August 15th, 1876:

For largest amount,		1st prize,	$20
For second largest amount,		2nd "	15
For third	" "	3rd "	12
For fourth	" "	4th "	10
For fifth	" "	5th "	8
For sixth	" "	6th "	7
For seventh	" "	7th "	6
For eighth	" "	8th "	5
For ninth	" "	9th "	4
For tenth	" "	10th "	3

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends us the largest *number* of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of $10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition, and the commissions allowed to competitors:

	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs.
DAILY WITNESS	$3 00	50c
TRI-WEEKLY	2 00	35c
WEEKLY	1 10	25c
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	1 50	30c
NORTHERN MESSENGER	30	5c
NORTHERN MESSENGER Club of 10	2 50	30c
WEEKLY WITNESS, with NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	2 35	50c

It will be seen by the above table that every one working for a prize is sure of a full commission on new subscribers under any circumstances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably collect the full subscription prices. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked "In competition." Without this or similar notice the amount sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

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Barry's Fruit Garden	2 50
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 60
Breck's New Book of Flowers	1 75
Brill's Farm-Gardening and Seed-Growing	1 00
Buist's Flower Garden Directory	1 50
Buist's Family Kitchen Gardener	1 00
Chorlton's Grape-Grower's Guide	75
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