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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

## MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

— In making kindly reference to the troubles through which Mr. Beecher has been passing Mr. Bowen, the proprietor and editor of the New York *Independent*, defends himself from the imputation of entertaining jealousy against either of the parties concerned in the painful quarrel by stating the fact that in the year Mr. Beecher closed his connection with the *Independent*, the income of that paper increased by the sum of \$40,000, and in the year after Mr. Tilton had left it the income again increased by the sum of \$25,000. Mr. Bowen does not ascribe this success to the departure of these gentlemen; on the contrary, he says that a newspaper is an institution which, when it has once established itself thoroughly, must with ordinarily careful management continue to progress independent of personal changes in its staff. Such has been remarkably the history of the MONTREAL WITNESS during the past three years, during which time the DAILY WITNESS has increased its circulation from 11,033 to 12,900, and the WEEKLY from 7,000 to 17,000, while the total income of the business has increased during these years from \$73,068 to \$97,985. The expenditure has, however, kept pace with the income.

The WEEKLY WITNESS was commenced twenty-eight years ago at less than half its present size at the rate of \$2.50 per annum; almost as much as is now charged for the DAILY. Its progress was sufficient to induce its establishment in a semi-weekly form in the year 1856, and as a daily in the year 1860. Most citizens will remember the small sheet that first bore the name of the DAILY WITNESS, which appeared at the time of the progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada. A paper of the character of the WITNESS, starting as a daily in such an insignificant form, was by most people looked upon as a good joke. Many of our earlier readers doubtless amused themselves by purchasing the news in connection with the pious and moral elections which appeared on the reverse of the sheet. As, however, a lively business had sprung up in the city during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, then not long ended, in what were called extras—small fly sheets sold at one penny,—a whole newspaper at a half penny stood a good chance of replacing them in public favor. The DAILY WITNESS thus had a fair beginning, and in spite of many prognostications against the probability of its success and the many misgivings of its proprietors, who looked upon it rather in the light of an experiment, and who at first held themselves free to discontinue it after a specified time, its circulation has steadily gone forward year after year and although it has had many rivals in the field of evening journalism it has never suffered from this to any appreciable extent. As it increased in circulation, advertising business naturally followed and demanded increased space, so that we are enabled now to issue at a little over the original price of one half-penny, a daily sheet of first-class proportions, and containing more reading than any other in the city, with an average patronage at the highest rates which are asked in Montreal, and with a circulation which makes the extraordinary claim of being

equal to that of all the other daily papers in the city put together.

The WITNESS ascribes its success, under Him to whom it owes and acknowledges its first allegiance, to the entire independence maintained throughout its history of any governing influences or interests save the good of the people of Canada. According to the best judgment of its conductors, it has sought without the bias of any political party or other restrictive constituency to further this end of its existence, without giving a thought to either hopes or fears of an interested sort. In following this course it has most naturally had to face assault after assault on the part of those who felt hurt by its animadversions, or who had deeper reason than they express to feel unfriendly towards it. Such attacks have, however, been far fewer, and have proved, so far, much weaker to injure it than might readily have been imagined under the circumstances, while on the other hand its conductors have been overwhelmed by many manifestations of appreciation and kindly feeling, which have been by their means evoked, and they look to the future with higher hopes than they have ever before indulged. They have learned to count upon the kindness of the readers of the WITNESS, old and young, to an un limited extent, the past increase being very largely due to their exertions. Of such friends we have, we hope, an ever increasing number, and to such we appeal, not omitting the young people, and even little children, to whose efforts we are largely indebted, and every one of whom can help us. If our readers believe that the WITNESS will do good among their neighbors, or that it will be for them a good investment of the trifle which it costs, we ask them, for the sake of all concerned, to commend it thus far to those whom they know, and if this is done during the coming three months as diligently as has been done at times in the past, we may hope to enter the year 1875 with a further and very large increase to our subscription list.

Our DAILY readers will have observed during this year a considerable increase in the number of special telegrams received by the WITNESS, bringing us European and American news, independent of that supplied by the Associated Press, and the news of other towns and cities in this Dominion. Many items of interest have also been added to the commercial information supplied, and country readers of all editions will be pleased with the farmers' markets telegraphed daily or weekly from the leading market towns of Ontario. Illustrations have been more numerous than in former years, and we hope to add to this kind of embellishment, as the facilities which the city affords for the production of pictures increase. We have but one improvement to announce for the coming year it was our promise that if our friends would send us sufficient advertising patronage to fill the increased space we would again (for the fourth time within a few years) increase the size of the WEEKLY WITNESS, this time by adding a column to the breadth of every page. The advertising business already secured by that addition is not yet sufficient to occupy all the additional space already added on account of it, but as we have reason to hope for a more rapid growth of that business in the future

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1875.

## SAXON LONDON.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

The beginning of the fifth century witnessed the withdrawal from Britain of the Roman legions. As early as the year 405, A. D., the hordes which occupied the rich plains of the Vistula, had poured down upon Italy in a vast body, which, numbering 200,000 fighting men, were swelled up by women and children to probably ten times that amount. Scarcely had they been expelled, when Alaric, King of the Visigoths, began the invasion which culminated on the 24th of August, 410, in the fall and sack of Rome, and it was to oppose him that the legionaries were withdrawn from Britain. That country, deserted by the army which had hitherto maintained its submission to Rome, and constituted its defence against Saxon pirates and Caledonian barbarians, expelled the Roman magistrates, and established its independence. Then followed a short and troubled period, which terminated in the conquest of the country by the Saxons, and the utter overthrow of the Roman civilization. Still, however, the marks impressed by Rome during centuries of possession could not be entirely erased. The Roman ideas left their traces in the architecture, the municipalities, the literature, and even the superstitions of the new-comers; and, although, doubtless many of the Roman towns were reduced to heaps of ruins, yet some remained, though shorn of much of their grandeur and refinement. London was one of these. Its suburbs were probably entirely destroyed, its temples and

villas devastated, and all that could excite the admiration or cupidity of a savage conqueror torn from it, while from the fragments of the public buildings and palaces rose up new and humbler structures, and houses and huts of timber were collected round the walls of the old colony.

Its history during the Anglo-Saxon period is very obscure. In the sixth century, when whatever profession of Christianity had once existed in London had perished, even out of remembrance, Augustine visited the shores of England to preach the Gospel. At that period a heathen temple is supposed to have existed on Ludgate Hill. Originally built in honor of Diana, it is thought to have been converted into a Christian sanctuary during the Romish sway, and afterwards to be either reduced to ruins, or applied once more to pagan purposes. Here Ethelbert, King of Kent, erected a church in the year 610, which, humble as it was at first, was enlarged and improved by his successors, Athelstane, Edgar, Canute and Edward the Confessor. Its representative is now known as St. Paul's Cathedral.

About the same time, Sebert built another church at Westminster, on an island enclosed between two branches of a small brook or river, and called Thorney, from the underwood with which it was covered. A pagan temple had stood on the site of this structure, also, dedicated to Apollo, for early Christianity, as she gathered in the nations, seems to have chosen out the

places of pagan worship, partly, probably, moved thereto by considerations of convenience, partly, perhaps, in outward and visible sign of victory, but also with the idea of sanctifying, by a purer worship, the scenes of idolatrous superstition. If mediæval tradition, however, is to be believed, the Saint himself to whom the new church was about to be dedicated, signified his approbation personally. Before the ceremony was to take place, a fisherman was met by a stranger on the banks of the Thames, and requested to ferry him over to the Isle of Thorney, and there await his return. Accompanied by a host of angels, the mysterious passenger entered the new church, and consecrated it by the light of a supernatural radiance, which filled the walls. He then announced himself to the awestruck fisherman as the Apostle Peter, and told him to go and tell the bishop that the church was already consecrated. He further added a command to cast his net into the river, and to convey one of the fish so caught to the bishop, assuring him that he should never want fish so long as he gave one-tenth to the Church. A miraculous draught was the consequence, and the bishop, on making an examination, found proof of the truth of the fisherman's story, in the marks of the extinguished tapers, and of the chrism. It was on the ground of this grant of the Apostle, that the Convent of St. Peter, Westminster, claimed and received a tenth of the salmon caught in the river, and, although the salmon caught about Westminster bridge in these days, are shadowy as a dream, yet the Thames and the brooks, and the small rivers that then flowed into it were full of fish in the olden times. Centuries after we find the 'prentice-boys stipulating in their indentures that they shall not be required to eat salmon more than thrice a week. Thus, at almost the same period, rose the two grand national cathedrals, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

We have little notice of London in the early Saxon period; later on, indeed, it is more frequently mentioned, but chiefly in connection with the Danish incursions, from which the Londoners, as well

as the rest of the country, suffered considerably. The ominous black raven continually hovered round about the city gates, and in 839 effected a lodgment within the walls, and London was pillaged and burnt. It was soon after restored by Alfred the Great, who raised two fortifications on either side of the river Lea, and, by means of canals, so drained the water as to considerably lower the level of the stream, and impede the navigation for the Danes. Yet such was the perseverance of those marauders, and so effectually did they harass the country, that we find Alfred compelled one summer to encamp around the harvest men, who were reaping corn round the city, in order to protect them from the daring freebooters. Yet, even in those days, the Londoners, despite their pacific pursuits, were a martial people, and the trainbands of the civil wars, and the volunteers of our own times, found worthy representatives amongst the Saxons. The bravery of the London soldiery in a battle fought at Brunenburgh, against the Scots and Danes, is much extolled, and the result was probably the origin of the renewed prosperity which visited the city under Athelstane. As a proof of its rising importance we find that by a law of that King, which appointed coiners to the principal cities, eight were allowed to London, a larger number than was allotted to any other place except Canterbury. But plague and fire, the latter of no unfrequent recurrence, visited the metropolis in 961, and after that there were but few houses, and those irregularly placed within the city walls, the majority of the population residing near Ludgate.

In the contest which soon after ensued, the Londoners, though at first compelled to submit to Sweyn, threw off his yoke, and elevating Edmund Ironside to the throne, had him crowned in their own city, the first of the long line of princes whose coronation has taken place at Westminster. Canute, however, was a sore trouble to them. In 1016, the *Saxon Chronicle* says, "came the ships to Greenwich on Rogation days, and within a little space they went to London, and they dug a great ditch on the south side, and dragged their

ships to the west side of the bridge, and then, afterwards, they ditched the city around, so that no one could go either in or out, and they repeatedly fought against the city, but the citizens strenuously withstood them. Then gathered Edmund his forces, and went to London and relieved the place, and drove the army in flight to their ships." But the heroic efforts of the nation were in vain; the curse of innocent blood treacherously shed by Ethelred the Unready was upon the cause, and the Danes triumphed in the end. Canute subdued London, and took possession of the Saxon throne.

Yet through all its troubles, by plague, fire, sword and famine, the city throve steadily. In the time of Canute, a witenagemote was held in it, and out of £83,000 voted by the Parliament, £11,000 was raised by London alone; and soon after this we find Londoners sitting with the nobles in the witan, or council held at Oxford. Yet London was not at this time the recognized capital of the country; in the seventh century it is described as the capital of Essex. In fact, although the Heptarchy had been destroyed, yet traces of it remained, and until the time of Athelstane, the Saxon kings were in reality kings of Wessex alone. Nor did either Athelstane or his descendants hold more than a very general control over a vast portion of the Kingdom, the great earldoms of the North, Mercia and Northumberland acknowledging a mere feudal sovereignty in the south-western kings. Hence, Winchester, the chief town of Wessex, was more properly considered the capital of the Kingdom; a fact which will account for the coronation of several of the early Norman sovereigns at that place, though their chief residence was at London. But London had royal mansions before the time of the conquest; Athelstane most probably it was who erected a palace on the banks of the river, a little south of St. Paul's, and here we find Canute residing when he gave orders for the execution of a traitor, whose decapitated body was flung out of the windows into the Thames. This palace was afterwards forsaken by Edward the Confessor, who erected one in the precincts of

Westminster, when engaged in the reconstruction of the Convent of St. Peter, which had suffered much at the Danish hands. This abbey, Matthew Paris describes as being built in a "new style" of architecture. There are portions of it remaining to this day, in what is now called the Pyx Office, consisting of massive pillars and vaults. It bears a strong resemblance to the Norman style of architecture, a circumstance which is accounted for by the predilection the Confessor entertained for the Normans, and the close intercourse which he kept up with them. The church was built in the shape of a cross, contrary to the old Saxon plan which excluded transepts.

The Confessor built his palace contiguous to the Abbey; there he spent the later period of his life; there, according to the chroniclers, he beheld marvellous and supernatural visions, and there, in what is called the Painted Chamber, he died. His death followed close on the consecration of the edifice which had so engrossed his heart. Whether he was able to be present at the ceremony is uncertain, the church having been consecrated during the Christmas-tide, while the King was buried on Twelfth Day.

All vestiges of Saxon buildings in London have disappeared, and we have no remains left, either here or in any other part of the country, which would give us an idea of the appearance of the Saxon towns. The Anglo-Saxon names of streets, such as Horse-mongers, Fell-monger, Iron-monger, etc., still remaining, would lead us to conclude that persons pursuing these and similar trades lived in the neighborhood in guilds. A market cross and a guild-hall, or as we should now call it, a town-hall, together with the cathedral of St. Paul's, the residence of the bishop, and the royal palace not far off, would probably form the chief architectural features. The wealthy merchants and the great men connected with the Court would doubtless have good houses, such as we may see in the illuminated manuscripts; but for the most part the houses were poor and mean, in many cases little better than hovels, and the thoroughfares so deep in mud as to be frequently impassable—a state of affairs,

indeed, which was not confined to the Saxon period, but which existed long afterwards, and which has been not faintly mirrored in certain cities of the Dominion, quite within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

The government of the city was, upon the whole, free; the heads of the city managing their own municipal affairs. A head magistrate, called a port-reeve, was chosen; he, assisted by a court of the principal burghers, deliberated on affairs. But constitutional rights were subjected to external disturbance in those days, and there were two great powers existing in the vicinity of London, who were able to cause serious annoyance. Anglo-Saxon kings did, indeed, interfere with the city government; at times they appointed royal port-reeves, and otherwise infringed upon the popular liberties; the ecclesiastical power, however, pursued an opposite course, and the bishops of London, so far from exerting their influence in opposition to the people, appear, rather, to have united with the citizens in maintaining the interests of a free community.

There was a peculiar feature in the civic society of the Saxons, in what were called *gylds*, or *guilds*. The term is derived from *gildan*, to pay, because the persons who formed the association or guild paid each a certain amount into a common stock. The nature of these associations varied considerably; there were religious, political, trading guilds, and sometimes the association was only of a social and friendly nature, but in all cases the members were bound together by solemn oaths and pledges. These guilds were instituted in London at a very early period. Stow describes one which was formed in the days of King Edgar, in these words: "In the days of King Edgar, more than six hundred years since, there were thirteen knights or soldiers, well-beloved of the King and the realm, for service by them done, which requested to have a certain portion of the land on the east part of the city, left desolate and forsaken by the inhabitants, by reason of too much servitude. They besought the King to have this land, with the liberty of a guild forever; the King grant-

ed their request with conditions following: that is to say, that each of them should victoriously accomplish three combats; one above ground, one under ground, and the third in the water; and after this, at a certain day, in East Smithfield, they should run with spears against all comers, all which was gloriously performed, and the same day the King named it *Knighthen Gild*." Edward the Confessor bestowed, and William Rufus confirmed, the charter on this guild. Two of the combats which constituted the royal conditions of privilege are easily explained; the first being the joust, or foot combat, fought with sword or battle-axe over a barrier breast-high; the last being the water-tilting, carried on by two persons, armed with staves and shields, the one trying to ward off the blows of the other, and plunge his opponent in the river. The second kind of combat, described as underground, is a problem whose solution has puzzled the antiquaries. It is not improbable that the knights alluded to by Stow, were not soldiers, but simply young men, the word *cneghts* bearing that signification, their descendants being described by that author as being *burgesses* of London; but whether this be so or not, it is evident from the tenure on which the guild was held, that the persons composing it were skilled in the martial exercises of those days. This guild was called the *Portsoke*, from the situation of the land held by the company, and while the memory of the original designation is preserved in the name *Portsoke* Ward, there remain traces of the original company in the etymology of a lane in the neighborhood. When we hear the name of *Nightingale* lane, we naturally carry back our minds to the time when the crowded thoroughfare of our days ran under shady coverts, and the melodies of the nightingales rendered the solitudes vocal; but, alas for romantic impressions, this *Nightingale* lane is no other than *Cnighthena-guild* land.

Before the close of the Saxon period, and earlier than the date of the origin of the *Knighthen* guild, there existed a foreign fraternity in London, which came under the same denomination; this was the guild of



the Easterlings, or the steel-yard merchants. They belonged to the great German or Hanseatic League, formed for the protection of the Baltic trade from the pirates then infesting that and the North Sea. By a law of Ethelred, it was enacted that "The Emperor's men, or Easterlings, coming with their ships to Billingsgate, shall be accounted worthy of good laws." They were not allowed to forestall the markets from the London burgesses, and were required to pay toll both at Christmas and Easter, of two grey cloths, one brown cloth, two pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two vessels of vinegar.

Such was London in the times of the Anglo-Saxons, so far as we can gather it from the meagre accounts that have come down to us. Briton and Roman, Saxon and Dane, had alike visited it heavily in their turns; fire and sword, famine and pestilence had devastated it in succession; but, in spite of all, the city struggled on and thrived. There was one more conquest awaiting it; and even while the shouts of the multitude speeded Harold on his way to the North to confront a traitorous brother and a foreign foe, William the Norman was gathering his forces together for the fatal day of Hastings.

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### THE CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE WALTZ.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

The wind is sighing, the leaves are flying,  
 Low in the West the sun lies dying;  
 The birds are fled, and the flowers are dead,  
 And the eve's grey mists gather overhead.

Far on the verge of the Western sky,  
 Tranced in bliss, bathed in light,  
 Purple and gold are the clouds that lie  
 Waiting their death from Night.

The witch-elms sob, and the great pines throb,  
 And the maples shower their tears of blood,  
 For the year is sere, and the earth is drear,  
 And its glories gone like a summer flood.

The Past hath tears, and the Present fears,  
 As the Future Terror more plain appears;  
 Behind us a grave lies closed, before  
 A grave lies yawning with open door.

"Down on the banks where the grape-vines glow"  
 So Life sung, when her year was young,  
 "Purple and gold are the grapes I grow,"—  
 A curse on her lying tongue!

Fool! for such gold to be bought and sold  
 For hopes to be blasted, and friends grown cold,  
 For the wear and tear of struggle and care,  
 And the treacherous life-stream flowing—where?

And still to the beat of the flying feet  
 The swift waltz-pulses throb clear and sweet,  
 But under the air so brightly fair  
 The time-notes sigh with the soul's despair.

"Down past the bank where the dark streams flow.  
 Woe is me! ah, woe is me!  
 Purple and crimson and gold must go  
 Down to the endless sea.

The days speed on, and the years are gone,  
 And the mists rise up from the unseen shore,  
 Youth's dreams are fled, and its hopes are dead  
 To be raised up—Nevermore!"

## PATTY'S STORY.

My parents were dead, and my sole relative, the uncle who had kept me all my life at school. I had never seen him, nor had he written often to me. When he had done so, I had laughed at the misspelt words and the simple compositions. To my school-mistress he wrote once in every half-year, expressing the satisfaction he felt that I was so clever and industrious, and his hope that I should become a well-educated woman. He paid freely, too, for me to learn all that the school professed to teach, and he sent me money to spend on dress and trifles. It will be seen from this that my uncle had behaved very generously to me. Yet I disliked him. His short, ignorant letters displeased my taste; as senseless as most school girls, I did not see the good feeling and kind heart shown in the simplest phrases. I grew up considering the relationship of such a rustic uncle too hard a cross to bear, especially when the girls laughed at his blotted, blurred envelopes. At such times I rushed away to my mistress and poured into her ear the suffering my relative caused me.

When I was nineteen years old he sent for me to come home to him.

"My dear," he said, "I am only a farmer, and poor, very poor; but you shall never want while I live."

I wrote back begging for one more year at school. This was granted me, and I clung to each day as it passed with vague dread. No one can imagine the horror I had of the life before me. A country farmer's niece! A life of poverty, perhaps of menial labor; was I to succumb to this? These much-vexed questions arose day by day. Night by night I paced my room, and told the story of my coming sorrows to my friend, Sue Rivers. Before her pitying gaze I laid my sad picture, and her well-intended consolations fostered the selfish spirit within me.

We were both to leave school on the same day, and an invitation came from Mrs. Rivers for me to spend an indefinite period with her daughter. Sue was an only child, and always had her own way at home. She had bidden her mother to invite me, and hence the cordial letter. I accepted the invitation without asking permission of my uncle, though I wrote briefly to him and told him where I was going. "It is well," I said, "as you are poor, for me to be away as much as possible; I intend to earn my own living as soon as I can."

The very hour before I was to start from school with Sue, I was called down stairs to see a visitor. It was a grave-looking man, dressed in plain clothes. His manners were dignified and gentle.

"My name is Harlowe," he said, "I am a friend of your uncle's, and have brought you an urgent message from him."

"What is it?" said I.

Mr. Harlowe looked round at my school-mistress, as if to desire her to retire. "I am in Miss Barton's confidence," she said. "My message was to you alone," said Mr. Harlowe, looking at me, "but in this case I suppose I may deliver it. Mr. Barton, I am sorry to say, is in a very bad state of health. He has suffered many losses in business and has been obliged to retire from all active work. He has been looking forward to your return from school with much pleasure. He is much distressed by your last letter. Pardon me, if I say, had you but known Mr. Barton, you could not have written him such a letter. He hopes you will on no account go to Mrs. Rivers. He hopes, too, that you will accept my escort home, and I am at your service at any hour you may name."

"Impossible!" I cried; "I cannot endure a life of poverty and labor. Mrs. Baynes, speak for me."

My governess stepped forward. "Miss

Barton is, I assure you, acting from the highest motives; she dislikes to be a burden to an old man. Besides this, she has her life to make, and such a start as this, under the auspices of Mrs. Rivers, is too good to refuse. Again, observe the refinement and well bred-society which has surrounded her from her earliest years; she is quite unfitted for the position of farmer's niece in a country place."

Mr. Harlowe looked gravely at me, and turning to Mrs. Baynes said, "I see nothing in her different to other young ladies: she is young enough to adopt herself to her position."

"But the cruelty of such an adaptation!" exclaimed Mrs. Baynes; "Patty is refined, well educated, and clever. Contrast her with her good rustic relation, and see how incompatible are their tastes."

"Contrast her?" said he sternly. "No, madam, I know no young woman the equal of Mr. Barton; *refined, well educated, clever*, have you no more to say of her than *that?*"

Mrs. Baynes replied voluminously; I sat and cried—helpless and wretched.

"I will address myself to you again," said Mr. Harlowe, rising and coming towards me. "If you are in any sense a woman, you will try what you can do to repay to Mr. Barton the kindness he has lavished on you. You do not know at what cost you were educated. It is not my place to tell you. If you are worth anything you will come with me, and try to make up to Mr. Barton for the years of pinching he has endured for your sake."

I ceased crying then, and looked up. "You do not know what I shall sacrifice," I pleaded.

"You do not know what *he has sacrificed*," he returned with gravity. "Let me entreat of you to make an *effort* to forget yourself in this case."

An effort to forget myself? This new idea permeated my brain. I looked surprised. Mrs. Baynes was decidedly angry.

"Miss Barton is acting rightly, I believe," she said, "in following my advice; which is to make sure of the friendship of Mrs. Rivers."

There was silence then in the room. Outside I heard the sound of the brisk trot of the approaching ponies, and Sue's foot-step running down stairs. "Patty," she called, "come, Patty, it is time to start."

"Put your things on," said Mrs. Baynes, taking my hand.

"I await your decision," said Mr. Harlowe, very gravely.

"It is decided," said Mrs. Baynes, "I am this dear child's friend; *I will not allow her* to give up all the joy of her life for an old man's selfish whim."

She tried to draw me away, but I turned back.

"I will go with you," I said, to Mr. Harlowe. I do not know why I decided thus; partly, perhaps, love of opposition to Mrs. Baynes' decisiveness, partly a distrust of myself, and an expectation that I should gain much praise from Mr. Harlowe for my unselfish decision. In the latter I was disappointed.

"She has taken a long time to decide upon a plain duty," he said, gravely.

I rushed out of the room and threw myself into Sue's arms, and sobbed out my miserable fate. Mrs. Baynes brought me my hat and cloak, and with many moans for my decision, she dressed and bade me farewell. Sue and I parted in tears, and with promises never to forget one another. Mr. Harlowe waited quietly—I fancied, with an amused face. Were then my agonies, my tears, but sources of amusement to this man?

Before the door stood two vehicles: the one a light low carriage, drawn by two ponies, the other a high two-wheeled gig, drawn by a horse suspiciously like a cart horse. Into this gig Mr. Harlowe piled my many boxes, and finally handed myself. Sue sprang into her pretty carriage, and we parted, both driving away on diverse roads: she to joy and gladness, I to misery.

We drove in silence for many miles. Our way lay through a forest, by the dark mouthed coal-pits. Many colliers passed us coming from their work; as it grew dusk we saw the furnaces flaming in the distance.

"We are nearing home, now," said Mr. Harlowe.

I answered by a sigh; my intense self-absorption prevented my thinking of any one else. No feeling of curiosity or interest was aroused in my heart by the idea I should so soon see my only living relative. We stopped before a small farmhouse. Mr. Harlowe assisted me down and opened the door for me.

"Go in," said he, "open the door to the right, do your duty, and *be good to him.*"

I passed swiftly on, I opened the door as I was bidden; I entered a low-roofed room where an old man sat brooding over the fire. He wore the clothes of a working-man, and the hands held to catch the blaze of the fire were horny and withered. He took no notice of me when I went in, and I came up to him, "Uncle," I cried, "are you my uncle?" He turned his eyes on me and roused up. "It's the lass," he said, "Patty herself." He spoke with a country accent, trying to my ears, and as he rose and came to greet me, I stepped back.

We stood and looked at one another. He opened his arms and a light shone on his venerable face. Self-absorbed though I was, I saw it, and I came to him. "At last," he said, "at last! I have been very lonely. It would not have been right for you to go to such grand people; never, my dear, never." I choked instead of answering. "I hoped," he continued, "you would have come to me last year, but never mind; don't think it mattered,—it was far better you should have another year, far better." He held me from him and looked at me, and a genial smile overspread his features.

"You are quite gay," he said, pointing to the feathers in my hat; "I hoped you might be gay as the others at the school; and the learning, are you well on with that?" I told him briefly that I was accomplished in all that I had attempted to learn.

"It is a good thing, education," he said; "sometimes," he added, looking sadly round the room,— "sometimes, you know."

"It is always good," I said brusquely; "refinement and education are always good things."

He scrutinized my face closely as I spoke, and turned his head aside with the disap-

pointed look of one who has hoped much and found nothing. Then he let go my hands, and sat down before the blaze,—his head drooped on his breast and his white hair fell in masses over his coat. It is hard to think of that evening; it is hard now to think that I sat and wept, and saw my uncle sit so broodingly before the fire, and that I only thought how sad I was; that, in lieu of pleasure and refinement, my fate had placed me in such uncongenial surroundings.

An hour later a woman entered; she told me that my room was ready—that she had carried my boxes there.

I am glad to think now that I kissed my uncle ere I went to bed. He roused up then and looked appealingly at me. "I have made your room as nice as I knew how," he said, under his breath.

I followed the maid through a long passage to a room, small indeed, but furnished even luxuriously. It did not strike me as strange that a room in a farmhouse should be so well furnished, but the maid stopped to uncover the boxes, and she said gravely,

"The old master has been in and out here many times to-day."

"You may go," I said, stiffly; and she went.

My uncle was taken with a slight paralytic attack in the night, and for the next few days I saw nothing of him. He did not send for me, and it did not occur to me to go to him without. I arranged for myself a severe course of study and immediately entered upon it, and only went down stairs to meals.

One day Mrs. Rivers and Sue called. They wished me to return with them, they urged I could be so much to them. I made feeble opposition, and finally consented to ask my uncle for permission to go. He sent to ask me to go to him. I found him sitting up in his room; his chair was wheeled close to a sunny window; a large dog lay at his feet, and his spectacles were placed upon an open Testament. He looked old and feeble, and I stepped lightly and felt some compunction for my message.

He looked at me, a clear light in his blue eyes. "I had fancied, had hoped,"

he said, gently, then paused, as if afraid to give me pain. "An old man has fancies, you know," he said; "and I was foolish to hope so much. Let be, let be!" He was silent for some moments, and then said gently, "Yes, lassie, you can go; go and get your pleasure, child; get your pleasure."

I laid my hand gently on his white head, but he shook it off,—not roughly, but as if it pained him to be caressed. I cared not to analyze the motive. I said good-bye, and went away with my friends.

I thought all that day of my uncle. I pictured his white head and patient face, and the sheep-dog lying at his feet. I was roused from this state of abstraction by Mrs. Rivers, asking my opinion on some plan in hand. "You are so delightfully clever, you know," she was saying.

There was a large party at Mrs. Rivers', and my accomplishments were in perpetual requisition. I sang, I danced, I talked, I was admired by all, and adored by Susie. I won a character for extreme amiability and unselfishness. Mrs. Rivers and Sue declared that I should never leave them. Yet notwithstanding all this kindness and ovation, I was never more miserable in all my life. I could not forget my uncle; vainly I tried to do so. As weeks passed by I began to wonder that he never wrote to me. I thought he might just write and say he hoped I was enjoying myself, that he had no need of me, and perceived, with Mrs. Rivers, that I was not made to live in shadow, that my brilliance was fitted for a larger sphere than that of a country farmhouse. But no such letter came and I fidgetted.

One evening I was surprised to see Mr. Harlowe come in, and more so to perceive he was an intimate friend of Mr. Rivers' family. I hid myself behind a curtain, dreading to be seen.

"You make yourself quite a stranger," said Mrs. Rivers to him. His eye was searching the room, and I fancied stopped at the dark corner where I sat.

"A sick friend has needed my company," he said, very gravely.

"I did not know you had any friends in the forest," said Sue, pertly.

He bowed without replying, and Sue, seating herself beside him, declared that he was very dull. "I shall go and bring Patty to talk to you," she cried; "where can she be? Patty is so amiable and bright she will amuse you."

"Do not trouble your friend," said Mr. Harlowe, looking straight to the place where I sat, "I have no desire to be amused or to forget the friend I have just left."

"Who is this friend?" said Mr. Rivers; "you know, Harlowe, my purse is at your disposal; use it as your own."

There was an indignant flush on Mr. Harlowe's face, but he answered almost under his breath, "Charity indeed my friend needs, but it is not to be bought with money."

"Eh!" said Mr. Rivers.

"Can you buy love with money? can you buy duty, a good heart, and reverence for the most beautiful character on God's earth?" said Mr. Harlowe, raising his tone in his earnestness.

"Buy these things!" said Mr. Rivers, with an amused laugh, "no, my dear fellow, nor find them in this world. You always were Utopian, you know."

Mr. Harlowe colored and was silent. Mrs. Rivers asked further particulars. "Who was this friend?"

"He is a farmer," said Mr. Harlowe, "and in his old age has no relation to care for him."

"Was he never married?" said Mrs. Rivers.

"He is a man of splendid intellect, but little education," said Mr. Harlowe. "He has never been married; the girl he loved having married his brother, a dissolute man of superior education. This brother left one child. My friend, forgetting the trouble his brother had brought on him in every way, took the child and educated it. To do this he had to pinch himself. Fearing that his country accent and unrefined society might bring ridicule on the child, he kept it at school entirely, never even once seeing it, until the education was finished. Then he sent for it to come home, to be a comfort to his old age. I cannot tell you the sorrow with which I have seen him deny himself almost the necessaries of life in order that the

child should be gay and bright as others, and to my expostulations he has often said, 'The child shall never feel the want of education as I have done.' He made these continual sacrifices for upwards of sixteen years."

"What a dear old man!" cried Sue, "I wish I knew him!"

"Yes!" said Mr. Harlowe, "I think I have said enough to show you that my friend is worth the love and admiration which I have for him, and which has kept me all this long time at his side rather than in your bright company." He ended with a polite bow, and rose.

"You ought to finish your story," cried Sue, impatiently.

"I hope it is *not* finished yet," said Mr. Harlowe, gently. Then looking across at my hiding-place, he added, "My friend is better to-day, but I must return to him to-night."

"Better to-day,"—had my uncle then been very ill? The whole base selfishness of my conduct stared me in the face. I thought my heart would break with remorse. I hated the self that truth showed me I was. I heard Mr. Harlowe bidding good-bye, and voices calling me, but I remained out of sight. Mrs. Rivers came back to the room alone, and the sound of my sobbing attracted her attention. I eagerly narrated to her kind ears the whole of my selfish behavior. "We have tempted you too far," she said sighing; "we shall miss you sadly, but of course you wish to go. I will explain to Sue. The pony carriage shall be ready for you whenever you like to-morrow."

I could not thank her, I was crying too hard. "Remember, I am always your friend," she continued, "and this is your home." She then persuaded me to go to bed. The next day, I started early, and drove as fast as I could back, on the road I had so eagerly traversed to get away from the home I so longed now to reach. I wondered at the slow pace the ponies travelled. I thought I never should get to the farmhouse. Yet there I was at last, and I eagerly entered. I walked in with bated breath; the place

was so quiet that a dread possessed me. I slowly entered the room where I had first seen my uncle; the maid was there.

"The master is in the kitchen," she said in a whisper, "we can't get him anywhere now, except where the sun do shine; he don't do nothing but just sit and think."

I went eagerly into the kitchen. I shall never forget the venerable beauty of my uncle's face and figure. The sun was pouring in at the open window, and his white hair shone like silver; his head drooped on his breast, and his eyes were bent on the floor. I never shall forget the patient sadness of his expression, or how solitary and lonely he looked. His very attitude denoted patience, even to the horny hands clasped on his stick.

I think I will not describe minutely what followed my return to my uncle,—I will spare myself the suffering; how it took weeks and months of devotion on my part to remove from his mind the impression that he was not good enough for me, and that he was to me only a burden and a care. All that is past now,—I think he has entirely forgotten it; but it was a lesson to me that I can never forget. Ten years have passed by now, and my uncle looks a younger man than when I first saw him. His face wears an expression of serene happiness delightful to me to see. We are inseparable companions, he being happy if I am but in his sight. He is fond as ever of sitting in the sunshine, and speaks with as broad an accent. But his mind is gradually growing back to childishness again, and his dependence on me every day for pleasure and amusement is touching to me, yet the joy of my existence. Sometimes we go to see the water drip and sparkle from the fountain, or we gather wild flowers in the fields. Once we went with Mr. Harlowe to the sea, but my uncle turned away from the vast rolling waves. "Come away!" he said, "the green fields are the rest I want." Yet even then he sat down on the sand and handled the shells with curious delight.

## A MISTAKE IN LIFE:

A CANADIAN STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY C. E. W.

(Concluded).

Grant now felt another inducement to throw himself and all his energies into earnest work. Soon the machinery was clattering all day long, and morning, noon and night saw a busy stream file up the narrow glen, coming to and from the mill. Orders came in thick and fast and it taxed the management of the master and his practical foreman to keep the packing-room full. All winter the work went on, and each evening our hero felt that he might soon claim his love and fulfil his happiness.

So far all had been unlimited progress; but the first great loss was close at hand. May had come round again, a prototype of the month in which he had first looked out from the gallant steamer upon the budding spring of Canada. It was the 23rd of the month, and the morrow being our good Queen's birth day, was set a part as a general holiday. Grant had been up at Silver Creek and had spent the evening there, and near midnight he was returning home to his cottage through the woods. The young moon had been shining brightly as they sat enjoying the soft night beneath the old veranda, but they had observed a deep halo round its edge, and occasionally bright streaks of a lurid red would dart across its orb.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm to-morrow," Mr. Roberts had remarked.

As Grant walked home the air, generally so cool and damp in May, had become sultry and oppressive. He had taken off his coat and as he sat down upon a log before ascending the last knoll, the south wind seemed to come across the valley in puffs as of warm breath. Just through the trees the moon was sinking a fiery red, and

magnified to twice its natural size behind a deep black line of cloud, whilst now and again a vivid flash of lightning would glimmer for a moment above the western horizon. Grant proceeded on his way, and turning in was soon fast asleep; for in these busy days, he was up every morning with the first dawn of day. Before that dawn he was awakened by a shock which seemed to shake the stone cottage from foundation to the roof-tree, and as he quickly sprung up in bed, the last volley of a terrific thunder-clap seemed to roll round and round the spot as its echo was thrown back from rocks and trees.

It was an awful storm; the lightnings flashed and crossed one another in zigzag paths at intervals of a few seconds; the thunder rolled in one unbroken volley, and the rain dashed at the windows as if to seek some shelter from the fearful war of elements without.

As he sat listening to the fearful uproar his mind reverted to the first few verses from "The Death of the Ould Squire":—

" 'Twas a mad wild kind of night, as black as the  
bottomless pit,  
The wind was howling away, like a Bedlamite in  
a fit;  
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the pop-  
lars down  
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, as you  
turn off to the town.

And the rain (well it did rain!) dashing the window  
glass,  
And deluging on the roof, as the judgment were  
come to pass;  
The gutters were running in floods outside the  
stable door,  
And the spouts splashed from the tiles as if they  
would never give o'er.

Lor' how the winders rattled, you'd a'most have  
thought that thieves  
Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless  
pelt of leaves  
Rushed at the door in gusts, and I could hear the  
beek  
Calling so loud, I knew at once 'twas up to a tall  
man's neck."

An uneasy feeling, too, came over the listener, whether the new dam would stand this fearful rush; for in the intervals of the storm, and sometimes high above it, he could hear the creek and knew by the sound that it had swelled into a rushing, maddened river. He remembered that the flood-gates were wide open, for, there being no work on the Queen's birthday a head of water was not needed. His anxiety became so great that he could no longer remain quiet, but, springing up, he hurriedly threw on his clothes, got into a waterproof sou'wester, and his long boots, and quietly opening the door, found himself outside in the roughest, wildest, blackest night that he had ever experienced. This, thought he, is a true Canadian thunder-storm.

Familiar as he was with every step by daylight, he had now to wait for each flash of lightning to show him the narrow path which led to the plank across the stream, and some one hundred yards below the dam. As he stepped on the dam all his energies needed to be concentrated on his path, for one false step would have precipitated him ten feet into the stream below, the foam of which he could see, as each flash threw its glare upon the swollen creek. He walked as rapidly up the race as the wild wind and pelting rain would allow, and found himself on the margin of the dam. He started to walk out to the centre; he had proceeded but a few feet when a flash of vivid lightning, continued in two or three quick successive sheets, revealed a fearful sight.

Well for him that that blinding light had shown him where he was about to step. Below him, not two yards from where he stood, the water rushed at headlong speed. No quiet dam with its narrow gush of waters through the gates, but a wide tumbling flood, and as he gazed spellbound, while flash after flash opened up the awful scene before him, he could see the great timbers of his dam, with branches and logs from above, tumbling above this mighty rush and being hurled out of sight.

It was indeed time to withdraw for his own safety, for the bank was giving way in great masses of earth and brush. Mechanically he retraced his steps to the edge of the

race, and there, regardless of the rain and cold, he sat down dejected and disconsolate. He knew that nothing could be done—the force of the rush must be left to expend itself. His heart was sorely smitten by the accident, and for a time he felt utterly prostrated; but he was young and sanguine and soon his manhood came back to him, and he thought that he need not give all up. This was an accident, and he could not expect to go on always without some troubles, and as he turned, to wade his way back home again, he looked up and a short distance up the stream his eye caught a bright light dancing and twinkling up and down, as if being carried along the surface of the rushing stream. But it came forward too slowly for that, and he soon perceived that it was in a lantern; he shouted, and was answered by the familiar voice of Mr. Roberts, who had also been awakened by the storm and had come down, urged by the same fear, to see that the flood-gates were fully opened and the dam all right. As he came up he said no word, but quietly walked to the edge of the great gap, and the light from his lamp across the water revealed to Grant, who now again stood upon the brink, the devastation before only seen by the fitful gleams of lightning.

The two stood in moody silence, gazing upon the completeness of the wreck of that which, but in a few short minutes, had been torn and riven in a hundred fragments. Thus they stood looking earnestly, Roberts swinging his lamp to light first up the stream, then down into the pool below, or across to the opposite bank. Grant mechanically followed the light with his eyes, as each movement revealed still greater devastation; when of a sudden the elder man cried with a loud shout, "Look out, the bank is giving," and seizing Grant by the shoulder, he sprang back. Too late for one. Our hero had been too deeply immersed in painful thoughts to waken suddenly to the sense of that cry, and as a vast mass of earth slipped from the edge, Grant disappeared with it.

Roberts' light, hastily thrown upon the waters, revealed nothing of our hero. In truth, he had instinctively thrown his arms across a log against which he had struck as



soon as ever he reached the water, and now rolling almost under the log, now scrambling again to the surface of the stream, he was being hurried along almost senseless in that mad, wild torrent. Roberts rushed down the bank, throwing his light upon the edge as he stumbled along, but he soon saw the uselessness of his course; he, therefore, determined to walk slowly down the shore as far as the mill, and back on the opposite side. As he strained his eyes to follow the light he fancied now and again that he saw his young friend's head or his body clinging to the edge, but each time he hastened down only to be disappointed. He soon saw that his chance of finding him, single-handed, was but slight; indeed, he hardly expected to discover anything but a bruised and mangled body washed ashore, for no man could steer himself a stroke in that fearful torrent, full of logs and beams and brush.

He ran up as fast as the slippery path would allow to the main mill, and quickly awoke the hands who lived about. Soon every man who could provide a lantern was walking along the bank, while others were sent to alarm the neighborhood, and bring all the lamps that could be found.

There must have been full twenty lights throwing their reflections upon the trees and banks and stream, when, the storm having exhausted and lost itself in faint distant mutterings, a loud shout from one of the searchers brought the rest about him.

He had found the missing master. On a small, gently sloping bank, the only spot where it was possible that a floating body could be thrown ashore, that of Richard Grant now lay, one arm yet thrown across a small tree trunk, and with the other grasping firmly a branch. Over his face the hair hung dripping, and his waterproof was torn from his shoulders. Was he dead? Roberts laid his light down upon the bank, and its full glare fell upon the poor fellow's face. It was pale as death itself, but the eyes were closed, and there was a swelling of the nostrils that gave them hopes. As the kneeling man hurriedly tore open the bosom of his shirt and pressed his hand upon the left side, not a sigh broke the stillness, rendered yet more awful after the late hor-

rid roar of elements; the only sound that could be heard was the gentle dripping of the trees, and the steady rush of the yet swollen creek. The good-hearted searchers, drenched to the skin, held each his breath, as he eagerly watched the countenance of Mr. Roberts. The latter broke the silence, "His heart yet beats; James and Watson, take you each a foot, pull off the boots and rub, and two other men do the same for his hands and feet." One was sent in haste for the doctor and another to the house for blankets.

They laid him on his breast and rubbed his neck and back; they forced cordials between his closed teeth, and wrapped him warm in flannels. A sigh so gentle was heard by each and then, turning him about, they put him in a sitting posture. His eyes opened, and for an instant he looked round on those that were about him, as if in gratitude for their care, closed them again and appeared perfectly insensible.

They carried him up to the house, those rough, strong men, as gently as if he had been a sickly child, for they all loved him as a master, and the doctor, arriving, gave his opinion that "his patient was in terrible danger, but his young constitution and sanguine temperament might yet bring him over it."

Many days saw our hero lying unconscious and with but a faint hope of life visible. Time and again as Mrs. Roberts bent over the sufferer and forced between his lips the cordial that had been ordered, it appeared to her as if in a few minutes the last frail thread of life would fall asunder. It had been a terrible shock. His body was bruised very badly; fortunately there were no broken bones. That narrow chest had not room, and the chill had struck, the doctor said, into the lungs, and if he should ever rise from this bed, it would be a long time before he could undertake any business.

The Roberts were very attentive, and the good doctor was at the bedside night and day. Twice, three times, and sometimes oftener his gig would stand at the door while he would be sitting by his patient's bedside, with his hand upon the poor fellow's pulse or laid above his heart, as he watched

with a concentration of all his medical observation every change in the state of the slumberer. Not the slightest sign of returning animation escaped the doctor's penetration. On the sixth day he had been for the third time sitting by the bed. He had been carefully scanning his patient, and counting the feebly beating pulse, and had enjoined perfect silence in the room. As he now laid his hat down on the chair and took his seat, he whispered to the lady that the crisis was now at hand, and that half an hour would probably tell whether Grant would live or pay the last dread penalty. The patient was in a state of deep insensibility; he had been in high delirium and now he appeared to be almost in a state of death itself. The minutes rolled slowly by, the half hour had long been past and yet there were no signs of change perceptible. They watched and waited in that dread silence in which the awful message of the great angel, when he slowly beckons to himself the spirit from a mortal body, is naturally received. A low exclamation of satisfaction and indeed surprise escaped the lips of the man usually so matter-of-fact in his professional duties, as Richard slowly opened his eyes and looked up into his face with a look of perfect recognition—but so weak! He tried to speak, but his lips, unable to form a word, the attempt died away in the faintest shadow of a smile, which seemed to flicker for an instant upon that pallid face, and pass away again in utter exhaustion. He closed his eyes and slept.

The doctor rose from his place and beckoned Mrs. Roberts from the room. "He is out of all danger in one way," said the doctor, with a sigh of mingled relief and yet of much anxiety for the future, "but he is fearfully weak. Perfect quietude, not the slightest word that might excite him;" and the doctor looked firmly, almost harshly, in the face of the lady, for he had heard reports that all had not been at the mills as it should be. "His life depends entirely upon most perfect rest bodily, and more especially upon freedom from all mental excitement. Should he hear any exciting news now, it would either kill him or destroy his reason. Keep everything

from him that may have the slightest tendency to remind him of the broken dam. His mind is too weak to recall any knowledge of it to himself; see that there is nothing about him to make him think of it. Mr. Roberts was with him when he fell in; he had better not come to see him, at least for some days; the last impression might be more easily recalled to his feeble mind. When he gets stronger, then he will require visitors to cheer him up,—I think Miss Lucy would do a deal of good then," the doctor added, while a slight smile passed over his sober professional face.

The doctor's orders were strictly carried out, and each day saw some further mark in young Grant's recovery. He was sitting up, propped by pillows, when the doctor again arrived, and, so far had he improved, that Doctor Olmsted gave him leave to read a little, and threw out a strong hint that the visit of which he had before spoken, might be made with advantage to his patient. "He's getting stronger mentally," said he, "and a little gentle excitement would do no harm."

Before the doctor left he paid a high compliment to Mrs. Roberts for her kindness and attention. "I never expected Grant to recover," he said; "he was in that low state that it was hardly reasonable to expect that life could combat successfully with death; but he owes his renewed lease, under heaven, entirely to you. In these cases of utter prostration, the doctor can do little, all depends upon the nurse; a minute's neglect on your part, or one false step, would have undone all; you have, indeed, been a true and kind friend to him," and, extending his hand to Mrs. Roberts, grasps hers with genuine feeling. Each day found Grant gaining in strength, and one or two visits from Lucy, whom Mrs. Roberts brought down to sit and read to him for an hour or so, had a wonderful effect upon his spirits. In truth Lucy was very sad at heart, but she assumed a cheerful look, and talked to him of all the subjects that she knew would interest him.

Once he had attempted to broach the subject of business, but she had told him that the dam was not yet mended, and he had felt too weak for any further desire to

worry his confused brain, just then, but had given himself up to the more congenial task of watching dear Lucy and listening to her voice, as she alternately conversed or read to him. Mr. Roberts had only run in once or twice to see our hero for a few minutes, pleading that there was so much business on hand that he had to work far into the nights.

The papers had all passed through Mrs. Roberts' hands before they had been seen by Grant; but one day that lady, having been detained at home, the boy who usually went to the village post-office had brought out the daily *Globe*, and it had been sent direct to Mr. Grant's room. He idly glanced over the columns, when his attention was rivetted by a familiar title amongst the telegraphic items. The words which immediately arrested his attention were "The Silver Creek Woollen Mills, Ashton," and the paragraph read thus:—

"REPORTED ABSCONDER.—We are informed that the proprietor of the above mills, Mr. Roberts, of Ashton, has been lately so closely pressed by clamorous creditors that he has for some reasons that are yet but matters of unfounded rumor, seen fit to place the United States boundary line between his person and Canada. In connection with these woollen mills it will be remembered by our readers that a Mr. Grant, who lately entered into partnership with this Roberts, has built a new mill in the Silver Creek Valley. This mill had to be shut down since the terrible thunder-storm on the morning of the Queen's birthday, which washed away the dam, and in which the young proprietor, Mr. Grant, was so nearly drowned. We are glad to hear that the latter gentleman, who has been lying very ill since his immersion, is rapidly progressing towards complete recovery."

This was almost too much for the weak brain fully to take in; he sank back on his pillows exhausted, and a confused sense of impending ruin took possession of his mind.

Like a violent stroke from a heavy missile, this blow was so sharp and sudden that he did not for some time feel its full effect. The force threw him back prostrated, but the pain was that of a deadened feeling.

As he brought his mind to contemplate the event,—how thinking, as he hoped, that the newspaper had obtained an exaggerated account, now calling to mind, what he had at the time taken little notice of, his partner's continued absence, Mrs. Roberts' heavy step and sad looks which she unsuccessfully tried to hide beneath a cheerful exterior, and the trace of recent tears that he had vaguely noticed on Lucy's cheek at her last visit,—he could not but feel that there was truth in the miserable extract.

An hour later and Mrs. Roberts came as usual to see her patient. She was horrified at the blank look of despair, and felt that by some news or other her careful schemes had been frustrated and Grant knew all. She could not find words to speak, but sat quietly until he should first say what he had heard.

"I know all," said Grant at last, "and, Mrs. Roberts, you can't think how sorry I am for you and dear Lucy." He did not revile Mrs. Roberts nor reproach her for her husband's sins; in gentle tones he tried to make her understand how well he knew and how thankful he felt to her for all her kindnesses; and the tears fell fast from the poor lady's eyes as she sat crouched in a chair, as if, poor thing, she had been the cause of this sad event.

"But tell me," said Grant, "and it is all the pain I will give you upon this subject, how did it happen and cannot it be righted?"

With bitter tears and many self-reproaches, as if she were responsible—but, like many a wife, she would willingly have taken upon her shoulders all her husband's faults,—she recounted to him the whole story. How the business had been rotten from the first, and that Mr. Roberts would have been sold out months before, but the new partnership staved off his debts, and how, in the end, he had seen utter ruin and had fled.

As Grant listened, he thought of the cooked books, the seductive measures by which he had been too easily persuaded, the great prospects of fortune opened out before him by his tempter, and now the victim, lying on the bed of sickness brought about in that fatal mill-dam, felt, not so much hatred, but bitter contempt and aver-

sion for the scoundrel who had caused his fall.

This must have been visible on his countenance, for poor Mrs. Roberts broke in upon his thoughts,—“Oh! don't be too hard upon him; I know how dreadfully he has behaved, but spare him, spare him, if you can!”

Grant's anger was much tempered by pity for the poor wife, and deep, sorrowing love for the daughter, left by her father destitute and disgraced.

When the doctor came next day and heard of the mischief, he was worked up to boiling pitch of anger at those who had so rashly informed his patient of the catastrophe; but, to his surprise, though there was a hectic, feverish flush of excitement on his face, he appeared to have suffered little physically; but, on the contrary, with that determination which sometimes seizes on the sick that they will recover, he was already stronger than he had been for many days.

Grant was certainly bitterly chagrined at the failure of his schemes, and the innocent way in which he had, contrary to the advice of all his well-tryed friends, been gullied; but his mortification and deep sense of loss was tempered by the greater despair and shame that had fallen upon the devoted head of her he loved so well. He sent a pressing note to Mrs. Roberts to ask her to bring Lucy to see him, and she complied.

It was a painful interview. They met as they had parted at the basswood tree; each felt a deep love, but each felt also that, for a time, there was an insuperable barrier between them. Poor Lucy was borne down with the shame that had fallen on her family, and Grant sought earnestly to compose her.

After a time the latter broached the subject that lay nearest his heart. “Dear Lucy, I find that all is lost to me upon the mill, that when all has been sold it will swallow up my share totally. I don't tell you this, dear Lucy, to distress you,” as the tears rolled down, “but I want you to know that I love you just as deeply—ah! how much more, now that you are in distress. My own, will you promise to be mine as soon as I can get a home? I shall

go back to farming, and I know how you love a country life, and I am sure we can do splendidly together.” He took her gently by the hand, as he said this, and waited for a few minutes until her distress had somewhat expended itself. “Please dry your eyes, and let us talk of what we can do, it's no use crying over spilt milk,” continued Grant; “forget it all for a few minutes, and let us talk about the future. Let us forget the failure. I forgive your father readily; he was hard pushed, and if he went too far, it was at least to support you in comfort. Promise to be mine, not now, but let me work on again, knowing that you will be my wife.”

Lucy could not answer, for those bitter tears would well up from the depths of her riven heart, and the moment she attempted to speak, her first words would again be drowned in their sudden rush. But before they parted, she had said in a voice choked and hardly audible, “O Richard! I do love you, indeed I do; more than I can tell you, but it is better for you to be free.”

This did not suit our hero's ardent love, and he at last succeeded in extracting from her the promise that she would be his wife, if after some time he claimed her. “Never fear,” were his last words, “I shall come for you, my darling, long before you expect me. Now, I can get well soon again. What do I care for the mill, unless it had lost me you? I can work, and will soon make a home for both of us.”

With that first holy, loving kiss, the remembrance of which is never effaced from those who meet in young and ardent affection, even after many years of bitter struggling with the hard harsh world, they parted

There is little more to tell of this short history of the early days of Richard Grant in Canada. He recovered rapidly, settled all the business, as far as the mill was concerned, and honorably refused to enter into any suit which should save to him his property at the expense of the creditors of that firm of which for some months he had been a published member. But when he found himself again able to stroll out for an hour's walk in the warm July evenings, from the hospitable brick house in the vil-

lage, which had again opened its doors to the unfortunate and imprudent youth, there was a weakness and a tendency to suffer from every passing chill, that showed his lungs had been more deeply affected than he was willing to believe from the stethoscopic report of the good doctor. By the latter's advice he paid a visit to his friends at home.

There he was received with open arms by his father. The old gentleman, indeed, chided him for his foolish conduct in neglecting good advice out in the colony. His mother's interest was soon excited by his glowing descriptions of the dear and amiable Lucy. He stayed at home a year and came back to Canada refreshed, and went again to Mr. Frampton at The Maples. There he remained twelve months and never expressed a further wish to throw up the country for mercantile life.

A few months ago we called upon him, and went over the varying scenes of his first days in Canada. There his "castles in the air," have settled down to a very matter-of-fact and, some might say, common-place life. In a comfortable house, surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery in Canada, a well stocked and profitable farm, with a small income of some £200 a year, he lives as happy as the day is long. Always busy, hospitable, kind, he, a young man yet, is fast settling down to a steady

useful life, in that state to which God, in His allwise providence, has through some bitter trouble called him. Nor is his home life devoid of that central object on which he had so steadfastly fixed his love.

On an early day in the year of 1872 there was a quiet, happy wedding in a little village away in one of the nestling valleys that lie sequestered in the green mountains of Vermont, and from the little wooden church there went forth as happy a pair as ever marched proudly arm-in-arm from the altar of God's house.

If our reader should ever, by the leading of the Fates, find himself set down in Ashton, any one can show him, in the distant valley amongst the piney woods, a neat white cottage, a pretty object in a lovely spot, in full view upon a clear bright day, of the broad top of the mighty bass-wood which marks the Ashton Lovers' Cave."

In that house all is love and contentment. As the father plays with the little one upon his knee, the picture of her who gave him strength to recover from the great struggle with the angel Death, and resolution to rise above the ashes of his vanished early fortune, he looks up to the gentle Lucy by his side and says, "I think, my dear, I have got, in all we have around us now, that fortune which is to be enjoyed when one is young."

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## THE ALTERED MOTTO.

BY PASTOR THEODORE MONOD.

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow  
That a time could ever be,  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
"All of self, and none of Thee!"

Yet He found me; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursed tree,  
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self, and some of Thee!"

Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helpful, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;  
Grant me now my soul's desire—  
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

## A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

NARRATED BY A SURVIVOR TO WM. B. DYER.

The ship "Renfrew," Captain Blandford, with a crew of sixty-one men, being fully fitted out and provisioned for a sealing voyage, sailed from the harbor of Greenspond, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland, on the 24th of February, 1869.

We beat on and off shore, inside and outside of numerous floes of ice, until St. Patrick's Day, with little or no success, or, as the sailor puts it, "no sign of fat."

Nothing of much interest took place until March 19th, when the ship being jammed in the ice, the wind suddenly chopped round to the north-east, with every sign of a gale. We were, by dead reckoning, some two hundred miles from land.

The wind continued to increase during the night, and next morning, the 20th, a furious gale, with snow, was blowing from the north-east.

The ice *reftered*—*i. e.*, was forced up one pan on the other, by the heavy sea and wind—and about 2 a. m. our ship sprung a leak. All hands labored incessantly for some hours, with pumps and buckets, but could not keep the ship free; in spite of all efforts the water gained on us.

The Captain then gave orders to abandon the ship, as it was evident she was fast filling, and would go down as soon as the ice loosed a little. Our first care was for provisions, of which we were enabled to get out a large quantity, as well as many other things, such as sails, firewood, rope, etc. Among the provisions saved were a puncheon of molasses and a few barrels of pork. We also saved our punts (small boats). It was a sad sight to see sixty-one men on a pan of ice, some two hundred miles from land, with only "punts" to depend on in case the ice loosened.

No vessel was in sight, nor did there appear any hope of escape. Truly our condition was a pitiable one!

About 11 o'clock, a. m., two men ventured on board to try and cut the foremast for firewood. They had begun to do so, when they felt the ship sinking, and by the time they had got back to us, the "Renfrew" had disappeared forever.

During the afternoon, the weather being still thick and stormy, we contrived to erect a sort of tent on the large pan of ice on which we had taken refuge.

We then made a fire, and managed to get a little warm and dry, standing, looking one at the other in silent dismay. Towards evening the weather cleared up, and, to our great joy, we saw a large brig lying about four miles from us. By the aid of a spy-glass, we made her out to be the "M——," Captain Green.

Every man then packed up as many clothes, etc., as he thought he could carry, and started for the vessel. Two of the crew were lame, one having been injured as we were leaving the ship; however, they both kept up with the others. The ice being very rough, some of the men soon got tired, and began to throw away various articles which they had brought with them, so that we might have been tracked for some distance by the castaway clothes, etc., on the ice.

After walking about a mile, our further progress was suddenly stopped by a large lake of water. Nine men, at a great risk, ventured to cross on a pan of ice, the rest of us retreated to the tent which we had erected when the ship went down, and there made ourselves as comfortable as we possibly could. We took turns to fire guns all night; we also kept a large fire burning. Next morning, Sunday, the 21st, we all had something to eat before day-break. As the morning cleared, we again saw the ship we had tried to reach the night before; but, to our great dismay, she was

eight or nine miles off, and heading from us. However, we all started. The ice being loose, we took three punts with us; we hauled the punts a mile and a half, but the ice getting rougher, we had to leave them. After walking about a mile, the weather came on thick with snow. The Captain called a halt, and, after some debate, we determined to go back to our HOME on the ice; but on turning about we could see no sign of it! Our situation was now an alarming one—fifty-two of us on the drift ice (which might break up at any minute), without food, fire or boats.

After waiting some time, every one looking in the direction he supposed our tent to be, the weather lightened enough to enable us to see our flag, which, providentially, we had mounted on a pole near the tent.

We set up a joyful shout on seeing it, and made for the flag as fast as possible. The ice, about this time, loosened very fast; but, after great toil and exertion, all got back to the tent, some running and jumping from pan to pan, others in punts, which some of the stronger and more active ones, who had got back first, hauled out to meet their less fortunate comrades.

Scarcely had we looked around to see if all were safe, when a heavy sea rolled in and broke *our* pan in pieces. All our provisions as well as ourselves were scattered about on small pans, and not a small portion of the former went to the bottom. The puncheon of molasses was among the portion saved, for which all were very thankful, as it was of great use in sweetening the snow and ice water, which was our only drink.

We set to work, wet and hungry as we were, and got ourselves and what articles we could save, on one of the larger and thicker pans.

We had just got a little settled, when another sea came in, the ice reftered, and, to our great sorrow, stove in our puncheon of molasses, which lay at some little distance from us; however, we managed to save a few gallons.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in repairing our tent; night coming on before we had finished, we all huddled

together as well as we could, but the ice loosening still more, the pan we were on drifted about all night in a pool of water, and one side of our tent being submerged, we passed a most uncomfortable night.

Sorrowful thoughts, too, of the fate of the nine men who had left us on the first day filled our minds, as we did not the least expect that they had reached the vessel, as it proved eventually they did. We fired guns at intervals all night.

Monday, 22nd, was fine and clear in the morning, but no craft of any sort was in sight. Some of the men began to despair, but the most of us had good hopes of being rescued some time or other. We had provisions enough to last some time, but very little firewood. From Monday until Friday, the weather being more moderate, we employed ourselves in making our tent a *little* more comfortable, and in getting our punts ready in case the ice should loosen.

Saturday the 17th being very fine, we caught a great many seals, which we used in place of firewood. We discovered a large and heavy pan or cake of ice enclosed in a lighter one; on to the pan we removed our tents provisions, &c. We got every thing removed by nightfall. By this time we were getting used to our new mode of life.

The 28th, Easter Sunday, and a very fine day. We got a little rest that day.

On Monday, 29th, the men employed themselves in various ways, some watching for seals, of which we always endeavored to have a stock in hand, as without them we could have no fire. Some of the men amused themselves with various games, such as leap-frog, foot-ball, &c.; others cursed their ill luck, as they called it. We had to keep watch every night for fear of the ice reftering. Half of our number sat up, and half lay down to try and get a little sleep. Those that lay down kept on their boots and swanskin cuffs, tied down their caps, and so were ready to jump at a moment's warning.

Our sealskin clothes bags were also kept in readiness with a few articles of clothing and biscuit in them. Many times during the night, the watch would give the alarm,

"all hands up;" each one would then seize his pack and out of the tent at the double quick. After waiting a short time and finding no damage done, all would go back to their beds, perhaps to be aroused again in a few minutes. Most of us were wet through every night, and rose from our so-called berths, wet and shivering. During the day-time we had false alarms of ships being in sight. A man would call out, "There is a ship, and no mistake." All hands would turn out to see it, only to be disappointed, or to say, "Well that cake did look like a ship." In this manner we lived on the pan of ice until Thursday, April the 1st, when towards evening, the weather, which had been thick and hazy for some days, cleared up. Eagerly we gazed as the haze gradually lifted, hoping against hope that a ship might be in sight. At last one man cried out, "I see a vessel!" Instantly all eyes were turned in the direction to which he pointed. Our hearts beat high as we saw the shadowy outline of the sails and rigging of a large brig, "and no mistake," some four or five miles off. Being late in the afternoon, and having two lame men with us, we deemed it useless to try and board the brig that night, but to do everything in our power to attract her attention. As soon as it was dark we hoisted a barrel on a pole, put a seal's pelt in it, to which we set fire, by which means we had a famous blaze all night. We also fired guns at intervals during the night. Next morning all hands were early on the look-out, but our hearts sank within us as we saw that our efforts to gain the attention of those on board the brig had been fruitless, for she was much farther off, and still going from us. The ice having become a little loose, we determined to take our punts, with as much provisions as possible, and go in pursuit of the vessel as long as we could keep in sight of her. On smooth ice and intervening lakes of water we made considerable progress and gained on the vessel. On rough ice we got on very slowly, and at noon did not appear to have gained more than a mile on the ship. However, we worked and toiled on, as men only can when their lives are at stake. We fired

guns all day at intervals, and about four o'clock p.m., the wind blowing more strongly in the direction of the ship, the report of our guns was heard by the crew. Our spirits rose as we saw her make answer to our signals by hoisting a flag, and after some time we saw men coming from her firing guns and shouting. When within hail we found out that the brig was the "Argus," Captain E—. Some of their men then ran back to let their captain know about us. Captain E— was so much affected that he cried, when he found that he had been going from us all day. All our men, one after the other, got on board that night. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Captain E— and his crew. A supply of hot cooked victuals was ready for us when we got on board, and the men turned out of their berths to allow us to get a little sleep, which we required more than anything, as when we did get any sleep on the ice, we generally woke up wet through, cold, and shivering. It almost seems a miracle that none of us died from the hardships to which we had been exposed.

Thus after being *fourteen* days on a pan of ice some two hundred miles from land we were, by the providence of God, mercifully rescued,—but to be again shipwrecked and rescued a second time. After being two days on board the "Argus" we fell in with the "Packet," Captain Osborne, who agreed to take half our crew, which he did on Sunday, April 4th. On Monday, the 5th, the ship "Queen," Captain Hanneberry, came alongside. Though short himself, he spared us some provisions, which we shared with those of our crew on board the "Packet." That night the ships parted company. On Saturday, April 10th, we sighted the North Grey Islands, driving along all night with a strong gale, a heavy sea, and a great deal of running ice, which our greatest exertion could not keep the ship clear of.

Next morning, Sunday, the 11th, the destruction of the ship and all on board seemed inevitable. The wind had increased, and, every few minutes, enormous blocks of ice struck the ship with a violence that we knew nothing could long withstand. Getting a little nearer to the



land, the ice closed up and jammed our ship in, split her stern, and started her sternpost. She did not leak, for the pressure of the ice had forced her quite out of the water; but we knew that if the ice loosened, she would go down instantly. We were at this time about a mile and a half from the shore of the South Grey Islands; all then left the ship. Including the crew of the "Argus," we numbered eighty men. After walking about five miles along the shore over very rough ice, we found a good landing place, and with some difficulty, all got ashore in safety. We had no provisions excepting a few biscuits that some of the men had in their packs.

Our Captain said he thought there were some houses on the other side of the island, about four miles in a direct line. We then took a drink of water, shared "the few biscuits" among us, and started for the houses. We had not gone far before a furious snow-storm came on, with a drift so thick that it was impossible to see three yards ahead. Still we pushed on as well as we could through the blinding snow, over hills and rocks, through swamps and bogs. Having walked some hours, we began to fear either that we had lost our way, or that there were no houses on the island. Still the Captain said he was *sure* that there were persons living on the island, so we plucked up courage, and trudged on in the face of the driving snow. Towards night some of the older men got very tired,—one gave out entirely. We could not leave him there to die, so, after some consultation, the Captain ordered seven or eight men to stay with the old man, who was lying on the snow, and chafe his hands and feet to keep him from freezing. The others, in large parties, to prevent being lost, searched about to try and find some wood. After a long search, the island being very barren and rocky, we discovered a small clump of bushes. Having no axe, we had to cut the branches with sheath-knives, and break them with our hands. With great difficulty, owing to the tempestuous state of the weather, we succeeded in making a fire, to which we carried the old man. He was not able to speak, but on giving him a little water, made warm

in a small tin kettle, which one of our crew fortunately carried with him, he revived a little, and in a short time was much better. It was now quite dark, so there was no alternative but to stay where we were all night. Though the storm had abated, we passed a most wretched night, being cold, hungry and wet through, in addition to which we had no shelter of any sort. Next day, being fine, we succeeded in finding the houses. On making enquiries about provisions, the answer was, "We have barely enough for ourselves." It almost seemed to us that we had escaped being drowned, to be starved. We had been nineteen hours without food, besides walking some fourteen or fifteen miles through the snow.

But God was merciful to us, for shortly after we found the houses, four vessels, "seal hunters," came into the harbor, three of them having a good stock of provisions on board. We very soon boarded them, the captains and crews saying that while they had any provisions, they would share with us.

Next day some men came from the back of the island, and told us that our vessel was safe. They said that seven men had boarded her, but that she was then driving towards the French shore. The men who had got on board, came back three or four days after, having narrowly escaped with their lives as the ship sank immediately on getting into loose ice, giving them barely time to leave her. Our crew now separated, some going to the "French shore" in some small craft that had called at the island, some remained, but the greater number, of whom the narrator was one, left with Captain Winsor, in the ship "Bil-lon."

The day after leaving the island, we got fast jammed in the ice, and driven into White Bay. Here the ice reftered; we packed up ready to leave, but the ice did us no harm. We remained fast in the ice three weeks, all the time on rather short allowance: three biscuits and a small quantity of tea and molasses to each man per day. We were also crowded together, scarcely room to lie down, and nothing but a few fir boughs to lie on. On May 3rd we got clear of the ice and beat to the windward for two

days. On May 5th we fell in with the ship "T——," Captain Green, brother of the captain of the first ship we had tried to board. He had no provisions to spare, but told us the *good* news that our *nine* missing men had got safely on board his brother's ship; that his brother had tried to reach us, but was carried off by the ice, and some days after lost his ship near the Secret Islands—all hands saved.

Next day, May 6th, we fell in with the ship "N——," Captain Parsons, who let us have a small quantity of provisions. Having beat to windward all night, we sighted the Fogo Island next day, about noon. Ran up along shore, put into "Seldom-come-bye." Here we learned that the brig "Packet," Captain Osborne, who had

taken half of our crew from the "Argus," had been totally lost in Green Bay, captain and crew saving themselves with much difficulty.

Leaving Seldom-Come-Bye, we arrived safely at Swain's Island, to which Captain Winsor belonged.

We then procured punts, and after a few hours rowing, we reached home safely, on the 7th of May, 1869. Thus, the crew of the "Renfrew," after being rescued and separated on board of three different ships, were shipwrecked a second time, with the total loss of the three vessels.

No lives were lost, and by the end of May, all the men had reached their several homes, safe and sound.

## A STUDENT'S EIGHT DAYS' TRAMP FROM HALLE.

BY ADAGE.

In the "Pfungst" or Pentecost holidays, called in England Whitsuntide, we have a week's holiday, and I hurry off to add Friday afternoon and Saturday to this to recruit from weakness. The route planned takes the Halle-Cassel Railroad. The train is crowded, for many have a mind to ramble or go home. We pass Eisleben, which I now see for the third time, once when a party of us came over and visited here the house where Luther was born, a small house on a very dirty, ugly street. Pity the folks do not have the spirit to make it cleaner. We saw, too, the church where the Reformer was baptized, and another church where he often preached. His pulpit stands beside the one now used. Two handsome monumental pillars to Luther and Melancthon stand also in this church. Across the street is the house where Luther died. He had come over from Wittenberg, some fifty miles, to settle a dispute between some friends; for he was highly esteemed by the people of his

native place. During the night he became very unwell, and sank rapidly into his last sleep. The body was carried in procession to Wittenberg. Halt was made for the night in Halle, and artists took occasion to take a cast from the face of the corpse as it lay in the old church now standing in the market-place. A wax impression was made, and that now sits, robed in the old clerical dress, in the Marien Library, close by the church. It is a good likeness, they say, and was the basis of the statue not long ago prepared for the city of Worms.

Another visit to Eisleben was a tramp. We passed two little lakes on the way, strangely enough one of them quite salt. Vineyards lay along the slopes toward the south.

In Eisenach are large smelting works for the copper ore mined largely in this district. We have read the story how the great good man was son of a humble miner. A good view of the works is had from the railroad line as we pass, and one can notice many

mines, besides heaps of stone dotting the fields all over, marking where little trials for ore have been made. Our train is winding about, keeping high up on the face of the hills, climbing until we burrow into a tunnel. It is almost the only tunnel I have seen here in North Germany. There are very few serious ridges for lines to cross, even a long distance south of the great northern plain.

We pass Sangerhausen. A lot of towns hereabouts end in "hausen," a form of the word "haus"—English "house." Nordhausen, a great place for whiskey distilleries, Frankenhausen, &c., are other examples. Just so a number of others end in "a," perhaps a corruption of "au"—English "meadow." Scotchmen will recognize their "haugh." These places, or many such, lie in the so-called "Goldene Aue," *i. e.* "golden meadow." This is a great tract of very fertile land, lying like a meadow between the Kyffhäuser Mountains on the south, and branches from the Harz Mountains on the north, running up wide valleys. A little stream runs through it—the Helme, a branch of the Unstrut, which runs into the Saale, then past Halle, so into the Elbe, and past Magdeburg, and into the sea at Hamburg. So you see how the drainage of the land lies; how in this "Golden Au" lie a lot of places ending in "a," and so perhaps originally named as parts of the "Au," or special "meadows," *e. g.*, Rossl-a, the meadow of the little "ross," *i. e.*, "horse." Kelbr-a, the meadow of the calves (Kalber), Burg-a, the meadow of the tower, Badr-a, Tellid-a, &c. While at this I may note that many towns north of the Harz Mountains end in "leben"—English "live or "life;" many in Harz end in "rode;" again, others in "itz," others in "witz"—Latin "*vicius*," and English, "wick," or "wich."

To go back. Sangerhausen lies lower than the railway, and shows us its red tile roofs, the prevailing style of roof in this land. I don't like their fiery look. But I arrive at Rossla, sling my satchel on my back, knapsack fashion, by means of a handy loop, and tramp off. I have company for an hour, in a Magdeburger and his little boy, also out for a tramp. Would

that our Canadian fathers tramped through our fine scenery more, taking their boys or their daughters, and wives too! I tried to convince my friend that the 22,000 U. S. soldiers made a much more sensible size for an army, and that for thirty to forty States, &c., together, than 400,000 for Germany. True, the circumstances in Europe are bad, but a conference of the nations would put that all right. Three years' time from every ordinary young man put into military service is terrible waste. More of this perhaps again.

My route lay now up to the heights of the Kyffhäuser range to visit two old ruins. They were long ago the residence of the great Emperor Barbarossa (Barba rosa), or, as the Germans call him "Rothbart" (red beard). Some fine poems are written about him; for example, by Uhland, the Swabian (south German) poet. The first ruin on the west end of the ridge is Rothenburg. The remains of a large hall are quite well preserved. The windows look well, some of them renovated; a high wall divides the lower part into two cellars. Gateways, a high tower, whose interior is no longer accessible, and a few more walls also stand. Some forty years ago a queer rather poetically-gifted man set up a little refreshment house here, and thus made it a place of resort. He dressed like a hermit monk, for the queerness of the thing, and grew to be an old man with long flowing white locks.

But now for another tramp to the other ruin; this time along the face of the mountain, on a path winding in and out, when side valleys came. Sometimes I was in woods and saw many a pretty flower,—little white ones, with five petals, each deeply cut in two; another, a sort of lily, with quite a bunch of white blossoms shut up at first in one heart-shaped bud; another, a pretty purplish pea, then a bright yellow mint, and a purple one. The pretty cowslips grow too; the yellow ones I knew in Scotland. They are called here "himmelschlüsselchen," "the little heaven-keys." Mythologists say they were called so, and also called the plant of the lightning, because they grew where the lightning had struck and marked where the keys to heaven

lay buried. Many a pretty legend lies treasured up to give pleasure to him who will study the history of old religions,—a most attractive treasure to unfold to others. As my path came out where the trees were cut away, I had the golden meadow like a panorama before me. The fields look like a carpet, but the whole appearance is strikingly different from that in England, for here there are no fences or hedges. But here is the Kyffhäuser ruin.

It was late, too late, to wander another hour to find a bed, especially after peering into all the ghostly corners of the old castle. I was glad, therefore, to find an inhabitant, the keeper of a little summer inn on the mountain, who said "perhaps it would do," if I would be content with rough fare and sleep on straw. While the dusk came on I prowled about, round old tumble-down walls, through archways, into a deep place, perhaps once the dungeon or the beer cellar, and where rocks hung ominously over my head. The masonry would interest our builders. The outermost layer of stone was of regular square, perhaps once dressed, stones; inside all was laid herringbone fashion. The outside stones seemed mostly of sandstone, and were weathered till they looked like so many skulls, two deep holes being bored as it were into them. One part of the ruins seems to be those of a chapel. An arch leading into it is more circular than what we call Gothic style—more like the so-called Roman. These names do not designate clearly defined periods of time in style. Round arches occur in the later period, and pointed in the earlier. The old tower ruin is the portion seen from afar. It still mounts up to a stately height despite the storms of ages. Great rifts are in it here and there. But the mystery of the old place is enhanced by the legend that Barbarossa lies deep below his ancient halls, waiting till the new greatness of "Deutschland" shall summon him again to day. Well, one might think now were a favorable opportunity for the wonder. Germany has become quite notable. But no ghost appeared to me. The grass was full of beings, gauzy, meditating beings, but they were only May-bugs. I did come on a knight errant; yes, there he stood before

me as I came round a corner, and had a full view in the eerie twilight. Harnessed, he was, as for the tug, clad in leather and iron, but it was—only the mule. But to mention something more attractive. The poet Uhland, above named, has a beautiful little poem about the wonderful princess of old, who fell asleep and slept four hundred years, till a prince discovered her in her ancient halls. She was surrounded by ladies and knights, giants to behold, but all asleep. He kissed her, and that awoke the beautiful damsel and all her train. She was German lyric poetry which fell asleep in the fourteenth century and slumbered till Goethe and his company awoke her.

Let me here take a jump in the story, to the Witches' Dancing-ground, Hexentanzplatz. It took me many a step to reach it from the Kyffhäuser. It lies on the north side of the Harz, while Kyffhäuser is on the south. I came on it about an hour ago after wandering through moderately striking valleys, over heaths, climbing prospect towers, and so on. This was a pleasant surprise. Here we are on the top of a granite precipice some 800 to 900 feet above the rushing stream, the Bode. Right opposite to us shoots another cliff a little lower, jagged at the top, but almost smoothed a long way up. That is called the "Rosstrappe," or "Horse tread," because on the top a big mark looks like the print of a gigantic horse-shoe. The story is, that a giant princess made a great horse-back leap here, and the horse left his mark. The valley of the Bode winds sharply, hither and thither, presenting a beautiful sight. As I came here, a party were visiting the Rosstrappe, standing on a little platform on top. Some one among them fired a musket in various directions, then played a bugle, all producing magnificent thunder-like echoes. On our side of the valley, not far from the rock where this house stands, rise some odd granite pillars, fit stepping-stones for witches to dance upon. Away down to the right is the mouth of the valley. Just in this lies the little town of Thale, with railway connections. Beyond is the plain and rolling country. Blankenburg castle, well worth a visit if I had time, is close by, and a queer old sandstone rock with caves under it, ruins of an old fast-

ness and a watchtower on top of it. Several important towns lie out in that open country. Quedlinburg, close by, where once was a cloister of nuns with an abbess, who ranked as a princess of the empire. They became Protestants. I believe, at the Reformation. Aschersleben is not far away, nor is Halberstadt. Magdeburg is further east. Away northeast, north of the western end of the Harz mountains lies Brunswick, the capital of the duchy; south of it Wolfenbüttel, whose great library became more noted through the connection with it of the poet and art-critic, Lessing, in the end of the last century. Hanover, the city, lies still further N. E., on a line toward the free city, Bremen, with its well-known neighboring seaport. But to come back to our rocky perch. The sun went down grandly away over the west, over the tops of the hills. We have a very wide horizon here.

Mine host gave me a room with windows to the east, and I had the pleasure of seeing his solar majesty just after he got up. He wakened me. After an early breakfast I was off at 6.30, away down the witches' stairway, better than none down that long precipice of lumps of granite, but bad enough for witches. My knees were almost bewitched when I reached the bottom, but the views were magnificent. First, a few moments spent about the surroundings of the "Waldkater," i. e., "Wild Cat," the hotel just here in the valley. These surroundings were the rushing stream, a cave, the entrance to an old mine, mossy arbors, the favorite seats of noted personalities. Now off up the stream. The valley is a deep gorge, sunk almost straight down those 800 feet. It winds constantly, and one seems, at times, completely shut off from exit; a sharp bend round an enormous knife of rock leads us into another rocky ravine like the first. The sides are beautiful, for grass and trees grow wherever they can catch hold, and the damp air favors them. A first rate foot path makes one say "Yes, indeed!" when soon an iron tablet is reached, bearing "Thanks to Herrn Bulow, who opened for us a way to this Temple of Nature in 1818." But now we reach the "Schurre," where a zig-zag path, so gently ascending that one

really enjoys it, leads up a great slide of small granite stones, up to the top of the west side of the valley. A few steps and we are on the Rosstrappe, right opposite the Hexentanzplatz, and have a glorious view of the valley again, quite another view from any yet had. Indeed one gains a new view at almost every step, and in marching, a good rule anywhere is to wheel round every few steps. It takes time, but gives one almost the sights of a double journey, one each day. And we are now on top of the tremendous rock, on a little railed platform. Singular it was to meet there a gentleman who, though he could speak some German, at once owned his "Scotchship," and proved to be a member of a noted Edinburgh publishing house whose books I had often thumbed. He had visited our Canadian land. We examined the footprints of the mythical horse. The look was quite plausible, save that the holes for the three knobs seemed apocryphal. A hotel is close by this spot, so that visitors can lodge above on either side of the gorge or below by the stream. On the way down the "Schurre," as on the way up, gazing on that gorge with its wall-like and needled cliffs, as it were wildly tossed and torn and scanned, the stream dashing along below, and yet the sunlight shining in bright and warm; the air still and so pure; little plants and big trees standing or hanging confidently all about, in some spots quite clothing the rock; yes, even a pleasant path for men, laid so that they might see it and delight in it all, their hearts touched with thankfulness, the thought came up—what a sermon on Rest for the soul in oneness with God in all His ways? Even when there is terrible commotion about us He sees the result of his holy, perfectly harmonious plan. He can let us look on it as on the wild Nature till we are filled with admiration. He can make a pleasant path for us and make us thankful. Let us each come then to Jesus who had in Him that Rest of soul in oneness with the Father, and calls us to come to Him and let Him give us His peace.

The path of the valley, the Bodethal (*thal*, i. e., valley), grew less grand as it ascended, and the level of the brook came to be less deep below the top of the banks.

Treseburg is a pretty spot on the low nose of a ridge that gives the stream a great bend. Leaving the valley awhile, I wandered over the hill, almost losing myself among forest paths, but guided only by a charcoal teamster. He was drawing a great pile of coal in a wagon whose "box" was a sort of enormous ship basket, and was going to one of the many iron smelting furnaces in this region. He has a friend in Brazil and was astounded to hear that to that country is as far from Canada as Africa is from Germany. He told of some one who had gone out to Baltimore, and came right back, dissatisfied. Said my guide, "He thought he would not need to work there at all." That is a story and sarcastic remark I have heard from other working people here. I told him of our most liberal governmental provisions for emigrants. Here let me note that an honest man scarcely dares to urge emigration here, so long as he knows what abominable usage steerage passengers to Canada have to suffer. Sick and well they are often berthed like cattle, or worse, and are fed almost as badly. There is no necessity for this. The money paid, if faithfully applied, would suffice. Our governments, colonial and imperial, should make an honest work of putting this right. The condition of the poor seamen themselves is as insufferable in many vessels, especially in sailing ships.

That day was finished with a fine walk up the upper Bodethal on a lonely footpath by the streams. Once I came in fine sight of a few deer feeding on the lonely meadow. They preferred to trot into the thick wood. In the evening coming down a forest road into Wernigerode I passed close by a spot where the wild boars and their porcine families belonging to the Count are fed. It was about feeding time and the "Schwarzwild," *i. e.* "black game," as they are called, were assembling. Some were quite confident, and trotted near for a bit of bread, shy though. A large squad remained leisurely in sight, some of them mothers with their litters, and now and then a crusty-looking codger. But the most remained out of sight in the wood. They say there are some eighty in all

The little young ones were pretty fellows, almost white, with beautiful lines or rows of dark spots along the body. They frisked about like lambs. The full grown are as big as a medium pig, and have longer legs and rather longer snout, and longish black hair, quite thick and long on the mane. This last probably marks the strength of the back and neck, and certainly gives a wild look. They grunt little.

That evening showed me one of the prettiest villages I have seen in Germany; for Wernigerode, a little town rather than a village, as I called it, has the excellent quality of tidiness. That's uncommon. But besides, the houses in the suburb through which I entered look wonderfully like pretty New England cottages, nestling in gardens. Up on a finely wooded hill stands the castle of the Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, just now President of the Imperial Parliament in Berlin. The castle is well situated on the brow of a hill right above the town to my right as I entered. But I could not help thinking as I looked at it: Pity that so many privileges are shut up to a few persons! What a grand thing that in America, in our own Canada, every good faithful man has the possibility of sitting in his own homestead, and, in the case of most, of looking out on his own broad acres.

That day's tramp was a hard one, but soon after six next morning saw me knapsacked and off in the cool air. The day was set for climbing the Brocken, the big mountain of the Harz, and the highest in an immense extent of North Germany. For the Berliners, whose home is very flat, this nearest high point is a wonder; and yet it is only 3508 feet high above the sea.

My way up was by the so-called Steinerne Renne, *i. e.*, stony channel, a brook that dashes down a wild bed of granite rocks and boulders. A geologist once told me that the peak of the Brocken is of the plutonic granite, and that in the hills and country spreading out from it one may see cropping out pretty regularly most of the aqueous strata; and sure enough as we climb the granite meets us, making the road at times awkward, and at the same time giving a wild look.

The morning had been fine; but I lingered by the beauties of the Renne and did not reach the top till about one o'clock. Then it was hazy, and soon after rain spattered. The distant towns were not distinguishable, but those ten miles off were, and the sea of hills was beautiful. That is one of the chief pleasures of a mountain-top view to see the great earthy waves, the enormous masses that could not help themselves being tossed about, and now lie under our feet. The Witches on the Brocken are among the great sights. Weird they are as they sit among their altars and washpots and grin at you; but they do no harm,—they are all stone. Readers of Goethe are acquainted with some that talked and played odd tricks, but the special performances take place on Walpurgis Night, April 30, and as I was not up on that day, I did not get that sight. After dinner I had my look from the outlook-tower and chatted with folks. Some were sending telegrams to their friends by the line from the Summit Hotel, and they were "impreed" as they thought of a telegram to my home over the sea. But money could have done it. I was soon off, winding round and over the Witch-Stone fields, till at last I reached the carriage road and wandered down a pretty valley, the Ilsenthal, different from my morning route. The stream ran slower but broader, and gave a lovely series of falls. But it was the next day and the day after that my tramp was in the finest of the valleys that are ploughed down the Brocken—the Oberthal. This one is narrow and winding. At one spot in it an enterprising fellow has a hotel on the narrow valley bed between road and brook, and right before the house another brook is brought to fall a great height in a lovely spray sheet. The whole is fairy-like. And here I may note something for us in Canada. Here most of the fine points are made accessible to walkers, even to ladies. From one high point on the other

valley side a grand downward view is to be had. On this point are three rough pavilions for beholders, and the way to them is fine. So the people are attracted to take summer tramps, and this is the life of a good many people. Let our folks in Canada, our wearied merchants, professional men, students, both lads and lasses, whole schools of of them together if you like, with conical straw hats to keep off sun and draw attention,—let all, I say, be attracted to our lovely scenery, hill and valley, lake and lakelet, and river and brook. Attract them, attract yourselves, make societies to see to it, so that you may do this as naturally as you take a bath in summer. I write plainly. It is necessity. And walk, roughly dressed; don't pay away all your spare cash to others to carry you. Pay some of it to the shoemaker for solid ironed boots, and with the rest buy beautiful photographs of Canadian scenery for the walls of your rooms at home, and to displace many a poor likeness of an acquaintance from your albums. Patronize on the way plain inns, so that poorer lads may be able to go too. The hosts will soon be glad to help you in your Wanderers' Societies.

I will not stay to write more now of the Upper Harz; of its rich and long-worked lead mines; of Clausthal, a mining town, where I saw a splendid torchlight procession of some 700 to 1,000 miners in costume, doing honor to the Minister of Public Works. Nor will I tell of the deep underground canal, far down in the bowels of the earth, for the mining; nor of the lead and silver smelting I saw; nor of the pretty deer I started from cover as I trudged; nor of Goslar, an ancient imperial city, now a poor affair. All these German cities, I may say, are disappointing. They do well who do not run here to travel till they have well studied our own dear Canada, where God has been so loving to us, crowning the land with beauty. Praise ye Him!

## Young Folks.

### SPITZI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY L. E. KELLEY.

The old town of Mulhouse, in the sixteenth century, did not at all resemble that city in the present day. Instead of the flourishing town it now is, extending over a wide plain, with streets and gardens, shops, factories, and palaces, it was a little fortified town, surrounded by ramparts, which are now demolished, and ancient towers, a few of which Time has spared, and which exist as monuments of a vanished past. It was an independent Republic, in the midst of Austrian territory, but placed under the immediate protection of the Empire. Since the year 1515, Mulhouse had become the ally of the brave Swiss cantons, which had compelled their powerful neighbors to respect their rights and liberty. At that period the manners of the inhabitants bore a stamp of rustic simplicity, and the distinguished traits of their character were energy and republican freedom.

The Reformation had early taken root there, in spite of an overt opposition which dare not betray itself into open resistance. Like Strasbourg, Mulhouse, in these perilous times, was remarkable for its boundless hospitality to the persecuted Christians who sought refuge within its walls. More than one struggle did she sustain to defend and maintain the faith.

On a beautiful summer evening in the year 1526, the venerable Town-Clerk, Oswald de Gamharst, Father Bernard Rœmer, whom we know already, and the pastor, Jean Hofer, were seated on a bench in front of the ancient Augustine Convent, now become the Presbytery. The three friends were earnestly discussing many of the important questions of the day. At a little distance, under the great linden tree, in the square, was Idalette, a child of two years of age, daughter of the pastor and our old friend, dame Hofer, formerly

Therese Huguelin. The little girl was eagerly devouring a piece of bread which formed her luncheon. A famished-looking black dog, with pointed muzzle, and a backbone so thin that it might have served as an emblem of the then existing scarcity, fixed his hungry eyes on the child with looks which might have touched a heart of stone. He wagged his tail in such a pitiful manner, and snapped up so greedily the crumbs which fell, that any one but Idalette would have been moved; but having never suffered hunger, she understood nothing of this mute appeal. She finally gave the poor animal a spiteful kick, and as selfishness never brings happiness, this sudden movement made her drop the bread she was so anxious to eat unmolested. The dog did not hesitate an instant, but seized upon the prey. Idalette, scarcely less promptly, darted at him, cried, stamped, and rained upon the black and bristling skin of the intruder, a shower of blows, but it was idle striking him and calling him "Spitzi! you wicked Spitzi!" The insensible animal heeded neither her insults nor her feeble blows, and he went on eating as if nothing had happened.

"What is the matter, Idalette, and what has poor Spitzi done to you?" asked Hansli, Therese's nephew, who appeared with a basket of strawberries for his uncle, which he had gathered in the neighboring forest. The child's mother, attracted by the cries, asked the same question, but Idalette had no time to answer, for at that moment a loud and threatening voice was heard from the workshop of a cartwright named Finninger, who lived opposite the convent:

"Come here, Spitzi, you mad thief! come here, wicked beast, and may the Evil One take you!"

"Aunt, aunt! there is that cruel Michel Finninger who will beat poor Spitzi to



death," cried Hansli, taking refuge near his aunt, who had placed Idalette on her knee, and was trying to calm her.

Spitzi, the original cause of all this commotion, was severely punished for his conduct; his master's only too well known voice, made him let fall from between his teeth the bread which all the child's efforts were powerless to obtain. His tail between his legs, he tremblingly hid himself behind the pastor, as if to implore his help and protection.

"Where has that horrid beast thrust himself?" asked the same brutal voice, and uttering a volley of oaths the speaker, a great boy of sixteen, appeared under the linden tree, holding a cord in his hand. He seized the poor, trembling, terror-stricken dog, held him by the ears, threw him on the ground, gave him several kicks, put a cord around his neck, and prepared to drag him across the road. "He is mad," said the boy. "This very morning he bit my sister Agnes!"

"Because, this morning, under the tree, your sister ran a great needle through his ears; I saw her do it," said poor Hansli, whose pity for the dog outweighed his fear of its owner.

Michel was about to reply, but the pastor, in his turn, took up the word.

"This dog is not the least mad; look here." At the same time, he held out a large glass of cold water to the dog. The animal, still trembling, gave his protector a look of ineffable gratitude, licked his hand, and in a moment drank up all the contents of the tumbler.

"Listen to me, Michel," said the pastor in a serious tone: "The Scripture tells us: 'A merciful man hath compassion on his beast,' and you and your brothers and sisters treat this poor animal with revolting cruelty."

Michel reddened with anger, and, in a tone of insolent defiance, he answered:

"The dog is mine,—I can do what I like with it." And murmuring in a low tone all kinds of insulting remarks, about "heretics, and Lutheran preachers, who were always meddling in what did not concern them," he drew the cord still more tightly round Spitzi's neck, and was about

to drag him away, when M. de Gamharst rose, and barring his path, asked severely,

"Michel Finninger, can you read the decree which you there see affixed to the church door?" At the manner of the worthy magistrate, before whom good people hoped and bad ones trembled, the scapegrace turned pale, fell back a step, and muttered between his teeth some unintelligible words, but M. de Gamharst was not a man to do things by halves.

"Michel," added he, "in the decree which you see there, Christian authority forbids, under heavy penalties, the use of the term 'heretics,' applied to the ministers of the Holy Gospel; it, besides, condemns all swearing and blasphemy. You have infringed both these laws, and now you must follow me to your father, who will be held responsible for your conduct; with him, I must settle about you."

Taking Michel by the arm, he crossed over to the workshop.

On their departure, all under the tree were busied with the poor, illused dog. The pastor untied the cord which strangled him, and stroked his poor thin back. Therese gave him a large piece of bread, and Idalette, forgetting her anger, passed her little hands over the muzzle and lean sides of the poor animal, saying, in different keys, "Spitzi! dear Spitzi!" Father Bernard was occupied in devising means to snatch the wretched dog from the grip of its wicked masters.

"For," he said to himself, "though they dare not harm us, they will revenge themselves on the poor dog, and so, instead of improving his lot, we shall have only made it worse."

"Sow the wind and you will reap the whirlwind!" exclaimed M. de Gamharst, who returned, indignant at what he had seen at the Finningers. "In that house the mother brings up the children in idleness and gluttony, while the father teaches them to be rude and brutal. \* \* I hope, Mr. Hofer, you will not think I have trenched on your office. I gave them a sermon for which they will give you the credit, but I could not stand their impertinence. I have commuted the penalty incurred by Michel into a cession of all right to the dog;

otherwise, they would soon have put a cruel end to the poor animal. Take him with you, Hansli, and he will be out of the reach of his tormentors. He is watchful and faithful. We live in times when friends are more than ever valuable; he may, perhaps, render good service to you and your father, in some unforeseen hour of danger."

Hansli was wild with delight, but when he tried to carry off his prize, he found all endearments unavailing; his most tender caresses and loving words were unheeded. The dog escaped from his embraces, and lay down at the pastor's feet as if he wished to say: "This is my master, and, as long as I live, I will serve no one else!"

At last the dog had his own way. Hansli's heart swelled with sorrow, but he soon became reconciled out of love to his uncle, and contented to occupy a secondary place in Spitzi's affections, and so they still remain good friends.

Spitzi soon became a faithful servant to his kind protectors, and he did not eat the bread of idleness. When the pastor took his pilgrim's staff to go to hold a service at Obersteinbrunn, Spitzi always accompanied him, to Therese's great satisfaction, for she knew her husband would be well guarded. At home, Spitzi was Idalette's companion and playfellow, and when Father Bernard (who lived with John and Therese, his adopted children) fell asleep in his chair, the faithful animal stationed himself outside the door, and mounted guard. Everyone in the house knew what that meant, and said to each other, "Hush! Father Bernard is taking a nap!"

Since Spitzi had changed masters, the attitude of the Finningers towards the family at the Presbytery had become still more hostile. These wicked neighbors did not dare to commit any open violence, for the pastor and his belongings were supported in all they did by the Secretary and the Town Council. Even Spitzi was beyond their reach; if one of the wicked boys came near, the dog, far from saluting his old masters, showed his long, sharp teeth, as much as to say, "I have not the slightest wish to be again under your roof!" He scented them from afar, and howled and barked, without ceasing, until they

disappeared. Not even the pastor could quiet him at these times. But if they dared not bark, the Finningers were all the more ready to bite. They had a genius for spying and mischief, and their perfidious tricks would have enraged people less peaceful than our friends the Hofers. These good people bore everything with truly evangelical patience, and persevered in setting an example of peace and charity and of that united Christian family life which, in our little republic, was one of the blessed fruits of the Reformation.

The Reformation began to take firm hold in Mulhouse. Augustin Kramer, Otto Binder, and Jacob Augsburgger proclaimed the Gospel in the Church of St. Stephen; Father Bernard and Jean Hofer in that of the Augustines. In the evening the pastors met under the great lime tree—the townspeople in the market-place close by. Then the pastors chanted the psalms, the assembly joining in the chorus; when the curfew bell sounded, all dispersed after a prayer offered up by one of the spiritual guides of the church.

But at Mulhouse, as elsewhere, an infant church is only strengthened by conflict.

The Governor of Ensisheim, a neighboring Austrian fortress, had long cherished an old hereditary grudge against the inhabitants of Mulhouse, and it became still more embittered by their change of religion. In persecuting them he knew he should curry favor with the Archduke Ferdinand (afterwards Emperor) and his counsellors, who were of the same mind. A chaplain from Mulhouse, who sometimes went to preach the gospel at Brunns'adt, and Link, pastor of Illzach, Jean Hofer's best friend, had just been carried off by Beachereg, and executed at Ensisheim, without even a form of trial. It will be understood what grief and terror spread through the whole town at this sad intelligence, and it may be imagined how Therese trembled for her husband, whose apostolic zeal she well knew. A dark presentiment showed him already in the hands of his enemies, and sharing the fate of Link and the chaplain. On no account did she desire to make him swerve from his duty; but, however willing was

the spirit, the flesh suffered, and at times the Christian found herself at issue with the wife.

What was to become of the poor town, surrounded as it was by enemies, and menaced on every side? An indescribable weight of distress and anguish seemed to pervade the air. Dismay was felt everywhere, even in the heart of the council.

Not only did the little disarmed Republic see itself extinguished on all sides by powerful Austria, but its sworn allies of the Swiss League refused to interpose in its behalf. Four deputies from the Cantons arrived at Mulhouse, and promised to uphold the town in every emergency, on condition that the inhabitants abjured the doctrines of Luther; but, if they persisted in their heresy, the messengers had received orders to leave at once, and abandon the city to its unhappy fate. The effect of such a mandate on the peaceful citizens may be imagined! The majority, losing courage, were inclined to yield; but in the face of the peril, the noble character of the Secretary, de Gamharst, rose to the occasion. Firm as a rock in the midst of a tempest, and supported by the faithful pastors, he succeeded, by God's help, in elevating the courage and rekindling the wavering faith of his fellow-townsmen, and it was decided to send the following dignified and noble answer to the deputies of the League:—

“The church at Mulhouse has suppressed nothing in the worship which contains even the essence of Christianity, she has only cut away the abuses which were hurtful to the cause of religion. We have placed our hope in Almighty God, and in his son, our only Mediator and Saviour, Jesus Christ. His Holy Word is preached in our town, out of the two Testaments, nothing is added thereto, nothing taken away, and we shall persevere in this path. We sincerely desire in all things to satisfy and please our dear lords, the members of the Swiss Confederation, but in what concerns the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, we cannot change our resolve. This answer is the only one we, as Christians, can make.”

Brave resolutions give peace of mind, but they do not harden the flesh against

all trials; as when, on the following day, the four deputies, discontented and gloomy, in spite of all the honors heaped upon them, took their departure for Switzerland; when the brave Mulhousians found themselves deprived of their last earthly resources, then the beautiful words came with double force to their minds: “We walk by faith, and not by sight, and it is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom of God.”

The pastors Jean and Father Bernard were very tired that evening; the deliberations of the council had been stormy and protracted, and more than one hard struggle was fought before the victory could be obtained. The next day Jean Hofer was to preach at Obersteinbrunn; there was indeed cause for grave anxiety! “Do not go there; oh, do not go there, my beloved husband!” cried Therese, discovering, for the first time, to her husband the heavy burden of fear and anxiety which had so long secretly oppressed her. She told him, weeping, how often she had trembled for a life dearer to her than her own. She reminded him of all the risks he ran in going to preach the gospel on Austrian territory; she related how, during the deliberations of the council, the Finningers and their familiars had not ceased walking up and down in the square, uttering threats against the pastors, singing mocking verses about the Reformers, and throwing stones against the walls.

Instead of answering, the pastor opened his old Bible, clasped his hands, and pronounced a short prayer; then he slowly read the words of Jesus to Peter (John xxi.), “He saith to him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto Him, Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.” The pastor's voice grew still more solemn as he proceeded with the following verses: “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither

thou wouldest not. This spoke he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me." Then Hofer put his arm tenderly round his wife's waist, and said to her in a tone of deep emotion: "Therese, I am going to tell you an old tradition which is related about the martyrdom of St. Peter. The Emperor had decreed his death, but the brethren aided his escape out of Rome in the dead of night. He was walking alone on the road, when a brilliant light shone round about him, and he recognized the Saviour coming to meet him: "Where art Thou going, Lord?" asked Peter, falling on his knees. "To Rome, to be crucified," answered Jesus, turning towards his disciple, 'follow me.'" "Therese, St. Peter had also a dearly loved wife at Rome, but the Saviour's words pierced through his heart like a sword; he returned to Rome, he followed his Master's footsteps; he suffered martyrdom. Do you wish me to forsake my Lord, as he did at first, and refuse to feed his sheep?"

"No, no, my husband! God's will be done!" cried Therese, and resting her head on her husband's shoulder, she wept long and silently.

Then they both fell on their knees, in silent prayer, and Father Bernard, mute witness of this touching scene, blessed them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The following day was one of those peaceful Sunday mornings when the Spirit of God seemed to hover over the town, saying: "This is the Lord's Day!" Jean Hofer tenderly embraced the wife and child whom he would perhaps never more behold. Once more he commended them and himself to his Master's care, and set out to Obersteinbrunn, where his duty called him, accompanied by the faithful Spitzzi. An inward voice seemed to tell him that he too "should be guided by another and carried whither he would not." There are in our lives long and sad days when a dark cloud seems to hang over our heads, when unspeakable anguish fills the heart, and time drags on as if with leaden wings? Such a day was this for Therese. First, she went to the empty church and laid her

sorrows and anxieties before God, imploring His aid to bear her cross. Then she paid her usual Sunday visits to the sick and needy. But, with all her efforts, nothing could distract her thoughts or chase away from her mind the bitter anxiety which oppressed her. Afterwards she went to see her brother Franz and his beloved wife. They, seeing her agony, overwhelmed her with love and tenderness; but they were too anxious themselves to be able to say anything to comfort her. Now and then, Franz would go gently and half open the house door—or he went to the presbytery to see if the pastor had arrived; but nothing, always nothing! Gradually the slow hours pass, evening draws on, night closes in—no one arrives—no news—he whom they look for does not appear! The alarm becomes widespread. action is taken, and messengers sent in all directions. The most contradictory reports fly from one end of the town to the other. The night was dark, the sky cloudy, all foretold a frightful storm. The thunder, which was at first distant, at last seemed to burst over Mulhouse. Torrents of rain dashed against the convent windows, and the wind howled through its empty rooms. M. de Gamharst found the family watching and praying in the vast refectory—messengers, sent by him, come and go without discovering any traces of the pastor. Suddenly, Hansli, who acted as sentinel at the door, rushed in, exclaiming, "Here is Spitzzi, but without my uncle!" At the same moment, the dog sprang into the room, panting and streaming with rain and perspiration—he ran from one to another, howling and barking alternately, seized the men's clothes, returned to the door, and then came back again as if to beg assistance and to say, "Go at once!" So the threatened blow had fallen, but where and how? Of course, poor Spitzzi could not be expected to answer these questions.

Suddenly that evil genius, Michael Finninger, appeared at the half-open door, and, in triumphant words and with infernal joy, he exclaimed: "They have got him! they have got him!" He vanished directly, pursued by Spitzzi, whom Franz had great difficulty in holding back. Just then, the

Town-Messenger, sent by M. de Gamharst to Obersteinbrunn, arrived with dejected looks, like a man who brings bad news. Everyone crowded round him, with eager looks and words. He related, weeping, "that the pastor, Jean, had performed the morning service as usual, and visited his parishioners and sick people; then he set out for Mulhouse, accompanied by Vincent, a forester, but on the way home he had been attacked by Austrian soldiers, made prisoner, and taken under a strong guard to the Castle of Brunnstadt. All Obersteinbrunn is in a ferment, for the worthy pastor is universally beloved there; and the soldiers did not dare to stop in that village, for fear of a general rising of the inhabitants."

These, prostrate by the news, heard no more; the women wept and prayed; the men deliberated: "If he is in the castle, it will be impossible to save him," said M. de Gamharst, sighing; "we shall not even have time to petition; the Governor has shown us how speedily he conducts the fatal process against our evangelical pastors."

"He is not in the Castle of Brunnstadt," cried Vincent, the forester, who just then entered, wet to the skin and overcome with fatigue, as he sank into a chair. "They intend taking him to Ensisheim by cross roads, so as to avoid passing the villages where he is known and loved. Set out directly, friends, with all the men you can muster, for it will not be child's play. Make your way to the Hart Forest, you must cross it, and, by God's help, we may succeed in rescuing our dear pastor out of the clutches of his executioners."

(To be continued.)

#### TIME ENOUGH YET: AN ALLEGORY.

In a green and fruitful valley, formed by two high hills, stood a cottage, covered with ivy and honeysuckle, and with the monthly rose growing near the door. Its roof was a thatch of yellow straw; its walls were brick and cement, whitewashed over, and the door of good stout oak. The front windows of the cottage looked into a small flower-garden, and thence down the village street; the door and windows at the back opened into an orchard of fruit-trees, and beyond them into green meadows.

When the morning sun peeped over one of the two hills it flooded the cottage and all around it with bright light; and when it sunk to rest behind the other, the evening sky was flushed with rosy splendor, and its last beams lingered on some of its windows. In the quiet hush of evening, or the still deeper solemn hush of night, could be faintly heard the everlasting moan of the restless sea as its waters beat upon the shore miles and miles away.

The rooms of this cottage were plainly but tastefully furnished; carpets were spread upon the floor, curtains arranged at the windows, books scattered over the tables, and a few choice paintings and water-colored drawings hung on the walls, representing incidents of heroic adventure and achievement. On a table in the best room stood a curiously made lamp, but not burning; either there was no oil or some one had neglected to trim and light it.

In this cottage dwelt a handsome youth, with blue eyes, golden hair, and delicate skin; he had attained to that age when the boy was merging, or rather growing into the young man, and began to feel all the restless impulses and ambitions which mark that period of life. He had lived all his life in the cottage, but until very recently had never thoroughly realized that the cottage and all it contained were his own. Now, however, he was very proud to be able to call it his, and took great pleasure in adorning and making it beautiful; since the fact of ownership had dawned clearly upon his mind, he it was who had hung the pictures on the wall and scattered the books upon the tables. He was never weary of walking from room to room, saying to himself, "This is all mine!" He would gaze upon the pictures and long to do deeds as brave as were there depicted, deeds that should live in song and story; and he would dream and dream of what he would achieve when he went out into the world to do his life's work, until the walls of the cottage seemed to fall away, and the whole world was spread out before him, and he saw himself doing some heroic action among the tumultuous shouts of throngs of innumerable people.

But always, in the interval between each dream, he heard a knocking at the front door of the cottage, and always, as he inclined his ear and listened, he would think of his untrimmed lamp, and perhaps take it from the table, while he murmured, "I ought to open the door." But straightway he would push the lamp on one side, saying, "Time enough yet! I will dream one more dream!" Then the knocking would cease.

One day when he had grown tired and dissatisfied with his dreaming—for, however pleasant, there is little satisfaction to be derived from mere dreams—the knock-

ing sounded louder than ever at the door, so loud, indeed, that it quite disturbed him, so much so that he determined to open it and let the applicant in, but before doing so thought it would be as well to trim his lamp. Now when he took the lamp into his hand, and began to examine it, he found it had grown quite dim, and in one or two places even a speck of rust appeared; not liking his visitor to see it in that condition, he took a piece of leather and set to work to clean it.

While rubbing away at this self-imposed task, the youth fancied he saw a group of gayly-dressed young men pass the window, while their shouts of merry laughter seemed to float musically on his ear; discarding his lamp, he rushed to the window to make sure his eyes and ears had not played him false; but by the time he reached it the group had vanished, and all he saw was a traveller-stained man, standing patiently knocking at the door. Immediately after a loud knocking was heard at the back of the cottage, and loud voices demanding admittance. Neglecting the weary traveller at the front, he hurried from the room, and throwing wide open the back door, bade whoever were there to enter, and they should receive a most hearty welcome. In answer to this invitation a troupe of gayly-dressed, bright-eyed, frolicsome youths stepped in, bearing in their hands, and on their heads, flacons of wine and baskets of grapes; these were followed by young damsels playing tambourines and rattling castanets, laughing and dancing as they came.

Soon the whole cottage resounded with boisterous mirth. The first thing the merry youths did on entering was to seize upon the half-cleaned lamp, throwing it from one to another, ridiculing its shape, its make, its color, the purpose for which it was made, and the folly of retaining so useless an article, until its owner grew quite red with shame, and snatching it from one of the group threw it into a disused cupboard, whereat the laugh grew louder, the jest broader, and the merriment more uproarious. Wine was drunk, songs were sung, and dances were danced.

The owner of the cottage tripped it gayly with the rest, drank as deeply and laughed as loudly, while in his heart he said, "This is just what I wanted; I got tired of dreaming; I wanted excitement; I wanted merriment; I wanted to enjoy life; this is life!"

And the drinking, and the song, and the dance went on; they became intoxicated, they grew mad with merriment. The knocking at the door was unheeded, indeed, never heard; or perhaps the weary applicant had gone away. The hours sped swiftly on, and it was far into the night ere the

merry group took their departure, leaving their host fast asleep in bed.

At midnight when the young man had slept off some of the fumes of the wine which had mounted to his brain, he suddenly awoke. The room was in total darkness, and all seemed as silent as the grave; indeed, he could only hear the roaring of the distant sea, but that served only to make the silence seem deeper, while it sent a thrill of fear through his heart, for there was a rumor which had floated to his ears to the effect that one day that sea would burst upon the village and wash it away. Suddenly he was startled by hearing a knock at the door! He sat up in bed to listen. Yes, his ears had not deceived him; there it was again! clear and distinct it fell upon his ear one long continuous knocking. Surely it must be the traveller he saw there in the morning. Should he get up to let him in? No, he was ashamed; he knew he had been unkind and neglectful in not opening the door before, so he buried his face in the pillow, and threw the bedclothes over his head, that he might not hear.

Morning light usually brings reflection, and as the light of the sun poured into his room the young man thought how foolish he had been to waste a whole day in boisterous mirth when the time might have been turned to a far better purpose. And as he thought thus, there came the traveller's knock at the front door, but ere he could move to open it he heard the merry shouts and the loud summons of his yesterday's companions. For a moment he hesitated which of the applicants he should let in, he felt that both could not, or would not, enter at the same time; if the traveller entered, his merry friends would depart; and if they entered the traveller would cease his knocking. Meanwhile both were growing importunate.

"I think," murmured the young man, slowly pacing backward and forward, now to one door and now to another; "I think I will just speak to my merry friends, and tell them I can no more entertain them; yes, that will be best. Afterwards I can let in the traveller."

He opened the back door, but before he could utter a word, in trooped the gay throng with laughter, and song, and dance, and yesterday's scenes were enacted over again. Day after day, day after day, the same gay troupe paid their visit to the young man, who never hesitated now to open the door to them and bid them welcome: he ceased to pay any attention to the other knock, and, indeed, he but seldom heard it. Sometimes at night, when he awoke from a fevered sleep, it would fall upon his ear, but at those times he would bury himself in bed that he might not hear.

At last he grew weary of his gay friends, he became sad in the midst of all their fun and jollity; their wine, and song, and dance lost their charm and freshness, they grew stale and unexciting, so much so, that, one morning when the troupe paid their accustomed visit, he disregarded their knocking, and, instead, said to himself, "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" And as the words fell from his lips he heard a knock at the front door.

"Is it the traveller again?" he exclaimed, starting up; "no, no, I cannot let him in. I have other things to do; I must live down this folly, and realize some of my early dreams."

Now as he looked up at the pictures on the wall, to recall those youthful dreams to his mind, he found them half defaced with wine stains, and some even torn. "See what my folly has done!" he exclaimed; "my pictures are spoiled; their freshness is gone; I can scarcely make out their subjects. Fool, fool, that I am!"

The knock at the front door sounded louder and louder.

"I will put an end to all this folly, I will win me a name;" and so saying the young man rushed from the room, and opening the back door, darted right through his gay friends, unheeding their cries, and sped like the wind down the valley.

The cottage remained empty for years. The traveller still occasionally returned to the door and knocked, but only the hollow echo of his own knocking replied to him. Every now and again news of the young man found its way to the village. He had become a soldier, and was winning renown on the distant battlefield; his deeds of prowess and valor were recited at many a fireside; his bravery became the theme of story and song, and the queen conferred high honors on him; and people looked upon him with admiration, and sometimes even with envy, because of his fame.

One evening, in the still twilight, he returned to his cottage. "How many years have passed since I last entered here!" he said to himself, as he paused upon the threshold, and peered into the rooms. "How narrow and contracted the rooms appear, how dull and uninteresting! I declare," he continued, entering, "all the pictures are faded, and the furniture faded and covered with mildew; I have had no time to see to things, they have all gone to rack and ruin. And what have I gained since I was last in this room? I have done great deeds, men have bestowed fame and honor upon my name. I have become a power in the land. Yet I am not satisfied, I want something else."

And as he thus communed with himself, he was startled by a low, but clear and distinct knock at the door.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, starting and looking round, "it must be that traveller come again—I know his knock."

The knock was followed by a sweet voice of entreaty, asking admittance and rest for the night, promising to repay a hundred-fold all labor and expense.

"I wonder," said the inmate "where my lamp is! I feel half inclined to open the door!"

While he stood hesitating, with one hand half extended towards the door, a stranger entered the room from the back of the cottage, the door having been left unlatched. This stranger wore robes of embroidered gold, with buttons of gold, and with diamond studs in his shirtfront, and diamond rings on his fingers; and as he walked, he rustled crisp bank notes in his pocket, and jingled his gold and silver coins. The face of this stranger was the worst feature about him, it was hard and seamed with wrinkles, and yellowish in hue, while his eyes had a cold metallic glitter in them.

He touched the owner of the cottage upon the shoulder, saying, "So you are tired of winning fame, of seeking 'bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;' come with me and you shall win riches, wealth, untold gold; the race of wealth never dies; it always brings satisfaction."

"But I must open the door," said the owner; "hark at the knocking."

"Time enough to open that when you return," replied the stranger; "besides, you will be able to entertain him better when you are rich. Come!"

And the man arose and went; and very speedily became thoroughly absorbed in his search after wealth; it became quite a fever, a passion with him; and it was very instructive to observe that the more money he gained the more he wanted, the more he grasped at. He heaped it up in piles in his cottage, every room contained money, gold; but some of it was wet with tears, and some even red with blood, for it had been wrung from the widow and the orphan, and it had caused the death of more than one; still it was gold, gold, gold! and it was gold the man craved for, gold his eyes glistened over, gold that his fingers so eagerly clutched. He grew old and feeble in this pursuit of wealth, his flesh wasted, his skin wrinkled, his joints became stiff. And when he became too old to gather more, he retired to his cottage, to feast his eyes upon what he had already heaped together.

But one night, while, as usual, he sat counting his money, he felt a strange sensation steal over him he scarcely knew what it was; it was a kind of want, an inward craving, which his gold could not meet and satisfy; neither could those sheets of newspaper, and stars and crosses which he had hung up about the room, and which told of his deeds of valor and the fame that had

been heaped upon his name; neither could the recollection of those days of mirth and mad revelry, though they stood out clear before him, serve to satisfy this craving want which increased more and more.

In the midst of his despair he heard once again the knock at the front door! Had the traveller returned who had promised him rest and peace? He started from his chair, and, with head bent forward, listened to hear it once more! How solemn the silence! He heard the "click clack, click clack, click clack," of the clock, and glancing involuntarily up at it he saw it was nearly twelve o'clock! He heard the hoarse roaring of the distant sea! Distant? Why, it seemed almost at his very doors, and sounded as though it was coming nearer and nearer every moment. What could it mean? Then, too, a wind began to rise, at first like a moan, and then like a shrill wail, then it increased in volume and tone and violence; it beat furiously on the walls of the cottage, it rattled at the windows—oh, it was a fearful wind!

But through all the noise and turmoil came the clear, low knock to the listener's ear: "My lamp, my lamp, where is my lamp?" cried the man, "I must open the door!" He looked everywhere for his long discarded lamp, but could not find it. The storm outside was increasing; in despair he rushed to the door, to throw it open and admit the supplicant, Fancy the man's agony of terror when he found he could not open the door! He was too feeble, and the door had remained too long closed; it resisted his utmost efforts.

"For the key was stiffly rusty,  
And the bolt was clogged and dusty;  
Many-fingered ivy-vine  
Sealed it fast with twist and twine;  
Weeds of years and years before  
Choke the passage of that door!"

How the man tugged and pulled, how he cried, "O angels, sweep the drifts away—unbar my door." How despair lent him energy and strength; how he shouted again and yet again. "Push, traveller, push, the door only sticks." But there was no voice to answer, and the knocking had ceased; the applicant had gone away never to return! Too long had the door remained unbarred, it was never to open now!

While the man was still vainly trying to pull it open, and just as the clock struck twelve, a mighty gust of wind, and a huge fierce wave from the encroaching sea, together dashed against the cottage and swept it, man and all, away in the storm and darkness and night.

And there was heard a noise as of weeping and wailing.

## NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

### CHAPTER X.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

"God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

Early Wednesday afternoon, Helen sat alone in the greenhouse room. The room was very cool and sweet with its closed blinds and perfumed air. She closed her sewing machine and locked it with its silver key; she turned the key with a faint sigh; the silver plate bore her name and the date of her last birthday. Another birthday had come, her days were going on and on. To-day she was thirty years old. "An old maid," she thought, smiling. "Sunny Plains is calling me that to-day."

Her work was pretty work, long and white,—one of a set of night-gowns she was making for a poor, bed-ridden old woman.

The clock rang out two tinkling sounds. She glanced at it with another sigh. The girls were coming, and what good things could she say to them! Her heart was not satisfied to-day. One phase of her life she had passed through, that of seeking and striving for her own will. Now she had come to God with this will, and asked Him, for Jesus' sake, to do *her* will. The particular thing she had been asking for, for months past, was that her brother's steps might be turned homeward, that he might so come to her upon her birthday.

It was bold and persistent asking,—bold because of the promises, persistent because of encouragement; still it was *her* way and will that she was forcing upon God; this she had not yet learned. God had led her by very slow steps. The doors were standing open, a heavy step sounded on the piazza.

She dropped her work and sank back faint and trembling. *Had* God heard her and sent Alf at last?

"Is Miss Helen at home?"

It was Tom Nelson's voice. Recovering herself with an effort, she went out to meet him.

"I came to say good-bye, Miss Helen. I have said good-bye at home."

He was older than Alf was ten years ago, but something in his motions reminded her of him.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, impulsively, "I am sorry you must go. I shall be very glad to see you come back the same Tom Nelson. If you find my brother anywhere, tell him I am waiting for him," she added tremulously.

"I will," said Tom; "remember I've promised."

He stayed but a moment. Helen's color



had returned when Trudie's pony stopped at the gate. Josie came over in half an hour, and then Marion came in with Eloise.

Agnes came down the stairway, meeting the girls in the hall. Trudie wheeled an arm-chair into the greenhouse room for her, seating her in it with the air of an experienced nurse.

"When I see that you are tired, Aggie, I shall take you up-stairs," she said, arranging the folds of her dress to fall gracefully over the low arm.

"I shan't get tired. I've been resting all the morning."

"I'm glad to see you here, Eloise," said Helen; "you shall have a sofa corner."

As soon as they were quiet, Helen said, "Agnes, will you pray with us?"

To the utter surprise of the girls, Agnes bowed her head and began to pray.

She raised her head with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes Helen looked at her anxiously. Agnes had asked that she might speak to God before them all, and though fearing the excitement for her, Helen had not had the heart to refuse.

"I've brought a question," said Trudie, handing Helen a bit of tinted paper.

Helen read it aloud:

"What is the one best thing we may ask for, and where is the promise?"

"That's just what I want to know, too," said Josie.

"What do you mean by the best thing, Trudie?" asked Helen.

"The thing that God loves best to give us—the thing that will help us best to honor Him."

"Is that what you mean by the best thing, too, Josie?" inquired Helen.

"Yes," returned Josie, slowly, "that means it all."

"And you, Marion?"

"He would love best to give us the best thing."

"He *has* given us the best thing," said Agnes, quickly. "He has given us His Son," in a lower tone.

"His Holy Spirit is the best thing to lead us to love the Son," said Trudie. "If we have that, we belong to God."

"God leads us to Himself, and gives us His Spirit to dwell in us," replied Helen; "we abide in Him, if His spirit dwell in us."

"Now we want one special promise," said Trudie.

"Something to feed on," added Agnes.

Helen repeated the words of her Saviour: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." Christ says, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." Without that Comforter we *are* comfortless. He bids us ask, and promises to ask for us."

"Then we are sure of the best gift," said Josie.

"Yes, sure," confirmed Agnes.

"I used to be afraid when I was a little girl—well, I was as old as Eloise—to ask for the Holy Spirit. I thought His presence in my heart might lead me to do some strange thing—jump up, or shout, or prophesy, or preach. So I made up my mind not to ask till I knew."

"I am about as much in the dark now," acknowledged Marion. "What will the Holy Spirit lead us to do, Miss Helen?"

"It is good to know what we are asking for. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

"And if we have the Holy Spirit shall we be all that?" asked Eloise eagerly.

"Yes, dear, the Holy Spirit will give us all that."

"But aren't we Christians before we are so good as that?" she continued in an anxious tone.

"Certainly, Eloise, we are Christians, as soon as we love Jesus Christ the *beginning* of love, joy, peace is in us, and the Holy Spirit will make them grow and be fruitful."

"But,"—Marion's voice came in timidly,— "can't we ask for what we think good?"

"Paul says 'everything,'" responded Trudie, promptly.

"With thanksgiving." Helen loved to give thanks.

"I suppose he asked for everything," said Trudie.

"Do you remember his first prayer?" asked Helen.

"The first prayer he prayed to Christ? I know it," Trudie answered. "He said 'Who art Thou, Lord?' and the Lord answered him. And then he cried out, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And the Lord answered that, so I don't wonder he kept on praying."

"Yet we may ask even for the Holy Spirit and ask amiss," said Helen.

"Why," Miss Helen! cried Marion and Josie in one breath.

"Once a certain man came to Peter and John, offering them money if they would give him the Holy Spirit, so that he might lay his hands upon others, and impart to them the same gift."

"Who was it? I didn't know that," exclaimed Trudie.

"You may read it in the eighth chapter of Acts."

Trudie opened Helen's Bible and read aloud the story of Simon, who bewitched the people of Samaria.

"Nothing in my hands I bring," murmured Agnes.

"Amiss is when we do not ask that God may be honored. If we have the Holy Spirit, we shall desire to honor Him in all we ask."

Marion looked perplexed. "But, Miss Helen, how can *we* ask amiss?"

"If we ask for a thing solely for our own gratification, not at all for the good of others, not at all for the honor of God, that is amiss."

"If a miser prayed for money just to hoard it," illustrated Josie.

"Or if we prayed for something to make ourselves famous," suggested Trudie, "if an author prayed that his book might be a success just to make his name known."

"Or that a talent for music might do such wonderful work that people would be proud of him," added Marion, in rather a misty way.

"He hears the ravens when they cry," quoted Trudie.

"But we do not cry as the ravens do," said Helen, quickly. "We pray as Christians, as His children. Doubtless He hears and answers the cries of those who know nothing of Him, as He hears the ravens. But we have settled the question that we are His children, and as such we are bound to seek His honor."

There was a weary look in Helen's eyes, despite their eagerness. Trudie made note of it.

"I don't quite understand about asking for the honor of God," said Marion, with something of an effort.

"How do we honor God?"

"By keeping His commandments," answered Eloise, while the girls were thinking.

"Then asking for anything that would hinder us in anywise from keeping even the least of His commandments, would be to dishonor Him. If it will make me love Him more, or if with it I can do good to others, I honor him in asking it. Asking honors Him, because it proves our faith in Him. To doubt the word of a friend is to dishonor Him; if we do not believe God, we make Him a liar. God is true, let us not go to Him unless we believe His words."

"I *do* believe," prompt and firm. It was Josie's voice.

"So do I," in a lower tone from Marion.

Agnes' eyes were full of tears. Trudie's face flushed, as she said, "I believe, too." Eloise's brown eyes grew warm and bright.

"I believe in God," she said, thus making her first confession of faith.

"If Christ's words abide in us we cannot ask anything that will not honor Him. Remember, girls, that comes first of all. He giveth us all things richly to enjoy. There is more in this world for his children than for others."

"That is true!" said Agnes emphatically.

"Did you find about the angels, Josie?" inquired Miss Helen.

"I found some, shall I read them? Tom

and I looked them out last night. Oh dear Miss Helen, Tom is gone," Josie added dismally.

Marion's head drooped lower over the piece of newspaper she was tearing into bits.

Josie opened her paper and read aloud her list:

An angel of God called to Hagar out of Heaven.

Moses says: When we cried unto the Lord, He heard our voice and sent an angel, and brought us forth out of Egypt.

And God hearkened to the voice of Manoah, and an angel came in answer to his prayer.

When Elijah was discouraged, and sat down under a juniper tree, an angel came to him.

An angel came to Daniel while he was praying.

An angel came to Zacharias.

An angel came to Cornelius.

An angel was sent to deliver Peter when in prison.

An angel came to Christ in the garden.

"What beautiful work they have!" said Eloise. "I would like to do something that would answer somebody's prayer."

"I suppose people do every day," mused Trudie.

"Helen has answered a prayer of mine," said Agnes, bending over to give Helen's hand a grateful kiss. "Once I asked that a good word might be spoken to me, and that same day Helen wrote me a letter. And one afternoon after school, I had been heavy and blue all day, it was before I dared to think my sins were forgiven—suddenly I felt brighter and more hopeful. I even began to sing a hymn Con was singing up in my room—and when I told Helen, she said she had been praying for me that very hour. Oh, I wish everybody knew how good God is!"

"If there be a promise for us to plead we need *never* give up asking for what we need; if there be only a general promise, let us not beg wilfully for it after He has refused it. Our own wilfulness comes between us and God; in begging for our own will to be done, we lose sight of precious blessings he has for us. I have to pray a great deal about my wilfulness; I have always been so headstrong."

"Not now," reproved Trudie; "don't bear false-witness against yourself, Helen."

"Well, not now, then. It is being bent. I hope not to have any will but God's will."

Could that be? Wilful Marion doubted it.

"Miss Helen, please tell us about a prayer that was not answered?" asked Eloise.

"A prayer made to God. I know about Baal's prophets."

"I didn't know there *were* any," exclaimed Josie, in much astonishment.

"When the rich man prayed, being in torment, his prayer was denied," remarked Helen.

"No wonder! He prayed to a saint, not to God!" cried Trudie indignantly.

"And One *did* rise up from the dead, even Christ," continued Helen. "And the Jews would not believe."

"But is there an instance of prayer made to God not being answered?" asked Josie, much interested.

"Once a poor man whom Christ had healed came to Christ with just the prayer we should think most natural. He prayed Him that he might be with Him."

"Yes," said Agnes, "he would want that more than anything."

"But Jesus suffered him not, and sent him home to tell his friends how Jesus had had compassion upon him."

"If he loved Him so much that he wanted to be with Him, he would love Him so much that he would be glad to obey," Josie said quickly.

"And it *was* answered, not denied really," explained Marion. "As soon as his work was done on earth He did suffer him to come to Him and stay forever."

"There's always the *best* answer then," said Trudie.

"But, Miss Helen, may I ask another question?" inquired Marion. "Is there an instance where the answer given was unwelcome?"

"Unwelcome!" exclaimed Josie. "I would be so glad of any answer that it couldn't be unwelcome."

"We read of one who came running to Jesus, and knelt before Him as he made his prayer. The answer was so unwelcome that the young man went away very sorrowful."

"It must be dreadful to go away *sorrowful* from Him," said Agnes.

"If we desire to honor Him we will take His answer gladly, even though we cannot understand why it is."

"Yes," Agnes said, her pale face lighting, "it is enough to hear His voice speaking to us."

"But we might not *understand* the answer," Josie went on; "we might think it meant something else."

"Daniel said he understood," observed Trudie.

"I can think of one who *misunderstood*," resumed Helen. "As soon as Martha heard that Jesus was coming she went out to meet Him. She knew that He had all power, but she does not ask him to bring her brother to life. She said, 'Whatever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee,' and the Lord answers, 'Thy brother shall rise again.' Now, Martha knew that he would rise in the resurrection, but she did not understand that the words meant that very day."

"Perhaps Martha was satisfied if she didn't understand," remarked Trudie.

"Job's prayer is a good one," said Helen. "'*That which I see not, teach Thou me.*' We are very blind till He opens our eyes."

"Is there a prayer recorded that was not made in words?" asked Trudie.

"When the woman was healed by touching the hem of His garment, she spoke within herself," was Agnes' quick reply. "I like to think about that."

"Paul's prayer was denied. I just thought of it," said Trudie in her bright voice. "He prayed three times, and the answer was: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"He received better than he asked," came from Josie.

"I am glad you think that, Josie," said Helen; "we don't know that till we are taught."

"The five foolish Virgins prayed when it was too late," said Agnes.

"Oh, I am glad it isn't too late for us," cried Josie, impulsively. "I was thinking when I went to bed last night that I am glad I did not wait till I was old or sick, or in dreadful trouble."

Agnes' eyes filled slowly. "I did not wait till I was sick, did I?"

"No," said Helen, to whom the pleading eyes were turned. "You have been praying all your life, Agnes."

"But not till I sought Him with my *whole* heart did I find Him," returned Agnes, earnestly.

"Oh, girls, I want to say so much to you, and I don't know how!"

"I know some of it," said Josie; "we are all of us just waking up. I feel as if I had been born over again since last Wednesday, Miss Helen!"

"I feel that very often," replied Helen; "every time God speaks to me."

"Eloise was listening to every word, studying the girls' faces with her warm brown eyes. God *did* speak to the child Samuel, would He also speak to her?"

"He *has* spoken to every one of us," Miss Helen said, answering the look in the brown eyes; "we could not love Him at all if His Spirit were not in our hearts. Every word in the Bible He has spoken to men, and some of them just to us. If we ask Him He will show us just the words He speaks to us. When I ask Him, He gives me a word that feeds me full."

A shout and a laugh in the hall startled the little company.

"That's our Con," said Helen, rising. "Come in here, Con, and let me look at you."

Con advanced shyly; she went at once to her sister's chair and stood leaning against her, rubbing her dainty little perfumed fingers over her face.

"We will have our hymn, girls, and then I want to show you what Stephen has been doing in the honey-suckle arbor. Agnes, your lips are feverish, you shall have your cream immediately, Con, ask Emmeline to bring the cream in here."

Con ran delighted, for the thought of ice cream had tempted her away from the garden she was digging with her fingers.

"Helen, your eyes have an *expecting* look to-day," said Trudie, passing her arm around her as they went into the back parlor.

The "expecting" eyes filled with tears. "I need a 'word' to-day, Trudie. if I ever did in my life. It is Alf's birthday to-day as well as mine."

(To be continued.)

## A FIRESIDE GAME.

### VERBARIUM.

Choose a word in which no letter is repeated.

One person leads and times the game, allowing five minutes to each letter, or longer time if desired.

Each person provided with paper and pencil, begins as the leader bids, using each letter of the word in order to begin smaller words. No letter, not in the word, can be introduced, and no letter repeated in any single word. Each company may decide for itself before beginning whether abbreviations and family names and synonymous words may be used.

It seems hardly fair that one linguist in a plainly educated company be permitted to use words of other languages; but where all have command of a French Primer the temptation to slip in French words is generally forgiven, or openly allowed.

Words which occur to all are not counted, but when the lists are read aloud each person keeps count of the words which are his alone. To illustrate: A clever aunt thinks of the game one rainy day when half-a-dozen nephews and nieces are weather-bound, dull, and half homesick on her hands. Grace, a timid girl, will not venture to take part, so the watch is thrust in her hand, and a paper having the name of each player and the word chosen, Cremation, distinctly printed.

All begin with C. Some write rapidly, others hesitate, stare blankly at the subject word, and make very little out of C. Each has a list creditable as a first effort, which is read when the five minutes have expired. Some words occurred to all, but Edward has Cain and crime, which the others have not. Joseph asks if Coe, a family name, and Co., an abbreviation of company or county, be allowed. Aunt allows him to

count two for those. She had citron and crate and cream (she uses each skilfully in housekeeping) and cant. "Oh, mamma says there is no such word in the dictionary," interrupts Ada, "Ah, I'm sorry to say this kind of cant is in the dictionary and the church, too."

Grace times the moment R is given, and smiles to see how much more trouble they have in using that letter. George only thinks of roan, race. Ada was the only one who remembered rice. But I cannot follow them through the word without trying to give you some of their jokes, mistakes, and merriment, which you can equal if you try the game for yourselves.

N proved to be an almost unmanageable letter. Joe recalled Nero from his history. Edward was too fond of fishing to forget net. Aunt's red nation with unblushing assurance, and when they were through laughing at her mistake, Molly read the first word of her list, notion.

"Stealing —n's! poultry thieves! Sic! Catch 'em, Carlo!" cried Joe, rousing the sleepy dog, who barked in answer.

When the lesser words were found to number sixty, the children were so thoroughly interested they insisted on trying the same word again.

"It's the best thing I've heard yet about cremation!" said Ned.

Aunt gives you the result of their second trial: One hundred and forty-three words, and I do not doubt you could make two hundred if you counted the different meanings of a word: cot, ram, tire, mine, and many others.

"Speculation" and "Switzerland" are excellent game words. So also are "Roseate" and "Starch." From the latter were made 50 words and the former 75. I can recommend the game as an excellent exercise in spelling.—*Christian Weekly*.

## A GROVE.

The names of twelve trees are concealed in the following paragraph:

"Ma, please look at the busy bee chasing the blossoms of the sweet pea round, as the wind shakes the vines to and fro," coaxed little Will. "Ow! I guess that pea changes its place on purpose. It looks like a trap." "Please, little Willie," said mamma, "stop watching the bee for a moment and unravel my ball of cotton which Dash has twisted into a knot." Willie did so, and then took from his little sailor chest, nutmegs, spices and a tiny pat of butter. Nutritious bread he had in larger quantity, and a tiptop lump of sugar. The spice he kept for his stores when on a long voyage.

## The Home.

### ECONOMY IN SPACE.

Salinda was a sensible girl, but she had been all her life in a boarding-school, and knew no more of keeping house, than though she had never lived inside of one. But as she had made up her mind to marry a mechanic she began to think that she knew nothing about the very thing she should know about, and asked her mother what she was to do.

Her mother knew the theory, but as she had been a long time living in a hotel, she could not teach her the practice. She knew Mrs. Savery could, and she intended to make it an object for her to do it.

That very evening, Charley Goodman was to call and have a talk with Salinda and her father and mother, to fix upon the wedding day. Of course he wanted it soon—the sooner the better.

"Charlie," said Mr. Lovewell, "I have given my consent freely to this match, but I am afraid that neither you nor Salinda know anything about the economy of housekeeping, and if you marry a girl ignorant of that, one who has been a reputed rich merchant's daughter, I am afraid that with your salary of a thousand dollars a year, you will run under. What think you, my boy?"

"Why, sir, that you began with that, in exactly the same position that I am, and you got along pretty well."

"True, but I married the mother of the girl you are after: and in less extravagant times than these, and for two years she did her own work, with the assistance of a little girl she took, almost from the street."

"And so will I do my work, father, if you will give me a chance to learn how. Let me go and live one year with Mrs. Savery—I am sure Charley will wait—or even half that time. I shall know how, and I hope shall be able to take care of my own house, and live comfortably, without being dependent upon my father, or using up all the income of my husband."

"Spoken like a sensible girl, and worthy of the honest man you have chosen for a husband. I am sure he will be willing to wait for this finishing touch of your education. When will you go?"

"If you are all willing, and Mrs. Savery will take me as her pupil, I will go to-morrow morning."

It was a nine days wonder with Salinda's acquaintance, and boarding-school companions, when they heard that such a rich man's daughter, had not only agreed to marry a plain mechanic, but had gone to serve a year's apprenticeship to learn house-keeping.

Mrs. Savery received her with open arms and promised her, "that before a year was over she would be just as able to take charge of her house, as her teacher; and not only learn the art of living well, but saving all, and actually growing rich upon what in most houses is wasted."

"In the first place, we will go up and see where you are to sleep. You know our house is small, and we have to economize room, but I am very much opposed to small bed-rooms, because they cannot be well ventilated, and that is of the utmost importance on account of health. I think your mother told me that you had always been accustomed to sleep on a feather bed. It will, I fear, seem hard at first, to sleep on our mattresses, but I never allow feathers in the house, except some thin pillows of old well-seasoned feathers."

"Oh, I can soon accustom myself to a hard bed. But shall I not sleep with Millie? it would save room. I am anxious to make as little trouble as possible."

"Not much; and then it is more healthy, in warm weather, to sleep separate. This is your bed, and that is Lillie's. Both in one room, yet this thick curtain will give each the privacy of separate apartments."

"You have taken too much trouble, I fear, on my account."

"No trouble is too much when health, comfort, neatness and respectability are concerned. This curtain, being open top and bottom, will allow a free circulation of air, which will be much better than a close partition, and as we have no bath-room in the house, this arrangement will allow you both to enjoy the healthy luxury of a sponge bath of cold water in the bathing tub, every morning. I shall expect, too, that each will keep her own apartment in order; and there, see how easy it is to draw aside the curtain, and now, for the use of both together, you have a large pleasant room."

"Oh, I am sure I never saw anything nicer. What a pretty toilette table; but I do not see any wash-stand."

"You shall see that. The room is small, you know, and as I expect you and Lillie to use it as a sitting room, for your work and reading, when you wish to retire from the family circle, or from visitors, I prefer to have the conveniences for washing out of sight. Look here."

Mrs. Savery stepped to the toilette table under the glass, and drew aside the snow-white curtain, and there was a neat little painted washstand, with its white bowl and pitcher and soap dish, and drawer, and all the little conveniences. Beneath that was a square tin tub, made to fit so as to economize all the space; the whole only taking up the room of the toilette table. The stand was set on casters, and could be rolled out wherever convenient.

In a drawer was a piece of India-rubber cloth, that could be spread over the carpet during the bathing operation. On the table was a plain square oak wood box, very neatly made, with a lock, in which all the toilet articles could be kept.

Salinda was looking at everything in silence, and Mrs. Savery began to wonder if she was contrasting it with the rosewood work of her room at the hotel. She was. And her opinion burst involuntarily from her lips.

"How much more sensible—how neat—how convenient—how good—and yet!"

Mrs. Savery furnished her the word—"economical."

"Yes, and yet how much more economical. I suppose this did not cost half the money?"

"I cannot answer that. It only cost us a little time—odd time—wasted hours with most mechanics. Mr. Savery is a carpenter, and almost everything in the house is the work of his own hands, or some of his workmen, when business was slack, or between jobs, or in some spare hour. That box is the work of a poor lame boy, whom Mr. Savery used to allow to come into the shop, and make little articles which he sold in the street to help his mother.

About the time Mrs. Savery had got through showing Salinda all the rooms in the house, and that everything had its place, the porter from the hotel arrived with her trunks and bandboxes, and all the trappings that a modern lady contrives to carry with her on a journey, in defiance of all the rules of economy of dress, money, or time.

"Oh dear, where shall I put them all," she thought, as she looked out upon the great barrow load; "I am sure I wish half of them were back again, and back I will send them, that is positive. I told mother I should not want them." Unconsciously, she thought aloud, and Mrs. Savery replied,

"Oh no, do not send them back, it would only serve to make your mother think you do not intend to remain long. No doubt

she thought you would be more contented, if you had everything here. Besides, it will serve to teach you your first lesson in economy—economy of space—the art of making a small house and contracted rooms serve the purpose of larger ones. We are all too extravagant in house room, when it is so expensive as it is in cities."

"I thought people generally in large towns lived in too contracted space."

"Perhaps the poor do, but the fault is more in want of ventilation, than in the narrowness of the apartments. The worst economy in the world, is the neglect to provide ourselves with fresh air. In a small room, filled with human beings, the whole atmosphere becomes actually poisonous, and destructive of health, and even life, for lack of ventilation. The amount of suffering in the Black Hole of Calcutta, is a lasting memento of this fact. A great many city houses are built with bedrooms in the centre, without any means of ventilation, except through an open door into a close room, where all the cooking, eating, and breathing of a large family are in constant operation. In such rooms, human beings are expected to sleep and live. There is a great want of economy of life and health in such buildings; but we have no 'Board of Health,' to look after such 'seeds' of contagion."

"But Frank, you say, sleeps in that room."

"True. But look here. There is a Venetian blind window opening upon the passage, and here comes a pipe that brings fresh air from the outside of the house. In winter, it passes through the chimney, and gets warm. That opening in the ceiling is another pipe, that leads also into the chimney, high up, which gives it a draft, so that the air in this room is always pure. Now this ventilation costs but a trifle, but it saves many dollars, cost of medicine, and, perhaps, precious lives. It is true economy."

"And the other rooms, are they ventilated?"

"Every one of them in the same way."

"I have not seen any sign of the openings in any other room. How is it done?"

"You observed that work-stand in your room, and spoke of the convenience of the foot-board. The air grate is underneath that."

"Another economy of space. And is that hot or cold?"

"Both. Now notice the paper border of the room. Look up and all around, and see if you can tell which of those little black stripes are openings into the ventilator?"

"By looking close, I see there are some in each corner of the room. They are admirably contrived, and I should think the air could never get very bad."

"No, not if there were twenty persons sleeping here."

"But your house is not fully warmed by hot air, is it?"

"No; because we have no furnace. We only economize the heat of the kitchen fire. When Mr. Savery built the house, he inserted a hollow cast-iron chest in the back of the chimney, where it would always take up the waste heat that usually escapes up the flue, till it is often hot fifty feet from the fire. Into the bottom of this chest, a pipe opens from out doors, and another from the top leads the heated air to every room in the house. In the summer time the hot air is shut off, and another opening brings the air fresh and sweet from the flower garden."

"I notice a new form of stove in the sitting room."

"No, the stove is the old form of air-tight wood stoves—great economizers of fuel—and that is a new attachment. You see it is a hollow drum set up endwise, just behind the stove, through which the smoke pipe passes several times up and down. At that end next the floor, the cold air, which always falls by its specific gravity to the bottom of the warm room, comes in among the hot pipes, and there absorbs nearly all the heat, which thus escapes from the top into the room, and thus by preventing the heat from escaping up the chimney, saves nearly one half the cost of producing it. I am told that where these radiators have been attached to a large and expensive coal stove in a public room, that it enabled the occupants to sit quite back, with more comfort than they used to find in close proximity with the stove."

"But dear me, how we have run off from the subject. I was going to show you how to dispose of the contents of your trunks, even in your small room."

"That trunk is full of books. I need not unpack them."

"Of all things else, your books should be in sight, where at any moment you can lay your hand upon the one of your choice. Books are great economizers of little waste bits of time."

"But where can I put them?"

"I have thought of that. Your mother told me that you had a good many, and asked us if you should bring them all. We said all. Mr. Savery said he would provide for them. Now see here."

She went out and brought in a set of hanging book shelves. The lower one was about three feet long, and the upper one half that length, so that when the cord was hung up on the strong iron hook in the wall and the shelves filled, it formed a pyramidal pile of books, literally "four stories" high and very neat and pretty.

Salinda was delighted. It was plenty large enough for all her books, and as she remarked when it was finished, as it hung over the work table, it took up no room.

"There now, only think of the economy

of that. Mr. Savery made it entirely in an hour last evening. For your present purpose, it is just as good as though it cost forty dollars."

"It is indeed. How fast I am learning my new lessons. I will buy a yard of gauze and make a curtain to keep off the flies, still leaving all the books in sight, to tempt me, as you say, to fill up all my odd moments. I wish I knew how to hang up my dresses as well; for I don't see any room upon the wall for half I have. I suppose I have got twice too many, but it was not my fault altogether. The bureau will hold all my small things, and this cupboard the remainder; but don't you think dresses are better hung up?"

"Certainly, and I have provided for that, too, without taking up any room. This curtain you will never want to draw back any further than the foot of the bed; there, see, it draws back so far and stops, leaving it hanging between your beds. Now look again, from the iron rod that holds the curtains, I have suspended these little brass hooks by these cords, upon which, if you like, you can hang twenty dresses, and Lillie will hang hers on the other side. Then we will pin a light calico curtain over the whole, and they will be just as well protected from dust as though in your wardrobe that cost a hundred dollars."

"I can see a place for everything but my writing desk. I think I shall have to buy a little table to stand there by the window, just to hold that, as it will take up too much room on the work-table."

"That is all provided for. Your mother spoke about that, and when Mr. Savery comes home this evening, he will bring a broad shelf and screw it upon the window sill, which will hold your desk just as well as a table that would cost two or three dollars, while the shelf will only cost as many cents."

"There now, with your assistance and advice, I am getting all my things disposed of so nicely. Now I wish that empty trunk was at home again; it will only be in the way here."

"Far from it. Did I not see in your room at the hotel, a lounge about the size of that trunk. Your mother took her seat upon it, when you asked her to take the rocking chair, saying that she preferred the lounge. Would you like to have such a one here for her to sit upon, when she calls to visit you?"

"Certainly; but not so expensive. I suppose that cost thirty or forty dollars."

"And you have just as good a one for one-tenth of that sum, and find a place for your trunk, where it won't be in your way."

"Oh, do tell me how. You are so full of contriving, and money and labor saving, that it does seem as though you could not take a step without teaching me something. Do you mean to buy such a lounge as that

in Lillie's room? I should be perfectly satisfied with that; it is neat and good, but still I don't exactly understand what that has to do about disposing of my trunk."

"We will exercise a little of the magic art of house-keeping, and with a wave of our wand, transform the trunk into a useful, ornamental piece of furniture. Look here."

She walked over to where the lounge was standing and lifted the cushion on to a chair, and reached down under a little border appended around the upper edge for ornament.

There was a little click like turning a key in a lock, and the pretty lounge was transformed into an open trunk.

"You will want about four yards of this sort of furniture covering; it will cost 37½ cents a yard; and you will want as many yards of stout muslin, to make the cushions. One is made fast to the trunk and covered, and the other in shape of a large pillow to sit up against the wall, or lie down to rest upon, thus. The lower part of the trunk is just covered with the cloth slightly stuffed to prevent the heads of the trunk nails from being seen, or felt. If at any time the trunk is wanted, for travelling, the whole can be taken off in five minutes. You shall cover yours with stuff to match Lillie's, and then if you should wish you can set the two together, and form a very comfortable place to lodge, or in case of slight indisposition to lounge near the window and work, or read, or sleep."

"I am surprised, Mrs. Savery, at your fertility of invention. But you have underrated the cost. You forgot the expense of the hair for cushions."

"No, I did not; but you are deceived, it is not hair: although it looks and feels so much like it. It is moss—generally called Spanish moss. It grows in long festoons upon all the trees of extensive forests in Mississippi, Louisiana, and other Southern States. If well prepared it is better than poor hair. There is another cheap article for cushions and mattresses lately introduced, called German grass. It is a product of the sea."

"Pray tell me if your nice mattresses are all made of moss?"

"All but one, and that is the poorest in the house. We bought that as it is."

"Bought that as it is? Did you not buy them all as they are?"

"Oh no, we made them ourselves. They are better and cheaper than we could buy them. It is a very easy job to make a mattress."

"Did you ever use cotton for mattresses?"

"No; I was inclined to do so, but Mr. Savery soon convinced me that it is not a good material. It is so much of a non-conductor, that it grows hot under the body, and sometimes gets damp and musty, and

of course unhealthy. Cotton packs together too closely. It is not as good either, for covering, as generally used in thick comforters, as blankets. Cotton batting after a little use gets so matted that it is almost as impervious to air as an India rubber coat."

"What are your lower mattresses made of?"

"Some are corn husks, some straw, some German grass, and we have one made of beech leaves. I like that best of all. The material is very cheap, sweet, clean, and durable, and sufficiently elastic. Anything is better than feathers, to sleep upon."—*From "How to Live."*

## THE LIVING VINE.

The voices of the singers had fallen lower and lower on the last words of the anthem, until they died away into silence. In the hush that followed the music, the minister arose, and, in clear tones that penetrated to every part of the large assemblage announced his text:

"I am the vine; ye are the branches."

He was a stranger to nearly every one present; a man far beyond the middle period of life, in whose finely-cut face you saw the chisel-marks of an invisible sculptor, who has wrought from within outward, through many years, steadily changing its natural expression until it had come to bear a diviner image. You saw in it patience, submission, trust, faith, hope, love. He had passed through fiery trials—that you saw; had been winnowed in tribulations; through denials of self, and dependence on God for help, had overcome the man of sin.

All this you saw when he arose, opened the Bible, and let his calm, strong eye look, it seemed, into your eyes; and when his voice, strangely musical and clear, floated down to you in the remarkable words of his text, you felt that no common utterances would fall from his lips. And they were not common, but instinct with a spiritual life and power that held his audience in almost breathless attention, and sent many of them home in a state of inward disquietude such as they had not known for years.

It is not my purpose to follow minutely his exegesis, but rather to show its effects upon at least one of his hearers, an active member of the church, and one in good standing—a man who had, up to this time, to use his own words, felt that his "calling and election were sure."

The preacher made no display of fine words or carefully wrought sentences; and yet there was the truest oratory in his sermon I had ever heard; for, with a kind of magnetic power, he held the hearer's



thought like a mirror to his own, reflecting every shade of meaning.

I give one of his most impressive passages, but cannot give the force, and bearing, and tones, as he rested one arm on the pulpit and leaned over toward the people.

"What, my brother, my sister," he said, "is your ground of hope? Let us see to this, for it concerns you deeply. There is a true ground of hope and a false ground of hope. Alas for you, or for me, if it be false! I asked a good brother how he was saved, and he answered: 'By the blood of Christ.' 'True,' I said; 'but, how does the blood of Christ save you?' 'He shed His blood on the cross; He died that I might live; it is the blood of Christ that cleanses us from all sin; I have believed in Him and am joined to Him,' was his reply. That brother was sure of Heaven. he was tranquil and confident. And yet, marking his daily life, I saw that the spirit of Christ was not in him. He lived only for himself. There is something wrong here. The brother was right in saying that we are saved by the blood of Christ, but in some fatal error as to the application of that blood of the purification of his life." What a deeply penetrating power was in the preacher's voice so low and earnest, as he added these words: "Brethren, I look into your upturned faces and my heart goes out to you tenderly, yearningly. All of these human souls moving onward toward eternity without rest or pause, and each one going to its place—to the habitation it is daily, hourly, momentarily building for itself out of its ruling thoughts and purposes! It is not your words nor your deeds that determine the character of your habitations in eternity, but the heart-love that gives quality to those words and deeds. If love of self and the world rule your lives, then you are building, no matter how externally religious you may be, a dark and miserable dwelling-place—a prison-house in which to dwell forever. 'How shall I know this?' Methinks I hear the question rising to my ears from many voices. I read it in many earnest eyes. By self-examination, I answer. Not a self-examination that reaches no farther than words and acts, or even to states of feeling towards the church and its ordinances. It must go far deeper than this, penetrating to your very ends and purposes in everything of life, and finding out whether in your family, in your social, and in your business relations, you are thinking and willing a perpetual self-service, or regarding from a religious principle your neighbor's good as your own.

"I cannot declare unto you any false doctrine of salvation. I dare not in smooth and flowery speech, cover up the eternal truth, and lull you into a fatal security. If your lives be given to self-service alone, no out-

ward worship can save you. You feed the poor and clothe the naked, and come to the sanctuary and the altar in vain."

He raised himself slowly from his leaning position and stood erect in the pulpit. The stillness was so great that, with shut eyes, you would have thought the house empty. Then came a breathless pause and a waiting for the coming sentences. He looked down at the open Bible and read: "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

A strange thrill passed through me. There came to my thought a new and deeper meaning in the text than I had ever perceived.

"Christ is the living vine," the preacher said, leaning forward again, and resting his arm on the pulpit as before. "He called the wine of the Passover, which He drank with His disciples, His blood, and said unto them, 'Drink ye all of it.' And in another place, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' I fear the brother, of whom I spoke just now, did not understand how it is that the blood of Christ cleanses from sin. I think he had some vague idea of external washing, instead of inward purification. The blood symbolized by wine must be drank, and go into the spiritual circulation, and, with the body of the Lord that is eaten, create a new man under the process of spiritual assimilation.

"The remarkable vine-symbol of our text is in perfect harmony with this symbol of our Lord's body and blood that must be taken as spiritual food and drink. We must be engrafted into the living vine. 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' Now, in what relation does a branch stand to a vine? In that of a recipient of life. If the Lord be as a vine, and we the branches, then the Lord's life must flow into our souls, as the life of the vine flows into its branches. If we eat and drink, spiritually, the Lord's body and blood, then we grow into His likeness and image through the reception of divine food—become new creatures—He in us and we in Him. And it is the same if we are engrafted into the Living Vine. In these two beautiful symbols, so full of divine meanings, like things are signified.

"I will not dwell upon this. I am sure its force and significance are clear to every one now under the sound of my voice. Its practical bearing on each of us is the solemn consideration of the hour. Are you, my brother, my sister, a branch of the Living Vine, organically united and receiving life from the Vine?—or, only adjoined, holding on by external filament and bandings, and drawing your life as of old from the world? If the Lord's life be in you, through a perfect union, it will be a pure, a loving, a sweet life of charity. You will be more concerned about others than yourself;

and the spiritual interest of all mankind will lie near your heart, as they are ever near to the Lord in whom you live and move and have your being; and the fruit you bear will be good deeds; not constrained, not to be seen of men, not from duty even, but from love.

"There are three kinds of union with this Vine—external only, partial, and perfect. I have already referred to the first and last. Let me dwell for a few moments on the other, for I think we, as professing Christians, are most concerned here. The partial union is that in which a few fibres of the soul have made a connection with the Vine, while it still draws its chief nutrition from the old unregenerate source. By means of these fibres, the life of the Vine flows in but feebly and inadequately, causing the branch to blossom, it may be, and give promise of fruit. And now it is that the old life and the new life meet in momentous conflict; the new trying to subdue the old, and make the wild branch now grafted upon the Living Vine bear heavenly fruit. Alas for you! alas for me! if the old life prevail, and the branch remain barren. If it bear not fruit, it will be 'taken away,' 'cast forth,' 'burned!' No faith in a risen Saviour; no trust in the redeeming blood; no reliance on a heart-change dating from a well-remembered hour, will avail us anything, if, for lack of fruit, we are severed from the Vine! If the Lord's life be not in us, we are none of his; and his life is not a selfish life, but a life of love, perpetually going out of himself and seeking to bless all living things."

I can give but feebly the force of that sermon. All the power of the preacher's voice and manner is lost in my weak transfer of a part of the discourse. The people went out, at its close, with thoughtful faces, silent, or speaking to each other in subdued voices. He had struck a key that rang out to many a note of warning—startling them from a pleasant dream of false security.

I called in the evening to see a friend, the member of the church to whom I referred in the beginning, and found him much disturbed in mind. He was alone in his parlor, walking the floor, when I entered.

"I saw you at church this morning," he said, almost abruptly, after a few words of greeting.

"Yes, I was there."

"What did you think of the sermon?"

"The preacher gave us true doctrine," I answered.

The light went out of his face.

"Then," he said, in a solemn, half-frightened way, "I have been building my house on sand! The hope that was in me has died. The Saviour in whom I trusted has hid himself from me, and I am of all men most miserable. I called myself an

heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ; but this doctrine of an organic union with the Living Vine, and a new life therefrom, shows me that I am still an alien, and not a son. Looking down into my heart, as I have looked to-day, and in all honesty to myself reading its feelings and purposes, scanning its ruling ends of life, I find that I love myself more than I love my neighbor. I find that I am not a new man in Christ Jesus our Lord, but, under all my professions and outward observances of religious duties, unchanged in my love for the things of this world, and as eager in their pursuit from selfish ends as I ever was. Ah, my friend! this is a sad discovery for one to make, after resting for twenty years, as I have done, in the vain belief that I had washed my robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"You write bitter things against yourself," I answered.

"Not so. The Lord has given me a revelation of myself—has opened a window through which I can look into my heart and see its unchanged condition. And at the same time he has made the fact that I am not drawing my life from Him as the Living Vine clear as the sun at noonday. Can I ever forget these words of the preacher, that smote upon my heart like a sentence of condemnation from Heaven: 'If the Lord's life be in you through a perfect union, it will be a pure, a loving, a sweet life of charity. You will be more concerned about others than yourself; and the spiritual interests of all mankind will be near your heart, as they are near to the Lord, in whom you live and move and have your being; and the fruit you bear will be good deeds, not constrained nor to be seen of men, nor from duty even, but from love.' Not so am I conjoined to the Lord, but only adjoined, as a branch newly grafted, and not yet in union with the vine and drawing life therefrom."

"I am the vine," he went on. "Ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered.' Hundreds of times have I read these sentences, but never saw their meaning until now. If I am truly engrafted on the Living Vine a new and heavenly life will pervade my whole being. I will be changed as to my inmost desire, and the fruit I bear will be the fruit of justice, for the Lord is just, and of mercy, for he is merciful."

He paused and walked the room again, his manner still greatly disturbed.

"Are you not a just and a merciful man?" I asked.

"No!" he answered, almost passionately, turning upon me a face so full of

pain and self-accusation that I was moved at his state of mind.

"No!" he repeated. "I have been all over it since I heard that sermon. Just! Why, sir, only yesterday I sold a customer an article at a fair living profit, as the phrase is, and cheated him in the transaction."

He looked stern and angry. "Yes, sir," he added, "cheated him! I had blundered in buying the goods, and I let him, in his ignorance, repeat the blunder, and suffer the loss I should have borne. Was that just? Was it from the Lord's life in me, or from the old, selfish, unregenerate life that I did this? Merciful! A poor struggling tradesman, whom I had known when we were boys, pleaded with me last week to consider his cause and abate in his favor a business custom of our house. But I answered, 'No, John, I'm sorry for you, but there are no friendships in business.' And he went away looking so sad and disappointed that his face haunted me in sleep all the next night. Would the Lord have so turned away from one of his poor, weak, pleading creatures? I think not.

"Ah, my friend," he went on, his voice falling to a mournful strain, "if this were all. If only in these two instances I had failed in being just and merciful, my case would not show so bad an aspect. But in the whole of my business and social life I see self and the world dominant, and the Lord and the neighbor put down to a lower place. I seek justice and mercy for myself, but am little concerned how it fares with another. This daily life in the world, this conflict of interests, this buying and selling, and getting gain—here it is that we must look for the test of discipleship! If we are Christ's, then the spirit of Christ will be in us, and we will be just in all our dealings with men, as He is just, merciful as He is merciful, pure as He is pure. Religion will not be a thing kept for Sunday, nor worship the mere singing of hymns and saying of prayers. The very essence of our religion will be a life squared by the Golden Rule, and our worship the sacrifice of selfish desires on the altar of daily use."

Then, after a long pause, and with a deep inspiration, my friend said, with a solemnity I shall not soon forget:

"God helping me, I will seek for a true and more perfect union with the Living Vine. In this mere adjunction I am in perpetual danger of being cast off as unfruitful. I would have an organic union, that the Lord's life may flow in perpetually, changing the old, mean, selfish life into a pure and generous and loving life."

He grew calmer after this. The painful convictions and stern judgments of himself, through which he had passed, closed in a deep and earnest resolution to seek for

a truer union with the Lord as the Living Vine.

I have met him often since then. The words of the preacher fell upon good ground, and though he knows it not, they have brought forth a precious harvest.—*T. S. A., in Home Magazine.*

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## HOUSE-CLEANING.

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I would like to give those of you who may now be in the thick of house-cleaning, some hints to aid you in rejuvenating your household belongings, for times are hard, and not only is it impossible to purchase new articles in the place of those that are old-looking and worn, but you do not want to go to the expense of sending them to the cabinet-maker's shop to be re-oiled or varnished.

Here is your sewing machine; there is a general look of wear and tear about it: you cannot help wishing that you could by some magic restore to it that fresh look that it wore when you bought it five years ago. And that beautiful black walnut wardrobe, one of your most valued wedding gifts, you would like to make that new again, too. It does not need any especial knowledge of the *black art* to do this, but a very simple recipe, and its application by means of what old-fashioned folks would call *elbow-grease*. Mix half a pint of olive oil with one pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your furniture with a piece of dry cotton wool. Polish with a soft, dry flannel. With some assistance in rubbing, which your Bridget can give you, you will have renewed the beauty of your articles to an extent that will amaze you.

Then there are spots on your parlor chairs, and on the side table in the dining-room, the marks of those dear little baby-fingers that do so much mischief, you know. To erase these take a soft cloth and wet it in alcohol, rub the spot briskly and it will disappear, then rub a little boiled linseed oil over the place, and it will be quite restored to its original color and polish.

In the parlor also you look long at the marble-topped centre-table, where there is an inexplicable small stain that soap and water will not erase, and on the marble mantel is a very unsightly rust stain that has been there so long, the mark of a tin cup, carelessly left there by some irresponsible individual unknown, during your absence from home one summer month. Then the lampblack is quite burned off the grate, and you wonder if you could not in some way improve its appearance. I will tell you how. For the stains on the marble, use lemon juice, applied with a clean rag,

and then wash the surface with warm water. And, by the way, let me give you a hint here; when you wish to wash soiled marble rub some Paris white on it with your soap and you will be surprised to see how much easier it is thus cleaned. For the grate, take one pound of common asphaltum and fuse it in a small iron pot, and to it add one-half pint of boiled linseed oil; mix the two well and boil for some time. When nearly cool add one quart of the spirits of turpentine to the mixture, and apply to your grate with an ordinary paint-brush. When dry, it will be of as rich a black as when it was first placed in your new house, years ago.

Then in the dining-room the chairs are so rubbed that they are quite shocking to look at. You had made up your mind long ago to varnish them yourself this spring. A very good common varnish you know can be made by dissolving shellac in alcohol, and you were going to use this, but I can give you a much better recipe. Purchase a few ounces of copal (a peculiar kind of resin) at the drug store; grind it to a very fine powder, and lay it on the bottom of a small glass dish to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, and dissolve by pouring upon it essence of rosemary, stirring with a clean stick until it is about the consistency of thin paste; after awhile add pure alcohol, little by little, until the varnish will flow like water. In a day or two it will be beautifully clear, and fit for use, and care must be taken to keep it quite free from dust of any kind. It should be laid on very evenly and firmly, with a perfectly clean brush.

Thus you can go through your house, with care erasing nearly all marks that wear and carelessness have left. The grease spots on the sitting-room carpet—that show where the children cracked nuts one merry day when they were allowed the freedom of the house for themselves and their company in honor of a birthday fete,—can be easily removed by the application of a little benzine. Ink-spots on the library table will vanish if rubbed with cyanide of potassium and oxalic acid, and paint-spots on glass or elsewhere will yield to the spirits of turpentine and ammonia.

If you have any picture-frames of wood that have lost their original polish in a measure, a coat of the copal varnish spoken of will improve them vastly. Gilt frames that have lost their lustre and are beginning to look old and dead, can be brightened by the following mixture to renew them: Beat up an ounce of soda with the whites of three eggs; blow off all dust from the frame with a pair of bellows (N.B. a gilt frame should *never be wiped off*), then paint them over with a brush dipped in the mixture, and it will render them fresh and bright.—*Fireside Friend.*

## HINTS FOR THE COOK.

1. Cleanliness is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking; a dirty kitchen being a disgrace both to mistress and maid.

2. Be clean in your person, paying particular attention to the hands, which should always be clean.

3. Do not go about slipshod. Provide yourself with good well-fitting boots. You will find them less fatiguing in a warm kitchen than loose untidy slippers.

4. Provide yourself with at least a dozen good-sized serviceable cooking aprons, made with bibs. These will save your gowns, and keep you neat and clean. Have them made large enough round so as to nearly meet behind.

5. When you are in the midst of cooking operations, dress suitably.

6. Never waste or throw away anything that can be turned to account. In warm weather, any gravies or soups that are left from the preceding day should be just boiled up, and poured into clean pans. This is particularly necessary where vegetables have been added to the preparation, as it then so soon turns sour. In cooler weather, every other day will be often enough to warm up these things.

7. Every morning, visit your larder, change dishes and plates when necessary, empty and wipe out the bread-pan, and have all in neatness by the time your mistress comes down to order the dinner. Twice a week the larder should be scrubbed out.

8. If you have a spare kitchen cupboard, keep your baked pastry in it: it preserves it crisp, and prevents it from becoming wet and heavy, which it is liable to do in the larder.

9. In cooking, clear as you go; that is to say, do not allow a host of basins, plates, spoons, and other utensils, to accumulate on the dressers and tables whilst you are engaged in preparing the dinner. By a little management and forethought, much confusion may be saved in this way. It is as easy to put a thing in its place when it is done with, as it is to keep continually moving it, to find room for fresh requisites. For instance, after making a pudding, the flour-tub, pasteboard, and rolling-pin, should be put away, and any basins, spoons, &c., taken to the scullery, neatly packed up near the sink, to be washed when the proper time arrives. Neatness, order, and method should be observed.

10. Never let your stock of spices, salt, seasonings, herbs, &c., dwindle down so low, that, some day in the midst of preparing a large dinner, you find yourself minus a very important ingredient, thereby causing much confusion and annoyance. Think of all you require, and acquaint your mistress in the morning, when she is with you,

so that she can give out any necessary stores.

11. If you live in the country, have your vegetables gathered from the garden at an early hour, so that there is ample time to make your search for caterpillars, &c. These disagreeable additions need never make their appearance on table in cauliflowers or cabbages, if the vegetable in its raw state is allowed to soak in salt and water for an hour or so. Of course, if the vegetables are not brought in till the last moment, this precaution cannot be taken.

12. Be very particular in cleansing all vegetables free from grit. Nothing is so unpleasant, and nothing so easily avoided, if but common care be exercised.

13. When you have done peeling onions, wash the knife at once, and put it away to be cleaned, and do not use it for anything else until it has been cleaned. Nothing is more indicative of a slovenly and untidy cook, than to use an oniony knife in the preparation of any dish where the flavor of the onion is a disagreeable surprise.

14. After you have washed your saucepans, fish-kettle, &c., stand them before the fire for a few minutes, to get thoroughly dry inside, before putting them away. They should then be kept in a dry place, in order that they may escape the deteriorating influence of rust, and thereby be quickly destroyed. Never leave saucepans dirty from one day's use to be cleaned the next: it is slovenly and untidy.

15. Empty soups or gravies into a basin as soon as they are done; never allow them to remain all night in the stock-pot.

16. In copper utensils, if the tin has worn off, have it immediately replaced.

17. Pudding-cloths and jelly-bags should have your immediate attention after being used; the former should be well washed, scalded, and hung up to dry. Let them be perfectly aired before being folded up and put in the drawer, or they will have a disagreeable smell when next wanted.

18. After washing up your dishes, wash your dish-tubs with a little soap and water and soda, and scrub them often. Wring the dishcloth, after washing this also, and wipe the tubs out. Stand them up to dry after this operation. The sink-brush and sink must not be neglected. Do not throw anything but water down the sink, as the pipe is liable to get choked, thereby causing expense and annoyance to your mistress.

19. Do not be afraid of hot water in washing up dishes and dirty cooking utensils. As these are essentially greasy, lukewarm water cannot possibly have the effect of cleansing them effectually. Do not be chary also of changing and renewing the water occasionally. You will thus save yourself much time and labor in the long run.

20. Clean your coppers with turpentine and fine brick-dust, rubbed on with flannel, and polish them with a leather and a little dry brick-dust.

21. Clean your tins with soap and whitening, rubbed on with a flannel, wipe them with a clean dry soft cloth, and polish with a dry leather and powdered whiting. Mind that neither the cloth nor leather is greasy.

22. Do not scrub the inside of your frying-pans, as, after this operation, any preparation iried is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread, and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

23. Punctuality is an indispensable quality in a cook; therefore, if the kitchen be not provided with a clock, beg your mistress to purchase one. There can then be no excuse for dinner being half an hour behind time.

24. If you have a large dinner to prepare, much may be got ready the day before, and many dishes are a great deal better for being thus made early. To soups and gravies, this remark is particularly applicable. Ask your mistress for the bill of fare the day before, and see immediately what you can commence upon.

To all these directions the cook should pay great attention; nor should they, by any means, be neglected by the mistress of the household, who ought to remember that cleanliness in the kitchen gives health and happiness to home, whilst economy will immeasurably assist in preserving them.—*Mrs. Beeton.*

## OVER-BUSY HOUSEKEEPERS.

Every one has been made disagreeably conscious of the household where the work is always doing and never done. Who does not know the house in which each week seems to be but a perpetual succession of washing-days? Who has not suffered from the continual confusion produced by the ceaseless attempts to "put things in order?" An everlasting cataclysm, with endless inundations and universal disruption and displacement, seems to prevail in some domestic establishments. An evil spirit might be supposed to be restlessly at work creating chaos.

The over-busy housekeeper makes labor her end, and is never, apparently, so well satisfied as when her household is heaving with its throes and confused with its turmoil. She delights in the signs of work, and the order which is supposed to be its object only vexes her restless spirit into increased activity. She is never so happy, and every one else so miserable, as when she is tearing up carpets, twisting curtains awry, wrenching the furniture from its

place, turning the chairs upside down, blockading the staircase, flinging open the windows, deluging the house, and filling it with an impenetrable bog of soap-suds and water.

The unsystematic housekeeper is always striving to do everything at one and the same time. House-cleaning, clothes-washing, and every other function of the domestic establishment are thus in operation together, so that the whole house is panting with labor. No one thing can thus ever be efficiently accomplished, and the aggregate time required for the completion of all must be much prolonged beyond what would be necessary if each were done separately. Every household duty should have its appointed time, and be fulfilled before another is undertaken. The constant interruption which must ensue if several kinds of work are simultaneously in hand will not only lead to waste of time, but inefficiency of execution. There is nothing so confusing to a servant as to shift her from one labor to another in a moment, and nothing so fatal to good service. The unsystematic housekeeper, however, while she is constantly doing this, and preventing all thoroughness of work on the part of her servants, is the most exacting in requiring it from them.

House-cleaning, as generally conducted, is proverbially a nuisance. A dwelling in the hands of an efficient housekeeper should seldom require that universal overhauling to which it is customary to subject it. It ought never to be allowed at any time to become such a receptacle of filth as to require those Herculean labors which are so frequently brought into requisition for its cleansing. There are times, of course, when the painter and whitewasher must be called in, and a general derangement of the house will be necessary, but these only occur at long intervals. There is certainly no necessity for a weekly revolution of the whole household. Every house need not be made uninhabitable regularly once a week.

The mistake made is in generalizing the work too much. Why is it not possible to cleanse each part, room by room or story by story separately? In fact, if by daily care a house is kept from getting dirty, it will not require those periodical tumultuous efforts so disturbing of domestic comfort, and yet so much to the taste of the over-busy housekeeper.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**FISH CAKE.**—*Ingredients.*—The remains of any cold fish, 1 onion, sweet herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 pint of water equal quantities of bread crumbs and co

potatoes, ½ teaspoonful of parsley, 1 egg, bread crumbs.—Pick the meat from the bones of the fish, which latter put, with the head and fins, into a stewpan with the water; add pepper and salt, the onion and herbs, and stew slowly for gravy about 2 hours; chop the fish fine, and mix it well with bread crumbs and cold potatoes, adding the parsley and seasoning; make the whole into a cake with the white of an egg, brush it over with egg; cover with bread crumbs, and fry of a light brown; strain the gravy, pour it over, and stew gently for ¼ hour, stirring carefully once or twice. Serve hot, and garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

**BAKED HADDOCKS.**—*Ingredients.*—A nice forcemeat, butter to taste, egg and bread crumbs.—Scale and clean the fish, without cutting it open much; put in a nice delicate forcemeat, and sew up the slit. Brush it over with egg, sprinkle over bread crumbs, and baste frequently with butter. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon, and serve with a nice brown gravy, plain melted butter, or anchovy sauce. The egg and bread crumbs can be omitted, and pieces of butter placed over the fish.

Time, large haddock, ¾ hour; moderate size ¼ to ½ hour.

**BOILED HADDOCK.**—*Ingredients.*—Sufficient water to cover the fish, ¼ lb. of salt to each gallon of water. Scrape the fish, take out the inside, wash it thoroughly, and lay it in a kettle, with enough water to cover it, adding salt in the above proportion. Simmer gently from 15 to 20 minutes, or rather more, should the fish be very large. For small haddocks, fasten the tails in their mouths, and put them into boiling water. 10 to 15 minutes will cook them. Serve with plain melted butter or anchovy sauce.

**DRIED HADDOCK.**—Dried haddock should be gradually warmed through, either before or over a nice clear fire, a little piece of butter rubbed over it, and sent expeditiously to table on a thoroughly hot dish.

**A DELICIOUS METHOD OF COOKING DRIED HADDOCK.**—*Ingredients.*—1 large thick haddock, 2 bay-leaves, 1 small bunch of savory herbs, not forgetting parsley, a little butter and pepper; boiling water.—Cut up up the haddock into square pieces, make a basin hot by means of hot water, which pour out. Lay in the fish, with the bay-leaves and herbs; cover with boiling water; put a plate over to keep in the steam, and let it remain for 10 minutes. Take out the slices, put them in a hot dish, rub over with butter and pepper, and serve.

**RED HERRINGS, OR YARMOUTH BLOATERS.**—The best way to cook these is to make incisions in the skin across the fish, because they do not then require to be so long on the fire, and will be far better than when cut open. The hard roe makes a nice relish by pounding it in a mortar with a little anchovy, and spreading it on toast. If very dry, soak in warm water 1 hour before dressing. If they are liked split open, they should be rubbed with a tiny piece of butter previously to being sent to table, after they come from the gridiron.

**BAKED WHITE HERRINGS.**—*Ingredients.*—12 herrings, 4 bay-leaves, 12 cloves, 12 allspice, 2 small blades of mace, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, sufficient vinegar to fill up the dish.—Let the herrings be perfectly fresh; cut off the heads, and gut them; put them in a pie-dish, heads and tails alternately, and, between each layer, sprinkle over some of the above ingredients. Cover the fish with the vinegar, and bake for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, but do not use it till quite cold. The herrings may be cut down the front, the backbone taken out, and closed again, Sprats done in this way are very delicious.

**YORKSHIRE PUDDING, TO SERVE WITH HOT ROAST BEEF.**—*Ingredients.*—1  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk, 6 large tablespoonfuls of flour, 3 eggs, 1 saltspoonful of salt.—Put the flour into a basin with the salt, and stir gradually to this enough milk to make into a stiff batter. When this is perfectly smooth and all the lumps are well rubbed down, add the remainder of the milk and eggs, which should be well beaten. Beat the mixture for a few minutes, and pour it into a shallow tin, which has been previously well rubbed with beef dripping. Put the pudding into the oven, and bake it for an hour; then, for another  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, place it under the meat, to catch a little of the gravy that flows from it. Cut the pudding into small square pieces, put them on a hot dish, and serve. If the meat is baked, the pudding may at once be placed under it, resting the former on a small three-cornered stand.

**A SWEET DISH OF MACARONI.**—*Ingredients.*— $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of macaroni, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of milk, the rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 3 oz. of lump sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint of custard.—Put the milk into a saucepan, with the lemon-peel and sugar; bring it to the boiling-point, drop in the macaroni, and let it gradually swell over a gentle fire, but do not allow the pipes to break. The form should be entirely preserved; and, though tender, should be firm, and not soft, with no part beginning to melt. Should the milk dry away before the macaroni is sufficiently swelled, add a little more. Make a custard, place the macaroni on a dish, and pour the custard over the hot macaroni; grate over

it a little nutmeg, and, when cold, garnish the dish with slices of candied citron.

**LEMON CREAM.**—*Ingredients.*—1 quart of milk, 8 bitter almonds, 2 oz. of gelatine, 2 large lemons,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of lump sugar, the yolks of 6 eggs.—Put the milk into a lined saucepan with the almonds, which should be well pounded in a mortar, the gelatine, lemon-rind, and lump-sugar, and boil these ingredients for about 5 minutes. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, strain the milk into a jug, add the eggs, and pour the mixture backwards and forwards a few times, until nearly cold; then stir briskly to it the lemon-juice, which should be strained, and keep stirring until the cream is almost cold: put it into an oiled mould, and let it remain until perfectly set. The lemon-juice must not be added to the cream when it is warm, and should be well stirred after it is put in.

**TO MAKE PANCAKES.**—*Ingredients.*—Eggs, flour, milk; to every egg allow 1 oz. of flour, about 1 gill of milk,  $\frac{1}{8}$  saltspoonful of salt.—Ascertain that the eggs are fresh; break each one separately in a cup; whisk them well in a basin, add the flour, salt, and a few drops of milk, and be at the whole to a perfectly smooth batter. then pour in by degrees the remainder of the milk. The proportion of this latter ingredient must be regulated by the size of the eggs, &c. &c.; but the batter, when ready for frying, should be of the consistency of thick cream. Place a small frying-pan on the fire to get hot; let it be delicately clean, or the pancakes will stick, and, when quite hot, put into it a small piece of butter, allowing about  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. to each pancake. When it is melted, pour in the batter, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacupful to a pan 5 inches in diameter, and fry it for about 4 minutes, or until it is nicely brown on one side. By only pouring in a small quantity of batter, and so making the pancakes thin, the necessity of turning them (an operation rather difficult to unskilful cooks) is obviated. When the pancake is done, sprinkle over it some pounded sugar, roll it up in the pan, and take it out with a large slice, and place it on a dish before the fire. Proceed in this manner until sufficient are cooked for a dish: then send them quickly to table, and continue to send in a further quantity, as pancakes are never good unless eaten almost immediately they come from the frying pan. The batter may be flavored with a little grated lemon-rind, or the pancakes may have preserve rolled in them instead of sugar. Send sifted sugar and a cut lemon to table with them. To render the pancakes very light, the yolks and whites of the eggs should be beaten separately, and the whites added the last thing to the batter before frying.

## Literary Notices.

OUR NEW CRUSADE—A Temperance Story, by Edward E. Hale, author of "In His Name," &c. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Mr. Hale has, in this work, sought to find a solution for the difficult question of hotel-keeping without selling liquor. The scene is laid in Bromwich, a town of some six thousand inhabitants, where there was a college which students came from all parts to attend. The ladies having formed a Temperance Union, decide to visit the saloons, and commence with the Deritend House, a first-class hotel. The president introduces the business:—

"You know what we have come for, Mr. Gregg," said she, after the introductions. "We really want to persuade all the saloon-keepers, and all the public-house keepers, to give up selling liquors, and we do not choose to begin with those little Irish holes. We want to begin with you, or, rather, we want to persuade you to begin. Your house is a respectable house and we want your influence and example."

"But it all amounts to this," said Horace Gregg, "you and the ladies of the Union, and all the nicer people in Bromwich, want to have the Deritend kept open. You want to have our coach at the station whenever a train comes in, day or night: some of you might be there, or some of your friends. You want to have our dining-hall ready any day of the year for guests, with servants enough and a proper bill of fare. For although you never come here yourselves, yet the fathers and mothers of the college boys come, and the college boys themselves must be seen to before they are admitted. At Commencement and Class Day, and whatever, you want to have those people provided for whom you do not care to invite to your own houses. And you want the Deritend open for this. All these are public purposes, which make it desirable for Bromwich to have a first-class hotel here. But when it comes to the compensation for rendering these services,—which you know are important,—why, you want us to give up the only source of revenue which the Deritend House can rely upon. There is one perfectly regular source of

income; but you ladies do not like the method by which it is attained. Very good. You have a right to your tastes and your opinion. Only, as I said, if you ask us to give up that source of income, you ask us to close this house, and to go to some other Bromwich, where people who take the sweet are willing to take the bitter."

It was a long speech; but Aunt Lois liked it; and she liked the dignity and frankness with which the young man spoke to her. She told him so, and then she went on:—

"But surely there are 'temperance houses,' Mr. Gregg. I am sure there are. There is one in Albany, I know. There is one in Syracuse: I saw the sign last month."

"You saw the sign, Mrs. Claridge, but you did not stop there; nor did Dr. Claridge. I think you never spent the night in a temperance hotel in your life, Mrs. Claridge. A temperance hotel is a house where, instead of a woollen carpet on the floor, there is a worn-out canvas; where if you asked for a newspaper, they would tell you they took none; where your steak at breakfast would be such as Dr. Claridge never saw; where your coffee would be made out of beans ten times burned. Before the Deritend becomes such a house as that, Mrs. Claridge, my father will have ceased to be the landlord."

Now here, as Aunt Lois confessed, Mr. Horace Gregg carried too many guns for her; and, what is more, his guns were too heavy for her. She had, for many years, given up all use of wine or other liquors, because she found that by her abstinence she had much more effect with the college boys, with her servants, and with a hundred other people whom she would persuade to give up their wretched indulgences. There was no sham when she became president of the Temperance Union, though it was a total abstinence society; nor had the Doctor to alter, by a hair's breadth, the customs of his life or home, lest the most critical village gossip should charge him or Aunt Lois with inconsistency. But when Horace Gregg told her that she and the Doctor did not encourage temperance hotels in travelling, she knew he told the truth. And when he said that, while the Union wanted to have the bar of the Deritend given up, she and all the



members of the Union were using every day the conveniences which the Deritend supplied, she knew he spoke the truth again.

She was brave enough to acknowledge to Mr. Gregg that his shot had hit, and took advantage of her concession to enter right into the matter as a practical matter, from his point of view, and not from her own.

But she was pleased in proportion; and, not to tell in its detail all that passed between her and the Greggs, the end of the Committee's visit was a long and sufficiently amicable talk, quite in detail sometimes, as to the ups and downs of such an establishment as the Deritend House. What part of the business paid, and what did not pay, Frank Gregg told openly. He even asked Aunt Lois, with a sort of simplicity which pleased her as much as Horace's gravity did, if she would not like to see how he kept the books and managed the wages' accounts. This she declined. "But the upshot of it all is," said she, "that the liquor business is what supports that house. They make four thousand dollars a year clear profit out of it; and there would not be any Deritend House if they did not get that four thousand dollars somewhere. Well, as Horace Gregg said, they could move away. But somebody else would keep the house, who would keep a worse bar than they do,—if one bar can be worse than another, and I suppose it can." And, as Aunt Lois told us this, she really cried with vexation to think that being in the right, as she knew she was,—willing to make sacrifices, too, as we all knew she was,—strong in a great purpose, and with no small share of the moral power of the community behind her,—she was none the less foiled in that purpose by miserable laws of trade, and by the strength of the tightly knitted web-work of human society.

The ladies of Bromwich cast about in their minds for some way to make up the \$4,000 to the hotel, and at length the following plan is suggested:—

"You see," said Mrs. Oelrich, "nothing really great ever fails,—nothing that rests on a principle, as Gustav says. Now this plan does rest on a principle. It rests on this principle, which will work a revolution to society," and she laughed again at her own eagerness.

"The principle is this: that whereas men, when they meet in clubs alone, take to drinking and smoking, and at best play whist or billiards, and at worst play poker or rouge et noir, they would have a thousand times nicer times, and would neither drink nor steal, if they had women with them."

"Do not interrupt me, my dear Doctor! Let me confess that the principle may be stated exclusively thus: that whereas women, when they meet in companies alone, turn back badly on their own lives and discuss the difficulties of the household and nursery,—as, poor souls, why should they not, seeing they are so much more alone, or away from people of their own age, than men?—when they are with men, they are at their best, talk their best, act their best, teach and learn, and of course enjoy, as they never do and never can in feminine coteries.

"Why, it is no shame to the boys in the college, that, if they knew a hundred nice Bromwich girls had joined in this Clarendon Club of mine, a hundred of them would join it the next day.

"And it is no shame to the girls in Bromwich, that, if they heard that a hundred of the boys in the college had joined it, a hundred of them would join the next day—if they dared. Perhaps they will not dare; but with as good a cause as ours behind, Doctor, I believe they will!"

In such fashion the impetuous Mrs. Oelrich went on with her plan, born out of George Ruther's reading-room, for taking the Deritend captive. She had thoroughly digested Aunt Lois's report of the day before: "If we wanted to break up the Deritend bar, we must supply an income of four thousand dollars to the Deritend every year." George Ruther had given her the hint. Here were three hundred women in the Temperance Union. Here were the outlying manufacturers, who would pay a good deal for comfort in Bromwich, even if they would do nothing for temperance. Here were the college students. She had always remembered that cheerful Clarendon Club at Oxford; and she could not help wishing that that, or something better, might be possible at Bromwich.

Her plan was made, to the least corner, when she came in to Aunt Lois's to tea.

She would form a club of gentlemen and ladies, to open club-rooms at the Deritend.

There should be dressing-rooms for the ladies, and a smoking-room for the gentlemen. There should be a reading-room where people might not talk, and a parlor with a piano where they might talk as much as they chose.

There should be honorary members, active members, and silent members. The honorary members should pay \$20 a year, or \$200 once for all. The active members should pay \$10 a year; they should vote, choose officers, and carry the whole through. The silent members should have all the privileges except that of voting.

"There will be the college-boys—and you, Susie, and Bertha, and other people

who do not want to pay more than two dollars. That is what they can pay."

As soon as the club was formed, the president would go to the Deritend, and offer to hire those rooms which Mrs. Oelrich had set her eyes upon, on condition that no bar should be kept in the house, and no license for liquor-selling asked for. On that condition the president should offer to hire and furnish these rooms, and hold out the temptation of bringing to the house the five hundred people most respected in the borough and in the county. And if, to gain the condition, it was necessary, the president was to offer the Deritend House three thousand dollars rent for the rooms!

"Of course it is more than they pay for the whole house. But it will show we mean work. And for one year we can raise this money, and do this thing.

"For next year, let next year care."

Many modifications are afterwards adopted, and the club was decided upon.

And the next day and the next, showed that it had done something. Mr. Oelrich had taken up the Deritend club with a will. He was well pleased with his own scheme of a capital large enough to buy all the furniture and fixtures, and to yield a little income against a rainy day. At the first meeting of the bank directors, he talked the scheme "into" them. Then he made it in his way to see the three or four magnates who owned the Deritend House, and he talked his schemes into them. He was one of the people who are used to having things succeed. He never permitted them to fail, indeed; and this the little world of Bromwich knew very well. And when he intimated his confidence in the success of his own plans by subscribing five hundred dollars to a capital stock of five thousand, it was clear enough to Japhet Newland, to Dr. Witherspoon, to Judge Ellery, and to my uncle Dr. Claridge, that he was fully in earnest, knew this thing could succeed, and meant that it should.

Ruther and one or two of his companions, to whom a hundred dollars was of more account than ten thousand were to these magnates, avouched their faith by taking each a share of the capital at a hundred dollars. Three or four widowed ladies—one, alas! who had reason in a desolate home, to wish there had never been any bar-room in Bromwich—took each a single share. The Baptist Sewing Society, the Methodist Charity Committee, and the Presbyterian Sewing Circle, all composed of women, made each their respective ministers shareholders. And thus, in two or three weeks, the existence of the club was made sure by five subscriptions to its stock of five hundred dollars; one of

three hundred, six of two hundred, and ten of one hundred each. There were fifty shares in all.

Judge Ellery, Mr. Oelrich, and George Ruther were trustees who hold this money, and were to appoint their own successors.

Thus fortified, the trustees went boldly forward, and hired the whole of the ground floor of the north wing of the Deritend House for an annual rent of two thousand dollars, which carried with it the condition that while they occupied these premises no liquor should be sold at any bar in the house, nor should any liquor be sold to be carried from the house. It was admitted that a *bona fide* traveller might order liquor in his rooms or at his meals, and that while the house held a taverner's license it might fill this order. But this permission was not to cover the service of liquor for parties of guests, and the keepers of the house bound themselves to restrict this sale to persons who were really transient travellers, who bought for their own use.

The rent would have been enormous, had it not brought with it this condition. With the condition, all parties considered it fair.

The north wing was, on the whole, not badly arranged for the club's purposes. It contained the old bar-room, the billiard-room, the reading-room, and two or three rather inconvenient private parlors. But, by knocking away one or two partitions, they would be able to have substantially Bertha Oelrich's *sine qua non*; namely, a sanctum for the women at one end, a sanctum for the men at the other, a coffee room, a drawing-room, and a library, beside the billiard-room.

Having gone this far, and the gossip of the town being at the very keenest on the matter, the shareholders drew up their constitution, and offered it for signature. I copy it from a musty old paper, which has not seen the light for years.

#### "THE DERITEND CLUB

"Is established to promote better society among the gentlemen and ladies of Bromwich. It will occupy for the present the rooms rented for the purpose at the Deritend House.

"No person shall join the club till his or her name has been presented for at least one week by some member. If one-fourth of the members vote against the candidate in that time, the candidate is not elected, and cannot be named again for one year.

"The officers, till otherwise ordered, are a president, treasurer, secretary, and three directors. The six constitute the board of management, and are chosen semi-annually.

"Voting members of the club will pay an annual assessment of eight dollars.

"Members who do not wish to vote will pay an annual assessment of two dollars, payable quarterly. Heads of families may take family tickets to the club-rooms for twenty-five dollars, if elected members. But such membership carries but one vote.

"BROMWICH, NOV. 11, 1865."

With this programme, the twenty-two shareholders met and voted for members. They chose in eventually the greater part of the town. They chose all the college-boys, all the clerks in all the stores, and all their masters. Ruther brought up lists of the railroad men, and they chose all of them. They chose every girl in every paper-box factory and in every mantua-maker's shop. Unless, on a week's inquiry something turned up to the disadvantage of a person named, they chose in him or her. They had a list of nearly a thousand people, who had wit enough to be on the voting list, or to subscribe for some newspaper, or to belong to some sewing circle. The shareholders had no desire to keep people out, but to bring them in.

At the first election they chose about three hundred people, trying to keep the numbers of men and women equal. They sent to each of them a circular explaining the plan of the club, which they all knew very well before, and asked them to meet, only two days after, in the club parlors. Well, a great many did meet. The college-boys came in great force. Enough voting members joined to choose a set of officers, and to ballot for more members. Once a week they met to vote for more. And then things went briskly on.

With every paper-hanger who worked on parlor or library, with every bale of carpet which came from Cincinnati, when the grand piano arrived from Steinway, and when the boxes of books from Appleton's began to arrive, the public interest and excitement waxed keener and keener. When a tall cheval glass from Philadelphia was unpacked,—such as was not known in Bromwich before,—there was new amazement; and each of the novelties, whether great or small, was an advertisement of the club. At last the upholstering and furnishing were over, the newspapers and magazines directed to "The Deritend Club" began to arrive. The men who in America are called fresco-painters, because they do not paint in fresco, took down their tall frameworks, and showed the beautiful ceilings they had worked upon. With new brooms the tidy chambermaids of the Deritend swept the new carpets. Fresh flowers from the Oelrich conservatories, and from the Ellerys' and the Rittenhouses', and; even from the far-away Watsons,

blazed on the tables and mantels. The latest "London Spectator," "Punch," and "Saturday Review" were on the green tables, with a "Grenzboten" for Hans Otterbein, and a "Revue des Deux Mondes" for Dr. Witherspoon.

Long before this time the first hundred members had chosen many hundred more members from that catholic list I told you of. To each person chosen a printed invitation had been sent; and a great many of them had joined the club at once.

The opening evening at the club was a decided success, and afterward things went on in a very satisfactory manner as we read in the next chapter:—

I called the last chapter the Social Revolution, because that phrase came to be a by-word and joke in Bromwich.

But the truth is, that though of course there was no revolution wrought at one particular moment, still from that Christmas eve, to this hour, when I write, Bromwich has been a much nicer place to live in than it ever was before. For the sensible and intelligent women of the town, having for once taken direction of its social arrangements in that business of the club, have never let go of them; and so the regulation of the society of the place has never again dropped into the hands of fools or of boys and girls. Of course, in such a place, such women can do just what they choose, if they only set out to in the right way. And the Deritend ladies, finding themselves together from time to time in knots of two or three, engaged in one or another plan which we should hardly have heard of, had they only met under the restricted circumstances of afternoon calls, of neighborhood tea-fights, of parish sociables, or of great evening parties. It might be that two or three of them met by accident at the club rooms, when they had done their shopping; or it might be that when the spring court met here, and the flower of the bar of the State was here, they met from day to day some of the best men we have in public life. The fact that they met each other, and met on common ground, was enough to make them feel at ease in arranging with their husbands and sons what I suppose ought to be called the larger economies of the village,—it economy means the law of living, and not a miserable parsimony.

There is a society for planting trees in the streets, and they plant five hundred every year. Last year with their extra money they set up a pretty fountain in the middle of the Common, and a smaller one on that queer triangle in front of the old Elephant tavern. This tree society was formed at the Deritend Club.

We have omitted all mention of the charming love stories, and individual histories, which run through the book, which will to many constitute its chief interest; but we must not forget to notice, that while the Deritend House received the chief attention, pressure of a very effective kind was brought to bear upon the other saloons. Concerning the state of the case, George Ruther tells Bertha Oelrich:—

"I do not know in the least what Mr. Oelrich's theory of the liquor law is, nor do I care. Every man has his own. But I feel sure that he will agree with us that on any theory fifty-one open bars are too many for Bromwich. The college men feel it an insult; our railroad men find it an insult; even the respectable dealers, as they like to call themselves, would cut the number down if they could. But it is so convenient for the politicians to have just so many rallying places for voters that I believe if a hundred and fifty men asked for licenses they would all have them granted."

[Our law in this matter, as I ought to say to readers in other States, is a "Local Option" law. That is what they call it in England. Every town decides for itself the question of prohibition or license. Licenses are granted only by the county court, which has cognizance of civil and criminal suits, and is therefore well acquainted with the class of people who apply for and recommend licenses. These cannot be granted except to a limited number, and on the recommendation of twelve responsible voters. No liquor must be sold to minors, intemperate persons, or on Sunday.

"I wanted to ask your father if he and his foreman, and some of the other gentlemen on the hill, would not appear next week in support of our remonstrance against licensing of these 'Northern' people again. Their house is bad in every way. They sell liquor to the schoolboys in the No. 4 school. I shall have ten witnesses to prove that. They sell all day long on Sunday. Poor John here knows that. And as for selling to drunkards, good heavens! They make night terrible there. I have to pass there three nights in the week after the express has left, and I do not like to tell you, Miss Bertha, of the things that go on there."

Bertha was trembling with sympathy, not to say with rage. She would tell her father all that Mr. Ruther said, and then she asked, "Who do you say awards these licenses,—prizes for good behavior, I suppose they are?"

"Why, Judge Converse is the sitting

judge this term. The applications come before him."

"Mr. Eli Converse, who lives next the Claridges?"

"Of course. He is on this circuit this term."

"Why should not we all go? I was in court once, at the Bearn trial. I think all the ladies would like to go. Would there be any harm?"

"No harm," said George Ruther, gravely. "I should think there might be great good."

And so he bade her good by. She drove up College Hill to find Susie Claridge, and the young men walked away together.

Events occurred in the meantime which wrought people up to no ordinary interest, when the day came round for the annual hearing of petitions for licenses.

To tell the whole truth, I never knew till that year when licenses were granted and hardly if they were granted. I only knew that there was a saloon or other liquor-shop in every street in town, except on the hill. But, as George Ruther had told Bertha Oelrich, here were fifty-one people to apply for this privilege this year, and they had to ask in form. Nor would anybody have asked for a fairer man to hear the petitions than Judge Converse. I do not know what he would have liked best. But the county had voted that licenses should be given, so there was no doubt he would give them to the people whom he thought most fit to hold so terrible a responsibility.

Meanwhile the women were everywhere. They had a general petition, that no open bars might be licensed, and the number of victuallers' and taverners' licenses might be much reduced. Then they had a "ward petition," in which they went into details. They collected evidence regarding every man who asked for a license, and every woman. They had good counsel, and this time they knew what they were at.

Well, there was hardly a publican in Bromwich who could stand these tests.

It seemed as if all of them had sold on Sunday. Many and many a poor mother came in, and some said that 'his fellow and that had sold whiskey to her boys and to her girls.

The women also broke down badly sometimes. They had relied much too boldly on the wrongs of their sex. But more than one Bridget Murphy and Clara Ganzhorn, who had been voluble enough and intelligible enough when they had told the stories of their wretchedness to sympathizing women in their own little "tenements," could not be brought to remember a word, or to say anything,

when they were in their best clothes on the stand before the Judge, in presence of Mr. Fish; yes, and of certain husbands who would beat them within an inch of their lives, when they got home, if they were displeased with the drift of their testimony.

Still the field-day ended in a disastrous route of the publican forces. The women had piled up so much testimony that Wayland and the other young gentlemen who had volunteered as their counsel could well afford to have three-quarters of it break down. "If only," said Wayland, laughing afterwards, "they would have marked on the brief witnesses that would stick as distinguished from those who were 'very interesting,' but had no backbones." The end of the matter was that there were not, of all the fifty-one petitioners, more than ten who passed with their skirts free through this terrible fire.

The Judge took a day to make up his decisions. On Wednesday we all gathered in the court-room again, and the announcement made was fairly dramatic. He said that the evidence which had been volunteered, that there ought not to be any such establishments as he was directed to license, did not seem to him to be pertinent to the occasion, however interesting in itself. He said that his duty was rather functional, or *quasi*-executive; it was one of a class of undefined duties which from the days of the English practice devolved on the circuit courts, or their judges, because then judges were magistrates, supposed to be well known in the community. But it was not a duty of strictly judicial character. Then he read the statute, and said that his duty was clear: he must appoint one sober, intelligent, and discreet person for every ward in Bromwich, who should receive the license of the State for selling liquors as a victualler or taverner, if he gave the requisite bonds. He might appoint more at his discretion. But he had no discretion to refuse to appoint any. It was not necessary for him to appoint people because they asked. But the presumption was in favor of persons who publicly asked, if, after a full canvass of the facts as had evidently been made here, no testimony appeared against them.

After this preface, he said he should appoint one—and but one—victualler to act as taverner in each ward.

The reduction of the number of our saloons and drinking-places from fifty-one to eight would have been in itself a revolution, had it really happened. But, of course, such things do not come out in fact as they do on paper. We do not have any police in Bromwich, and it would not have made any difference if we had. Still the forty-three suspended people had to conduct

their business much more cautiously than they did before. The "Sons of Pythias" swore that they would prosecute every man of them who had a sign up; and, indeed, a good many of them folded their tents, and went to parts unknown. My uncle, Dr Claridge, said to Aunt Lois that she must not expect much more from the courts or from the law than they had gained. He said that his only object was to keep temptation out of the way of the college boys, of his own sons, and of the young shopkeepers and mechanics who had not contracted a passion for liquor. As for those who had, he said, like John Corkery or like Edward Felton, anybody who loved them must begin at the other end; and, unless somebody loved them, he said there was no help for them.

LEWSIANA; OR, LIFE IN THE OUTER HERBIDES. By W. Anderson Smith, author of "Off the Chain." With Illustrations. London.

Mr. Anderson Smith presents a sad picture of the life of the people of the Herbrides. The Lews has been described as "a peat floating in the Atlantic." The climate is ungenial, and the population has increased to such an extent that the land allotted to each family is generally too small to raise sufficient food for their necessities.

#### THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

The erection of a dwelling-place, into which he may lead his partner in life, is not a very serious matter to a Lews man. No great skill is required, and little expense in materials, except for a few planks. The stones, everywhere abundant—for all through the West the rocks crop out amid the peat—are brought together, and two rude walls built, one within the other, all round. The interval between these two walls, always several feet, sometimes many, is filled up with earth and gravel, so as to form one broad outer wall, only one door being considered necessary. Upon this wall the roof is raised on a framework of old oars, and odd scraps of drift and other wood, an occasional sound plank giving stability; these are again covered with "divots," or large turfs, closely covering it, and these once more are thatched over. The edge of the roof falls on the inner corner of the outer wall, so as to leave a broad top to the main wall all round. This soon collects grass and plants, and is a favorite promenade for the sheep of the establishment, as well as dogs and children. These latter are the least tended, as being the least

valuable animals about the clachan. They may often be seen chasing various quadrupeds off these raised promenades, the luxuriant green growth generally to be seen there in the summer proving a strong temptation to the stock. Often the outer wall is built of turfs; and even when of stone, skill in masonry not being general, a bank is thrown against it as an additional support. . . . On the top of the thatched dwelling, whence the smoke finds an exit, the colony of fowls belonging to the house finds warmth and a congenial roost. This artificial heat is said to make them lay much more readily than they would otherwise do. At the same time there is the drawback of having their eggs always impregnated with a subtle flavor of peat-smoke, which to some palates is an insurmountable obstacle to their enjoyment. No wonder the diminutive creatures lay constantly, such fires are kept up beneath. Many put almost a creel of peats, of which eight or nine go to a country cart, on the fire at a time. This is accounted for by the fact that, notwithstanding or rather in consequence of their walls, the damp keeps the huts cold and comfortless. The rain running off the roofs renders the walls exceedingly damp, although turfs are placed in the hope of its running over them.

Then the floor is the plain earth; one large bench is formed of earth, peat, or stone, and is the family lounge, while occasionally a rude wooden chair is placed for the head of the family. Indeed, the interior comforts are both few and far between; at least, so far as the contracted space will allow them to keep separate.

The live stock, cows, horses, sheep, &c., keep one end of the dwelling; the hens roost nearer the other bipeds, and nothing but a small edging of stones divides the different inhabitants—sometimes not even that.

The furniture consists of a large chest or two, and sometimes a half-box bed; very little further, excepting the pots in which every article of food in the Lews is conscientiously boiled, and a few necessary dishes for porridge, fish, and potatoes.

Mr. Smith adds, says the *Literary World*, that fifty years ago there was only one bowl in Carloway district, and it was sent for whenever the minister came over from Lochs—as he did every third Sunday—that they might do honor to their spiritual overseer. There was, at that time, no spoon with which to eat an egg; and, indeed, such an article would seem to be a rarity even now. The Carloway men had formerly only one covering for the head among them; this was a Kilmarnock bonnet, and on the rare occasions when any enterprising member of the community crossed over to the mainland, he was carefully intrusted with its use for the journey, that he might sustain the dignity of Carloway. How they managed when two were simultaneously impelled to make a journey, Mr. Smith has not been able to ascertain. At that time an active maid-servant received only 5s. per annum, out of which she had to repair all the damage done by her during the year; to-day the average wage for a maid-servant is £3, while men-servants can be procured for £8. Yet they are a fine, intelligent race of people who live in the primitive dwellings of the Lews; and although their physical systems would seem to be deteriorated by the want of animal food, which was formerly plentiful among them, medical practitioners long settled in the country testify that tubercular consumption is never found among natives who have always remained at home. Perhaps the quantity of fish oil and marine products devoured by them may have a beneficial influence.

## Review of the Times.

—♦♦♦—

Parliament has opened auspiciously for the Ministry. Sir John Macdonald has spoken with all his old ability, and in an exhaustive and masterly speech from his own point of view, has done his best to damage his opponents. The issue was remarkably well chosen. The Riel and Lepine business was a delicate one for any ministry to handle which had to rely on the support of French as well as English members. There was strong feeling and the elements of a very pretty quarrel as it stood. Many a ministry has been broken up on a smaller issue; and Sir John, with his old tact, perfectly understood this, and chose his ground accordingly.

The issue, however, has demonstrated his utter weakness. Members may cheer when eloquent speeches are delivered, but voting is a different business. The House has evidently no mind to change at present. Sir John has a host of personal friends in the House, but politically his power is gone, at any rate for the present. The phalanx of able men who used to surround him has been broken up. Some have passed to their final account. Some have retired from the political arena. Dr. Tupper remains faithful to his old chief, and he is a man of mark as a speaker; but for the rest, they are scattered to the winds. The change in a few short years is marvellous indeed. But it is a change for the best. The Ministry is largely composed of men who are honest and practical, and who, if they have no consummate genius, have all the ability that is needed for their position. The element of practical men of business is far more prominent than formerly. The Premier is a man of long training in business life, and his experience as a contractor cannot but prove of essential service at a time when the great question of all others is, how to expend the public

money in great works to the best advantage. How we have blundered and bungled in this matter, when professional men "ruled the roast," is known to us all. The Minister of Inland Revenue, too, is a successful merchant. The Postmaster-General has long been in commercial life. Of others we are not sure. But now that great constitutional questions are settled, it is evident that practical business training is just as important for carrying on the business of the country as for managing a commercial house. One of the most important questions to be dealt with this Session is that of an Insolvency Law. Here is a matter which has not the most remote bearing on politics. There can be no possible ground on which Conservatives can differ from Liberals in the adjustment of such a purely business matter. What is wanted is strong common sense and mercantile experience—and principally the last. It is confessedly a difficult subject. Many schemes have been tried, and every one has been found more or less wanting. England herself, with all her accumulated store of experience, has been repeatedly baffled, and now is dissatisfied with the law as she has it. It is a great pity that a course has not been taken which, we believe, was suggested in this Review, viz., that circulars should be sent to Boards of Trade, bankers, and leading mercantile men, asking for information and suggestions on the subject. The bill that has been in operation for some years was prepared by a very able commercial lawyer, but lawyers are very apt to take peculiar views on subjects that come before them, and experience has shown the law to be very defective.

Pursuing this subject, we may suggest that a law which compels a creditor to release a debtor without payment in full is,

in effect, a law to sequester property. This is the simple foundation of the whole business. It is very often lost sight of, especially by those who have never had debts due to them. But a merchant or a banker understands this perfectly. He is compelled to understand it when he makes out his balance sheet; for on one side of that balance sheet are his own liabilities, and on the other the debts due by others to himself. The two go together, and very largely influence one another; for if he fails to receive payment of the debts others owe him, he runs so much of a risk of not being able to discharge his own; and an honorable merchant would feel it a great hardship for the law to step in and deprive him of the means of meeting his engagements. Law is for protection of life and property. It would be an outrage for the law to step in and take away a portion of a merchant's stock after all taxes due to the Government had been paid,—in no civilized constitutional government was such a thing ever heard of. But, *prima-facie* a law of discharge to a debtor bears somewhat of this character; hence the strenuous opposition such a law has met with from various sections of the mercantile community and the contention that settlements between debtor and creditor ought to be left to the parties alone.

The granting of a legal discharge, therefore, being legislation of such an exceptional character, it is evident that it should only take place for the prevention of greater evils, and be surrounded with the most stringent safeguards to prevent its being abused. Easy discharges, besides their gross injustice, are a premium on laziness, incompetency, and extravagance. There is no inducement for a trader to exert himself to get over difficulties if the law stands ready at hand with relief.

An Insolvent Act of some kind is undoubtedly necessary for the protection of creditors; otherwise a debtor in difficulties may pay some of his creditors in full, while leaving others in the lurch altogether. Some general principles should be kept in view in any act that may be framed:—

1. Let the interests of the whole body of creditors be protected against any efforts

to favor one or more. This can be secured by the annulling of any special security obtained for a certain period before insolvency; and also by enacting that a judgment, by whomsoever secured, shall operate for the equal benefit of all creditors, and have the effect of a declaration of insolvency.

2. Let no discharge be granted until after payment of a dividend of so many cents on the dollar—say fifty as a minimum, and let the period of the discharge be regulated by the amount of the dividend. If seventy-five cents be paid let the discharge be immediate; if only fifty, let it be suspended for a year; under fifty, there ought to be no discharge at all by law. Let the debtor obtain discharges himself,—for if he has sacrificed all his own capital and one-half of that entrusted to him by creditors, he has shown himself unworthy of the intervention of law on his behalf.

3. If estates are placed in the hands of assignees the payment of a dividend within a given time should be made compulsory.

Another matter that may well engage the attention of Parliament is the preparation and publication of statistics of trade, manufactures and production. We have long been grievously behindhand in this particular. We know next to nothing of the productions of each year. We have some statistics of a very imperfect kind, of the total exports, and some little pains has been taken to classify them; but of the immense mass of exports leaving the country by rail we believe no account has ever been taken. False ideas of our position have been disseminated in consequence. Far more than mere statements of exports are required by a country that has attained the development that we have; and it would be true economy to have a Bureau of Statistics created, with a sufficient and able staff, who should collect information respecting the production of grain, the raising of cattle, the cutting and manufacture of timber, the growth of wool, and the extent of our manufactures year by year, together with full returns of assessments of municipal and city property, the area of cleared and uncleared land, the growth of population, the amount of emi-



gration, and a variety of other matters. The Hon. Mr. Brown has taken steps towards effecting this, and it is to be hoped that the matter will take effect in the shape of practical legislation this year.

The present winter seems to be one of exceptional severity everywhere. Most grievous complaints reach our ears through the English press, and it is almost comical to see what suggestions are made as to the best mode of living in such a state of things as has prevailed there this winter. One writer gravely gives it as his opinion that old people ought never to rise from their beds during the prevalence of cold weather. That might be very comfortable for them, but it would be somewhat troublesome to the household of which they form a part. If Mr. Greville is to be relied on, George the Fourth lived almost wholly in bed for years together, and that from sheer laziness. But he had abundance of people to wait upon him, whom he appears to have taxed beyond endurance. It is not every old gentleman that can command the services of valets night and day; and, on the whole, most of them would conclude that a continuance of life was scarcely desirable if every winter was to see them shut up in the prison of a bedchamber until spring.

The Grand Trunk Railway has kept remarkably good time, so far. We have had little of the old experience of trains many hours behind time, for weeks together, with an occasional block for days. Once only has there been anything of this kind, while the ordinary working of the line has been everything that could be desired. Far different, however, has it been with the short railways running North and South. Nearly all those centring in Toronto have been subject to heavy drifts and most serious delays. North-west winds have extensively prevailed, and have drifted portions of the narrow gauge lines to an enormous depth. The ordinary roads, too, have been impeded; banks of snow of most unusual height have blocked the highways, and travel has been difficult in all directions. The temperature, too, has been singularly low for the Western Province, and altogether the experience has been more like

that of the Province of Quebec than such as is generally experienced in Ontario. Whatever, however, we have experienced has been paralleled by what has been felt in the Northern and Western States. More severe cold has been felt there than even in Canada. Our neighbors in the States have the idea that Canada is a colder region than theirs, forgetting that a considerable portion of Canada lies far south of much of the Eastern States, and of the northwestern regions of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and that through the whole of the vast Prairie regions the cold has a far more bitter effect than in the wooded districts of Canada. Our English friends will learn these things also in time.

It is too early yet to say aught as to the opinions and sentiments of the people over whom Alfonso the XIIth has been placed king by a knot of courtiers. There are not a few points of resemblance between the recent political change in Spain and that of England after the death of Cromwell. But there are more points of difference, and those of a very radical nature. A republic in both cases is abolished, and the scion of an exiled family put on the throne from which his parent had been driven. The army in both instances was the instrument of expulsion and restoration, and troubles in the northern part of the realm disturbed both of the republics during their ephemeral career. When Charles came back to Whitehall he was welcomed by the people. The masses rejoiced in the ratio of their illiteracy, as their vices and their rude sports were again to have freedom, the only liberty they could understand. But in Spain the Republic had no higher moral aim, and no keener sense of the nation's degradation, than had the Court of Isabella, and there is nothing in the return of the old dynasty to stir the enthusiasm of the masses, for it brings them nothing from which the "common people" ever draw that coarse excitement they delight in. There has been much said about the name of the new king being a tower of strength to him; Alfonso is so Spanish, so regal. Names are not without their associations, and

associations are not without influence, but the doctrine is new that nations accept a king readily in proportion to the number of predecessors on the throne who have borne the same name. We have some recollection of a king whose subjects brought him to a woful end, although he was styled Louis XVIth, and the sovereign whose name in ages to come will be surrounded with the brightest corona of popular love, will be the first of her name in number as in glory—Victoria 1st. There are also two fatal defects in the assumption of the name of the new king being a charm; first, the fact that in Spain “reading and writing” do not follow Dogberry’s law and “come by nature,”—neither do they come by the ordinary process of study and practice. The vast mass of Spaniards are most innocent of the three R’s, and the history of their country’s kings is about the last thing they would care to read if they had the chance. This is perhaps well, for the last two Alfonsos are respectively famous for unpatriotic subserviency to Rome, for association with broils and quarrels which are not outrivalled in history for shamelessness and crime, and for restrictions of popular liberty such as led to that revolution in England which brought there what Spain now agonizes for the lack of—civil and religious liberty.

Monsignor Capel, the eminent proselytist of the Roman Catholic Church, has taken a step which we cannot understand—a false step we must believe at present. He has charged the Ritualists with “unconsciously teaching the doctrines and encouraging the practices” of his Church, and proved his indictment by confession of Canon Liddon, the Ritualistic champion. What can be gained by Mons. Capel doing this? What is his “game”? Certainly he does not wish to warn the Ritualists, or expose them in the Protestant interest, or seduce them by flattery, or repel them. He is too astute not to know that in vain is the net spread in sight of the bird; yet he tells these Ritualist high-flyers that they are walking in the meshes of the very net it is his business to set and draw in when the bird is past escape. Mons. Capel forgets

that the first books of devotion of a distinctly Roman Catholic type which were published for use by members of the Church of England, were compiled by priests of his own communion, who had the effrontery to officiate without license in a Protestant church by invitation of clergymen who had the more audacious effrontery to invite them as assistants. We testify in this matter what has been seen. We are well aware that a crucifix was on one occasion hung on the bed of a sick woman, a Protestant, by a clergyman who came to her as curate of the Church of England. He placed the bread, in administering the Sacrament, direct into the mouth of communicants. He refused to allow any layman to touch the cup. He preached in a Protestant church, announced the hours during which he would receive confessions, and read his manual of prayers and hymns compiled from Roman Catholic works for use in Protestant Sunday-schools. He was exposed. After his exposure and a visit from the Bishop, this same clergyman officiated at mass in his proper character as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church: in the same week he had worn the surplice, used the Book of Common Prayer, and preached in a church of another faith! The Church of England husbandman, looking out in amazement and consternation at these books full of anti-Protestant teaching as to the Holy Communion, the invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, the necessity of auricular confession to a priest, may well and most truthfully exclaim, “An enemy hath done this!” Mons. Capel makes either a great mistake or is perpetrating a joke in saying the Ritualist manuals “unconsciously” teach the doctrines of his Church. The right word, as he well knows, in some cases, should be—consciously, intentionally, but deceitfully. “*Facilis descensus Averni*,” the slope from Ritualism to Rome is greased with Jesuitical casuistry, and the bottom is hidden from view by the metaphysical fogs of Ultramontane theology. One strange feature of the recent Capel-Liddon controversy is, that Canon Liddon and others have set forth or de-

fended the Lutheran dogma of "Consubstantiation" in apparent ignorance of there being any difference between that notion and the doctrine, whatever it is, of the English Church. Theology is, we fear, at a discount. The capacity of many of the clergy to grasp the subtleties of a discussion on the Real Presence may be judged by this, that the word "Metaphysics" was once used in talking to a young clergyman, a "literate," and he said: "Metaphysics! What's that? Is it French?" No wonder such men run after ecclesiastical millinery and upholstery. Theology is beyond their grasp!

An amusing feature in this dispute is the discovery that the worst specimens of Ritualistic nonsense that have hitherto been published, were written by ladies—the Clewer sisters, whose good works and passion for making vestments of the Catholic type of ornamentation form an odd mixture of piety and frivolity. Their books are a striking illustration of the wisdom of the Apostolic rule, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

The Marquis of Hartington is elected leader of the Liberal party in Great Britain. Evidently the Liberal party doesn't *want* a leader, however much it may *need* one, its momentary requirement being manifestly only a nominal head, and that of a Marquis will do as a mere ornamental finish to the pillar of party, a sort of Corinthian capital,—no stronger, but more showy, than a Doric one. The day of opportunity will soon come, and with it will come also the capable man for the work to be done, Marquis or no Marquis. Considering the large infusion of aristocratic blood in the House of Commons in past years, it is interesting to note how thoroughly it has kept a Commoner's House, so far as its leaders are concerned. Its greatest names are without titular adornment.

There are questions rising for the Liberal party to deal with, which will make any Marquis uncomfortable: laborers' franchise to wit; and, ere long, the House of Lords will be put in the crucible for melting, to be recast in a more modern mould. At present "ease with dignity," is the cry of both

parties; the people, however, will soon shake both up out of this doze, and when the great beer-drinking question is worn out or settled, then will there be heard the democracy, which, so far, has been kept off politics by the fascination of a congenial topic.

Mr. Bright's speech was an indicator of the next popular movement, so far as he thought. But we doubt his judgment. The people of England are not alive yet to the force of the spiritual side of the Anti-State Church question, and, somehow or other, have learnt to identify the National Church with a certain liberty of life, which they care more for than any theory. A very large body, however, of the lower classes are virtually non-Christian in any sense but name, and if they take up the Disestablishment cry, their fellows will echo it until the shout will bring down the State Church, like the walls of Jericho, by mere force of noise. There is this advantage in the demolitionary work of the Radical trumpet, that the work of rebuilding can go on simultaneously with it. The English and French revolutions differ, as works of destruction done by sword and gunpowder differ from work done by builders, who pull down only to rear a better structure; and if the Church of England as an establishment is destroyed, its organization as a church can be built up direct from the foundations of popular reverence—a better support for a church than State patronage.

The Roman Catholic Church owes a very heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone. The expostulation he wrote has called out another appeal to the Catholic world, from its most eminent member, *i. e.*, if learning and piety are counted eminence. This appeal is ostensibly a reply to Mr. Gladstone by Dr. Newman, but it is a reply very much of the nature of an echo. The Doctor reproaches with the intensest severity, with his well known lightning-like subtlety of stroke, those Ultramontanes who, as he says, have set the Pope's house on fire, and now want him to quench the flames. But what is all important is this: Dr. Newman defines

Papal Infallibility to be strictly, exclusively, and absolutely confined to the sphere of theological definition, only operative in relation to topics touching the spiritual instruction of all Catholic souls, having no relation to, or possibility of exercise in the sphere of minor matters of the faith, or discipline, or temporal interests, or any locally restricted concerns of the Church. Dr. Newman's definition or exposition of infallibility, if practically acted on, would be a sad muzzle for Ultramontane mouths, but it would relieve the dogma from the operation of criticisms and suspicions both in the Church and outside, which are doing it untold and cumulative damage.

## Notice.

### PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH:

The subject of this sketch was born in August, 1823. He received his education at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford, where he graduated in 1845. Having studied law at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar, but did not practise. He was a Fellow and for some years Tutor of University College, Oxford, and is still an honorary Fellow of that college—and also of Oriel College, in the same University. He was Assistant Secretary to the first Oxford Commission (that of enquiry), and Secretary to the second, or Executive Commission, by which the reform of the University was carried into effect. He was also a member of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the subject of Popular Education in 1859, and was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford in 1858, and held the appointment till 1866. He paid his first visit to the United States and Canada in 1864, and received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Brown University. In 1868 he was elected to a non-resident Professorship of English

History in the new University founded at Ithaca by the late Ezra Cornell. About four years ago he joined his relatives, who were already settled in Canada, and now claims to be a Canadian. Among his works are: "Irish History and Irish Character," "Three English Statesmen," "Lectures on the Study of History," "Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?" and some other books and pamphlets, besides contributing on literary and political subjects to various reviews and journals. He has come prominently before the Canadian public in connection with the "Canada First" party. He has also delivered several lectures of great interest.

The frontispiece is engraved by Walker & Wiseman, Montreal, from a photograph by Ewing & Co., Toronto.

### CORRECTION.

The article on "CURIOUS LONDON SIGN-BOARDS," which appeared in our February number, and which was credited to A. F. D., is from the pen of A. T. Drummond.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Continued from second page of Cover.)

and as we have constantly on hand reading matter of interest which we are sorry that our weekly readers should lose, we are determined to begin the New Year with seven columns a page instead of six. The WEEKLY WITNESS will then be nearly double the size it was three years ago. Our friends will probably wonder at this constant increase in the amount given for the same money, but they will learn from it how much is gained to all concerned by the growth of our business. There is no reason to suppose that the WEEKLY has begun to reach the limits of its sphere. Although many of the three months' subscribers will undoubtedly drop off, its general course should be onward till its circulation is five or ten times what it is now. If the DAILY is to continue increasing as hitherto it must make inroads upon the country parts to a much larger extent than ever, and many who have become acquainted with us through the WEEKLY may find, as time advances, that such a paper does not fulfil the requirements of this age of daily mails and daily telegrams. The DAILY WITNESS seems also to have a mission among the French-speaking people of this Province, as the avidity with which its French column is made use of proves.

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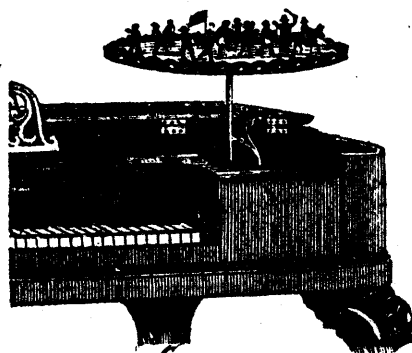
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