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DEC., 1872.

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FOR 1873.

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CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1872.

THE DIAMOND-FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER II.

The first great discoveries of diamonds were made upon the banks of the Vaal River, and are denominated the Wet or River Diggings, in contradistinction to the Dry Diggings at Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein and De Beers, though the first diamond was found near the Orange River. "A Dutch trader travelling through the country, who had formerly in Holland, been in the jewel business, found a little girl, the daughter of a 'boer,' playing with a rough diamond that she had picked up somewhere near the bed of the river. He at once detected its value, and made a trade with her. He gave her a small sum, and threw in a few trifles into the bargain. As soon as he got to Port Elizabeth he took his purchase to the French Consul, who was quite a *connoisseur* in jewels, and submitted it for his inspection. The Consul pronounced it a true diamond, and it was sent to Amsterdam to be cut. It proved to be worth $5,000. The trader with commercial meanness kept the entire sum, and all the papers pitched into him for cheating the poor girl out of her precious plaything, saying that he might at least have given her some percentage of his gains. The second diamond was found in the possession of a Kafir. The man who first saw it in his hands doubted if it was indeed genuine, and fooled the savage until he had made him suspicious of its possible value. Even at first the heathen must have had a faint glimmering of its worth; for he had, after the fashion of his race, erected it to the dignity of a charm, and had got the notion in his head that it was gifted with the virtues of an amulet. On this account he wanted, even at the outset, a good round sum for it; and when the Kafir found that the would-be purchaser, after taking it to be examined, was very anxious to buy it, he greatly raised his demands. Kafirs are at all times very fond of money—fonder even than we are. Finally he held on to the stone until he got £8,000 for it—enough to set him up splendidly in savage life as a veritable Crœsus. No doubt he bought dozens of wives, hundreds of oxen, and thousands of sheep; and perhaps he is now living very happily. He deserves to, for his amulet has been the potent germ of the present diamond fever.'

In April 1870 a few parties had prospected at Pniel, a mission station on the Vaal River (latitude 28°.30.; longitude 25°. E.) and found now and then a diamond. The finds were so valuable that they were encouraged to persevere. In May there were about a hundred men at work. At the close of July over a thousand were digging, and by the middle of August, Pniel, Klipdrift, and Hebron contained a population of three thousand miners. In September a friend of mine thus describes the Fields: "We arrived on the spot on Sunday morning, and had the first glimpse of a scene which must gladden every

visitor's heart. On both sides of the river at Klipdrift, but principally on the Transvaal side, were scattered tents, waggons and every species of temporary structure, which had been invented for *bare* shelter from the cold at night. The Vaal gleamed in the morning sun, while the thick shadows of its beautifully wooded banks fell on its surface. The scene was a busy one, for men walked to and fro in all directions; but not a sound of work could be heard. The keenly exciting labors of the fortune-seekers were stopped for the day. As we passed from spot to spot in wondering amazement at the strange turnout of cradles, longtoms, crowbars, &c., we heard it announced, on approaching the tents on the Transvaal side, that Divine worship would be held in one of the tents. We went there and found some two hundred worshippers listening to the simple Gospel of Christ. It was interesting enough to walk about and witness the motley gathering; but we were desirous of seeing work, and therefore longed for Monday. Monday morning came, and with it a noise only to be compared to the Scriptural metaphor, 'as of many waters.' We went out, and there saw a sight, in the way of eager, hearty and hard work, such as we never beheld before. The sorting process strikes me as very perilous. The men scoop out the gravel on a table with a piece of tin or wood, take one glance, and it is swept away. This goes on at a rate which novices cannot but consider most hazardous. He asks the men are they not afraid they will pass a diamond in such a glittering mass of pebbles? No; for one and all declare a diamond gleams out like a star wherever it appears, and before we commenced work for ourselves, we saw it confirmed."

The Dutch in the colony remained for a long time *in statu quo* among their more excitable neighbors, until such undeniable accounts of suddenly acquired wealth reached their ears, that they made a move; and once their inertia was overcome, they became the most eager, industrious, and sanguine of the crowd. It required a great inducement to take these indolent and stolid men from their stock-raising; and so when they started, it was for a thorough trial of the "diamant veldt." The house was dismantled, the utensils and bedding packed in the wagon, the stock left in charge of the blacks; and away they came, father and son, mother and daughter, to handle the pick and shovel and cradle and sorting-table.

The diggers at first framed a set of laws and rules, and appointed a committee, who had the control of the camp in all respects. They imposed a small tax or license fee on each claim, and decided disputes among the diggers in a summary and impartial manner. In August a provisional government was formed for the diamond-seeking community, as the powers of the committee were not sufficient to cope with criminal offenders. A Mr. Stafford Parker, an American by birth, but for many years a hunter and trader in the wilds of Africa, was appointed President, and had under him a ministry of twelve of the most wealthy and influential citizens. Parker is a strange character, and has that magnetic influence which rules so readily the most lawless mobs. He is about five feet ten inches in height, a well proportioned man, with characteristic features, aquiline nose, piercing eyes, compressed lips and prominent chin. He was good at a stump oration, would make unsparing use of ridicule and flattery, and by a judicious policy he gained the good-will of the Dutch and English, who all flocked to his canteen, and there discussed the situation over his fiery Cape brandy. His views were evidently very ambitious, for he openly avowed his intention of proclaiming a "Free Republic." "A regular little United States, gents, we'll grow stronger and stronger. Form an offensive and defensive alliance with Uncle Sam; annex all these colonies around us; and look here, all you brave Englishmen and Dutchmen that help in the cause of freedom, will be Senators, Governors, Ambassadors, and even stand a chance for the Presidential chair. (Cheers.) Now gents, let's have a square drink all round to our African United States!"

Every man in that crowd would spill his blood for "noble Staff. Parker"; and as he doctored a good many crowds in the ourse of a day, his cause flourished.

Unfortunately the English Colonial Government only gave Pres. Parker fourteen days of grace, in which to organize his new-fledged nation, before its forces appeared in grim majesty on Klipdrift plain. At this appalling sight, his hopes vanished; resistance was useless; so the twelve Senators returned to their claims, while from that time forth the diggers could count one real live ex.-President among their number. Pniel was simultaneously seized by the Free State Police; so the flags of Britain and the Orange River Republic were hoisted within a few yards of each other, and here they fraternized for months to come. Generally the diggers seemed to care very little who governed them, provided they were allowed their original privileges. The glitter of the diamond shut out all other sights, and any power that would protect them had their hearty support. By March 1871, the river diggings had reached their climax. At this time Pniel had a population of 10,000, the majority being black servants in the employ of miners. Of course the merchants of the colony availed themselves of such chances in trade, and the Main street, Pniel, presented one long line of substantial iron and wooden stores, hotels and canteens; while back of these, in every available nook and corner, were the tents of the multitude. Some stores displayed astonishing assortments of goods, "from a crow-bar to a six-story hat"; while unlimited quantities of the worst Cape brandies and wines were for sale in every shop. Merchants, religious or not, all believed in selling liquor,—the profit on this branch of trade was too much to lose. A person once asked a strict Wesleyan doing business at Pniel how he could sell brandy. "Oh," he answered, "my partner is non-religious. He loaded a wagon in the Bay with prime liquor and sent it up without my knowledge. Now, you see, nobody will buy it wholesale, so I'm just retailing it to get rid of it. I assure you it's against my principles; but what else can I do?" Alas, the general store at last degenerated into a wholesale canteen, and the Wesleyan, having waived all scruples of conscience, is now running it most energetically! In February and March the dispute between the Free State and England assumed a menacing aspect. The burghers were concentrating an armed force on Pniel, and at this significant proceeding the Colonial diggers became alarmed, and formed themselves into companies at Cawood's Hope and Klipdrift, for the protection of their camps. Between the two there was considerable jealousy, which principally arose from the Klipdrift people being presented with a small brass howitzer; while the diggers at the Hope, although much ahead in drill and efficiency, were entirely forgotten by the presenter of ordnance. This highly exasperated the rank and file, who were thus left, as they said, without any adequate means of defence. At last, to quiet the envious feeling the authorities at Klipdrift sent a despatch to them saying: "If you need the gun, come and take it." They required no second invitation, but marched up, placed the puny piece on an ox "chariot," and started for home—not, however, before priming themselves well with the "cratur" and providing three or four bottles for the road. It was a dark night, and between heavy potations and the motion of the wagon, all fell asleep—at least this is supposed; for when they entered Cawood's Hope, the next morning, they found the "barker" missing! Horror! With shouts and yells of laughter, the assembled crowd surrounded the sheepish-looking travellers. "Whar's the cannon?" "I hope none of yez swallowed it." Mournfully the escort retraced its steps, and in a rough part of the road found the brazen-faced dog of war snugly ensconced in a ditch! The return journey was performed without the use of brandy, and they shortly had it mounted in their camp, where it blazed forth a Royal salute in honor of Sir H. Barkly, Colonial Governor, who soon after visited the Diamond Fields. The trouble between the higher authorities was the cause of many pugilistic encounters between the Dutch and English—at Pniel particularly, where fights were of almost hourly occurrence. A row would commence in a canteen; an Englishman would challenge some brawny Dutchman to fight, and outside the door they would go—coats off—hats gone to the dogs, while an enthusiastic crowd surrounded them, and

formed a ring, in which the combatants would have fair play, and benefit by their friends' suggestions to "hit him in the eye," or "punch his nose," as opportunity offered. All, from magistrate to Kafir, enjoyed these fights, and in any very scientific or prolonged contest, the streets would be blockaded by a tumultuous crowd of rough and reckless diggers, who only waited for some paltry excuse to engage in a general free fight, in which nearly always the police and Dutch were shamefully beaten. The necessary result of these pitched battles was the appearance of numbers of black eyes and broken heads in all parts of the camp; and strangers upon arriving often enquired if this unusual facial expression was not the effect of the sickly climate! In April the rumors which had so often been heard respecting the rich "kopjes" at Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein became verified, and numbers accordingly sold out and started inland to the Dry Diggings. Lucky were they for in a fortnight Pniel and Klipdrift were nearly deserted. People were actually frantic to leave, and carted their tools, cradles and tents to the auctions, where they allowed them to go for whatever was bid. A fine cradle which had cost five pounds would often sell for five shillings. A pick or shovel worth seven and sixpence would bring at the hammer from threepence to sixpence. In fact all were selling; no one would buy. To a despairing river toiler, Du Toit's Pan seemed like a haven of fortune, in which once entered, wealth was certain to greet him; and consequently, keeping his small capital for the future, he abandoned his tent and outfit, or sold out for a nominal figure. A friend of mine tried to sell a substantial cradle for a shilling, but, finding no buyer, split it up; and he and his partner cooked their last dinner in Pniel with its pieces, thus making a bonfire of what cost $25 thirty days before. At Gong-Gong two wild youths who had been in Australia and British Columbia, and were good examples of "rolling stones," took the Dry Diggings fever, and made up their minds to be off *instanter*. Unfortunately, while in a neighboring canteen, drinking success to their future operations, they quarrelled over the amount of tools and household goods they would require to take with them. In the end, having got very bitter over the affair, they agreed to dissolve partnership and sell out the joint property of the concern. Accordingly the stuff was heaped together, the auctioneer came, rang his bell, and waited for buyers; but alas! he waited in vain. No one came, so he left in despair. The youths sat thinking of their hard fate, when one, Tom by name, sprang to his feet, saying, "Bill, we can never sell our truck; and as for taking my share away, I'm blest if I will,—so take your half out of this, for I'm going to strike a lucifer and have a bonfire." Bill stared a minute, and then jumping up exclaimed, "Tom, burn the whole blessed lot, and we'll start a fresh." So, a few moments after, the surrounding diggers were amazed at seeing our heroes' tent and fixtures all ablaze, while the two owners were calmly feeding the flames with cradles, picks, shovels, and all other encumbrances!

(*To be continued.*)

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

CANADIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS.—JOSEPH MARMETTE, THE NOVELIST.

Much respected reader, with your permission, let us diverge from the even tenor of our ways; let us have a ramble—a short one though it be—over the "pastures green" of Canadian literature. It will add to our zest and sharpen our appetite, when we resume our "Notes on the Lower St. Lawrence." Shall we dignify these "green pastures" with the name of a garden? If so, rest assured that as such it will be at best but a pale copy of those which blaze forth under European suns. Our lawns are less velvety; perfumed groves, brilliant parterres and rockeries are here wanting. The beds and borders might be better filled; the flowers, of hues more vivid—more varied; the curves to the avenues more majestic; the terraces artistically sloped—the entire landscape, in fact, more imposing. But if deficient in art is not the land rich, rich in the extreme, in native beauty?

In this northern Elysium we call our home—our sweet Canadian home—has not nature itself provided for us the soft violet, the graceful fern, the scented eglantine, the perfume-breathing wild rose, and the myriads of bright blossoming perennials with which Spring decks every nook of the forest—every mountain glade, whenever Winter relaxes his grasp?

Our literature resembles our wild flowers in their uncultivated grace; like them, in order to put forth blossoms of promise, it needs the sunshine of sympathy—the fecundating showers of public support; like them, too, it would occasionally be the better of the pruning-knife—criticism—to remove its sapless twigs and its ungainly branches.

These considerations forced themselves on me with increased power recently, when, on entering my quiet *sanctum*, I spied on my table in neat paper covers, presentation copies of two volumes which amongst our *litterateurs* of French extraction are now like household words; but, to retain the simile heretofore employed, the nosegay proffered would have been still more precious, had I failed to detect amidst the moss and blush roses some ugly poppies and vulgar peonies cropping out.

The first was:—

FRANCOIS DE BIENVILLE.—Scènes de la Vie Canadienne au XVII. Siècle,—Par Jos. MARMETTE. Quebec:—Leger Brousseau, 1870.—300 pages. *

More than once, the fascinating elf of Romance has become the handmaid of History, lighting up with her magical rays and investing with all her nameless graces, the prosy records of the past.

The memorable example of the author of *Waverley* was sure to call forth in every country devoted disciples—most earnest followers.

Our own land, full of literary promise, if not of mature fruits, had its own stirring chronicles—teeming with the warlike deeds of a "far-reaching ancestry," redolent with forest scenes and Indian warfare; and the French reader owes thanks to Messrs. Chauveau, De Gaspé, Taché, Faucher, Madame Craven, Mr. De Boucherville and others; but the historical novel, as understood by Sir Walter, did not yet exist. Undoubtedly the French element in Canada had achieved much in literature and progress since the emancipation of the colonial mind by the new constitution which in 1841 gave us responsible government, but much still remained and still remains to be done.

Thanks to Mr. Joseph Marmette, whose

* The second, from the same pen, is styled: L'INTENDANT BIGOT—*Roman Canadien*.—Montreal: Geo. E. Desbarats.

name possibly strikes many an English ear for the first time in the field of literature, the historical novel in its most attractive form and highest aspirations has at present amongst us a "habitation and a name."

It would be a bad service to render a youthful writer, to whom Providence may haply yet grant a long literary career, to lavish unbounded praise on this his first literary attempt of any magnitude; this, we shall avoid and allow his undoubted talent to mature.

The early times of Canada abound with incidents of most dramatic interest,—inexhaustible stores of materials for the novelist.

"The French dominion is a memory of the past," says Parkman, "and when we wake its departed shades," they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise: again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vaste wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky; such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nature, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

In the brightest spot of this romantic horizon, during the quasi-regal sway of the proud Count of Frontenac in 1690, are located the incidents and scenes which constitute the historical novel "Francois de Bienville," the hero one of the illustrious brothers of Baron de Longueuil.

In fact, the whole of the siege operations at Quebec in 1690, as narrated by eye-witnesses—Major Whalley, Mere Juchereau de St. Ignace and contemporary writers such as LaHontan, Charlevoix and others, closing in with the glorious deaths of the two brothers St. Helene and De Bienville and lighted up by the sweet face of Marie Louise d'Orsy and some secondary actors, is the plot of the novel.

Louise d'Orsy is the daughter of a French nobleman who, in crossing over to New France, in 1689, was taken with his lovely daughter and his brave son prisoners of war, and carried to Boston—where the father dies, leaving his children to shift for themselves. The son Louis being a good swordsman, teaches the Boston youths of the day the ***arme blanche***, and Mdlle. d'Orsy, to stave off want, teaches drawing and embroidery. Amongst the pupils of Louis, there is a proud and revengeful young English officer, named Harthing, who eventually proposes for the high-born French girl. She scorns the offer with ***hauteur***. He vows revenge on brother and sister, when they leave Boston for Quebec.

The following year Lieut. Harthing accompanies Sir William Phipps's fleet. His pride spurring on his deadly revenge, induces him to connect himself with a fierce Iroquois chief, Wolf Fang, who had previously been a prisoner of war in the Chateau St. Louis, wherefrom he was released through the secret machination of an avaricious publican named Jean Boisdon. Harthing is the bearer of the flag of truce sent by Phipps to Frontenac, whom Frontenac ordered to be blindfolded before being admitted to deliver Phipps's arrogant message about the surrender of Quebec. It is unnecessary to state that all here is strictly historical—all except the secret visits of Lieut. Harthing and his friend the Iroquois chief, Wolf Fang.* Every detail of the siege, including the

* The faults we are inclined to find are not numerous, but still they exist, and I have too much respect for my young literary friend to deceive him. To any one conversant with the height of the precipice at the Grand Battery, overlooking Sault au Matelot street at Quebec, it will naturally appear incredible that even an Iroquois could jump down without being dashed to pieces. The dialogue of sturdy old Frontenac during the siege does not seem quite natural. Perhaps Mr. Marmette might be charged with being too prolix in his descrip tion and not lively enough in his dialogues. These faults, however, are redeemed by many beauties.

bombardment of the city—the engagement of the English under Major Whalley and repulse at the Beauport Flats, is most vividly depicted; the costumes of the French officer—French soldier—or French peasant of 1690—even to the wines served and dishes partaken of at camp or in the Chateau—every little incident is well portrayed and authority quoted, in mostly every case. The novelist seems to have drawn copiously from that great source of antiquarian lore, Monteil—Amans Alexis Monteil—the historian of the French people from the 13th to the 17th century. Mr. Marmette could not have selected, in the whole history of the colony, a more glorious era for the supremacy of the Gallic Lily than that of Frontenac—the epoch which saw Sir William Phipps's proud fleet of fifty-four ships of all sizes repulsed before Quebec. He has given to the *tableau* all the dark tracings peculiar to the times —the rancorous feelings of the Briton and the Gaul carried from across the sea. The book placed by a good translation and appropriate notes before the English reader, would no doubt meet with a ready sale.

Let us now have our say on the personages of the second novel, intended to portray the guilty existence in Canada of that illustrious plunderer, Intendant Bigot. About one mile and a half north of the populous village of Charlesbourg,—that is five miles from Quebec—there lies, in the gloomy depths of the Laurentides,—a dreary and most melancholy ruin,—the fast crumbling walls of a spacious house—call it a chateau if you prefer—which the English know under the name of the Hermitage, the French under that of Beaumanoir. It is quite certain these hoary walls existed here prior to 1759; that they were used as a shooting-box, if for nothing else, by the French Intendant and his pleasure-loving friends. They have given rise to a variety of legends in which love, revenge, lust and plunder each played their parts.

I can well recall the curious interest this time-worn pile excited, in the ardent minds ot a bevy of blue-coated seminary pupils in 1843 (of whom I was one) when our Reverend Professor, one bright Thursday morning, led us through the forest paths to see the ruins of Chateau Bigot;—how, one and all, we ruthlessly invaded the subterranean passages and cellars of the Chateau, to carry away relics and trophies of a guilty past; how one of the tallest stepped triumphantly to the front and exhibited "the big toe joint," as he styled it, "of the luckless Caroline, poisoned by the lawtul spouse of the French Intendant." We only found out some years afterwards that the Intendant had never been married, and that this portion of Mr. Amedée Papineau's stirring legend was unsubstantial, like the "baseless fabric of a dream." What would this have signified then had we known it? We were prepared to believe the wildest legend that mortal could have fabricated about the mysterious ruins. Twenty years after, I revisited these desolate halls. All-devouring time had pressed hard on them; but as I gave a full narrative of this visit in the first series of my *Maple Leaves*, I shall not repeat it.

History tells us that several Quebec ladies took refuge at this Chateau during the bombardment in 1759, and when Arnold held the environs of the city during the winter of 1775-6; we also are informed that some merchants of note sought there an asylum for their loyalty to "Farmer" George.

It is within the portals of Beaumanoir that several of the most thrilling scenes in Mr. Marmette's novels are supposed to have taken place. A worthy veteran of noble birth, M. de Rochebrune, had died in Quebec, through neglect and hunger, on the very steps of Bigot's luxurious palace, then facing the St. Charles, leaving an only daughter, as virtuous as she was beautiful. One day whilst returning through the fields (where St. Rochs has since been built) from visiting a nun in the General Hospital, she was seized by a strong arm and thrown insensible on a swift horse, whose rider never stopped until he had deposited the victim at Bigot's country seat, Charlesbourg. The name of this cold-blooded villain was Sournois. He was a minion of the mighty and unscrupulous Bigot. Mdlle. de Rochebrune had a lover. A dashing young French officer was Raoul de Beaulac. Maddened with love and rage, he closely watched Bigot's

movements in the city, and determined to repossess his treasure, it mattered not at what sacrifice. Bigot's was a difficult game to play. He had a *liaison* with one of the most fascinating and fashionable married ladies of Quebec, and was thus prevented from hastening to see the fair prey awaiting him at Beaumanoir. The lover played a bold game, and calling jealousy to his help, he went and confided the deed to Madame Pean, Bigot's fair charmer; entreated her immediate interference, and after some hairbreadth escapes arrived at the Chateau with her just in time to save Mdlle. de Rochebrune from dishonor.

Madame Pean was returning to the city with Mdlle. de Rochebrune and Raoul, when on driving past the walls of the Intendant's palace, close to the spot where Desfossès street now begins, her carriage was attacked by a band of armed men—a reconnoitering party from Wolfe's fleet, anchored at Montmorency. A scuffle ensued, shots were fired, and some of the assailants killed; but in the *mêlée* Mdlle. de Rochebrune was seized and hurried into the English boat commanded by one Captain Brown. During the remainder of the summer the Canadian maid, treated with every species of respect, remained a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. It is singular that Admiral Durell, whose beloved young son was at the time a prisoner of war at Three Rivers, did not propose an exchange. In the darkness and confusion which attended the disembarking of Wolfe's army on the night of the 12th September, 1759, at Sillery, Mdlle. de Rochebrune slipped down the side of the vessel, and getting in one of the smaller boats, drifted ashore with the tide and landed at Cap Rouge, just as her lover Raoul, who was a Lieutenant in La Roche Beaucour's Cavalry, was patrolling the heights of Sillery. Overpowered with joy, she rode behind him back to the city, and left him on nearing her home; but, to her horror, she spied dogging her footsteps her arch-enemy the Intendant, and fell down in a species of fit, which turned out to be catalepsy. This furnishes, of course, a very moving *tableau*. The fair girl—supposed to be dead—was laid out in her shroud, when Raoul, during the confusion of that terrible day for French Rule, the 13th September, calling to see her, finds her a corpse just ready for interment. Fortunately for the heroine, a bombshell forgotten in the yard, all at once and in the nick of time igniting, explodes, shattering the tenement in fragments. The concussion recalls Mdlle. de Rochebrune to life; a happy marriage soon after ensues. The chief character in the novel, the Intendant, sails shortly after for France, where he was imprisoned, as history states, in the Bastille, during fifteen months, and his ill-gotten gains confiscated. All this, with the exception of Mdlle. de Rochebrune's character, is strictly historical; but what does not seem so, is the tragical end of Bigot, to whose death, in mid ocean, eaten by a ravenous shark, we are made to assist. The Intendant had, it appears, decided to expatriate himself, after seeking to enlist the former partner of his guilt, Madame Pean, who then resided in France; but he became so shocked on seeing the once lovely face eaten up by a hideous cancer, that he sailed alone. Why the young novelist should have introduced this very unnecessary "shark and cancer scene" is hard to make out. It was contrary to history, and out of the general run of events.

Mr. Marmette had before his eyes a brilliant example in the author of Waverley's failure whenever he tried to heighten interest by resorting to supernatural agency. Not even all Sir Walter's genius saved from ridicule and censure the story of the bodkin and the White Lady of Avenel. These blemishes and a want of depth in delineating characters excepted, Mr. Marmette has produced a novel of which he may well be proud. It is the second of a series; the third of which, "Le Chevalier de Mornac," will appear shortly in Mr. Desbarats' excellent paper, *L'Opinion Publique*. It is to be followed, we understand, by another story, with Du Calvet as hero, and by a fourth, delineating our own times. Success, say we, to native talent!

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

BY F. S. S.

Calm is the night, and clear and bright
The silver moon is shedding
A flood of light o'er the snow so white
And an icy glory spreading.
The earth looks fair as a dream of love
In the pale soft light the moon does lend her,
And the starry vault of blue above
Is sparkling bright with a frosty splendor.

Swiftly we bound o'er the frozen ground,
Lightly, joyously, cheerily;
And gaily we sing to the musical ring
Of the sleigh-bells tinkling merrily.
For our hearts are attuned to the pleasing strains
Of gladness, glee and innocent mirth;
And we feel though sin has made dark stains,
Yet happiness lingers still on earth.

In wrap and rug, right warm and snug
All care to the winds we fling;
And laugh and song, as we speed along
Make the silent forest ring.
The distant owl our voices hears,
And screams from his dark and lonely dell,
In answer to our joyous cheers,
A discordant, wild, unearthly yell.

Faster we go—the frozen snow
From our horses' feet is flying;
The echoes long repeat our song,
Far in the distance dying;
Our joyous breasts exulting bound
And utterance find in gleeful voice,
Till rock, and hills, and dales resound,
And even the gloomy woods rejoice.

Through the vales we dash, where the spruce and ash
In stately glory stand;
And, their branches low 'neath a load of snow,
The evergreen cedars bend;
All gleaming fair in the pale moonlight,
Like architecture rare and grand,
With pillar, and dome, and palace bright,
As builded by some ghostly hand.

And away again where the hemlocks green
Contrast with the spotless snow;
While across our way the maples gray,
Their checkered shadows throw.
And the denser forest now appears,
Where the sombre pines their summits spread,
Till we scarce can see the twinkling stars
Through the meeting branches overhead.

Our sleigh now glides where the river hides
Under the ice-bridge strong,
Where deep and low the waters flow
So silently along.
And now it is past and on we roam
By the frozen lake, a snowy plain,
Past the gleaming lights of the settler's home,
And away through the lonely woods again.

The Falls! It is they! We can see the spray
That the seething waters toss
Like a glistening cloud o'er that foaming flood;
And now, as the bridge we cross,
Its echoing thunders louder grow;
Checked is our noisy mirth and song,
And we stop and gaze where far below
The roaring torrent rolls along.

The trees that stand on either hand
Are hung with ice-drops fair,
With gems of light and jewels bright
And dazzling crystals rare—
Reflecting back each twinkling star
With a sparkling beauty rich and grand,
A glittering scene surpassing far
Our wildest dreams of fairy-land.

Others may sing of the blossoming Spring
That decks the wakening earth,
Or Summer's reign with her wanton train
Of pleasure, love and mirth,
Or the hoarded treasures Autumn pours,
The bounteous wealth that wide he flings,
His golden harvest's ripened stores;
But I love the joys that Winter brings.

When swiftly past in the roaring blast
The frost-king sweeps in his pride,
His icy form the raging storm
And the mantling snow-wreath hide;
And unseen spirits his way prepare
Wherever his royal feet would go,
With spotless carpets white and fair
And the crystal bridge where waters flow.

I love the clink on the frozen rink
Of the skater's iron heel,
The laughter gay of the boys at play
With their sleds on the slippery hill;
The long long nights by the bright fireside
In the joyous home where happiness dwells,
But best of all the merry sleigh-ride
And the musical chime of the tinkling bells.

A "MIXED UP" BATTLE IN APACHE-LAND.

BY ARTHUR W. MOORE.

There is a little military post on the Rio Grande, New Mexico, called Fort McRae. It is situated near what is called the "Journado del Muerte," or "Journey of Death." The beautiful spring of water which flows at the Fort is called "Ojo del Muerte," or "Spring of Death." It takes its name from the fact that the Apache Indians were in the habit of poisoning the spring in order to kill the white travellers, who made it a camping place as they journeyed from one part of the territory to another. The "Journey of Death" is so called because, for a stretch of ninety miles, not a drop of water is to be found; that necessary being obtained only by turning south midway on the desert and going eight miles to Fort McRae. It is a strange fancy the Americans have of calling every place of defence a fort. Now McRae was no more like a fort than I am; it was simply a permanent camp built in the manner of an Indian village. The men's quarters consisted of Sibly tents pitched on the top of upright logs; the officers' quarters, commissary and hospital, being the only houses at the post, and they were built of logs. To see Fort McRae at a distance you would say, "Why, there's an Indian village!" Let me say that it was situated in a very wild, lonesome, rugged country in the heart of Apache-land, where, a few years previous to the date of this story it might be said "the foot of white man ne'er trod before," and my description of Fort McRae is complete. Well, I was medical officer at this post some years ago. The garrison consisted of one company of California Mounted Rifles—or, as they loved to call themselves, "Rangers—" and two companies of New Mexican native cavalry. They were all volunteers who had enlisted for three years or "during the war." The Mexican troops were officered by white men, or "Americanos." As may be supposed from the nature of these soldiers, they were—to make use of a very mild expression—rather a hard lot; especially those Californians (mostly miners), so accustomed, as they boasted, to fighting with bowie-knives in dark rooms, or gouging eyes out to such an extent that a bar-room floor would in the morning look as though *covered with grape husks!* They were a hardy set of men; true sons of the forest and mountain. They never got sick, and the only work I had with them could be done with adhesive plaster, instruments, bandages, and whiskey—ah, there's the rub! give them plenty of whiskey and they would do any "mortal thing," from cutting a throat to singing a hymn!

Now Fort McRae, be it known, was called at headquarters of the Department the "Hot Post," on account of its isolation, close proximity to the Indians, and the almost daily occurrence of a brush with them. For these reasons the post was in possession of a large quantity of ammunition and over three hundred splendid horses; to say nothing of about one hundred mules for waggon and pack service. This large herd of animals had to be grazed on a beautiful piece of bottom land on the banks of the Rio Grande and about one mile from the post. Of course only half the stock was sent out at a time. Six men were detailed every day as herdsmen, each man having two Colt's revolvers and a Spencer carbine. Well, one day at noon as we were taking it easy, smoking our pipes, reading, etc., we were startled by the not unusual cry of "Indians! Indians! Indians!" accompanied by the firing of carbines in the ravine that led to the herding ground. We all knew what was up; the bugle promptly sounded "boot and saddle," and as every man was compelled at all times to have three days' rations in his haversack, and one hundred rounds of

ammunition in his possession, in a very short time one hundred men were ready for service. It appears that about three hundred Apache Indians had stolen a march on the herders,—in fact completely surprised them, and they, being off their guard, had no other alternative but to run for their lives. There was little ceremony in starting the party,—no hurrying about after ammunition or commissary stores—, so they were off with a whoop and a yell and out of sight in a moment.

The next day twenty-five of the party returned to obtain ten days' rations. They told us that the hour's start the Indians had had enabled them to outrun the command, and fearing that they would have to follow them into the mountains, the officer commanding thought it best to be prepared for a longer trip than had been anticipated. The provisions were soon packed on mules, and away they went; and for ten days we heard no more about them. We began to feel a little anxious about that time, fearing they had been defeated, and all killed, as had frequently happened to such expeditions. However, I am thankful to say our apprehensions were not realized. On the tenth day of their departure, at about 9 o'clock p.m., I was just preparing to go to bed and read myself asleep, as was my custom. There had been a dreadful thunder-storm all afternoon, and it still continued, seeming to increase in violence every moment. I inwardly thanked my stars that I was not out in the rain hunting Indians, like my comrades. The splashing of rain outside, and the frequent peals of thunder, rendered indoor comfort and repose doubly inviting; and having a very interesting book to read, I flattered myself that I was all right for the night. There was a rap at my door. "Who's there?" I asked. "The commanding officer wants to see you right away," answered a voice from without. "What's up?" I enquired. "Don't know; there's a man back from the expedition," was the answer. "*Horribile dictu!*" I murmured to myself. "I think—but what's the use of thinking"—and off I ran through the pouring rain to the Major's quarters. What I saw there was not reassuring. A California cavalryman—dripping wet—was just draining a glass of grog which the commandant had given him after his long, wet ride. "That will do, Aleck; see to the Doctor's horse," said the Major; and the cavalryman departed, leaving the officer and myself alone. "Well, Doctor," said he, "there's a little job on hand for you to-night—rather disagreeable—but can't be helped." "What is it?" I asked. "Why, you see, they have had a fight, and a lot of our fellows have been shot; they want you to go and pull some arrows out of their legs. Lieut. Slater (an Irishman) swears he's shot through the heart, and won't live till morning. You must go immediately and see what's the matter out there," said the Major, in his usual flippant way. "What, to-night?" I asked. "Yes, right away; your horse is saddled by this time." "How many men shall you send with me?" "One; the same that has just arrived with the news; he is the only man who knows the way back to the command. I can't spare another man, as I am not sure but I may have a brush here before you are back again. Look out for your scalp and mind how you cross the river; it's an awful night," said the commandant. So, saying adieu to the Major, I returned to the surgery, where I found the Californian waiting with our two horses. It took me but a very short time to put up my requisites for the occasion, as I always kept two medical panniers loaded for an emergency like the present one. I put a bottle of brandy into each of the bags attached to the saddle; threw over and secured the panniers; put on my top boots and overcoat, assumed a couple of Colt's revolvers, saw that my Spencer carbine (which is always carried on the saddle by means of a boot) was in proper order, and loaded; jumped on the saddle, and started on my perilous trip. My companion was a hard-swearing, dare-devil fellow, who was very angry, I could see, at having to return to the command that night, he having anticipated a rest until daylight; but the sealed despatch he had handed to the Major had no doubt settled that question for him. He rode a grey horse, and very fortunate it was that he did; for the night was so dark that had he been mounted on one of a more sombre hue, the probability is this

story never would have been penned. The rain fell,—not as rain generally falls, but in pailfuls; and I had not been out five minutes before I felt my boots filling and my skin wet. The disappointed cavalryman opened the conversation with a torrent of the most diabolical oaths in regard to everything in general and the rain in particular. The way he swore was a caution; it must have taken at least twenty years of incessant study and practice to have attained such perfection in the hideous art—the emphasis — the rolling of his R's — the horrible nature of his blasphemies, was something to strike terror into the hardest heart. I declare every time I saw a flash of lightning I expected to see him roll off his horse, a subject of the Almighty's wrath. We had to cross a dreadful piece of country, eight miles in extent, before we could come to a fording place on the Rio Grande. It was a bad enough trail to follow in broad daylight; but on such a night as this nothing save the object of my journey would have induced me to make it. "Where's that bad place at the precipice, Aleck; however are we going to get down it?" I asked at length. "I don't know, Doc; I reckon we won't go no further nor thar, for it's my belief as how we shall both on us, hosses an awl, break our necks, an' that's a fact," answered my companion. "Well, look out sharp for the place; don't let us go over the precipice, whatever we do," said I. After walking our horses at a very slow pace for about two hours, stumbling over rocks, wading through torrents, and sinking in holes alternately, Aleck coolly recommended that we should dismount and make our way to the precipice on our hands and knees, to be sure of keeping the trail that led to what was called the ledge path down the side of the fearful chasm. We did so, I keeping a steady eye upon the grey horse, which walked about two feet ahead of me, and which I determined to follow at all hazards.

Arrived at the ledge which took us down the side of the precipice, my guide called to me saying: "I say, Doc, jest yer keep cool now—mind yer eye, don't go and miss your footin' or yer a gone goose an that's a fact." "All right, I'll take care," I answered, and down we crept—down, down, down. Now and then a big stone would fall over the ledge and I could hear it rattling for quite a while after as it descended into the awful abyss. Occasionally Aleck (who really had a good heart) would shout to me enquiring as to my progress, and when I informed him of my safety, he would say, "Bully for you, old man." We got to the bottom at last, when another serious obstacle presented itself in the shape of one of those mountain torrents that occur during heavy thunder-storms. It was very swift and we crossed it with difficulty. On the other side of the torrent we took the trail up a very steep mountain—so steep, indeed, that we had again to take to our hands and knees; while the horses fairly groaned as they stumbled up it. Then there was the descent on the other side, equally as laborious and perilous. We came to the fording place, or I should say near it. I must inform the reader that there is within a short distance of the ford one of those extraordinary little Mexican villages that is occasionally met with in the territory. The inhabitants live in a continual state of warfare with the Indians all their lives; such a thing as peace being unknown. They till their soil and reap their harvests under arms; they sleep and they eat under arms; their sentinels are dogs, of which they always have a prodigious number; so it is no wonder that upon our approaching this small city of mud hovels and half-breeds a fearful bow-wowing ensued, which quickly brought out the citizens in their shirt-tails armed to the teeth. We quickly shouted at the top of our voices, "Amigo! Amigo!" which quieted their fears, and we were allowed to enter the village retaining our brains and bodies whole. We went to the store and found the proprietor just going in with nothing on but a shirt and a very broad brimmed sombrero, carrying a gun the extreme antiquity of which suggested "Noah's Ark" to Aleck, my guide, who asked the proprietor whether it had not been stolen out of that ancient ship by his ancestors, when that innocent barbarian replied "Quien sabe," (he didn't know.) The contents of this enterprising gentleman's store consisted of the first essential

—a barrel of "tincture of tobacco juice," or as they call it "aquegente," or as we call it "whiskey," and a few groceries. As luck would have it, the proprietor had some hot coffee all ready made, of which we partook hastily. The whole village crowded into the store to gape at us, and a more grotesque-looking lot of rascals it would be very difficult indeed to find. When we told them our errand they said we were two very valiant men to undertake the journey on such a bad night.

The ford was about half a mile above this wretched place, which, by the by, is called Alamosa. The night did not improve by any means, either as regards darkness or rain, and on emerging from the store to mount our horses, the darkness was simply appalling. I could not see my guide's grey horse at all until I had been out on the road for about ten minutes, when I just began to discern it. We must have travelled half an hour before my companion remarked, with his usual string ot oaths, that he could not find the ford, and at length he got into such a towering rage that he said he would go in *anywhere* if I would follow him. I told him to wait a moment while I "fixed" myself. I then took my belt and revolvers off and secured them to the pummel of the saddle, released my arms from my heavy overcoat, leaving it cloak fashion and secured by one button at the throat. I bethought me of my top-boots, but not knowing where to put them if I *did* take them off, I kept them on and chanced it. "I am ready now, Aleck, but do be careful how you enter that treacherous river," said I. "Oh, never fear, Doc," replied he. "Here goes"—and in he went—I after him. My first impression was that I had been thrown from my horse altogether, for I was up to my shoulders in water for a moment. We had gone into deep water, but my horse behaved nobly and struck out splendidly. I soon found out the whereabouts of my guide by the profundity of his swearing. I was thinking as I looked at the wide expanse of water before me, whether I had not set foot on dry land for the last time. I inwardly prayed that we might be delivered from our danger. My horse swam about thirty yards when he felt his feet and my knees came out of water. At this time Aleck screamed out: "Doc! we're on the quicksands! Spur him up! Spur him up! Don't let him flag or you're a dead herring as sure's yer born!" I never ceased spurring my poor beast until he got into deep water again. I shall never forget the sickening sensation I experienced on crossing that quicksand bar. I could feel the horse sink at every step he took, and his groaning was pitiable. He knew, poor beast, he was in great danger as well as I did. I was sorry to give pain to an animal who had behaved so handsomely by me, but the danger of his stopping to take a rest at the critical moment warranted the cruelty, and certainly the idea of being sucked slowly down into eternity on horseback is very terrifying—at least it is to me. In deep water again and in a rapid current we went slowly and silently down but gradually gaining the opposite shore. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Doc!" shouted Aleck. Again we touch bottom—firm ground this time. I was in hopes we could walk ashore, but we had to swim again—indeed we swam to the opposite bank, but found no place where we could get out—we were in deep water and could touch the shore. The current was very rapid and we sailed down at a great rate. We were in a fearful predicament, for, if we were below the proper ford, there was nothing for us but the rapid and finally the waterfall below. I knew that we were drifting towards a canon where the rock on each side of the river formed solid walls hundreds of feet in height. Aleck too began to realize his danger, though his mode of expressing himself did not quite agree with me at the time; after being silent for some time, he broke the stillness of the night with a terrific yell and a peal of laughter such as a maniac would utter. "What's the matter, Aleck?" I asked.—"We're going—going—going—going—going"—but he did not finish the sentence, for at that moment the horses felt their feet again—a tremendous flash of lightning revealed to us a lower part of the bank than we had yet seen. Aleck turned his horse towards it and by dint of desperate plunging and snorting, gained the bank. I quickly followed, but the plunge from the river bed

to the bank was so steep that when my horse got his forelegs ashore I slid down his back and only saved myself by holding on to his tail until he hauled me on *terra firma*.

We found ourselves now in a dense wood, where, according to the guide, we had no business to be. "I can't for the life o' me tell whether we're below the ford or above it. I think as we're a good bit below it, so here goes to scramble through this ere wood and make fur clar ground enyhow," said Aleck. So we started up the river bank, but our progress was impeded at every step by fallen trees and brush. We managed, however, to scramble through it at the expense of our clothes, many scratches and bumps. The lightning was a great assistance in giving us an occasional glimpse of our situation. We reached the clearing at length, and found the guide was correct in regard to our position. *We had entered the river below the ford!* I shuddered when I thought of our narrow escape and attributed it then, as I most sincerely do now, to the kind interposition of a merciful Providence. We found an Indian trail about two miles from the river, but did not follow it for reasons obvious. The guide seemed to know his way pretty well by this time, and we cantered along at the risk of breaking our necks, for the night was still very dark, although the rain had abated somewhat. It was impossible to obtain any idea of the character of the country over which we travelled—it seemed all up and down hill. We had both maintained silence for some time and we had brought our animals to a walk, when suddenly, I saw to my right, a blaze of fire and heard at the same instant the report of a rifle—the bullet passing (if I have any ear for music, and I think I have) in front of my nose. I was startled out of my wits. "Don't fire," said the guide in a quiet way—"come on quick;" so we galloped for some distance ahead, when Aleck said: "Now hold on, Doc; git off yer hoss." I obeyed orders, for I knew I was with an old Californian who had seen a good deal more of this sort of thing than I had.

He dismounted also. "Now," whispered the guide, "them ar varmints isn't a going to git my skelp nor your'n nether, Doc, so jest bring yer hoss along into this ere brush and let's wait; meybe we can git a shot now,—its our turn enyhow." "Do you think they are Apaches or Navayos?" I asked. "Well, I reckon its some o' them scalawags we licked so badly yesterday; they might a seed me this mornin', an meybe expected I was on an errand like, and thowt as how I'd be back agin." We took our Spencer carbines and threw a shot into the barrel, ready for firing. Presently we heard the tramp of horses coming towards us. "Now Doc, yer can't see the devils when they pass, but yer can tell by the sound pretty nigh—I know I can; and when they cum in front we both blazes away, guessing like; but be sure yer load in half a second after yer have fired, because ef we misses they may cum on us like lightning, thinking we ain't time to load agin." The sound of horses grew nearer and nearer—there seemed to be two; they soon came, as we judged, about fifty feet in front of us, when we both fired and reloaded. We heard a loud yell, but they continued their course at a rapid pace. It was evident they were scared. "Now, Doc, put up your carbine an let's follow them ar rascals and overtake em ef we can. I want a skelp for my missus, and I mean to get one," said Aleck. "Well they may want one too," said I, not wishing to run into unnecessary danger. "You may say that, Doc, but its the gittin' of it as bothers them," replied he. Seeing that Aleck was bent upon pursuit, I threw my whole energy into the business and we had not gone far before we were in what Aleck called a "regular mixed-up battle." It was still very dark; we had pulled up our horses to a walk, for Aleck was afraid of an ambush. "I'll bet my bottom dollar them ar varmints aint fifty yards from us waiting to pop us over; let's halt here awhile but don't get off yer hoss,—maybe after all we shall have to run for our lives, for there's more than two on em loafing around I can tell yer; the fact is, Doc, I think daylight will show us some ugly customers. We're cut off, I do believe. Hark! do you hear anything?" "No," I said. "But I do; listen again;" said Aleck. I listened. This time I could hear a faint noise which sounded like whoops or yells. "Perhaps

that's the howling of the cayotes; in fact I'm sure it is," said I. "Bother the wolves, I don't mean that ar noise," said Aleck. At this moment another sound fell upon my ears unmistakable enough. It was the tramp of a number of horses which seemed to be coming from all directions. "You hear that plain enough, I reckon," said Aleck. "Yes," I answered; "what's to be done now?" "Cut our sticks like blazers. Foller me; and mind yer, Doc, ef yer hoss falls with yer, or he throws yer, get away inter the bushes an' hide tell mornin', and I'll find yer. Give yer hoss the rein; he knows what's up," said the guide, and off we started. Bang! on our rear—bang! on our right—bang! on our left—shots were fired from every direction at us as we galloped along. Most hideous yells filled the air, yet on we flew. Our horses were maddened with the noise and excitement. I had not the remotest idea in the complete darkness where I was flying to. I lost my cap and overcoat (for I had kept it cloak-fashion since leaving the river), and very soon—as Aleck had premised—I was thrown violently to the ground, my horse having missed his footing in a gully. For a moment I was stunned; but collecting my senses again, I lost no time in running down the gully to my right. I flew like a madman, over rocks, stones, brush, etc., till I came to a thick undergrowth, into which I crawled as far as I could penetrate, where I lay panting and half scared out of my senses. I soon began to realize my position, and as I thought I should be discovered sooner or later by the Indians, I resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. I knew that to be captured by the barbarous Apaches was to be tortured to death, either by slow fire—head downwards—or to be flayed alive. My only hope of rescue lay in the safe arrival of Aleck in the camp; but hearing shots now and then, I began to fear he had fallen a victim. I could distinctly hear voices not far off. My present security lay in the complete darkness that yet prevailed.

I made preparations for death, and after a while felt quite calm and resigned to my fate. I had another dread, however. I was afraid the Indians might have dogs with them; but I had not heard any barking. I determined to kill any wretched dog that came near me, and then fly to some other hiding-place. I had my two revolvers strapped round my waist; having taken the precaution to put them on again after crossing the river. That was a comfort—I had twelve shots at any rate. How I longed for daylight, yet how I dreaded it! A few hours would settle my fate. I *wanted* it settled, one way or another. I felt like rushing from my hiding-place and shouting "Here I am, you half-starved rascals; come on!" but I knew that would not be the better part of valor at any rate. It seemed about a fortnight before the first faint grey of morning dawned. I had not heard any sounds for some time, and I began to hope most eagerly that the Indians had left the neighborhood. It became lighter and lighter. I was very much cramped with lying in one position, for I had been afraid to turn over on account of the bushes crackling, which might have made known my whereabouts to the enemy. I was hurt from my fall, too, and shivering with cold. It became quite light at last, and I cautiously peeped through the bushes; nothing to be seen but the dripping wet grass. I was about making up my mind to remain quietly in my retreat until succor came, when I heard the tramp of horses. My heart sank within me as I thought of the Indians, but it beat quickly again when the idea occurred to me that it might be Aleck in search of me. I could stand suspense no longer; I became desperate, and taking a revolver in each hand, I lifted myself up and looked boldly out from my hiding-place. The sight that met my view made me jump to my feet instantly and shout with gladness. There—about fifty yards from me—were two Mexicans, wearing the inevitable broad-brimmed sombrero, and smoking cigarettes. They appeared to be herding a number of horses and ponies. I ran towards them, revolvers in hands. They looked at me with the greatest alarm at first; but when they noticed my uniform, and saw me return my pistols to their holsters, they seemed quieted. Doubtless my sudden appearance from the bushes, my bloody face, dishevelled hair, and moreover being without a cap, astonished them not a little. I em-

braced both of them for very joy, and told them my night's adventure, at the conclusion of which the Mexicans looked at each other in blank amazement for a moment, and then burst into a loud fit of laughter, much to my indignation. "Why, *Senor*," said one of them, "it was our party who hunted you last night!" "The dickens it was!" I replied, feeling my anger coming. "Yes; we lost some stock yesterday. The Indians stole it, and a party of us started out at sundown last night in pursuit of the thieves, and hearing you in this outlandish place, made sure you were Apaches; and the worst of it is, we got so mixed up in the darkness that, eventually, we got firing at each other, and one of our number received a shot in the leg." "Where is he?" I asked. "Over yonder," said he, pointing to some smoke I had not noticed before. "Come, let us go over and explain matters, and have some coffee," said the Mexican. On arriving at the camp, I found eighteen Mexicans, some of whom I was acquainted with. We had a great laugh. I attended to the wounded man. He had only a flesh wound, the ball having passed out. A cold-water dressing was applied; I took my coffee, and, mentioning the object of my journey, I was immediately supplied with a horse and five well-armed men as escort, who volunteered to see me safe in our camp. My cap and overcoat were found, and off we started; but had not gone half a mile before we perceived in the distance a party of horsemen, who turned out to be Aleck and fifty cavalrymen, who came to search for me, and give battle to the Indians. When I had explained matters, Aleck gave vent to the most appalling volley of oaths that ever struck terror to the human heart. "Well," said he, "I've bin in a tolerable good many fights in my time; but ef that ar warn't the most mixed-up battle I ever seed! I don't want a cent; thar's a man shot enyhow, and I'm mighty glad on it. I ony wish there'd bin more."

We soon reached camp. The expedition had been a complete success. All the stock had been recovered save two horses, which the Apaches had eaten. But there had been a fight lasting a whole day, resulting in the death of many Indians and the wounding of a number of our command; but none, I was glad to find, mortally.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY E. H. NASH.

Another brimming measure
Of sorrow dealt to thee;
But one more garnered treasure
Safe for eternity.

The little life is ended,
The little journey done;
By angel guards attended,
The "better land" is won.

Spared is the child the weary
The toilsome ways of life;
The days of anguish dreary,
The turmoil and the strife.

Saved from the great temptations
That mortals ever meet;
Where dwell the ransomed nations,
Where shines the golden street.
There, folded in the Saviour's arm,
The little child is safe from harm.

Where rolls the shining river,
The stream immortals drink,
Where ever and forever,
Stands close upon its brink,
The *Tree* whose leaves are healing,
Whose fruit is ever fair,
Thy lost, thy precious darling,
Is bright and happy there;
Close folded in the Saviour's arm
The little child is safe from harm.

A DESOLATED LIFE.

BY FANNIE AUBURN.

Chapter I.

Far away among the Catskill Mountains nestled the little Dutch village of Sunvale. The quaint old red houses, with projecting gables, and the quiet monotony of the one street, formed a striking contrast to the bustle and progress of places beyond their encircling arms. Yet I loved the place, and love it still as it lies enshrined in my memory; for the inevitable railway, with all its accompaniments, has changed the aspect of the place, defacing every feature. Even the mountain torrents have been turned from their course and chained to factory wheels. But at the time of my story all this was unknown, and the people of Sunvale were content to follow the same routine that had been handed down from their Dutch ancestors. My own father and mother had moved there from a New England village soon after the birth of my oldest brother, taking with them the life and energy of a more stirring race. Yet, ere the time my baby eyes first rested on the sweet face of my mother, the spell of the place had fallen on them, and a cheerful, busy quietness pervaded house and farm; and I do not know but that they were right. I am not going to moralize; but I have been in the world since. I have seen its fever; its dashing whirl of life; men and women struggling, hurrying past each other in the eager race for gold. I have seen this, and oh! so much more, and I have longed with an intense longing for the dull monotony, if you will, of the daily life of Sunvale.

About half way up the mountain, and half a mile from the village, a lake slumbered peacefully. A number of streams from the higher peaks around, with the melting snows of spring, and the rains of summer, kept it always full. But why it never overflowed—even in spring, when the streams were swollen into torrents—was a mystery to all, for there was no visible outlet. So, like many other attractive places where Nature has refused to reveal her secrets, this truly lovely spot became a terror to the superstitious, who lent a credulous ear to the wild Indian legends connected with it. But there were other reasons why it was avoided by the ignorant.

Near the margin of the lake, on a gently rising knoll, stood a small cottage, half covered with climbing roses and Virginia creepers. The cottage was older than the oldest house in the village. Tradition said it had been built by a French gentleman who, disgusted with the follies and perfidy of the Court of Louis XIV., had sought a hermitage in our western world. But even here he did not escape; for the false friend who had betrayed his trust, and robbed him of his good name and fortune, not feeling secure of the latter while he lived traced him out and perfidiously drowned him, while, in seeming penitence, he walked with him on the abrupt and slippery shore. For generations the cottage remained unoccupied. Even the daring hunter preferred spending the night under a projecting rock or spreading tree, even in the raging storm, to the risk of meeting the ghost of the ill-fated Frenchman within its walls.

One evening, soon after my parents had moved to Sunvale, they were startled from a quiet chat in the cozy sitting-room by the wild clatter of horses' feet. Hastening to the door to ascertain the cause of such unusual haste, they beheld two neighbors, hatless, their eyeballs starting from their sockets, and their faces rivalling the pallor of the departed, urging on the steaming horses with bit, rein, and whip.

"Why, neighbors, what's wrong? You look as scared as though you had seen

Monsieur's ghost," said my father, as the two halted at his gate.

With a frightened look behind, they replied:

"Truly we have, neighbor Calton. You need not laugh, for as we were riding along the road, we looked up, as we always do, at the haunted house, and there it was."

"What was?" asked my father, as they paused with a shudder; "the house?"

"No, man, but a light as plain as that in your window, shining in two of the windows, and a figure passing backwards and forwards through the rooms. Suddenly it came to the window, and stood looking down at us with an angry face, for we had stopped our horses to watch. We delayed no longer, but fled from the haunted spot as quickly as possible."

"I think you did," said my father, a little scornfully. "And what was the poor Frenchman like?"

"Why," said Minaker, "it did not look like a man at all, but a woman,—a tall, gaunt, ugly woman. You need not look so unbelieving, for two sober men are fit to be believed when telling what their own eyes saw. Good night." And the two rode on to the village to spread the tale of wonder among more credulous listeners.

My father returned to the house thinking his two friends had, contrary to their usual custom, indulged too freely, and that a Tam O'Shanter vision, on a small scale, had startled them from their Dutch apathy. Laughing heartily with my mother over this view of the matter, they quietly resumed their former occupation, and thought no more of the adventure.

Next day the sunlight, as it usually does, dispelled all the fears and more than half the belief of the villagers, who had, the previous night, gathered around Minaker and his companion, listening to their tale, and telling others, each one more marvellous than another, until, when they separated at a late hour, and sought their homes, they trembled at their own shadows and started if a leaf fluttered near them.

As the night again approached, a party of three or four men rode up to my father's house, stating that they were resolved to visit the cottage, and asking my father to accompany them. He readily consented, adding, "We will have a bootless journey. But never mind, a short ride on a fine evening, with good company, is rather pleasant."

They were soon at the foot of the bridle path which led up the mountain. Before commencing the ascent they examined the house from the road. All was dark as usual. Disappointed, they were about to turn away, when a light suddenly gleamed from one of the uncurtained windows, plainly revealing the form of a tall woman moving about the room. After watching for some time, the youngest of the party turned his horse's head in the direction of the cottage. The others were about to follow, when my father stopped them, saying,—

"Well, neighbors, the cottage is tenanted, but not by the Frenchman's ghost; for yon is a woman, and no spiritual one either. And my view is that we have no right to disturb her. To-morrow we can try to find out who she is."

This counsel was finally followed, and the party returned, wondering who or what the stranger could be. The conclusion arrived at was not very favorable to her; one of the party stating,

"In my belief she is a witch. How else could she come there unknown to every one? And why would she seek such a solitary dwelling? The only earthly things that have been inside it for generations have been the owls, the bats and the hawks."

"She is a woman at any rate," said my father, "and whatever her reasons are for seeking such a dwelling, she must not be molested."

He spoke with a good deal of firmness, for he dreaded the insults and injury to which she would be exposed should the stigma of "witch" be applied to her. The next day he and Minaker were deputed to visit the stranger and find out all they could about her. My father more readily undertook the mission as he hoped to shield her from annoyance. As they approached the cottage, the sound of their footsteps among the dead leaves, brought the woman to the door. In reply to their cheerful "Good day," she demanded their business in no very gracious terms, while

her black eyes flashed indignation and hate. The visitors were a good deal confused by the reception. My father, after a moment's hesitation, said,—

"You have come, neighbor, into our midst, and we have come to see if we can do anything to serve a stranger. Our wives will be happy to assist you."

She listened, apparently with pent-up anger, until he had finished, then she replied in tones of measured constraint,

"Neighbor! I am no neighbor. When I want your services I will ask for them. This house is mine, and I expect to be unmolested in it. If I find I am troubled here I shall take means to protect myself."

With these words she retreated, and locked the door in their faces.

When the result of the visit became known in the village, many were the surmisings about the woman, and many threats were uttered against her. Some proposed to go that very night and burn the "witch"—house and all. This proposal, horrible as it seems, met with much favor among the young, unthinking portion of the community. They were eagerly discussing plans for carrying it out when my father, who had heard a rumor of what was going on, came into their midst.

"Now friends," he said, "what are you about? I saw the woman, and she is no more a witch than my own mother. She does not seem disposed to be friendly, but if she chooses to live alone that is not our business. Would it not be better to wait until our old pastor returns, which will be on Friday, and lay the whole matter before him. Perhaps she will welcome his visits, though looking upon ours as intrusion. Now, my boys, agree to what is manly and honorable, and leave a solitary, unhappy old woman alone."

"But Minaker says she is a witch, for no woman could have such an evil eye and look so wicked unless she was."

"Never mind. Promise to do nothing until Mr. Irwin returns."

The youths very reluctantly gave the required promise, adding, "If Mr. Irwin does not find out who she is, we will soon make her move."

But Mr. Irwin met with no better success than the others. Indeed, he said he would not like to visit her again alone. His words of counsel and kindly advice soon soothed the excitement in the village, and people resolved to avoid her, and as long as she gave no trouble, to leave her to herself, although a natural curiosity made them watch her movements.

Once a week she made regular trips to the village for supplies. But all efforts of the friendly storekeeper to draw her into conversation were unavailing. She asked for what she wanted, paid for it, and without deigning an answer to any remark—no matter how commonplace—left with her purchases.

For some time the inquisitive hoped that letters addressed to her would reveal her name, and something of her former whereabouts; but in this they were disappointed. No letter came.

The boys were not long in naming her "Mother Lonetop,"—a name, for the want of a better, their elders soon adopted. As "Mother Lonetop" she became the terror of every nursery in Sunvale. The name of "Cœur de Lion" was not more dreaded by Saracen babies than hers was by the Christian ones of Sunvale. And long after we left the nursery, the dread of the old woman hung over us. Notwithstanding the instruction of my parents to the contrary, I believed, with unwavering faith, all the tales of my young companions of the "Witch of the Lake," and would rather encounter one of the wolves that then frequented the mountain, than come across her away from the village.

Poor woman! little did we know the sorrow that had driven her from all her kind, that had turned life to gall and bitterness! Little did we know that beneath that hard, stern exterior a woman's heart lay crushed and bleeding, longing for sympathy, yet repelling it when offered, because of the wound she would not uncover! Sorrows, when they do not soften, harden; so it was with her. But how were we young people to know anything of sorrow. It was spring with us,—bright, glad, gushing spring; our tears of to-day were forgotten to-morrow. Earth and sky, the song of the birds, the murmur of the streams—all nature was full of beauty and brightness, and in those sweet days of

happy childhood and early youth, we lived but for beauty and brightness.

Chapter II.

When I was about fourteen years of age, a circumstance that affected my whole life brought me in contact with this strange woman. A number of us young girls were seeking wild flowers. The long May-day was before us, and we wandered from hill to hill, and from one sunny nook to another. When our baskets were nearly full of sweet innocence, anemone, and May-flower, we sat down on a grassy knoll, beneath the gnarled branches of an old oak, to weave chaplets for each other's hair, and to plan another excursion when the June roses had covered the banks and hills with their sweet but passing beauty. The hours passed unheeded, when a scream from the youngest of the party startled us from our day-dreams. We looked where she pointed. Terror for an instant kept us still, as we saw approaching us the "Witch of the Lake." With a cry, we fled, leaving baskets, flowers and all behind. I could not run as fast as the others, and the fear of being left behind with the mysterious woman rendered me blind to real danger. A low stone wall stood in my way, and not waiting to find the regular crossing, I tried to climb over where I came up to it. My foot slipped, and I fell, bringing down some loose stones with a crash on my limbs. I lay there moaning, unable to rise; the pain every moment becoming more intense, and my blood nearly frozen at the thought of a night in that condition: for my companions had not seen me fall, and could not let my parents know. At last the pain became so great that I fainted, and when I awoke to consciousness again, I found the old woman bending over me bathing my forehead. Then gently raising me without a word, she took me in her brawny arms and carried me to her cottage. When she had placed me as comfortably as possible on her bed, resting my bruised leg on pillows, she asked me my name, and where I lived.

"See," she said, "what your folly has brought you to, and the trouble it is giving me. There is no knowing when you will be able to move. Will you be afraid to stay here alone, until I go for your mother?"

"Oh no," I said dreading more to be alone with her all night than a few hours with the Frenchman's ghost: for that foolish story we firmly believed.

"Well, lie perfectly still, and don't move your leg until I return." In a softer voice she added "Poor child! you must be suffering."

The room in which I lay was scrupulously clean, but bare of everything bordering on luxury. A bureau, washstand, table, and two wooden chairs, with the bed on which I lay, comprised the furniture.

The bureau was old and curiously carved, containing several secret drawers. None but the initiated could find the spring that opened them or suspect their existence. This I learned during the weeks of pain in the "haunted house," and more too.

That bureau was a picture of its owner, —she was old and unsightly to view. Yet I learned to love her. She the cold, stern, wrinkled woman, and I, the young light-hearted girl, just treading on the borders of womanhood, were drawn together so strangely. And when in after years I too had tasted sorrow, the strong heart was bowed, and she told me the tale of her life; and, mingling our tears together, I thanked God that a grief like hers I could never know. But I must not anticipate.

My father and mother, accompanied by Dr. Schofield, returned with the old woman. After undergoing a painful examination, some of the bones of my leg were pronounced fractured, and my knee out of joint. I submitted as patiently as possible while the bones were set and bandaged, and then the old doctor took his leave, happily ignorant, as we all were then, that, by his unskilful treatment, he was making me a cripple for life.

He said I was not to be moved. If it were attempted he would not be responsible for the consequences. What was to be done? My fear of the "witch" was rapidly vanishing, especially as my father and mother treated her as they would any other woman. Still, she might not wish to have me; and who would nurse me there? My mother could not be always with me.

"Mr. Calton, you once offered me neighborly services, which I refused. But I am not unaware that to you I owe it that my life has been rendered less bitter and harassed than it might have been. Now I will try to repay the kindness by taking all the care possible of your daughter, and any member of your family that you would like to have with her, I will make as comfortable as I can."

And so it was arranged I was to remain there—my mother sitting with me the first night, and then my father, or one of my brothers, to take her place.

I soon learned to dispense with their company at night, for as the pain lessened, I was able to sleep, and as the days passed on, my fear of Mrs. Harwood—as she taught me to call her—entirely vanished. To my mother and father she was still cold and reserved. When alone with me the proud nature relaxed, and she would while away the long hours with interesting stories and incidents of travel, showing a highly cultivated mind and rich imagination. Once only she alluded to her parents, but something in her manner repelled the questions that trembled on my lips.

One day I suddenly awoke from a short sleep. She was bending over a drawer of the old bureau, holding in her hand a little locket. All her nature seemed aroused, and I could not turn my eyes from her face, in which every passion was by turn expressed. Then passionately kissing it, she replaced the locket in the drawer. Just then her eyes caught mine fixed upon her, and impatiently locking the bureau she left the room. I felt half guilty and half afraid to see her return. But when she did all traces of the emotion were gone, and the old sad expression that she wore when alone with me, had come back. Neither of us alluded to the incident; but from that day she was more tender towards me. And when the doctor pronounced me well enough to be removed to my home, I parted from her with real regret.

Chapter III.

Months and years sped on, and the friendship begun in that lonely house had ripened to strong attachment.

When I was twenty a great sorrow was sent to me. It came suddenly, as if winter with its cold and freezing breath were sent just as the leaves and flowers were opening to the summer's sun. I thought I could never smile again, and it mattered not to me whether beauty or gloom covered the earth. That was years and years ago. Now I can look on the gladness around me and rejoice with a quiet joy—but there are times when the heart yearns with a great yearning for one day of "the nevermore," "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

In my sorrow, my poor lonely friend came to me, and taking me with her to her eyry home, she endeavored to give me comfort by disclosing to me a trial greater than my own.

Not all at once did she tell me the following tale, but at times, during the week I spent there.

"My early home was in N———, a village in Massachusetts. My parents were not rich, but every educational advantage they could command was lavished on me. I grew up to be their pride and idol. People said that I was beautiful; I knew that I was happy. Many sought my hand in marriage; but I did not care to leave a love I knew for one untried, and my fond parents, though pleased with the attention I received, were unwilling to part with me.

"Thus the days passed quietly. But death entered our happy home, and within a week I was called to part with father and mother, and to seek a new home in my uncle's family.

"One day a stranger came to N———, sent by his physicians for quiet, and the health-giving sea-breezes—for he was recovering from a severe illness. He was educated, accomplished and handsome. This likeness," and she placed in my hand the locket I had seen her so passionately kiss, "will show you that I am not blinded by memory. During the early part of his stay, he was a frequent guest at my uncle's. Need I say that I soon loved him, with a love that would have followed him to the ends of the earth. He asked me to be his wife; I consented. And then he told me I must elope with him—our marriage must be kept secret for a while, and my uncle, he knew,

would not consent to that. I shrank from this course, but he knew his power over me, and gave me the alternative of a secret marriage, or to lose him. I did not hesitate long.

"An excursion to the seaside was planned for the young people. We could easily leave the company. We would not be missed until preparing to return home; by that time we would be near Sunvale, from which I might write to my uncle after our marriage. I readily consented to all his plans. I was in his hands passive as a child. He might have made me anything. And what has he made me? A proud, despairing woman, wretched beyond endurance at times.

"We were married—this is my wedding ring—but I did not write to my uncle. We proceeded at once to New York, where we remained a few days, then sailed for Europe.

"I saw Paris, Rome, Florence—where we spent our first winter—everything that travellers see. I admired all; drank in every beauty, because pointed out by him. Then he took a house in Geneva,—my home, he called it—and installed me as its mistress.

"Those two years were happy ones. A full content filled my heart; for I loved and trusted my husband, and dreamed not that he would ever change.

"During this time he made frequent visits to Paris. His man of business resided there. Each time he returned he brought me some new gewgaw, which I prized for his sake. At length his visits became still more frequent, his absence longer; and though on his return he was kind and attentive as ever, I felt a cloud—thin as gossamer at first—rising between us. I thought 'It will soon pass;—all will be bright again.' It did pass, to leave behind it a leaden sky that light can never clear. One time his absence was longer than usual, and I was wearily waiting his return —a return that never came—but instead, this letter. You may read it, and thank God, if you believe in Him, that you cannot know my sorrow. I read it until every word was burned into my brain, until it scorched my heart to a cinder. It is twenty years since I opened it; thirty years to-day since I received it."

Some of the old fear with which I regarded my companion in days long past returned, as I tremblingly took the letter from her hand. Her frame shook with intense emotion, and her eyes—I was obliged to drop mine, I could not look in them.

The letter told her she was not his wife. Their marriage was only a feigned one. That she was in ignorance of his real name. That there was no legal redress for her. But he would settle an annuity on her, and she might draw on Mr. Martin, of New York, to the amount of one thousand dollars a year.

I handed back the letter to her, and was about to give expression to the indignation I felt, when, with an imperious gesture, she commanded me to "hush." After a few moments' silence she continued:

"I never touched his money. As soon as I was able to move—for brain-fever kept me for weeks hovering between life and death, and oh! how I hated life—I left Geneva, and everything he had given me but enough of money and clothes to bring me home, and this, and this," again showing me the locket with his likeness, and a small miniature of herself painted on ivory.

"This," pointing to the miniature, "he had painted for himself in Florence. I found it in a drawer with some old letters I don't know why I have kept it—perhaps to remind me of what I was. When I returned to the United States I sold the house and furniture my father had left me, reserving this one old bureau. With the proceeds, together with some money he had invested for me, I bought a small annuity. After wandering from place to place I came here. They thought me old then: I am fifty now."

Poor Isabel Harwood! my heart ached for her, and for a time I forgot my own trial in presence of her greater. I ventured to ask her one day if she had ever heard of her husband.

"Once I met him on a street in ——. I knew him, but he did not know me. How could he? I do not bear much resemblance to what I was when he saw me last. And we passed each other. He with a compassionate look to the feeble, wrinkled woman that would have fallen but for the friendly

aid of a kind-hearted passer-by, I with—I thought I had conquered all those feelings; that my strong will had stamped them out. Life seemed terrible in its dreariness after that."

Four years after this I closed the eyes of Isabel Harwood. Two years before her death a great change had taken place in her, and she learned to cast her weary burden on One willing to bear it. She had accepted the sweet invitation in all its fulness, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and in all its fulness that rest was given her. My gentle mother was the instrument in God's hands in bringing her to the truth. Many self-denying acts testified to the reality of the change. None but One knew how great the sacrifice was to her, to come down among us. Though steadily refusing all offers of hospitality, she was to be found wherever sorrow and suffering needed sympathy and attendance.

Now, when it was all over, we laid her in a sunny corner of the graveyard. Many who had once jeered at and feared her, now, weeping, followed her to her quiet resting-place. A white marble stone marks her grave with her name and age engraved upon it, and the simple words, "She rests in peace." The locket, by her own request, was buried with her; we laid it on her heart. Her own likeness I have still in my possession; and when at times my heart is weary and tempted to repine because death was not made to release his hold, because the grave was not forbid to receive the loved, I look at it, and thank God that it was He who gave me the cup to drink, and that to Him I might look for strength to bear it.

HOW THE FRENCH MAKE MONEY.

A paper, in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, on "Domestic Life and Economy in France," gives some interesting facts in regard to the habits of the people of the country outside of Paris, and some useful lessons in the art of getting along in the world. The secret of the prosperity of the French peasantry lies in the fact that "in some respects economy holds the same place in France that speculation does in England; that is to say, it is nearly the sole means recognized as a likely or safe way of making money *outside* of the trade or profession of an individual. The French peasantry are, as a class, the wealthiest in Europe. The entries in the jeweller's books in any large provincial town would testify to the large purchases of solid jewelry made by the well-to-do farmers on great occasions, such as the marriage of a daughter. They seldom invest in any but the most reliable government securities, they never risk their money in doubtful banks, and whatever their income may be, they invariably contrive to lay by a portion of it. This is a rule which hardly admits of an exception. The wife of a large manufacturer in a provincial town once informed us that if their whole profits should, owing to a temporary depression of trade or other causes, only amount in one year to five thousand francs, one thousand would, as a matter of course, be laid aside for investment, and the rest would be *made* to do

"The national customs of France, as well as the sentiment of the people, are such as to favor in every way the practice of economy and the acquisition of wealth. In the first place, there is no recognized standard of public opinion. Nothing in the least resembling our inconvenient 'Mrs. Grundy' could ever gain admittance, or be tolerated there for a single day. Whatever mistakes they may make, whatever follies they commit, they are themselves individually responsible; for it is essentially true in France that each man 'does what is right in his own eyes.' In France no one ever finds himself doing what is personally unpleasant because it will look well, or be thought well, or because other people do it. The reason for this indifference lies in the extraordinary absence of what can strictly be termed snobbishness in the French character. Nowhere does personal rank carry so little weight as in France; nowhere is the figure of a man's income a matter of such complete unconcern, even to his neighbors.

"Powder and plush would never add to their happiness; they would attach much more importance to convenience than to elegance, and are at a loss to imagine why we English care so much more for these accessories than they do themselves. For example, a rich tradesman, or an individual higher still in the social scale, would just as soon be conveyed to a wedding or any other festive gathering, in an omnibus, as in any other kind of conveyance. Whether brougham or cab, to him it would be only *une voiture*, out of which he would get with all the self-possession belonging to the consciousness of having arrived in quite as suitable an equipage as anybody else."

FAITH AND FAITHFUL.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"If I could but get into the country, Elsie, I might get well; I long so for green fields and flowers, and the singing of the birds, and the sweet fresh air; I never shall get better here; it is so hot and stifling, and close and dusty; but I don't mean to complain, dearest, and add to your troubles. The Lord has willed it, so I must submit, so don't fret about it;" and as she spoke the girl twined her arms round the neck of her sister, who was bending over her, arranging her pillows, and kissed off a tear she saw trickling down her cheek. For some time after this the girls sat in silence, their hands clasped in each others, as if too thoughtful to speak; then Elsie, the elder of the two, starting up, said: "Dolly, I have a plan in my head for you; you must go to the country, darling; I shall speak to Mrs. Davy about it;" and without waiting for an answering remark from her sister, she left the room.

Elsie and Dolly Evans were orphans; their mother had died when Dolly, the younger, was a very little girl, and their father had been killed by a railway accident about a year before the time our story opens. He had been an upright and honest merchant, but an unsuccessful one, and after his affairs were wound up, the small pittance left scarcely sufficed for the support of his two daughters—Elsie, a beautiful girl of twenty, and Dolly, a delicate child of fourteen. For some years before his death, Mr. Evans led a very retired life, and there were few friends to miss the orphan girls when they left their circle and took humble lodgings with a widowed governess.

Hope had been held out at first that some settlement would be made them by the company who owned the railroad upon which their father had lost his life; but having no one to forward their claim, and many hindrances being put in the way, as yet they had received nothing, and Elsie had been glad to increase their income by coloring photographs for a fashionable establishment which supplied Mrs. Davy with the work—an employment pleasant to herself, and one she could execute with taste and skill; for Elsie had been well educated, and money had not been spared by her fond father in giving her accomplishments, so as to fit her to shine in a position he fondly hoped to place her, for she was very beautiful. But those who knew Elsie Evans well, saw that her loveliness consisted not alone in the outward graces of the person, but the inward graces of the spirit, and respected her accordingly. A devoted Christian girl, she walked in all humbleness and meekness and uprightness, so that they took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus. Early left motherless, she had devoted herself to training and educating her little sister, who repaid her care with more than sisterly affection. For the last few months the little one had been declining in health, and Elsie's slender purse had been taxed to the utmost to supply her with medical advice and all kinds of tempting nourishment, but with little avail, for the child still pined for the country.

"Dolly," said Elsie, a few minutes after, as she came into the room, "Mrs. Davy and I have arranged it all; I shall start this afternoon and walk out to Beach Road, to the butterwoman's farm, to see if she will take us as boarders for a while. You must have change, and five miles from here will surely give that, and if I promise to give no trouble and wait upon us both, she will probably not charge too much."

"Oh, how nice," exclaimed the child; "but, Elsie, you will not be able to walk so far to-night."

"Yes, dear, I shall sleep there and come home in the morning. Mrs. Davy promises to share your bed for to-night. I am going to start at once; I wonder I never thought of it before."

"But what will Harry do?" enquired Dolly; "how can he see us out there?"

"Oh! Harry will do very well," answered her sister, with a slight blush; "the fact is, Dolly, it won't matter where we are, for Harry has promised not to try to see us for three months at least. His father has come home, and won't consent, so I will not allow him to come here any more, at least not for a time. Now, good-bye, darling! cheer up. Do not look so pale over it; it is the Lord. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not also receive evil?"

"Oh, Elsie, is that possible! Why won't he consent? If he saw you I am sure he would. Why doesn't Harry take you to see them? He never could refuse you then!"

"Dolly, dear, you know nothing of these things; that would never do. We must wait the Lord's time, and in patience possess our souls. I am happy enough to have been an instrument in God's hands of usefulness to Harry. I must not try to force myself into his family when I am not wanted. We are both young, and, if the Lord will, we can wait, but if it is never to be," she said sadly, "we can glorify Him in the fires. I shall never be a party to any disobedience of his parents on his part. Now I did not intend to tell you this today," she continued more playfully, "but you are such a fairy, you steal every secret of one's heart. Look upwards, Dolly; the more of sky you see, the less of earth."

Nine months before our story begins, a young officer named Harry Greaves, whose regiment was quartered in the town, hunted up his old governess, Mrs. Davy, and finding her pleasant little abode nicer than a barrack room, made himself quite at home. How much towards this result Elsie and Dolly had to do, we cannot say. Dolly found him a good playfellow, ready for a romp whenever she had strength for one, and kind and agreeable when she had not;—reading to her or amusing her with funny stories of camp life, or of school-boy experiences; and so she soon became his warm champion. With Mrs. Davy, Harry had no trouble in soon establishing his footing in the house. She saw nothing in her old pupil but perfection, and encouraged him to come; but with Elsie the matter was different, and for a while she was the only drawback to his ease and comfort there. Knowing herself to be an orphan, and apparently unprotected, she withdrew as much as possible from the society of one who sometimes shocked her by his levity and worldliness, while he placed her under obligations by his delicate thoughtful attentions to her little sister; and so, while he was at the house, she busied herself with the coloring, or absented herself altogether, taking the time to visit the pauper children she taught at Sunday-school, and thus see as little as possible of the intruder.

This conduct, so different from that of young ladies generally towards military men, at first chilled, then piqued and interested the young man, and roused him from his natural laziness to study her character. And then it came to pass that the more he studied the more he saw to admire and love in one who continued for a long time a perfect enigma to him; nor did he ever thoroughly understand her till he obtained the key to her secret of living, and was able to draw for himself from the same source that she did. It was a long time, however, before this came about.

"I wish you would get me a class at that Sunday-school of yours, Miss Evans," he said one day; "don't you think I should make a capital teacher?"

"No, I do not," she honestly replied. "I should be sorry to see a class in your hands at present."

"Why, now; do tell me why," he continued in an amused tone.

"Why, Mr. Greaves," she gravely replied, "How can you teach what you do not know? how can you tell others of the love of Jesus when you know nothing of it yourself? how beg them to care for their souls when your own immortal soul is not precious in your sight? It would be the blind leading the blind, and both might fall into the ditch. Forgive me," she con-

tinued sweetly, seeing a pained look upon his face, "this may seem hard speaking; but, Mr. Greaves, read your Bible, and you will find it gospel truth. First see yourself as a sinner, and seek pardon and peace through a Saviour's cleansing blood, and then you will be able to tell what great things God has done for you to others. May the day not be far distant when, this consummation arrived at, you will be 'preaching Jesus,' and have souls given you for your hire;" and with an earnest, beautiful smile she shook hands with him, and left the room.

That evening Dolly found her friend stupidly dull, and for several days she saw nothing more of him.

"What did you say to Mr. Greaves, Elsie?" she enquired. "You must have offended him. He won't come here any more, and I shall miss him so, he is so bright and full of fun."

"Dear Dolly, I only spoke a few words about his soul, and, dearest, if they have offended him I cannot help it; I feel I must be faithful, and hold my peace no longer. He might at any moment be ordered away, and no one tell him of his state. Pray for him, Dolly, and, if you should ever see him seriously inclined, don't help Satan to spoil the work by encouraging levity."

"No, Elsie, I shall not, and I will pray for him. I never thought of trying to help him to be good before. How nice it would be if I could! that is, if he ever comes again," she continued with a sigh.

"Yes, Dolly, perhaps God has given you a mission in that way, while he has laid you aside through sickness; even the smallest may influence for good. Little Maggie the ragpicker is striving to glorify God in her humble way, and preaches Christ to a group of dirty ill-fed children whenever she gets the chance; she is living the Gospel before them, too, by her honesty, gentleness and patience, and already her work is being blest. Nearly every Sunday she gets some wretched urchin or other to come to school and hear the 'good news' which has made herself so glad."

"Oh, Elsie," said Dolly as a tear trickled over her pale cheeks, "how sinful I have been; I have contented myself with amusing Mr. Greaves and being amused by him, and have never thought of his soul or any body else's, while poor Maggie has done so much. I thought I could do nothing, while she with her bread to earn has shamed me by doing such great things."

"Yes, Dolly; she has done what she could, and will not go unrewarded by the Master who hath said that 'even a cup of cold water given in His name will not be forgotten.' Live 'looking unto Jesus,' dearest, and He will point out to you what to do."

The seed sown by Elsie had taken root in the heart of Harry Greaves, and Dolly was careful to water and nourish it, and so the Blessed Spirit gave the increase until both the child and her sister were able to rejoice over the young man as a brother in the Lord.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Elsie's interest in him and prayers for him, and delight in his humility and growth in grace, should have resulted unknown to herself in her reciprocating his attachment, and after seven months' time, when he offered his hand, and she saw how matters really stood, she should have accepted him, provided his family, who were abroad, should consent.

Now up to this time, Harry had never thought of his family in the matter; but when Elsie set it before him he began to doubt whether his proud haughty father would be willing to let him marry a penniless girl unknown to society, be she ever so beautiful and clever and good, and anxiety about the matter had softened him down and given him a look of care which made him seem many years older.

The day soon came, as Elsie said. When the family had returned, Harry's story was told, and a flat rejection given to his wishes without any attempt being made to see the object of his choice. Sorely was the faith of the young people tried; but Elsie's strong mind and right feeling proved equal to it all, and she herself marked out the line of conduct they were to adopt. Harry was not to see her for three months. He must try to obey his father; if at the end of that time he felt love stronger than obedience, he must tell him so and endea-

vor to persuade him again. Perhaps the gentleness and patience shewn would not be without its effect in softening the paternal heart. If not they must just trust and wait on; and so she reasoned, not bringing her share of the suffering forward at all. She was sure the Lord would make good come out of evil if they only trusted Him; and so they parted, sorely against Harry's will, who with the natural impetuosity of his character, found it hard to take things quietly, and would have been more likely to have defied his father, had not divine grace and Elsie's good sense taught him better things. Probably Harry Greaves's father expected some such result, for he seemed surprised at the turn things had taken, when day after day had passed and no "fight it out" spirit appeared; but Harry remained quietly at home, leaving the house only when military duties called him from his books, and never reverting to the subject, but gently and submissively doing his best to please—though bearing a sad, suffering look upon his face the old man was pained and chafed to see the while.

"I would rather," he said to his wife, "Harry had stormed and raged a bit about this matter, as he used to when his wishes were contradicted, than take this dull, moping way over it. He has obeyed me, evidently, but it looks serious. What has come over the boy—he used to be so high-spirited?"

"Indeed," was the reply, "Harry *is* greatly changed. I think if it were not that he has become very religious he would take it differently; don't you notice how constantly he goes to church?"

"Yes, I do; I don't like that either. At his age too much church-going isn't good. Perhaps he sees the girl there?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Greaves; "he always attends either his sister or myself, and, from his devout manner during the service, I judge no other thoughts than the worship of God are in his mind. Truly he is changed, as you say. Perhaps you have done wrong in crossing him, my dear?"

"No! No!" was the testy reply; "how could I let my only son, with such good prospects as he has, throw himself away upon a poor nameless girl—some friend of old Mrs. Davy's? He will get over it."

"I hope so," was the reply; "but I am afraid not, and my heart is tender over my poor boy."

Nearly three months had passed, and Dolly had rejoiced in the change to the country. To the child it was new life; she had made friends with every creature about the farm, and knew by name every sheep and lamb, and cow and calf, on the place. Mrs. Burley, the hostess, had taken great pride in seeing her grow strong and rosy again on her good fare and fresh air, and delighted in teaching her how to make butter and cheese, and bring up calves and chickens, and all sorts of things she thought useful for her to know. "You'll never be a bit the less a lady, Miss Dolly," she'd say, "by knowing all this. When I was a girl I used to write in my copy book 'knowledge is power,' and I believe it, for it has been a power to me. I wouldn't be the owner of all these broad acres if I hadn't a knowledge of things." And Dolly, as she laughed and said "Yes, I want to know everything," would often heave a quiet little sigh, and wish that the good-tempered, warm-hearted, busy little body, cared less for the things of this world, and more for gaining knowledge of those which belonged to her eternal peace. Mrs. Burley's Sundays were a grief to both her young visitors, brought up as they had been, to look upon the Sabbath day as the best of of all the seven, and to rejoice to use its hours either for the spiritual good of their own souls, or that of others. Their hostess seemed to live in such a busy whirl all the week, as to have no time for thought, and, when Sunday came, to be tired out. Sometimes she went to church, sometimes she stayed at home to cook the dinner, and, after dinner, either took a nap or walked about the farm, commenting upon the improvements, and marking with a careful eye where a nail was wanted here, and a board there. Evening seemed long in coming, and she gladly ended a day she looked upon as a very tedious one by going to bed early. Elsie had got up a little sort of Sunday-school for the unemployed servants and herd-boys; but the mistress was

above coming to anything of that sort, and could not be reached in that way; and both the girls feared they should have to leave Mrs. Burley without having been the means of awakening in her one anxious thought about her soul. God was better to them, however, than their fears. One day, when Dolly had been following her from dairy to pantry, and back from pantry to dairy, till the child was quite tired out, she sat down, saying, "Well, Mrs. Burley, you have worn me out; I can't go any more. You are the most active person I ever saw. I often wonder how you can keep on as you do from morning till night. I should give up before the day was half over."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the self-satisfied reply, "and many another. I don't see many as can keep up with me in work. I strive early and late, Miss Dolly, pay my debts, and owe nobody anything—thank God!"

"Yes," said Dolly seriously, "you do. There is one debt that all your hard working won't clear off, which you can't pay and shall have to get some one else to pay for you, if you get clear of it."

"Bless the child!" was the astonished reply of the woman, as she let her whole mass of golden butter fall back again into the churn, "what is she talking about? I don't owe a penny to a creature living. You are dreaming, child!" Then proudly drawing herself up, and putting her arms akimbo, she continued: "Who is it, I should like to know?"

"God," replied Dolly. "He, as your Creator, Provider, Master, and Father, has done, and is doing, everything for you, and has a right to your services in return, has He not?"

"Well, yes, Miss Dolly; how you talk!"

"And what have you done, and what are you doing in return for Him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Puting it in that way the score is all on the one side, certain."

"Yes," said Dolly, "the score is on one side, and, when the account is made up, what will you have to balance it?"

"Now don't, Miss, there's a dear; you go to frighten one. I never saw it put in that way before. I'm a good living woman, and never expected the Lord would look into things like that with me."

"Yes, but He will though," was the answer. "One sin will condemn you, and you have 'done what you ought not to have done, and left undone what you ought to have done,' have you not? and justice must be satisfied. 'The soul that sinneth shall die,' the Bible says."

"Goodness, gracious, Miss Dolly," said the woman, as she wiped her face with her apron, "you knock the life out of a body; you cut things sharp into one; I've read those things scores of times, but never saw myself in them before. I see the debt now, and a long one it is too; all my life; forty years of it; and if I live forty more I shan't be able to clear it. Good Lord, what is to be done; who could pay that?" and the woman turned with an amazed and startled face upon the girl.

"Now, then," joyfully answered her companion, "as you see the debt and feel it, I can easily show you who'll pay it for you. The Lord Jesus himself, upon whose back all our sins and burdens and debts were laid, and who saves us from the penalty of them;" and, reaching down a large Bible which stood upon a shelf, she opened at the 53rd of Isaiah, and read that and the 55th to her attentive listener.

From that day Mrs. Burley became a changed woman, and her pride and self-sufficiency melted before the Sun of Righteousness in her soul, into gentleness and humility. The bustling, busy, noisy, active woman asked the Lord each day to give her work to do for Him, and found time to do it too—feeling that she never could do enough for Him who had paid such a debt for her. "To think," she used to say, "that here I was, running up a forty years' score, with nothing to pay, and the Lord wipes it off with one sweep. Ah! but that wipe cost Him dear—nothing less than His own blood—nothing less could do it!" And when, as years rolled on, and she was sometimes commended for her frequent acts of benevolence, she would shake her head, disclaim all praise, and say, "Don't speak of it! I do nothing. If you only knew what a heavy score I ran up the forty years I served the Devil, you would think nothing of the little I do now for my own Master in my old age, when the best of my strength is gone; and to think of His loving 'even me.'"

And so Dolly's work was blessed.

(*To be continued.*)

BRANT'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

Our readers will be interested in the following letters and extracts illustrative of Brant's schooldays. It will be remembered that Sir William Johnson having observed the promising character of young Brant during several campaigns of the war against the French, placed him at school in Lebanon, Connecticut, to receive an English education, in 1760.

The account of his introduction into the school is found in a narrative by Rev E. Wheelock, the principal.

"The Honorable Scotch commissioners, in and near Boston, understanding and approving of the design of sending for Indian children of remote tribes, to be educated here, were the first body or society who have led the way in making an attempt for that purpose, which because of the newness and remarkable success of it, (I suppose it may not be disagreeable if I am a little particular in my account of it); while I was in Boston they passed a vote to this purpose, May 7th, 1761: That the Rev. Mr. Wheelock be desired to fit out David Fowler, an Indian youth, to accompany Mr. Sampson Occom, going on a mission to the Oneidees, that said David be supported on said mission for a term not exceeding four months, and that he endeavor, on his return, to bring with him a number of boys not exceeding three, to be kept under Mr. Wheelock's care and instruction, and that £20 be put into Mr. Wheelock's hands to carry this design into execution, and that when said sum be expended, he advise the Treasurer of it and send his accounts for allowance.

"*Pursuant* to thi svote I clothed and furnished said David with Horse and Money for his long Tour into the wilderness, which he set out on June 10th, in company with Mr. Occom, by the way of New York; in which Journey he rode above a thousand miles, and by the Advice, Direction and Assistance of Sir W. Johnson, obtained three Boys of the Mohawk Nation, who were willing to leave their friends and country and come among Strangers of another Language and quite another Manner of Living, and where, perhaps, no one of their Nation then living had ever been; and among a People of whom their Nation have been of a long time inclined to entertain Jealousies. Their names were Joseph, Neyges, and Center. They arrived here August 1st, 1761, but had so much Caution in the extraordinary Enterprize, that they brought each of them an Horse from their own Country. Two of them were but little better than naked, and could not speak a word of English. The other being of a Family of Distinction, was considerably clothed, *Indian*-fashion, and could speak a few words of English. Joseph, accompanied by Mr. Kirtland, who was learning the Mohawk language of him, returned home Nov'r 4th, and back again on the 27th inst, bringing two Mohawk lads with them viz: Moses and Johannes, by whom Sir Wm. Johnson informed me that he expected to be able to send the Rest when they came in from hunting.

Sir W. Johnson writes in 1761 to the Rev. E. Wheelock:—

FORT JOHNSON, Nov. 17, 1761.

REVEREND SIR,—

* * * I am pleased to find ye Lads I sent have merited your good opinion of them. I expect they will return, and hope will make such progress in the English Language, and their Learning, as may prove to your satisfaction and the benefit of the Indians, who are really much to be pitied. * * * * I have given in charge to Joseph (Brant) to speak in my name to any good Boys he may see, and encourage 'em to except the Generous offer now made them, which he promised to do, and return as soon as possible, and that without horses.

(Signed,)

WM. JOHNSON.

The other letters which we have concerning this time are of later date:—

Extract from Mr. Smith's letter to Sir W. Johnson, dated Lebanon, Jan. 18th, 1763.

"I propose next Summer to take an excursion into the Mohawk Country as a Missionary; and, being a stranger to the Indian Dialect, I must of consequence improve an Interpreter; having spent some time here as a Schoolmaster, (with that worthy gentleman and eminent friend of Indians the Rev. W. Wheelock) I have

contracted an intimate Acquaintance with Joseph, who I understand is high in your affection and esteem, and has the Wisdom and Prudence to resign himself to your Direction and Conduct—as He is a promising youth, of a sprightly Genius, singular Modesty, and a Serious Turn. I know of none so well calculated to answer my End as He is—in which Design He wold very Willingly and cheerfully engage should your Honour consent to and approve of it. He has so much endeared himself to me, by his Amiable Deportment; his Laudable Thirst after and Progress in Learning, that did I not apprehend this would be as beneficial to Him as advantageous to me, I should neither deserve his Assistance nor solicit Your Approbation. But I apprehend I can much sooner perfect him in the English Language, and better instruct Him in whatever He shall have occasion to learn, when he is constantly with Me, than when in the School, where a large Number are to be taken Care of in conjunction with Him. Should your Honour approve of the Proposal, I should immediately take upon me the whole Expense of his Education; and so long as he serves in the Character of an Interpreter, would allow him a genteel Reward. The present Excursion is designed only for a few months, after which he can return again to his School, so that I imagine if it's of no Advantage, it Can be but of little disadvantage to him."

(Signed,)
CHARLES JEFFERY SMITH.

Reverend Mr. Wheelock to Sir William Johnson:—

HARTFORD, May 16, 1763.

SIR,—May it please your Honour:—

I received last evening a paper with your seal, enclosing a letter from Joseph to his sister; wrote, I suppose, in the Mohawk language, and by which he informs me he is ordered to come directly home; that the Indians are displeased with his being here at school; that they don't like the people, &c., which has occasioned no small exercise in my mind, and many turnings of thoughts what should be the occasion of it. In my last to you I informed you of the truly noble and charitable design of Mr. Charles Jeffrey Smith, (who has been Joseph's tutor last winter), his purpose to come with Joseph to you as soon as he could get ready for the business of his proposed mission, and that I designed to take Joseph with me to Boston and Portsmouth, &c., and that you might expect him in June, &c.; but whether you have received that letter, with others from Mr. Smith and Joseph, I don't learn. And inasmuch as there was nothing wrote to me manifesting your pleasure in the affair, I presume Your Honor did not know the contents of the inclosed, though it came under your seal; and how to conduct in the affair I am at a great loss. Mr. Smith is now gone to New York, &c., to prepare for his Mission. I expect him back soon, and if he comes and finds Joseph gone, whom he depends upon for a guide and companion, he will be greatly disappointed, and, I fear, will think himself very ungratefully treated. Joseph is rendered so very uneasy, for fear of gaining the Displeasure of his Friends, that I am doubtful whether it will do to detain him; and to send him alone on foot will not be well, and to send a Horse with him may give him much trouble to return him. Nor have I any intimation of the valuable End that may be served by his going before the time proposed. And as Joseph desires to put himself under your Honour's conduct, as what he apprehends most prudent and safe for him to do, so I should be glad Your Honor would, as explicitly as you please, let me know your Pleasure. And, upon the whole, I think it advisable to detain Joseph (if he will be content to stay), till I receive your Honour's Pleasure, or till the time appointed for his coming by Mr. Smith.

And I am, with Sincere Respect and Esteem.

Your Honour's
Most obedient humble Serv't,
ELEAZAR WHEELOCK.

Sir William Johnson.

Our frontispiece presents what we believe to be a correct likeness of the celebrated chieftain.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE INDIANS.

Concerning the present condition of the Indians, the author of the "Sketch of Brant" writes:—

Formerly all Indians lived in wigwams, and subsisted by hunting and fishing. Hundreds, nay thousands, still pagans, are no better off at the present time. But it is a matter of gratitude to Almighty God that through the labors of zealous and excellent missionaries, the religion of Jesus has done much to reform the moral, social, and domestic habits of these once degraded races. The women, who formerly were slaves to the men, have no longer the drudgery and hard work to perform, but are living in comfortable cottages, neatly clothed, and enjoying that peace which

the religion of Jesus alone can give. The sober and industrious men are making considerable progress in farming; many of them grow wheat, oats, peas, Indian corn, &c. &c., have small orchards, and cut considerable hay. But as the Indian possesses no *Title Deed* for his lands, he has only a life interest in them—a circumstance materially tending to check that spirit of enterprise which stimulates the white farmer in working and laying up for his family.

Excepting the protection of law, which every alien who resides in Her Majesty's Dominion claims, Indians do not possess any civil or political rights as British subjects. As many of them possess strong native talents, powers of foresight, quick and accurate observation, conjoined in many instances with extraordinary personal influence and persuasive faculties, why they should not participate in all the blessings of British North American subjects, and with their white neighbors enjoy permanent security of their landed possessions, is a query for our rulers and great men to solve.

As fast as the white man approaches the Indian reserves, the value of land greatly increases, and in many instances land speculators have not suffered the poor Indian to rest, until by some artifice or other, they have prevailed on them to quit their settlements and seek fresh homes in the far-off West. Many arguments have been advanced with the plausibility of philanthropic intentions, that by such removals they were rendering the Indian service; but the fallacy of such reasoning is evident.

If while under the counsel of those who sincerely desire their advancement and improvement, they still feel the influence of those whose aim is to injure and demoralize, what will their condition be benefited when driven far beyond the power of Christian example and restraint?

The Indians within our Provinces are well aware of the advantages of civilization, and desire to improve in arts and knowledge, so that they may participate in our privileges. It is a matter of congratulation that in many of the settlements efforts are now made to encourage and bring forward, by the system of competition, those who apply themselves to agriculture and the arts, and also that many Indian youths, who have discovered superior talents, are now receiving advantages of a higher degree, fitting them as teachers amongst their brethren.

TAB'S TRIAL.

BY PAIGE DWIGHT.

Tabitha was her name. It was hers because it had been her grandmother's for many long years, and had attained dignity and honor by the association; and if the name seemed old-fashioned, the cup which came with it was of the latest pattern, and a silver cup and a golden promise may sometimes serve to make an unmusical name very euphonious, you know.

But Tab thought very little of her name, or of her beautiful dark eyes, or straight nose, or of her well-shaped head, or of anything else about herself, in fact, save of one unfortunate peculiarity, and that was her trial. Was she lame, did she stammer, was she freckled, brown or sandy? No, dear little questioner, she was afflicted by an ill you would never think of guessing, so I might as well tell you at once. Poor Tab! she was unhappy, and often exceedingly miserable, because she was so very, very fat. I think Tab thought very little of herself during the first five years of her prosperous young life. The wretchedness began when Aunt Eunice came down from the "hill country," like a wolf on the fold, and ejaculated as she peered down through her spectacles at the child, "Sakes alive, Tabithy, what a whopper you be!"

Tab kept out of Aunt Eunice's sight as much as possible after that, but for days and days she puzzled her head over the new name.

"I'm a whopper. I wonder what that is—it must be something dreadful," was all Tab could make of it, and finally, she went confidentially to her cousin Will, a literary youth of fourteen, and asked,

"What's a whopper?" answered Will jocosely, pinching her cheek, "why, it's something uncommonly large. In short, Tab, you're considerable of a whopper."

Tab never ventured after information again, but she began to dread the approach of friends and neighbors, and to fear the visit of a relative or former friend of her mother's, as older girls do the entrance of the examining committee at school.

Unfortunately, Tab's father, having been successful in business, concluded three years later to refurnish their parlors, and introduced two long mirrors between the

windows at either end. It was Tab's first view of herself, from her broad shoulders to her round, cushiony feet, and she gave one long stare at the double reflection. What a square, solid figure it was! but nothing of which to be ashamed, if people had been polite enough to remember that little girls have ears, and feelings also, somewhere beyond them. Tab looked and looked, and finally turned about like a lay figure in the shop windows, and when she had seen herself as she fancied others saw her, she thought, "Hateful Aunt Eunice was right, and Cousin Will was right; I am a whopper;" and she ran to her room and cried the whole afternoon. Of course, she was foolish enough to wish she might die, and after a while she gradually stopped crying, to speculate as to whether anybody would be sorry if she did die, and to wonder if she would come out a thin graceful little angel. Then she went to sleep and awoke very hungry, and ate such a supper as only lean children who wish to be plump, and to have good natured dimples that come and go whenever they are called, ever ought to eat.

Not long after, Tab, who like all people who allow themselves to get wrongly proud and sensitive, was beginning to expect disagreeable things, passed round the corner on her way to Ella Smith's.

Two naughty idle boys stood in the door of a grocer's shop. As she turned up the street, one of them poked his elbow between his companion's ribs, exclaiming: "Look, Bill. My eyes! a'n't she a buster?"

Tab bit her lips and forced back the tears, and instead of going to Ella's rushed around the square, ostensibly to find her brother Bob, an enterprising boy of five.

Bob was making mud-pies with a new inhabitant of the town.

"That's my sister," said Bob, as Tab approached.

"Well, she's fat," said the strange boy with a broad smile.

"Yes," answered Bob, composedly; "but mother's trying to thin her up."

To be told that she was a "buster," and that her mother was endeavoring by some unknown process to "thin her up," and to be told it all in the space of ten minutes, was too much for our Tab; and when another street urchin, just suffering from an acute attack of conundrums, looked at her meditatively and asked his sister why something on the street made him think of an elephant, she gave up entirely, and was obliged to go to her friend Ella for comfort or consolation.

It was a sudden burst of confidence, and as Ella was two years older, Tab had some hope of being helped in her misery.

Now Ella, I am sorry to say, was always reading very foolish stories, and when Tab had exhausted her sorrow she said:

"Tabbie, dear, it you could only have a fever and get well, you know, it would be lovely. My cousin Jane had *intimate* fever all summer, and was out of her head, and it was ever so funuy, and now ma says she's so interesting. But then, you might die, you know."

"I would'nt much care," said silly Tab. "How do they get fevers and things?"

"Oh! by catching cold, I guess. Ma says catching cold will do almost anything. I'm awful sorry for you, Tabbie. Let me see, somebody said the other day drinking vinegar would make one dreadful poor."

Thoughtless, romantic Ella little knew what dangerous seeds her words were sowing; for that very night Tab, bitterly recalling the ridicule of the afternoon, began a raid on the vinegar-jug, and even went so far as to expose herself to a dangerous cold by sleeping in a strong draught.

The natural result of an unwholesome diet and temperature soon made itself manifest, and in a few days Tab actually lay at the point of death, and it was a long, long time before she knew the dear ones about her, and longer still before she could raise her head or realize what had happened during the weeks that seemed only a strange, blank space in her memory.

When she first raised her own hand, she thought it belonged to some one else, and as her brain was not quite clear, she looked up and said, "Mamma, quick, quick; unhook this horrid skinny hand, and give me mine." And the tears ran down her mother's cheeks as she stroked the thin hand wholly bereft of its old dimpled beauty. Tab remembered it all then, and the tears come into her own eyes.

"Oh, Mamma, I'm afraid I have been very wicked!" she said.

"I know all about it, darling," answered the dear mamma, who had learned Tab's trial, and suffered it over and over in those days of delirium. "I am afraid I have been thoughtless and wicked too long in not helping my little girl to be a brave daughter of the Lord, glad to mind him and suffer what seems disagreeable."

"If they only hadn't made fun of me," sighed Tab.

"That's only because they thought so little," answered mamma. "We are all so apt to forget that anybody under twenty has trials."

"Was it a trial?" asked Tab.

"Why yes," answered mamma. "The Lord made you just as He thought best, and if you had remembered that, when ill-natured things were said, you would not have cared very much. You would have known it was only to make you more beautiful and graceful in spirit."

"Oh!" was all that Tab answered, for she had never known before that she had

a trial; but she kissed her mother's hand and smiled contentedly.

By and by she said, "Have I spoiled my trial because I wasn't brave, mamma? I mean, will the Lord think I'm a coward, and never give me another?"

"He will surely give you another, never fear, dearest," answered mamma.

Through all the days of convalescence Tab was on the lookout, but everyone was so kind and thoughtful in gratifying her every wish, she almost began to doubt the truth of mamma's prophecy, and thought to herself, "I was such a little coward, I'm not fit to be trusted."

Aunt Eunice came down late in the autumn, appearing just in time for Thanksgiving. Tab was in the sitting-room as their visitor entered by the wing door.

"Sakes alive! Tabithy," said Aunt Eunice, "what a bag o' bones you be!"

So Tab found another trial, and smiled as perhaps you are smiling, little reader.—*Christian Union.*

[TRANSLATED.]

AN OLD GERMAN CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS TREES IN GERMANY.

Once more we're gather'd 'neath the light
Of our sweet Christmas tree!
Glad are our hearts—our faces bright;
A happy band are we.
Another year has sped its flight—
Another Christmas here;
Another tree now greets our sight,
With all its merry cheer.
Let's think of Him who on this night
Came down from Heaven above,
From scenes of holy, pure delight,
To bless us with His love.
May this a merry Christmas be,
Though memory may bring
The chequered past—its grief, its glee
Together clustering.
The Christ-child o'er our Christmas tree
Smiles on us all to-night!
In each heart let His image be
Reflected pure and bright.
Let all be gay—all happy be,
Together gather'd now;
Let every heart from care be free—
Let joy light up each brow.

WAYSIDE SERVICE.

BY ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

When shall I learn the Master to obey?—
That service lies along the daily road,
Wherein the soul may hold its upward way
Through all the hours on wonted cares bestowed.
Forget not now, my heart,
Those many days when, as the Son of Man,
His blameless life on common tasks was spent,
Nor from the world apart,
And held within the all-embracing plan,
While He about his Father's business went.

By Joseph's side he uncomplaining wrought,
As other laborer might for laborer's wage;
He, Son of God, no loftier service sought
Than such as may the lowliest one engage.
Rejoice, O heart of mine!
Break out in song!—there is no menial task,
No work but promise has of large reward,
With peace and hope divine;
Nor once forget, in all ye do and ask,
That servants are not greater than their Lord!

Young Folks.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF HALF-A-DOLLAR, TOLD BY ITSELF.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

Among a lot of other American money I came into the possession of a young lady who was about to leave her native land. She was going to visit friends on the other side of the ocean—in Auld Scotia, the land of mountain and flood; so I was put into her purse to help pay her expenses thither. I was not spent before starting, so I went aboard the vessel in New York harbour to have my first experience of a sea-voyage. It is not my intention to speak of all I saw on board ship, nor of all the different characters whom we met there. Few of the passengers had the same motive for crossing the ocean that the others had. One went because he had been left some money by a relative who had lately died in England; another went to travel in Europe. This gentleman, having made a little money by his Yankee enterprise and smartness, determined, now that he could afford it, to see a little of the world, hoping by travel to improve his mind and manners. There were two boys going over to be placed in school in the Scottish Metropolis, and two little orphan girls, whose father died in the bush from an attack of fever; and the mother, from over-fatigue, in nursing her husband, and afterwards struggling to earn a living for her children, died also, and so the friends in Scotland had sent for these homeless little orphans to come to them and be as their own children. Every person on board had a kind word for the children. Their Heavenly Father seemed to have put it into the hearts of all to care for these motherless and fatherless little ones, and so, although alone on the mighty deep, they were yet surrounded with friends. Then, last of all, there were the sick—fortunately there was no infectious disease on the ship, but many were very sea-sick, and one poor man who was ill when he came on board, died soon after. It was a solemn sight to see the poor man sewed up in canvas, with only pieces of iron in either end of this strange shroud to make the body sink. A corpse is never kept long on sea. Sailors, who get the name of being very superstitious, think that if a dead body be in the ship, ill-luck will follow; such ill-luck, I suppose, as contrary winds, rough weather, and the like. It is a fact, the sailors say, that fish such as the shark scent and follow a ship which contains a dead human body. These sharks, I need hardly tell you, are dangerous fish. They have a fondness for human flesh, and their mouth is so large and teeth so sharp that a little boy or girl would be but a good bite for one.

Well, this man who died on sea was dropped overboard after the ship's chaplain had read the Episcopal Church burial-service over him. A burial at sea is always a solemn affair, and when the dead have no friends near them it seems doubly sad.

One does not like the idea of a watery grave; yet the body is just as well at the bottom of the mighty deep as if laid beside kindred in the village churchyard. It will rise on the resurrection morn just as easily from the ocean's bed as will the bodies of those friends who rest beneath the shade of the willow tree. The following verses are what a well-known Christian poet says about an ocean burial:—

> Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
> Though on the lonely main;
> As soft the pillow of the deep
> As tranquil the uncurtained sleep
> As on the couch where fond ones weep
> And they shall rise again.

Not safer on the throne of glass
Before the throne of God!
As sacred is that ocean cave,
Where weeds instead of myrtles wave,
As near to God that unknown grave,
As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets His watch,
The angels guard it well
Till summon'd by the trumpet loud—
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud, —
It leaves its ocean cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death
The well-known form destroy;
Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,
Nor mortal prison house retain—
Each atom shall awake again
And rise with song and joy.

These verses speak, of course, of God's own children—whose very dust is dear to Him. Many tears were shed over the death of the stranger, and none wept more sincerely than my owner. Perhaps her heart was softer than that of most of her fellow-passengers—or perhaps her own heart was sad because of leaving her childhood's home and a father whom she dearly loved; at all events this death threw a gloom over her and over all in the vessel.

I need not tell you what the Atlantic Ocean is like--every intelligent boy and girl in Canada knows that sea water is salt. You have heard it called "the briny deep," and that the color bluish green, changing its hue according to the reflection of sun and sky. Sometimes the water is comparatively calm; although the Atlantic's waves are always heavy.

I have seen the waters covered with little tips of white foam,—for all the world like white feathers—floating thickly on it. At another time the water would be dark and sullen-looking, with a heavy swell, causing the vessel to roll from side to side fearfully. I remember my owner sitting one day at the head of the cabin stairs watching the waves. There was a heavy swell on the sea, just as I have described, which made it dangerous to walk on deck; so my owner, keeping her safe corner, peeped out at the big waves. It was awe-inspiring to see the vessel go down into a hollow in the sea. Just the one side would touch the water, then in a minute down would go this side; until one thought it would never come right again—while at either end the water seemed so much higher than the ship that we wondered what kept it from coming into the vessel. It reminded us of that verse in the Bible,—"God holds the winds and waves in the hollow of His hand." This thought made us calm that day, for we knew it was the same God who kept these huge waves from sinking our ship, that divided the waters of the Red Sea when Moses and the children of Israel passed through its bed on dry land. "The sea stood as a wall on either side." Another day the waves were foaming white—beautiful and angry-looking, dashing over wheel-house and deck—sometimes giving the passengers an unsolicited shower-bath.

Well, the different aspects of ocean—the working of the ship, and the weird cry of the sailors—interested my owner. At last, after a fortnight's sailing and steaming, we reached Liverpool, and by another day I was in the town where I was to rest for a a long time. My owner's relations lived in a pretty little town on the borders of Scotland—that is one of the towns close to English soil. This town was a somewhat famous place some few hundred years before I saw it. It then boasted a fine abbey, now but a ruin, while here many a crowned head passed a merry night, Close to the town, one of the King James's was killed by the bursting of one of their clumsy old cannon. This king was attempting to storm and retake from the English a famous old castle when he was killed; and although he died, his soldiers, under the directions of the king's brave wife, succeeded in taking it. Here, also, two of Scotland's largest rivers unite their waters, and flow thence, peacefully mingled, into the German Ocean. I will not enlarge about my resting-place, but get on to my own personal history. I do not know whether my owner had spent all her other American money—I think it likely she did—but at any rate I was the one solitary half-dollar in her possession when she landed at her new home, and for this reason I was to be

carefully guarded, no doubt as a remembrance of Yankee-land—the land where I was coined and ushered into the world. My owner locked me up in a drawer, and there I lay for about a year. By this time my owner had visited all her relations, and seen a good deal of the country. It was time to think of returning to America, and my owner began to make preparations for the journey. If she had gone, I would doubtless have been given to some Scotch friend as a souvenir of my owner's visit to Scotland; but after we were ready to start, and my owner's passage money partly paid, a gentleman persuaded her to remain and become his wife. Again I was locked up in a drawer—this time for eight long years. Perhaps I might be taken out occasionally to show to friends, or now or again given to the children to play with, but I think not often, for when at the end of eight years I was again brought to the light of day, my face was so dirty that I had to be scoured to be presentable. Just then my owner's husband died, and she was not sure whether to return to America or remain where she was. However, a brother came over from America, and he decided that his sister had better stay in Scotland. Not so me;—my owner thought that I had lain long enough idle, and now decided to send me out as a gift to a little niece who lived in the State of New York. Perhaps she would have sent some other sort of gift, but by this time the American War had broken out. Money was not to be seen; at least gold and silver were as scarce as diamonds; and as there was no money current but greenbacks or paper money, I would be highly prized. Accordingly I was neatly tied up and addressed to this little girl in New York State. In due time I sailed for my native land. My keeper took good care of me, and delivered me safely into the hands of the rightful owner.

I was highly prized, not only as coming from dear Aunt Libby in Scotland, but as being almost the only silver coin in that part of the country.

My little owner put me carefully away among her other treasures, and I lay unused again until a missionary came home from a foreign land.

Now my little owner was a good child, who loved Jesus, and who liked to hear about the missionary's work in a foreign land, so she went to his meeting and listened with the greatest interest to his stories about the heathen children for whom he labored; and while she listened her heart warmed with love to these neglected children, and she longed to help them. After much thought, and perhaps a few tears at the idea of parting with her half dollar, my owner resolved to give me to the missionary, so that she might help to send the Gospel—or good news of salvation—to the little black children in Africa. The missionary fully appreciated the sacrifice my owner was making, but he took me willingly, for he knew very well the child would be far happier for having spent her treasure in so good a cause, than in hoarding me up or spending me foolishly.

I was then transferred to the missionary, who took care to keep me separate from the rest of the money which he had given him for the same purpose. At a meeting which the missionary held in a town soon after he got me, I was taken out, shown to the audience, and my history told: How I went from America first, then my return, and, lastly, my little owner's love to Jesus, inducing her to give me for the heathen. At the conclusion, the missionary said: "If any one would like this piece of money they can have it for five dollars." "I'll give five," said one gentleman; "I'll give ten," said another; "Thirty for it," cried another, until I was knocked down to a gentleman for fifty dollars. I do not know what became of me after this, but I rejoiced that I had been able to bring so much money for the Lord's work. I cannot tell how much good this fifty dollars would do in a heathen land, but if it were only the means of giving a Bible in their own language to a little African, and that Bible be the means of showing one soul the way to heaven, this would be a great deal more good than we can comprehend.

Each thing which God has created
Has its work and part to play;
May we learn from each this lesson—
To "work while it is called to-day."

AN AMERICAN GIRL OF THE PERIOD IN EUROPE.

Well, girls, you know that I came back from my grand European tour only last week, and I'm sure you're perfectly dying to hear all about it. It was just splendid, and of course I couldn't help enjoying myself, although one needs a good education and a fine taste in order to appreciate all the beauties of foreign travel. I was so glad that I had been educated at Madame Folatre's, and knew French, logic, geometry and all other things.

While we were crossing the Atlantic ma took the absurdest notion into her head that perhaps I'd forgotten my French; and so she dunned me through all the rest of the voyage to review my grammar and phrase-book, just as if we hadn't reviewed and *reviewed* at school until there wasn't anything left of them.

I told her it was a pretty pass things had come to if a well-educated American girl couldn't parly fronsy as well as those ignorant foreigners! "Why it stands to reason," said I, "that if I've studied anything as much as I've studied that horrid old Fasquelle, I ought to know it by this time. So, now! And, besides, it would be simply wasting precious moments that might be better employed, and it's against my principles to do that."

Then I appealed to her feelings as a mother, but that didn't do any good, so again I resorted to argument.

"Now ma," said I, "it's entirely useless for me to study that; and if it's entirely useless, of what use is it? Therefore, and conversely, it's of no use at all."

This contained all the force of logic and geometry combined, and as she was convinced, I call it a signal triumph of science.

She immediately gave up, and acknowledged with a smile that this proved to her conclusively the utter uselessness of my studying French. I don't see what she smiled for, though; *I* never smile when I'm beaten in argument.

Of course we went through England before going to France, and we found London to be quite a large town—larger than Boston, I should judge. But then it isn't near as nice as Boston. I should hate to live there. And, anyway, England isn't very interesting. The people all speak our language, a little corrupted; and when one visits foreign countries one wants to hear foreign languages, or else what's the use of studying French?

But we saw a number of dukes and marquises, and we crossed the channel on the same boat with a real live English nobleman, Lord Ferdinand Alfred Adolphus Fitz-Clarence. He had pale blue eyes and yellow mutton-chop whiskers, and wasn't very handsome, after all; but then he had such an *aristocratic air!* He belongs to one of the best families, you know.

I mentioned to him carelessly that we were from Boston, and he, raising his eye-glass like a true scion of the British nobility, observed, condescendingly,

"Ah! um! hindeed! yes—Shropshire!"

I explained, "Not Shropshire, but Boston, Massachusetts."

He regarded me with an air of the most aristocratic perplexity, and dreamily murmured, "Ah, indeed!"

"Yes," I pursued, "Boston, Massachusetts, the Metropolis of America. Pa is a merchant there."

"H'm! ha! Hamerica! Savages receiving the benefit of trade! Wonderful progress of British civilization! Very gratifying, hindeed, to 'ear that they 'ave shops."

"But," said I, "Sir—that is Lord Ferdinand Alfred Adolphus—pa isn't a shopman. He's a wholesale dealer—a real merchant prince!"

"Ha, prince!" he returned, while a shade of the sublimest melancholy swept over his noble face. "Princes reduced to serving in a shop!" And then indignantly exclaiming, "Wretched result of a republican form of government!" he turned on his heel and strode majestically away in his noble wrath.

I was sorry for the mistake he made, but didn't have a chance to explain, and now I suppose that I've left the impression among all the British nobility that pa keeps a little grocer's shop or something of that kind. The idea! Well, it is sad, but I can't help it.

We went on to Paris, and took rooms in the most expensive hotel we could find, for, you know, we're accustomed to the best society and the best of every thing at home.

We intended to dress as well as the finest: so the first time we went to breakfast I wore my blue silk with the court train, and ma her low-necked velvet, and I assure you we created a sensation!

I didn't want to appear proud and reserved, though, so I entered into conversation with a dapper young Frenchman seated near me. To put him at ease immediately I said, sociably, "Parly-voo Fronsy?"

"Certainement, mademoiselle," he replied, in a sprightly manner; and, to encourage him, I proceeded:

"Enjoyez-vous cette beautiful matin, monsieur?"

"Comment?" he responded; "I no comprendre Inglees!"

"Didn't you understand what I said to you?" I asked; but he seemed to be still more confused, and out of pure pity I ceased to puzzle him.

No doubt he was bashful, and my evident acquaintance with the language and intimate familiarity with the rules of fash-

ionable life tended to perplex him still more.

His accent was very bad, and on the whole I think that Paris is about the last place where *I* should go to perfect my French.

But whatever disappointments I met with in France were fully compensated for by the lovely scenes of Switzerland. Oh, girls, you ought to see those charming lakes imbedded in green, like looking-glasses framed in velvet, and the cunning little cottages, and the darling peaked hats that the peasant girls wore, just like those that were in fashion here two years ago. I was so sorry when they went out of style!

Mont Blanc is just the cunningest mountain that ever was. You've no idea, and you never will have until you see it. I send you a poem that I wrote on the occasion, and perhaps that will show what an impression it made on me. You'll see it is written in blank verse; that expresses great thoughts best.

ODE TO MONT BLANC.

Sublimest mount! thy grand and snowy head,
White as the muslin of my polonaise,
Rises afar. The gentle summer breeze,
As soft and soothing as a powder-puff,
Makes no impression on thy rugged brow.
O mount sublime! thy dense and sombre pines
Wave like green plumes on a white velvet hat;
And over all the lovely azure sky,
Mottled and veiled with thin and fleecy clouds,
Bends round thee like a blue silk parasol
Lined with white lace. Delightful mount, farewell.

Pa and ma couldn't believe that I wrote that, but I told them I certainly did, for, if I didn't, who did? therefore I did.

I don't know, on the whole, but that the poems I wrote on the places we visited may give you a better idea of them than anything else. They were written on the inspiration of the moment, when the scenes were before me, and—well, I don't want to be vain, but—

Here are some on "Moonlight in Venice." I can remember just as well as could be how everything looked that evening. I sat on the balcony till midnight, and it was *so* romantic!

Moonlight on the vasty deep,
And moonlight on the ocean;
Moonlight where the billows sleep,
And where they are in motion;

Moonlight on the waters clear,
And moonlight on the boat;
Moonlight on the gondolier
Who keeps the thing afloat;

Moonlight on the mountains high,
And moonlight on the flats;
Moonlight on the passers-by,
And moonlight on their hats.

Everything described there is strictly true, for I never take advantage of poetical license to meddle with the facts.

I always was a martyr to principle.

But, girls, I don't know how I shall describe to you my impressions of Italy. It is perfectly splendid! When I was a little girl I always wanted to go to Italy, because oranges grew there; and the fond dream of my childhood has been more than realized.

The climate is *so* delicious! And the fruits—oh, who can describe them! If one only had a good sofa and plenty of novels, Italy would be a paradise!

It was with the strongest emotions that we approached Rome.

Oh, girls, you don't know what sublime thoughts came over me! I expressed them, as well as I could, in the following lines:

In dreary, lonely grandeur standing,
Towers Rome's Eternal City;
Ruined, but stately and commanding,
And (isn't it a pity?)

Along the dead and barren reaches
Of Italy's once fertile garden
The desolate Campagna stretches
Its vaporous marsh, Dolly Varden.

I know the last words of it don't seem to chime in with the general idea, but I couldn't find anything else to rhyme, and I wasn't going to spoil the whole verse by leaving off the last line, merely because it required a change of subject.

We finished Rome in about a week, and since we came home have said a thousand times that no one could exaggerate in praising its works of art, especially the figs.

Now I know you'll want to go to Europe right off, and I would advise you to, if I supposed you would have half of our peculiar advantages for mingling with earls, dukes, and other crowned heads. Such company imparts an indescribable elevation and refinement.

Still, don't go there unless you are sure that you know enough to appreciate the beauties of Europe.

It lends such a charm to Italy to remember that among those groves of olive the immortal Beethoven sculptured the Medicean Venus, and Shakespeare composed the sublime poem of "Paradise Lost."

But, above all, don't talk much French in Paris, for if you do, you'll spoil your pronunciation entirely.

It needs a good education and thorough knowledge of society to enable one to appear creditably in European circles, but still it may be best for you to go. Association with the best society adds so much to one's elegance. *I* never would have supposed that Europe improved one so

much, or added such a delicate polish to one's manners, until I went there myself.

Finally, you may receive it as a maxim, that it takes travel to make one perfectly *commy eel feu*, and give a real aristocratic air.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SLANDERING MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY E. WILLARD.

"Ella! how can you and your sister find it in your hearts to slander your mother as you have done all this afternoon,—and such a mother as yours?"

The words were spoken in a low, earnest voice, by a grey-haired, fatherly man, who had been for some time watching over the edge of his newspaper the frolics and games of the children assembled on the lawn and piazza of a large sea-side hotel.

Ella turned a half angry, startled look at the speaker, whose presence she had quite forgotten in her eager play.

"What does Uncle John mean by such queer speeches?" said Rosa, throwing down her croquet mallet and hurrying up the broad piazza steps with her sister. "I thought he was reading the evening paper."

"Its real mean to say that we would slander our dear, beautiful, precious mamma; and that when she is so sick in the hot city, and we having such a splendid time in the country. You make me feel like crying, Uncle John!"

"Well, Ella, you and Rosa have made me feel like crying for two hours. It's your turn now."

Seeing the children speechless and flushed with amazement, Uncle John, who had added the care of his only sister's little girls to that of his own family for a summer in the country, took Ella on his knee and motioned Rosa by his side.

Ella looked angry and pouting, and said, "How could you say I slander my darling mamma, Uncle John?"

Uncle John put his arm about her, and taking Rosa's hand in his, he said sadly:

"Little girls, I'll tell you what I've seen and heard. I was sitting among the ladies on the piazza, when you children came on the croquet ground. They did not notice me, and I doubt whether I should have overheard a syllable, so engrossed was I with my papers, had they not touched me on a very tender point. I never could, from a boy, hear one word against my sister Fanny."

"Oh uncle, they didn't speak against our mamma," exclaimed Rosa, in a tone of horror.

"Listen, children; I overheard these words: 'Who are those two in white, with blue sashes and wavy hair? They look like twins, except that one has dark eyes.'

"'They are not twins,' was the reply; 'the one holding the mallet is the oldest. They have been here all summer. I have watched them a great deal from my window. They seem very refined in dress and manner, yet I have formed a very *poor opinion of their mother.*'"

"For shame!" said Ella, bristling up, more red and angry than ever.

"You ought to have made them stop such dreadful talk, uncle," said Rosa.

Not noticing the children, Uncle John went on:

"'Why so?' said another lady.

"'Observe that oldest girl with dark eyes. She is selfish and overbearing. She invariably crowds the timid, modest children away. They both cheat terribly at croquet. I have forbidden my Lily to play with them.'

"'Is it possible!—such sweet-looking children.'

"'Yes; I watched them carefully, for Lily's sake, before I gave an opinion. You know that I am very tender of the reputation of children, and bear a great deal before I speak. I always judge the mother by the child, and seldom find cause to change my opinion. You can see that they have one who excels in the 'outward adorning.' Their dresses are made in exquisite taste, the hair ribbons and sashes always match, and on every occasion they look as if they came out of a band-box. All that is not accomplished without the expenditure of thought and energy. Now, if their mother was a woman who took half as much pains to give them the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit' as she does—'

"'That one in the striped blue cambric does her mother great credit,' interrupted another voice. 'She rooms in Ninety-Four, next to mine. Her mother is shut up with a sick baby; but, having given her right principles, need not watch her. See how kind she is to that bashful child in the travelling dress, that came in on the boat with your party. Mark my word, you are rarely deceived in judging the mother by the child. 'Children and fools betray the *truth*.'

"Before I could recover from my astonishment sufficiently to say—'Ladies, you are entirely mistaken in the mother of those children in the white dresses; she is a lovely Christian woman, shut up by sickness in her New York city home, and would grieve sadly at the conduct of her little girls'—they had walked away, and were chatting with a new group, perhaps spreading the *slander* of your mother that your conduct had started. I took my paper and sat down on this end of the piazza overlooking the croquet ground, on purpose to watch you, and found to my grief that the remarks of the ladies were all too true."

"Why! uncle!" and tears came freely to the eyes of both the children, for they loved their mother tenderly; "all the girls here cheat at croquet, and if you play perfectly fair, the way mamma showed us, you'll always be beat. Marie says that is the old-fashioned way."

"Well, then, be beat! Suppose I should say that New York is full of dishonest men, everybody cheats, and I can't make a living if I'm honest. Besides, I heard somebody say that perfect honesty is old fashioned. How would that sound?"

"Not much like our dear Uncle John," sobbed out Nellie.

By this time the two girls were weeping violently, not only at the new view of their guilt that Uncle John exhibited to them as he went on with his lecture, but with genuine grief to think that they had made strangers think illy of their mother, who was lying sick at home. As they sobbed, "Oh dear! oh dear! and our mamma so sweet and good and patient; what shall we do, uncle?" He was glad that the piazza was quite deserted by the absence of the ladies dressing for the evening, or out driving, or sailing; or, as he afterward said, he would have passed for the cruel old uncle of the babes in the wood.

From that day there was a marked change in Rosa and Ella. The lesson learned that sad afternoon was never forgotten, partly because Uncle John took more pains to watch them, and Aunt Julia, who had spent most of her time driving out, or napping, and chatting, and learning new Afghan stitches among the ladies, felt reproved by the comments of the strangers. The sudden departure of Marie, the French maid, who had been faultless in the arrangement of the toilette of the little girls, and the substitution of one who believed in the *old fashioned* virtue of *honesty* in playing croquet and all other matters, may have assisted the reformation. The ladies, whose conversation opened Uncle John's eyes as well as ears, left the hotel early the next morning. They will always think of Ella and Rosa as the children of a selfish, unprincipled mother. —*N. Y. Observer.*

THE FERN THAT WAS OLDER THAN ADAM.

BY MRS. E. D. KENDALL.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Herbert, bursting into the library, "I've found the strangest thing! In coal, too. I want you just to look at it!"

"By all means, my boy. What is it like?"

"Like! Why, it's shaped exactly like some sort of a fern. But it is'nt green; it's jet black."

Uncle George put on his eye-glasses, and took the flat fragment of slaty coal between his fingers.

"That's as handsome a fossil, Herbert as I ever saw," he said, holding it up so that the light from the window might fall upon it.

"Fossil?" asked Herbert. "What's a fossil, sir?"

"It is the remains or a part of the remains of a dead plant or animal found in the rocks," replied his uncle. "This is a fossil fern, older than Adam."

Herbert's big black eyes opened wide, I assure you. Dead plants and animals found in the *rocks?* A fern leaf older than Adam! Why, here was something new to think of —more wonderful, too, than the strangest fairy tale!

"I can't make it out," said Herbert. "*Do* plants and animals ever live and grow inside of stones? I didn't think that was possible."

"And it *is'nt* possible, my boy. But then, what you call 'stone' was not always stone. Many of the rocks were once nothing but mud or sand, and in the course of years acquired their present hardness. The plants and animals grew in the mud or roamed over the sand, or else were drifted there. They died just as other plants and animals die, and the clay or grit gradually accumulated about them, and finally covered them, at last changing into rocks, and preserving the bones of the animals, and the casts or impression of the plants."

"I see," said Herbert, greatly interested. "I hadn't thought of that. But then this is coal, and coal isn't exactly a stone, is it? It can't be that this ever was clay or sand, I should think."

"Well, Herbert, there is more clay in this fragment than you imagine. It isn't true coal. That is almost wholly vegetable."

"*Vegetable!*"

"Formed by the decay of vegetation—plant-life. And the plants which formed the coal were very largely ferns. This is a fern impression. The substance of this bit of vegetable vitality went to make coal, and left its imprint exactly as you have found it."

"But how do you know that, sir? How do you know that this is a fern leaf?" asked Herbert, not quite satisfied with his uncle's assertion.

Mr. Alston smiled. "I think," said he, "that I had better answer your last question, Herbert, in the old-fashioned way of asking another. Hand me the little volume you see lying upon the table yonder."

Herbert brought to him the book his uncle had indicated. It was quite an old copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," bearing upon its title page the date 1812.

Mr. Alston opened it, and showed Her-

bert something pressed between the yellow, pages, which were spotted and stained.

"What do you call those, my lad," he asked.

"Two leaves," answered Herbert, quickly. "And they're geranium leaves—horse-shoe geranium."

"How do you know they are?" asked his uncle, with an amused look. "Now, I contend that there're flakes of pastry. Prove that there're not."

Herbert laughed loudly.

"Why, anybody'd know better than that!" he exclaimed.

"But *how* would they know?"

"Why, to begin with, they don't look any more like pastry than they do like molasses taffy. I'd as soon think of calling them pressed grasshoppers. Besides, pastry don't come into the regular shape these have."

"But it might be cut into the same shape."

"It wouldn't be likely to be, and it couldn't be cut so thin. You couldn't cut *flakes* of pastry into that form to save yourself. Besides, pastry would have left grease spots upon the pages, where these have left brown stains; and you'd be able to see the wheat flour it was made of, too. Another thing, pastry has a very different color from these."

"You'll make a lawyer one of these days, if you live, Herbert," said his uncle, patting him good-naturedly upon the shoulder. "You're right to want to find out the whys and the wherefores, and to look into the reasons of things. You say these yellow, crisp, lifeless forms are leaves. Now leaves are not so thin as these—geranium leaves, particularly—and those on your mother's bush are green, bright, and fresh-looking."

"So they always are when they're alive," replied Herbert. "But when they're dead, and have been dead some time, they look very much like these. See, the little hairs are on them yet, and they haven't quite lost the geranium smell," bending close to them to catch their odor. "*I know* they're geranium leaves, uncle, and horse-shoe geranium at that."

"I'm satisfied," said Mr. Alston, "and they are just what you think they are. I plucked them myself, more than twenty years ago, and placed them between these very pages. You've answered your own question, Herbert, about the fern. Now, if we were to inspect this impression with the aid of the microscope," taking up the fragment of coal-slate, "we should discover the same evidences of vegetable origin which you have detected in the geranium leaves, and of an unmistakable family likeness to the ferns. A further chemical examination would confirm us in our theory—you will understand how when you are older, and can study chemistry—and so thoroughly confirm us, that you would declare with even more confidence than you have with regard to the geranium leaves, 'This coal *must* have been once growing vegetation. This little impression upon it, *I know* was left by a fern leaf.'"

"But, uncle," asked Herbert, "what makes it so black?"

"Decay," he replied.

"But elm leaves, and maple leaves, and oak leaves don't turn black when they decay," persisted Herbert.

"No, except in dense forests on low ground, where only a few straggling rays of sunlight can pierce, and it is nearly always damp. There you will find leaf-mould almost as black as this bit of shale."

"That's true," said Herbert, thoughtfully. But, looking up after a moment, he added, "leaf-mould, though, isn't like coal. At least, I never thought of its being like it."

"Not greatly. Peat resembles it, however, and peat is leaf and stem and root mould under the same conditions probably which marked the first stages of the formation of coal. Decay under water is very different from decay in the air, Herbert. Plants decay much more slowly in the former case than the latter, and don't lose so much of their carbon as they do in the open air."

"Carbon!" asked Herbert. "What's that?"

"It is the breath which plants give out when they're growing, and give up when they're dying," replied Mr. Alston.

"Do plants breathe?" inquired Herbert, in extreme surprise.

"Certainly, though not quite as we do, my lad. You will know about that when you study botany. Under the influence of the sunlight they breathe out oxygen, which is good, health-giving air; but in the shade or at night, they breathe out carbon, which is heavy, bad air, and poisonous to human lungs. Decaying plants discharge carbon in immense quantities, particularly in warm, damp localities; and that is the reason why the swamp lands of the Carolinas, and the everglades of Florida, and the forests of the Amazon valley are so unhealthy."

"And isn't it on account of the carbon," asked Herbert, "that mother shuts the conservatory door at night, and takes the bouquets out of Helen's chamber and mine?"

"Yes. But I was going to tell you that when this decay takes place under water—that is, if a swamp or a forest should be overflowed to a considerable depth, for any great length of time, the carbon could not escape as freely as it does in the open air. Now, that is the way coal was formed. Vast woodlands, rich in foliage, growing so densely that scarce a ray of light could penetrate through the thick-spreading

branches of the tall trees, were overflowed while they were in their prime, and with all their wealth of ferns, and brakes, and weeds, and strange, jointed grasses, sank slowly to decay, perishing where they grew. The years went on, and their leaves, and stems, and trunks rotted and blackened under the water, which held in suspension the carbon they gave out in dying. The tides drifted in mud upon the dead forests, which settled upon them in layers. By and by the waters retreated a little, or the earth was lifted, and the top of the mud was thus laid bare. Then sprang up another forest on the spot where the old one had perished, and that grew and grew through centuries, every year shedding thousands and tens of thousands of leaves, and taking on fresh luxuriance. There were gigantic palms, lifting their tall stems like columns, each column surmounted by a heavy tuft of long growing plumes; then there were other trees with trunks fluted and curiously marked in beautiful forms—trees such as are unknown to us now; immense fleshy mosses, some of them three or four feet in height; ferns which lifted themselves up to the stature of trees, and shut out the hazy light from these strange solitudes; and rank flags and sedges, taller and more luxuriant than the Indian bamboo. At last the time came when this wonderful growth found its burial in the water as the other had done, and the great woodland made another coal seam, slowly and quietly passing into rottenness and blackness, while the mud in which it grew hardened into coal-slate or shale, just like this piece in which you have found the fern. Why, my boy, this little leaf is probably thousands and thousands of years old," said Mr. Alston, as he handed it back to Herbert to examine more minutely.

Herbert was dazed. Thousands and thousands of years old! How could that be? Why, the age of the world was only sixty centuries. He could not comprehend it. At last, drawing a long breath, he looked up and asked,

"But isn't that different from what the Bible tells, uncle? The first chapter of Genesis says the world was made in six days, and Adam was made on the sixth day. If this fern grew, and was turned into coal before Adam came, it couldn't have been so many centuries about it, for God created the first bit of vegetation that ever sprang up, on the third day."

Mr. Alston smiled.

"And Genesis is right," said he. "But then, Herbert, God's days are not like our days. Don't you know, my lad, that the Bible also says with Him 'a thousand years are as *one day*?' These six days, then, may and probably do stand for vast periods of time, in each one of which God completed some special design on the grand plan of creation. And so the beginning and the finishing of that design were 'the evening and the morning' of that particular 'day.' So, too, very early in the history of the world, God created vegetable life, and centuries on centuries followed before man came. God was preparing the earth for him—clearing away the poisonous gases that had hovered over it—hardening quarries of stone for his use in building, and mines of coal for fuel, and burying tin and copper, and iron, gold, and silver, and other metals to promote his civilization. He was fertilizing unproductive lands with the ashes and minerals discharged from active volcanoes; lifting river beds and ocean beds out of the waters which had covered them over since the dawn of creation, and clothing them with verdure; peopling air, and earth, and sea with living things, which should serve him as food, or whose skins should furnish him raiment; upheaving mountain chains whose snows should become the perpetual sources of great rivers, and spreading out wide plains for the homes of the various races of the human family. I wish I had time, Herbert, to interest you still further in these things; but," taking out his watch, "it is already four o'clock, and I must leave for Worcester in ten minutes."

"Thank you," said Herbert. "And, uncle, may I look at the specimens in your cabinet, some time?" he asked.

"Certainly, my lad. I shall be very happy to show them to you. Among them are quite a number of fossils; you will find—shells, fishes, reptiles, insects, and corals, as well as plants, all taken out of or else still imbedded in the solid rock. I have a fern resembling the one you have found, and others very different from it, with bark, and cones, and nuts, and coal fossils, all beautiful in their forms and tracery. Then, among the minerals, there are quartz and other crystals, and not a few gems; and among the metals some ores that are curious, and worth looking at. I have a snuff box, too, made from cannel coal—"

"From cannel coal!" interrupted Herbert. "What's that?"

"Genuine coal, my lad, but unlike that which we burn in our stoves. There are a great many kinds of coal, you must know, and each seems to have its special use. Cannel coal will light immediately in a flame. The Scotch in some districts employ it in place of candles, and its name is, I believe, a corruption of 'candle coal.' It makes very fine illuminating gas. Meantime, think about our conversation, and if it suggests to you any more questions to ask about coal, save them up, and I will do my best to answer them satisfactorily, when I return."

"Thank you, Uncle George, I will," replied Herbert.—*Little Corporal.*

The Home.

CONSISTENCY.

NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

"I know by that immense apron that you are busy, Cousin Myra; so don't let me interrupt you, for I can chat with you in the kitchen as cozily as in the parlor."

"You dear, thoughtful creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, as she ushered her visitor into the tidy kitchen, and placed a small rocker for her before the glowing range. "It was just the thing I was going to propose. I *am* busy to-day; for my help went home sick this morning, and I have considerable baking to do, besides finishing up my mince-meat. You have resided here long enough to know that Christmas is as great a day with us as Thanksgiving is with you Northerners; and Christmas-dinner is incomplete without mince-pies." As she spoke she inverted a small demijohn over the pan containing the ingredients for the aforesaid dainty, but only a few drops trickled out. "There! I had no idea the brandy was out. John had a quart sent home last week, and I have used it but twice for sauce, and once for cake. I am really afraid Rachel's 'dizziness,' that she complains of so often, is not without cause; I have had my suspicions for some time.'

"Who is Rachel—your help?" asked Rena Graham.

"Yes; and a pretty, intelligent little girl she is. Well, I can't finish my mince-meat this morning, so I'll get about something else."

"Do you consider that liquor is indispensable, Myra? It has been months since that indigestible, heterogeneous conglomeration, called mince-pie, has found a place in our home-cookery; but I can tell you how to make it without liquor so as to be very nice."

"Without!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham. "It *would* be an outlandish mess. Why, John and the boys would know the difference at once; and I don't believe they'd eat it."

"Then you admit that you and your family eat mince-pie for the taste of the brandy?"

"What an idea! you know John is a member of the church and of two or three temperance societies; he wouldn't drink a glass of liquor for the world."

"But you say the fruits, the meat, and the spices do not make a palatable dish without the addition of liquor as an indispensable ingredient. You occupy a strange position, Cousin Myra; you profess to be an earnest advocate of total abstinence, yet educate your family to love the taste of alcohol by making it an important part of certain dishes."

Mrs. Graham looked troubled.

"But, Rena, mince-meat would not keep without it."

"Any article of food requiring alcohol to *preserve* or *flavor* it should be banished from the tables of temperance advocates and Christian people; it would distress *me* beyond measure to know that it was necessary to render a dish palatable to me, and I should weep for very shame and sorrow to feel that my appetite was so perverted as to require as a luxury that which is so great a curse to my fellow-beings."

"Rena!" said Mrs. Graham, in offended tones, "you are severely unjust to the hundreds of conscientious and consistent people who are accustomed to use it in small quantities just as I do. You are really unkind to *me*."

"Pardon me, cousin; I do not mean to be unkind or unjust; but I must speak plainly. These same conscientious, consistent people, who so gravely deplore the evils and dangers attendant upon the Christmas egg-nog and the New-Year's wine, that start so many on the *downward* road and lead those who have already started, still further downward—these very same people soak their mince-meat in alcohol, flavor their sauces and jellies with it, and drench their plum pudding with it; never realizing that they are teaching their children the first rudiments of drunkenness in the most dangerous and insidious manner. An acquaintance of mine, who keeps a large grocery and liquor store, told me yesterday that I would be astonished if I knew how many gallons of brandy, wine and cider he sells annually, (the most of it during the holidays,) to be *eaten* by this same class of persons who would be horrified at the thought of *drinking* a glass themselves, or of giving one to their children."

Both were silent for a time, then other conversation ensued; and when her cousin had gone, Mrs. Graham pondered gravely for many minutes, until her thoughts resolved themselves into words, few but decided—"Yes, I will try it."

CHAPTER II.

"'Tis well my fair cousin Rena is not present to witness the gusto with which you dispose of that sauce," said John Graham to his friend Maurice Worth, who was dining with him. "You might lose the enviable position you appear to have gained in her 'good graces;' she would term it a sacrifice of principle to appetite, and a grave inconsistency;' and I verily believe she considers it more reprehensible for temperance people to use a few spoonsful of liquor in their food than for old soakers to use it as a beverage. She gave my wife a lecture last week, and the little woman was so conscience-stricken that she resolved upon an immediate and thorough reform. The result was 'temperance' mince-pies for dinner; and such flat, insipid stuff I never tasted before. I would not have believed that a small quantity of brandy or cider would make so great a difference in the taste."

"The fact is, Rena has become so earnest that she is growing to be an extremist, and advances some very impracticable ideas; but she's a splendid girl, notwithstanding. She is my ideal of a lovely, noble woman, for whom my admiration increases daily," said young Worth, in tones that revealed how deeply his heart was interested.

"And as you are the only man I know who is worthy of her, I hope you may win her, my friend," was the hearty response.

One evening, a week subsequent, the "old, old story was told again," and Rena Graham and Maurice Worth exchanged their solemn vows. A wintry storm was raging without, and the fingers of the north wind flung the snow-flakes angrily against the window-pane, but all within glowed with warmth and love.

"My mother little thought when she invited you to dine with her to-morrow, that her future daughter would sit beside her," said the young lover fondly, as he lingered beside his bride elect.

"Do not be too sure, sir," she said saucily. "'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' you know. You are to have two strange guests, I believe—at least, they will be strangers to me."

"Yes; one is the popular temperance lecturer, Stanley; the other, a reformed man, possessing the noblest attributes of mind and heart; he is just emerging from the cloud with which strong drink has shadowed him; and so fearful is he of again falling under its influence, that he will not even use medicine that contains alcohol. That man's reformation has brought the day dawn to hearts that have loved him and prayed for him through the long night of his degradation and misery."

The lingering good nights were spoken at last, and when they again met, it was at the well-spread table of Mrs. Worth, and in the presence of the two strangers. Rena could scarcely conceal her surprise when introduced to Olney Richards, "the reformed;" for, in that splendid physical development, that eagle-eye and massive brow, there was no indication that the man had "bowed down in abject slavery" at the shrine of Bacchus.

When the dessert was placed on the table Mrs. Worth apologized for the pudding.

"I never consider a plum-pudding quite so rich and palatable without half a cup of good brandy poured over it and set in a blaze; but cook informed me, only a few minutes ago, that there was none left. I know there was enough yesterday, and I fear she has appropriated it herself as a beverage. She has put an extra quantity of wine in the sauce, however, which will mend matters somewhat."

As the rich compound was placed before Rena, she declined it, saying quietly, "I prefer it without sauce, if you please; and if you will cut me a slice, I will take a little of this cream and sugar on it as a substitute."

"But, my dear," remonstrated the matron in surprise, "you will find the other so much better. Do try it."

"Thanks: but I never eat anything knowingly which contains alcohol in any form," was the smiling but firm response.

Stanley gave her a glance of mingled astonishment and interest. "Is it a question of taste or of principle with you, Miss Graham?"

"Of principle, solely."

"Then you condemn all temperance reformers who do not view the subject from that standpoint."

"I? Oh! no; they condemn themselves, I think."

"Well, while I would not feel justified in buying liquor myself to put into food I have no scruples whatever in partaking freely of food that contains it, whenever it is placed before me, as is the case at present. That would be splitting hairs almost too closely, besides subjecting one's self to inconvenience and useless self-denial. You, no doubt, find it rather difficult to reduce your theory to practice," said the lecturer stiffly.

"If you will permit me, I will imitate Miss Graham's example," said Richards, passing his yet untasted pudding to Mrs. Worth.

Maurice saw his mother's brow clouding with annoyance, and, to prevent further conversation on the subject, he inquired for Mattie, his young sister.

"Two of her schoolmates dine with her to-day; and, to please her, I have had a table set for them on the back piazza," was the reply.

The words had scarcely fallen from her lips, when screams of pain and terror, followed by the crash of broken crockery, caused them to start up in alarm and in the next instant a childish figure wrapped in flames rushed shrieking into their presence and fell to the floor. A brief moment of silent horror, and then eager hands snatched rugs from before the glowing grate, and shawls from the hall-stand with frantic haste, and she was saved.

"How did her clothing take fire?" asked Mrs. Worth of one of the frightened children, when the doctor had gone and all was quiet.

"She said she wanted to fix the pudding as she had seen you fix it; so she got a bottle and poured brandy over the pudding, and then lighted a piece of paper to set fire to it. It blazed up so high it set her dress on fire, and when we tried to put it out we upset the table and broke so many of your nice china dishes. We are very sorry about it." said the girl with tears in her eyes.

"Don't feel troubled about the dishes, my child. I'm thankful you were not all three burnt to death," replied Mrs. Worth with a shudder. "But where did she get brandy? Cook said it was all used."

Here little Mattie spoke faintly.

"Mother, cook told a story; I saw her empty it all out into another bottle this morning and hide it in the closet. I expect she wanted to drink it herself. But, mamma, will my curls ever grow out any more?" she asked piteously, as a small, blistered hand wandered weakly over the scorched head which an hour before was beautiful with its wealth of wavy tresses.

Hot tears dropped from the mother's eyes as she soothed her darling into a troubled slumber. Rena, who had remained to assist her friend, walked home in the early twilight accompanied by Maurice.

"My darling," said he, "I shall coax you to modify or relinquish entirely those extremely radical ideas you hold in regard to a certain subject. When you are the mistress of my domestic Eden, I shall be so good and true, you will not have the heart to spoil my dinners with temperance pies and sauces"

"Indeed I shall never make any other kind, nor permit them to be made under my supervision," answered Rena in laughing but emphatic tones as her cheek crimsoned at his allusion to the future.

He was silent a few minutes, and when he spoke again his voice had lost its playful intonations and sounded very grave.

"Rena, do you realize that the position you occupy, and the views you express in relation to this subject, are a direct reflection upon many of your best friends, as well as hundreds of other active, zealous workers in the case? By your action at our table to-day, not only my mother and myself, but Mr. Stanley, who for years has given his time, talents and money for the redemption of his fellow-beings from the wretchedness and misery of intemperance —all of us stand arraigned at the bar of your judgment as unworthy, inconsistent, and even false to the obligations by which we are bound as members of a noble order." He spoke as one deeply wounded, and, for a moment, Rena scarcely knew how to reply; her hesitation was but momentary, however.

"I sincerely wish for the sake of my friends that the subject would present itself in a more favorable light," she said, very gently but firmly.

Like many other very good men he was proud and hasty, and there was a quiver of anger in his words as he said,

"Thanks for your very flattering opinion of me. Do you think we shall ever agree in relation to this question?" And the reply was quickly flashed back,

"That is for you to decide. My conscience approves my position, and I can not swerve or yield."

"Then if you coolly permit this trifle to come between us, you have been mistaken in the nature of your regard for me," he answered bitterly.

"And I think we have both been mistaken. Good night!"

They had reached her home; and before he could reply, she had entered and closed the door, leaving him alone on the sidewalk, angry and wretched.

CHAPTER III.

"Did any one ever hear of such a childish, foolish, ridiculous act? She'll get a piece of my mind, if she is your cousin, John Graham!" And throwing herself into a chair, she moved back and forth with so much energy, that Johnny's foot and pussy's tail, not having sufficient warning, got a prodigious squeeze under the rocker, eliciting a duet in the most lively style.

Good-natured John, senior, waited till the commotion had subsided somewhat and then inquired what Rena had been guilty of to entitle her to that "piece" of his wife's "mind."

"Why, she's had a falling out with Maurice Worth about that foolish liquor question, and the engagement is broken off, I hear. I had just set my heart on that match, for there never were two people so well suited to each other."

"Rena is a little fanatic; but don't be so much troubled about it, Myra; Maurice won't give her up. They'll be at the church to-night to assist with the Christmas decorations, and he'll find a way to straighten matters, or he's no true lover."

Somewhat comforted by this, Mrs.

Graham hurried to the kitchen to make the cakes and pies she had promised as her contribution to the Sunday school entertainment.

"Rena is a little goose about this thing; we pledge ourselves 'not to make, buy, sell, nor use it as a beverage,' and I can't see that we violate that pledge in the most remote way by using it as a flavoring; there is some truth in Rena's argument about the children learning to like it too well; but I tried to turn over a new leaf, and failed." And communing thus with herself, she measured out a small glass of wine for the cake she was mixing.

"Oh! but these lots of goodies do make me awful hungry, mother. Can't I have one of those cakes that got burnt on the edge?" And Robert looked at them longingly.

"Yes, take one; and carry Johnny out and amuse him—he's in my way. You bad boy; don't you ever do that again!" For Robert had dipped his cake down into the wine, and then transferred it to his mouth.

"I know you most always put some inside, mother; so where's the harm in having a little outside too? It's only eating it, and I tell you it's splendid."

In after-years, when her heart bled over her wayward, sinning, drunken boy, she remembered this scene; and, in anguish and remorse, she mourned over the fatal mistake of the past.

Half an hour later, Robert ushered in Mrs. Brown, "Rachel's mother," a prim, neat old lady, with snow-white hair and bent form. She declined the seat Mrs. Graham offered; and, in reply to her query as to her daughter's health, stated that "the child was sick in mind as well as body, and that, as she had decided to leave her service, she would have to get other help."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the lady: "for Rachel suited me better than any one I have had for years."

"Ah ma'am! in all the long time she's been with you you've been very kind to her; but if you'd been her worst enemy, you couldn't have done her more harm. She's had to handle liquor in your house, ma'am; and from getting the taste of it so often in her food, she's learned to love it, and has been drinking it; she confessed it to me to-day. I thought you were temperance folks, or she shouldn't have come to live here. She is the only one I've got left, and I must keep her away from temptation. God knows I've had sorrow and trouble enough without this. Good day, ma'am!" And the sad old mother went out, leaving a pang of remorse in Mrs. Graham's heart, which had she acted upon her first impulse would have resulted in the total demolition of the two cunning little demijohns with their dangerous contents; but she paused, and parleyed with her conscience: "What would John say? and really she didn't think she ought to be held responsible for Rachel's conduct." And so the work went on.

Maurice and Rena met in the busy throng that filled the lecture-room of the church, where huge piles of evergreens were being transformed into wreaths and garlands by deft fingers that kept time to the music of merry voices and happy hearts.

"Mr. Worth, we can tolerate no idlers here," said a lady who seemed to be a general supervisor. "Come and assist Miss Graham to drape this flag around that stage on which the infant class are to perform. You have both artistic taste sufficient to do it well. There! you would make a fine-looking goddess of liberty," she exclaimed gayly, throwing the flag over Rena's shoulders, and leaving her with a crimson glow on her cheeks that rivalled the stripes of her tri-colored mantle. She was the first to recover from the momentary embarrssment.

"We will execute this commission in a manner that will reflect credit on our skill and patriotism, Mr. Worth." And as they worked and chatted one would never have dreamed of the cloud between them.

"That bunch of evergreen on the right is too high," said Maurice, as they put the finishing touches. Both attempted to unfasten it, and their hands, being close together, became suddenly entangled in some mysterious manner, while a voice whispered, "Rena, darling, forgive my hasty words—my unkind conduct."

"I do, freely," was the low glad reply.

"And that foolish thing that caused me to suffer so shall never be mentioned again; and you will eat what is placed before you, asking no questions for conscience' sake," he added playfully.

"You know my decision, Maurice," she replied in tones of pain and surprise. "Is it possible that you wish me to act in direct opposition to my convictions of right?"

"Can it be possible that you will allow that trifle to separate us again?" he exclaimed hotly.

"It is no trifle, Maurice Worth! I can point to half a score whose lives and hopes have been wrecked on that treacherous, hidden rock. I know that they can trace their misery back to the days of their childhood, ay, to the dear mother's hand that prepared the tempting dainties in which the serpent lurked, though so cunningly hidden that its presence was scarcely dreamed of. And you, although you would scorn to confess it even to yourself, have a latent fondness, a growing desire for the taste of alcohol, which may yet develop into an appetite that will become your master. Then you will find it no trifle."

There was a solemn, convincing earnestness in her words that thrilled the heart of the listener; but his self-love was wounded, his pride was aroused, and, as a merry group gathered round to admire the effect of their work, the shadow fell between them again, and so they drifted apart.

Later in the evening, as Rena stood alone, Olney Richards, to whom she had bowed on first entering, came to her.

"Miss Graham," said he, "I have met you but once before; but one little act of yours on that occasion gave me strength and courage to resist a dangerous temptation." Rena's brown eyes expressed her surprise, and he continued, "You can not realize how great was my longing for that rich sauce, steaming with the fumes of alcohol; and though I felt assured it would be the means of unchaining a demon which I am striving, by the help of God and a firm will to keep in bondage, I was ashamed for my friends to know I was so weak, and so I hesitated and would have been lost had it not been for you."

It was not till the Christmas chimes had pealed their message of "peace on earth, good-will to men," that Maurice Worth became convinced of his error, and crushed down his stubborn pride enough to confess it; but ere the close of that day, there was peace between him and Rena.

"Well," remarked John Graham soberly, "when you dig at the root of the matter you'll find these radicals about right; but the self-denial it requires to practice the thing successfully is the great trouble. Now, mince-pie is my specialty, and it is not good without a little brandy or cider in it, (I prefer brandy;) so, if I give up the flavoring, I give up the pie also, and I'm not just prepared to do that yet. I believe a great many feel just as I do about the matter."—*Advocate.*

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

The duty of telling the truth seems to us, until we have devoted special consideration to the subject, the most simple thing in the world, both to understand and to perform; and when we find young children disregarding it we are surprised and shocked, and often imagine that it indicates something peculiar and abnormal in the moral sense of the offender. A little reflection, however, will show us how very different the state of the case really is. The child, when he first acquires the art of using and understanding language, is filled with wonder and pleasure to find that he can represent external objects that he observes, and also ideas passing through his mind, by means of sounds formed by his organs of speech. Such sounds, he finds, have both these powers—that is, they can represent realities or fancies. Thus, when he utters the sounds *I see a bird*, they may denote either a mere conception in his mind, or an outward actuality. How is he possibly to know, by any instinct, or intuition, or moral sense, when it is right for him to use them as representations of a mere idea, and when it is wrong for him to use them, unless they correspond with some actual reality?

A mother takes her little son, four or five years old, into her lap to amuse him with a story. She begins:

"When I was a little boy I lived by myself. All the bread and cheese I got I laid upon a shelf," and so on to the end. The mother's object is accomplished. The boy is amused. He is greatly interested and pleased by the wonderful phenomenon taking place within him of curious images awakened in his mind by means of sounds entering his ear—images of a little boy living alone, of his reaching up to put bread and cheese upon a shelf, and finally of his attempting to wheel a little wife home—the story ending with the breaking and downfall of the wheelbarrow, wife and all. He does not reflect philosophically upon the subject, but the principal element of the pleasure afforded him is the wonderful phenomenon of the formation of such vivid and strange images in his mind by means of the mere sound of his mother's voice.

He knows at once, if any half-formed reflections arise in his mind at all, that what his mother has told him is not true—that is, that the words and images which they awaken in his mind had no actual realities corresponding with them. He knows in the first place, that his mother never was a boy, and does not suppose that she ever lived by herself, and laid up her bread and cheese upon a shelf. The whole story, he understands, if he exercises any thought about it whatever—wheelbarrow catastrophe and all—consists only of words which his mother speaks to him to give him pleasure.

By-and-by his mother gives him a piece of cake, and he goes out into the garden to play. His sister is there, and asks him to give her a piece of his cake. He hesitates. He thinks of the request long enough to form a distinct image in his mind of giving her half of it, but finally concludes not to do so, and eats it all himself.

When at length he comes in, his mother accidentally asks him some question about the cake, and he says he gave half of it to his sister. His mother seems much pleased. He knew that she would be pleased. He said it, in fact, on purpose to please her. The words represented no actual reality, but only a thought passing through his mind, and he spoke, in a cer-

tain sense, for the purpose of giving his mother pleasure. The case corresponds in all these particulars with that of his mother's statement in respect to her being once a little boy and living by herself. Those words were spoken by her to give him pleasure, and he said what he did to give her pleasure. To give her pleasure! the reader will perhaps say, with some surprise, thinking that to assign such a motive as that is not, by any means, putting a fair and proper construction upon the boy's act. His design was, it will be said, to shield himself from censure, or to procure undeserved praise. And it is, no doubt, true that, on a nice analysis of the motives of the act, such as we, in our maturity, can easily make, we shall find that design obscurely mingled with them. But the child does not analyze. He can not. He does not look forward to ultimate ends, or look for the hidden springs that lie concealed among the complicated combinations of impulses which animate him. In the case that we are supposing, all that we can reasonably believe to be present to his mind is a kind of instinctive feeling that for him to say that he ate the cake all himself would bring a frown, or at least a look of pain and distress to his mother's face, and perhaps words of displeasure for him; while, if he says that he gave half to his sister, she will look pleased and happy. This is as far as he sees. And he may be of such an age, and his mental organs may be in so embryonic a condition, that it is as far as he ought to be expected to look; so that, as the case presents itself to his mind in respect to the impulse which at the moment prompts him to act, he said what he did from a desire to give his mother pleasure, and not pain. As to the secret motive, which might have been his ultimate end, *that* lay too deeply concealed for him to be conscious of it. And we ourselves too often act from the influence of hidden impulses of selfishness, the existence of which we are wholly unconscious of, to judge him too harshly for his blindness.

At length, by-and-by, when his sister comes in, and the untruth is discovered, the boy is astonished and bewildered by being called to account in a very solemn manner by his mother on account of the awful wickedness of having told a lie!

Now I am very ready to admit that, notwithstanding the apparent resemblance between these two cases, this resemblance is only apparent and superficial; but the question is, whether it is not sufficient to cause such a child to confound them, and to be excusable, until he has been enlightened by appropriate instruction, for not clearly distinguishing the cases where words must be held strictly to conform to actual realities, from those where it is perfectly right and proper that they should only represent images or conceptions of the mind.

A father, playing with his children, says, "Now I am a bear, and am going to growl." So he growls. Then he says, "Now I am a dog, and am going to bark." He is not a bear, and he is not a dog, and the children know it. His words, therefore, even to the apprehension of the children, express an untruth, in the sense that they do not correspond with any actual reality. It is not a wrongful untruth. The children understand perfectly well that in such a case as this it is not in any sense wrong to say what is not true. But how are they to know what kind of untruths are right, and what kind are wrong, until they are taught what the distinction is and upon what it depends.

Unfortunately many parents confuse the ideas, or rather the moral sense of their children, in a much more vital manner by untruths of a different kind from this—as, for example, when a mother, in the presence of her children, expresses a feeling of vexation and annoyance at seeing a certain visitor coming to make a call, and then, when the visitor enters the room, receives her with pretended pleasure, and says, out of politeness, that she is very glad to see her. Sometimes a father will join with his children, when peculiar circumstances seem, as he thinks, to require it, in concealing something from their mother, or deceiving her in regard to it by misrepresentations or positive untruths. Sometimes even the mother will do this in reference to the father. Of course such management as this must necessarily have the effect of bringing up the children to the idea that deceiving by untruths is a justifiable resort in certain cases—a doctrine which, though entertained by many well-meaning persons, strikes a fatal blow at all confidence in the veracity of men; for whenever we know of any persons that they entertain this idea, it is never afterwards safe to trust in what they say, since we never can know that the case in hand is not, for some reason unknown to us, one of those which justify a resort to falsehood.

But to return to the case of the children that are under the training of parents who will not themselves, under any circumstances, falsify their word—that is, will never utter words that do not represent actual reality in any of the wrongful ways. Such children can not be expected to know of themselves, or to learn without instruction, what the wrongful ways are, and they never do learn until they have made many failures. Many, it is true, learn when they are very young. Many evince a remarkable tenderness of conscience in respect to this as well as to all their other duties, as fast as they are taught them. And some become so faithful and scrupulous in respect to

truth, at so early an age, that their parents quite forgot the progressive steps by which they advanced at the beginning. We find many a mother who will say of her boy that he never told an untruth, but we do not find any man who will say of himself. that when he was a boy he never told one.

But besides the complicated character of the general subject, as it presents itself to the minds of children—that is, the intricacy to them of the question when there must be a strict correspondence between the words spoken and an actual reality, and when they may rightly represent mere images or fancies of the mind—there is another great difficulty in their way, one that is very little considered and often, indeed, not at all understood by parents—and that is, that in the earliest years the distinction between realities and mere fancies of the mind is very indistinctly drawn. Even in our minds the two things are often confounded. We often have to pause and think in order to decide whether a mental perception of which we are conscious is a remembrance of a reality, or a revival of some image formed at some previous time, perhaps remote, by a vivid description which we have read or heard, or even by our own fancy. "Is that really so, or did I dream it?" How often is such a question heard. And persons have been known to certify honestly, in courts of justice, to facts which they think they personally witnessed, but which were really pictured in their minds in other ways. The picture was so distinct and vivid that they lost, in time, the power of distinguishing it from other and, perhaps, similar pictures which had been made by their witnessing the corresponding realities.

Now, in the case of young children, the faculties of perception and consciousness, and the power of recognizing the distinguishing characteristics of the different perceptions and sensations of their minds are all immature, and distinctions which even to mature minds are not so clear but that they are often confounded, for them form a bewildering maze.

If these views are correct, we can safely draw from them the following conclusions:

1. We must not expect from children that they will from the beginning understand and feel the obligation to speak the truth, any more than we look for a recognition, on their part, of the various other principles of duty which arise from the relations of man to man in the social state. We do not expect that two babies creeping upon the floor towards the same plaything should each feel instinctively impelled to grant the other the use of it half of the time. Children must be taught to tell the truth, just as they must be taught the principles of justice and equal rights. They generally get taught by experience—that is, by the rough treatment and hard knocks which they bring upon themselves by their violation of these principles. But the faithful parent can aid them in acquiring the necessary knowledge in a far easier and more agreeable manner by appropriate instruction.

2. The mother must not be distressed or too much troubled when she finds that her children, while very young, are prone to fall into deviations from the truth, but only to be made to feel more impressed with the necessity of renewing her own efforts to teach them the duty, and to train them to the performance of it.

3. She must not be too stern or severe in punishing the deviations from truth in very young children, or in expressing the displeasure which they awaken in her mind. It is instruction, not expressions of anger or vindictive punishment, that is required in most cases. Explain to them the evils that would result if we could not believe what people say, and tell them stories of truth-loving children on the one hand, and of false and deceitful children on the other. And, above all, notice with indications of approval and pleasure, when the child speaks the truth under circumstances which might have tempted him to deviate from it. One instance of this kind, in which you show that you observe and are pleased by his truthfulness, will do more to awaken in his heart a general love for the truth than ten reprovals, or even punishments, incurred by the violation of it.

And in the same spirit we must make use of the religious considerations which are appropriate to this subject—that is, we must encourage the child with the approval of his Heavenly Father, when he resists the temptation to deviate from the truth, instead of frightening him, when he falls, by terrible denunciations of the anger of God against liars; denunciations which, however well-deserved in the cases to which they are intended to apply, are not designed for children, in whose minds the necessary discriminations, as pointed out in this chapter, are yet scarcely formed.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young."*

KATE.

Many a mother tells her child untruths from the best intentions. But whatever the end proposed may be, if the path to it lies only through faleshood, be assured it should never be reached.

Kate was rich, beautiful, educated and accomplished, the belle of the town, and her manners was subdued and made winning by the gentle influence of a Saviour beloved and imitated in a school where earth's lore and laws were being taught.

Therc the Spirit of the Living God had spoken in a "still small voice," and many a young ear caught the tone, and many a bright, joyous life was consecrated in loving trust. Kate's was one. Yet she had failed to renew her vows in the house of God.

Asked one who loved her—"Do you love your Saviour now, as you thought you did when at school?"

"Oh, yes! Every day I love him more. Every night I have so much that needs forgiveness, that I see how hopeless I should be without Him."

"And yet you have never confessed him before men."

"I shrink from the publicity of it, and I distrust myself."

"Does your religion teach you to trust *yourself?* or shrink from a commanded duty from an instinctive modesty?"

"I have often felt that I should love to sit with Christians around His table, but thought perhaps I could serve him as well without."

"You have been thinking of yourself. Have you thought of others? That you are keeping them away?"

"I do not understand you."

"Kate, you are the belle of this town, and your claims are so pre-eminent that all the towns around acknowledge them ——"

"Don't talk that way to her," interposed her mother; "you will make her vain. I always tell her that she is not handsome, and that when people tell her she is, they only do it to flatter her; they don't really mean it."

"Yet *you* know she is beautiful. And *she* knows it, too."

"I always try to think I am not"

"You find it decidedly difficult to think so, I fancy!"

"Yes. And it always makes me so mortified and humiliated when I am dressed, and —— and —— "

"And look at yourself in the glass!"

She laughed and blushed.

"Here you come," said the mother, "and begin a religious conversation, and end by fostering the pride she is struggling against, and I am trying to uproot."

"My dear Madam you began wrong. You should have broken up her mirrors! Allow me to finish."

"Certainly."

"My dear Kate, instead of looking in the glass and trying to forget what manner of woman you are, look, see your beauty, and remember beauty is power. Think of your fine voice and your cultured fingers and remember accomplishments are power. See your surroundings—remember wealth is power. Your talents and education, too, are powers, and for *each* and all combined, God will hold you directly and certainly responsible—for your beauty and position, as truly as for your talents and education! Many a one, you will know, is looking to walk as you walk, sit as you sit, changing the style of her hair as often as you change yours, and *dare* you think she is not shaping her life by yours? One of my Sabbath-school scholars, the last Sabbath, said: 'Miss Kate A. is just as sweet as any church member. I guess she'll go to heaven, if anybody does.' So you see your very religion, so long as it not the *avowed* motive power of your life, is made to tell against religion. And the very gifts your God has been lavishing upon you, you have ignored, and permitted to be forged into weapons to wound Him in whose hands are the prints of the nails."

The quick tear trembled in her large brown eyes, and the rich ruby lips quivered, and there were depths of loving tenderness in her voice, as she said:

"Instead of trying not to think of, I should have thanked Him for, *all* His gifts, and consecrated them to Him. I never before realized the fearful responsiblity they imposed."

The next communion day Kate stood before the altar!

Oh, mothers! mothers! if you tell your beautiful daughters that they are not beautiful their mirrors will dispute you. Tell them frankly the truth. There is no danger of your injuring them. *Your* truth is the *only* antidote to the poison which will be presented on every side to their lips. Tell them they *are* beautiful, but show them the responsibility which therefore presses upon them, and that very loveliness, *consecrated*, will shine as the beauty of holiness, by which sinful souls are illumined and drawn upward, and the "well done" will as surely be her plaudit, sa it will be his of the ten talents.—*Mother at Home.*

PRACTICAL NOTES ON CEMENTS.

It may be a somewhat bold assertion, but it is nevertheless a true one, that nearly every man, woman, and child in the country is interested in this subject. It is not alone the carpenter with his glue, or the professional paper-hanger and the book-binder with their paste, but it is the business man with his bottle of mucilage, the housekeeper with her cements for mending broken furniture, glass, and crockery, the school-girl with her scrap-book, the boy with his kite, and even the little girl with her toys, that feel a desire to know the best methods of preparing and using cements. We consequently find that no contribution is more acceptable to those journals that deal in practical matters than a recipe for a new cement, and the paragraph containing it is sure to be extensively republished.

Now the truth is that we do not so much require a knowledge of improved cements as of the best methods of using those that we have. Good glue leaves nothing to be desired as an article for uniting pieces of wood. When it is properly applied, the pieces united by it will part anywhere rather than through the joint. Well-made paste will cause pieces of paper, cloth, etc., to adhere to each other, and to wood, plaster, earthenware, etc., so that the very substance of the paper, cloth, etc., will give way before the paste separates; and the same is true of many cements in use for mending earthenware, glass, etc., when these are applied by persons who thoroughly understand the proper method of doing it. And yet how often do we see articles of furniture that have been joined by glue prepared and applied by those who have had no experience in its use, which actually fall to pieces by their own weight! And how frequently do we find house-keepers purchase bottles of cement for mending broken glass, china, etc., and condemn the vendor as a cheat, when the fact is that the very same cement, in the hands of those who know how to use it, is capable of uniting pieces of broken glass so that the joint will be the strongest part of the object!

The art of using cements depends upon certain general principles, which are easily understood and put in practice. The power which all cements have of uniting separate pieces depends upon the strength of the cement itself, and upon its adhesion to the objects to which it is applied. Strange to say, it has been found in practice that a joint may actually exhibit a strength which is greater than that possessed by the cement when the latter exists in large masses. A bar of solid glue an inch square and a foot long is not so strong as a similar bar composed of thin strips of wood glued together; and the little sticks of cement that are sold for mending earthenware are very brittle, although they form joints that bear a great deal of rough usage; and this principle seems to be the foundation of the fact that the thinner the layer of cement the stronger will be the joint. Most inexperienced persons err in using too much cement. Actuated by liberal motives, they are determined not to stint matters, and in their desire to use enough they use far too much. Let us take, for example, the case of the coarsest and simplest cement—the mixture of resin, shellac, and finely ground brick-dust, that is so frequently sold for mending earthenware. The directions are to apply it hot; and, indeed, it can not be used cold, since it must be melted before it can be applied to the surfaces that are to be joined. But in nine cases out of ten the broken pieces are merely warmed so far that the cement may be smeared over them, and when they are brought together a thick layer of cement is always allowed to intervene. The result is either that the joint breaks along the line of the cement, or the cement separates from one of the surfaces. If the pieces had been made sufficiently hot to render the cement as fluid as possible, the layer of cement would have been exceedingly thin, and the adhesion between it and the surfaces to be joined would have been so great that separation would have taken place anywhere else rather than along the line of union. We must, therefore, select a cement that will be as strong as possible, and we must also see that the layer of cement is as thin as it can be made without leaving any part of the surfaces bare.

The adhesion of any cement to the surface to which it is applied depends largely upon the closeness with which the cement and the surface are brought together; and this depends very much upon the condition of the surface as regards freedom from grease, dirt, and even air. It may sound strange to talk of freeing a surface from *air*, and yet the feat is not impossible. All surfaces that have been exposed for some time to the air attract a thin film of the gas, which prevents the intimate contact of other surfaces. This fact is well known to electrotypers, who find it necessary to take the utmost pains to get rid of the thin adhering layer of air which invariably attaches itself to their plates. A very striking example of the influence of this layer of air may be shown as follows: take a new and clean needle and lay it gently on the surface of some water, and it will float. The explanation is that the water is prevented by the adhering layer of air from coming into contact with the needle and wetting it, and the combined influence of the buoyant power of the air and the cohesion of the water is sufficient to float an ordinary sewing-needle. The easiest way to drive off this adhering air is to heat the article. If the needle be heated, it will be impossible to cause it to float until after it has cooled and has been exposed to the air for sometime, and the same process is applicable to most surfaces to which cement is to be applied.

Whenever an article is broken which is considered worth mending, the broken surfaces should be kept scrupulously clean until such time as we are ready to repair the damage. When a valuable glass or china vessel is broken, the usual practice is to fit the surfaces together a dozen or twenty times, and rub them all over with the fingers. This is done without any object except to gratify the mere idle curiosity of the moment, but the result is that the broken edges are chipped, the surfaces are covered with the oily exudations of the fingers, and a neat and strong joint becomes unattainable. Keep the edges away from each other until you are

ready to cement them together, and keep your hands off them. The same is true in regard to the joining of pieces of wood, such as broken furniture. We have seen people attempt to glue together two pieces of wood the surfaces of which were covered with old glue, the remains of former efforts to unite the parts. Such joints can not hold even if the very best glue be used. In all cases where it is desired to unite joints that have been previously imperfectly cemented, the old cement should be carefully removed. Glue may be removed by water, shellac and resin by means of alcohol, and other cements by means of their appropriate solvents. There are two other points that demand attention, the first being the necessity of bringing the surfaces together by means of heavy pressure. Pieces of wood that are firmly clamped together by means of powerful screw clamps while the glue is hardening will adhere with a force far greater than if they were merely stuck together. In the second place, we must allow abundant time for the cement to harden. Those cements that merely cool, and do not *dry* out, require very little time. Cements of which the solvent is water or alcohol dry out in a few days; but those which have an oily basis, like whitelead, require half a year to dry perfectly. People frequently attempt to use articles cemented with such compounds before the drying process has been completed, and, as a consequence, fail in their efforts.

These general principles are applicable to all cements, and a careful observance of them will frequently enable us to attain success where others have failed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ARE HOUSE-PLANTS INJURIOUS TO THE HEALTH?

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

It is not very many years since physicians lifted up their voices against this pleasant adornment of our homes, by which some portion of the joyous summer may be wrested from the grasp of the Frost King, and which enable us while indoors to forget that fingers and toes are in danger the moment we venture outside of the carefully-tended parlor garden.

But our physicians change their opinions like other mortals, and at the present time some affirm that plants and vines in the house, or even in the sleeping apartments, are health-giving. They tell us that the carbonic gas which is being constantly set free, and which is detrimental, is at once absorbed by our flowers, while they at the same time give to us, in exchange, the oxygen, which, in its proper place and quantity, is so necessary to health and life.

Other physicians assume that a growing plant is not noxious, or in any way detrimental, but that as soon as it begins to blossom it should be at once removed from a bed-chamber, and if allowed to remain in the house at all, should be placed, while in bloom, as far as possible from the family apartments.

Again it is stated—and all these conflicting opinions, we are told, come to us from the "best and most reliable authority"—that no plant, in flower or not, is at all injurious in any part of the house, so long as the perfume from the blossom is not powerful, and not at all offensive. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" It seems to us very important that our learned, scientific men—those who make the effects of the various gases on life and health a careful study—should give this question a thorough investigation, and when, after mature research, they arrive, as they suppose, to a proper conclusion, should publish their opinion in simple terms, such as all can comprehend. We should rejoice if the conclusion of the whole matter might be such that all should lean upon it, with no fear of its proving by and by a broken reed; but it is difficult to keep pace with changes in the results of scientific investigations.

One year certain health-principles are established, the next they are set aside for some other thing. Some articles of food are prohibited as being very injurious, but in a few months the prohibition is cast aside. One mode of diet is declared pernicious, shortening the days, and making the few that are granted undesirable. Yet, just as you are ready to accept this theory, you are told of those who have lived well nigh to a hundred years, or perhaps have passed that period, always healthful and cheerful, yet the proscribed diet or article of food has been habitually indulged in by them.

For our own part, we find it difficult to believe that the plants cultivated in our homes, and which so beautify and enliven our winters, can be injurious, provided the rooms in which they are placed are kept well ventilated. In severely cold weather it may not be advisable to open a window just over the plants; but when the windows are raised to air adjacant rooms where there are no flowers, then open the doors leading from them to the parlor, or *winter garden*, that the cold breeze from without may sweep through the whole suite of rooms for a few moments until the air is entirely changed. This even in the coldest winter, will do the plants no harm, nor their owners either, but, on the contrary, will be very beneficial, making both more healthy and vigorous. Many a lady in mid-winter sits by the fire or register, yawning and

stupidly sleepy, with a dull heavy pain over the eyes, foreboding a severe headache, who could throw off all this torpidity, defy the headache, and rise up refreshed and vigorous, if she would simply throw open her doors or windows just long enough to drive out the overcharged air in the room, and by so doing bring in exchange a pure and invigorating atmosphere from the outdoor world; and house plants will be equally benefited by the same prescription.

We should not think it wise to have plants in bloom in the sleeping apartment, unless the room was large, and the doors so arranged as to favor frequent and complete change of the air.

It is always desirable, just before retiring, to raise the windows for a few moments, not only in the parlors, but in the sleeping apartments, particularly if they have been used through the day as sewing-rooms. It will insure a more refreshing sleep, and also a brighter awakening in the morning. House plants should be placed on a stand having castors, so that they can be easily rolled away from the windows when opened, until the room is fully aired; or, if freezing cold, an old cloth kept for the purpose, or old newspapers, should be thrown over the plants to protect them from being chilled.

Cut flowers, we think, should not be left in a bedroom over night. Just before retiring, set them into a cool, dark closet. They will keep fresh much longer by using this precaution, and the occupants of the chamber escape any possible injury from them. The water in which cut flowers are put ought to be changed every night and morning, or it will become slimy and offensive, as well as injurious.

The love of flowers in children is very desirable, and should be cultivated from their earliest years. For that reason, if for no other, we should be exceedingly sorry to have any physician whose judgment we respected forbid the cultivation of house plants, particularly in the nursery. In that room every bright and pretty thing should be gathered, and certainly nothing more quickly attracts the attention of children than a choice collection of flowers. To find these all about the house, but especially in the nursery—their own peculiar domain—secures a taste for them far more surely than to see them kept exclusively in the green-house, or in rooms set apart for their culture and nothing more. Yet no mother will risk her children's health in the least degree, and if her physician assure her that flowers in any part of the house are harmful, she will eject them at once. We do not at all believe they are injurious to the health, and know that they greatly increase the happiness of those who cultivate them. But we are open to conviction, and if any one of reliable judgment can bring sound reasons against keeping these house-gardens, we should be glad to know of them. —*Christian Union.*

EVENING COLORS.

A rule, soon learned by experience in such things, is that a color gains or loses in beauty by daylight, according to the greater or lesser quantity of yellow it contains. Violet, which is the opposite of yellow, is that which changes most; it becomes a dull, reddish brown. Blue, if pure, becomes a greenish; if dark, it looks hard and blackish; if light, it loses color and turns gray. There is a shade of blue which has no brilliance by day, but acquires a great deal by the yellow light of gas, while turquoise silks, charming by daylight, are quite *effacée* under the lamp of the ball-room.

Those greens which incline most to yellow look the prettiest of an evening. Thus, apple-green acquires the brilliant tints of emerald; peacock-green loses its blue *reflets* and becomes too yellowish. Yellow materials are certainly those which appear best by lamp-light, especially silks and satins. Buttercup yellow, so bright at any time, is brighter than ever of an evening; straw-color becomes rosier; sulphur-color does not change, and maize becomes exquisitely soft and clear. All brunettes know how extremely becoming it is to them in the ball-room.

Pink changes to salmon-color. The yellow light of gas or candles, so hostile to all blue tints, enhances the splendor of red. Ruby becomes more brilliant; *nacaret* appears lighter; cerise deepens to crimson, and crimson inclines to *capucine*, which itself assumes a more orange-like tone; and orange vies with fire-color.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

A mother of a growing family of boys and girls has, perhaps, no harder trial than that involved in keeping little hands and minds busy, and at the same time out of mischief. In the summer it is not so difficult. The children can be dismissed to some out-door region, and only require occasional supervision. But when winter comes, and colds and threatened croup are the consequences of too much out-of-door play, then the poor distracted mother is sometimes at her wit's end.

The boys are noisy; the girls are restless and teasing; the perpetual cry of both is: "I want something to do." They quarrel among themselves; they "wake the baby;" they set poor mother's nerves all of a quiver: while grandmother moralizes on the degeneracy of the times, and wonders why

children are so much more unruly now than they were when she was young.

There are various ways in which to amuse children, if one will give a little thought to the matter.

Sets of paper dolls and paper furniture are not expensive, and are invaluable to keep little girls busy and quiet.

A quantity of beads of different colors, with needle and thread, will serve until the last bead is lost.

Some paper, a pair of scissors and a cup of paste, with the corner of the room to make a litter in, is another ingenious device for occupying the fingers and thoughts of the little ones, and has never been known to fail.

A slate and pencil we have found of infinite value. Also pieees of waste paper and a lead pencil,

A cheap box of paints and a book of pictures, with full liberty to " paint," we have also found a success.

It is well to give children sets of carpenter's tools, and let them learn to use them. But this necessitates their banishment to another apartment, unless one's nerves are very strong, and chips, shavings, and sawdust on the carpet can be borne without a murmur.

One of the prettiest occupations for children is furnished in a box of building-blocks. They are not only tolerably quiet but cleanly playthings, as when the child is done playing they can be gathered up and packed away in their box, leaving no dirt or litter behind them.

The little ones never get tired of these, as they constantly tax their ingenuity, and in their combinations are continually presenting new forms and suggesting new ideas. They also develop the faculty of constructiveness.

These blocks a man may make himself for his children, if he have a little spare time and is handy in the use of tools; or he can obtain them already made at the toy stores, at prices ranging from one dollar to three dollars, according to quality and number of blocks. These latter are preferable; and the money laid out for them, even by a poor man, is well spent and will never be regretted.

A box of blocks should, in a family of young children, be considered as indispensable as the cradle or the picture book. They will serve their purpose longer than any other plaything; for the little child, as soon as it is able to creep about the floor and use its hands, finds pleasure and amusement in turning them over; while the older ones never seem to outgrow them. Even papa, when he comes in from his day's work, now and then builds a castle or a church—"to amuse the children," he says, but we know that it does him good to relax his brain and muscles, and that he takes as much delight in it as though he were a boy himself. Even mamma sometimes thinks she would like to try her hand at building, if she "could ever find the time."
—*Home Magazine.*

AUNT ELLINOR'S VISIT.

"School begins next week, and father is satisfied with the answers respecting his inquiries about it, so I suppose Lilly and I must gather up our school-books," said Sophy.

"And look up our warm clothing," said Lilly, with a shiver. "These mornings are getting very cold—my fingers are blue."

Auntie looked up from the eggs she was beating to take a survey of the girls' clothing.

"Sure enough, I have neglected this matter too long. I will help you, girls, if you will be so kind as to lay out every article of winter clothing you have, and let us see what we have to do."

There was quite a display of fancifully trimmed and made suits, rather the worse for wear and bad care; but where were the warm under-flannels and soft woollen skirts so essential to comfort? Alas, there had not been money enough for both; so it was quickly decided which should be sacrificed.

"It will be easy enough to get you up two good suits apiece for church, but warm every-day garments—that is the rub," said auntie, anxiously looking them over piece by piece, and calculating the capabilities of each with Yankee shrewdness. "There must certainly be more old clothes than this in such a family, girls," she said; "are you sure you have looked thoroughly?"

"Yes, Auntie, these are all. Mamma would never have old clothes lying around out of fashion. She sold them to an old Chinaman, who came to the door and gave her beautiful things for them."

"But it was a pity, though, dears, for they would cut over nicely for Flossy and would quite clothe you now. I would never part with things to such dealers. They charge you two prices for their goods, and give you scarcely anything for yours, though they are very valuable to them. They make a great deal out of every trade. If you have the pieces of this plaid poplin, Lilly, I think we can fix it over into a good dress for you."

"I had a nice roll of pieces, Auntie, but Flossy was teasing me one day for something to make a doll's dress, and I gave that to her. She cut up and wasted the whole of it. I suppose Bridget burned up the pieces. I am very sorry, but I never supposed I should want them."

"What a pity! I always save even the scraps of my dresses as long as the dresses

last, and it is of the greatest service to me. I have had some scraps no larger than my hand just finish out what I wanted to do, when without it I must have given it up. Well, as we cannot make new sleeves to this, I see no other way but to turn it over to Flossy. She will be well provided for."

Patiently, piece bv piece, did Auntie go through the girls' wardrobes, until she turned out for them a very respectable outfit, made out of what seemed a chaos of rubbish. The girls had taken a wonderful lesson in turning things upside down and inside out, in piecing out worn sleeves, and hiding the fact by skilful trimming; in lengthening skirts by letting down a hem and re-disposing the flounces to hide the fold where the hem was. It took a great deal of time, it is true, but it saved money, and that was the point they aimed at. A bathing suit of mamma's was with the consent of all cut up into flannel skirts, which with skilful goring went farther in Aunt Ellinor's hands than it would in those of almost any other woman. Nothing was too much trouble that would answer the purpose when done. I do not know how many times she pieced the soft merino which was to make underskirts for Flossy's flannel skirts, but when they were finished the little one was as snug and comfortable as possible.

"I wish I could do as well by the rest of you," said Auntie; but the discovery of some half-worn knitted goods was a mine in her eyes. With her excellent patterns she soon had nice under suits for all, and then her main anxieties for winter were over.

"Whatever you lack, girls, see that you have good flannels, and stout shoes and warm stockings, and then you can brave winter in a summer overdress. Nothing can take the place of these, and the want of them brings thousands of our young girls to their coffins every year."

SELECTED RECIPES.

Potted Beef.—Take eight pounds of lean rump steak, put it into a stone jar, with a tea-cup of boiling water, a level tea-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of pepper, and a few whole allspice, with one onion chopped fine. Cover with paste and bake for three hours. Turn out all the liquor, and take out the meat into the chopping-bowl. Pound it fine with the pestle; season with half a tea-cup of catsup. Taste it, and if not highly seasoned add more salt and pepper. When perfectly fine, press into moulds, or small cups; and if desired to be kept for six weeks, cover the tops with melted butter so thickly that no meat is seen. Wet the moulds or cups with water, and the beef will turn out in form.

Chicken Jelly.—For chicken jelly, take a large chicken, cut it up into very small pieces, bruise the bones, and put the whole into a stone jar with a cover, that will make it water-tight. Set the jar in a large kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling for four hours. Then strain off the liquid, and season it slightly with salt and pepper, and mace, or with loaf-sugar and lemon-juice, according to the taste of the person for whom it is intended. Return the fragments of the chicken to the jar, and set it again in a kettle of boiling water. You will find that you can collect nearly as much jelly by the second boiling. This jelly may be made of an old fowl.

Apple Dumplings.—Three-fourths of a pound of beef suet, chopped fine; add a little salt, and flour enough to make a paste. Then having previously pared and cored your apples, roll out the paste for each dumpling, fill with apples, and roll up in cloths, sewing each cloth to keep it tight. Have the water boiling, and let the dumplings boil steadily for one hour.

Baked Batter Pudding.—Take two table-spoonfuls of flour, two eggs, and one pint of milk. Mix the flour with a very little milk, then the eggs; finally the remainder of the milk. Whisk all well together. Simple as this may appear, as regards the pancakes or pudding being nice and light, all depends on whether the ingredients be well whisked or merely mixed together.

Sago Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Peel and core with a scoop enough apples to cover the bottom of your dish; fill the holes of the apples with sugar, and sprinkle one ounce over them; add a quarter pound of sago, a little lemon peel and nutmeg; cover the whole with water, and bake it in a quick oven for about one hour. Eaten hot, let it stand five minutes after being taken out of the oven. It is very nice cold.

Maccaroons.—One pound of sugar, whites of three eggs, one quarter pound blanched and pounded almonds. Sprinkle sugar on paper and drop in little round cakes.

Parker House Rolls.—Two quarts flour, one large spoonful of lard, one pint boiled milk—set aside till cold,—half cup sugar, half cup yeast. Make a hole in centre of the flour, put in milk, &c., and rise over night. In the morning knead it well, and rise till noon; then cut into long, narrow rolls and let it rise till tea time.

LEMON PUFFS.—Make a rich paste, roll out thin, and cut with a biscuit-cutter. In the centre of every other round cut a hole with a wine-glass and fit it on the circle left uncut. Before putting in the oven, brush over with white of egg, with a little sugar added to it.

LEMON HONEY.—To fill the puffs, take six well-beaten eggs, grated rind of three lemons, one pound of white sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter; add the juice of the lemons; stir butter and sugar to a cream; then add all but the eggs, and simmer. When hot, turn in the eggs; stir quickly for five minutes and remove from the fire, seting the pan into cold water. This can be kept in jars for months, and used for jelly cakes or puffs when desired.

MINCE PIES.—Boil a beef's tongue until a broom straw will run through it; skin, and when cold chop fine, with two pounds of boiled beef, tender and free from gristle. To every teacupful of meat, add two teacupfuls of good tart apples, chopped fine; sweeten with sugar to taste, and season with quarter of an ounce of cloves, the same of pepper, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg and allspice; add two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound of currants and half a pound of citron. Chopped fresh lemons or oranges add much to the flavor of the pies, and the syrup of cherries and strawberries, or of sweet pickles, is excellent to moisten with. Mince pies must be juicy. Add half a pound of butter chopped fine if one desires the pies to be rich. The practice of using suet is nearly passed away; it is the cause of the indigestibleness of mince pies, in a great degree, although the fruit and spices are also rich.

SCORCHED LINEN.—Peel and slice two onions; extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; add to the juice half an ounce of cut fine white soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together. When cool, spread it over the scorched linen, and let it dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear, unless burned so badly as to break the thread.

MUSLIN DRESSES may be rendered uninflammable by mixing in the starch either of three substances—phosphate of ammonia, sulphate of ammonia, or tungstate of soda, at the cost of two cents a dress.

TO CLEAN OIL-CLOTHS.—To ruin them, clean them with hot water or soapsuds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, but very dingy and dirty when dry, and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—We have been asked how to extract grease from marble. Spread potter-bakers' clay on the spot, lay a paper over it, and press a warm iron on it. To clean a marble slab, mix a quantity of strong soap-lye with quicklime to the consistency of milk, and spread over the stone, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then rub off and polish with dry woollen rags.

TO POLISH STOVES WITH LITTLE TROUBLE.—We cannot say *without* trouble, but certainly with much less than with blacking prepared in the old way. For a stove of medium size, pulverize a piece of alum the size of a large hickory-nut, stir into two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, add this to the stove-blacking, mixed with water in the usual manner. Apply this mixture with a cloth or brush to a *cold* stove, and *while wet* rub briskly with a dry brush. The polish will appear at once.

Literary Notices.

How to Educate Yourself, With or Without Masters: By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam, Montreal: Dawson Bros.

A work like this is, or should be, of interest to everyone. There is no one, we may venture to say, at all alive to his own mental needs who does not find many gaps in his mental structure which he would like to fill in if he knew how; and there are a great many who are painfully conscious of uncultivated minds, and would be glad of a little "learning" if they only saw their way clear to the obtaining of it. To those contained in this last class, this book will prove an invaluable guide, and those in the former will find its hints and suggestions of no small value. The book is a small one, and may be easily obtained; but for the benefit of those who may not see it, we will give, so far as our space will admit, an analysis of the work with a few extracts.

The contents of the first chapter, entitled "How to mark out a course of Study," are thus summarized by the author:—

Take an inventory of the time at your disposal, that you may know how much you can study.

Do not attempt too much, lest you become discouraged and fail altogether.

On the other hand, remember that within the limits imposed by your circumstances, the more you shall master the better educated you will be.

Select your studies with reference first to the value of the learning they will give you, and secondly to the value of the culture their mastery will bring.

Give the preference to those branches which will tend most directly to fit you for your special buisness, but enlarge your culture and information as opportunity shall offer.

Some important directions about "Common School studies" follow. Geography should, Mr. Eggleston thinks, be studied entirely from maps. In arithmetic, the student should consider a thorough comprehension of principles as far more important than a mere working out of problems, and should make these last as far as possible practical. To illustrate this point he says:—

I remember a schoolfellow of my own who went with me through the arithmetic, solved every problem, knew every rule, and was regarded as fellow of the best of us. His practice was to commit each rule to memory, and to follow it clause by clause in the working of every problem under it. He passed good examinations, of course, and afterwards graduated well in a commercial college. I happened to be with him ten years later, when he was attempting to fill the post of bill clerk in a commission house. His calculations for several days went unchallenged, as the bookkeeper was overburdened with other duties and supposed him competent. Before his first week ended, however, he came hurriedly from his desk to ask confidentially about a point in his practical arithmetic. He had to calculate the total value of a given number of bushels of corn at $1.08 per bushel. He had set the figures down in the ordinary way, had multiplied by the eight, and now *wanted to know what to do with the nought!* Of course in school, while his "rules" were fresh in his mind, no such difficulty had bothered him; but now, remembering no verbal rule for the case, he was unable to work this simple problem in multiplication.

* * * * *

A bright, keen-witted girl who was studying algebra came to me for assistance. I explained the problem in hand so that she could readily solve it, but I saw that she only dimly comprehended my most labored explanations of the principles involved, and I was not satisfied with this. I questioned her to ascertain where her difficulty lay, and was led presently to ask her:

"Do you understand the multiplication and division of fractions?"

"Algebraic fractions?" she asked.

"Fractions of any kind," said I. "Do

you know, for instance, why the division of any quantity by a fraction gives a result larger than the dividend?"

"No," she said, she had never been able to understand that, and although she had gone conscientiously through the arithmetic to the entire satisfaction of her teachers, she had never felt that she understood the principle involved in the working of fractions.

I took a score of apples, and undertook to teach her in a single lesson what years of schooling had left untaught.

I showed her how every reduction in the size of the divisor increased the result. Going downward gradually, I reached one as the divisor, which gave, of course, just twice as large a result as two had given. Then with a knife I made halves of the apples, and taking one of these in my hand, as a divisor, I was about to continue the explanation when she fairly clapped her hands for joy. She saw the principle and understood now not only this, but every other fact she had learned concerning fractions, because she now knew practically just what fractions were. She at once adopted the plan with herself, and she has mastered the higher mathematics without a teacher, and almost without a serious difficulty.

His directions as to the study of English are excellent, as a few extracts will show:

Experience and observation have combined to convince me that no person can be taught to spell, but that any person may learn to spell. In other words, I am convinced that no teacher of spelling is either necessary or useful to persons who can read and write. If the student would learn to spell words, let him use words. Let him write every day, and in writing, whenever he shall come to a word which he does not certainly know how to spell, let him look for it in his dictionary, examining its derivation as well as its spelling. then let him look also at all the words derived from it, and when this is done he will never hesitate again as to the orthography of any of them.

* * * * *

Whenever the student hears, sees or uses a word of which he does not know the full and precise meaning, with its synonyms and their departures from absolute synonymy, he should at once make the word a study, examining the dictionary carefully for all the information there given on the subject, and comparing the word with its synonyms for the sake of learning the peculiarities of each, and the purpose each serves in our speech. The amount and variety of information to be acquired in this way is very much greater than most students will imagine, and there is no better or more rapid way of learning English than precisely this. But to do this worthily will require a good deal of industry, and it may even cause some inconvenience at times. Indolence and self-indulgence are greatly in the way in this, as in all other attempts to learn anything thoroughly.

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Let the student who would master English, then, write something every day. If he simply tells a homely anecdote, or relates the incidents of the day, or gives an account of something he has seen, to an imaginary circle of readers, or if he writes down what he has thought upon any subject, the result will probably be worth nothing in a literary way, but its writer will have had an excellent lesson in English.

* * * * *

There is another admirable exercise, closely akin to this. It was technically known in the High School where it originated as "narration;" certain pupils were named each day as the narrators for the following day, and each was required to take the rostrum and tell something to the school. They were allowed to tell anything they chose, but always in their own words, and the rapidity with which the pupils improved in their manner of saying what they had to say, not only on the rostrum but equally in other places, was very marked. The student without a school may quietly exercise himself in a similar way in the company of his fellows without letting anybody into his secret. An audience is an audience, whether its members are aware of the fact or not.

* * * * *

There is another exercise in English composition which helps to give the student freedom in the use of language, while its practice teaches him something else at the same time. It is to read brief editorial comments on current events, and to write something quite different upon the same subject and from the same facts. This is what is known in newspaper offices as paragraphing, and every editor knows how very few people do it thoroughly well. While it forms an excellent exercise in the use of English, it serves at the same time to sharpen the wits and to cultivate a habit of independent thinking which is absolutely essential to all profitable reading.

The author next takes up collegiate studies, which he classifies in such a way as to guide students in making a wise choice. For the study of languages he recommends M. Marcel's system, which we had occasion to lay before the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY some months ago, and therefore need not farther con-

sider at present. In the higher mathematics, with good books the student needs no outside assistance. He is advised to master algebra thoroughly, before attempting any other branch, as this will save time afterwards, and will represent in time and labor about half the ordinary collegiate course of pure mathematics. He is recommended as in arithmetic to master the principles, being assured that:—

Almost every new principle will be found to rest upon two or three previously learned, each being a corollary not ordinarily from any single principle, but from a combination of several, and this synthetical process, while it serves to make the student's progress in mathematical study much more rapid and greatly more satisfactory than it otherwise would be, is in itself the very best intellectual exercise incident to this branch of study. Moreover this habit serves still another purpose in making a study fascinating which is otherwise proverbially dry and uninteresting to the majority of students.

Another thought will be found valuable:

I must add one other suggestion before quitting the subject of mathematics, and that is that the student, especially if he have no master, should be himself a teacher of others if possible. While yet studying algebra he should teach some one else the parts over which he has passed, and so on throughout the course. But teaching is especially valuable to the student of mathematics, inasmuch as it requires constant analysis and a constant explanation of the principles already mastered, and is, withal, the best possible system of review, where reviewing is most necessary.

We cannot, however, go through the book as we should like, but must be content with one more extract on a subject interesting to all — the memory. Mr. Eggleston says:—

Many people find that while they remember some things perfectly, they are apt to forget just the ones they most want to remember. This arises in a large degree from the total absence of system which is so common in matters of memory. Even people who carefully classify and arrange their learning for all other purposes often omit wholly to do this for the memory, reading and studying laboriously, but leaving it altogether to chance what things acquired from the reading and the study shall be remembered, and what forgotten. That this is the common practice I think there can be no doubt, but it is certainly a singularly bad one.

We all know that we can remember any given thing by "fixing it in the memory" as the phrase has it,—that is to say, we are all conscious that the memory may be greatly aided by the formation of a *deliberate purpose* to remember. Now it is clearly impossible that we shall make such a deliberate effort for the retention of every fact and every principle we meet in our study, reading and observation, and the obvious conclusion is that we should make some classification of these facts and principles, so that we may select those which are most important and make an especial effort to retain them. A good classification for this purpose is the following:

To be remembered.

To be held ready for reference when wanted.

Not wanted further.

Under the first head should come all those things which it is not worth while to remember in detail; under the second, all those which we need only to remember generally, while we remember just where they may be found when wanted in detail; under the third, of course, should come everything not worth a special effort of the memory, though many of them will be useful, if remembered without such special effort.

Memorandum books and other mechanical contrivances are often useful and sometimes very necessary, but they are susceptible of abuse and capable of working great injury to the memory they are meant to serve. When anything is to be remembered it is so convenient to jot down a note of it, that the plan is often resorted to where the memory itself should be trusted, and the habit of relying upon memoranda rather than upon the memory itself, is often fatal to that faculty.

I have found it a good plan in my own case, to make memoranda *aids* to memory, rather than substitutes for it. I jot down brief notes of things I wish to use, making a rude classification of them as they occur to me from day to day. When this is done I lay the note-books away, and have no occasion whatever to refer to the memoranda in using the material collected. The act of making a written note of anything serves to fix the thing in my memory, and ordinarily I have no further use for the note after it is once made.

In all such matters a man is and must be a law unto himself, and in giving my own plan to the reader I offer it only as a suggestion which may possibly point the way to some device of his own which will similarly serve his purpose. Nearly all sorts of young people try to follow some other person's lead in such matters, and in doing so they almost always fail because the processes of different minds are different.

Notices.

PRESS NOTICES OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER OF THE *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY occupies a field peculiar to itself, at least amongst Canadian magazines; and its sphere is a high and enviable one. It aims to elevate and endear our home associations, and its contents are admirably calculated to lead our people to better social aspirations and purer lives.—*Expositor, Orillia.*

Its contents are peculiarly interesting; and as a publication which devotes a large space to subjects specially Canadian, it should be supported by the people of the NEW DOMINION.—*British Canadian, Simcoe.*

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—This magazine for November has been received, brimfull of interesting and instructive reading. —*Waterford Express.*

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—This virtually and actually home production should be subscribed to; we hope our friends will not forget that there is native talent amongst them.—*Aylmer Times.*

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November is at hand, and is, as usual, replete with choice reading matter. A splendidly executed picture of Prof. John Tyndall, the eminent scientist, adorns its pages. The whole number is one of the most interesting we have seen.—*Exchange.*

It deserves to be liberally patronized by the Canadian public.—*North Wellington Times.*

DOMINION MONTHLY.—The DOMINION MONTHLY for November has been received. It contains a portrait and biography of Prof. Tyndall, a well-written article on the African diamond fields, some passably good original poetry, and a generally interesting selection of miscellaneous articles.—*Daily News, St. Catherines.*

We copy a few of the notices which the November number has received to remind our readers that this is the time of year to extend the circulation ot the magazine. Those who appreciate our efforts to supply the public with useful literature at a low price, will confer a favor by calling the attention of neighbors and friends to the cheapness and value of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Attention is called to the very liberal clubbing terms announced in the Prospectus. It will be seen that old subscribers sending the name of a new subscriber with their own, will get the two directed separately for $2.00. Subscribets to the WITNESS publications may also obtain the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for $1.00. This should double our subscription list at once. It is needless to say that every effort will be made in the future, as in the past, to merit the patronage of the Canadian public, and to encourage the native talent of Canadian writers. A word to contributors may not, however, be amiss. If you are in need of money, we advise you to try every other method of obtaining it brfore attempting to earn it by your pen. Not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, of those that would like to earn money by writing have the cultivation and training that would enable them to do so. However it may be with poets, there are very few that are born authors. Careful and thorough education, and much practise, are generally necessary before writers can produce wares of marketable value. We do not wish to discourage any who feel that they have something to say, and know how to say it; but we would discourage all who write merely to earn money. In conclusion, we beg contributors to attend to the following rules:—

Write with black ink on good paper.

Write distinctly and on one side of the paper only. Do nor roll but fold your M.S.

Write your name and address on the M.S., and mention the M.S. by name in the letter accompanying it.

Memoranda about subscriptions, &c., should dot be inserted in letters for the editors, but should be on separate slips of paper.

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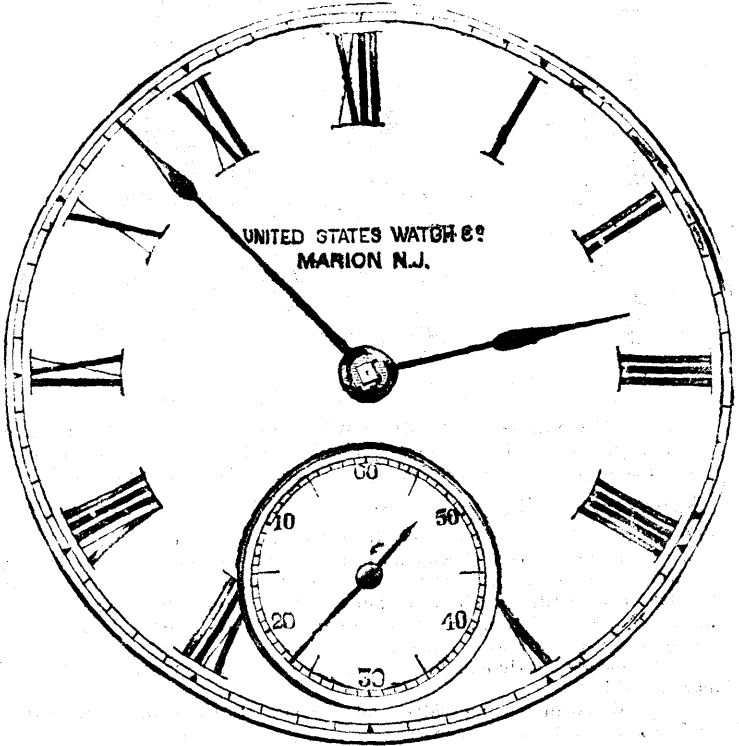

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