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510

THE  
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1874.

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PART II.—JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

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Montreal :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
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1874.

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# INDEX TO PART II. FOR 1874.



ORIGINAL.

PAGE.

	PAGE.
A Mistake in Life .....	275, 327
Anderson, Capt. Thos. G.....	273
A New Love a True Love.....	193, 261, 345
Bell Ringers .....	18, 150
Button Manufacture .....	148
Cacouna .....	138
Casting the Lot.....	72, 129, 203
Christmas in the Woods.....	321
County Exhibition, The .....	257
Edgar Hunter's Promise.....	334
Elmire .....	210
Emigrant's Niece, The.....	80, 142, 214
Gipsy's Governness.....	29
John Kanack's Experiences.....	12, 154
Jock, the Beadle .....	1
Our Hero.....	6
Our Pic-Nic .....	269
Reminiscences of Early Canadian Life.....	65
Struggle for Life, The .....	77
Voices from Ramah.....	21
Winty Dane's Transformation.....	87

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Merry Christmas .....	356
An Evening's Amusement.....	222
An Evening with Pike's Sub-Tropics.....	223, 283
An Every Day Hero .....	289
Aunt Nettie's Ghost .....	219
Christmas Greens .....	362
Jacques.....	171
Katy.....	40, 94, 164
My First Half-Dollar.....	161
Not Bread Alone .....	168, 220, 293, 359
Story of One Christmas, The.....	
Treed by Bears .....	90, 158
What Goes with It.....	102
What to Do at Cacouna.....	353

THE HOME.

Autumn Leaves in Wax .....	241
Bread-Making .....	110
Chattering Hopes.....	303
Closets in the House .....	111
Drying Flowers in Sand .....	302
Economy of Strength .....	235
Fancy Work .....	52

"Fret Not Thyself".....	175
Food for the Sick.....	238
Good Old Way, The .....	237
Healthful Heating Apparatus.....	305
Home Topics .....	49
Home Hints.....	182, 369
Leonetta .....	233
Mistress and Maid .....	51
Mother's Mistake, A .....	177
Murmurings .....	301
Noise in the Sick Room .....	104
Notes on Nursing .....	178
Observation of the Sick .....	306
Our Garden.....	46
Patchwork .....	173
Parlor Propagating Case, A .....	306
Pneumatic Drainage .....	112
Poisonous Plants .....	107
Pretty Wall Pocket, A .....	307
Quiet Evening in an Old German Castle .....	298
Sad Memories of Home .....	111
School for Mistresses, A .....	106
Selected Recipes.....	53, 115, 183, 243, 307, 370
Teaching Falsehood .....	365
The Real and the Ideal .....	364
True Economy in Care of Children .....	299
Teacher and Parent .....	109
Winter Bouquets.....	236
Without a Girl .....	52
Worth While to Know .....	47

POETRY.

Autumn.....	209
A Christmas Ballad .....	362
Bible Riddle .....	232
Canadian Afloat, The .....	76
Chimes .....	153
Fair Leila .....	11
Fire on the Hearth .....	282
Granny's Thinking Cap.....	40
Heracles .....	136
Homeless .....	358
"La Bouquetière" .....	267
Leaves of Healing .....	141
Longing and Listening.....	209
Old Canoe, The .....	71
Not Knowing .....	282
When I Awake .....	202
Whistle and Hoe.....	288

LITERARY NOTICES.

PAGE.

Catacombs of Rome, The.....	249
Chapters on Animals.....	56
Coomasic and Magdala.....	244
Ballads and Songs of Scotland, The.....	310
Land of the White Elephant, The.....	117
Salem.....	372
The Family and the Church.....	120
Women of the Arabs, The.....	240

MUSIC.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.....	187
Safe in the Arms of Jesus.....	309
The Gate Ajar for Me.....	371
The Lord will Provide.....	250

REVIEW OF THE TIMES.....	59, 124, 187, 251, 315, 377
--------------------------	-----------------------------

NOTICE.

Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D.....	256
------------------------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Capt. Thos. G. Anderson.....	November
Father Hyacinthe and his Baby.....	August
Hon. G. E. Penny.....	July
Hon. George Brown.....	September
Professor Wilson, of Toronto.....	December
Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D.....	October





HON. E. G. PENNY.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY, 1874.

## JOCK THE BEADLE; OR, ONE OF DEAN RAMSAY'S CHARACTERS IN CANADA.

There lives, not many miles beyond the township of Dumfries, Ontario, one of those specimen Hawick Scotsmen whose characteristics Dean Ramsay so delighted to delineate. For the nonce we will call the subject of our sketch "Jock," and we think we are perfectly safe in asserting that for sturdy, blunt, plain, outspoken and uncouth utterances, though filled withal with a measure of fearfully practical common sense, Jock would prove no mean sample for the famed delineator of Scottish character.

As if Providence designed a peculiar cut of mankind for peculiar offices, Jock proves no exception to the general rule. Had he been still in his native land undoubtedly he would have been a beadle. There is a certain combination of qualities so essential to the man who would fill that office with anything like satisfaction to himself and those around him, that by natural consequence, as well as by common consent, he who possesses these qualities is either a beadle now, or is assuredly destined to be one; nor has he rest to his feet nor slumber to his eyelids—speaking from an earthly point of view—until he finds himself fully esconced and established in that worthy and dignified position, with all its troubles, its dignities, its cares and responsibilities resting upon his stalwart shoulders.

Jock is not indeed in his native land, but nevertheless, Jock is up in years, and has found his native element. In plain terms, he is a beadle, a veritable Jeddart beadle in

Canada, and well does he sustain the reputation which has so long signalized these functionaries, as a class, in the centre and south of Scotland. Cool to freezing point, practical to terrible demonstration, and blunt and outspoken beyond the most charitable stretch of formality, he moves through the world a living mass of dry, hard, barren and naked facts, sticking out all over him like the pointed edges of a cold boulder. Not that Jock is void of all the finer feelings incidental to humanity. By no means. A right leal and warm heart beats beneath that rough exterior, and the fountain readily wells to overflowing should fate or fortune disturb any of the family relations; but upon all the world beside, whether naturally, unnaturally, providentially, or otherwise, Jock looks with a cold and calculating eye, mentally digesting what to him is an ever constant truism, a self-evident proposition, and one requiring no other than the plainest common-sense demonstration, viz., "Aye, Jock lad, juist min' yersel."

Jock was on the most intimate terms with his minister; but who ever knew a beadle that was not? And as time passed on this intimacy gave way to a degree of shrewd familiarity at times which would rather stagger staid notions. Indeed, Jock's coolness never, in any one instance within our recollection, forsook him; but, on the contrary, he was equal to every emergency that might arise.

Once upon a time a dog made its way into the kirk, and, like most dogs in similar positions, whined, trotted around, and behaved generally in such a manner that the beadle felt it incumbent upon him to put the animal out. Jock arose, spectacles on nose, book in hand and closely eyed, marched, or rather sauntered, slowly towards the erring cur, with the same imperturbable serenity with which he would hail in the parents for baptism "when the precentor was on the last line," seized a firm hold of the dog's nape, and proceeded to drag it along the passage, when—well, Towser bit him. That was enough. Without one word or syllable, but just a look, Jock released his hold, walked deliberately along the isle, out at the door, leaving it open behind him, re-appeared in another minute with an enormous bludgeon over his shoulder, hunted around and around, up one passage and down another, for his victim, welting it most unmercifully as any part of its body appeared amongst the legs of the audience, whom he kept dreadfully exercised to keep their limbs out of his reach. The scene was anything but edifying, as the minister stopped *his* performance until Jock's part was done; and Jock's part was not done until that dog disappeared from the church, and the neighborhood too, we suppose, for any other animal so thoroughly disgusted it has never been our lot to witness, either before or since. Jock then returned deliberately to his seat, quite unconcerned as to the confusion he had created, and only absorbed in his own trouble in the matter and "the obstinate veeshusness o' the bruit."

Jock was never over fond of working. Like the Arkansas darkey, he was not afraid of it, but could lie down and sleep aside it at any time. He had always, too, the "infirmities creepin' ower him," and made them the excuse at times for a lengthened season of total abstinence from anything like hard manual labor. Beadling was his forte, and all light duties pertaining and akin to it. He could dig graves, watch at nights where there was any watching to do, and all such kindred jobs, but beyond them he rarely ventured. He had a strictly practical notion too of what was the full extent

of the duties required of him and what was not. The kirk he kept in good repair, *i. e.*, he kept it cleaned, and warmed, and lighted; but beyond these three "requisitts" he did not and would not go. The shrubbery around and about it—in fact any and everything in the shape of out-door decorations—he "let care for itsel. Heth! he wasna gauntae bother his heid aboot them;" and as for natural taste, or a love of the beautiful, well, simply he hadn't it—not a vestige of it; nay, farther, he scouted it as "trash." On one occasion a strange minister officiated in Jock's kirk, and having occasion to remain in town over a day or two he took a turn through the graveyard and church grounds, and amused himself by cutting down the large weeds which he saw growing everywhere around him. Rev. Mr. — was a man of almost fastidious tastes, and the more he saw of these obnoxious weeds the more grieved he felt, until at length, his work done, and on his way to his boarding-house, he met Jock.

"Are you the sexton, sir?" he asked.

"Aye," quoth Jock, "if the beadle's what you mean."

"And why, my dear sir, do you allow those abominable weeds to overrun the graveyard and church grounds? Keep them down, sir, keep them down."

"Aye, gin ye'll pay us for't," quoth Jock with the most charming coolness as he marched on his way.

On another occasion Jock's services were retained to dress and decorate a grave, and after getting very full instructions the matter was left wholly in his own hands, with the injunction only that he was to spare no pains to make a good job of it. Knowing his employer to be a man of means Jock did exert himself to a most extraordinary degree, and was just finishing what was really an excellent job when the gentleman was passing, a day or two afterwards.

"Come in, noo, an' see't," said Jock.

The gentleman did so, and expressed his pleasure and entire satisfaction with what he saw. "And now," said he, "what do I owe you?"

"A weel," said Jock, who had seen the good impression his two days' work had made, "I'll juist e'en leave't tae yersel."

"Ah! very good, my man, then here's half a dollar for you!"

Jock took the coin, looked first at it, then at his employer, gave one deep grunting sigh, and with "Od, I'll no lippen yeou ony mair," put it in his pocket and turned away, his wrinkled features cringed together with an expression of the most intense and intensifying disgust. Of course, the gentleman, after enjoying a hearty laugh over the occurrence for a few days, made the matter all right.

We have said that a part of Jock's professional skill was exercised in the way of grave-digging. The dead, in almost any shape, or, in fact, at almost every stage of decomposition, seemed to have a charm for Jock's particular attention—a kind of affinity for him, or he for them; for he would think no more of sitting up all night alone beside a dead body than he would of eating his supper. He had been so long in the district of country of which he was, and is beadle and grave-digger, and he was, moreover, gifted with such an extraordinary memory in dead matters, that it used to be his boast that he could name over and show the place of resting of every occupant in every burying-ground for a circuit of some miles. Once, however, when digging a grave in a very old ground, he came upon the side of a coffin whose occupant he could not recollect at all. Every avenue of thought was ransacked, but unsuccessfully, until "At last" said he, for he told this anecdote a day or two afterwards, with the air of a scientist speculating upon some new theory, "I juist jappit the shovel thro' the side on't' an' lookit in; then I kent at ance it was auld Mrs. ——" He then went on as if he were narrating some pet theme of intense interest, to tell the condition in which the body was after an inhumation of over twenty years. One can almost fancy the unutterably horrible feelings that would seize upon almost any other mortal away down all alone, in a lonesome graveyard, in the bowels of the earth, and face to face with the bleached remains of a fellow being. Jock thought, however, rather of the subject than of the situation, and narrated the circumstance rather as one of wonder than of horror.

The great revival of '68 spread to Jock's kirk, and on that occasion he had to be on hand in week-nights to attend to his kirk duties of lighting and firing. There was, we fear, little ground to hope that Jock looked at all favorably on these gatherings, and much less so on his extra share of the work, for he was kept "oot on his bed" night after night until after midnight. Still there was "extra pay for't," he would say to himself, and plod away. It was customary at these conventions to hold an "after-meeting," at the close of the public service. A number of the audience arose during the interval between the two, and went away. Some, however, after preparing to move off, would, out of curiosity, or from some other cause, continue to linger in and about the hall, and peep in at those who remained. Silence was an essential requisite of all these after-meetings, the deepest and most solemn silence. One can imagine, then, the consternation that spread through the audience when one night Jock, who was dreadfully annoyed at the hall-lingerers, roared out in the passage-way, "Ye maun outhar bide in or stay oot!" Jock thought sometimes his pay "was lang o' comin'" for these extra services, and it was a common expression of his to the merchants in town, when calling upon them with his kirk can for coal-oil, "They" (the meeting folk) "talk o' bein' clad an' fed ower there, but heth! I'd like tae ken wha's gaun tae clad an' feed me." At length, several months after the meetings had ceased, a church soiree was held which turned out very successfully, and on the Sabbath morning following, whilst sitting in the vestry along with the minister and one or two of the committee, Jock thought it a good time to advance his claim, and so he began:

"Are ye gaun to pay me the noo?"

Minister—"Yes, John, I think we can. How much is it altogether?"

Jock—"Twenty-twa dollars an' the interest."

Minister—"Interest! nothing of the kind; we want our money for books, man."

Jock—"Buiks here nor buiks there, I maun hae the interest; ye always git it when yer steepen's no pay't up."



*Minister*—"Never, John; I never get any interest."

*Jock*—"Aye, but I say ye div."

*Minister*—"I never got one cent of interest. No, no, you'll just get your twenty-two dollars, and in silver too, for we have taken in nothing but silver."

*Jock*—"Heth! I'll hae th' discount, ony gate; yeou git baith."

*Minister*—"I tell you I never got a cent of interest or discount on my salary."

*Jock*—"Aweel, outhar yeou or the elders is lyin'—they tould us."

*Minister*—"I never had occasion to get discount; I was always paid in bills."

*Jock*—"Aye, there it's na; wul ye see they wir gar't to gie discount to git ye yir bills." (Then turning contemptuously round to the nearest at hand of the Committee) "Od, there's mony a mean sowl under a black coat."

All this time there was no thought of losing temper on Jock's part, and the minister was only too fond of drawing him out. There was a running spring at the foot of the graveyard, and one day the conversation turned on it thus:

*Minister*—"Don't you think upon the whole, John, that the water there is just scarcely fit to be drunk?"

*Jock*—"Deed do I no; I think it's juist gay gude wetter."

*Minister*—"Hear the man! Who do you suppose would like to drink the juice of your old carcass, saturated as it is sometimes with whiskey?"

*Jock*—"Heth! my body is juist as guid as yeours there ony day."

On another occasion a catalogue of Sunday-school books was written out on a rather large and clumsy blank book, for the use of the minister, who was going from home to invest in some new works. It was necessary to take the blank book along, in order to guard against buying other books like those he had already. The night was pretty far spent by the time the writing was through, and Jock, as usual, was sitting and longing to get away. At last all was ready; the minister took the book, and although it was quite limber enough to put into any of his overcoat pockets, still he evidently had not till then ob-

served its uncomely proportions. He seemed to hesitate about it, and ever and anon would come out with "What an awkward thing! I wonder how I'm going to carry it!" Some suggested one way, some another, until at length Jock, who sat wearying and listening, roared out with great contempt: "Pit it in yer pockit, min! Did ever ony body hear o' sic a like speak?" Controversy, of course, ended at once.

Jock's residence was only a few hundred yards distant from the manse, and in this respect he was quite handy to the minister, who, on odd occasions, would send for him to do a bit chore about the place. On these occasions the pay was certainly no very great inducement, being both small in quantity, and sometimes very loth to come at all; for, to be candid, the minister himself was not just "liberal to a fault." A very common custom also with the minister was the borrowing of Jock's implements,—an axe, a spade, or hoe, &c., &c., all of which the beadle usually kept in excellent trim. Jack stood "matters in general," as he would say, for a long time; but human nature at last gave way. "Heth! I soon tired on't," he used to say; "he's gay mean, the minister, deed is he." "Od," said Jock on one occasion, in talking about his reverence, for he often talked about him when he was not present as well as when he was, "Od, he use't tae borro' ma gully whanever he wanted ane, juist because it was aye sherp, an' no maitter tho' I sherpen't his, the boy aye landed doon again for mine. I wa'dna care for the gully sae muckle, but it was aye sherp when it gaid away, and heth! it aye cam back again juist like a saw. But I fix't him for't tho'. Ae time when it cam hame a' hackit, didn't I juist lay it up as it cam, an' sent it in the same state till him again when he wanted it. Heth! he's gien ower the borro'in' r.oo," added Jock with a most significant shake of his head.

One of Jock's kirk duties, besides keeping up the fires, &c., was to cut the firewood into stove-lengths, a job which he rather despised than otherwise; so much so that once, when the supply ran out, and he was authorized by the trustees to buy a load, he bought a cut one, there being no instructions to the contrary. In order to get \*

"rise" out of him, when settling time came the trustees threatened for a time to deduct from his salary the extra price of sawing, a proposition which Jock met invariably with the scornful remark: "Heth! ye may dow sae, but it's unco sma'" Thus the matter stood for a length of time, and again the wood supply was "gettin' dune," as he would say to the trustees when he happened to meet them. At last, however, the wood did just "go dune" in good earnest, and that unfortunately on one of the coldest days in winter. Jock never let on, came to the church, set the clock, &c., &c., as usual, and then off to his seat, where he sat during the entire service with one of the most sardonic smiles imaginable lighting up his hard features over the dilemma in which both minister and congregation found themselves placed. "They maun juist look tae their providin's then," quoth Jock afterwards when the remonstrance came, "an' git wood tae burn, for I canna mak it,—an' heth! I'll buy nae mair for them."

Once upon a time his kirk became vacant, and was in quest of a new minister. Of course ministers and probationers regularly kept the pulpit filled, not a few of them as candidates for the position of pastor, and, as is always the case in such circumstances, some were for one and some for another. Jock, singularly enough, never expressed his opinion on these occasions, but "thocht the elders should gie them a' ae text to preach thra, an' then decide it."

There was one circumstance look place in Jock's career as beadle which we must not omit to mention. It was withal so positively ludicrous and ridiculous, taken in connection with the circumstances surrounding it, that we feel sure few of those who witnessed it, and certainly not Jock,

can ever forget it. At the after-meetings, spoken of in connection with the revivals, those who remained usually assembled in the body of the church; the galleries were vacated, and Jock's first care was to ascend the stairs when the people came down and "pit oot the lichts aboon; it aye save't him the trouble o' doen't again." Now, the lamps up-stairs were of the hanging kind, and there were two wavs of extinguishing them. First, and most sensible, by lifting them down, blowing out the light, and then replacing them; and second, by blowing them out from the nearest point of access. Jock chose the latter, as being quicker and less troublesome, and accordingly, for five or ten minutes after the regular meeting was at an end, his "pech" might be heard very distinctly all over the building. Silence, as we have said, was an essential of the after-meetings. One evening Jock was either a little late in commencing his "peching" performance, or the after-meeting was a little earlier than usual in organizing, we don't know which; but at all events as the speaker was beginning his address there was a violent "pech" heard suddenly overhead. The speaker immediately looked up, and seeing the cause of it in the shape of Jock, who was just gathering wind for another blast, said: "Pray leave these just now, please, you can attend to them again; we *must* have perfect silence here," and then, turning to his audience: "*Satan, you see, is always so busy!*"

Jock will never forgive Mr. — for that remark, and, notwithstanding all argument to the contrary, maintains that he, personally and individually, was characterized as *Satan* on the occasion.

Jock still lives and moves in his proper sphere, and is much respected by all who know him.

## OUR HERO.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Well, what did he do?"

I never said he did anything, but he is our hero, nevertheless.

Charlie and Bill and I were cousins, but being such inseparables we were generally called "the triplets;" for if you saw one in any place you might be sure the other two were very near at hand.

That was in our schooldays, and very happy days they were until Charlie and I left home. When we went to college I don't know which of us felt worst about leaving Will behind. But Will's mother was a widow, with very limited means, so he hid his own regrets, and commenced to look about for anything that would relieve her and help himself.

The first opening that presented itself was in the Post Office; not the most desirable situation, certainly, but it promised to improve, so Will accepted it. I remember how sorry Charlie and I were when we heard the news. We thought the cleverest of the three had been thrown away; for Will was certainly clever, with an odd taste for drawing or painting. Anything with pencil, brush or pen, was a delight to him. I never saw a fellow that could make the same use of a pen. His letters, too, were worth a dozen of newspapers to us while we were away. Charlie, it is true, had another correspondent. I always knew when there was a letter from Annie, the boy was sure to be missing for an hour, and when next we met, stray bits of home gossip would unconsciously fall from his lips, while he had the air of a person who is trying to look as if nothing had happened. Annie Somers was the only child of our old teacher—not remarkably pretty—more the sort of girl people call sweet. She and Charlie were engaged at this time. It had been a sort of Enoch Arden attachment, I fancy, for I remember when all we youngsters used to sleighride down that hill behind the school-

house, that Charlie never took anyone down but Annie. I think I see them now—a little mite of a thing in a red jacket and hood, stuck fearlessly on the front of the sleigh, and Charlie sitting at the back, holding her firmly on, while he steered behind with one leg, and down the long, steep hill they rushed, the snow flying around them like spray, but they never upset.

I think it was some time between our second and third year when Charlie's father died; he had been ill only a few days, and was dead when we reached home. This was in '57, the time of the crisis, when everything was going to ruin. Two weeks before he died, Mr. North had failed, with plenty more in the town, and, after the business was settled, it was found that Charlie had about two hundred and fifty dollars he could call his own.

As bad luck would have it, for weeks before we came home, there had been a perfect fever about California and the gold diggings.

A number of the students had entered wildly into the scheme of getting up an expedition out West, and for a time the excitement was intense. Maps and plans of the country were bought and studied with the deepest interest, meetings attended every other evening, committees appointed to make further enquiries and bring in their reports—in fact, the watchword was "California and the Pacific." Then the state of the country helped it on. Everything looked blue, and young fellows without prospects took eagerly to the scheme of an "expedition." Charlie and I had never caught the California fever, so was greatly surprised when he, upon hearing how he was situated, immediately announced his intention to join the party going West. Of course we tried to dissuade him; but as he said: "What else

can I do? Give me something else to do," and as there really did not appear to be anything else for him to do, we had to let him go. He promised Annie to come back within five years, whether successful or not, and as a parting commission intrusted her to the joint care of Will and myself until he came. I never was blessed with the faculty of making "intimates" as some fellows are, and, after Charlie went West, I soon discovered what a loss the want of it was. The remainder of my college life was remarkable for nothing but general loneliness and slowness.

I found a great many changes here when I came home. Among the rest old Mr. Somers had died, leaving Annie and her mother with nothing but the house they occupied. So Annie had to teach. Poor Annie, what a patient face hers was in those days! I used to wish when I saw her trudging to school every morning that Charlie would find a nugget as large as his head and come home a nabob to stop this teaching. So I waited to see what the next letter would say of his luck, intending to tell him how Annie was left, and advise him to come home unless his prospects there were uncommonly good. I knew Annie would never complain herself; she was just that sort of girl. Hitherto, the California letters had been very hopeful; and if not remarkably lucky, still he was doing as well as the rest, and "would be home a rich man within the five years," so he said. But poor Annie was looking so pale and worn that I determined to propose a shorter sojourn when next I wrote. Not hearing from him at the usual time I wrote again, but received no reply to either of my letters. I confess I was a little uneasy, for while I was at college he had been a very regular correspondent. Then he dropped writing to Will, and some time after Annie told me she had heard nothing for six weeks past the usual time. Of course, I wrote to him immediately, and Will did the same, but we received no answer; in fact, we never heard from him again. And Annie trudged back and forth to school, growing paler, thinner, and more despairing, as the days, weeks, and even months passed over with no tidings

of the missing Charlie; for I had written to others of the party, and tried to inspire Annie with the hope that in time we would hear of him in one way or another.

"It's nouse, Phil," she would say, "all hope seems to have left me. He has been silent too long. I know he has died in some dreadful place alone, or he would at least have left a message."

I ascribed that dismal idea to Annie's weak nerves, for at this time she was nursing a sick mother out of school hours. And yet, I sometimes thought myself, he must be dead; but Will Colfax would never listen to it. "To drop writing to one after another doesn't look much like death," he said. It struck me that it looked like something a good deal worse than that, at least as far as Annie was concerned. That was the first hard thought I ever had of Charlie, and I was provoked with Will for putting it into my head.

Then Annie's mother died. The poor girl was forced to give up teaching for a time. My mother and sisters took her home to nurse her, for she did not look as if she would live a month. Will Colfax begged her to give up her situation entirely, and make her home with his mother; but it was in vain. Nothing could alter her determination to teach as long as she was able. Anything was better than idleness—anything to keep her from thinking, she said. But she never was able. Even when she grew better a walk from the house to the gate seemed to wear her out completely, and she never went up-stairs without sitting down once or twice to rest. Of course, everything was tried; but the one thing that would have saved her we had not to give. And yet we never seemed to think Annie would die; we all had the idea that something would happen to bring back Charlie to us, and instead of a dying girl, the light-hearted Annie of old. This hope was partly strengthened by the reply I got from one of the fellows I had written to. He said Charlie's luck when last he heard of him was something wonderful,—at that time he was in good health and doing splendidly. But then, that was almost a year before. However, I wrote to

the address he sent, which was a new one, and for a time I really thought something would come of it. I forgot how much might happen in a year. But Annie saw nothing in it.

"It's no use telling me to get well, Phil. I can't. Charlie is dead and mother is dead, and I can't think of anything so nice as just to die too."

Will and I had had a great many consultations about the missing Charlie, and discussed dozens of plans by which we might find out for a certainty if he were dead or alive. Letters were very unsatisfactory, for we rarely received an answer. But every proposition of mine, Will met with some objection, so we had never come to any satisfactory conclusion. In fact, for some weeks past he had been so peevish and irritable whenever I even mentioned California, that I had almost entirely dropped it as an unpleasant subject, and quite hesitated to commence a conversation upon Charlie's fate, which had been our daily custom for more than a year.

However, when the doctor told us one morning that at the most Annie would last only a few weeks longer, my hesitation soon left me. Of course, I didn't believe him, or rather wouldn't; but I resolved that one more effort should be made, if only for Annie's sake. So I walked down to talk it over with Will, determined whether he opposed it or not, to advertise in a San Francisco paper—a plan I had proposed dozens of times before, but was always overruled.

I told him the doctor's opinion of Annie, adding at the same time my own—"that I felt sure, news of Charlie would save her yet." Will grew as white as that paper, but turned fiercely on me. "Why do you always come here talking of Charlie and Annie? Can I keep her alive? Did I send him away, or can I bring him back?" Then he dropped his face on the table and groaned. There was no use trying to talk over anything that day, so I merely told him what I intended to do, and sat down to write out the advertisement.

"It's too late, Phil," he said, raising his face from the table. "He wouldn't have time to reach here, even if he saw it. And she will die."

"Don't be a goose!" I answered. "Who believes what doctors say? She may live for the next twenty years for anything he knows about it."

But Will thought it was too late, and I left him with his face still resting on the table, after all I could say in the way of comfort. He appeared utterly hopeless about Annie, Charlie, and everything else, Will was an awfully sensitive fellow, and like the rest of us, had never thought that Annie would die. No brother could do more for a sister than he had done for her; none but myself knew of the pains he had taken time and again to please her sick fancies. Will had certainly been faithful to the charge to "take care of Annie." If you had done as much, Charlie, I used to think. But poor Annie was not to require anyone's care much longer. There was no use in trying not to see it, and she spoke of it herself whenever I saw her, for she could not come down stairs now every day, so our conversations were not so frequent as formerly. Still the topic was always the same, her death and meeting Charlie again; making me promise to be there at the last with Will. She was anxious to know when Will would return; he had beef out of town for a couple of weeks.

"I couldn't die without seeing him," she said. "He,"—meaning Charlie, "will never be able to thank you on earth for all you have done for me, Phil. You and Will have been more than brothers. Poor Charlie, I wonder where he died."

Then she took another fancy, a very different one. "Phil, do you know what I think sometimes?"

She was sitting pillowed up in her chair, twisting and turning her engagement ring, which required a guard now to keep it on the wasted finger, with her large wistful eyes fixed far out of the window.

"Do you know what comes into my head sometimes?"

"No," I said, "What is it?"

"Just these last few days, it has come into my head—it's here all the time; I can't keep it out—that I'll see Charlie once again before I go. Charlie, his own-self; and yet I know I won't, for he is dead; so I'll see him soon again anyway. I hope Wil

will come in time. I'm almost sure I'll see Charlie yet. Perhaps they will come together."

That report had been going in town. More than one had asked me if it were true that Will had gone to find Charlie and bring him home: for every person was interested in the somewhat melancholy fate of the boy and girl, and, remembering the friendship of the "triplets," I suppose some one had put that construction on Will's continued absence. I wondered if anyone could have been foolish enough to mention it to her; but they told me she had seen no strangers, so it was just her own fancy after all. And a very troublesome one it became as the end drew near. Her impatience to see Charlie, and fear lest he should not know where to find her, were almost dangerous at times. Three or four times a day she would send for me to know if I had been at the station when the trains came in, or if I had written to hurry Will.

I soon satisfied her about Will, for he had written saying he would be home in a few days, and partly to please her, but more because I could not settle down to any kind of work myself, I watched every train that came in east or west, sometimes wishing as they went out again—for I felt blue enough in those days—that I could jump on one and be carried anywhere, anywhere to escape the general wretchedness that seemed to have settled down on every thing.

One evening I dropped in here, on my return from the station, where I had been waiting for the last train, and found what I took to be a letter from Will. But the office was almost dark, and when I lighted a lamp I discovered it was a telegram. If it had come from the other world I could not have been more stunned. But you can read it for yourself. I've always kept it; it seemed like a message from the dead.

"Will be home on last train Thursday. Break it to Annie.

"CHARLIE."

I couldn't believe my eyes. After reading it over and over again, I locked it in my desk, and when half way home came back to make sure I had not been dreaming.

But there it was all right. And where had he come from? Immediately I thought of the advertisement or had Will found him? If not how did he know there was need to break news to Annie? It was all a mystery to me, as every thing had been for the last year and a half.

The next day was Thursday. It was very evident that Annie was sinking fast, in fact the doctor said she might die any moment. So I took my mother's advice, who was afraid of exciting Annie, and said nothing to her of the telegram. Besides she felt so confident of seeing Charlie that, come when he liked, there could be no great surprise.

Of course the train was late that evening, but it did crawl up to the platform at last. While I was looking eagerly among the passengers who alighted for a familiar face or form, I felt an arm slipped through mine.

"All right Phil." Then stooping down to my ear, "How is she?"

The voice seemed strange, but I knew it was Charlie's. Poor Charlie! What a coming home. I hadn't the courage to tell him she was dying, so I merely said Annie was expecting him: and then poured out a volley of questions concerning himself. Where he had been? Why he had been silent so long? and if he had seen Will?

"Don't ask me, Phil; don't ask me. I'm mad, crazy, or will be soon."

Thus silenced, and wondering when the mystery would end, I walked, or rather ran, with Charlie through the old familiar streets. They seemed to have grown two miles longer that night; but at last we reached home, and Charlie caught his breath and muttered something to himself as he stood for a moment looking at the lighted window of an upstairs room. We met the doctor, who was just leaving in the hall. I was pulling off Charlie's overcoat and urging upon him the necessity of being very calm when he saw Annie at first. Coming up to Charlie, he turned his face around to the light. "Oh, why didn't you come five months ago? Why didn't you come five months sooner?" and went out wiping his eyes. Charlie had no time to reply, for my mother appeared just then to take him up to Annie. And I went outside again; the house seemed to suffocate me.

In fact with the exception of going twice for the doctor, and two or three times indoors to keep Charlie within bounds, for whenever they took him out of the room to let Annie rest, he became perfectly wild and acted like a mad-man, I spent the whole night marching up and down the verandah.

Annie lived twenty-four hours after Charlie came. I telegraphed for Will; but it was too late,—however, they told me she seemed to have forgotten all about him since she had seen Charlie.

At the end she died suddenly, when we were almost expecting her to live another day. I was the last one she said good-bye to. It seemed strange that she should use the very words Charlie did when he started for the Pacific almost five years before. He was kneeling by the bed with one hand clasped in his. She held the other out to me and said "Good-bye, Phil. Take care of Charlie till I come;" then repeating the last words slowly, "till I come," her head dropped back on the pillow and with a little sigh Annie was gone.

Two days after the funeral Charlie came into the office. He had changed very much since the night poor Annie had talked so long and quietly to him; instead of the gloomy, despairing, or half-wild fits which seemed to take possession of him at first, there was now a quiet gentleness of manner, which, although it made one sad, was more agreeable than the former.

It struck me that something Annie had said had caused the change; afterwards I found out I was right.

This morning he took a package of letters from his pocket, and gave them to me to read, saying they would explain. But they did not explain much at first. I became more mystified than ever as I read over one after another. They were letters from Annie, Will and myself to Charlie, dated at the time when we were not corresponding with him and did not even know where he was. They appeared to be written in reply to letters from Charlie. Annie's were dated every month, which had been their custom. I suppose I must have looked my bewilderment, for Charlie placed another letter on the desk before me. This one was from Will, and had been written about a

week after the morning when I told him the doctor's opinion of Annie. For all he had done I pitied him when I read it.

He commenced by saying he had always loved Annie himself, and then explained all the villainy he had practised in the last two years. He begged Charlie to come directly while there was a chance to see her alive, telling him at the same time he would never see him again, for he had left the old town never to return.

So it was all cleared up at last, and Will had done his work well, though as far as I ever knew the poor coward had never said a word to Annie on his own account.

The imitation of the letters was perfect, both in the writing and style of composition; but as I said before Will could do everything with a pen. So while Charlie was working away bravely, and doing well too, he was encouraged by the most hopeful letters from Annie, which she, poor girl, had never written.

Will knew better than to stop the communication both ways, for if Charlie had failed to hear from us he would have written to some one else; so he kept all the California letters, replying himself for the three of us,—doing it well too.

From that day Charlie and I have never mentioned his name; and yet, after all, I cannot hate him, as I sometimes think I ought to, when I remember that but for him Annie might have been living a happy woman to day.

Whether his prolonged absence excited some suspicion of the truth or not, I don't know, but in a short time all the story leaked out.

It was more probably told by Mrs. Colfax herself; for, partly on account of what her son had done, but more for the want of him, the poor woman was almost heart-broken, for whatever he had done he was her son yet. The mothers never change. But if Mrs. Colfax had lost one son she gained as good. Charlie's first thought was his aunt. People wondered if he had forgotten the son when he bestowed so much care and attention on the mother. I fancy myself it must have been hard work at times, for Mrs. Colfax would forget and commence to talk of Will to him.

We were somewhat surprised when Charlie bought that place where he lives now; no one expected him to settle down here so quietly. But one of his promises to Annie was, that he would remain. "Besides," he said, "I have more here than any other place in the world, and I love the very streets she walked on."

You saw to-day all he has done for the town. He works harder for it than any ten men in it, and of course gives more. But that is nothing to Charlie. He is a rich man now. As the diggers say out there he "hit the lucky" and came home a nabob after all; but it was too late. He paid dearly for his gold.

And that is poor Charlie's story.

But it is neither his money nor his work that makes him our hero. It is the brave, manly way he carries his grief, trying to hide it.

Strangers here often remark to me, "Isn't there some story about your friend Mr. North? he looks so sad sometimes." No person sees him as he really is but myself.

I'll take you over there to-night, and you will see him for yourself. I will appear the saddest man of the two. He'll greet you

as an old friend, tell you incidents in his Pacific life, or shew you specimens from the Rocky Mountains,—perhaps bring out his guitar and sing a Spanish song (he never sings English ones), an accomplishment he picked up there too. But if he does, don't ask him to sing "Annie Laurie," as I heard a fool do once. That was the signal song in the old days when he wanted to bring Annie down to the gate in the moonlight evenings.

When we come away he will get his hat and cane to accompany us home, a habit of his which has caused a little surprise at times to those who don't understand.

But after saying good-night to us, instead of returning home he will turn down that side street and go up the hill to the old churchyard. Far into the night when all the town is hushed in sleep, Charlie keeps his watch beside a grave overgrown with forget-me-nots. There is a headstone—very plain, and a simple inscription,

"ANNIE,  
Aged 23."

Then farther down,

"Thou destroyest the hope of man."

## FAIR LEILA.

A SONG.

BY W. W. S.

I would that I were a floweret fair  
To be plucked by her dainty hands;  
Or twined in the maze of her golden hair  
As like a sweet dream she stands!  
So many might come (and as many might go),  
Her grace and her beauty to see;  
How soon she forgot them I'd care not, nor know,  
But I'd know that she thought upon me.

I would that I were a warbling bird,  
With a song so sweet and clear,  
That she needs must pause on the banks of Ouse  
My carolling voice to hear!  
So lovers could talk, or lovers be mute,  
But this I could plainly see,  
That she turned from them all with a weary look,  
To listen in smiles to me!

I would that I were a murmuring stream,  
That steals through the woods apace;  
To look in her eyes when she softly bends,  
To mirror her lovely face;  
So who for a glance of love might sue  
From under those lashes rare,  
I'd mirror myself in Leila's eyes,  
And dwell in contentment there!

But neither a flower, or bird, or stream,  
Am I, nor ever can be;  
I'm but a herd-boy, in a coat of gray,  
And she's like a queen to see;  
But if it could be it were hearts alone  
That made us to be or to do,  
Fair Leila might yet be all my own,  
And all my dreams be true!



## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

## TO PASTURES NEW.

The mind has a great deal to do with the body. In the presence of a great joy or a great grief it can drag the body at its chariot wheels and do what it will with it. No sooner did John Crow hear his son's report from the West than he began to get better. Like the sky yesterday, all thickening in for a storm, and then near evening clearing off, and sending the sun to sleep among roses, so John roused himself up, and seemed to come back out of the funereal shadows where we had nearly lost sight of him. His eye got brighter; his appetite improved; his voice became stronger; he was getting better! His mind was ill-trained; he had never been accustomed to think for any length of time on any subject, and so, as he had to decide on questions of various practical kinds, he trusted his instincts,—having nothing better to trust. He was always "jumping at conclusions." If he had the necessity of going somewhere—no matter how distant—he would never set a day beforehand; but some morning would come in, all in a bustle: "Come, girls, hurrah! let's have breakfast. I'm off to such and such a place." Now, he took one of these sudden resolves. "Here goes! I'm for the West!" There was one pair of ears heard this, and one sharp brain, under a fly-away mass of dark hair, thinking of it all night, that Crow did not know of. His eldest daughter, Said, from the cooking-stove corner in the other room, heard the remark, and made a bobbin of it, and before next morning had wound a very long thread on it. Pete Gray was twenty-five or thereabouts; but by any other test than feet and inches, and number of years, was only about fifteen! He was incorrigibly awkward and sheepish beyond measure. No girl less sharp than Said could have

discovered that he had anything *in* him; but she *did*. The fellow had a warm, generous heart, and a patient determination that, if it took him till he was a hundred years old, he would make a man of himself yet. Now Pete and Sarah had been "keeping company" for a couple of years, though Crow knew nothing about it, and this latter fact helps to explain Crow's actions on the never-to-be-forgotten day when Pete spent the whole afternoon with him in the potato-field. Pete and Said had "made it up" the evening before, and Pete had solemnly engaged to "ax the old man to-morrow." He went for that purpose, though he hardly knew how it was going to be brought about. But after twisting himself round in all manner of shapes, and thinking of twenty different ways in which the embarrassing avowal might be put, at last he blurted out, in sheer desperation, and without a word of preface, "Sairey and me has a notion to get married!"

"Git away with sich nonsense!" said Crow.

And Pete turned slowly round, and went off home, and had never gained courage to say a word to Said for almost a year.

But within the next twenty-four hours Said had managed to meet Gray; and, without a word about by-gones, told him, as a matter of interesting news, that her father was going to move in the fall to Montgomery's new place, and that Crow's Nest farm would be to rent for the two years yet remaining, with the privilege of purchase. Gray said: "I'd like to take it off his hands, and buy it when the time's up; only I couldn't do it all myself; I'd want somebody to help me through."

"Wouldn't your father help you?" said Said, looking very innocent.

"Oh, that ain't what I mean," said Pete. "You know well enough."

"Well, Pete," replied Said, "I never turned you off, nor said anything to hurt your feelings; and you haven't spoke to me for 'most a year."

"I know," said Pete; "I'm nothin' but a green punkin, or a great holler turnip. I ort to be ashamed o' myself, and I *am*; but how's a feller to stand right up afore the old man and tell him he wants his daughter? Tell me that? 'Specially when I tried wunst and couldn't du it. I say, won't you tell him I want to rent his place? Then he'll want to see me, and mebbe it'll come round somehow."

That was just what Said had thought of; but, not to seem too interested, she merely said: "May be I might; but I won't promise," and with a wave of her hand, for good-night, she was off.

But no sooner was she home than she said: "Father, Pete Gray wants to rent this place, if you leave it."

"Pete Gray? Why, is he going to get married?"

"I guess that must be his calculation. I met him this afternoon, and, speaking of one thing and another, he said if you moved he would like to rent the place."

"Well, but who's he going to marry?"

"Perhaps he might tell you, if you asked him." The last words were spoken from behind the door of the next room, where Said had retreated.

John Crow scratched his head and thought. Yes, he saw it all now! "But the great awkward lout, why hadn't he told him about it last year in some sensible kind of a way?" So thought John.

But John sent for Pete, asked him if he wanted the place in the fall, and Pete said "Yes." And he asked him "if he really had to understand that he wanted *Said* thrown into the bargain?" And Pete managed to say "Yes" once more. It makes all the difference whether one is the questioner or the questioner! "Well, well," said John, "when the black *Crow* gets *Gray*, it's time for me to be off! But you'll stay for tea?"

And he did stay; and the sub-lease was all arranged; and the other matter was all settled. Pete's cup was full.

When spring opened Montgomery went

up to his lot. I had frequent letters from him. He often spoke of the Thomases; scarcely ever of Kitty; and when he did, it was with a studied respect. I began to think his heart was interested in the governess from that very fact. I noticed, too, that he put an *e* to the end of his signature, making it "Crowe,"—a bit of refinement which I had not thought of before, but which really seemed a great improvement. He evidently took great delight in correspondence, and I am sure, as in every other similar case, it did him a great deal of good. I could well understand how a young fellow, all alone, shantying in the bush, should feel a longing for society and for old friends, which inditing a good letter somehow seemed to relieve. And then, the receiving of the answer—suppose he *did* have to go three miles to the post-office—was, I know, akin to purest bliss! And without the writing of the long letter would not come the receiving of the long answer!

In my own case this was one of the summers I can now best remember. I seemed to set a very large "mile-stone" that year on the road of my life. I had got through the worst of the pinch in paying for my farm, and things were beginning to assume rather a promising and "easy" form. And now the question came, which is sure to come to every man some time, "Shall I try to be rich? There seems to be a good chance for it." It took me a summer's hesitation before I finally answered "No!" And it was perhaps, in this particular case, better, for it secured a thorough argument of the question. Like as with some orators,—notably Dr. Chalmers, as an old friend used to tell me, who had often heard him,—I began with the weaker argument first, reserving the heavier ones later, and the heaviest of all to the last.

To "be rich" was an unworthy ambition for a noble mind; and every man ought to strive to have his mind a noble one. Then this getting of riches would take my whole attention, whereas I let literature, the society of friends, and of my own little family, have a larger part of my time and thought than *money*. Again, most farmers who got rich retired in early old age to

make way for their sons; and it seemed that all their striving and saving did themselves very little good. Once more—the pursuit of wealth stunted the development of the mind; and I did not want to be stunted! And, finally, it was an unworthy object for a Christian, who had higher things to aim at! So I would not aim at wealth, but just call Contentment *gain*, and then strive after that! It answered quite as well!

Among other things, by way of making life sweet, I formed on my farm, that summer, a little "Wilderness;" and it came about thus: A patch of three or four acres, wonderfully broken with little knolls and hollows, half cleared, and with a little stream running through it, had always seemed to appeal to me in a sort of mute way, "I have beauty, if you will only dress me up a little!" Nature was there, but our civilized tastes demanded that she should have her hair combed before we would admire her! Perhaps I got a hint from Major Thomas's front-strip of natural "planting," but I think I had the germ of the idea before. However, I cleared up this neglected corner—being careful to leave untouched every bush and tree—fenced it in, and left Nature to her own sweet will. I never made such an investment. I would not give that little "Wilderness" to-day for all the rest of the farm, as far as pure pleasure is concerned. Over and above half a dozen old trees, there was a great variety of young stuff; enough to represent a forest, and give seclusion to the spot. Then there were huckleberries on the hills, and strawberries in the hollows. A beautiful winding way, which we called "The Fairy's Road," was covered by that long, thin grass that looks so much better in such places, where it is judged by its beauty, than in the *hay-field* where it is judged by its *weight*. Of wild flowers there seemed to be an endless variety, and even aromatic herbs, such as pennyroyal and the tall lobelia, began to take possession of appropriate spots in the light soil. My children have never asked to go pic-nicking anywhere only in the "Wilderness." The Indian-looking *wigwams* that would be erected here and there, as the fancy took

them—the swings, the jumping over the little *creek* with poles, the staking out the Wilderness into "Townships" and "Concessions,"—the wonderful mill-ponds, mills and "steamboats" (a bent whalebone being the steam-power); and most exciting of all, the days and days searching after the cunning old hen that "stole her nest" in the Wilderness—all this, and much more, tended to make it what nothing else about the farm could be. And in any little botanizing excursions, or when I laid hands on some herb or tree that I wanted to give a good chance to, I always took my pets to the Wilderness; it was far better than the garden, for most of them needed moisture and shade, and they got it there.

And then the birds. I do believe I had more varieties of birds in my Wilderness than all the rest of the Township put together. I got a thousand thanks in a hundred different languages every morning. Not because I found the boys mischievous and cruel, but because I was afraid they might *learn* to be, I put up a high and close picket-fence round three sides of it, and then I said to the birds: "There you are; now be happy!" And they took me at my word, and made *me* happy as well. I did nothing to it but fenced it up. If I had *pastured* it, it would have been all spoilt.

Skendle, I thought, improved. The old idlers about the store and tavern had been greatly thinned out. Some had moved away. Some had sunken so low that their influence for evil was well-nigh gone. But, generally, a "loafer," so-called, when he reaches that point, moves himself to some fresh locality. Some were dead, and no sooner dead than forgotten. There was old Tom Mackintosh, whose great blue-bonnet was always stuffed full of newspapers, for they were more precious in those days than now, and were considered well worth *borrowing*. It sat upon his head like some great turban, or the dome of a Mohammedan mosque. Tom was an endless talker, with a thirst like a lime-kiln. He was not so profane as some of them, except when he became vexed. But the worst thing about Tom's acquaintance was, that, once you encouraged him in his

friendly advances, you could never get rid of him afterwards. Tom, too, had gone; whether dead, no one seemed to know; but the street of the little village was by contrast *silent*, when Tom's big voice was no longer heard roaring in it.

Many of the more respectable idlers had grown old and rheumatic, and stayed at home on their farms; and their sons—what with free schools, papers, more active Christian work in the churches and other influences, did not fill their places as idlers. And the very storekeepers had changed. In my young days they used to lock up their stores for an hour or more at noon, while they went for their dinners; and ten to one, if you went for anything on a summer afternoon, but you would find them in one another's stores, sitting on nail kegs, whittling sticks and telling stories; or at the tavern shed, deep in the discussion of a horse trade. And if a man went (a boy might be excused, but a man not)—if a man went to the store for anything, and didn't first hitch himself upon the counter, and chat there for an hour before (just as a mere trifling matter by the way)—he got something weighed out to take home, why he was set down as "stuck up" and unsociable. Now, things of this sort were all in process of being changed. People came for groceries, and got them, and went home. Storekeepers began to politely ask you as soon as you came in "if they could do something for you this morning!" And, somehow, the abolition of the old system of twelve months' *credit* gave customers far greater boldness. You didn't like to interrupt the storekeeper in the middle of a long story, or seem to be in a hurry to get hold of his goods, when you knew you wouldn't pay for them till next winter.

Our little library had helped the intellectual and moral tone of the place. Even some of the old farmers themselves had taken to *reading*, instead of gossiping and smoking, the former employment of their spare hours. We even ventured to get a lecturer occasionally out from the county-town, on some entertaining and instructive topic, under the auspices of the Literary Association. And, more venture-

some still, we utilized some of our "home talent," and had occasional lectures (and oftener still debates) among ourselves. Out of this grew our Farmers' Club, meeting once a month, all the year round, on a Saturday afternoon. It took hard pumping at first to get the experience of the old farmers to flow; but after the first few months, why the stream of observation and related experiment was like the flowing of fifty Artesian wells. Agricultural and scientific papers began to be subscribed for, and experiments of all kinds began to be tried and noted; and though the tavern-keepers were at first very friendly, and enrolled themselves as members, and offered each the free use of a room for the meetings of the club, they soon began to cool off as they found that just in the ratio as men became interested in these things, they ceased to relish the bar-room and its company. It was like a man cultivating a taste for nice fruit. John Crow (who had become quite a fruit-raiser) gave me the first hint of this, which I have seen to be a fact. A taste for fruit *counteracts a taste for liquor*; the two are antagonistic. So a taste for a good "Farmers' Club" counteracts a taste for the tavern.

Atlast we all laid our heads together, and we would build a "hall." It was not very large, nor very expensive; but it was comfortable, and well taken care of. Here we kept our library, open on two afternoons of the week. Here the temperance meetings were held. Here the Farmers' Club was held—and the "hall" was always crowded then, ladies especially being out in large force. Here all the evening lectures were delivered; and here was the centre of all the intellectual and moral movements of the place.

Early in the fall, Crow made preparations for moving. The usual "sale" was made, by auction. He sent off a load of "stuff" beforehand. And early in September (for he did not want to wait till the roads got bad) he told me "the Crows were all ready to leave the nest, and fly!"

I don't know how young people would ever get on, if it were not for parting. Crow's second daughter, Libby, said to him the day before they were going off:

"Father, I guess you don't need me up in the Bush! You'll have plenty to take care of; and I couldn't help you a great deal, anyhow."

John, who was sharper about such matters since Sarah's affair in the spring, said, looking at her very earnestly,

"Why, Lib, are you going to get married?" She did not speak, but a little twist of the head was understood to mean "Yes."

"Is it that young carpenter? But why didn't you tell me before? Why, your things are all packed up with your mother's I suppose. What a trouble you give us by this sudden notion of yours!"

"Well, I didn't know it myself. I didn't know he thought anything particular of me till last night when he came to say *good-bye*—as he was going over the river to-day to frame a shed. And so, if it's all the same, I'll stay with Saidie and Pete, till he gets his own house in Skendle fixed up a little."

"The Crows do fly out of the nest!" soliloquized John, and so *that* matter was ended.

Peter and Sarah had been married a few days before; and were staying at Gray, senior's, till "Crow's Nest" farm and house were vacant for them.

John had been taking the "packing" very easy, for he was by no means strong nor well; and this evening he and I had a long talk on the verandah. "John Kanack," said he, "I owe you a great deal. You were the first man who got the lever under me; or what was the same thing, you put it into the hands of my boy! I tell you it's something to have a son like *that*. I was a poor drunkard: I knew it, and yet couldn't save myself. I had wasted the best part of my life, muddled my mind, and weakened my body; and getting to be a wreck, just as fast as could be. But I suppose, about the time the thieves had me down, and were beating and stripping and robbing me, the good Samaritan that the Lord sent my way was a-tightening up his girdles, and mounting his critter to come and help me! Thanks to His name, here I am to-day: terribly mauled and beaten, yet safe at the *inn*, and all my bills paid! and a part of His good Providence was putting me on this farm. O man! sometimes when that raging old

appetite got up within me, how I did grind my teeth, and slap into the hoeing! I've done three men's work in one day, and didn't know it! The big sobs would be bursting from my heart, and the tears running down my face; and there I was at duty with my hoe, and durst'nt leave it—for I knew my feet would carry me straight to the tavern; and I would rather have cut them off first! And then the next day I'd be sick; and Jenny would have to *doctor* me up, and the devil would let me alone for a while again. I tell you what, I believe there's more drunkards *saved* than people think. Now, if the Lord had seen I never would be strong enough to get through and live sober, why he'd a-took me away as soon as I found Christ. And then folks that didn't know anything about it would say, 'Poor fellow, he died a drunkard; I'm sorry for him; not much hope of *his* salvation!' But then it wouldn't do for the Bible to tell us that a good many are saved when they turn round at the last—like the thief on the cross; people would take too much liberty out of it, and encourage themselves still to *put off*.

"Well, not only has being here been a blessing to me, but it's been a blessing to my children. I have, in these eight years, got my family educated—I *might* almost say *civilized*! The bush won't hurt them now, for they're pretty well grown-up, and, after all, I shall feel better in the bush! I belong to it; I was born and brought up in it; and (you may either believe it or not) neighborly kindness, and all that, disappears in a settlement when the log-houses go out of fashion! I don't want to live where folks all get to think themselves above one another, like the steps leading up to a hen-roost; and the biggest *shanghai* up at the top! In the bush, you *can* wear a patch on your knee, and you *can* go to meeting on an awful hot day, without sweating inside of a coat; and you *can* speak to a man without being *introduced* to him. I tell you, this free and easy bush-life is *natural*. You may put any kind of modern meaning you like to the word *garden*, but my idea of the garden of Eden is that it was a kind of natural *bush*; and ever since, the human race have had a liking for it!

"Well, things are different round here. Lots of these old neighbors that can neither read nor write have sons, high-learned men. Now, there's Chuff, who hardly ever sent his boys to school, will have them just jack-knife schemers like himself. Those boys would a-made capital mechanics. That's what they were suited for. Fairly, now, is a useful man in the neighborhood; licks his lips a little too much; don't like a man to lick his lips: reminds me of a cat when she sees a mouse. Fairly has a kind heart; made a good match when he married. His young folks have all his kind-heartedness, without his little grain of *slyness*. They're all doing well, and deserve to do well. There is one thing about Fairly's family I like to see: they all stick to one another, and help each other; and there's no friend among men like a friendly brother!

"Seagram will go to the wall yet. He deserves to come down, for he never got up in the right way. That man despises his neighbors; and his neighbors won't help him when his day of trouble comes. That man would rather be a cheat among the lordly than be honest among the vulgar. The Lord can teach wisdom and humility by all kinds of servants; and I hope whenever the sheriff comes Seagram may begin to learn true wisdom!

"Longwraith is getting rich. Poor critter! His riches won't do him much good. When a man pinches his body to save good victuals—and when a man pinches his mind, because *thinking* interferes with *working*,—a man gets down about as low as a man can be, in a Christian country. I told him one day he was ruining himself and his children as well, with all *work* and no *food*, all *save* and no *spend*; and he only gave me some surly answer about what I myself had been. Of course it was all true; but what I said was true too, and one truth subtracted from another truth don't make the first truth a lie!

"Now, there's Sproat. He's like one of those big mullein weeds that grow on the slopes of embankments. The first year it is *thistles*; the second year *mulleins*; and the third year *grass* begins to grow. The first man who settled on that farm and

cleared it up was a pest and a nuisance in the neighborhood. He was but a human *thistle*. Next came Sproat; he's only a *mullein*. He don't wound anybody; but he's no good. He will perhaps make way for some one who *may* do some good. His eldest son, I think (who is likely to get the old place some time), is different from the other boys.

"I sometimes tell old-country folks that the *best* of *their kind* come out here; and that's one reason why such young countries get on so fast. And it is a good deal the same with new settlements; recruited as they are from the old townships. I tell them they mustn't think they're all barbarians up in the bush,—savages in furs, with bristles on their backs, and living on rusty pork! It's mostly settled with their own go-ahead children! It won't be twenty years till those Western Counties will have a controlling influence in the affairs of this Province. Mind, I tell you!

"And now, old Skendle, good-bye! I'm going to the bush, where I belong; and when at last this poor body is released from its pains (and it won't be long!) I want them to lay me down where the whip-poorwills won't be afraid to come, and where the forest leaves will cover me (another poor babe-in-the-wood!) and where the sun and the shadow may say by turns, 'I see the grave of John Crow, who died poor because his wealth had all gone on before him, and who loved Christ because He first loved him!'"

So Crow moved back into the woods. It was a fine day, and he was in capital spirits; he even strung together, in jingling rhyme, an ode on himself and his "flitting." Gray took the farm. Elizabeth and the smart young carpenter joined hands and fortune together, and began housekeeping in the village. A month after Crow was gone his place (never a very conspicuous one) seemed to be completely filled. Nobody missed him. Such is life! Like as retains

"The parted wave, no furrow from the keel,—  
We pass away, and the world goes on without us!"

(Concluded next month.)

## BELL-RINGERS.

Of the many peculiarities which arrest the attention of the visitor to Quebec, an especial one is the incessant bell-ringing. This is of every description, from the musical peal to the tin-can discord. It might be imagined that every house was a church, every church had a steeple, and every steeple a bell; but it is a fact that there are fewer churches in the city of Quebec in proportion to its inhabitants than any city in the Dominion. If it possessed them in the same ratio to the number of inhabitants as Halifax, there would be nearly fifty, as Kingston eighty-five, instead of the present small number of nineteen. From early morning till late at night, the continual ding-dong salutes the ear. Whether it be summer or winter the bells are heard at four o'clock in the morning, calling the pious to their early devotions; whether any attend the summons I cannot say, never having had sufficient curiosity—or shall I call it courage?—to turn out at that unearthly hour.

“Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,”

is not one of my mottoes; in fact, I very much doubt its truth. I can offer, as evidence as to its untruth, the instance of the Trappist order of monks, who retire at six o'clock in the evening and rise at the unheard-of hour of 2 o'clock; they are not healthy, as it is established that members of the Trappist community generally do not attain an old age; they are not wealthy, for they are obliged to live on black bread and rancid pork; they are not wise, for no one with an atom of wisdom would adopt such a life of silence and monotony. With Tom Hood, I say, “hang the getting up at six.” If people do answer the four o'clock summons, I imagine it must be such as have not gone to bed at all; and these, I conceive, would not feel inclined to end

a night by an hour's devotional exercises. Can it be possible—let us suppose the time to be winter, with the thermometer ranging about forty below zero—for any one to turn out of a warm, comfortable bed and face the bitter blast at the summons of any bell, except that of the fireman, who shouts himself hoarse through your keyhole, that your house is on fire? Even in such a catastrophe, the contemplation of that heroism makes one shudder. There seems a mystery about these Quebec bells; in every street you hear a ringing, sometimes loud and deafening, defying all attempts at conversation; at times, plaintive like the moanings of an invalid; at times, sharp and querulous, like the snappings of old age. You turn round a corner into another street, and from another direction comes again the music of the bells, this time may be happy and joyous, perhaps for bridal felicity, or solemn and dolorous, as for one departed on his long journey; again you turn a corner, and this time the solemn doom-sounding notes of the fire alarm affrights with its one, two, three, four, or perhaps a half ridiculous, half idiotic ting-a-lang, ting-a-lang, compels you to look around at the passing crowds, expecting to see them all giggling at some extravagant farce—or perhaps a tinkering umbrella mender, or a “needy knife-grinder” rattles along in his broken-down cart, with a jingling cracked piece of metal, setting your teeth on edge. You take a walk on the Terrace, and a whole army of sounds arise from the mighty river and from the business purlieus at your feet; steamboat bells, vessels' watch-bells, auctioneers' bells,—all conspire to effect one great discordant symposium. One of England's guns on the stately old Citadel thunders out the mid-day hour, and gives the signal for a pandemonium of inconceivable uproar; from every steeple issues a terrific clang-

ing and banging; from the manufactories, from the workshops, from the shipyards, from the mills, and from every construction, ashore or afloat, possessing a bell, screams, screeches and yells the iron tongue, till your brain turns dizzy and the ear becomes confused. The effect is startling and overwhelming to the strongest mind. But in winter a reinforcement to the general noise renders confusion worse confounded; millions of bells, silver, brass and iron, announce the arrival of the snowing; carioles, sleighs, berlins, street cars, traineaux, wood sleighs, covered sleighs, single sleighs, double sleighs, carters' sleighs, private vehicles, hotel busses—in fact everything on runners; horses, ponies, oxen, and even dogs, carry clusters of bells; and their jingling and tingling cease not, and never seem to tire, day nor night. As in file firing, first one bell breaks modestly through the icy air, then another, then three or four, then succeeds the rattling from a thousand bells; it dies off, and the two or three sound once more faintly, then again the metallic, dissonant uproar. It would be a subject worthy a genius greater than I possess, to enquire into, whether this unending variety of sound has any effect upon the politics, morals, habits and tastes of the ear-beset inhabitants of the Ancient Capital; whether the continual clanging is not in some measure responsible for the excitement and riotous behavior of its enlightened electors at every election contest which takes place; whether the bell-ringer should not be bound to answer for the murders committed during these, and be held liable for the expenses of calling out the troops to put down the election disturbances; whether this bell-ringing has anything to do, in a moral point of view, with the failure of such a questionable exhibition as the Black Crook—or, in fact, any performance that may be brought on the boards before Quebec, so that it is now difficult to induce dramatic or musical artistes to visit the city; whether the bell music has so enraptured the citizens that they disdain to patronize concerts, of classical or whatever other pretension, with the exception of nigger minstrels, whose accompaniments of tin cymbals and rude banjoes remind

them of their own home bell-music; whether the ceaseless dinning of bells in their ears has not somewhat dulled their mental energies, and left them open to the accusation by other cities of being behind the age, lethargic, and non-progressive? These questions, I will not discuss, but will leave them for others more able and enquiring. As to myself, I may be permitted to say a few words. My bedroom window overlooks the roofs of a few houses. In the distance I can see the higher peaks of the Laurentian range, sometimes merging its blue outline into the clouds, at other times brought close by the rarity of the atmosphere, that the trees and rocks of those wild and almost uninhabitable regions are discernible. Through a space between some of the buildings I have a glimpse of the mouth of the St. Charles, bounded by the shore of Beauport and its long, straggling, yet beautiful village, the background filled by cultivated fields and pastures, while in one corner are the Montmorenci Falls, whose rising spray, in fine weather, rises like the cloud of the unformed geni of the Arabian Nights. The view is fine, but has one drawback. In the corner opposite the Falls, close at hand, just over the roof of a house, is the steeple of a church, and in that steeple is a bell. This is my bane. I can hardly describe the sound, for it is uncertain, but as near as possible resembles, to my mind, a broken-hearted old iron kettle. I know not the man who tolls it, nor his name; but I can read somewhat of his thoughts, and imagine his history; and this knowledge I have gained by the tolling of his bell. He must be an old and decrepit man, of that class who are to be found sunning themselves before the portals of asylums for the reception of infirm and invalided people, for these do not require so much sleep as the youthful. He is, therefore, well suited to such employment as requires an early attention to his monotonous, though not arduous, duties. A young man could hardly be induced to tug at a weary rope in the dim and ghostly light of a deserted and solitary church. While thus engaged his thoughts naturally wander back to his past life, when he was strong and vigorous; when his home was a farm on the banks of the Jacques Cartier;



when he and his wife, Marie Jeanne, long years past, lived contentedly, raising potatoes and Indian corn, and a family of boys and girls, who have since grown up and died or disappeared, leaving their grandsire to cumber the earth and ring bells. That these thoughts do visit him can easily be understood; for anon the sound of the bell becomes faint and almost ceases, for the palsied and attenuated hands have relaxed their grasp on the rope, and his bald head droops unconsciously on his breast, till the absence of the accustomed sound brings him back to life, and a sudden jerk draws a sharp and angry remonstrance from the bell. Lying on my bed, with my window open, I dream awake of the poor old man who has broken my slumbers at the absurd hour of four o'clock in the morning. He must be methodical and precise, for he leaves off ringing to the moment, and then with a broom busies himself with dusting the pews, the ornaments and pictures, or sweeping the aisles; then the next quarter hour is rung. He may be superstitious, but he is not afraid of ghosts or spirits; if he believes in them, they are all good and protecting, for, otherwise, he would not care to remain with the dead in the awe-inspiring atmosphere of a church, clothed almost in the drapery of night. How is it he has been deserted by all he now holds so dear in memory? Marie Jeanne died years ago; his children grew up; received but a meagre education; but burned with desire to be in the great city of Quebec, one by one they left him,—the girls to become household drudges, the boys to learn trades, which, having acquired, they left for the States. No trace of them now remains, and he is left alone to ruminate on what might have been: on the homes he pictur-

ed himself as enjoying with his married children; of his grandchildren and their winning ways. These castles in the air, which he indulged in in the dead past, now come to him as mournful memories, and in the uncertain, feverish ringing of his bell, I follow him in these sad thoughts. These cause him now and then to commit errors in time, for these departed elysiums render him forgetful of the lapse of minutes, and he hurries to rectify his mistake by more than usually rapid pulls on the bell rope. Does he tire of such existence? Is he not lonesome in the solitude, when all the world beside is asleep? The tempest howls outside; the wind shakes the very steeple, and the mad snow flings itself in whirling eddies upon the church; but the old man, buried in the fancies of his youth, is unmindful of tempest, wind or snow, and mechanically tolls his wretched bell. How does he pass his leisure time? Probably, smoking villanous tobacco, or gossiping with the old hag who scrubs out the vestry. In following out these romances of mine I have come to the conclusion that bell-ringers, unlike poets, are made, not born. He must be old, and have passed a life of misfortune and disappointment, and adopts an occupation which enables him to retaliate on mankind. The effect on myself of this continual bell-ringing, and the one in particular which I have above so inadequately described, has been depressing and lugubrious. I presume that others are somewhat similarly affected. If so, what an amount of misery must be caused thereby! I, therefore, conclude by asking the question which I have above hinted at for discussion: "Should not bell-ringers be punished?"

## VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

## CHAPTER XX.

We have not yet done with the guilty family, the house of Herod. One of the name, who long ruled over Galilee, we have yet to notice, Herod Antipas, the brother of Archelaus. He, too, was a tyrant, dreaded and hated by many even of his most obsequious flatterers. For a long term of years he was content with the title and honors conferred on him by Cæsar after the death of his father. But, at length, a wily and ambitious woman succeeded in inspiring him with a desire for further aggrandisement, and induced him to take a journey to Rome to solicit advancement at the hand of the Emperor. We will stand in his presence for a short time, and listen to a conversation between the Tetrarch and Herodias, whom he had taken from his brother to be his wife.

The day had been a lovely one, and it had been a day of feasting and mirth in the palace of Herod Antipas. The evening had passed in gayeties. With music and dancing the hours sped away till midnight drew near. But in the midst of all this show of happiness and pleasure, a keen observer might have noticed an expression of discontent on the brow of Herodias, and an appearance of thoughtfulness about her husband, unlike what rulers are wont to wear on festive occasions. The guests had departed; the receding footsteps of the last late lingerer had died away in the distance, and Herod stood alone in one of the splendidly furnished apartments. His attendants had been dismissed, and he paced with hasty and uneven steps the brilliantly lighted room, which, so lately, had resounded with ringing laughs and the strains of soft music. A shade of sadness rested on his features, and his mind was evidently ill at ease. Suddenly, a door at the farther extremity of the spacious apartment opened, and a

female figure glided in. It was Herodias, and she approached the Lord of Galilee. Herod started at her entrance, and seemed troubled; yet he bade her welcome to his presence. She looked very queenly in her gorgeous apparel, and an expression of affection lighted up her countenance as her husband took her hand and led her to a seat.

"What would my beloved?" he said, in a voice of tenderness.

"That you no longer allow your heart to be heavy, or your brow clouded, because Caligula has conferred honors, and a title higher than your own, upon my brother, Herod Agrippa," she replied. "By flatteries he has doubtless obtained this preferment; and why may not you, already ruler of an important province, hope that the Emperor will bestow still greater favors upon you. Speak, my lord," she continued, earnestly. "Why may you not reasonably expect yet to be King of Galilee and Perea? Say, will you not in-treat the favor of Rome?"

"It would be useless, worse than useless," replied Herod. "I fear Agrippa has prejudiced the mind of the Emperor against me, and my requests would be unheeded."

"Let no memorials, no petitions, be sent abroad," said Herodias, quickly, "but let us seek the presence of Caligula, and make known your wishes in person. It sorely vexes me, that now, when age is creeping upon you, one of the younger of our family should be exalted above you."

"I am troubled," answered the Tetrarch, "for I imagined, even this night, that several of my nobles treated me with less respect than formerly. But I will not be hasty in my judgment; perchance it was only fancy."

Herodias was very anxious to be called queen. She saw her advantage, and hastened to improve it.

"It was no fancy!" she exclaimed, with

apparent emotion. "The chief men from the South were never wont to look so coldly upon the Lord of Galilee as they have done this night. Let us go," she continued, "and be sure we shall return loaded with royal honors."

"Would that it might be so," replied Herod; "and yet, something whispers to my heart, it will be better not to go."

"My lord is desponding. Let us go; we shall never regret the journey."

"My spirit is, indeed, troubled. I fear, and I know not what. The curses which long ago, were poured upon our house by one whom my brother, Archelaus, regarded as a sorceress, haunt my memory. Though they tarry for a while I fear they will fall at last like a crushing weight upon me." With these words, Herod Antipas bent his head upon his hand, and groaned aloud.

Herodias was full of ambitious thoughts and high aspirations. She determined, ere she sought Herod's presence on that night, not to leave him until she had secured his promise to accede to her proposals. She endeavored to soothe his troubled mind, and partially succeeded. Her fancy drew glowing pictures of future greatness and glory, which she spread before his mental vision, and, at length, she obtained what she desired—the plighted word of Herod Antipas, that, attended by nobles and servants, they would proceed without delay to Rome, to intreat advancement at the hand of Caligula.

We will not go with them, but before them to the "Queen City." We shall hardly be prepared for the changes in Jesse and the daughters of Thara Elimalis. Though the hand of Time be ever so gently laid upon the inhabitants of earth, yet is the print of his fingers plainly distinguishable; and we shall see the traces of his touch upon our friends. We will look upon them as they were reading the epistle from James and Mary which we have just noticed. Jesse sat near an open casement and read aloud the letter which was to confirm his faith in "Jesus of Nazareth," of whose wonderful works he had before heard much. His appearance was no longer youthful. His noble brow

was deeply furrowed, and his locks, once so jetty, witnessed indeed that the hand of Time had rested there. By his side sat Ruth; the same gentle, loving, trusting, being as of old; yet much changed in outward appearance from the young girl we saw so often in Judea. Their two boys, their only children, stood at a little distance from their parents, and eagerly drank in the contents of the letter.

On a pile of cushions, opposite her sister, Ada reclined. Her blanched locks were covered as of yore; but the lines which marked her countenance told of the lapse of years since last we looked upon her. The wild, unearthly light of former days still blazed in her dark eyes; still told the sad, sad tale of blighted hopes and reason partially dethroned. She listened with the same earnest attention to the letter from Jerusalem as did the other members of the household. When the reading was concluded Ruth exclaimed, in tones of ecstasy, "It is He, it is He! the long-looked-for, the promised Messiah! My soul shall be glad in her Saviour!"

"I, too, believe," said Jesse; "but how, oh! how can I give up my long-cherished hope, the hope of our people: that the kingdom should be restored to Israel, and that Jerusalem should be the joy of the whole earth?"

"Relinquish the hope of our nation! my own life-long expectation!" cried Ada earnestly; "Never! He is an impostor who claims to be Messiah, and yet leaves Israel under the domination of foreigners. Be warned," she continued, turning to Ruth, "This is not He who should come. Is it not distinctly said, 'He shall build the old waste places?'"

"Ah!" answered her sister, "in a higher sense He may, perchance, rebuild crumbling ruins and cause waste places to blossom!"

As she spoke the eye of her husband met her own. He understood her, and said, in low, earnest tones, "God grant it."

"Receive him not; he is not the king who was to reign in righteousness, and restore our beloved land to its former glory!" said Ada, passionately. "What mean these words spoken to Jerusalem by the prophet,

'Behold, at that time, I will undo all that afflict thee, and I will save her that halteth, and her that was driven out, and I will get them fame and praise in every land where they have been put to shame. At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you ; for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord.' Surely," she continued, "we have the sure promise that Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited ; that our people shall be brought from the east country and from the west ; and that the Lord shall rejoice over her to do her good ; and, now, let us not be deceived ; let us trust in the Almighty ; but be slow to believe on one who claims to be the deliverer of Jacob, and yet leaves the chosen tribes under the rod of oppression."

Ruth replied not ; her heart was full of holy thoughts, and she stole away to pour out its fulness into the ear of Almighty Love.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

For months Ada continued her opposition to the new faith which Jesse and Ruth had embraced so heartily. But they sought new light and knowledge earnestly, and were more and more convinced that Jesus Christ was the "promised seed," and that He should "gather together in one" the elect of God from the four corners of the earth.

Seventeen summers had passed over the twin sons of Ruth at the time of which we are now writing. Both were interested in the search of their parents after truth ; and Marcus especially manifested a strong desire to visit the land of his fathers, the birth-place of the great Teacher of Righteousness. Jesse had promised that his wish should be gratified, and the whole family, in anxious expectation, waited the hour when they should embark for the shores of Judea. As the projected journey was a frequent subject of conversation, so its contemplation often caused the sisters to recall the past, and together they

lived over their days of happiness in their childhood's home.

One lovely day in early autumn the daughters of Thara sat in a little vine-covered arbor, at the back of their dwelling, speaking of the years that were flown, and sighing as they reflected how many among their former associates had been numbered with the dead, and were sleeping in the cold, still tomb. It was indeed a glorious day. The bright skies of Italy were tinged with a more than usually purple hue, and the air was pure and soft as it gently waved to and fro the vines which crept over their quiet retreat. The attention of the Jewish sisters was arrested by hissings and groanings, as of the populace in wrath.

"What mean these sounds ?" said Ada, as they seemed to draw nearer.

"I know not," replied Ruth, rising from her seat. "Let us seek an upper window and discover the cause of the tumult."

They left the arbor and ascended to the top of their dwelling. When there, they perceived, slowly passing along the street, an open carriage, guarded by soldiers ; yet preceded and followed by a crowd, shouting, and reviling its occupants. The gazers soon guessed, from the bowed heads and sorrowful appearance of the forms in the carriage—a male and female—they were under the royal displeasure. Both were splendidly attired. The female, in an apparently fainting state, was supported by her companion. As they passed near to where the sisters stood, the shouts and jeers of the mob grew louder and louder ; and the name of Herod Antipas, the scorned, the exiled, was borne away on the soft autumnal breeze. At the sound of that name, exultant joy shone in the dark eyes of Ada, and her whole countenance wore an expression of satisfaction and triumph. She stood silent for a moment—a wild, awe-inspiring figure—then shrieked, rather than spoke, the following words :

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel who hath heard the prayer of her whom the tyrant made desolate ! Again I say, let a curse rest upon his house forever !"

"O, Ada !" cried Ruth, gently drawing her from the window. "O, Ada ! is it not yet enough ? Can you not yet forgive ?

Let not your curse follow the innocent for the crime of one who has, long since, gone to his last account."

"Forgive!" exclaimed Ada, "forgive! Never. The Almighty will surely visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, and I pray that a curse may rest on the house of Herod till the last of his race has passed away from the earth!"

"Dear sister," said Ruth, soothingly, "remember the Lord hath said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' Calm, then, your spirit, leave all in His hand, and peace shall reign in your soul once more. Oh, how happy should I be, could I but hear you speak the words, 'I forgive.'"

"Never, never!" cried Ada; "with my latest breath will I proclaim my hatred, and call down curses still! Look at me, sister," she continued, wildly. "What am I? What have I been through long, long, dreary years? A shattered wreck, destroyed in mind and body, and it is his work! Think not I will ever seek to find pity in my heart for one of the hated family!"

In vain Ruth pleaded; in vain Jesse joined his entreaties to hers,—Ada refused to listen, and her last words, ere she left the family circle that evening, were, "Forgive! Never!" When she was alone, in the quiet of her own apartment, she sat down and pressed her hands to her throbbing temples; but tears came not to her relief. No, she could not weep. Her brain was on fire, and her eyes seemed almost ready to burst from their sockets, but the fountain of her tears was dried up. She arose, after a time, and paced her room with a firm tread, and, ere long, opened a secret drawer of a small case which stood in a closet in her apartment. She took out a parcel. It was rolled with many a winding, and, with great care, she undid the fastenings. What a sight was within! A dagger, rusted with human gore, and on it the poor maniac gazed with delight and satisfaction through the long hours of that night, even till the breaking of day!

The hope of Herodias had perished. From her dream of royalty and splendor she had suddenly awakened, to find herself the companion of an exiled man. Nor this alone. The voice of Cali-

gula had spoken also against the ambitious woman who had urged Herod Antipas to prefer his ill-timed requests; and, to her astonishment and horror, she was compelled by the royal order to accompany into banishment the man she had flattered with expectations of added greatness. The fears of Herod had not been without foundation. On his arrival at Rome he discovered that the Emperor had been poisoned against him, through false statements made by his nephew, Herod Agrippa, and that there was no hope of advancement for him. He would, at once, have turned back, but it was too late. He was accused of hostility towards the very power whose favor he entreated. In vain he endeavored to defend himself. In vain he pleaded his cause, and protested his innocence. He was spurned from the royal presence, and we have seen him as he passed along to a place of confinement. In a few days, the hapless pair were placed on a ship bound for the distant coast of Spain, there to drag out the remainder of their wretched existence.

A few months more and the vessel which bore Jesse and his family to the shores of Judea cast anchor in the port of Joppa. It was with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain that the daughters of Thara Elimalis again looked upon the lovely scenery of their native land. The party proceeded first to Jerusalem. There the sons of Jesse found much to interest them in the ancient buildings, especially the "Temple." There, also, their parents received new light and confirmation of their faith. Ada's desire was to go alone to the dwelling of her husband's ancestors, the spot where her own happiest days had been spent. When once there Ruth found it no easy task to persuade her sister to leave the place which called up so many recollections. Ada would wander for hours over the grounds, plucking the choicest flowers; then she would pause beside the garden fountain and seem to be listening intently to the low, soft murmur of its waters. She was, in truth, living over the past from the moment her husband brought her to his home, a happy and rejoicing bride, to the time when her hopes had been so cruelly

blighted. At length she was induced to visit her childhood's home in Cana. She appeared to dread coming in contact with any, even her nearest friends, who had embraced the Christian religion, and resolutely turned away, or left the apartment, whenever the subject was mentioned in her presence; and would, on no account, listen to the prayers of her kindred which were offered up in the name of the Great Mediator.

At the house of her brother she not unfrequently met Matthias, the son of Caleb Shelomi. On one occasion they chanced to be left together. The thoughts of both wandered backward to the hour when the old physician had gone forth on his deadly errand. Each longed to speak; yet the silence remained unbroken. At length their eyes met. That interchange of glances broke the spell, and they conversed, in low tones, of his strange disappearance.

"You never heard tidings of my dear friend?" said Ada.

"Never. No word ever reached me," said Matthias. "He doubtless perished in the undertaking. We know that an attempt was made upon the life of Herod about the time my father went forth; but all is wrapped in mystery. There was said to have been no money found on the person who lost his life at the time I speak of, and we well know my lamented parent was abundantly supplied. All is darkness and conjecture. He is long since at rest; yet how would my heart rejoice could I but know with certainty of his latter end!"

Ada was silent a few moments; then she related minutely what Ruth had told her so long ago, of the person she had seen in Jerusalem; dwelling particularly on the circumstance that, whenever she looked upon the venerable man, her sister had at once been transported in spirit to her early home, her father's arms, and all the sweet influences of her infant life.

Matthias listened attentively. When Ada ceased speaking he sighed deeply, and said, "Alas! it was he. What a death to die, and how mistaken was his zeal! In our blindness we sought, not only to redress private wrongs, but to prepare the way for Him who hath, indeed, redeemed Israel;

but whose Kingdom is not of this world." "Speak not thus," returned Ada, with warmth. "He is, he can be no redeemer who saves not our nation from its enemies, who restores not the kingdom, who builds not up the waste places, and who makes not Jerusalem the pride of the earth."

"Ah! my friend," continued Matthias, "it may be long, very long, centuries may roll their tireless rounds, ere the sure promise be fulfilled; yet the word of the Lord standeth fast. He whom I worship as my Saviour and Redeemer said, it is not for us to know 'the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power'; but I believe Israel shall yet be gathered, and brought to their own land; that mighty cities shall again arise where now are but crumbling ruins; and that Jerusalem shall indeed be the glory of the whole earth. When the fulness of time is accomplished, shall all be fulfilled."

Ada answered not, but arose, and walked out upon the terrace. Her heart was hardened, and she would not listen to farther conversation in which "Jesus of Nazareth" was to be mentioned. Her loneliness grew greater, for in the dwellings of all her kindred she was too frequently obliged to hear the leading truths of Christianity spoken of; and she soon returned to the hillside-mansion, which she resolutely refused to leave again. Why did she cling so closely to that spot? Was it because her saddened spirit fed upon the remembrance of her great griefs with less inter-ruption there? or was it dimly shadowed forth to her darkened soul that there the light should at length dawn upon her which should be but the morning of the day that knows no night? Who can tell?

Ruth remained not with her sister constantly, yet time wore away, years glided on, and still the family of Jesse tarried in Judea, that they might watch over the stricken daughter of Thara.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

The year immediately succeeding the banishment of Herod Antipas, Herod Agrippa was made ruler of Galilee. He had supplanted his uncle, and had not

scrupled to send his sister, the daughter of his own father, into exile, to further his ambitious views. Four years after he received new honors from the hand of Claudius, and was created king of Judea. Anxious to become popular amongst all classes of his subjects, especially the Jews, the new-made monarch granted license to the Hebrews to persecute the infant church, and liberty to imprison, and even put to death, those who believed in the name of Jesus.

Persecutions from without, and contentions in their own families, were but too frequently the lot of the early followers of the despised Nazarene; and the household of Jesse was not exempt from the trials and sufferings to which Christians were subjected. Truly it had been said, "a man's foes shall be they of his own house." The mother of Jesse, from the moment of his arrival at the inheritance of his fathers, ceased not to entreat her son to forsake doctrines of so dangerous a character, and, with penitence, to return to the faith of his people.

"My son," she would say, "be warned in time, lest a horrible fate overtake you. Look and see in the books of the prophets that Messiah shall come to redeem Israel and take away their reproach; that he shall reign in righteousness, and make Jerusalem the pride of all lands. What can have blinded you, my first-born, my joy, that you should believe a lie to your own destruction?"

She was very aged, and her son had no higher earthly wish than to make her last days happy. He often spoke to her of the light of the Holy Spirit in his soul; of his inward joy and peace; but was as often met by jeers or blasphemous words against the sacred name of Him he adored.

The son of Thara Elimalis, our friend Jehoram, could only in secret enjoy the sweet consolation of his most precious faith. The wife of his bosom, and their only daughter, regarded him as an outcast from Israel, and besought him, with tears, to forsake the religion of Christ, and return to the hope of the nation, that One would soon come to restore them the kingdom.

We must now hasten to the closing scenes of this simple narrative.

The sons of Jesse, though rich in this world's goods, regarded not the wealth of their father's house, the "gold that perishes with the using." They had found a "better inheritance," and ceased not to pray for the conversion of the whole House of Israel. Marcus had spent several years in going from place to place, speaking to the benighted spirits of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Christ; but, at length, returned and took up his abode in Jerusalem. So great was his zeal, that he not unfrequently brought upon himself persecutions from his brethren, the Jews. Multitudes around were being imprisoned; and, in some instances, tortured, because they dared to name the name of Christ.

Ruth felt that the blow would be levelled at those most dear to her; that the impending rod could hardly be turned aside; and, full soon, her fears were realized. Marcus had been in Jerusalem no more than a month when his parents learned that, by an order of the Jewish high priest, he, with several others who had openly acknowledged Christ, had been seized and thrown into bonds. Nor was this all. The rulers, fearing lest the new religion should continue to gain strength, gave permission to the Jews to bind Christians, wherever they should be found; and, ere long, the whole family of Jesse were in close confinement. Ada was in a state almost amounting to frenzy, on hearing this intelligence. She knew not what to do, and she had no counsellor. The distraction of her mind had gradually increased, since, on account of their faith, she had turned away from her kindred, and led a solitary and utterly joyless life. Old Isaac had long "been gathered to his fathers," and, in his room, there had arisen none of whom she could ask advice in a matter of serious moment. After deliberating a few hours, Ada determined to go at once to Jerusalem; seek out the place of his sister's confinement, gain admittance, and endeavor to persuade Ruth to renounce a belief so unpopular and dangerous. She knew not what she undertook or she would have spared herself the task. She encountered many difficulties ere

she gained access to the prison ; but at length was permitted to converse with her sister for a few moments.

"Alas ! my best beloved," she exclaimed, as she entered the dungeon, "alas ! that I should see you thus."

"It is sad, indeed," returned Ruth ; "yet for conscience' sake I can bear it. He for whom I am counted worthy to suffer enables me to endure all, and even to glory in tribulation."

"Oh, my sister," said Ada, "unless you renounce the strange doctrines you have so foolishly embraced there is nothing before you but imprisonment while you live, and a violent and bloody death in the end. Let me implore you, by all the love you have lavished upon me, the smitten, the desolate, to turn from the errors you have embraced. Turn, even now, and you, and all most dear to your heart, shall be free before the dawning of another day. Say, may I not carry your confession to the rulers and elders ?"

"No, never !" answered Ruth passionately. "Deny my Lord, and lose my sustaining hope, the sure promise of an eternal inheritance, a crown of glory that can never fade ? Ah, dear Ada, what can this world give ? What do you offer in exchange for my treasure, that blessed treasure which no man can discern, but by the Spirit of God. Believe me, sister, could I but know you were a sharer in the sweet Gospel hope I would be willing to see you the occupant of a gloomy dungeon through all your remaining years."

Ada gazed at Ruth in utter astonishment. The holy, almost heavenly light, which beamed in the eye of her sister bewildered the mistress of the hillside mansion. "Can it be," she thought, "that there is a *reality* in this new faith ?" No ; she would not believe it. Long, long she pleaded with the imprisoned being at her side, even till the keeper, becoming uneasy at her prolonged stay, entered, and commanded her to depart. Ada threw herself upon her sister's neck and sobbed her farewell.

Slowly the sorrowful woman returned to her desolate home. She was, indeed, desolate now ; yet the morning was breaking when her long, dreary night of sorrow

should be turned into joy. The now aged Ada was well nigh exhausted when she reached her dwelling. She seated herself near an open casement, where the cool breeze of evening might fan her heated brow. As the tall shadows of the sycamore trees were lengthening on the hillside, and the hour of twilight drew on, she saw, slowly approaching by the path which wound through the valley below, a venerable looking man, leaning heavily upon his staff, as if nearly overcome by fatigue. His steps were slow, and he often gazed around, as if seeking to be certain he had not wandered from his way.

"Who is this who has thus sought out my lonely dwelling ?" said Ada to herself.

Let us take a glance at the wayfaring stranger. We know him not ; yet was his countenance like to the countenance of one who twelve years before walked through the land, working miracles in the name of "Jesus of Nazareth ;" like unto one of those "other seventy," who "returned again with joy," declaring that even the devils were subject unto them through Him in whose name they taught. The stranger drew near, passed through a small gate, and entered the grounds which surrounded the mansion. He approached and stood on the threshold. None gave him greeting ; but *his* words of salutation were, "Peace be to this house."

Ada started to her feet. It was the Christians' mode of greeting, and her first impulse was to turn the aged wayfarer from her door ; but she thought of Ruth : a kinder feeling stole into her heart, and he was allowed to enter. A seat was proffered. The old man sank into it, and looked around him. After a few moments he enquired : "Is this the dwelling of Ada, the daughter of Thara Elimalis, the widow of Joseph Bar-Heber ?"

He was answered in the affirmative ; his eye brightened, and he appeared satisfied.

Let us enquire why he was there. But six days before he had landed at the port of Joppa, having been several years absent from his native land, preaching "Christ crucified" in foreign climes. The night after his feet touched the shores of Judea he had dreamed a dream ; and in the vision



had seen an angel who warned him to seek out the residence of a lonely widow, who dwelt near Ephratah, the daughter of Thara Elimalis, of Cana; and there abide until an opportunity should arise to work a miracle of healing on the mistress of the mansion. Straightway he obeyed, and we have seen his approach, and witnessed his reception. There he sat, leaning forward on his staff. Ada commanded a servant to give the old man food and lodging, and was about to withdraw to her own apartment, when the voice of Elam, the son of old Isaac, was heard in an outer room, relating some tale of wonder, which he had that moment heard, to his companions. His mistress caught a word of his conversation, and sprang forward to listen. That word was *Herod!*

"What of Herod?" she cried earnestly. "Tell me all. But I trust a curse will follow the house that Herod Agrippa may get."

"Alas, mistress!" interrupted Elam, "he is where your curse cannot reach him. In his pride and in his wickedness the Almighty slew him. He made himself a god, and in wrath the Lord of all the earth sent a horrible agony upon him, and he died before an assembled multitude. Even now, there is wailing in the land, for the sovereign has been smitten and is not."

"Blessed be the Lord God of my fathers who hath stricken another of the hated family," shrieked Ada. "Yea, blessed—" Her excitement overcame her, and she could utter no more, but sank in fearful convulsions upon the bare floor. Her attendants gathered around, and a cushion was placed beneath her head, but, farther than that, there was nothing they could do.

Suddenly, the aged stranger arose from his seat and drew near. For a moment he gazed upon the writhing form before him; then, with lifted hands and eyes turned upwards, in the name of Jesus Christ he rebuked the disease. Instantly, the convulsed limbs assumed their natural position, and the sufferer arose and stood calmly before them all. The demoniac light which for years had shone in her dark eyes was quenched, and the heavenly expression of peace, which the Spirit of God in the

heart alone can give, had taken its place. The night was past, the day had broken, and she had indeed arisen from that dreadful fit, not only healed in body but renewed in the spirit of her mind: a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

She fell at the old man's feet and bathed them with her tears. In broken accents she told of the new life within her. Her servants stood aghast to mark the wonderful change. The malady of long, long years was healed, the broken heart was bound up, and "the old waste places" were indeed rebuilt! Wonderful, most wonderful! She was baptized that same night.

We have little more to add. A few months after, when the family of Jesse was liberated by the order of the Governor, they were met at the prison gate by this new being. We may imagine, but words cannot describe, their joy on beholding the change. One more look at Ada, and we will take our leave of her whom we have followed through years of darkness and gloom, even till the rising of the "bright and morning star" in her soul. It was evening. She was sitting alone on the piazza. Suddenly she arose and ascended to her own room. She took from a case the same parcel which we saw her unroll with care but a short time since, and gaze upon its contents with such demoniac triumph. How changed was that mourner! With a trembling hand she took the dagger from its covering; with a look full of sadness she fixed her eyes upon its blade; a shudder passed through her frame, and tears of true penitence washed away the rust of years. She sank upon her knees, and in accents of contrition, cried, "Father! forgive me, I knew not what I did!"

For a few short hours we have walked in the shadowy regions of the past, not unprofitably we trust—perhaps not unpleasantly; but we must now retrace our steps and join again our fellow-travellers on the highway of life, and as we journey on, may we ever keep in view the pearly gates of the "Celestial City," the "New Jerusalem," and so walk through the uneven valley of Time, that, at last, our weary feet may rest on the "ever green mountains" of Eternity.

THE END.

## GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

## CHAPTER IX.

*(Continued.)*

With rubbing, ginger tea and camphor, Gipsey Dunsford was brought back from "ovar thar," as Mrs. Green termed the Gates of Death; but her nerves were completely unstrung, and she clung to Mr. Dennison, looking so wild and frightened that her attendants feared for her brain. When Mr. Dunsford, Amy and Allen were hurriedly brought to her side, Gipsey was in a high fever, screaming for help and clinging to Ralph in desperate fear. All night her dreary cries of terror sounded through the room, filling the hearts of her friends with an unutterable woe. Would she die in her fresh, young girlhood, or would she live a life darkened ever by the flight of reason. In the morning, still holding fast to Ralph's hand, she piteously implored her friends to help her.

"Papa, where are you?" she cried. "Amy, Amy McAlpine, won't you come! I'm dying, dying, and no one *will* come." A half sob choked her for a moment and then she murmured, "Don't go, Mr. Dennison; I'll never call you the Reverend Bruno again. I like you, indeed I do. Your face isn't long, and I do love your Indians."

After a time she fell asleep, muttering something about a bark canoe and an Indian, then of her father wildly tossing a broomstick down a precipice. In the afternoon Gipsey woke and found Amy McAlpine and her father by her side. "What little hole is this?" faintly whispered the bewildered girl, "Yes, yes; I know now. I died in the storm and an awful ugly woman gave me a frightful thrashing. Oh Amy, where am I."

"You are in bed, darling, having a good rest," said Amy, bending softly over her.

"You will soon be home, dear child," exclaimed her father. "Be quiet now."

"Yes, yes; but whose funny, poky little room is this?" said inquisitive Gipsey, whose senses were fast coming back.

"It is Deacon Green's," said Amy, smiling.

"Little Deacon Green's!" burst out Gipsey, as loudly as her faint strength would permit. "Oh, what a joke! He will grin himself to death, poor little beggar, and burst out all his shirt collars bowing to papa."

"There is hope of our patient," said Mr. Dunsford, laughingly, to Amy. "Don't excite yourself now, Gipsey. The good Deacon has been too much concerned over you to worry about his manners. Now rest, there is a good girl. Dr. Lowther insists on your being quiet."

In a few days Gipsey was home again, feeling exactly like a little girl in a book, she said, for she had actually had an adventure, and now every one was in a furious fuss about her. Before long she was her active self again, and, satisfied as to her recovery, Allen Grantly and his friend returned to Dwata both full of the incidents of the pic-nic. On the whole Gipsey's pic-nic had been rather a wonderful affair, and had brought about a series of accidents which were to color the lives of five, at least, of the party, if not more.

Belle Gilmour's visit to her friend, Miss Forgie, lasted for several days. She was in great fear that Gipsey's illness would terminate in a fever, or something dreadful; smallpox, perhaps, as it was prevalent in a village not far from Dunsford. So Belle enjoyed herself in Cleaton, and laughed gayly over the reminiscences of the scene in Farnell Woods.

"He will come to his senses soon, don't you think?" asked Belle of Miss Forgie, as they were practising duets together one morning.

"Mr. Grantly? Oh, certainly dear. Wait a moment; I don't keep time in that bar. There, now are we right. Yes, dear, but you were a little too spirited, I confess; still it will all be right in a few days."

"You know mamma would be dreadfully angry if she knew. I wish I had not been quite so decided; but then lovers often quarrel, Bella?"

"Yes, dear, certainly they do; but let us practice this page well, for Mr. Smith may come this evening. He is going back to Boston very soon."

No more comfort could Belle Gilmour derive from her friend, so she applied herself to the music, but wondered at times where Allen was. When she returned home at last she found Gipsey quite recovered in health and spirits, and enjoying her summer holidays in the way which best suited that young lady's inclinations. Amy was visiting Mrs. Hume, and business had called Mr. Dunsford to the city; so that Gipsey was, as she affirmed, "Queen of the Castle." To Belle's disappointment, Allen was in Dwhata, and there was no news of his returning to Dunsford. In despair she at last told her intimate Cleaton friends that "of course her marriage was postponed on account of dear Hester's (Mrs Goodwin's) illness and mamma's consequent absence."

Gipsey was comfortably stretched on a shawl, under a low tree, near the croquet-ground, one afternoon soon after Belle's return home, eating strawberries and reading a comical book, which had been given her by Allen, when her sister came towards her with an open letter in her hand.

"Gipsey, child, leave that stupid book and talk to me; I'm in such trouble."

"Talk on, Belle," replied Gipsey, as she turned over a leaf and laughed outright at a droll description of a young lady making calls and her endeavors to be agreeable.

"I can't talk while you laugh. You might have some consideration for my feelings, Gipsey."

"I'm a most considerate being," lazily answered Gipsey; "relieve your heart, Belle. I thought the beautiful Miss Forgie was your mother confessor."

"You know perfectly well that Bella went to the salt-water with the Fletchers. Don't be tiresome, Gipsey dear. I want you to tell me what keeps Allen at Dwhata."

"Dear me, Belle, you should know better than I, I thought Allen was a little sweet on Amy McAlpine when I was playing the heroine after the storm. They did an immense amount of practicing and singing, and Allen and papa had a confab all to themselves the night before he left. Funny, wasn't it?"

"What were they talking about?" asked Belle, eagerly.

"Don't know,—you, perhaps," was the consoling answer. "Any way I reminded Allen of his duty when he was leaving, and promised to deliver all the sweetnesses; but he slung his gun over his shoulder and said: 'Thank you, Gipsey, I won't trouble you,' and went off in high good spirits. Then papa went away, and Mrs. Hume came for Amy, and I was having such times on my new pony that I never thought why Allen stayed so long."

"When did you get the new pony? Where is old Charlie?"

"Didn't you hear about Charlie? Oh, Belle."

Gipsey's book was pitched aside, and a stirring narrative of the death and burial of Gipsey's favorite followed.

"Poor old chap," she said in conclusion, "he saw lite in his day. You know he belonged to a circus once. Just fancy, Belle, the capering and fun he has had, and now Peter and I have performed the last duties. Peter put him in a ditch, and I said: 'Dust to dust.'"

"Gipsey, you crazy girl," interrupted Belle, "talking like a horse jockey and making fun. Nice teaching Miss McAlpine gives you. You don't sympathize with me one bit." Pretty Miss Gilmour had resource to her handkerchief. The pearly drops in no wise improved her complexion, and she looked anything but fascinating in her grief.

"Belle, what is the matter?"

"Oh, everything," sobbed poor Belle. "Allen is so mean, and now mamma has written for me. Hester is getting worse,

and I'll have to go. Besides, mamma will make me tell her everything."

"Tell her what!"

"About Allen—Gipsey. We differed the day of your pic-nic, and now he has never begged my pardon or anything."

"What would he beg your pardon for? Dear me, what would he beg your pardon for?"

"What a tease you are, Gipsey!—for everything of course," testily replied Belle.

"But Gipsey, do you truly think Allen cares for that Miss McAlpine."

"He would be a goose if he did not," was Gipsey's polite answer.

"Who could help liking Amy, I'd like to know? And honestly, Belle, you and Allen did spat after all? Well, that's fun; I wouldn't be you for the world; your mother will eat you. When are you going?"

"To-morrow," sharply answered Belle.

"You're one of Job's comforters, Gipsey," she added.

"Am I! I'm sorry for you; but anyway, Allen would not have suited you, Belle. He would have wanted you to go and take up house at Dwhata, and help him to dig worms and clean fish; besides you would have to learn sundry other little accomplishments quite as pleasant. So, on the whole, it's all for the best," said Gipsey, trying to look sympathizing, while all the time her heart was pit-a-pat with glee, for Allen was a favorite cousin whose future had rather tormented Gipsey's sober hours—or perhaps minutes.

With due gravity she helped Miss Gilmour with her preparations for travelling, and in the morning bade her a kind good-bye. Belle wasn't so bad, she affirmed to Nell Gregory, now that Allen was loosed from bondage. Besides, Gipsey rather pitied Miss Gilmour when she reached her journey's end, "for there are breakers ahead, Nell." And there were breakers, for when Belle reached Boston, and made humble confession, she found no mercy, but was soundly scolded by her mother. Belle pouted, took hysterics in real earnest, and in a fit of temper, eloped with the young gentleman of wealth who had found it convenient to return home shortly after Gipsey's pic-nic. In short, pretty Belle Gilmour became Mrs. Simon Smith.

Rather a commonplace name to be sure; but then, dear Simon promised to insert a *y* instead of an *i* in his name, and Smyth would be a very good name, Belle thought. Simon was so rich, too, she affirmed in a letter to her dear friend, Miss Forgie, and far nicer than Allen Grantly. He never bothered about reading stale books, or talking as if he lived on science and every other pokey trash. He was awfully good, except when he drank too much champagne.

Mrs. Dunsford came home in October from her daughter, Mrs. Goodwin's death-bed. Her spirits were completely broken by Belle's heartless behavior, and by long wearisome watching over her favorite daughter's couch. Mrs. Goodwin's happy death in the end wrought a pleasing change in her mother, and gradually Gipsey came to look on the once hated step-mother with a respectful deference that led Mrs. Dunsford to take kindly to her husband's merry daughter. Then Amy, who was now a recognized member of the family, and received by all Cleaton as such, by her gentle tact, real worth, and kindly bearing, was finally treated with true friendship by the once haughty mistress of Dunsford.

Early in the following summer the doors of Dunsford House were thrown open, and in the room where Amy McAlpine had sought and obtained the situation of seamstress from Mr. Dunsford, she was given away by the same stern, stately gentleman to Allan Grantly.

There was a grand wedding, where good Mrs. Wiggles did all the crying, and Gipsey and Harry took the part second in importance to the principal actors in the scene, and where Ralph Dennison pronounced the words which made Allen and Amy man and wife.

#### CHAPTER X.

Two years passed away and still Ralph Dennison continued his labors in Dwhata. His school grew and flourished, and his efforts for the good of his people were rapidly being crowned with success. During the fishing season his old friends, Allen and Amy, spent several weeks in the Indian

village, where Allen resumed the life of former days, and Amy assisted and advised Ralph.

In the winter Mr. Dennison frequently visited the cheerful home of Mr. Grantly, in Cleaton. There he often met Gipsey Dunsford. Two years had not robbed Gipsey of her old genial manners; but, though there was a sprightliness in her movements, and a charming raciness in her conversation, there were no traces of the hoydenish maiden whose antics had, at times, driven Mrs. Wiggles wild, and who ruled with a high hand in the schoolroom, until the days of Amy McAlpine's reign. Not that Gipsey is transformed into a model of good behavior or sobriety; for now her laugh is as merry as ever, and the wildest urchins of her acquaintance are sure of a friend in Mr. Dunsford's daughter; but there is a certain sweetness in her disposition, a thorough good-will to all, and a true goodness that stamps her as one who, if she lives, will yet be loved for deeds of greatness.

One day Harry McPherson came whistling up the avenue, and met Gipsey going out to visit Mrs. Deacon Green, who was a firm admirer of blithe Miss Dunsford.

"May I go with you, Gipsey?"

"Thank you, yes, Harry; I'm only going to Mrs. Green's. Papa and mamma are gone to Mrs. Hume's."

"To the dinner party?"

"Yes. I was rather lonely here, being supreme mistress of the house. I half expected Nelly Gregory up. Have you seen her lately?"

"I saw her this afternoon. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only she said something about coming up if Hugh would come. What great friends you and Hugh are, Harry!"

So they chatted until they reached the Deacon's residence. Unfortunately, the deacon and his wife were away at camp-meeting; so Harry and Gipsey returned home. As they were coming in sight of Dunsford House, with its well-trimmed grounds, splendid trees, and sloping meadow-lands, Harry blurted out:

"Gipsey, that is all a hoax about you and the parson? Bill Hume told me to-day in

the office, and I laughed with a will, I tell you. I told him it was all nonsense; but he insisted on it. He heard his mother and Mrs. Dunsford talking about it. Old ladies are forever up to match-making; but imagine them bestowing *you* on a parson!"

Harry laughed at the thought of such a destiny for Gipsey; but he sobered down immediately when he saw her face. It was crimson, and the merry girl who was never at a loss for a bright repartee, had not a word to say for herself.

"Oh, Gipsey, surely there is no truth in—" Harry stopped short and looked very grave.

"Why not, Harry?"

"Why, Gipsey, you know well enough why. Because I always meant to marry you myself; that is, when I got a partnership."

But Harry's wooing was cut short by a peal of laughter from Gipsey.

"Harry McPherson, do think what you are talking about. Why, Harry, you are dreaming."

"Dreaming! No, indeed, Gipsey; I'm in downright earnest. I always thought we would be married when we were old enough. I asked Hugh Gregory to be groomsman. I thought it would be."

"Harry, that is enough," interposed Gipsey; "if I lived to be a hundred I'd never marry you. Why, I thought you liked Nelly!"

"Nelly, indeed; a little meek thing like her. That's just what you girls are forever doing; planning and setting caps. You're just like the old women; match-makers in the embryo. Nelly Gregory, indeed! I'd see myself far enough before I would think of her. Gipsey, you don't mean that you do not care for me?"

"Harry, you know that I do care for you."

"What is all the fuss about then, and why do you talk about Nelly?"

"Harry, listen a moment," said Gipsey quietly. "I care for you very much; but I don't love you. Don't let us talk any more nonsense."

"It's that parson, hang him! he is at the bottom of it all. I wish he and that handsome face of his were in Jericho or the Red

Sea. The sneaky fellow! Does he think because he shared a storm with you once that he is going to have you forever? No, thank you; not if my name is Harry McPherson."

Harry was angry, and Gipsey's violet eyes were flashing. The end of the matter was that they had a sharp war of words, which terminated in Harry's rushing off to town, where he was pitching his clothes pell-mell into a trunk, when Hugh Gregory chanced in for a talk.

"Hallo! old boy; what's up now?" said Hugh, sauntering in and flinging himself down on a chair. "Are you ordered off to the city? I saw your bosses driving from the office in great style just now, and Bill Hume is nowhere to be found. But what under the sun is up? You're looking rum enough to knock a fellow down. Say, leave off there and talk!"

"Matter enough," growled Harry; "Gipsey Dunsford is just like the rest of girls,—a flirt. Here she has been sweet on me for two years, and now she has turned right round, giving me the mitten, and a tongue-thrashing into the bargain."

"Pshaw! Is that the row? I thought Dunsford, Hume & Co. were bursting, or that you were ordered to the front. Take my advice," said the youth of eighteen, "and don't give her the satisfaction of breaking your neck."

"She's a flirt. Hang the parson!" and Harry crammed his freshly-ironed shirts into the overflowing trunk.

"Gipsey a flirt!" laughed Hugh; "if she is a flirt, I'm not a sinner. It's Dennison, eh! I am glad. He is a brick. It is worth being cut out to have such a rival. I must say Gipsey shows her good taste."

Bang! went the trunk lid, and in another moment Hugh Gregory was full length on the floor. But he was a great, strong boy, and soon had his slighter comrade at his mercy.

"Now Harry," laughed Hugh, "I've got you fast, and seeing that we are

old friends, my boy, and that you let a few words from a girl overturn your better nature, I'll deal gently with you, my heart. Listen, now. Bill Hume, Frank Harding, Mike Phinney, and I are going out to Beach Lake to fish. There is splendid trout there. Keep still, now, Harry, my lad.

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

But disconsolate lovers must never let,'—

well, I forget the rest." Hugh's merry eyes glistened as he went on. "Now, instead of clearing out, because Gipsey prefers giving soup and consolation to old Indian women, rather than take you for better or worse, my advice would be to come and fish. Upon my word, McPherson," said Hugh seriously, as he let Harry up to his feet, "you will be the laughing-stock of the town. The fellows will all know, and have glorious laughing. Here, I'll make a bargain. You leave that old packing, and be a man. Either you must go to Beach Lake, or I will get up in the pulpit next Sunday, before the governor leaves the vestry, and I'll tell every man, woman, and child that Harry McPherson is off to the Red River, or some other heathen place, just because a girl,—think of it, a girl—tells him her mind."

Hugh Gregory's eloquence gained the day, and Harry went to Beach Lake with the fishing party.

In time he cooled down, and, through Hugh's connivances, was once more restored to Gipsey's favor; and when Gipsey went away to the Indian village to reign supreme over Ralph Dennison's schools and comfortable house, she left no firmer friend in Cleaton than Harry McPherson, the rising young lawyer, who has now prospects of a partnership, and who contemplates entering into brotherly relationship with Hugh Gregory, and still hopes, but hopes on a firm foundation, to have his friend for his groomsmen.

## Young Folks.

### WHAT TO DO AT CACOUNA.

BY M.

#### CHAPTER I.

The least-pleasant room in Valetton Rectory was certainly not the schoolroom, nor was Wednesday afternoon the most dreaded time. "Sewing-day is real jolly," little Minnie Fay, who had an aptitude for slang, used to declare, and so said all the scholars, though it is to be hoped they expressed themselves somewhat differently.

Look we in upon them the last Wednesday before the holidays, and then farewell till September. But first let me introduce you, in true author-fashion, to all assembled in that cheerful-looking schoolroom.

Can it be a schoolroom, I wonder? True, there are maps on the wall, and there, in the corner, stand a pair of globes. But where are the traditional desks and forms; where the carpetless floor; where the dull, dreary look which we elders have always learned to associate with schoolrooms? Not here, certainly; for Miss Hill and her pupils live in these good "latter days," when sensible people have discovered that a comfortable seat and bright room will not impede study, but rather encourage it. No wonder, then, that a neat flower-stand occupies one window; that a hanging basket is attached to a hook in the centre of the ceiling; or plain, though comfortable, chairs form part of the furniture. A bird-cage, in which is a golden canary, stands near the flowers to-day; but it is only because on "sewing days" Dick's singing does not interfere with the work. Miss Hill enters, and the sewing class, twelve in number, rise.

"Are all here, to-day?" she asks pleasantly; then adds, "But I need scarcely ask,

for you seldom remain away on sewing-day."

"Don't think we come because we like the sewing, Miss Hill," says outspoken Minnie; "we none of us like it, not a bit; but we do like our nice talks with you."

"So that's it, is it; well, never mind, the sewing will be a benefit to you, whether you like it or not, and we must try to make 'sewing day' so agreeable, in other ways, that you will continue to come till such time as you have advanced beyond the 'pricked-finger' stage; then, I doubt not, you will like sewing for its own sake."

A laugh went round the class, for Minnie was always pricking her finger, "so as to give over work," some of the girls said; but Miss Hill never said so, no matter what she thought; she only gave Minnie a shorter task than the others each Wednesday; but made up for it by giving also a short piece of hemming every other school-day. Minnie was now beginning to feel ashamed of this proceeding, but Miss Hill was so kind that she could not very well grumble over it, except to Grace Hedley, her chosen confidante.

"And now, my dears, get out your work; you will find all prepared for you; and then the next question is, 'What are we to talk about?'" for one of the rules at Valetton was that each pupil in turn should choose a subject for the Wednesday's *chat*, as the children loved to call it.

"It is Florry Benton's turn to choose," cried out some half dozen, whilst Florry, a shy girl of thirteen, blushed rosy red at the very idea of such a thing.

"Well, Florry dear, what is there you wish to know about to-day? We have gone

through quite a number of subjects since last September; still I think you will always be able to find 'just one more' to talk about."

"Oh, Miss Hill, there are lots and lots of things I want to know about—real nice things that would help me in my studies; but there is a something else, not useful at all, you know, and I want to know about that very much more; so, you see, I don't know what to do."

Miss Hill smiled. She knew very well what Florry's "lots and lots of things" would dwindle down to if questioned about them; but her plan was to *draw out* the natural child on these Wednesdays, when they felt as free as though among themselves alone; so she was very careful not to be too careful of her pupils' phraseology.

"I think, Miss Hill," the parent of one of her scholars had once said, "you allow your young ladies too much freedom on Wednesdays. Why, from what my Agnes tells me, they talk to you more like a sister than a teacher."

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Hill, "according to some people's idea of what a teacher should be when with her class; but I find I gain greatly by allowing what you call 'freedom.' The girls speak freely to me and to each other when in my presence, by which I learn far more of their natural character and disposition than most other teachers do."

"And what benefit can that be to you? A child will not study any better because you know her thoughts or tastes."

"Pardon me, I think she will, because I can so arrange her lessons as to suit them to her own individual taste, instead of doing as I used when I was younger—trying to form each child upon the same model, by which means I turned out some very elegant, perhaps, but some very artificial young ladies."

"But allowing so much talking will interfere with their work, besides making them free at other times."

"Well, yes, on the whole, I think it may diminish a little the amount of sewing; but I do not mind that very much. I can easily make up by keeping them a little longer; but, dear Mrs. Weston, it never

makes them 'free' as you mean it. Only come into my schoolroom some day during lessons, and judge for yourself whether my authority there is diminished by my allowing the children to talk unrestrainedly before me at other times."

A week after, Mrs. Weston called unexpectedly at the school, and was ever after a convert to what she told Mr. Hill were his "daughter's new ideas."

But we must not keep all waiting; it is quite enough for Florry to do that.

"Oh, Florry, ask just whatever you want most; it must be nice, you know, or you would not care so very much about it," said Minnie.

"A child's mode of reasoning, Minnie, and not always correct."

"But, Miss Hill, we were to ask just whatever we liked," lisped little Bertie, Minnie's younger sister.

"Certainly, my dear, and perhaps we may be able to gather some good from Florry's wish, even if, as she says, 'it is not useful.'"

"Oh, Florry, tell," "Be quick," "Do tell," came from the excited girls, and shy Florry blushed more than ever as she replied, "I want to know what to do at Cacouna."

"What to do at Cacouna!" echoed the astonished girls. "Why, you might well say your wish wasn't useful."

"Wait awhile," said Miss Hill; "Florry's request may not turn out to be so very useless after all, when we have talked it over a little."

"I'm sure I never want anyone to tell me what to do at Cacouna," said Gertie Malden, "for I find the time only too short. Why there is croquet, boating, riding, driving, walking, and I don't know how much more,—besides sitting on the beach, and oh, isn't that splendid!"

"I know all that," said Florry. "but you see I want something new this year; and, Miss Hill," blushing very red, "all that Gertie talks of is only play after all, and I want to do something a little more like work."

Florry was close by Miss Hill now, showing the progress she had made in her work, so that whilst the others discussed "Florry's nonsense," as they termed it,



she could see the glad smile on her teacher's face, and hear the low words of approval which she bestowed on her timid pupil.

Order was soon restored, and once more all were busily employed, the greater number of them, childlike, having forgotten all about Florry's request. Not so, Miss Hill, but she was quietly waiting for an opportunity to strengthen Florence in her desire to take up her share of the burden of life: nor was it long in coming.

"Oh, dear, I wish some one would tell a story," said little Bertie; "say, girls, wouldn't that be nice?"

"Splendid," "delightful," "jolly," "awfully nice," came in chorus, till Miss Hill motioned for silence, saying, "I will tell you a story if you wish, but only on condition that neither Minnie nor Aggie make use of the words 'jolly' and 'awful.'"

"Oh, Miss Hill, we don't mean to use those words when we know you do not like them; but you see we forget, don't we, Aggie?"

"Yes," murmured Aggie, and I am sure she felt that, had she really tried, she would not have so easily forgotten.

"Well, remember, the first slang word from any one, and I stop my story.

"I suppose you all know that I am not rich, nor ever have been; but perhaps you do not all know that at one time we were very poor,—I do not mean so poor as to need food and clothing, but poor enough to have to save in every possible way. There were no pleasant surprises for us in the way of new books or handsome engravings, no frequent attendance at concert or lecture,—no seaside trips. All that was absolutely necessary we had, but nothing more, for my dear father was in ill health, and unable to take the charge of a parish. Do not suppose that we were unhappy because of our small means; on the contrary, I think we were happier, if possible, than before. There were so many little ways in which we could help each other, (for we kept no servant)—so much planning and contriving to make the two ends meet, so many little harmless deceptions to eke out our scanty furniture, that we seemed more than usually drawn together, or as I said before, happier if possible than when we had more money. You children

all live in handsome houses, with abundance of furniture, and that of the costliest kind; if your carpets become shabby, all you know about it is that papa says, 'buy a new one,' and mamma goes with him to choose it—so with your sofas, chairs or any other article in your homes which wants renewing. But how different with us! our carpets were turned and re-turned so as to make the most of the 'good parts,' and the position of our furniture altered again and again so as to cover shabby places or patches; if a chair was accidentally broken (and nothing ever broke with us except by accident, we were obliged to be so careful) we mended it as well as we could, and placed it where it was least likely to be used; so with everything about us, for though we were poor, yet still we liked to have things look as nice about us as possible.

"I have said 'we' two or three times, and perhaps you do not know that I had a brother and sister younger than myself. They are both in heaven now, singing the praises of Him whom they loved and followed when they were on earth. I was about thirteen, (near about your age, by the bye, Florry), sister Mary, ten, and our baby, Bertie, eight. Mary and I were going to school, and you may be sure we studied our very best, for we knew how difficult it was for father to pay the bills. As for poor Bertie, he knew very little more than his letters, for like many another child, he loved play better than books, and so wasted the precious time when sent to school that he had to be removed till such time as he grew older and wiser.

"I wonder how many of you take your music lessons from choice, how many from compulsion! More, I am afraid, from the latter than the former cause. However, be that as it may, I know that with me music was more than a pleasure,—it was a passion; and I am very much afraid that, spite of all my efforts to the contrary, still envious feelings would arise when, day after day, I watched some dull, or what is worse, some obstinate pupil, tiring her already overworked teacher by forcing her to repeat again and again some simple rule, and never seeming to compre-

hend what was said, whilst I would have given every spare moment I had (and just then they were few enough), and even robbed myself of sleep, if only I could learn to play.

"Mother, can you afford to let me take music lessons?" I said to her one day.

"I am not sure, Annie; unless, indeed, we could curtail in something else;" and the smile which accompanied the words seemed to me to say: "And what is there left to economize in?"

"Perhaps we may think of something," I answered, and mother echoed 'perhaps;' but she gave a resigned little sigh after, and, child as I was, I knew that the 'perhaps' was out of love to me, and the sigh, because of her inability to accede to my request.

"Not long after, father said: 'We must try Bertie at school once more. Willingly would I teach him were I capable, but duty shows me plainly that I must husband what little strength I have, and so endeavor the sooner to obtain employment.'"

"Yes," replied mother, 'he must go, though I am almost afraid it will be to little purpose;' then turning to him, 'Oh, Bertie, you surely are old enough to see that we cannot spare the money for your schooling without depriving ourselves of something else. Why not try to improve, instead of wasting the precious time which you can never recall?' Bertie did not answer, but a bright thought suddenly struck me. Why could not I teach Bertie, and the money thus saved be expended in music lessons for me? True, there were difficulties in the way, the greatest, perhaps, being that Bertie might not care to learn from a sister,—boys are a little queer, sometimes, you know; still I was determined to try, if only father and mother would consent. I don't think I slept very much that night,—I was too anxious; still morning found me true to my resolution of the night before, and I had gained this much, that by dint of great coaxing Bertie had declared his willingness to be taught 'by a girl.'

"I am not going to tire you by telling all the trouble I had with my pupil during the

year I taught him; he was not more self-willed than other children, though he appeared so to me,—it was my own patience I think which was not properly matured, for I have had far more troublesome boys to deal with since, and without minding it; still I persevered, for I dearly loved my music and was doing well with it; besides Bertie was not always a trouble to me. Some days (and as time went on they grew more frequent) he was so gentle, so industrious, so anxious to learn, that my self-imposed task became a real pleasure, not only to me but to him likewise, and when at the end of the year father was so far recovered as to be able to resume his duties, I had the satisfaction of finding that Bertie my pupil brother, was able to take a very fair place in the boys' school to which he was then sent. But that was not all,—I gained far more in that one year than a certain proficiency in music, or the fact of Bertie, learning a little more from love of me, than he would from dread of any one else. Yes, I was a great gainer; first my dear brother began to love even more than he did before, looking up to me in my five years' seniority, as some one far wiser and older than himself; and how sweetly those old school-days came back to us both when years after, the strong man was stricken down by sickness till he became a child again, how he would lie hour after hour listening to 'Mother Annie,' or 'Teacher Annie,' as he often called me, reading to him those blessed truths which are the only sure stay and support of a dying mortal. Then both father and mother were pleased, and showed their pleasure by encouraging and helping me. And further still, that one year of apprenticeship fostered and developed the love of teaching which seemed inherent in me; to it I ascribe mainly my overcoming a naturally bad temper, to it my conquering a something equally bad, viz., a lack of perseverance?"

Miss Hill ceased and all were profuse of thanks. Florry alone was silent, and her teacher, who had studied her disposition as much as she had her capabilities of acquiring knowledge, waited patiently, well knowing that her timid

pupil's thoughts would soon find utterance. It came at last with a low hesitating,

"Miss Hill, was that story for me?"

"Yes, and yet no,—yes, because I thought you might learn from it that home holds plenty of work for all who wish it, and no, because it was not intended solely for you."

"But, Miss Hill,"—it was Ada May, a young girl of about fifteen, just budding into fashionable young ladyism, who now spoke—"would you wish us all to teach our younger brothers and sisters? I am sure I for one should consider it a great nuisance."

"No, Ada, I should not, for profitable as the work might be to some, yet to others it would be so much of a *task* that no benefit could be derived from it either to teacher or taught; but Ada, I do advocate a little more *work* for all of you than you do at present. I am afraid too many of you think that a school girl should do nothing more during her schooldays than study her lessons. Now I think that wrong, because you never have sufficient lessons given you to employ your whole time out of school, and again, to study hard all the time would be bad for you. How much better, then, to vary your employment, doing what you can to assist in the household and yet keeping sufficient time for recreation—for, remember, I for one believe that

'All work and no play  
Makes Jack a dull boy.'

How merrily all laughed at the old adage, and how each in turn made their remarks upon it! Surely this could not be school, nor could this easy-going teacher have intended to attach a moral to her "story." Wait, dear reader, for the result, and I think you will not only find a moral, but a practical one.

Five o'clock—the signal for departure—struck soon after, and when the work was neatly folded and put away in the work drawer, Miss Hill said:

"The short story of my early days which I recounted for your amusement, this afternoon, has reminded me of the wants of poor old Mary Brace. You all know her, I think, and know how anxious she is to support herself, and yet how unable to do heavy work. Now, suppose, that during the coming vacation you each of you

endeavor to earn as much money as you can, and in September we may perhaps have sufficient to start her in a toy shop. You need not limit yourselves to any particular work, though I should advise the keeping of younger brothers and sisters to their old lessons, as something useful to both them and you; but you might, perhaps, like something different. For instance, Ada has a great taste for millinery; could she not save a little on the milliner's bill? Lottie writes a pretty and legible hand; could she not find something to do in that way? And so with the others. Do what you can, but be sure to do it willingly, for 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

## CHAPTER II.

First Monday in September, and a little after nine, Miss Hill was seated in her schoolroom, surrounded by her scholars. That last sewing day, just before the holidays, no doubt seemed to you to close very abruptly; but Miss Hill knew her pupils, and waited for them to come forward with offers to assist Mary Brace; she did not wish to urge the good work too much upon them, though by talking it over with the parents she made matters easy for them at home.

And now, on this "first Monday" she notices an unusual restlessness among her pupils. Why is it? Why are there so many mysterious signals from one to the other, so many messages passing and re-passing, so much whispering and head-shaking? Surely, it must mean something, and Miss Hill determined to wait and not spoil any little surprise which they might have in store for her. Nor had she to wait long, for Florry Benton, blushing more than ever, came to her side (pushed there, it seemed to Miss Hill, by her excited companions), saying softly, "Miss Hill, this is for Mary Brace," and laying a small parcel upon the desk.

"All this, and of your own earning?" asked Miss Hill, as she looked at the \$50 now spread before her.

"Yes, all," replied Florry; "we kept a little bag into which we dropped all we could earn, and the day before school

opened mamma counted, and we only wanted a few cents of \$50, so papa said baby should give that; but we wouldn't let her,—we said she should earn it, so we made her carry papa's slippers to him to earn the money."

I think I will not give you the history of that \$50 in Florry's words, because they were a little confused every now and then; but in case you should wish to do likewise, I will tell you myself how they managed.

I think I told you the sewing-class consisted of twelve; the school itself had twenty pupils; but the eight who did not attend sewing were either boys or the younger sisters of our twelve. Miss Hill's proposal to the children to earn what they could, and in whatever way was most agreeable to themselves, seemed to meet with favor from all, even Ada May being willing to do something, if only that something were not teaching. Florry was certainly the most in earnest of any, and her mother was willing to encourage her in every way.

"You must have a little system about your undertaking, Florry, if you wish to succeed," said Mrs. Benton; "and I'll tell you what I think you had better do. Divide yourselves into those who go away for the summer holidays and those who stay at home. You will be among the former, and how many more will go to the same place?"

"Ada May, Aggie Weston, and Minnie and Bertie Fane. Of course, there are the boys, but we won't count them; they wouldn't help."

"I am not so sure about that. At any rate, I would advise your telling them your plan. Five, then, go to Cacouna, and what about the remaining seven?"

"Four stay at home, and the other three are undecided."

"Very well. Now first appoint a treasurer for those who are going away. Let that one receive whatever money is given her. Suppose you have a little tin bank to keep it in. I will give you one, and then you need not have a list, and all will work on equal grounds. Then appoint another treasurer for those remaining in town, and be sure to choose one who will stay all the

time. As for the others, they can keep their earnings till the day before school opens, when you can ask all to spend the evening with you, and you can count your money."

"Oh, thanks, mamma; that will be splendid. And now, what can I do?"

"Do you remember, last year, how Susie fell off in her music, because she was too timid to practise in the parlor before the other boarders, and I was unable to go with her, except at odd times?"

"Yes, mamma; I remember."

"Well, if you will sit with her an hour a day, I will give you four dollars. I do not wish you to teach her anything unless she desires it herself; so you may read or work, as you please, when with her. All I require is that you stay near her, to give her a little confidence."

Florry was in raptures, and before school was closed all was settled. She was treasurer of the "Cacouna party," and Nettie Taylor, of the "Home party;" and so enthusiastic were all in the cause, that it is fortunate Mary Brace was kept in ignorance of their intentions, or she might have imagined herself on the high road to be a millionaire. However, they all did well, though perhaps a little more fitfully than older people would have done; still the results were good, far more, indeed, than might have been expected; and the way in which the money was earned (for all had to be earned) showed a desire in all to make the most of opportunities. For instance, Ada May had trimmed a hat for herself very prettily, and when a friend admired it she offered to do another similar, and to be paid for it. True, twenty-five cents was not much, but it was not the only sum she gained in that and other ways. Georgie Burns (for the boys would help) cut some kindling wood for his mother, whilst his sister hemmed a quantity of new table linen. Aggie Weston found it hard work to earn; there seemed nothing for her to do, till one day an old lady, staying at the same hotel, laughingly offered to engage her as companion for an hour each day. Aggie was too much in earnest to refuse, and her contribution was none behind the others. But the best remains to

be told. This first effort to do something more than play so pleased the workers that the "School Club," as they called it, was continued, and many another heart besides that of Mary Brace beat fast with gratitude upon the receipt of some timely aid from it. The receipts were never so large again in such a short time, but they had always enough to meet any pressing want, and under the skillful management of Miss Hill, who is now permanent treasurer, it bids fair to continue its good work for many years.

Dear school children who may read this, could not you too do something during your approaching holidays? It is not so very long since I was a school girl myself, and I know that, though delighted at first with the freedom which comes with vacation, yet, still after a while the time begins to hang heavy—so heavy, that even the attractions of our sea-side fail to lighten it. Why not, then, set yourselves some given task for which you would be paid a certain sum—that money to be made use of in charity. You would be sure to gain by it, no matter what the work you undertake, nor how trifling the remuneration. You would gain by having many a weary hour pass profitably, if not pleasantly; you would gain in perseverance and setting aside of self for others; you would gain by feeling that you are no longer a mere pleasure-seeker, but are really a working bee in the world's great hive; and, more than all, you would gain the approbation of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

### GRANNY'S THINKING CAP.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Close to the ruddy fire she sat,  
And in her big armchair;  
Pussy, curled snugly on the mat,  
Was purring away her care.  
'Twas then our dear, good Granny laid  
Her knitting in her lap,  
And, with a look so kind, yet staid,  
Put on her "thinking cap."

"I really think that young folks now  
Should very thankful be;  
So many handsome toys somehow  
We never used to see.  
The dolls that made your Granny glad,  
You would not put to-bed;  
The one I dressed and petted had  
A dried squash for its head.

"And then to think how children dress!  
My sakes alive, how gay!  
Dear little girls of five, or less,  
Make such a grand display.  
Neat gowns of homespun we all got,  
And they did well for us;  
There's no use talking, things are not  
The same they used to was!

"I'll have to go to school once more  
To keep up, nowadays,  
With little ones of three and four,  
So changed are all the ways.  
Well, changes may be just as great  
For their sweet eyes to see,  
If they should linger here so late,  
To chatter on like me.

"But, Heaven be praised, not all can change,  
And that my darlings here  
Unto my heart are never strange,  
But love their Granny dear!"  
Then Granny's eyes began to peep,  
The yarn fell from her lap;  
While pussy woke, she fell asleep  
And dropped her "thinking cap."  
—N. Y. Independent.

### KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

#### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

##### DISMAL DAYS.

There were tears in Cousin Helen's eyes as she ceased speaking. But Katy looked bright and eager. It seemed somehow to be a help, as well as a great surprise, that ever there should have been a time when Cousin Helen was less perfect than she was now.

"Do you really think I could do so too?" she asked.

"Do what? Comb your hair?" Cousin Helen was smiling now.

"Oh, no! Be nice and sweet and patient, and a comfort to people. You know what I mean."

"I am sure you can, if you try."

"But what would you do first?" asked Katy; who, now that her mind had grasped a new idea, was eager to begin.

"Well—first I would open the blinds,

and make the room less dismal. Are you taking all those medicines in the bottles now?"

"No—only that big one with the blue label."

"Then you might ask Aunt Izzie to take away the others. And I'd get Clover to pick a bunch of fresh flowers every day for your table. By the way, I don't see the little white vase."

"No—it got broken the very day after you went away; the day I fell out of the swing," said Katy sorrowfully.

"Never mind, pet, don't look so doleful. I know the tree those vases grow upon, and you shall have another. Then, after the room is made pleasant, I would have all my lesson-books fetched up, if I were you, and I would study a couple of hours every morning."

"Oh!" cried Katy, making a wry face at the idea.

Cousin Helen smiled. "I know," said she, "it sounds like dull work, learning geography and doing sums up here all by yourself. But I think if you make the effort you'll be glad by and by. You won't lose so much ground, you see—won't slip back quite so far in your education. And then, studying will be like working at a garden, where things don't grow easily. Every flower you raise will be a sort of triumph, and you will value it twice as much as a common flower which has cost no trouble."

"Well," said Katy, rather forlornly, "I'll try. But it won't be a bit nice studying without anybody to study with me. Is there anything else, Cousin Helen?"

Just then the door creaked, and Elsie timidly put her head into the room.

"Oh, Elsie, run away!" cried Katy. "Cousin Helen and I are talking. Don't come just now."

Katy didn't speak unkindly, but Elsie's face fell, and she looked disappointed. She said nothing, however, but shut the door and stole away.

Cousin Helen watched this little scene without speaking. For a few minutes after Elsie was gone, she seemed to be thinking.

"Katy," she said at last, "you were saying just now, that one of the things you were sorry about was that while you were ill you could be of no use to the children. Do you know, I don't think you have that reason for being sorry."

"Why not?" said Katy, astonished.

"Because you *can* be of use. It seems to me that you have more of a chance with the children now, than you ever could have had when you were well, and flying about as you used. You might do almost anything you liked with them."

"I can't think what you mean," said

Katy, sadly. "Why, Cousin Helen, half the time I don't know even where they are, or what they are doing. And I can't get up and go after them, you know."

"But you can make your room such a delightful place that they will want to come to you! Don't you see, a sick person has one splendid chance—she is always on hand. Everybody who wants her knows just where to go. If people love her, she gets naturally to be the heart of the house."

"Once make the little ones feel that your room is the place of all others to come to when they are tired, or happy, or grieved, or sorry about anything, and that the Katy who lives there is sure to give them a loving reception—and the battle is won. For you know we never do people good by lecturing; only by living their lives with them, and helping a little here, and a little there, to make them better. And when one's own life is laid aside for a while, as yours is now, that is the very time to take up other people's lives, as we can't do when we are scurrying and bustling over our own affairs. But I didn't mean to preach a sermon. I'm afraid you're tired."

"No I'm not a bit," said Katy, holding Cousin Helen's hand tight in hers; "you can't think how much better I feel. Oh, Cousin Helen, I *will* try!"

"It won't be easy," replied her cousin. "There will be days when your head aches, and you feel cross and fretted, and don't want to think of anyone but yourself. And there'll be other days when Clover and the rest will come in, as Elsie did just now, and you will be doing something else, and will feel as if their coming was a bother. But you must recollect that every time you forget, and are impatient or selfish, you chill them and drive them farther away. They are loving little things, and are so sorry for you now, that nothing you do makes them angry. But by and by they will get used to having you sick, and if you haven't won them as friends, they will grow away from you as they grow older."

Just then, Dr. Carr came in.

"Oh, Papa! you haven't come to take Cousin Helen, have you?" cried Katy.

"Indeed I have," said the father. "I think the big invalid and the little invalid have talked quite long enough. Cousin Helen looks tired."

For a minute, Katy felt just like crying. But she choked back the tears. "My first lesson in Patience," she said to herself, and managed to give a faint, watery smile as Papa looked at her.

"That's right dear," whispered Cousin Helen, as she bent forward to kiss her. "And one last word, Katy. In this school, to which you and I belong, there is one great comfort, and that is that the Teacher is always at hand. He never goes away. If things puzzle us, there He is, close by,

ready to explain and make all easy. Try to think of this, darling, and don't be afraid to ask Him for help if the lesson seems too hard."

Katy had a strange dream that night. She thought she was trying to study a lesson out of a book which wouldn't come quite open. She could just see a little bit of what was inside, but it was in a language which she did not understand. She tried in vain: not a word could she read; and yet, for all that, it looked so interesting that she longed to go on.

"Oh, if somebody would only help me!" she cried impatiently.

Suddenly a hand came over her shoulder and took hold of the book. It opened at once, and showed the whole page. And then the forefinger of the hand began to point to line after line, and as it moved the words became plain, and Katy could read them easily. She looked up. There, stooping over her, was a great beautiful Face. The eyes met hers. The lips smiled.

"Why didn't you ask me before, Little Scholar?" said a voice.

"Why, it is *You*, just as Cousin Helen told me!" cried Katy.

She must have spoken in her sleep, for Aunt Izzie half woke up and said:

"What is it? Do you want anything?"

The dream broke, and Katy roused, to find herself in bed, with the first sunbeams struggling in at the window, and Aunt Izzie raised on her elbow, looking at her with a sort of sleepy wonder.

## CHAPTER X.

### ST. NICHOLAS AND ST. VALENTINE.

"What are the children all doing to-day?" said Katy, laying down "Norway and the Norwegians," which she was reading for the fourth time; "I haven't seen them since breakfast."

Aunt Izzie, who was sewing on the other side of the room, looked up from her work.

"I don't know," she said. "they're over at Cecy's, or somewhere. They'll be back before long, I guess."

Her voice sounded a little odd and mysterious, but Katy didn't notice it.

"I thought of such a nice plan yesterday," she went on. "That was that all of them should hang their stockings up here to-morrow night instead of in the nursery. Then I could see them open their presents, you know. Mayn't they, Aunt Izzie? It would be real fun."

"I don't believe there will be any objection," replied her aunt. She looked as if she were trying not to laugh. Katy wondered what *was* the matter with her.

It was more than two months now since

Cousin Helen went away, and winter had fairly come. Snow was falling out-doors. Katy could see the thick flakes go whirling past the window, but the sight did not chill her. It only made the room look warmer and more cosy. It was a pleasant room now. There was a bright fire in the grate. Everything was neat and orderly, the air was sweet with mignonette, from a little glass of flowers which stood on the table, and the Katy who lay in bed was a very different-looking Katy from the forlorn girl of the last chapter.

Cousin Helen's visit, though it lasted only one day, did a great deal of good,—not that Katy grew perfect all at once; none of us do that, even in books. But it is everything to be started in the right path. Katy's feet were on it now; and though she often stumbled and slipped, and often sat down discouraged, she kept on pretty steadily, in spite of bad days, which made her say to herself that she was not getting forward at all.

These bad days, when everything seemed hard, and she herself was cross and fretful, and drove the children out of the room, cost Katy many bitter tears. But after them she would pick herself up, and try again, and harder. And I think that in spite of drawbacks, the little scholar, on the whole, was learning her lesson pretty well.

Cousin Helen was a great comfort all this time. She never forgot Katy. Nearly every week some little thing came from her. Sometimes it was a pencil note, written from her sofa. Sometimes it was an interesting book, or a new magazine, or some pretty little thing for the room. The crimson wrapper which Katy wore was one of the presents, so were the bright chromos of autumn leaves which hung on the wall, the little stand for the books—all sorts of things. Katy loved to look about her as she lay. All the room seemed full of Cousin Helen and her kindness.

"I wish I had something pretty to put into everybody's stocking," she went on wistfully; "but I've only got the muffatees for Papa, and these reins for Phil." She took them from under her pillow as she spoke—gay worsted affairs, with bells sewed on here and there. She had knit them herself, a very little bit at a time.

"There's my pink sash," she said suddenly, "I might give that to Clover. I only wore it once, you know, and I don't *think* I got any spots on it. Would you please fetch it and let me see, Aunt Izzie? It's in the top drawer."

Aunt Izzie brought the sash. It proved to be quite fresh, and they both decided that it would do nicely for Clover.

"You know I sha'n't want sashes for ever so long," said Katy, in rather a sad tone; "and this is a beauty."

When she spoke next, her voice was bright again.

"I wish I had something real nice for Elsie. Do you know, Aunt Izzie I think Elsie is the dearest little girl that ever was."

"I'm glad you've found it out," said Aunt Izzie, who had always been specially fond of Elsie.

"What she wants most of all is a writing-desk," continued Katy; "and Johnny wants a sled. But, oh dear! those are such big things. And I've only got two dollars and a quarter."

Aunt Izzie marched out of the room without saying anything. When she came back she had something folded up in her hand.

"I didn't know what to give you for Christmas, Katy," she said, "because Helen sends you such a lot of things that there don't seem to be anything you haven't already. So I thought I'd give you this, and let you choose for yourself. But if you've set your heart on getting presents for the children, perhaps you'd rather have it now." So saying, Aunt Izzie laid on the bed a crisp, new five-dollar bill!

"How good you are!" cried Katy, flushed with pleasure. And indeed Aunt Izzie *did* seem to have grown wonderfully good of late. Perhaps Katy had got hold of her smooth handle!

Being now in possession of seven dollars and a quarter, Katy could afford to be gorgeously generous. She gave Aunt Izzie an exact description of the desk she wanted.

"It's no matter about it's being very big," said Katy, "but it must have a blue velvet lining, and an inkstand, with a silver top. And please buy some little sheets of paper and envelopes, and a pen-handle; the prettiest you can find. Oh! and there must be a lock and key. Don't forget that, Aunt Izzie."

"No, I won't. What else?"

"I'd like the sled to be green," went on Katy, "and to have a nice name. Sky-Scraper would be nice, if there was one. Johnny saw a sled once called Sky-Scraper, and he said it was splendid. And if there's money enough left, Aunt, won't you buy me a real nice book for Dorry, and another for Cecy, and a silver thimble for Mary? Her old one is full of holes. Oh! and some candy. And something for Debby and Bridget—some little thing you know. I think that's all!"

Was ever seven dollars and a quarter expected to do so much? Aunt Izzie must have been a witch, indeed, to make it hold out. But she did, and next day all the precious bundles came home. How Katy enjoyed untying the strings!

Everything was exactly right.

"There wasn't any Sky-Scraper," said Aunt Izzie, "so I got 'Snow-Skimmer' instead."

"It's beautiful, and I like it just as well," said Kate contentedly.

"Oh, hide them, hide them!" she cried with sudden terror, "somebody's coming." But the somebody was only Papa, who put his head into the room as Aunt Izzie scuttled across the hall.

Katy was glad to catch him alone. She had a little private secret to talk over with him. It was about Aunt Izzie, for whom she, as yet, had no present.

"I thought perhaps you'd get me a book like that one of Cousin Helen's which Aunt Izzie liked so much," she said. "I don't recollect the name exactly. It was something about a Shadow. But I've spent all my money."

"Never mind about that," said Dr. Carr. "We'll make that right. 'The Shadow of the Cross'—was that it?" I'll buy it this afternoon."

"Oh, thank you, Papa! And please get a brown cover, if you can, because Cousin Helen's was brown. And you won't let Aunt Izzie know, will you? Be careful, Papa!"

"I'll swallow the book first, brown cover and all," said Papa, making a funny face. He was pleased to see Katy so interested about anything again.

These delightful secrets took up so much of her thoughts, that Katy scarcely found time to wonder at the absence of the children, who generally haunted her room, but who for three days back had hardly been seen. However, after supper they all came up in a body, looking very merry, and as if they had been having a good time somewhere.

"You don't know what we've been doing," began Philly.

"Hush, Phil!" said Clover, in a warning voice. Then she divided the stockings which she held in her hand. And everybody proceeded to hang them up.

Dorry hung his on one side of the fireplace, and John his, exactly opposite. Clover and Phil suspended theirs side by side, on two handles of the bureau.

"I'm going to put mine here, close to Katy, so that she can see it the first thing in the morning," said Elsie, pinning hers to the bed-post.

Then they all sat down round the fire to write their wishes on bits of paper, and see whether they would burn, or fly up the chimney. If they did the latter, it was a sign that Santa Claus had them safe, and would bring the things wished for.

John wished for a sled and a doll's teaset, and the continuation of the Swiss Family Robinson. Dorry's list ran thus:

"A plum cake,  
A new Bibel,  
Harry and Lucy,  
A Kellidescope,

Everything else Santa Claus likes."



When they had written these lists they threw them into the fire. The fire gave a flicker just then, and the papers vanished. Nobody saw exactly how. John thought they flew up chimney, but Dorry said they didn't.

Phil dropped his piece in very solemnly. It flamed for a minute, then sank into ashes.

"There, you won't get it, whatever it was!" said Dorry. "What did you write, Phil?"

"Nofing," said Phil, "only just Philly Carr."

The children shouted.

"I wrote 'a writing-desk' on mine," remarked Elsie, sorrowfully; "but it all burned up."

Katy chuckled when she heard this.

And now Clover produced her list. She read aloud:

" 'Strive and Thrive,'  
A pair of kid gloves,  
A muff,  
A good temper!"

Then she dropped it into the fire. Behold, it flew straight up the chimney.

"How queer!" said Katy; "none of the rest of them did that."

The truth was, that Clover, who was a canny little mortal, had slipped across the room and opened the door just before putting her wishes in. This, of course, made a draft, and sent the paper right upward.

Pretty soon Aunt Izzie came in and sent them all off to bed.

"I know how it will be in the morning," she said, "you'll all be up and racing about as soon as it is light. So you must get your sleep now, if ever."

After they had gone, Katy recollected that nobody had offered to hang a stocking up for her. She felt a little hurt when she thought of it. "But I suppose they forgot," she said to herself.

A little later Papa and Aunt Izzie came in, and they filled the stockings. It was great fun. Each was brought to Katy, as she lay in bed, that she might arrange it as she liked.

The toes were stuffed with candy and oranges. Then came the parcels, all shapes and sizes, tied in white paper, with ribbons, and labelled.

"What's that?" asked Dr. Carr, as Aunt Izzie rammed a long, narrow package into Clover's stockings.

"A nail-brush," answered Aunt Izzie; "Clover needed a new one."

How Papa and Katy laughed! "I don't believe Santa Claus ever had such a thing before," said Dr. Carr.

"He's a very dirty old gentleman, then," observed Aunt Izzie, grim'y.

The desk and sled were too big to go into any stocking, so they were wrapped in paper and hung beneath the other things.

It was ten o'clock before all was done, and Papa and Aunt Izzie went away. Katy lay a long time watching the queer shapes of the stocking legs as they dangled in the fire-light. Then she fell asleep.

It seemed only a minute, before something touched her and woke her up. Behold, it was day-time, and there was Philly in his night-gown, climbing up on the bed to kiss her! The rest of the children, half dressed, were dancing about with their stockings in their hands.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they cried. "Oh, Katy, such beautiful, beautiful things!"

"Oh!" shrieked Elsie, who at that moment spied her desk, "Santa Claus *did* bring it, after all. Whv, it's got 'from Katy' written on it! Oh, Katv, it's so sweet, and I'm so happy!" and Elsie hugged Katy, and sobbed for pleasure.

But what was that strange thing beside the bed? Katy stared, and rubbed her eyes. It certainly had not been there when she went to sleep. How had it come?

It was a little evergreen tree planted in a red flower-pot. The pot had strips of gilt paper stuck on it, and gilt stars and crosses, which made it look very gay. The boughs of the tree were hung with oranges and nuts, and shiny red apples, and popcorn balls, and strings of bright berries. There were also a number of little packages tied with blue and crimson ribbon, and altogether the tree looked so pretty, that Katy gave a cry of delighted surprise.

"It's a Christmas-tree for you, because you're sick, you know!" said the children, all trying to hug her at once.

"We made it ourselves," said Dorry, hopping about on one foot; "I pasted the black stars on the pot."

"And I popped the corn!" cried Philly.

"Do you like it?" asked Elsie, cuddling close to Katy. "That's my present—that one tied with a green ribbon. I wish it was nicer! Don't you want to open 'em right away?"

Of course Katy wanted to. All sorts of things came out of the little bundles. The children had arranged every parcel themselves. No grown person had been allowed to help in the least.

Elsie's present was a pen-wiper, with a gray flannel kitten on it. Johnny's, a doll's tea-tray of scarlet tin.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, admiringly.

Dorry's gift, I regret to say, was a huge red-and-yellow spider, which whirred wildly when waved at the end of its string.

"They didn't want me to buy it," said he, "but I did! I thought it would amoose you. Does it amoose you, Katy?"

"Yes, indeed," said Katy, laughing and blinking as Dorry waved the spider to and fro before her eyes.

"You can play with it when we ain't here and you're all alone, you know," remarked Dorry, highly gratified.

"But you don't notice what the tree's standing upon," said Clover.

It was a chair, a very large and curious one, with a long-cushioned back, which ended in a footstool.

"That's Papa's present," said Clover; "see, it tips back so as to be just like a bed. And Papa says he thinks pretty soon you can lie on it, in the window, where you can see us play."

"Does he really?" said Katy, doubtfully. It still hurt her very much to be touched or moved.

"And see what's tied to the arm of the chair," said Elsie.

It was a little silver bell, with "Katy" engraved on the handle.

"Cousin Helen sent it. It's for you to ring when you want anybody to come," explained Elsie.

More surprises. To the other arm of the chair was fastened a beautiful book. It was "The Wide, Wide World"—and there was Katy's name written on it, "from her affectionate Cecy." On it stood a great parcel of dried cherries from Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Hall had the most *delicious* dried cherries, the children thought.

"How perfectly lovely everybody is!" said Katy, with grateful tears in her eyes.

That was a pleasant Christmas. The children declared it to be the nicest they had ever had. And though Katy couldn't quite say that, she enjoyed it too, and was very happy.

It was several weeks before she was able to use the chair; but when once she became accustomed to it, it proved very comfortable. Aunt Izzie would dress her in the morning, tip the chair back till it was on a level with the bed, and then, very gently and gradually, draw her over on to it. Wheeling across the room was always painful, but sitting in the window and looking out at the clouds, the people going by, and the children playing in the snow, was delightful. How delightful nobody knows, excepting those who, like Katy, have lain in for six months in bed, without a peep at the outside world. Every day she grew brighter and more cheerful.

"How jolly Santa Claus was this year!" she happened to say one day, when she was talking with Cecy. "I wish another saint would come and pay us a visit. But I don't know any more, except Cousin Helen, and she can't."

"There's St. Valentine," suggested Cecy.

"Sure enough. What a bright thought!"

cried Katy, clapping her hands. "Oh, Cecy, let's do something funny on Valentine's-Day! Such a good idea has just popped into my mind."

So the two girls put their heads together and held a long, mysterious confabulation. What it was about, we shall see further on.

Valentine's-Day was the next Friday. When the children came home from school on Thursday afternoon, Aunt Izzie met them, and, to their great surprise, told them that Cecy was come to drink tea, and they must all go up stairs and be made nice.

"But Cecy comes most every day," remarked Dorry, who didn't see the connection between this fact and having his face washed.

"Yes—but to-night you are to take tea in Katy's room," said Aunt Izzie; "here are the invitations: one for each of you."

Sure enough, there was a neat little note for each, requesting the pleasure of their company at "Queen Katharine's Palace," that afternoon, at six o'clock.

This put quite a different aspect on the affair. The children scampered up stairs, and pretty soon, all nicely brushed and washed, they were knocking formally at the door of the "Palace." How fine it sounded!

The room looked bright and inviting. Katy, in her chair, sat close to the fire, Cecy was beside her, and there was a round table all set out with a white cloth and mugs of milk and biscuit, and strawberry-jam and doughnuts. In the middle was a loaf of frosted cake. There was something on the icing which looked like pink letters, and Clover, leaning forward, read aloud, "St Valentine."

"What's that for?" asked Dorry.

"Why, you know this is St. Valentine's-Eve," replied Katy. "Debby remembered it, I guess, so she put that on."

Nothing more was said about St. Valentine just then. But when the last pink letter of his name had been eaten, and the supper had been cleared away, suddenly, as the children sat by the grate there was a loud rap at the door.

"Who can that be?" said Katy; "please see, Clover!"

So Clover opened the door. There stood Bridget, trying very hard not to laugh, and holding a letter in her hand.

"It's a note as has come for you, Miss Clover," she said.

"For me!" cried Clover, much amazed. Then she shut the door, and brought the note to the table.

## The Home.

### OUR GARDEN, AND WHAT IT DID FOR US.

We are very poor calculators—Arthur and I. We were married young, and with no experience of practical life, entertaining a sublime contempt for worldly wisdom, using the expression in no bad sense, and rather romantic notions of “love in a cottage.” Years, and cares, and trials, and some taste of pinching poverty had modified our ideas; had made us feel that money is a good thing, the want of it a great want. Sickness on the part of both had brought us into especially straitened circumstances.

I longed to do something to relieve my over-burdened husband. But, with somewhat broken health myself, five little children, less domestic help than I needed, and a load of sewing constantly weighing me down like a nightmare, I was bearing a heavier load myself than I was able to carry. But Arthur always bore up bravely. I was often sorely depressed. It was partly his sunnier temperament, partly the exhilaration of fresh air and books and society and frequent change of scene, from which I was almost wholly shut out. He was fond of gardening and quite skilful. Passionately fond of flowers and fruit culture, he had hitherto made it only a pastime, devoting to it some hours after business every day. Our beautiful little garden was our special pride and did much credit to my husband's taste and skill.

One day a bright thought seemed to strike him.

“Marion, what do you think of raising strawberries for market? You know we had more than we could use last year. Would it hurt your pride?”

I was quite amazed, for he was so sanguine. He never liked to look at the dark side of anything, and it was not usual for him thus tacitly to acknowledge that we were not in the most prosperous circumstances. “My pride! As if I shouldn't be delighted. And your strawberries are such fine ones they would command ready sale.” So into strawberry culture we went, heart and soul. Early in the bright June mornings, often before the other children were awake, Mamie and I, with baby in his little carriage, were out in the garden weeding or gathering the delicious fruit, while he amused himself with tearing up flowers or sucking strawberries.

There were some drawbacks, some sick days, and some nights when baby had been restless and my head ached wearily, and I could not give myself up to the glad morning influence. But still it was a bright, happy month—to body and soul refreshing.

“And all that we receive for our strawberries and other fruit is to be religiously devoted to hiring a seamstress,” Arthur said, in his decided way. At first I protested. “There are so many things we are needing.”

“Because we are poor, do you think we can better afford to loose you or your health?” he said. “It makes me feel quite young again to see you look so fresh and bright and happy.”

So a capable and needy woman was found, to whom employment was better than charity, who had learned by experience the fine art of mending, as well as making—who was, indeed, a treasure.

All summer long I was out of doors with the children, in the garden or the woods or fields. What delightful pic-nicings we had—often of a washing day, to save the trouble of dinner at home; sometimes after the heavier work of the week was over, taking with us our faithful Bridget, “to do her soul good,” as she said.

Meat was almost wholly banished from our table, and fruit substituted through the hot weather, thereby greatly lessening the labor and heat and discomfort of home. It was a manifest advantage, both to the family health and the family purse. All summer long the house was fragrant and beautiful with flowers—wild flowers and garden flowers. The children's love of them grew every day. We botanized a little; we gathered loveliest mosses. Every day we were finding new beauties and enjoying all more keenly. The children reveled in delight; and for me, shut up as I had been to care and wearying labor, the summer seemed one long play-day. Sometimes, after the children were safe in bed, I would walk out of an evening with Arthur, and even attend a prayer-meeting, without feeling too weary to be profited and blest by it.

“It is so nice not to have mamma always too tired or too busy to have a good time,” I heard Harry say to Mamie one day; and I felt indeed that I never before had known much of a mother's joys and sweet privileges—should I not say *duties*?

"For is not the life more than meat and the body more than raiment?"

Such sweet talks as I had with the children. We had never had time to get acquainted before. In my hurried and worried life I had known little of their inner life; had sought too little to elevate it.

But how about the fruit and the state of the exchequer? Everything was a grand success that year. Other small fruit followed close upon the strawberries, emulating their example—raspberries, blackberries, and currants. Then I found vegetables were being exchanged at the market for things we could not raise. And when September came our vines and fruit-trees were loaded. And what prices they brought! It was more than I needed for sewing, though I paid my seamstress generously; for I am principled against ruffles and puffs and all such time wasting. So Arthur said "it must go to increase our charity fund." For poverty has been a great grief to us, in that it has left us so little to give. To me it seemed a glad thank-offering for the happy summer, for the brightening of life, for health regained, for a waking up to a keener appreciation and enjoyment of the beautiful, and more faith in it as a power for the development of our higher nature. I am sure we shall try it again another year; and so I trust may some other weary, burdened, imprisoned mothers, to whom God's pure air and constant contact with his beautiful children, the flowers and the fruits, would be rest and refreshment and blessing.--*Marion, in N. Y. Independent.*

#### WORTH WHILE TO KNOW.

There is a slight heresy apparent in the views of modern housekeepers, to the effect that they mean to dispense with the infliction of house-cleaning by the summary mode of keeping clean the year round. That may be when people have adopted the sensible and healthy French fashion of having carpet only in the middle of the floor, so that it can be lifted and shaken at any time. Before that time there must be the festival of shaking carpets, with strange men tramping through the best rooms, and all the females of the family with heads tied up sweeping and breathing last year's dust, to the no great benefit of their lungs. Everyone's spirits are better when it is over, by which we know how much good bright cleanliness and a bushel or two of slaked lime can do our inmost souls by keeping the house sweet about us. And not only does it need to be sweet and wholesome, but fresh; the colors want to be revived, and the paint touched up, for the cheerfulness it brings to see things in best trim. How people can go year after year with

marble mantles blackened by coal smoke, and the plating worn off the faucets and door-knobs, when a dollar a year would keep such things in trim, passes my understanding. There is a pleasure in setting things right, in making soiled things pure and dingy ones bright, that is dear to every housewifely heart. One would like to take a whole city in hand, and show how the shabby and squalid places might be brightened up. Take the steps to begin with, for the first impression a house gives is by its front-door and steps, which ought in common decency to be inviting. If the stone is spotted and greasy, wet lime or wood ashes may be left on it over night, and swept off the next morning, to its great improvement. But if it is badly stained, and the spots refuse to come out, the best plan is to give all the stone a coating of linseed-oil, which will make it of one color, and prevent spots from showing ever after. A coating of blue clay or whitening kept on a long time in a hot sun will draw grease out of light stone, which may then be cleaned by spreading with powdered stone, wet, and brushed off when dry. The window-sills of stone will probably need the same attention. If the blinds are painted the only proper colors, brown or the darkest green, it will be impossible for them to fade into complete shabbiness; but they need washing with a long-handled brush and clear cold water during the warm season, to take the dust off and splashes of rain. The door-handles need tightening if a screw is loose, and the plating may be done by sending them to a silversmith, at a cost of not over fifty cents apiece, to last for years; or a new film may be rubbed on them in this way: prepare a silvering powder of two drams each of common salt and cream of tartar, half a dram of alum, and twenty grains of silver, precipitated from nitrate acid by copper; wet this powder, and rub it on tarnished surfaces with a cork or wooden rag. This must be used frequently, for the plating it deposits is very slight, but the effect is enough to pay for the trouble. Next the marbles in the house want attention. To take grease from marble floors or hearths, spread them with a mixture of strong soap lees, fuller's-earth and pipe-clay, pounded fine, and lay a hot iron on the places till dry. Repeat if necessary, rubbing the mixture well into the stone. To clean white marble, mix verdegris and powdered pumice-stone with fresh-slaked lime mixed with soap lees to a thick paste. Tie it in a woolen bag, and rub the spot with it, washing off with soap and water, and going over till the spot is out. A solution of vitriol will take off fire and smoke stains, while cracks are easily mended by a cement of marble dust, which any stone-cutter will furnish.

Painted walls should be washed in cold

water with cloths tied over a broom, first dusting them well in the same manner. Have the water changed often, and see that the strokes are made as evenly as possible up and down, or the walls will be streaked when dry. Take out grease from paint or wall-paper with a paste of magnesia wet with benzole of the freshest, strongest quality, for half what is sold has lost all property of taking out grease. Clean wall-paper with bread-crums, cutting a fresh surface of the bread for every stroke, or it will soil more than it cleanses. A quicker way is to rub the paper with dry cloths dipped in whitening, with a little pumice powder mingled. This will remove fly-spots and finger marks. When a hole has been made, and there is no paper to match it, cut a square round the place, take off the paper, and fit a piece of heavy white printing-paper, which paste on with size. Wet this with a solution of isinglass, and let it dry; then, with tracing-paper, draw the outline of the pattern to be matched, cut it out, and color the white paper with water tints mixed in size. This may be done by one who has never touched paints, and will improve the looks of a wall very much.

Papering and painting rooms are not subjects to be disposed of in a paragraph, but in the country, where it is not always possible to command the services of a paper-hanger, it is worth while to know the best way of taking paper off, as this is a work servants can do, saving the expense of extra hands for days to prepare a single room. An old paper-hanger told me to wet the wall with very thin flour-starch, which keeps damp longer than clear water; also to put it on hot, with a mop, as it will strike in better. Wet a yard or two in width from floor to ceiling: then a second space, returning to wet the first; then a third, wetting the first and second again—going over all the rest with each new space, till half or all the room is wet, when the first paper will be soaked through, and, loosening the lower edge with a knife, will peel in strips to the ceiling. Old paper, when several thicknesses have been put on a wall, needs to be wet an hour or more before it will come off, and the wall must be dripping wet all that time.

The color of old curtains, and chairs covered with woolen stuff, is improved by beating all the dust out of them, and rubbing with a dry brush; then going over them with a lather of Castile soap and warm water, washing off the froth with clear water, and rinsing with a solution of alum in hot water, wiping off with old soft cloths, that will absorb as much of it as possible. When dry, the colors will be much improved.

Carpets and rugs should be taken up and well beaten; the floor cleaned, when, if

the carpets need cleansing, it will be the most convenient place to do it. A tea-cupful of ox gall in a bucket of hot water is one of the best liquids for scouring carpets, as it will take out grease and revive colors. Dissolve fuller's-earth in boiling water, and lay it on the grease spots, then scour them with a hard brush—a Manilla floor brush is best—dipped in the gall liquor, rinsing with clear water and a little gall. The regular scourers, however, lay the carpet on a heavy long table, out-of-doors in bright weather, put yellow soap on the grease spots, make a strong solution of soap, and scour the surface with it, yard by yard, brushing the way of the threads only, rinse with weak suds, and finish with a pailful of cold water in which enough vitriol is dissolved to make it taste slightly sour. This refreshes the colors and softens the wool. A table-spoonful of oil of vitriol to two pails of water is strong enough for the purpose. Each yard is rinsed as fast as it is cleansed, wiping off with old sheets that it may dry quickly. Indeed, scouring is not a thing to linger over. Articles must be washed without soaking, and dried at once, to keep the colors from injury.

What is called dry cleaning is done by taking out grease spots with a brush dipped in hot water and gall made very strong; dry by rubbing with cloths and leaving in a very warm room, then strew damp sand over the cloth or carpet, brush it out with a hard broom, and it will bring away most of the dirt with it. Coats and cloths are cleaned with soap and vitriol water like the carpets, and may be dry-cleaned by using bran instead of sand, and finishing with a soft brush rubbed on a sponge wet with olive-oil after every dozen strokes. The oil supplies a gloss to the cloth and brightens the colors.

Chintz furniture covers and curtains can be washed in rice water. Two pounds of rice boiled in two gallons of water till soft should be added to a tub of boiling water. When cool enough to bear the hands in, wash the chintzes without soap. Pass through another water in which half as much rice, boiled and strained, is dissolved. Use the water in which the last rice was boiled as starch in the rinsing water. The chintz will come out looking like new. This is the only safe way to wash the delicate French lawn and linens which spot at the touch of soap, though half the quantity of rice is enough for a common washing.

Dealers in housekeeping goods now sell a black varnish for grates, coal buckets, and stoves which keeps them glossy jet black. I regard this as a real boon, for in a long course of removes from one house to another nothing has been so invariably repelling as the state of the grate and fire furniture, and with a bottle of blacking it is so easy in a few moments to have one's

own hearth bright and shining. Especially when going to a boarding-house, that synonym of discomfort, I do not scruple to make my quarters less forlorn by polishing the silver pipes and gas-fixtures, touching up the paint round the door knobs, whitening the marble, and blacking the grate. It would in many cases be useless to ask these attentions, and when one waits on one's self, one has the comfort of being tended by a good servant.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## HOME TOPICS.

"GOOD LIVING."—There is a difference of opinion as to what constitutes good living, and I shall not undertake to settle any disputes *de gustibus*. The Esquimaux Indian may eat his delicious tallow candle and drink his whale oil, and call both good; the Icelander may delight in his rancid butter; and others may swallow sour-kroust with unmoved face, or cook and eat their wild game after it has become unbearable to the sense of smell—I shall not say that these things are not pleasant to the taste of those who eat them—but "deliver me." Science may put in a modest word—and Science, you observe, grows more and more modest in her *dictums*—concerning the *healthfulness* of various articles of diet. She may venture to ask us whether anything can really be good living which gives only a momentary pleasure to the nerves of taste, while it destroys the comfort of the body, and undermines the health.

Nothing can be called "good living" by a person who has not the least relish for it, and it is doubtful whether anything is really good for a person which is eaten with positive disrelish. So I think it very unwise to oblige children to eat anything against which their stomachs rebel, because they have taken it upon their plates, or because we think it is good for them. I know the dilemma very well, and am sometimes obliged to decide that it shall be that or nothing farther at that meal, when I perceive that the child refuses its plain fare, which was palatable only a moment before, as soon as it catches sight of something more dainty.

But it is very certain that the appetite changes with habit, and that it is capable of cultivation. Children who are brought up to eat vegetables saturated with butter, and highly seasoned with pepper and salt, so that very little, if any, of the natural flavor of the vegetable is retained, cannot believe that they could relish the same things simply well-cooked and only very moderately seasoned. They even prefer rancid butter on their squash or turnip to no butter at all, and then if there is any disagreeable flavor, or combination of flavors, they drown it out with pepper.

It sometimes happens that a person who has learned how much depends upon care in the preparation of articles of food will sit down to a table where there is a variety of dishes which he would like if suitably cooked, and not find a single thing that he can relish. The potatoes are soggy, or flavored with the decay which one or more bad ones had imparted to the kettleful, or they are served swimming in hog's fat or melted butter. The other vegetables are all tainted with poor butter, or made hot with pepper, or over-salted. The eggs are cooked so much as to be very hard of digestion. The meat is not "just done," or is too greasy. The prepared fruit has been deprived of its own finest flavor, and the fault has not been remedied by the excess of sugar in its seasoning. The yeast bread is sour and hard, and the hot biscuit is green with soda. Even the Graham gem gives out an odor of soda as you break it open, and the oatmeal mush is so salt that you cannot like it. Even the milk tastes of the cellar. But there is cake, and there is pie, and you are supposed to be able to fall back upon these with satisfaction; but it is not at all likely that a housekeeper who spoils all her plain cookery by carelessness or ignorance will give you very satisfactory and wholesome pie or cake. Anyhow, a well-educated stomach does not wish to depend upon pie and cake—it wants good, nutritious and appetizing food.

A gentleman who had just returned from a business trip to Missouri, said, in my hearing, that Mrs. — was the "best cook in Missouri." I took an early opportunity to ask him to tell me wherein the excellence of her cooking lay.

"Well, in the first place," said he, laughing, "her table-cloth is always nice and clean. Then her dishes are always so bright, and everything she puts on the table comes on in good shape, somehow."

"Go on," I said, "all this gives you a good appetite for the food itself."

"Yes," he replied; "I always feel as though the victuals would be good as soon as I see her table, and they are good. She gives us just the same things that we get at other places, and they seemed to be cooked plainly and not much seasoned, but they are always cooked *just right*—nothing burned and nothing half-raw. And they all *look* so nice!"

"You see, Faith," good-naturedly interposed this gentleman's wife, to whose skirts two small children were at that moment clinging. "You see, Mrs. S. has not a single child to soil her table-cloth, or hinder her washing it, or to demand immediate attention at any critical moment during her cooking. She does all of her work herself, and does it nicely—not much as most hired girls would do it."

Yes, I *did* see, and so did the gentleman

who gave me his idea of a good cook; and we all agreed that he was probably right in his estimate of the Missouri housekeeper, while we realized that these little things, which are so important after all, are not so easy for every housekeeper to secure as many might suppose at first thought. Yet these things, carefulness in details, cleanliness, and order, are always worth striving for.

**NIGHT VISITS.**—Mother, you had better say "no" decidedly, when your little girl asks if she may go to stay all night with Mollie or Katie, or Bell; and never consent to your little boy's request to be allowed to spend the night with one of his school-mates. Tell them that the night was made for sleep, and not for long talks while lying in bed. Explain to them what a blessed thing sleep is, "tired Nature's sweet restorer," and what a good thing it is to get a habit of going to bed and to sleep regularly at an early hour, so that body and brain may both get plenty of quiet rest, so necessary for their growth and healthful activity. Then give them clean, well-aired beds, in rooms where there is plenty of pure air all night long, and let them sleep until they wake themselves in the morning.

**EARLY RISING.**—The old couplet—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise"—

seems to be falling into contempt. The cause of this may be the fact that too many have insisted only upon early rising without paying any attention to the hour of retiring. It has been discovered that most of us who work with our hands or our brains take too little sleep, and so grow nervous and diseased. So late rising is recommended, while little protest is made against the late hours of bedtime in which such persons usually indulge. This is beginning a reform at the wrong end.

It is better to begin at this end, though, than not to begin at all upon a reform. Lack of sleep is one of our most crying physical sins. We know how cross and unreasonable small children become when they lose their regular daily nap. Children of a larger growth are affected in the same way, though they, perhaps, only "fret inwardly." The scolding and fault-finding in families would grow beautifully less if all the family members had plenty of healthful rest for body and brain, such as natural sleep affords. The demand for stimulants of all kinds would also grow less.

It is a very cruel thing to wake a child from its morning sleep. If it sleeps late, it is probably because it goes to bed late—unless it sleeps from very stupor, because its bedroom is so badly ventilated. If the child comes late to breakfast, or otherwise

causes annoyance, let it feel some natural inconvenience or discomfort itself—a cold breakfast perhaps, or the loss of papa's morning society before business claims him for the day. It will soon learn that "early to bed" is the natural forerunner of "early to rise."

It is only fair that the older members of the family should grow quiet as the children's bedtime approaches, so that the little ones will not feel that they are making a great sacrifice in leaving the family circle.

**HANGING LAMPS.**—"Somebody keeps getting in my light." "Take care! you'll have that lamp tipped over!" Such expressions are very common where the "evening lamp" stands upon a table.

I have lately been visiting in a family where no such expressions are heard, where all, sitting in any part of the room, enjoy a full flood of light. This family could not be induced to part with their hanging lamp. It gives them a feeling of safety in the midst of fun and frolic, and it is always an ornament to the room. Some rooms are too low for hanging lamps, but wall lamps might often be used to advantage in such rooms. The room of which I write is twelve feet high, but the same lamp could be used in a lower room without inconvenience by using a shorter chain for its suspension. It has three lamps, but seldom are they all lighted at once. The frame-work is of bronze, and the glass oil fountains are taken down upon the table for trimming and filling. This lamp cost ten dollars, but cheaper ones can be obtained—those with two burners or with only one, of various patterns.

**THE BROKEN LAMP.**—If the fountain (or the glass globe that holds the oil) has only come loose from the standard, this is very easily remedied by the use of plaster of Paris. Mix a small quantity with water, make it as thick as cream, and fill it in between the glass of the fountain and the hollow in the top of the standard as quickly as possible. As it sets immediately, everything must be done with promptness. If the fountain is broken in pieces, and there is a whole bronze or brass standard remaining, it will pay to purchase a new fountain and set it upon the old standard in the manner described above. The brass top can be fastened on in the same way.

**BEWARE OF CHILLNESS.**—This may seem a strange suggestion for July, but it is not at all unseasonable. Many persons seem to suppose that they will keep warm without effort simply because it is the summer season, whether the weather is really warm or not. There are some cool rainy days and many cool evenings and mornings when a little fire adds greatly to the general comfort. It is also a wise sanitary

precaution to take off the chill of the early mornings or cool evenings or rainy days by a small fire. Fevers, rheumatisms, and diseases of the bowels are often provoked by a slow, chilling process, when the weather is so moderate that no one thinks of building a fire or even of putting on more clothing. There are some excessively warm nights in July and August, but probably it is the case that on more than half of the evenings and mornings more clothing should be worn by children and adults than is needed between nine a.m. and six p.m. Light sacks and coats, for use at such times, should be in every one's wardrobe.

**CLEANING NEW IRON-WARE.**—I do not remember to have seen directions anywhere for preparing new cast-iron utensils for service in cooking. I know I had a deal of trouble with my first stove furniture, and whenever I have anything of the kind to deal with now I wonder if there is not some better way than I have learned. I have just been tackling a new set of iron gempans. I filled them with ashes and water and left them standing during the forenoon. I heated them on the stove before emptying them, and then gave them a good washing and rinsing. I think they will do for use to-morrow morning. I usually scour new kettles with ashes, then rub them over with a little grease, and wash them well with suds. To-day a lady told me that it was a good way to wash new irons with sour milk. I had no sour milk to use, but I did not see the philosophy of it. It is not rust with which we have to deal in cleaning new iron, but a fine sand, used in the casting.

**SALT MACKEREL** is almost always too salt when served at table. So I think that Prof. Blot is right in advising a twenty-four-hours' soaking, the water to be changed three times. Then he would have you broil the fish over hot coals. It may be served with a little cream, or dry if preferred.

A lady cooks mackerel for dinner in the following acceptable manner: Wash it thoroughly and soak it over night. In the morning change it to fresh water, and two hours before dinner put it in enough sweet-skimmed milk to cover it. Then put it in cold water to cook, never letting it more than simmer in the gentlest manner, but keeping it in water at the boiling point for about twenty minutes. Take it carefully from the boiling water upon an unrusted baking tin, cover with sweet cream, and set in the oven for a few minutes before serving. But the next biscuit you bake in that tin may taste of mackerel unless you are very careful in washing it.

**CRACKER DESSERT.**—I do not remember to have seen in print directions for making a quick and cheap and pretty and palatable dessert, which I learned how to make many years ago. Choose whole soda crackers, and lay each one upon a separate small plate. Pour upon it enough boiling water to soak it well, and leave none upon the plate; cover with a dressing of good sweetened cream, with a spoonful of jelly in the centre, if you choose, or dip upon it a portion of nice fruit, canned, stewed, or fresh, as is convenient.—*Faith Rochester in American Agriculturist.*

### MISTRESS AND MAID.

If the mistress, however sorely tried by sins of omission and commission, however baffled by stupidity or carelessness, can but constantly remember that the delinquent is first a woman; her sister by birth-right, and only secondarily and by accident her servant; if she can but perceive that the household duties, so simple and methodical to her clear brain and clever hands, may be complex and burdensome beyond measure to the limited intelligence and clumsy ways of her hiringling; if she can but keep a guard upon her tongue and a mask upon her face, lest she say a word or show a frown which she would not say or show if the offender were her equal or friend; if she can explain trifling matters again, and yet again, to this grown-up child with the calm distinctness she would use to the toddlers at her knee; if she can believe that these vexatious, ignorant aliens, consuming her substance and her nerves, and making housekeeping a weariness to the flesh, are confided to her as the wards of Christ who will one day ask her how she kept his faith with the least among them, nine times out of ten she will make her incapable put on capacity, while a generation of fit mistresses would create a race of fit servants.

We have no right to forget how narrow and common place and unvarying is the life of cook or housemaid. If it were made full of the brightness which the feeling of mutual kindness diffuses, if it were passed in cheerful rooms, and warmed with a sense that its avocations are of great benefit to society, and worthy to be treated with as full respect as the avocations of lawmaker or preacher, perhaps cook and house-maid would have neither need nor desire to "better" themselves, but would stay in the first family that gave them welcome till they should have homes of their own.

Modern matrons are reproached with want of domesticity and painstaking, and rebuked with the housekeeping fame of their grandmothers. Their answer should



be that modern society, modern culture, modern usage, make a thousand demands upon their time and strength which their domestic grandmothers never dreamed of. For them to spend five-sixths of all their waking time in kitchen, pantry, still-room, dairy, poultry-yard, larder, nursery, would be a reproach instead of a merit, since the homekeeper is a loftier being than the housekeeper, and has need to cultivate all her faculties. For this very reason the granddaughters require better service than would have sufficed the grandmothers. As they cannot render manual help, they must develop the greater moral skill to make fine spirits out of the blunt wits they have to deal with.—*Christian Union.*

### FANCY WORK.

Did you ever see a crystallized cross, and did you wonder how it was made? I dare say you thought it came from the show window of some store, and asked no question. It is a beautiful mantel ornament, and can be made for a mere song. First, get John or James to make a wooden cross, not more than eight inches high, with a standard to it, of course. Wind this with bleached woollen yarn. Get a pound of alum, put it into a tin basin, set it on the stove, and add water enough gradually to dissolve nearly all of it. There must be water enough in the basin to cover the cross, and the alum must not all be dissolved, so you can judge how much you will need. If it is strong as usual, a pound will be a great sufficiency. When the water is ready and only lukewarm, lay the cross in, face downwards, and keep it under water (being careful that it does not touch the bottom or sides) by laying two forks across it, or any weight that will not sink it. Let it remain for two days; then take it out, and if every spot is not covered with crystallized alum (it probably will be, if the directions are closely followed), prepare more alum and water, and repeat the process, taking care that the water is a little cooler (not cold) the second time than the first. Old soiled vases, wound with woollen yarn, and prepared in the same way, will be joy to your eyes for a long time afterwards.

Again. Spatter work pictures are quite as cheap, and very pretty, only they must have good frames, or they are spoiled. Get the thickest kind of Bristol board, cut it into the desired shape and size, and tack it to a pine board. Then, for one style, cut out the letters, C-A-S-T T-H-Y, and pin them on, near the top of the paper, in rainbow shape; then cut an anchor of paper, pin it under the letters in the centre of

the paper; then cut the letters, I-N H-E-A V-E-N, and pin them under the anchor, in a reversed rainbow. After this is done, get a fresh vine, some branches, ferns, or leaves, and place them on the paper, either forming a wreath around the rest, or irregularly, with a vine twining around the anchor, being careful to put a pin through each leaf, thus fastening it securely to the board. When everything is ready, get a fine comb (not too fine however), a tooth brush, and some black ink. Hold the comb over the paper, dip the brush in the ink and rub it back and forth over it. You will see how it operates, and can shade it to suit yourself. Let it dry, and then remove the two hundred pins, the letters etc., and you will have the motto. "Cast thy anchor in heaven," in the shape of a lovely picture. A cross pinned in the centre, with a wreath of ferns and rose leaves around it, is beautiful. When you have made one, your fancy will suggest many different styles. A piece of spatter work is pretty for a birth-day present, and even if one is rich, it is well to know how to do such fancy work. Some affectionate hearts prize the work of loving hands more than the spending of many dollars.

A fancy way of making a watch case, and a very simple one, is to cut the case out of black cloth, making one or two pockets in it, as you like, and then crotcheting an edge around it with scarlet zephyr, making holes through the cloth for the needle with a stiletto. I have one made in this way, for two watches, and every one thinks it is crotcheted into shape—*Mrs. Barringer.*

### WITHOUT A GIRL.

BY LAURA E. LYMAN.

I couldn't blame Mary for getting married. It is the right thing for a woman to do when she finds the right man; and John, Mary's intended, is industrious, capable and honest, and the two love each other. But what was I to do? Mary had been with me two years, and understood all the ways of the household; was in fact a second mother to the children, and had borne the burden of domestic toil so faithfully and constantly that it seemed like breaking up housekeeping to try and live without her. So, for a time after the news first came that she was really going away, my spirit sank within me. But we go on living in spite of everything until our time comes to die, and to the courageous soul, a way out of the most distressing dilemma will suggest itself. To get a new girl, that was not to be thought of at present. If there is one thing I have always been careful about it is the companionship of my

children, the language they use, the moral tone that surrounds them; and often for months I have done my own work rather than receive into the family an element essentially foreign and uncongenial. It is no great thing to do one's own work, especially if one has good health and all the conveniences of a thoroughly appointed kitchen, but in my case how to earn the support of a family of seven with the pen and at the same time carry on all the other necessary household industries was quite a serious question. Housekeeping and writing never did and never will go well together, and how to manage the "irrepressible conflict" between them became all at once a question of the first importance. But as I revolved the matter, light poured in, hope sprang up, courage revived, and I felt equal to anything.

Never does my gratitude to my mother mount so high as when "my girl" leaves me; and I reflect that there is not anything in all the yearly round of housework or sewing that she did not teach me to do, and that I do not feel perfect mistress of. My children have been trained in the same school, and though they were occupied with their studies, we decided in the family council that when Mary left each one would shoulder a certain portion of the work, and between us we would do it all save the washing, which we would hire. George, my oldest son, understands bread-making, and he agreed to mould the bread in the morning before school, and I am to bake it. James, the second son, will take charge of the fires and have the kitchen fire hot when I come down to get breakfast, so no time will be lost. The two little girls can set the table, clear it away, and wash the dishes, and the two youngest boys will be ready to wait on the older ones, and do all the small chores, like bringing in coal, picking up kindling, and the like.

There is nothing like having a convenient house to do work in. Mine is all on one floor; that is, all the living rooms; the sleeping rooms are all up-stairs, and if by the time I get the down-stairs work done I am tired out and want rest, it won't hurt the beds to air until the dinner is over. As for the arrangement of the rooms down stairs, nothing could be more felicitous; the kitchen opens into the dining-room, this into the library and sitting-room. There are ample closets and shelves in the kitchen, a pump in the sink, an excellent stove, a big work-table, two windows, and a door leading out on a small piazza; so we have light in winter, ventilation in summer, and comfort all the year round. My kitchen is not very large; in fact, it is only ten by ten. Some women like a great, big kitchen; but I don't, and I had mine built small on purpose. It is but a step

from the stove to the pantry, to the closet, to the sink, to the pump, to the work-table, and very little time and strength are wasted in going from point to point. I had a kitchen once that was twenty-seven feet long and thirteen wide. The sink and cellar door were at one end, the china closet at the other, and the stove in the middle. The pump was in the yard three steps down and twenty away. The meal and flour had to be kept in the room over the kitchen. My girl left me of a sudden, as girls will, with two boarders, a baby and three children to do the work for, and I did think that kitchen would kill me. In memory of that I had my present kitchen so contrived that in case I was left without help the desertion would not be overwhelming, and it isn't. My dining-room, too, is a model of convenience. The pantry has a door opening into it, and it is but a step from the china closet to the dining table, and another to the kitchen.

By the time Mary was married our housekeeping campaign was planned and settled upon in every particular. Nothing remained but to carry it out: and, between you and me, reader, that was no inconsiderable part of the labor. Brain work is all very well in its way, but it takes a little muscle along with it to make matters go smoothly. Hitherto, if I had sat up late at night to write or read, I could lie in bed till breakfast was ready without any compunction—farewell to sweet morning naps now. I must be up betimes, and as Jimmy, who had charge of the fires, was a hard student, and a hard sleeper too, I had to wake him up myself, which he relished as little as I did. But while he was getting the fire hot I had time to dress the children and comb my hair for the day. I managed, when getting our five o'clock dinner, to make provision for the breakfast, to have potatoes to warm over, hash prepared over night, or some other dish ready that could be placed on the table quickly. Of course, we gave up battercakes, except as a luxury on Saturday, when one of the older boys could fry them. Instead of making bread three times a week as Mary had done, I made a greater quantity twice a week, mixing it and baking it myself, though George did the kneading. On bread-making days I contrived to use the fire in cooking a big piece of meat to be eaten cold for the boys' lunches at school and ours at home, to boil a plum-pudding that could be warmed over, so we always had something handy for dessert, or to compound a loaf or two of cake that would keep nicely and be on hand. So for the matter of cooking we got along very well.

Being about the house myself all the time I found I could save a great deal of work, and utilize the capacities of the little ones far more than it was reasonable to ex-

pect Mary to do. They moved out the furniture, (for every heavy article is on castors), when I swept, and moved it back again, took up the rugs and put them down after I had shaken them, held the dust-pan, watered the flowers, helped about dusting, and did the thousand things children can be taught to do by a loving and patient mother. But how came on the writing? A remark that Harriet Beecher Stowe made has helped me more in a journalistic life, extending now over many years, than any other one utterance. While writing the successive chapters of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most successful and influential novel of the century, she said she "kept the pot boiling." While moulding bread, washing dishes, sweeping floors, she kept thinking what she would say next, and when her house-work was done went to her desk and wrote it all down. The example is a safe one to follow, and in my case the experiment was most happy. I kept near me some volume of science or literature which I could read whenever I had a moment to rest, and if I found myself getting too tired to write, I abbreviated my household tasks as much as possible, and let some things go undone.

A daily newspaper, the *Tribune*, in fact, had become a necessity. This I had the boys read in turn aloud as I mended the stockings and other articles that needed mending. The exercise was as beneficial to them as it was pleasant to me. I think the children were really happier during the three months that we thus did our own work than they were before or afterward. Meantime the sewing began to get behind, house-cleaning was approaching, and I felt the need of breathing again the still air of the Mercantile and Astor Libraries.

So when Mary brought me word that she had found an intelligent and capable girl that she thought could come into my family as an integral member of it, a friend and a companion rather than a servant and an underling, I was not sorry to resign my place in the kitchen to one who could worthily fill it. And yet, on some accounts, I really believe it would have been better if I had kept it myself. We saved during those three months at least sixty dollars. I paid Mary twelve dollars a month and her board, and the waste the best girl in the world causes would amount, at a very low estimate, to eight more. I gained meantime in flesh, for the muscular activity I was obliged to go through balanced the intellectual labor I performed, and gave me sound sleep at night and a vigorous appetite for food. I lost nothing in mental aptitude for my work with the pen; nay, I gained, for my daily experience made me intensely practical.—*Christian Union*.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**STOCK FOR SOUP.**—Take a pot of any sort which will hold about five quarts of water; put in three pounds of beef (the round is the best) with the water; salt to taste; put it on the fire, let it boil, and then take off the fat as soon as it comes to the top; this must be done several times, till it is quite free from grease; then put in a few carrots, one or two turnips, and the heart of a cabbage. In France carmel is always added to color it. Some burnt sugar or burnt onion does as well. Then put it on a very slow fire for several hours to simmer.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—The weight of five eggs in sifted sugar, and three in flour. Choose the three largest to weigh the flour. Break the eggs, and separate the yolk from the white, well beat the yolk, the whisk the whites to a very stiff froth, so that you can move it about the basin without it sticking, then mix it with the yolks; mix very gradually the sugar, beating all the time. The flour should always be put in last, very slowly. Do not let it stand long before it is put in the oven, which should be rather a quick one. Bake one hour and ten minutes. Put a knife in to see if it is done; the knife will be clear if it is.

**ARROW-ROOT BISCUIT.**—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, whisk six eggs to a froth, add them to the butter, stir in half a pound of flour, a little at a time, and beat the mixture well; break down all the lumps for six ounces of arrow-root, and add that with half a pound of pounded lump sugar to the other ingredients. Mix all well together, and drop the dough on a buttered tin in pieces the size of a shilling. Bake the biscuits about a quarter of an hour in a slow oven.

**BEEF-TOAST** is prepared by chopping fine the remnants of beefsteak or cold roast beef. It should be warmed up with a little water and seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper. Slices of bread should be toasted and laid on a platter on which the meat is to be turned when hot.

**DESSERT BISCUITS.**—*Ingredients.*—1 lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of sifted sugar, the yolks of six eggs, flavoring to taste. *Mode.*—Put the butter into a basin; warm it, but do not allow it to oil; then with the hand beat it to a cream. Add the flour by degrees, then the sugar and flavoring, and moisten the whole with the yolks of the eggs, which should previously be well beaten. When all the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated, drop the mixture from a spoon on to a buttered paper,

leaving a distance between each cake, as they spread as soon as they begin to get warm. Bake in rather a slow oven from 12 to 18 minutes, and do not let the biscuits acquire too much color. In making the above quantity, half may be flavored with ground ginger, and the other half with the essence of lemon or currants, to make a variety. With whatever the preparation is flavored, so are the biscuits called, and an endless variety may be made in this manner.

**TREATMENT OF GOLD FISH.**—In cases where gold-fish are kept in vessels in rooms, etc., they should be kept in spring-water. The water will require to be changed, according to the size of the vessel, or the number of fish kept therein, but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common-sized pail of water, two fish may be kept in by changing the water once a fortnight, and so on in proportion. If any food is supplied them, it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped in the water once or twice a week.

**TO REMOVE SPOTS FROM CARPETS.**—Mix well half an ox's gall with one quart of water; wet and rub the spot with this. Then with a clean scrubbing-brush, warm water and soap, well scrub the spot, and wet and half-wring a clean floor-cloth in clean cold water, and rub well out the soap and gall from the carpet; rub the spot with a dry, coarse cloth, until it is nearly dry, then pin a piece of thin brown paper over the spot to prevent dust from settling on it while wet, and leave it to become perfectly dry. If the spot occurs near the side or end of the carpet, undo a few tacks, and slip under the spot a thickly-folded coarse towel to absorb the water which runs through, and to prevent the wet carpet from lying in the dust; after washing the spot, remove the folded cloth, and slip in its place a piece of brown paper, which leave till the carpet is dry.

**THE CALLA LILY.**—We do not know of a more beautiful winter blooming plant than the old-fashioned Calla Lily. It succeeds so well in the window, needing very little care, excepting an abundance of water and an occasional dusting of the leaves, that we recommend every lover of

flowers to try it. A writer gives a very sensible summing up of the requisite methods of culture: 1. After blooming dry off very slowly but thoroughly: 2. Keep the roots simply from drying out entirely during the seasons of rest. 3. Start slowly in light rich soil with little water at first, increasing as growth increases. 4. Plunge, if possible, in stagnant water until wanted for the house, or 'here is danger of frost. 5. Repot in rich mucky soil. 6. Give plenty of water while the plants are growing and blooming. 7. Give plenty of light and sunshine.

**MOSQUITO GUARDS.**—The rest of the laboring man is not always sweet, notwithstanding the proverb. One of the greatest pests of the farm-house in summer is the mosquito, especially in the vicinity of water. For those who have the means to buy fine woven wire in elegant mahogany frames just fitting the windows, there is an easy defence against these pests. But mosquito-netting, which is very cheap, will answer all the purpose of the more costly article, and one who can use a jack-knife and a hammer can make a frame to fit the raised window. If one has a plane, they can be made of fine strips, an inch square, and nicely painted. These will last a great many years. But in the absence of suitable tools common lath will answer a very good purpose. Cut off two strips to fit the width of the window. Cut two more about eighteen inches in length for the uprights. Nail these four laths at the corners, making a frame to fit nicely into the window, and cover the frame with the netting. You have a complete mosquito-guard, and can sleep with open windows the rest of the summer.

**TO TAKE OUT GREASE.**—Benzine is often applied to extract grease without effecting any good. Indeed, sometimes the spot seems to grow larger under the operation. The grease is dissolved only, not destroyed, by the benzine, and will spread over a larger surface instead of disappearing, unless some substance, like soft paper, is laid against it to receive it. Try wetting the spot with benzine, and with a soft paper on each side, press gently with a warm, not a hot, iron. The result will probably be satisfactory.

## Literary Notices.

CHAPTERS ON ANIMALS—By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life," "A Painter's Lamp," "Thoughts about Art," &c. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Mr. Hamerton is not only a patient and keen observer,—he is an artist, and gifted with an artist's loving appreciation of the beautiful in the animal world. He is also evidently very fond of pets, and as a writer he is eminently qualified to lead his readers to share his feelings. No one can rise from the perusal of his book without feeling thenceforward more interest in the brute creation. It is, however, not a systematic volume of Natural History; it is simply desultory chapters on points which had chanced to interest the author. The twenty illustrations in this American reprint are sufficiently well copied to give a good idea of the originals by the celebrated animal painters, Carl Bodmer and Veyras-sat.

### LITERARY DOGS.

They behaved at dinner exactly like common dogs; but when I offered Blanche a piece of cheese and asked if she knew the word for that substance, her master answered that she could spell it very correctly. I had invited a few friends to meet these learned animals, and when they were assembled in the drawing-room we made the little preparations which M. du Rouil said would be most convenient. A large octagonal library table was put in the middle of the room, with a cloth of one color and a lamp in the centre. Round this table Madame du Rouil laid cards, with all the letters of the alphabet printed in large capitals. There was also a little hand-bell. At a sign from her master, Blanche jumped upon the table and sat in an attitude of expectation. Then M. du Rouil turned to me and said: "I promised you that the dog should spell *fromage*. Blanche, spell *fromage*." Blanche immediately set about her work and brought an F, an R, and an O; then she hesitated. "You have only given us three letters, and there are seven in the word." On this she soon found M, A, G, E, and the word was

complete. The next task was a translation. We were invited to write upon a slate any Latin, German, or English word in which the same letter did not occur twice. Some one present wrote, in German handwriting, the word *Pferd*, and M. du Rouil showed the slate to Blanche. She either read it or pretended to read it, and made a sign that she understood by putting the slate down with her paw. "Now give us the French for that word." She immediately brought C, and then H, E, V, A, L. "As you are spending the evening at an Englishman's house, Blanche, would you oblige him by translating that word into English?" Without hesitation, the dog gave me an H, and with very little hesitation the remaining letters—O, R, S, E.

Notwithstanding her success, the dog seemed to set about her work very unwillingly, and it was evidently a great effort to her. The authority of the master, though very gently exercised, appeared to be irresistible—exactly like that of a mesmerist over his patient. Blanche complained audibly the whole time, with a sound between growling and whining, and occasionally a short bark of uneasiness. Observing this, I said that for the present that part of the performance might be considered satisfactory, and we would pass on to something else. M. du Rouil then told us that Blanche could correct bad spelling, and invited me to write a word on the slate with an intentional fault in it. He showed the slate to the dog and said: "There is a fault here, Blanche. Find it out and show us first what letter ought to be effaced." The word I had written was *maison*; but I had spelled it *mésou*. The dog immediately brought the letter E. Then M. du Rouil requested Blanche to show us what letters ought to be substituted, and she fetched an A and an I.

As Blanche seemed tired and worried with this kind of work, I intervened on her behalf; and she was allowed to go and curl herself up in a corner and eat cakes. Lyda took her place on the table, and a set of figures were substituted for the alphabet. Some arithmetical problems were written on the slate, and she resolved them (or appeared to resolve them) without a single mistake. A very pretty incident occurred at this period of the performance, for the master proposed a little mental arithmetic. "Now, Lyda," he said, "I

want to see whether you understand division. Suppose you had ten pieces of sugar and you met ten Prussian dogs, how many lumps would you, *une Française*, give to each of the Prussians?" Lyda very decidedly replied to this with a cipher. "But now suppose that you divided your lumps of sugar with me; how many would you give me?" Lyda took up the figure 5 and presented it to her master.

This was pretty enough; but, for reasons of my own, I was much more interested in something that happened immediately afterward. M. du Rouil *quitted the room*, the door was closed after him, and he called out: "Which is the least valuable figure?" Lyda brought me the cipher. Then her master said: "Which is the most valuable figure?" The dog brought me the 9. After this I asked for different figures, which the dog gave me, without a single mistake.

It was Blanche's turn next; but this time, instead of being surrounded with the letters of the alphabet, she was surrounded with playing-cards. M. du Rouil had another pack in his hand, and told us to choose a card. "Blanche, what card has been chosen?" The dog always took up the right card in her teeth. Then she played a game with a young lady and lost it, after which she rushed from her seat into the corner with an air of the deepest humiliation.

A very surprising thing followed the game at cards. M. du Rouil begged me to go into another room and leave a light on the floor, with a pack of cards arranged all round it, and to close the doors as nearly as possible without shutting them. This being done, he begged any one present to whisper in the dog's ear the name of a card to be fetched by her from the other room. A lady whispered the "knave of hearts," if I remember rightly, but in so low a voice as to be inaudible even by the dog, which made a mistake and brought something else. She was then requested to bring the ace of spades; and she soon came back from the dining-room with the ace of spades in her teeth.

Both the dogs played a game of dominoes. This was managed as follows: The dogs sat on chairs opposite each other and took up the domino that was wanted; but the master or mistress placed it and kept announcing the state of the game. Their distress when they could not go on without drawing upon the bank was expressed in piteous whines, and amused us all immensely. Lyda was the loser, and she precipitately retreated to hide herself, with an evident consciousness of defeat.

CATS.

This quality of extreme caution which makes a cat avoid obstacles that a dog would dash through without a thought

makes her at the same time somewhat reserved and suspicious in all the relations of her life. If a cat has been allowed to run half-wild, this suspicion can never be overcome. There was a numerous population of cats in this half-wild state for some years in the garrets of my house. Some of these were exceedingly fine, handsome animals, and I very much wished to get them into the rooms we inhabited and so domesticate them; but all my blandishments were useless. The nearest approach to success was in the case of a superb white-and-black animal, which at last would come to me occasionally and permit me to caress his head because I scratched him behind the ears. Encouraged by this measure of confidence, I went so far on one occasion as to lift him a few inches from the ground, on which he behaved himself very much like a wild cat just trapped in the woods, and for some days after it was impossible even to get near him. He never came down stairs in a regular way, but communicated with the outer world by means of roofs and trees, like the other untameable creatures in the garrets. On returning home after an absence, I sought him vainly and have never encountered him since.

This individual lived on the confines of civilization, and it is possible that his tendency to friendliness might have been developed into a feeling more completely trustful by greater delicacy and care. I happened to mention him to a hotel-keeper, who was unusually fond of animals, and unusually successful in winning their affections. He told me that his own cats were remarkable for their uncommon tameness, being very much petted and caressed, and constantly in the habit of seeing numbers of people who came to the hotel, and he advised me to try a kitten of his breed. This kitten, from hereditary civilization, behaved with the utmost confidence from the beginning, and, with the exception of occasional absences for his own purposes, has lived with me regularly enough. In winter he generally sleeps upon my dog, who submits in patience, and I have often found him on horseback in the stable, not from any taste for equestrianism, but simply because a horse-cloth is a perpetual warmer when there is a living horse beneath it.

All who have written upon cats are unanimous in the opinion that their caressing ways bear reference simply to themselves. My cat loves the dog and horse exactly with the tender sentiment we have for foot-warmers and railway rugs during a journey in the depth of winter, nor have I ever been able to detect any worthier feeling toward his master. Ladies are often fond of cats, and pleasantly encourage the illusion that they are affectionate. It is said, too, that very intellectual men have often a

liking for the same animal. In both these cases the attachment seems to be due more to certain other qualities of the cat than to any strength of sentiment on his part. Of all animals that we can have in a room with us, the cat is the least disturbing. Dogs bring so much dirt into houses that many ladies have a positive horror of them; squirrels leap about in a manner highly dangerous to the ornaments of a drawing-room; whilst monkeys are so incorrigibly mischievous that it is impossible to tolerate them, notwithstanding the nearness of the relationship. But you may have a cat in the room with you without anxiety about anything except eatables. He will rob a dish, if he can get at it; but he will not, except by the rarest of accidents, displace a sheet of paper or upset an inkstand. The presence of a cat is positively soothing to a student, as the presence of a quiet nurse is soothing to the irritability of an invalid. It is agreeable to feel that you are not absolutely alone; and it seems to you, as you work, as if the cat took care that all her movements should be noiseless, purely out of consideration for your comfort. Then, if you have time to caress her, you know that there will be purring responses, and why enquire too closely into the sincerity of her gratitude? There have been instances of people who surrounded themselves with cats. Old maids have this fancy sometimes, which is intelligible, because old maids delight in having objects on which to lavish their inexhaustible kindness, and their love of neatness and comfort is in harmony with the neat habits of these comfort-appreciating creatures. A dog on velvet is evidently out of place—he would be as happy on clean straw; but a cat on

velvet does not awaken any sense of the incongruous. It is more difficult to understand how men of business ever take to cats. A well known French politician, who certainly betrayed nothing feminine in his speeches, was so fond of cats that it was impossible to dine peaceably at his house on account of four licensed feline marauders which promenaded upon the dinner-table, helping themselves to everything and jumping about the shoulders of the guests. It may be observed that in Paris cats frequently appear upon the table in another shape. I once stayed in a house not very far from the great triumphal arch; and from my window, at certain hours of the day, might be observed a purveyor of dead cats who supplied a small, cheap restaurant in a back street. I never went to eat at the restaurant; but ascertained that it had a certain reputation for a dish supposed to be made of rabbits. During the great siege many Parisians, who may frequently have eaten cat without knowing it (as you also may perchance have done, respected reader), came to eat cat with clear knowledge of the true nature of the feast; and they all seem to agree that it was very good. Our prejudices about the flesh we use for food are often inconsistent. The most reasonable one seems to be a preference for vegetable feeders, yet we eat lobsters and pike. The truth is that nobody who eats even duck can consistently have a horror of cat's flesh on the ground of the animal's habits. And, although the cat is a carnivorous animal, it has a passionate fondness for certain vegetable substances, delighting in the odor of valerian and in the taste of asparagus—the former to ecstasy, the latter to downright gluttony.

## Review of the Times.

The Parliament by which our secular affairs are so largely guided and governed, having disbanded, we have abundant matter of interest in noticing those various ecclesiastical parliaments which assemble at this time of year and legislate or deliberate respecting the affairs of our churches. In this matter Canada is largely in advance of the mother country. The Reformed Church of England there exists in such close alliance with the State, that her Convocation cannot assemble without permission, and cannot enact anything which may not be over-ridden by Parliament. Here, after the up-struggles lasting for years, she achieved her liberty, or rather, to speak accurately, she had her liberty thrust upon her. She passed through those very stages of dis-establishment and dis-endowment which the Established Church in Ireland has recently experienced, and which many are desirous to see brought about also in Scotland. But far from being annihilated or destroyed, the Church of England in Canada has found herself vastly benefited by the change. She now possesses complete self-government. No alien parliament, composed of all sorts of people, has any power over her. She can meet in synod and convocation without asking the leave of anyone; can elect her own bishops instead of having them thrust upon her by a Prime Minister, and appoint her own clergy to their own spheres of labor, instead of having simply to register the gift made by a patron—often a Prime Minister, too, and possibly not even a member of her communion. All that she loses in wealth she gains in compactness, order and liberty, and who would say she is not a gainer rather than a loser by the change? She is freed, too, from the dislike and animosity with which the position of privileged communities is always viewed by other bodies. This, too, is a gain. And yet she retains a large measure of *prestige*; for it

is still found that, in spite of disestablishment, her liturgy, her offices and her government have strong attractions for the wealthy and prosperous of the communities in which she is placed.

The synods of this Church must always, therefore, be watched with interest by Christians generally, and in Toronto there has been a special cause of interest in the development there of a strongly pronounced Ritualism in some congregations. That doctrine of the Real Presence of the Saviour in the sacrament, which was once the very touchstone of the difference between the Romish and the Reformed faith, is now openly taught by more than one minister of the Church of England in Toronto. More than that, the practice of Confession has been enjoined, and a book of a thoroughly Romish type distributed amongst the children of a Sunday-school, with a strict charge that their parents shall not see it. No wonder, then, that the Evangelical party have been aroused to active measures against these developments. For some time back an association has existed, having for its object the defence of Protestant truth within the Church. By this association pamphlets have been distributed exposing the erroneous doctrines and superstitious practices of the opposite party, and a very bitter newspaper war has been waged at the same time. When the Synod assembled all parties were on the *qui vive* to know what course discussion would take. The Bishop, however, in his opening address, strongly favored the Ritualistic party, and argued for a Real Presence, by quoting well-known Protestant authorities, even including such names as Calvin and Wesley. It is, of course, possible that isolated passages from the writings of these eminent men may be found which may be used by a skilful argumentative process as a support for doctrines which the writers really abhorred. None can doubt what



Calvin and Wesley really thought of the matter, nor what their position would have been in the controversies of these days. The position in the Church of England is difficult, from the undoubted contrariety between one portion of her standards and another. The whole Prayer-Book has to be assented to *ex unimo*,—heartily,—yet it contains the germs, at least, of both the schools of thought which are now waging such bitter war against each other within her border. Thus, then, as temperament leads in one direction or another, men gradually find themselves allied to one or other school, for temperament has probably more to do with the ground taken than the exercise of pure reason. Some men have a natural liking for the ornate and the beautiful, not to say for state and show. With this temperament is often allied a strong development of the principle of order, and with this a dislike of popular votes, elections, and of the interference of the laity in spiritual matters. A church without compactness and centralized rule, without bishops, in fact, is to them a mere mob. The same temperament that makes Tories in politics, makes high-churchmen in religion. It cannot be denied that for all such temperaments the centralized rule of Rome offers a higher *beau idéal* than any other community, and here is the special danger, as experience has proved, for there is always a longing for more of centralization than is possible in such a community as the Church of England. Hence, a relapse to Rome is always to be feared. On the other hand, we find in another class of temperaments a comparative indifference to centralized order, provided the essentials of the faith are made prominent. They think more of Christ than of the Church; more of the Scriptures than of tradition and human standards. They may have no dislike to show and ceremony in themselves, but a great jealousy lest show and ceremony should symbolize or accompany a teaching they deem unsound. They can see in other Christian bodies brethren of the same substantial faith; for, as was before observed, they think more of truth than of order, and where they find truth they are ready to recognize those as brethren that hold it.

These two schools naturally have affinity with two different modes of interpreting doctrine. The one has a tendency from every direction to exalt and magnify the office of the priest. The essence of the system is an order of men who have a direct and unbroken connection with the apostles of the Lord, through which order all grace is bestowed. First in Baptism, next in Confirmation, and last in the Lord's Supper, the priesthood exercises its office of conferring blessing. Through them alone can salvation be secured. They have the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whoever would enter in must secure their favor. The enormous power which this system confers upon the priesthood is one of its great charms, and the charm is often as great to those who submit to it as to those who exercise it; for there is in some minds a pleasure in submitting the will to a superior; hence, the hold which Romanism has always maintained over the weaker sex. The peculiar doctrines of this school all have a common centre and a common end: the glorifying of the human priest. Baptismal regeneration, apostolic succession, grace by imposition of hands, sacramental efficacy of the Lord's Supper,—all lead up in the same direction.

On the other hand, another school repudiates priestly grace and priestly salvation altogether; repudiates any apostolic succession except a succession of believing men from age to age: and leads the soul for salvation from first to last to Christ alone. To them Jesus, and not the human priest, is the author and finisher of faith, and the only priesthood they acknowledge is His.

It might be thought impossible that persons of such distinctly opposite schools of thought and practice could work together under one organization; but the system of a Church Establishment in England led to the comprehension of both, and tradition has preserved the unity. But both in the east and the north (in Ottawa for example), and the west, the jarring elements have occasioned not a little strife, and in the latter, especially, the discord was so vehement as to be almost a public scandal. The reports of proceedings were very much toned down in the papers, but

even then they convey to readers the same impression which is produced by the report of a stormy session of Parliament.—Thus, the Saviour is wounded in the house of His professed friends, and by His own professed servants.

The Synods of the two great branches of the Presbyterian Church have been largely occupied with discussing the question of Union, and it is to be noted with satisfaction that at last the matter is reaching a settlement. During the discussion in the Synod of that part of the Church which still is connected with the Church of Scotland, one minister observed that nobody but a Scotchman could understand the points of difference between the two. There is truth as well as sarcasm in the utterance. In the mother land of Presbyterianism, the line of division was at first wholly a question of practical conduct; for both the Free Church and the Kirk of Scotland held alike the theory that the State is bound to recognize and support the Church. Time, however, as usual, developed widely different views, and the younger generation of ministers, trained in an atmosphere of practical, if not of theoretical, voluntarism, have generally ceased to hold the Establishment theory.

In Canada, however, the Church of Scotland has never been established at all, and the union question has largely been a question of holding fast by, or letting go of ecclesiastical traditions. Those branches of the Presbyterian Church which have been practically voluntaries, although differing in theory on the subject, have been united for years, and there has really been no practical reason why all Presbyterians should not have been united under one government for many years back. The debates have only illustrated the power of prejudice and the extraordinary aptitude of certain minds for microscopical criticism. But a ground of common action seems to have been found at last, and we may soon see all the branches of the great Presbyterian family united as one household. That this will be for the good of Christ's kingdom, none can possibly doubt; for in this land as in the States, there has been for years a ter-

rible waste of power in the keen competition of churches for hearers.

A good deal of the same strain of remark will apply to the discussions which have been taking place respecting the unity of the various branches of the Methodist Church. Here, however, amidst striking harmony of doctrine and religious practice are great differences of government and administrative action. The Wesleyan body allows no laymen in its conference, though laymen have their full share of subordinate offices, and even of the office of preaching. The Episcopal Methodists have their operations under the management of permanent superintendents, under the name of bishops. The superintending ministers of the Wesleyan body are not permanent. The Primitive Methodist body allows a full representation of laymen in conference; so does the New Connexion body. The Wesleyan Conference reflects in a singular manner the High Church jealousy of laymen which formed a prominent streak of the composite character of the remarkable founder of the body. Whitfield also shared the same prejudice, as was evident when a question arose as to the ownership of one of the first chapels built for him to preach in.

The real difficulty in Canada lies not so much in the allowing laymen to enjoy governing power, but in the reluctance of smaller bodies to have their separate existence merged in a larger body. The English bodies, from which these churches have sprung, and with which they maintain very intimate relations, are, it is understood, opposed to union. This is much to be regretted; for the waste of power is constant and the fostering of sectarian feeling most inimical to the true interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The annual union meeting of the Congregational body has just been held in Toronto. The position held by this body is strikingly different in Canada to that which it occupies in England. There it is numerous and highly influential both in religious and political life. It has more than two hundred churches in London and its suburbs alone, and is largely represented in the commercial and manufacturing regions of the country. It is generally considered to rank next to the Establishment

itself in wealth and influence, and its colleges, missions, and literature, are widely known.

But in Canada this body is only one of the smaller tribes of Israel, scarce worthy of a name in the numeration of religious bodies. Yet it is respectable and influential. It occupies a foremost place in the general religious activities of the country, and its principles of freedom and congregational action as opposed to centralized authority, are gradually becoming prevalent in nearly all the churches.

The recent creation of a new title to be the chief appellation of one of the Royal Family, Prince Arthur being now known as Duke of Connaught, although it has stirred the circle to its depths which makes heraldic distinctions a fetish, is not an event which means much or can be of any possible service or interest to the world outside. It may, however, help us to appreciate the utter vanity of these mere titular links between the several portions of the United Kingdom, to remember that out of five titles worn by the Royal line of England since a grandson of George II. was made Earl of Ulster, titles created to identify Ireland with the Royal Family, not one is held by their descendants except that of Earl of Armagh, which is held by the ex-King of Hanover. Two Earls of Ulster have been created, and two Earls of Dublin, and Earls of Connaught and Munster and Tipperary, and a Baron of Arklow, but not a single one wearing these honors ever lived in Ireland, or is known, or even supposed to have exercised any influence, beneficiary or otherwise, in Irish political or social life. We err in saying they have had no influence for evil, for the wearing of these titles taken from a land they never dwelt in, gives to the non-resident aristocracy the implied sanction of the Court and Throne. Imagination is doubtless a very potent factor in life,—in Irish life especially; but it is an almost delirious fancy to believe that the mere naming a Royal Prince after an Irish Province can be of any moment or interest or good to those in that island who are struggling with the business cares and domestic anxieties and political problems which harass

the people of Ireland so chronically. To bind a people to a reigning family who are disaffected, there needs be action touching the deeper springs of human emotion and faith; some sacrifice of self-interest or comfort, or conventional dignity; some evidence, in a word, that those who want the love and confidence of others have it for and in those they seek the regard of. What men sow they reap. Grapes grow neither on thorns nor dead fences, as those must believe who expect the hearts of a people to go out loyally to a dynasty because one of the family is identified with their country by a geographical name. So far from adding to the mere nominal roll of Irish Peers, or English Peers with Irish names, like the Duke of Connaught is, it would be far better to take away the titles of non-resident Irish nobles and raise to their dignities men who are willing to fulfil the duties which alone originated and alone justify the retention of titular distinctions. It is significant that the only record of the endeavor of any Irish noble wearing the chief title of his order to be indeed what his title proclaims, a Duke, that is a leader, led to his being accused of high treason, as was the Duke of Ireland in the reign of Richard II. The Duke of Connaught is called by his title to be the Home Ruler of that province. Let him fill that rôle with the same graciousness of manner he ever showed in this city, and he would be indeed a living bond between it and the Crown; otherwise, if he is Duke only in name, we fear the words of an old historian will be true now as in the Tudor times. "*The Crown had no profit out of Connaught.*"

The political crisis in France fills us with the gravest alarm for the domestic peace of that nation. The attempt to disfranchise so large a proportion of the people after so many years' enjoyment of the privilege or right of voting, not only on the political issues raised in the locality of the voters, but directly, as in the various plebiscites on the highest questions of imperial policy, is itself a revelation more serious *per se* than those which ended only in the change of a dynasty or constitution. The gravity of a revolution is not measured by the violence with or by which it is accompanied

or accomplished. Sowing the wind is esteemed harmless enough until the whirlwind comes to be reaped. To one ignorant of mechanics it would seem an innocent matter enough to plug a safety valve on a boiler. An explosion would teach another lesson. It seems the terrible fate of France to be the world's tutor and exemplar of the danger of sowing the wind of political license, and the risk of stopping the safety valve of political freedom. Universal suffrage was won at the barricades in 1848, won to give permanence to the Republic, which, in less than four years, it destroyed by an emphatic vote. It was spoken of by its advocates, Louis Blanc, Cremieux, Ledru Rollin, as "the enthronement of the sovereign people," the "crowning of a dynasty which could not die out nor be driven into exile," nor be tyrants nor traitors. But with an abject sense of impotence to govern, it gave up its crown to one citizen, helped him to rob a neighbor of two provinces, and urged him into a war to spoliat the soil of another, which led to the loss of richer territory than Savoy and Nice. Of this, Sedan was the culmination. Universal suffrage, where ignorance is universal in the masses of the people, is the investment of ignorance with sovereign power; and France, by having this political feature, and the sad experience of its working, is placed in the dilemma of Macbeth: danger is equally imminent whether it goes forward or retreats.

The Septennat is no more a truce, as was hoped. It is not even a compromise, for a compromise is a settlement by mutual concession, and the Septennat is only a postponement of a settlement. A truce suspends hostilities, whereas the present Assembly is a mere gathering for faction fight. It is held together as a governing body by the balance of opposing elements, as the earth is kept in its course by the equal action of laws which, operating alone, would rend it or drive it into space. The end is not far off. Were any of the pretenders to the Throne gifted with political genius: it had come ere this. The crisis demands what seems to be not yet on hand: a born ruler of men; hence our fear that anarchy will come again, and, through terror and blood, France will emerge weaker, but not wiser,

with a monarch or emperor to rule again only for a brief and troubled season, and then *la danse d'enfer* it has whirled in so long will be resumed. When the hour comes, then comes the man. Alas! for France. Her hour is at hand, and so is the return of—Rochefort!

With all its guillotine, barricade and fusillade horrors France has achieved no greater revolutionary success than that which England is winning for itself and humanity by the agricultural laborers' agitation. It needs an intimate knowledge of country life in the old land to appreciate the full significance of any movement in the peasants which evidences thought or ambition or hope or consciousness higher than animal instincts. The stir of men is natural; it of itself excites no remark, but the stir of dry bones in the valley of the dead is a wonder indeed. But this rising was foreseen. It was the hope of those who led the fight for national education, which ended in the village school; it was the dread of those who knew too well that the village school would destroy village serfdom. Cramped and warped as was the old school administration by squirearchical suspicion, and ecclesiastical prejudice, and obsequious subservience to farmer and landlord influence, it was an educational wedge which, by mere force of time, has been driven so far as to break up a social order as old as England itself.

Several months after the marriage of the late Emperor Napoleon, we stood talking with a Normandy farmer, within a few miles of one of the chief seaports of France, and found that neither he nor his neighbors had heard of the wedding,—an event which in the same week was being read about by some "schollard" of a boy to a group of laborers in every hamlet in England. These "schollards" with a newspaper in hand have brought about one of the great revolutions of history,—revolution being, however, a wrong word, for to revolve may mean, as is seen too often in France, a turning round only to reach the same point again; the change in this case is rather an evolution, a development from a seed to a tree beneath which generations to come shall find shelter, and from its boughs

gather goodly fruit. Already there are signs that the next political stride of England will be the enfranchisement of the laborers. The party fight on this question will be bitter, as the country gentlemen and their town supporters will feel that with them it is a struggle for life. That the country party should fear the laborers is of itself an unanswerable argument that they have not treated them, despite their protestations to the contrary, with kindness or justice. The centuries of wrong done to the peasants will be avenged at the polling-booths—a mode of revenge on which the landed interest may be congratulated.

We refer here with unmixed satisfaction, and commend the incident as an example to our legislators, to the independent action of the English Government in dealing with the licensing of public houses. That they were greatly helped in the election by the tavern-keepers is admitted; that that help was given because of the Licensing Act of the Liberal party was avowed. It was fully expected, therefore, that Mr. Disraeli's government would extend again to the drink interest their forfeited privileges as to keeping open at night. The Conservatives have, however, proved that they are not to be manipulated by one interest, and not to be bribed by a friendly vote. They have passed a new Licensing Act which actually shortens the hours of tavern drinking in the country towns, and only extends it half an hour in the metropolis—an extension which makes little difference, as now the houses must be cleared of customers at 12.30, whereas the old Act closed them at 12 only to new visitors, allowing those inside to sit until their liquor was finished. It will be a proud day for Canada when our Parliaments can show as much independence of class interests, and teach as wholesome a lesson to constituents who seek to make a party subservient to some sectional conspiracy against the common weal.

The Bismarck-Ultramontane battle still rages. It is a war à la *Poutrance*; Prussia versus the Papacy; Home Rule versus Foreign Interference. It is indeed but a new phase of an old struggle, nearest of any to that pictured by Shakespeare, in the scene betwixt Pandolph and King John, who being sternly asked why by force he keeps out the Pope's nominee from the See of Canterbury, replies:

"Tell the Pope this, and from the mouth of England,—  
—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions."

The position is now this: The laws relating to the education and appointment of the clergy having been violated by the bishops, several of them are imprisoned. The whole Episcopal Order will shortly be confined or expelled, and a large body of priests also. What then will follow? The Chapters of the dioceses will be called on to fill the vacancies. They will refuse while the bishops are living. The Governor-General, then, of any Province where the see is vacant, will appoint commissioners to take entire charge of all the secular business and property of the see, even to the contributions of the congregations. In the case of livings the patron may fill up a vacancy caused by any priest being absent for offences against the law. If he declines then a meeting may be summoned by the local administrator, Burgomaster, or Landrath, on a petition of ten male members of the shepherdless flock, and they may appoint a pastor, thus dispensing with episcopal patronage and government altogether. The rigor and thoroughness of the new law is very startling. It is, in fact, nothing short of a reformation of the Roman Catholic Church of Prussia by the State. Now, State reformations are apt to prove as offensive as State working of churches. The sincere Romanist, by such legislation, is practically deprived of the ministrations of his religion, and, however we may pity the superstition which makes religion dependent upon the services of any official, we cannot regard the Roman Catholic population of Prussia in this crisis without a certain sympathy. Such sympathy may be a mistake, for it is rare that outsiders can properly gauge the feelings of a foreign people on ecclesiastical questions. That population may accept the reformation thus forced upon them. Stranger things than this have happened before now. If so, well—and good. We hope they have enlightenment enough to see the possibility of serving God without the Pope's help; that the sea of life may be crossed in another boat than St. Peter's. But if they have not, and they are as zealous and determined as they are spiritually blind and dependent, the German Empire will find how terrible a curse it is to a nation to have a body of citizens whose loyalty is poisoned by allegiance to a Church which looks upon all forms of government and human authority that are not inspired by its minions, as having no claims upon the reverence or obedience of those by whom it is recognized as divine. If the state policy of Prussia succeeds the Pope will have learnt a sharp lesson touching the advantage of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, a lesson which not a few in Canada sadly need teaching.