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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1872.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
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1871.

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1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6	- -	66,000
Semi-Weekly, 3,000 x 2	- -	6,000
Weekly	- - - -	7,000
		79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

CHANGES.

THE DAILY WITNESS, hitherto issued at Noon, and 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., will, during the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, and possibly thereafter, appear also at 6 o'clock in the morning, all other editions continuing as heretofore. The object of this is to catch certain mail and express trains which do not suit any of our present editions, so that many are deprived of the paper who want it. THE DAILY WITNESS will then be sold at every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, \$3 per annum, payable in advance.

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness* \$2 per annum in advance.

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Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

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(Continued on third page of Cover.)



THE LATE HON. L. J. PAPINEAU.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1872.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE HON. LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

The illustrious patriot of Canada, Louis Joseph Papineau, whose name will remain forever prominent while her history endures, was born in the City of Montreal, on the 7th October, 1786, in one of those long, low houses, then so common, on what was then little St. James street—now Nos. 54 and 55—near the top of the St. Lawrence Hill. His father, Louis Papineau, notary public, descended from a family that had long before emigrated from the South of France, was a man of majestic stature, who had served with high honor many years in the Provincial Parliament, always conspicuous as a stern and foremost supporter of popular measures in opposition to the petty tyrannies of that time. His mother, of the Cherrier family of St. Denis, was sister to the mother of the Hon. D. B. Viger, and to the mother of Monseigneur Lartigue, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

His school days were passed in the Seminary of Quebec, where his name had preceded him as a boy of remarkable aptitude and promise, which was fully maintained during his scholastic term; for, as if thus early impressed with the destinies of a glorious future, and already feeling its responsibilities, he studied deep in the accumulation of knowledge as the foundation of after acquirements. Not content with devotion to the usual hours of study, he sacrificed to books those hours of recreation or rest that the frivolity of youth claims as a requisite.

Leaving college with its highest honors at the age of seventeen, he commenced the study of law in the office of his cousin, D. B. Viger, where the same intensity of purpose of a mind singularly clear and strong for one so young, rapidly acquired mastership of the jurisprudence of the Province; and he was admitted to the Bar as a brilliant light, only to pass a short time, meteor-like, through the legal precincts; for his country had already claimed him for higher purposes. While a law student, he was elected member of the Provincial Parliament by the County of Kent—now Chambly—and took his seat in 1810, entering at once the great political arena, prominent in debates, resolutions, and every bold movement, to stand shoulder to shoulder with its stoutest gladiators, then battling with the Governor, Sir James Craig, in a contest so warm that members were consigned by him to prison, while the office of their newspaper organ was destroyed by his soldiery. Such was our Government then!

In 1815 he was elected for the West ward of Montreal, and continued by re-elections to represent that constituency till 1837.

A conciliatory policy, deemed necessary by Sir George Prevost to secure the fealty of the French-Canadians during the war of 1812, and continued by his immediate successors, allayed political asperities that had nearly driven these Canadians to be the rebellious spirits that Sir James Craig sup-

posed them; and they proved sturdy defenders of the British flag. Among those enrolled was Mr. Papineau, as a captain of militia. It is related of him that, when conducting a portion of Hull's army prisoners from Lachine, a regimental band of the regulars struck up "Yankee Doodle," to shame the unfortunates, on which Captain Papineau wheeled his company out of line, declaring he would not countenance such insult. When reported, instead of reprimanding the Captain for insubordination, the Governor commended him for his humane consideration.

Mr. Panet, who, for many years, had presided as Speaker of the Assembly, being called to the Legislative Council, all eyes were turned to the young Papineau as his successor, and the House, in January, 1815, only echoed the public voice by electing him. Young in years—in his twenty-ninth—with only four years parliamentary experience, in a quiet time, he was so matured by study and steady action for the post of first Commoner—the highest position in the gift of his countrymen—that he was preferred above all his veteran seniors; and he continued to hold that position till the end of the last Parliament of Lower Canada, in 1837, by continued re-elections, sometimes unanimous, and always nearly so. The Speaker of that day, when we had no responsible Government, and no responsible Minister in the House, was not a mere figurehead in a House commanded by such a Minister, but a reality—the head of the Commons—the first Commoner—really their Speaker—to guide deliberations, defend privileges, and make their voice felt in the government of the Province. Earnest and conscientious in the discharge of duty, leaving to others the frivolities of society and care for private concerns, every thought of his life became devoted to public affairs, and to thoroughly fitting himself for his high trust in the coming storm, looming up in the immediate future like the clouds preceding a whirlwind. He held place, not for its honors or emoluments, but, rising to the dignity of position, he felt that he should be what he truly was, the grand tribune of the people; and deeming the honor and dignity of that people to be involved in the respectability of their

chief, he so maintained that dignity and respectability through all the phases of more than twenty years, that no friend had ever anything to blush for or defend in acts of his private life. His high honor always reflected honor on his supporters.

In 1818 he was united in what proved to be the happiest of marriages, with Mademoiselle Julie Bruneau, eldest daughter of Pierre Bruneau, Esq., merchant, of Quebec, and Member of Parliament for that city. Superior in intellect and education and personal attractions, endowed with a rare prudence, she was through life the best of wives and the best of mothers. A true woman, neither too forward nor too retiring, a devoted companion and wise counsellor, sympathizing in every thought of her husband, his ideas were her ideas, his friends her friends. With admiration for his character, and full faith in his future, she clung closely to him during his stormy Parliamentary career, followed him cheerfully in exile to endure its privations, and, when domiciled in his Ottawa retreat, she was there rejoicing in his relief from cares, and continuing to exhibit with him, as they had from the beginning, a most perfect example of all that is excellent and to be admired in every relation of married life. Happily she lived till the storms had passed away, and their sacrifices were unfelt, to enjoy a few years' quiet repose and tranquility in their last home, where she saw the idol of her affections privileged to that rest and dignified leisure for which his soul had long yearned, with those cherished companions—the books of his favorite authors—around him. At Montebello, on the 18th August, 1862, when apparently in her usual excellent health, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, she was suddenly stricken down, and after half an hour's illness, calmly her spirit winged its departure from a world that her whole life had so adorned.

With the arrival of the Earl of Dalhousie, in June 1820, commenced a new Parliamentary era. The offer made by the Assembly in 1810 to provide for the whole Civil List, always supplemented by drafts on the British Treasury, had been accepted in 1818, and our Parliament was now, when there was a deficiency of £22,000 in the Provin-

cial Chest, called upon to make good its undertaking. Though the Act of 1791, which gave to Canada an Assembly that might justly claim all the powers and privileges of the House of Commons, was mainly urged on by the English portion of our population—who had a vague notion of its powers—rather than by the French—few of whom had any notion whatever—these English soon finding themselves in a minority, cared not for the exercise of these powers, while too many of the French, to whom the clergy had preached quiet submission for half a century, and who were all the time charged with disaffection and seditious aspirations, feared that any opposition to the whims of the Executive might give color to the charges of their opponents. Its great value with many members was its use as an inquisition for calling to account obnoxious officials, while others were satisfied in exercising their right of enacting petty laws. Other politicians were occupied with the thousand details of private affairs, of which Mr. Papineau had none. Throwing these to the winds, with his whole soul absorbed in questions of State, he alone grasped the spirit of the British Constitution in its entirety, and alone fully comprehended the positive and paramount authority in many questions conferred by the Act of 1791, on the Common House of Canada. Others were supplied with only the ruder weapons of early warfare; he came fully armed and equipped in the strongest of constitutional armor, with the keenest of weapons, for the grand coming tournament—throughout which the Earl of Dalhousie figured as the champion of colonial misrule, and Papineau as the champion of colonial emancipation.

Dalhousie, acting under instructions from the Colonial office in London, and supported by the Legislative and Executive Councils here, demanded a Civil List, to be voted *en bloc*—a bulk sum, or fixed amount, payable annually for the life of the King, in accordance with British usage. The Assembly would only vote the Civil List for a shorter period, by chapters and items; that is, under heads of service, with a stated fixed pay to each official, named separately. There were pluralists, sinecurists, and obnoxious persons that the

Assembly sought to get rid of, as a charge upon the revenue, by not voting their pay, while the Councils friendly to these officials, many of whom were members of their respective bodies, required the money in bulk, that the Governor might in the distribution continue the pay of all. The Councils pleaded British practice; the Assembly denied the analogy; the Commons of England always held many checks against the Executive. Here with an irresponsible Council to command, and no responsible Ministry to be controlled, the Assembly would surrender all its strength should it surrender direct control over all expenditures. Year after year, for a dozen years, came the same demand from the Governor, and the same action on the part of the Assembly; but some expedient was usually devised to bridge over the dispute and pay the officials. The Assembly claimed control over all the revenues of the province. The Governor denied their right of control, except to a portion. Then there were irritating side issues. There was a "Trade Act" for regulating certain commercial matters, and a "Tenures Act" affecting the holding of land passed against every principle of right (where a local parliament exists) by the British Parliament. The Receiver-General, Sir John Caldwell, was, in his refusal to render accounts, defended by the Governor, till his defalcation of more than £100,000 was discovered. There were charges against other officials, and smaller disputes in which the Assembly triumphed in the end; but concessions coming tardily, when they could be no longer withheld, and when new grievances were rolling up in magnitude, gave small satisfaction. There is truth in *Bis dat qui cito dat*, and he who, on the contrary, gives tardily, only halt gives. Between the Assembly and Legislative Council there was perpetual altercation. Our present upper houses approve of bills sent up by the lower, as a matter of course. The Council of that day, disapproved as a matter of course; and this continued obstruction to legislation chafed the people to fever heat. More than three hundred bills passed by one house, were rejected by the other.

In 1822, Mr. Edward Ellice would, un-

known to the people, have rushed a bill through the British Parliament, for uniting the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, had not Mr. Parker, a retired Canadian merchant, not for any love for Canada, but in mortal hate to Mr. Ellice for some old trick in trade between them, caused an opposition to be made, which gave time for Lower Canada to depute Mr. Papineau and John Neilson to London, with the signatures of sixty thousand people, and on their representations, aided by Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Francis Burdett, the project was abandoned.

In 1828, when grievances had gone on for years accumulating, a deputation from the Assembly, with the petition of eighty thousand persons, proceeded to England to bring the whole question before the British Parliament, which named a very able committee, whose report admitted the rightfulness of our Assembly's pretensions, and recommended general redress, but left the carrying out to His Majesty's Ministers, who never waked up to the necessity of decisive action till roused by the fusillade of St. Denis and St. Charles. All remaining as it was, the whole body of grievances were, in 1834, rather expanded than reduced in the Ninety-two Resolutions, which remain as the historical record of Government abuses.

Things meaningless and valueless, and simply irritating, were deemed by the Executive in these years, necessary for the safety of His Majesty's Government. A subservient Quebec Grand Jury found bills, only to be abandoned for their folly, for seditious writings against that stern old Scotchman, John Neilson, and Charles Mondelet (now judge). Mr. Papineau, elected Speaker, was rejected by the Earl of Dalhousie—a supremely ridiculous act. The Assembly persisting, he was compelled to leave the Province, and Sir James Kempt was sent to approve the choice with a ready-made speech for the opening of Parliament, prepared for him in London, and sent out to be delivered here. Doctor Tracey of the *Vindicator*, and Mr. Duvernay, of *La Minerve*, in 1832, were imprisoned by the Legislative Council for calling that body "a nuisance." One of the Honorable members charged the As-

sembly with attempting to establish a republic, and arraigned the whole mass of French-Canadians as traitors. Such men as Bourdages, Vallieres, Quesnel, Viger, Papineau, Rolland (afterwards Chief Justice), and others of note, were dismissed from militia offices (then only existing on paper) for creating disaffection among the people by their language. All these, and many other paltry things, perpetrated from month to month for twenty years, recoiled back on their authors by disapprovals from England, which followed consecutively, so that the party of progress, always enraged at some new injustice, were always in triumph for victories gained over the old. All this kept the population in a condition of chronic excitement; hatred and bitter language found everywhere expression, and every element of civil war, divided and distracted society.

Some littlenesses will creep in everywhere; but on the whole the Assembly, basing their position and demands upon fundamental principles of British freedom, were respectable throughout the long contest, which can hardly be said of their opponents. It is difficult to-day to conceive how so many years could have been occupied, and public business impeded, by puerile subterfuge, deceptions, delusions and procrastinations.*

The appointment of Lord Gosford, Governor-General, in 1835, to act with two other incompetents, as a Commission to enquire into our grievances, after seven years neglect of the British Parliamentary Report, and which our people had through their Parliament reported over and again, was

* The late Mr. Jacob Dewitt and I met no end of obstacles in the small matter of procuring a charter for our City Bank. In the first year the Bill was lost. In the second it passed both Houses; but was reserved for His Majesty's pleasure. Six directors of the Bank of Montreal and Quebec branch were in the Council. About a year afterwards a lady wrote me that her husband, then in London, had requested her to inform me that the Bill had been returned with approval. Our Parliament being in session, I wrote to Mr. Dewitt to move for the despatch. He replied, that he could not, as in answer to a recent address for all despatches received, the Governor had, as he declared, sent them down, and there was nothing about the Bank. I again urged him to move, regardless of usage. He did so, and down came the Bill, approved, except in a useless clause about a forgery, that Parliament struck out, and thus our Second Bank got its charter, 1833.—T. S. B.

entirely outside the law, and one of the most impudently stupid devices ever planned as a make-shift to amuse away time. Gosford, cunningly hiding his instructions, and pretending to have great power for redressing grievances when he had none, making himself peculiarly pleasant with the Canadian ladies of Quebec, and cajoling their husbands, had drawn several leading men from their party allegiance, when that mad-cap, Sir F. B. Head, Governor of Upper Canada, gave publicity to the instructions under which he was to act, and which, on the main points, being the same as Gosford's, and quite contrary to his pretensions, showed that he had been acting the part of a silly dupe to his own good-nature, or a cunning trickster in the game of others. The work of the Commission, as known from the beginning, was naught, and when published was thrown aside as rubbish. A "*Times* Commissioner" would have produced more effect.

The session of Parliament meeting in September, 1836, was opened by Lord Gosford with a speech, vague and meaningless, except in showing that no determined attention had been given by the Colonial Office to Canadian complaints. This could be endured no longer. Fourteen years of neglect, procrastinations, prevarications, and delusions, carrying trifling beyond all limits, had exhausted all patience, and the Assembly, rising in their dignity, in the name of an insulted people, replied to the address (3rd Oct, 1836) that, they should adjourn their deliberations until His Majesty's Government should by its acts commence the great work of justice and reform; until grievances were in progress of redress, they would listen to no demand for supplies. This Parliament was prorogued at the end of thirteen days—not one bill having been passed.

Government was thus left for the fourth year without a vote of supplies; and public officers remained unpaid, though there was £130,000 in the Provincial Chest, which led to the resolutions of Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, in March 1837, enabling Lord Gosford to pay off the arrears, without waiting for a vote of the Assembly. These resolutions, though carried by a strong majority, were never acted on, as

Lord John, frightened at the wretchedness of his own expedient, dropped the resolutions in June, and obtained a vote to pay arrears out of the Military Chest, to be repaid by the Province thereafter. Thus all the offence, if any there be, in the general agitation of 1837, and the so-called rebellion, must rest at the door of Lord John Russell. Knowledge of these resolutions, presented on the 6th of March, only reached Canada—there being then no ocean steamer—in the middle of April, to be met by a storm of indignation that roused the Province from end to end in mass-meetings of whole counties, organization of political committees, speeches, and hot discussions. No one could foresee that Lord John was to break down in a scare, frightened at himself, and when the news did come that the resolutions were abandoned, though the more sedate remained quiet, the more ardent and the young continued the agitation till November, when warrants for high treason and general arrests brought old questions to an end. There is a momentum in the impulse of masses that cannot be suddenly arrested.

Though the word is familiar to us, future historians may hardly admit that there ever was a Lower Canada Rebellion, and the whole record may be reduced to read that the proceedings of the Colonial Office, in 1837, caused such excitement that towards the end of the year Lord Gosford, fearing a revolt, directed the Attorney-General to obtain warrants for high treason against several leading men, which the judges, there not being sufficient grounds of action, would not grant; and recourse was then had to the weak instrumentality of two magistrates. Many arrests were made of persons against whom there was no charge; many escaped them by going to the United States. Three persons only—Doctor Nelson at St. Denis, T. S. Brown at St. Charles, and Doctor Chenier at St. Eustache—headed resistance to these illegal warrants which ended speedily in the dispersion of their adherents. Elsewhere, men were quietly pursuing their usual course of life, employed in their usual occupations.

The Parliament of Lower Canada met for the last time on the 18th August, 1837, only to receive an unsatisfactory speech

from Lord Gosford, replied to in a tone still more decisive than to that of the previous year, and be prorogued.

This narrative, necessary in this place for the information of the common reader of the present generation, exhibits a contest between practical despotism and popular rights, small in its sphere, but as great in principle as though the millions of an empire were in the struggle. To repeat what is before said, Great Britain by the Act of 1791, had established in Lower Canada a Lower House, or Commons House of Assembly, invested with the attributes of the British House of Commons. But little appreciating these powers, the members had for thirty years, nearly the whole time, submitted to the dictation of the councils and officials, acting by their always convenient tool—a military governor; and it was only when Mr. Papineau, arrived at man's estate, became their teacher, that they began to understand their own powers and consequence. They could discuss, deliberate, and vote; but, through a council, the Governor opposed a veto to every act not pleasing to these dignitaries; while Colonial Ministers in London, to whom complaints were always carried—conceding as rights things often refused, and constantly refusing rights when first asked: often false and always wavering, with neither the wisdom to concede gracefully to the people undeniable rights demanded through their representatives, nor courage to maintain to the end their officers who opposed them—kept the parties in the position of two wrangling litigants in court, continually appealing to a judge, who, restrained by law from deciding against one, and by policy from deciding against the other, is too cowardly to decide for either. Though Lower Canada was the seat of hostilities, the war was Pan-colonial—each colony interested in an issue that was to determine the question of government for all.

In a resolution adopted in 1836 (47 to 6), the Assembly said that "the House had been greatly encouraged by the hope and expectation that any ameliorations in the political institutions of this Province would be followed, *of right*, by similar advantages to our brethren inhabiting sister colonies."

In an official letter from Mr. Speaker Papineau to Mr. Speaker Bidwell, of Upper Canada (15th March, 1836), he says: "To whatever extent the blessings of a just, cheap, and responsible system of government are obtained by us, to that extent and amount will the inhabitants of British North America participate in the same blessings." Prophetically was this written. Immediately on the concession of popular Government to Canada, it was conceded to British Colonies round the circle of the globe, and all should reverence the memory of the great champion who won their battle.

Whatever may have been the power or the usefulness of minor lights, Mr. Papineau was the great luminary and representative man of his time, and recognized as such by contemporaries, his name, like the names of representative men in the world's early history, will go down as a personification or embodiment of progress in the science of Government in our day.

Entering Parliament an elegant young man, scrupulous in his attire, bringing the prestige of his father's popularity, and his own repute, standing about five feet ten inches in height, broad-chested, finely moulded, a handsome face, eagle eye, magnificent voice, and commanding presence, he could early assume a superiority that all conceded. His salary of one thousand pounds per annum was accepted, not as the wages of parliamentary duties, but as the provision for one devoting himself to public concerns, whose position should be pecuniarily independent. On one half he maintained and educated his family; the other half, with little thought for prospective private requirements, was expended in aid of an ill-supported liberal press, and those numerous public calls of which public men who have not their hands in the public treasury, know the cost. The independence of economy and self-denial enabled him for years to refuse the acceptance of his salary, offered against law by the Executive, and his noble wife bore with him many privations at home, of which, for the honor of his party, no outward sign was visible. The bar and its emoluments he had abandoned. His seignior, entirely neglected, produced no revenue.

In all reforms there are partisans who from time to time find excuses for walking no longer with their brethren. Some are satisfied with gaining their own one point; others are satisfied with small concessions; some are coaxed or cajoled away or purchased; and others, quailing at new obstacles in the onward march, are arrested by sheer timidity. The Canadian struggle exhibited examples of all. Year after year produced its deserters; and towards the end, Mr. Papineau found his strongest opponents among the men who had been the first to urge him onward. But nobly was he supported by the great body of his countrymen, who returned him at every new election by stronger and more determined majorities.

Fresh obstacles and perplexities only nerved him to greater effort; threatening intimidations, to more courageous action; flattering seductions, to greater scorn for those who offered them. An orator of the highest order, exceeding in eloquence all his compeers, his voice, that carried conviction when it thundered in the halls of Assembly, echoed with equal power in every parish of the province.

Fourteen years of consistency—always spurning palliatives, always demanding for the government of colonies the undeniable rights of British subjects to their fullest extent—were not without their fruit. With implicit and unquestioning confidence, his will became the supreme law of his party, numbing three-fourths or more of the people of the Province. His dictatorship may be seen in proceedings of the House of Assembly, and those of primary assemblages of the people, and in those of political committees, either casual or parliamentary—all of which was public at the time, and much remains on record. For what may be here found his memory is responsible, and for no more.

In the so-called Rebellion, his responsibility was only that of one among the many. The people educated by him to a consciousness of their right to a government giving them the control of their own affairs, had become bold in their determination to accept nothing less, and he in 1837 had become less a leader than one

marching with or impelled by them. Nothing with him was hidden or private. For his public teachings only was he responsible; and what were they? They may be found in the published speech made by him at the great meeting of the County of Montreal, in May 1837, and speeches at many county meetings held in that year, ending with the meeting of the five counties at St. Charles, on the 23rd October. From hence to below Quebec, east and west, county meetings were held, and the roads he traversed from parish to parish were thronged with the populace; houses by the way-side were draped with flowers and flags; miles in length of men on horseback and in carriages escorted his march. But they were peaceful ovations; there were few symbols of war, and multitudes gathered round when he spoke, listening for hours to his eloquence; and what were his teachings? The people were exhorted to continue firm in support of their representatives in Parliament, with a new instruction to promote non-intercourse with Great Britain, by ceasing as far as possible from the use of her products, and to abstain as far as possible from the use of all duty-paying articles, to diminish by such sacrifices a revenue that was only paid to be stolen. The world would then see the earnestness of their determination, and the British people be aroused to the danger of longer neglecting their remonstrances. This, with all right and justice on his side, he deemed sufficient to insure in the end the desired results: never advocating armed resistance or sanctioning arming or military preparations. At an important meeting of the principal men of his party, held in a previous year, one of the greatest influence (he soon after went over to Lord Gosford), who proposed as the most effectual measure of redress the purchase of 20,000 stand of arms, was at once put down by Mr. Papineau. In the summer of 1837, he severely reprimanded the writer of this article for making quiet enquiries in New York about the purchase of muskets. With the organization of the "Sons of Liberty," whose daring proceedings tended so much to bring on the final crisis, neither he nor any man of long prominent political standing, or member of Parlia-

ment, was concerned. The young men, rank and file of the party in Montreal, tired of the timid councils of the older, organized, not so much for immediate action as for the future defence of their political chiefs, who dreaded precipitancy and indiscretions, and few offered any encouragement; though recognition was forced upon them when it reached a sudden importance, and was hailed by the popular voice as a new power. The organization was in two divisions—one political, with president and the usual officers; the other military, under six chiefs of sections; and the writer of this article, who wrote their manifesto, on which the warrant for high treason against him is supposed to have been founded, was elected their General. When their last meeting (6th November, 1837) led to riots, political arrests, and martial law, Mr. Papineau left the city for the Richelieu country, where Dr. Wolfred Nelson, independently, on his own responsibility, had determined on armed resistance to the warrant sent for his apprehension. By the merest of accidents, the writer of this arrived a week later, also independently, without consultation with any one of note, to establish a camp at St. Charles as a rallying point of safety. Mr. Papineau was present at both places; at St. Charles only twice, where he only stopped a short time when passing, merely as a looker-on. He remained at St. Hyacinthe till after both camps were dispersed, when he retired across the lines to pass the winter in Albany. A warrant for high treason had been issued, and one thousand pounds offered for his apprehension.*

* Landing at St. Charles on the 18th November, I had not seen or heard of Mr. Papineau for two weeks, and knew nothing of his whereabouts, when, by a singular coincidence, I met him and Doctor Wolfred Nelson on the bank. They were from St. Denis, and at that exact moment were passing up to St. Mathias. He visited me after I was established; but neither counselled nor advised, for I wished him to be free from all implication with what I supposed would be a general uprising of the people, that he could neither arrest or control, and in reserve for negotiations with the authorities, that I thought would follow. When parties, with whom I had no connection, organized an invasion of Canada in the winter of 1838, I went to Albany purposely to learn his opinion, and found that all was done without his concurrence, or knowledge, or approval. I found him,

In 1839, Mr. Papineau visited France, where he remained till 1847 in quiet life, devoting himself to studies that were made most interesting by the intellectual treasures at his command, especially in all things relating to the earlier history of Canada, and to the society of congenial spirits, who so abound in Paris. A *nolle prosequi*, in his case was, unsolicited by him, entered in the Court of Montreal in 1843,* and rightly, too; for the information and proceedings on which a warrant for his arrest had been issued, and one thousand pounds reward offered for his capture, must have been contemptible in the extreme. The whole record would be interesting for publication now; but it was removed from the archives of the Court here, and possibly destroyed by those who saw the shame such outrageous proceedings brought upon their party.

This left him in law precisely where he stood before the proceedings against him were instituted. Here was an acknowledgment that there had never been grounds of action. There was nothing to pardon, nothing to require amnesty. He had been driven into exile, with a price upon his head, only to be told at the end of six years that the authorities were all in the wrong. Though free to return to the country when he pleased—safe from molestation—he only came four years afterwards. Four years of salary as Speaker of the old House of Assembly, which in past years he refused to accept from the Governor, stood at his credit in the books of the Province, and was of right paid to him.

Called again to public life by election to Parliament for the County of St. Maurice in 1847, and afterwards for the County of Two Mountains, he found himself alone in the House, and without a party. The Assembly he had commanded was composed of gentlemen sacrificing self and disinterestedly working for their country's liberties. The House he singly entered was composed too

moreover, surrounded by personal friends of President Van Buren—the then rulers of New York—who determined on the enforcement of neutrality laws to prevent misunderstandings with Great Britain, were directly opposed to such movements.—T. S. B.

* T. S. Brown and E. B. Callaghan were included in the same motion.

much of "professionals"—all self—contending for prizes and public purses. He who had predicted that America would give Republics to Europe, could ill endure what he considered a bastard offspring of monarchy taking growth here. Led by books, he was, in early life, an open admirer of the British constitution, till observation of its practice disgusted him with the fictions in its working. Instead of three estates of theory, he had seen, previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, the monarchy and the multitude, practically, almost annihilated by an oligarchical supremacy; and from that date, the waves of the multitude gradually encroaching on "king" and "lords" to a threatening of their entire extinction. The constitution of the United States was to him the perfection of human wisdom, and the essence of the British idea of freedom, or "constitution," stripped of its excrescences, practically developed in the only fit form for American communities; and in his sincerity and singleness of purpose, he could tolerate nothing dissimilar for Canada.

Small reasoners have spoken of Mr. Papineau as one possessed of no administrative or practical ideas of government, but a turbulent orator, impracticable and obstructive, excelling only in opposition or the work of demolition, and incapable to construct or to improve.

On the contrary, making the science and philosophy of government the study of his life, and watchful of its workings everywhere, he was—though perhaps before the time for Canada—admirably fitted to construct and direct; but before erecting a new edifice, the rubbish of the old was to be swept away down to its foundation, as it was in 1843. Determined to obtain for the people and their Parliament, all their rights as British subjects, he sought to demolish the little clique of officials who had usurped the patronage and powers of Government, and on principle opposed all palliative measures of expediency that might by satisfying many, give permanency to things as they were, and prolong or perpetuate the existence of a system that could never work for good. With his hand to the plough, he looked not back, nor to the right or to the left,

but straight onward, where the furrow, opening the new, and burying the old, should be laid; and determined in his purpose, nobly supported by his countrymen, contented to labor and to wait, he only asked in the beginning, and continued to ask, what in the end was cheerfully conceded by Great Britain to all her colonies.

To appreciate the magnitude of reform for which the subjects of Great Britain are indebted to this iron will and undaunted determination, the present generation must be told of British Colonies scattered everywhere upon the earth's surface, each with a so-called constitutional Government, composed, as modelled upon the home system, of an "Assembly," to correspond with the "Commons;" "Legislative Council," to correspond with the "Lords;" and some old military officer as Governor, to correspond with the "King." In theory this was a free Government, but in early days the garrison was law to a colony as it is to-day to a village, and the people willingly permitted Governors, mere puppets in the hands of councillors and officials, to rule as arbitrarily as the Governor of a Spanish dependency, who was "*Jefe-ral de los Reales Ejercitos, Gobernador politico y Militar de la ———, y sus Provincia y Gefe de la Real Hacienda.*"

With the increase of population, wealth, and private interests, the people had become everywhere restive under this domination, supported as it invariably was by the officials of the Colonial Office. Emancipation, and the free exercise of Parliamentary powers, and a deliverer, were required. They were found in Mr. Papineau and the people of Lower Canada, who so unflinchingly confided in his leadership. It was a curious anomaly to see Britons, to whom freedom is a traditional inheritance, indebted for their birthright to the descendants of Frenchmen, whose political memories went back to no government but one the most absolutely despotic.

Such was the government found by Mr. Papineau in 1818. A Governor sent out from England to be the instrument of a body of officials, appointed by the Crown

* "General of the Royal forces, civil and military Governor of (some city) and its Province, and Chief of the Royal Treasury."

for life, and responsible to nobody, affiliated with a Legislative Council or Upper House of Parliament, appointed in the same manner, composed in part of the same officials who ruled the Province, regarding the popular branch as of little more consequence than a mob meeting on the market-place to pass resolutions. Its control over only a portion of the revenue was admitted, and the Council sought to dictate the mode in which even this portion should be voted.

When left in 1837, nearly every right claimed by him with unwavering pertinacity for the Assembly, had been conceded, though ungraciously, and dribbled out by fractions from year to year; the Council itself only remaining as an obstruction, for the removal of which a Council elected by the people had been for five years demanded.

But his triumphant victory over mis-rule of the past, was only acknowledged during his exile, when the Colonial Administration which had so long fastened Colonial privileges to the mast-head, above the reach of the people, let all down by the run, to be scrambled for by them. Those, who succeeded Mr. Papineau founded our present system of "Responsible Government," which he looked upon with contempt and disgust, as a shabby imitation of Old World machinery; and he entered the new Parliament to please others; for while he could not conscientiously approve what had been done, he did not think the time come for disturbing what had been accepted by the people.

Of all men, a philosophic Democrat sees most clearly the necessity of curbs on Democracy, such as the constitution of the United States seeks for by separating powers that are legislative; powers that are judicial; and powers that are executive; and further in the construction of the legislative power. Each member in the Lower House represents, and is responsible to, one of the small districts, each containing an equal number of inhabitants, into which the whole country is divided. The Senator is one of two who represent a State, large or small, without regard to population, whether it be counted by hundreds of thousands or millions. The President, voted for by the whole people, represents the

nation. Legislative and executive powers are not jumbled by "Ministers" in the House, to dragoon the representatives of the people, who are thus left free in their deliberations, the heads of departments being mere executive subordinates of the President, in carrying out the laws, and responsible, not to the legislative power, but to him. Here is check upon check, the greatest of all being the veto power of the President, which is simply conservative, to suspend; for if obstructive, there is a remedy in the next election.

Our Dominion is governed by ideas that are European, existing in vigor here, while they are wearing away in their place of birth; but it requires a smaller prophet than Mr. Papineau to foresee that when the American-born part of our population begin more generally to think for themselves, there will fall from their eyes those scales that hide the fact that our assumed monarchical government, having little of monarchy in it beyond the gold-lace of Ministers, and certain flunkeyisms, are an unbridled Democracy headed by the leader of the Commons, that may end in "Rings" compared to which the late Tammany Ring was but a plaything.

The English speaking population, with the exception of the Irish Roman Catholics, who usually voted with the French, were nearly as united in supporting the Governor and Council as the French were in their opposition. They had also their continued public meetings from month to month and year to year, their associations, their manifestoes, and their resolutions; and they also sent their agents to London to oppose those deputed by the French. City elections were seasons of open war between the parties, turmoil and bloodshed. Much appeared on the surface illogical in all the proceedings of the English, for underneath was the unseen impetus of instinctive dread of French supremacy, the dangers of which many may now think were not over estimated. Singular are the sequences of party strife. The same conservative English party that, before the union of the two provinces, literally carried war to the knife against the French, became after the union those steady allies that so completely elevated them to supremacy; for

now alarmed at Upper Canada liberalism, they aided the French in making Government under the Union an impossibility, and forced on Confederation, by which old Lower Canada has become the French Province of Quebec, where, if we may credit some alarmists, an English Protestant may be as powerless, politically, as a Jew in Rome or a Christian in Constantinople.

Leaving concerns of State in 1854, Mr. Papineau at the age of sixty-eight years, commenced a work for his own enjoyment. The Seigniory of *Petite Nation*, fifteen miles wide on the left or north bank of the Ottawa, and fifteen miles deep, purchased by him about the year 1816, possibly with the fore-shadowing of dignified retirement, had remained useless and unproductive—not one-fourth being occupied by inhabitants—till now, when complete abstraction from public affairs gave him the required leisure, at the end of nearly forty years, to attend to his own; and giving scope to a long cultivated ideal, most beautiful was made his last dwelling-place among us. The passenger proceeding up the Ottawa, when a little above L'Orignal, sees before him at the end of a ten miles stretch of the river, a large quadrangular edifice, with high towers at the angles, built on a slightly elevated wooded point, after the fashion of a French *chateau*. This was the hospitable home where friends were made welcome as the day; and around are gardens and flower-beds, brilliant and fragrant, while through an adjoining park of five hundred acres in natural forest, cleared beneath, run miles of driving roads and foot-paths. Here, at this imposing abode, so perfected as his last work, with his daughter, his son, and his son-in-law, and all his grandchildren around him, and apparently in the enjoyment of his usual robust health, he was suddenly called away at near the close of his eighty-fifth year.

Accustomed to imprudent exposure in all weather, on Thursday, the 14th of September last, though troubled with a slight indisposition, he went out in dressing-gown, slippers, and bare neck, on a frosty day, to give directions to some laborers on his grounds. Chills followed soon, and congestion of the lungs set in, with oppres-

sion and difficulty of breathing. On Monday (18th) the family were collected with a physician from the city. By this time the oppression became so great that, for five days and nights, unable to recline in bed, he sat in chairs, nearly without sleep, changing frequently from one to the other; but never was the philosopher and giant spirit more conspicuous! His mind perfectly lucid, his courage and self-possession complete, without effort, with absolute calm, he spoke of the fatal issue soon coming to mock the kindness, skill, and care of those attending. He explained minutely the intentions of his will, drawn by his own hand some years previous, and counselled his children with lessons of love, leniency, equity, and good-will in all the relations of life, to make them happy here and resigned to depart from this world when their allotted course was run, and death, the good and normal termination of our days, opened the gate to an unknown but not to be dreaded future career, prepared by the allwise and all good Creator of the Universe. Taking his prescribed medicine, he would say with a smile, "All this I must do to satisfy the doctor; but he knows, as well as I do, that it is of no use." Seldom taking nourishment, he preferred helping himself to asking of others; patient and kind, he thanked them smiling for every little attention, and displayed a quiet strength, without one moment of physical or moral faltering. His chair drawn to the window, he gazed upon his grounds and trees tinged with the brilliant tints of autumn, and calmly said, "Never again shall I see my garden and my flowers." His only allusion to politics was when an opiate had been administered, after six waking days. Waving his arm to the wall, he exclaimed, "There is an appeal in favor of the poor Irish!" and shortly after, "What a stupid thing for me to be sick here while such tremendous events are occurring, and the affairs of England and France are so entangled." *

* With strong sight, never requiring glasses, Mr. Papineau kept by his bed-side a candle and matches, which he lighted to read when wakened at night. The following list of books upon the table exemplifies the eclecticism and Catholicity of his thoughts and study: "Life of Washington," "Life of Jefferson,"

At half past eight on the evening of Saturday, the 23rd September, he called the Doctor to be alone with him, and taking his hand, said: "Everything that science and the kindest care and attention could do for me has been done; but to no use—adieu my dear Doctor." Half an hour after, his head was thrown back on his chair, with a deep sigh, and the brave, great spirit had fled. The heart, that had for some years suffered derangement, suddenly ceased to beat—the most painless of deaths possible.

In the vault of a pretty private chapel, upon a knoll near the mansion; the remains of this purest of patriots are deposited with those of his father, his wife, and a son. To this thus consecrated shrine distant eyes will be turned, and pilgrimages be made.

The historian of years coming will tell of a remarkable French-Canadian, prominent above all in his time, of eagle-eye and noble presence, serious and learned beyond his years, entering Parliament as one

stamped to be the political chief and regenerator of a people, incorruptible and devoted, endowed with a force of mind not to be surpassed, a hatred of oppression, a love for his constituents of every origin and creed—who could be neither enticed by promises nor shaken by threats, and who was honored even by enemies for pure blamelessness in private life, consistency, unyielding integrity, extensive knowledge, talents as a statesman, and power as an orator—a mortal privileged to command, ranking among the most illustrious of his age, the grandest figure of a constitutional epoch, distinguished for every moral, social, and domestic virtue—a philosopher and philanthropist, uniting the erudition of a man of letters with the urbanity of the most accomplished gentleman, delightful in conversation on every subject, a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*—one who from a height surveyed the whole political field, and always saw the sun behind the clouds—a master mind expressing itself with equal ease, elegance and energy in English or French, grave, dignified and senatorial, carrying with it the Parliaments in their sessions, or the people when met in their primary assemblies; and then will be repeated the story of a prolonged life, honored and glorious, as sublimely tranquil in its decline as it was brilliantly tumultuous in its rise.

"D'Alembert," "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius," "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," "Dictionnaire Genealogique," "The Holy Bible," "Poetry of Horace," "La Flore Canadienne," "Imitation of Jesus Christ," "Histoire des Gaulois," "Works of Seneca," the last numbers of the "Westminster," "Quarterly," and "Edinburgh" Reviews.

MISS MACPHERSON'S WORK AMONG THE LITTLE ONES.

BY ELLEN AGNES BILBROUGH.

In a previous paper, written by Miss Lowe, the early history of this interesting work was given, showing how from small beginnings among the little match-box makers and their brother shoeblacks or crossing-sweepers, gradually evening schools, classes, then homes, with training, had arisen for them in London. But at this point a difficulty arose—the question, “What future lies before these lads, even though trained to honest labor and taught a trade? Were there not scores already of skilled workmen, applying daily at the Refuge for assistance, unable to obtain work? Were not our visitors in the hospitals and workhouses constantly meeting with those who—after a long life of labor which, at best, could barely keep the wolf from the door—had, when sickness or old age came upon them, to seek a shelter in the dreaded Union?”

After waiting on the Lord for guidance, and seeking from Him the heavenly wisdom that teacheth all things, Miss Macpherson resolved, with His help, to try and solve this problem which has interested and puzzled so many of our philanthropists—viz., How can we change our untaught and uncared-for little wanderers into useful and independent members of society? by herself taking a hundred boys, then crowding the mission at home, bringing them across the Atlantic, and placing them in homes on the Canadian shore.

Since May, 1870, how much has been accomplished? Six detachments have followed the first hundred, and now above 800 claim our prayers and interest in this new land of their adoption. A threefold good is thus accomplished. Benefit to the old country in relieving it from those who, having no power to help themselves, must inevitably have become a burden and ere long inmates of our workhouses or our

prisons. A great advantage to the Canadians, in a country where want of labor to cultivate their broad acres is severely felt, and who eagerly seek for one of our little ones to train up as their own and in time to become a valuable assistant.

But the greatest benefit of all is to the children themselves, taken sometimes from homes of pinching want and misery, become such from a father's failure or death, or found alone on London streets—a loneliness more forlorn and intense than even among Canadian backwoods; or, more sad and hopeless still, children of a drunkard's home sent out to beg or steal, not only for daily bread, but the wherewithal to supply an unnatural parent's thirst for drink.

It does, indeed, require us to see both sides of the Atlantic ere we can fully realize the benefit accruing to these children by being placed in a family, with individual care and love bestowed upon them, carefully trained in Canadian farm labor, and with the prospect of honorable independence before them.

But as facts ever speak louder than words, we will look at the past and future history of some of our little *protégés*. In a small attic in London a woman lay dying, her heart filled with sorrow for the two bright little fellows she is leaving behind—knowing their father's example and influence will be the worst they can have. A godly grandmother does her best to supply the mother's place. Above all, her prayers of faith are answered. The boys were placed under Miss Macpherson's care in one of her homes for little boys, and after two years the little fellows of five and six years were brought to Canada, September 1870.

During the past year their course has been of peculiar interest to many. Their strong likeness to and affection for each

other, with their winning ways and bright, happy faces, attract much sympathy. Soon after reaching Marchmont, one of the little fellows came running up to Miss Macpherson, and thrusting a ten cent piece into her hand, said, "A lady gave it to me, and I want you to take it and buy a loaf of bread." A year has since passed, and we see the same principle working still. Their kind Canadian father has given them a piece of land, potatoes were planted, and now \$2 is returned for their passage money and two more to forward to the dear old grandmother. During a short visit to England this summer, we found time to see her, living in a tiny back room in Bethnal Green. What tears of gratitude filled her eyes on hearing of the kind Christian home into which her little grandsons had been received! Prayers of long years were answered, and praise and thankfulness to God poured from her lips.

The following is a letter sent her by the little ones:—

September, 1871.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER.

We are very sorry to hear you are sick, and we are very glad that we have got such a good home, and Mr. V—— loves us. We are trying to save our money for you. We would like to see you. We are good healthy boys and go to school every day, and try to learn fast; and we go to Sunday-school too. We have a very kind grandmother here. We can both milk, but Freddy can milk the most. We are trying to be good, and mind what is said to us.

TOMMY and FREDDY.

It is difficult for English friends to understand or imagine how quickly and eagerly these little ones are adopted. In the last party that left England 1st September 1871, were two, brother and sister, five and seven years of age. Their mother lay ill of consumption, the father could do little or nothing for them, and a gentleman becoming interested, and knowing of Miss Macpherson's love for the little children, sent them to her to find another home in a new land. Mabel was soon chosen by an excellent Christian lady, residing some thirty miles from Belleville; but, she not wishing to take charge of a second, Willie was left behind.

Next day the telegraph wires brought the message; "Mabel pines for her brother; send Willie by afternoon train."

Through mistake the child was late and missed the train. Next morning the husband himself appeared, so eager was he to secure the boy—and how pleased and happy the little five-year-old looked seated beside him in the buggy going to join his sister Mabel!

These friends have already one of our elder lads, making three new members in their family.

But this is not the only instance. In a quiet, comfortable home, where this summer Miss Macpherson has been spending a few days, she finds three of her little ones. After her meeting last fall at the Stone church, Moira, a benevolent-looking Quaker and his wife came forward, and begged Miss Macpherson to bring them next spring "a brother and sister, no matter how young; they had no children of their own, and two previously brought up, were about to settle, and the homestead would be lonely." She promised to find them, and during the winter's work in East London, two little motherless ones were brought in, and immediately appropriated to Mr. and Mrs. M.

In the meantime, one bitterly cold winter's day, they drove to Marchmont, and seeing Nannie, a little six-year-old orphan rescued from Flower and Dean streets, they decided to take her for a visit till spring. Gradually the child grew into their hearts, and the farmer would tell with what eagerness she learnt to read, what a trouble it was to be kept from school, and how on wet days he would saddle his horse and take the little one to school. Spring came round, bringing fair curly-headed Lizzie and her brother, three and five years of age, and the question arose about Nannie; it was quickly decided by the still active grandmother: "You may do as you like about the other two, but Nannie stays here while I live." Surely these dear friends will in no wise lose their reward in thus caring for those who are both fatherless and motherless.

It is astonishing to see how quickly these little ones learn to love the friends who take them, and in how short a time they become acquainted with the ways of the household, able to do "the chores," and gradually to grow up as loved and

valued members of the family. The previous life of sorrow and suffering in England seems to fit them peculiarly for adoption in their new and brighter homes. As a whole, this part of our work seems the most encouraging. In no case has a child under ten years of age cost real anxiety. Taken by those whose object is, not immediate return of labor, but who are willing to spend some years of love and training on the child, thereby reaping a more abundant harvest in after years.

Especially this work among children speaks to the hearts of other children. How many touching letters are daily received from them at home, enclosing small sums accumulated from some act of self-denial, such as going without sweets, sugar, &c. One boy gave a promised pony, preferring instead to rescue one little life from ruin. Little Katie sent first some tattering; then a few weeks later a letter containing a few shillings, saying she was now too ill to work; and a few weeks later a black-edged letter comes from the sorrowing mother, enclosing the child's last bequest, and telling how her dying prayer went up for the little match-box-makers.

A class of infant Sunday-school children in Manchester, hearing the account of this work from their teacher, set eagerly to work; and when next Sabbath came round brought their offering of \$18. This soon increased, they wrote to ask Miss Macpherson for the name and photograph of a special boy to be interested in and pray for. He came out in May, and Willie H—is in a comfortable home near Toronto.

Again a young lady in the suburbs of London gathers a few children on Saturday afternoon, cuts out little print frocks and aprons, and the busy fingers set to work and ere long a useful parcel of clothing is sent to the Home of Industry, while the children's interest is kept from flagging by hearing read the different little leaflets and occasional papers written about the work.

We are glad to find that this work is progressing among Sunday-schools and children on this side of the Atlantic also. Miss Barber, a lady living at Knowlton, E.T., tells us in the following words how she manages:

"The children in the village meet together every Saturday afternoon in the school-room for work, some making shirts, frocks, aprons, &c., others knitting socks and mufflers. The boys wind wool, gather cones and acorns to ornament boxes, collect our beautiful autumn leaves which, when pressed and varnished, are greatly thought of in England—in short do everything they can to assist. Each member pays a small admission fee, which goes to the purchase of materials, and each boy who is willing, takes a collecting card, while all deny themselves candy money, &c., for the cause." *

An instance of quick and hearty response occurred last fall. While waiting half an hour in a western railway station, Miss Macpherson entered into conversation with a young lady also waiting. She became interested in hearing the accounts of the little orphans, and on her return to her distant home gathered her companions, told them the touching histories which had so affected herself, formed a weekly working party, and ere spring their united efforts resulted in a good-sized box of useful clothing being sent to the home at Marchmont, ready for the coming children in spring.

English ladies are not behind-hand in endeavoring to help our Canadian sisters; having sent over this summer above \$1000 worth of fancy and useful articles. The disposal of this would entail much extra work on those immediately engaged in the mission; but kind helpers again come forward, and when having any special gathering of friends, send to Marchmont for a box containing fancy work, books, photographs, which their friends are glad to purchase, thus spreading far and wide the knowledge and interest of the work.

In all these various means of service, we endeavor to set forth our Saviour's principle of giving—"Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me."

We publish no appeals for money and

* Leaflets containing this and other information, to be obtained from Miss Macpherson, Marchmont, Belleville, Ont.

then subscription lists. "Let every man give willingly with his heart." How blessed to be able to say as in the olden days, "The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded, so that they had to be restrained." But this can never be accomplished till Christian women have arisen from homes of ease and plenty, and gone forth with hearts overflowing with love to Jesus, to gather in and train by personal effort, the thousands of untaught, neglected ones in our large cities.

Miss Macpherson has been able to spend, during this summer, much of her time in visiting among the different farms where our children are located—within some 30 or 40 miles of Belleville, in the counties of Hastings and Prince Edward. Starting early, some sunshiny morning, on a week's tour, dining with one farmer, having tea at another's, and passing the night at some special friend's—Charlie, our mission horse, receiving the best of fare, while next day the farmer will put in his own horse and take us round the neighboring farms where the little English emigrants have found a resting-place. And oh! the joy of these children to see again the well-remembered face and hear the cheery tones of voice which had first seen and relieved their misery in the old country, and now bringing fresh cheer and comfort in the new. With what haste the table is spread and soon loaded with substantial food and the never-failing green tea and apple sauce; and afterwards what opportunities arise for a few words of counsel. Some verses are read from the good old Book, and then kneeling down, the child is committed, with those in charge, to the care of Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

How we wish our readers could see one of the busy days at Marchmont immediately on the arrival of a new detachment of children! One conveyance after another drives up and is fastened under the sturdy maple trees, while the farmer and his wife are shown into the good-sized parlor. There we refer to his previously sent in application, and see his letter of recommendation, and being satisfied that it will be a good home in which to place one of our orphan

charges, proceed to call in from the garden, or field, or playground, some half-dozen boys of the age and size required, often asking them to sing a hymn to prevent the too anxious look and eager smile in order to attract notice and to be chosen. It may seem strange how anxious the child is to leave us and go among strangers; but so it is, and we would not have it otherwise. When the choice is made, the previous history is given, the happy little fellow is sent for his possessions, while the different arrangements as to wages, clothing, schooling, etc., are attended to and written down in the page allotted to each child's history in the report book. Soon the little man returns, his earthly goods all contained in the white canvas bag. After a few words of prayer, a hearty shake of the hand, a promise soon to come and see him, and an earnest reminder to write to his home friends, he jumps into his new master's "democrat," and drives off amid the deafening cheers of his companions, who have gathered round on the verandah to bid farewell, and to hope the same good fortune may ere long come to each one of them.

Often all our party will be distributed ere the lapse of a week or two days. Occasionally some return to us, not finding it the Elysian life of happiness their vivid imagination pictured it, feeling intensely the loneliness from friends, and resolving, at any cost, to return and see us face to face; while others come after a month or two's absence, looking so bronzed with the summer's sun, so healthy from the abundance of nourishing food, and so Canadian-like in their new suit of fulled-cloth, that we can hardly recognize them. They come in, and sitting down beside us, tell us of their new home, its many advantages—or, perchance, little trials—their attendance at church and Sunday-school, the last letters from the old country, and their earnest resolve to stay in their place and endeavor to be a credit to their kind friends; and specially pleasant work it has been this fall to give rewards, either of writing-cases or books, to those who have stayed a twelvemonth in their first situation; and for those who have repaid the portion of their passage money (\$25), a handsomely

illuminated certificate, bearing this inscription:—

Presented

by

MISS MACPHERSON,

from the

HOME OF INDUSTRY, SPITALFIELDS,

To.....

together with a reward for having repaid passage money and retained a situation, with good character from the employer, ——— months ending ———

Many of them we hope to see framed and hanging in Canadian homesteads as a proof of the independent spirit and onward progress of our boys; many children have younger brothers and sisters still starving at home, whom they earnestly long to help out to this land of plenty; and this Miss Macpherson is ever willing and anxious to do, especially when proved worthy of help. One girl of fifteen who had spent long years at match-box making and has now been above a year in her first place, has paid nineteen dollars towards her passage-money, which goes to assist her brother out next spring, while the fact that these children have already paid above four hundred dollars, shows that this principle of self-help and self-denial may be successfully carried out.

During the winter, applications from all parts of Canada are received and registered, stating the age, etc., of child wanted, and in each case we require a recommendation, or letter from the minister of whose church the applicant is a member, to certify this would be a good home, where careful and religious training would be given the child. Ministers are thus becoming interested in the work. As various members of their congregations receive the children, they watch over them, give a kindly word in the Sabbath-school, or advice, when needed by some wayward laddie whose self-will is stronger than his judgment.

In placing the children out from our dis-

tributing home, we give especial attention to any new neighborhood or section of country where several are applied for; thus in the western district round Woodstock we have placed some seventy boys, and ere another summer's return we hope to have established there a branch home or farm.

In Ottawa and around, twenty boys from the last detachment were quickly placed out—the same in Cobourg and other towns, and as the demand in any locality increases, so does the necessity of a home, where supervision can be exercised, refractory cases received, reclaimed, and again placed out, loving words of prayer and advice given—nursing in case of sickness, and change of air and rest after illness. This has been worked out in our first home, which is, we trust but the forerunner of other similar homes throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Since writing the above, our hearts have been cheered and strengthened by advices from Scotland, telling us of one gentleman's gift of \$20,000 towards a Home for the neglected children in his own northern city, to be taken in and educated with special reference to emigration in the spring. This is as it should be, and voluntary helpers are coming forward to assist in carrying on this most blessed work of labor among the little ones.

The demand on this side seems to increase, as people know and become interested. But a handful are left of the five hundred brought out to Marchmont this summer, and many applicants have had to wait with a promise till next spring.

Through the winter the continuous supervision is still exercised over the children, in their near or distant homes, and if need be changes and alterations made. We know how much this eases the minds of friends in England, the knowledge that, as far as possible, their children are being carefully guided and watched over, and in the numerous prayers which are daily offered, a new link of loving sympathy is being formed between the Old and New Continents.

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER I.

"Kitty Lawson, is that where you are?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Come down this minute, or I'll send the boys up to you."

"The boys be all gone to the fun'ral."

"Come down, I say, or I'll shake you off the tree."

"The apples 'ill tumble too."

"You young thief, come down this instant, and drop them apples you have in your pocket, or I'll stick this in you," and Mrs. Beatty picked up a pitchfork that was lying under the tree. Kitty Lawson, in fright, climbed a higher branch, shaking off as she did so a shower of unripe apples, which in their fall struck Mrs. Beatty on the head, back and face. She chuckled with delight when one larger than the rest came full force on the woman's prominent nose. Mrs. Beatty soon cleared the circumference of the tree, and turning, pitched the fork up at Kitty. For the latter's bodily preservation it caught in the branches.

"You see, Mrs. Beatty, you can't hurt me."

"Are you coming down?"

"Yes, the minute you go in the house an' shut the door."

"You'll come down now."

"No I won't. You be a wantin' to pound me for your broke nose."

"Pound you! You'll get as good a pounding as ever you got, when your dad comes home."

"I know that," Kitty's flesh gave a slight quiver, "I allers get that now. Dad's got a new notion, Jack calls it a patent pne, for making me good."

A cry from her house, together with the pain in her nose, made Mrs. Beatty glad to accede to Kitty's terms. The moment the door had closed on her, the child—for she

was only twelve—slid down from the tree, and after filling her slip with the fallen fruit, bounded like a young squirrel over the fence, and was soon seated at her father's door. As soon as she felt herself safe, she gave way to such laughter that her stolen treasures rolled away from her lap into the drain, and "the family above" came out to see what caused the merriment.

"You hopeless young 'un, you've been stealin' apples again."

"Yes," and Kitty rolled over in another fit of laughter.

"Your dad won't whip you for nothin' to-night."

"No, that's a comfort, for Mother Beatty's nose be broke. Oh! it was such fun to see her look up when they came bumping against it—But there's dad."

The sight of her father sobered her, and hastily gathering up the apples she ran into the house, and was busy washing and wiping them when he entered.

Lawson, or Old Lawson as he was generally called, was the sexton of Oakboro' church. He was a cobbler by trade, and for years had struggled to maintain his wife and children in decency; but as their wants increased his wife's health began to fail, and in his dilemma of not knowing how to meet expenses he applied to his clergyman for help, who at once gave him the vacant sextonship of the church. Delighted with his unexpected good fortune he returned home, eager to announce the news to his wife, who, he hoped, would be spared to share it; but she, on hearing of their improved prospects, lifted her hands in token of thankfulness and expired. So that the first grave he was called upon to dig was for the woman he had loved so long. The clergyman told him to get a substitute for the work, but he shook his head.

"Thank'ee sir, you mean it kindly, but I'll dig it mysel'. You see I a kind o' hurried her death. It came too sudden for her to be sure of bread for the children after want, an' I told it her too quick."

In the cart which carried Mrs. Lawson's body to the cemetery was a lilac-bush, to be planted on her grave.

"You see, sir," said her husband to the clergyman, "she was allers fond of the laylock; she would say to me: 'John, when we get a bit better off we'll ha' a laylock-bush in front o' our door.'"

"Tut, tut Lawson, don't go on that way. Why man you are crying like a child."

"Can't help it. You see it be so lonely, with the sunshine an' with the birds just the same, to leave her a-lyin' here, with the laylock-bush at her head."

This was ten years before our story opens, and since that time, in sunshine or storm, cold or heat, the old sexton walked two miles every day to visit his wife's grave. No other one in that large cemetery was watched with more loving, or received more constant, care. The lilac-shoot had long ago grown into a lovely little bush, well kept and pruned, so as not to overstep its limits. Other plants bordered the grave, while many a day in summer a bunch of garden flowers withered on its centre.

"Dad, you bring the water, an' I'll get the tea."

"You get tea! you good for nothink; you'll only drownd the fire an' mess the floor."

"Try me."

Lawson did not like this appeal, for he was a soft-hearted man, and as evening approached he required all the nerve he could muster to give his child her nightly whipping. As long as she was idle or disobedient he found some excuse for what seemed necessity; but when, as on this evening, she appeared to be doing her best, his heart would be wrung at the thought of what was before him.

As soon as tea was over, and Jack out of the way, the few tea-things run through a pot of water, and left on a shelf to drain, a box was drawn to the door to prevent the "family above" from interfering, and the rawhide taken from its corner in the chim-

ney. By this time Kitty, aroused from her dozing with her head on the table, would be giving, by way of preparation, a few preliminary screams. Her father, in a little less state of excitement, would sob out,

"I've got to do it. I've got to save you. Listen to Mrs. Allan's words—she's a nice woman—I writ them down, just what she said:

"'Lawson,' she said—Listen, I say, and stop that yelling—' your sons are the worst in the town—they'll never come to any good, so make up your mind to that. But with proper means Kitty may be saved. By proper means I mean a good sound rawhidin' every day; nothing else will save her.'"

"Do you hear that, child? I must save you."

At this point the old man's tears would be flowing on Kitty's outstretched hands, and the rawhiding commence, mingled with the howls of both.

On the evening in question he thought she was trying to shirk the whipping; but she assured him that she would stand it bravely. Thinking this a hopeful sign, he became quite talkative over Mrs. Allan's wise advice. To be sure, he was eating more heartily than usual, for the baked apples gave a relish to the dry bread. He never once asked where they came from—not that they were common at his table; but now and again "some one's man" in passing threw a few in his window, or Kitty earned them by running errands.

He ate so long that Kitty sat and watched him, wondering if any bread would be left for breakfast. When the last piece was in his mouth he bethought himself of the time he had been, and jumping up, for he was generally in a hurry, he began to run the cups through the pot of water.

"Dad, I've got something to tell you that'll comfort you."

"What be that you say?"

"I stole them apples you ate, and broke Mother Beatty's nose. So you needn't blubber an' cry at the rawhidin' to-night."

Lawson stopped in the act of putting away his cups and looked at her. A sleepy, half comical look returned his, which soon changed to one of fear, as she saw him quickly catch up the rawhide.

"What be my children a comin' to? The gallis I b'lieve. If I was the town I'd pay to send you all to the pen'tentiary. O Kitty, an' you your mother's name, to have you turn out a common thief!"

"I ain't a thief, for she saw me in the apple-tree, an' a thief does things unbeknownst."

"Kitty! Kitty!"

The old man held his red handkerchief to his head with one hand, the other, up-lifted, held the rawhide.

"Losh, dad, you needn't take on so bad; most of the apples you ate this summer I stole."

Lawson was subject to fits, and just then the excitement brought on one, and he fell heavily against the table. Then table and he turned over on the hearth. Kitty, thinking this a part of the performance, laughed until she saw a stream of blood from her father's head; when, flying from the room, she ran to the "family above," shouting:

"Sure as I live, dad's broke his head, an' is dead."

However "dad" was not dead. Next morning he awoke with a dull sense of pain, and a weight on his heart, as though something had happened. What that something was he was not long in remembering. Poor Kitty! What was to be done with her? Many plans revolved in his mind while he hurried on his clothes and ran to open up the church.

He was always in a hurry, and this was Sunday morning, and the church windows had to be opened to clear away the week's mustiness and let in the glorious August sun.

Instead of hastening back to waken Kitty and get the breakfast, the old man, feeling wearied, sat to rest in one of the free seats by the door. He did not murmur, nor was he discontented; but he heaved a sigh as he looked at the rows of richly cushioned pews in front of him, and thought of their owners who seemed to him to have no care but to enjoy life. He felt it was all right—his lot that of the patient plodder, earning his crust by the sweat of his brow and eating it with sorrow. There was no streak of gladness for him.

This morning, as he pressed his hand on

his aching head, he believed his children would yet be his death.

"You see," he said, half aloud, "there's no mother to bring her gray hairs to the grave, so mine must come. But, poor children, what'll be for them? There's Bob—nobody knows where he be. He left the town in disgrace, and Jack's up to no good, or he'd a-come home last night, an' Kitty's turned thief. There beant no use in givin' her larnin'; I thought it 'ud make her 'spectable, but it don't—and yet she be uncommon smart, an' 'ud make a fine teacher. The master says she be the smartest girl in the school. But my house be no place for her. Them drunken characters up-stairs be anuff to c'rupt any one. I must send her to sarvice."

As soon as he came to this decision he rose up, and, after giving a glance round the church to see that it was all "fixed up right," returned to find his breakfast ready, and Kitty, dressed in her new light blue cobourg with five frills on it, her hair tied with scarlet ribbon, ready to preside at the table.

"Dad, you be awful late this mornin'. I thought you was never a-comin'. Only the wet on the grass would ha' spoiled my dress, I'd a gone to see what kep' you."

"I was a mediatin on you."

"Mediatin dad! Did you learn that word from Allan?"

"Kitty, that be a very onrespectful way to speak of the minister."

"Well, don't you see I've got on my new dress to-day? Its made like Lucy Allan's, an' she calls you *Lawson*. Look at it, dad; I told Miss Jones to make it the exact same as hers."

"It be very nice, an' it becomes you well; but Mrs. Allan will be a-givin' me a hearin' for lettin' you wear it."

Kitty's reply was a peculiar toss of her head, and as she had the admiration she wanted, she pushed her father's porridge to him, and commenced eating her own.

"There be somethin' better than water, this morning, dad: there be a whole bowl of milk."

Lawson paused as he drew it towards him.

"Where be it come from?"

"Mother Beatty."

"You impident hussy, did you—?"

"No, dad, I didn't. Don't get so red in the face, or, sure as you live, you'll get another fit. She sent it to you—she's on-common fond of you."

"Who brought it?—Jack!"

"No, I did."

"What tuk you there agin'?"

"Why, your rawhidin' me do me a power of good. I was a-dreamin all night I be pounded in a mortar for breakin' her nose, so I jist ran down to ask for it, and to tell her the 'family above' says apples be awful scarce, an' she'd get a pile of money for her windfalls."

"Did you tell her I hidid you?"

"Yes, an' she said you was a good, religious man, an' then she gave me the milk."

"Kitty I've made up my mind to send you to sarvice."

Kitty's gray eyes opened their full size, and the spoonful of porridge dropped from her hand on her dress. Seeing the accident she set up a characteristic bawl, rubbing her eyes with both hands to bring tears. Finding her efforts to excite sympathy unavailing, she thought it best to obey her father's command to "sit down and finish her breakfast."

"There beant no use in takin' on that way. I've got to send you away from here. You be twelve now, an' it 'ud be four years afore they'd let you be a teacher, an' by that time you'd be a-ruined here."

"Where be I a-goin'."

"There'd be no one 'ud take you, for you see you an' the boys' ha' such a bad name; but Mrs. Allan an' I be a-thinkin' she'd be glad to get you to help in the kitchen. You could be very handy if you wasn't so idle."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Allan, the rector of Oakboro', was the son of a wealthy lawyer, who had risen from very humble parentage to be one of the first men in Canada—a fact which, in the eyes of many, would be considered to the credit of the successful man; but which, in old Mr. Allan's view, was a stain only to be wiped out by the waters of Lethe. When he began life as an office-boy, he considered

it an honor to be the son of a duke's gardener; but, as his position rose higher, his claim to illustrious birth increased. Before many years had elapsed, he spoke of his father as the younger son of a noble family. "The Allans of Dockport Castle! You have heard of them? Every one in the West of England knows Dockport Castle—a fine old place. That is a painting of it hanging in my drawing-room."

The climax of his grandeur was reached when an earl and his daughter, making a pleasure tour through the country, accepted the pressing hospitalities of Allanworth Hall.

Mr. Allan, senior, strained every nerve to do honor to his noble guests. He exhibited them in every public place, and endeavored to appear with them as an old friend. His son, Percy, he summoned from the study of theology to meet them; for such distinguished acquaintances might never be met again. Encouraged by his parents, the young man looked unutterably sweet things at the Lady Gertrude; but the Lady Gertrude took them as a matter of course, and only left to the embryo reverend a broken heart, and a sweet remembrance of the beauty and grace of "my noble lady friend."

In course of time the reverend Percy was fully ordained, and, favored by the bishop, appointed to the charge of his native parish. Shortly after this appointment, old Mrs. Allan died; but not until she had welcomed her son's bride to Allanworth Hall. Here the Rev. Percy's children were born, and here he and his wife hoped to end their days; but fate willed it otherwise.

In the midst of a night's entertainment, when Allanworth resounded with festivities, old Mr. Allan was suddenly called to render up his account, leaving his affairs here in sad confusion. To the astonishment of every one, such numbers of creditors poured in for the settlement of large and small accounts that the large Allanworth property failed to satisfy them. The heaviest creditor hastened to secure stock at one of the city banks; but, to his great disappointment, he could not touch it. It had been transferred to the sons of the deceased.

Percy now heaved a sigh of relief, and

laughed in the face of his father's creditors, telling them that they had already got more than they had right to, and that were it not for the unfortunate suddenness of his father's death, they would not be able to lay a finger on Allanworth.

After the expression of such sentiments, his longer stay in that parish was out of the question. His old friend the Bishop bestirred himself, and soon succeeded in removing him to a larger and an endowed one. Here, in commencing his new duties, he launched out in the extravagant style of living to which he had been accustomed. The comfortable rectory was too small for his ideas. "No gentleman of taste could possibly put up with such small rooms and low ceilings." To meet his wants he disposed of his stock in the bank, purchased ground, and sketched the plan of a French *chateau*, to be fitted up with modern improvements for a residence. It was in vain that competent persons assured him of the impossibility of carrying out such a plan with the means at his disposal. His wishes must not be thwarted.

When it stood ready for occupancy, it was found to have cost four times what was first named. Here began his pecuniary difficulties. To meet present demands, he borrowed largely from his parishioners, allowing them to understand that in a few years large sums would be available. Matters smoothed over for a time, the Rev. Percy took possession of his new home and furnished it in a style to correspond with the exterior.

Mrs. Allan, who shared her husband's notions of style, had been brought up without any idea of the value of money. Her kitchens were the constant resort of a retinue of idle beggars. "They must be fed; they are God's poor," she remarked to a friend who expostulated with her. They were fed,—one woman, a friend of the cook, set up a refreshment saloon for raftsmen, supplied from the minister's kitchen; but sooner than expected, a day of reckoning came. At the end of two years they were forced from their new home to live in the despised parsonage.

Instead of submitting with a Christian grace to the trouble which he had himself brought on, Mr. Allan threw his property

into Chancery, and conveyed to safe places all his plate and as much of the expensive furniture as he could.

But these and similar disgraceful doings, on his part, we will pass over. It now became apparent to even the most charitably inclined of his new charge, that he was unfit to occupy the pulpit. An old opposition, through parties interested in another clergyman, now revived, and the dear old church of Oakboro' was nearly emptied.

About this time Mrs. Allan died. Before her death her eyes were opened to the omissions of her life. She bitterly repented of her culpable neglect of duty, blaming herself for her husband's difficulties. And yet, on the whole, her life had been a useful one. She was no mere fashionable woman. The claims of the church she had ever considered her first duty. But of these claims she had but dark views—at eventide she found light.

Her death left a great blank in her family. Her husband felt he had lost his motive power. Hers had been the religious mind, which had ever urged and prompted his to the performance of duty. Wherever the one was seen, the other was generally looked for.

But I must not give my readers a wrong impression of the Rev. Percy Allan. We have long enough viewed him by a one-sided light. Let us turn it, and see what was estimable in his character. He was amiable, could not be provoked into showing temper, easy-going—perhaps a little too much so—kind-hearted, and extremely liberal to the poor. People said, when he was a young man, he would "pull the boots off his feet and give them to needy ones." "Gentlemanly," "a perfect gentleman," the judges of Oakboro' called him; but, unfortunately for himself and his charge, not fitted for his calling.

On his removal to the parsonage, instead of turning over a new leaf, things went on as far as his credit would be trusted, in the old way. His personal comfort must not be interfered with. His table must still be furnished with the choicest viands and the best wines.

He held a theory—a pet one—that children accustomed to wine at their father's tables were in no danger of becoming

drunkards. Facts proved the falseness of this; but facts were nothing compared to theory. Edgar, his eldest son, now a young man, had acquired quite a fondness for the cup that intoxicates.

Intellectual, and passionately fond of reading, Edgar early developed a taste for infidel works. At twelve Shelley was his idol. His mother saw these inclinations, and hoped to correct them by bringing him forward for confirmation and making him a communicant of the church. But as his years increased, his desires for evil strengthened.

After his mother's death, his father lamented to one and another that he did not know what to do with the boy now, for he was wholly abandoning himself to the opinions of skeptical writers—to the exclusion of everything that was good. Miss Smith, a neighbor who took a great interest in the minister's household, suggested his being sent to a neighboring brewery.

"You know he is there most of his time, anyway."

Mr. Allan opened his eyes in horror.

"What would his grandfather say?"

"His grandfather is beyond noticing him."

Miss Smith thought herself privileged to give advice. She had paid many of Mr. Allan's *duns*, as well as benefited him in other ways. Besides, what weighed more than advice, she reminded him of the brewer's account against him, and hinted at the possibility of his supply of beer being stopped—a slight which the rector could never let pass. Accordingly, Edgar soon found himself washing beer-bottles and other such things in the Oakboro' brewery.

So great a shock did the church receive by this strange employment of the minister's son, that Mrs. Staggin, the lady who undertook to supply Mrs. Allan's place in the parish, felt it incumbent on her to call on society and explain that "dear Mr. Allan" was reduced to let Edgar do this. "He is in such difficulties himself, and the

boy's mind is of that exquisite order which is always soaring in the clouds and which needs manual labor to bring it back to mundane things."

To Edgar's credit, he did not long remain in his new employment. Instead, he decided to apply himself to the study of "musty law," and for it he promised his father to give up the reading of those "fascinating books" which his library had thrown in his way, and which made him doubt the reality of all religion. There was another promise which he was not asked to give, and that was to give up frequenting drinking saloons. Of course his father had never *seen* him in them, and Miss Smith, who knew of his going, and often supplied him with money, was not going to betray him.

Edgar admired Miss Smith; and when his father astonished Oakboro' by his moonlight marriage to her, he declared that, indeed, she had the worst of the bargain.

At the time of this marriage the church was at its lowest ebb. The pews were unoccupied, except by a few worldly families to whom religion was a convenience, a few old ladies intent on meriting heaven, a few young ones of a certain age, and one or two whose faces were steadily turned Zionward, and who were secretly weeping over the unfaithfulness of the shepherd, and praying that the Lord would change his heart.

The Sunday-school was in a more flourishing state. Some time before it had reached that point when it must either be swept away, and take its place with the things that were, or gain some way a firmer hold in the soil. The latter had been its course, and it was now increasing in numbers and usefulness. Under God, this was owing to the superintendent and a few faithful teachers. Mr. Allan felt very grateful to them; for he knew, while he held the children, the parents could not long continue in their alienation.

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE BY THE INDIANS.

BY E. H. NASH, FARNBORO', P. Q.

Far above the troubled surging
 Of Atlantic's swell and roar,
 Nestled in among the mountains,
 Shelving to her very shore,
 Lies our Queen of Western lakelets—
 Memphremagog—clear and bright,
 As she lay in quiet beauty,
 Long ago one summer's night.*

In those days so lost in dimness
 Our own rocks her waters bound,
 And they heard her waves' low plashing—
 Softly gave they back the sound;
 And our forest trees—pine, hemlock—
 With the fir frowned on her shore,
 While our maple foliage brighter,
 Here and there smiled out of yore.

'Twas a night of starry splendor,
 Gems were glistening in the sky,
 Breezes almost sad were rustling
 Through the treetops with a sigh:
 And the water's ceaseless murmur
 As it gently rose and fell,
 Almost drowned the quiet dipping
 Of the paddles plied so well.

Quick and fast the strokes were falling
 On the bosom of the lake,
 Yet so silent wrought the oarsmen,
 They an infant might not wake;
 For the Red men of the forest,
 Darkly cruel in their mood,
 Sought the pioneer's rude dwelling
 Over river, lake and wood.

Threescore light canoes were gliding
 Swiftly to the southern shore;
 Every boat bore dusky figures,
 Plying each his supple oar.
 Scarcely might one in the dimness
 Have descried the forest braves;
 Yet were there the deadly weapons
 That the Red man ever craves—

There the hatchet and the musket,
 And the long bright scalping-knife,
 Weapons in the coming conflict
 Sure to take the white man's life!
 Gaudy in their paint and feathers,
 Grim in savage sternness, too,
 Quickly o'er the calm clear waters
 Silent sailed this Indian crew.

Where New Hampshire's hardy settlers
 Had a little hamlet reared,
 Thither steered this band of butchers,
 And full fast the spot they neared.
 In the solemn hour of midnight,
 Every soul in slumber lay—
 None were wakened, no kind warning,
 Came to bid them haste away.

One loud whoop of fearful meaning,
 Shriek on shriek of utter woe,
 Then began the dreadful slaughter,
 All the anguish none can know;
 Thus the sun—a thriving village,
 When the early morning came
 Lay a heap of glowing embers,
 Only now and then a flame.

In their red-heat bones were whitening,
 That a few short hours before,
 Overlaid with human sinews,
 Flesh and blood a covering o'er,
 Had been living creatures moving,
 Walking forth in health and bloom,
 With no thought of danger threatening,
 With no warning of their doom.

And away on Memphremagog
 Northward sailed that tawny band,
 Silent, as they had sailed downward,
 But with stains on each dark hand!
 While, as tokens of their prowess,
 Reeking locks in pride they bore;
 And among their captives, children
 Dabbled with their parents' gore!

* Lake Memphremagog is 900 feet above the ocean.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

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

THE GULF STEAMERS—FATHER LOFTUS—
 GASPE — PERCE — PASPEBIAC ALIAS
 PASYÏ JACK, ALIAS POSPILLAT—MAL
 BAY—DOUGLASTOWN.

On the 12th Sept., a soft and hazy afternoon, the good steamer "Gaspé," Commander Baquet, was gliding noiselessly past the many lovely isles of the St. Lawrence, past the Traversé, past the Pilgrims; so noiselessly, in fact, that, to one standing on shore it might have seemed that she had returned to her old trade, viz: secretly carrying cotton from the land of Dixie to the white cliffs of Old England, in spite of the screeching of the American Eagle. Though a good sea boat, she is not by any means a fast one; and as blockade runners are expected to show at times a pair of heels, and this she failed to do, she was forced, on receiving two shot holes in her bow, to alter her ways. It is owing to this that she became a respectable Canadian craft—one of the Gulf Port Steamers. After enjoying a substantial meal, the passengers, one and all, ascended to the deck; some to smoke—some to talk politics—some to crack jokes—a motley assembly from every part of the Dominion, and some foreigners. Amongst the latter was a big-fisted *padre*, who persisted in cracking tremendous jokes. There was in his behavior something peculiar, some made him out an Armenian—others said he belonged to the Greek dispensation. As he was fierce at times—as fierce, in fact, as a Greek when "Greek meets Greek"—we all agreed a Greek he should be, and such he remained to us, under the historic name of "Father Loftus." * * * * *

Soon the wind sprung up; the ship she rocked; a storm was brewing. Was it owing to having clergymen on board? An irreverent joker advised to throw one of them overboard; it was, however, mildly

suggested to "wait until morning." No clergyman was thrown overboard, and next morning—why, it was calm. At 9 a.m. a boat came alongside, and took ashore the passengers for Father Point and Rimouski, including a most jovial Quebec broker.

On all that day our brave steamer kept her course, under steam and sails, amidst the gorgeous scenery of the St. Lawrence. In the distance were visible the blue peaks of mountains bathed in autumnal sunshine, their wooded valleys and green gorges all aglow with the blaze of colors which September drops on the foliage of our maple and oak trees,—gold, crimson, red, maroon, amber, pale green, brown—a landscape such as neither Claude Loraine nor Landseer ever dared to attempt in their brightest day dreams; a spectacle which invests the most humble Canadian cot with hues and surroundings denied to the turreted castle and park of the proudest English nobleman. On we steamed, past Cape Chate, a name borrowed two centuries back and more from the Commander de Chate, a French nobleman, and mentioned as such by Champlain in his map as early as 1612. Antiquarians will please take note that it has nothing to do with a cat, (whether a *chat* or a *chatte*) the learned dissertations to the contrary notwithstanding. A beacon for ships was lighted on it on the 11th August last.

On the opposite side, where the Laurentian chain seems to end, is Pointe des Monts (the Point of the Mountains), and not Pointe Demon (the Devil's Point) as some geographers have been pleased to inscribe on the charts; some, however, will have it that M. de Monts, more than two centuries ago, bequeathed it his name. Antiquarians, there is a nut for you to crack!

The trip was truly delightful.

We had on board some "choice spirits" of an enquiring turn of mind—constantly making experiments to ascertain which was the best cure for sea-sickness. As the steamer rolled considerably at times, the enquiry had a practical bearing. Was "hot Scotch" a specific in all cases? Or was Irish potheen to be resorted to when the patient felt a kind of sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach? Here, as well as at the Vatican, the opinions were divided as on the question of infallibility. After steaming thirty-eight hours, the "Gaspé" was securely moored at Lowndes's wharf, Gaspé Basin, one of the most snug harbors in all British North America.* The beach below is occupied by stores, warehouses, offices; the heights where the O'Harras, Perchards and Arnolds formerly lived, are now held by the modern aristocracy of Gaspé, and officials on both sides of the Basin. On the south side, amidst trees, frowns Fort Ramsay with its cannon. The new and substantial residence of Hon. John LeBoutillier, M.L.C., is conspicuous from afar, amongst the less showy dwellings of several other members of his clan.

On the corresponding shore, sits the roomy dwelling of the respected Collector of the port, J. C. Belleau, Esq., a true-hearted patriot of 1837, who, with the Vigers, DeWitts and other men of note, were consigned to dungeons most dismal, for having dared to suspect that under the Family Compact there were some abuses in Canada. Adjoining the Collector's residence, and facing the spot where the Royal squadron anchored in 1860, with the Prince of Wales on board, flourishes the temple of Roman Catholic worship. They were grand times, indeed, these gala days of 1860, when Albert of Wales visited his Royal mother's lieges, the Gaspésians. The officials, military and civil, turned out in tremendous force. Plumes, cocked hats, long-tailed coats, short-tailed coats, coats

without tails, spurs, swords, helmets, every device, in fact, calculated to lend *eclat* to the pageant.

Amongst other items of news, we heard it talked of to restore to Gaspé an office of high rank and ancient creation—the office of Lieut.-Governor of Gaspé. Major Cox, in 1775, appears to have been the resident Lieut.-Governor. We were shown a hickory chair that belonged to him. This seat did not seem firm, nor very durable, though it was a century old; we felt, on sitting down on it, just like a Governor—pardon, a Lieut.-Governor—as Lieut.-Governors *sit* less secure and luxuriously. In the good Tory days many offices existed with emoluments well defined and duties very problematical. The Lieutenant-Governorship of Gaspé, with a salary of £1,000 and perquisites—why, there were many things worse than that!

Should a Lieut.-Governor be now appointed for Gaspé—amongst the residents, no one at the Basin can doubt who it will be.

Messrs Joseph and John Eden own extensive wharves and stores on the beach; but, alas, the Free Port system, which crammed the Gaspé stores with goods and deluged the coast with cheap gin and St. Pierre de Miquelon brandy, is a dream now—a melancholy dream of the past. We have to thank the aforesaid active Government officers for their courtesy to strangers. The old Coffin Hotel, now much enlarged, is beautifully located on the hill, and merely requires an experienced "Russell" to render it profitable, and a source of pleasure to the many tourists who will hereafter wind their way each summer to Gaspé Basin.

Higher up than their wharves, the Messrs Lowndes have in operation an extensive saw-mill, which provides daily bread for many, many Gaspé families. Let us hope it may flourish.

One of the chief amusements at Gaspé Basin during the summer months, is yachting and bobbing for mackerel, just outside the Basin, in the Bay. It is a most exciting and invigorating pastime. The worthy American Consul counts on numerous American craft entering the basin so soon as the new Washington Treaty goes in force.

* Gaspé Bay is well described by Champlain, page 1085—90 &c.; the name itself, it is suggested by his commentators, is borrowed from the picturesque rock, detached from the shore three miles higher than Cape Gaspé, known to seamen as "Ship Head," or the "Old Woman," from the singular transformation by mirage; the Indian name being *Katspeion*; which means *separate* (abridged into *Gaspé*).—See *Champlain's Voyages*.

CHAPTER II.

GASPE BASIN—DOUGLASTOWN—POINT ST. PETER'S—MAL BAY—NEW CARLISLE—PASPEBIAC—THE GREAT JERSEY FIRMS.

There is something singularly striking when, on a bright Saturday morning, at break of day, with the far-reaching Bay of Gaspé before you lit up with golden sunshine, your ear catches the boom of the heavy guns fired by the two Gulf Port steamers—the one from Pictou, the other from Quebec; their usual signal on nearing the placid waters of the Basin. They are so well timed that both frequently arrive together. Hark! to the wild echo bounding over the waters, and then leaping from peak to peak in this wierd, mountainous region. Three centuries ago and more, other echoes no less wild disturbed the quiet of this forest home—the shouts of joy of Jacques Cartier's adventurous crew, when planting a cross on the sandy point at the entrance, on the 24th July, 1534; and when taking possession in the name of Francis I. of France; not, however, without an energetic protest being then and there made by a great chief, "clad in a bear skin, and standing erect in his canoe, followed by his numerous warriors." Hakluyt tells us that the old chief was enticed on board the French ships, and on his sons Taiguragny and Domagaya being decked out in most gorgeous raiment, he was prevailed to let the vain youths accompany the French captain to the court of the French King. Poor vain lads! had you been wise you would have jumped overboard and swam ashore when you passed Ship Head.

Where are now the descendants of the fierce Indians who then greeted Cartier, and whose huts were located on the rocky ledge where I now stand? There were then no swift steamers churning these glad waters—no golden wheat-fields, as those I can now see at Sandy Beach; but everywhere the forest primeval—its gloom—its trackless wilds—its uselessness to civilized man.

On we sped, with steam and sails. Soon opened on us the extensive old settlement of Douglstown. It was not named after any fierce Black Douglas, celebrated in song, but by an unassuming landsurveyor

of that name. Numerous descendants of the first settlers, of 1785—the U. E. Loyalists—still survive: the Kennedys, Thompsons, Murisons, &c., industrious fishermen all. The whole Bay is studded with fishing stations and small villages, in which generally the R. C. church is the most conspicuous object. After passing Grand Greve and Chien Blanc, both the scene of awful marine disasters, the steamer hugs the shore towards Point St. Peter's, a large and important fishing settlement, and creeps through a deep channel between the rocky ledge called Plateau and Point St. Peter's, and another thriving fishing location called Mal Bay. According to Champlain and his commentator, the origin of the name is taken from *Molües* or *Morues* Baie (Codfish Bay)—which the English turned into Mal Bay.

However, don't be surprised at any transformation in these wild regions, as Cap Cape (Cap Chatte) and Devil's Point (Point des Monts) sufficiently testify. I might add another queer transmogrification. At St. Lucé, there is a deep cove and jutting point; in spring it is infested with muscles, which the French call *des Cocques*; hence the French name *L'Anse aux Cocques*. But the English will have a cock instead, and have named it Cock Point. I know I shall make the mouths of antiquarians water when I tell them I have at last, after a deal of research, got hold of the origin of the name of Father Point, a little higher up than Cock Point; but of this hereafter. Let us hurry on to the great, grand, and growing capital on the Canadian side of Baie des Chaleurs (New Carlisle). All know why the Bay was called Baie des Chaleurs by Cartier, though all of us on board the "Gaspe" found the place extremely cold.

On a high bank, with a southern exposure, lies a fine champagne country laid out in square blocks of four acres each, for a town—chiefly inhabited by English and Scotch, with an Episcopalian church, a Roman Catholic church, a new courthouse and jail, and no less than two judges, living within view of each other. Two resident judges in New Carlisle remind one of the two rival Roman Catholic churches staring at one another at Trois

Pistoles—one evidently will have to knock under, the place cannot afford such a luxury. It is said there is here enough litigation to fatten three resident lawyers, and that there are three physicians in the place. It is healthy notwithstanding, and some of the inhabitants have been known to attain great ages. Little or no fishing is done at the shire town. I had not time to find out whether it derives its name from an Earl of Carlisle, or from Thomas Carlyle the Essayist, a great coiner of words. From the readiness with which words and names are altered, one would fain believe it hails from the great essayist. One case in point: that of the neighboring fishing settlement—its commercial emporium—Paspebiac. This is an Indian name—the English-speaking population have altered it into Paspay Jack. They call themselves Paspay Jacks, and the French, who get their backs up readily, especially since they have had Parliamentary elections to manage, call it *Pospillat* and themselves *Des Pospillats*. In Bishop Plessis's account of his mission here in 1811, we read that in many instances the maternal ancestors of the Pospillats were Micmac squaws, much to the disgust of the neighboring settlements. These half-breeds were then accounted fierce and revengeful. Tom Carlyle must have had something to do with this word-coining. But let us return to the county town. The view from the heights is most imposing. You notice here and there a better style of dwelling, trim flower-gardens interspersed with the scarlet clusters of the mountain ash or roan berry—comfortable old homesteads, like that of the Hamiltons—splendid new residences, like that of Dr. Robitaille, M. P. *

*New Carlisle was first settled by American Loyalists, that is, by persons whose loyalty to the British Crown induced them to leave the United States at the period of the Revolution. These persons obtained free grants of land, agricultural implements, seed and provisions for one year. Lieut.-Governor Cox was appointed, in or about 1785, as Governor of the district of Gaspé, and seems to have resided alternately in the two shire towns, New Carlisle and Perce. He appears to have been sent for the purpose of settling the Loyalists in New Carlisle and Douglstown, and to have expended between the two places upwards of £80,000 sterling, a large amount when we consider the little progress made in either locality. The Abbe Ferland states that Judge Thompson once jocularly observed

There are several educated families located at New Carlisle, which renders it a most pleasant residence, especially during the summer months; but beware how you utter the word "Election," and keep a dignified reserve on this explosive subject until you are at least past, on your return, Ship Head or Fox River. Talking of fiercely-contested elections reminds one of the great election of Eatanswill, mentioned in "Pickwick." Forty-five green parasols, judiciously bestowed, had turned the scale on that eventful day.

In Canada, barrels of flour are said to be more effective. However, let us hope that in Bonaventure, the election was carried with that lofty patriotism and exquisite purity, the shining characteristic of all Canadian elections in June last!!! Hem!!

For tourists in quest of health, sea-bathing and good fishing, I know few places more eligible than Baie des Chaleurs and Gaspé Basin.

Paspebiac, with its roadstead running out to a point in the Bay, is the seaport—the great fishing stand of the Messrs. Robin and the Messrs. LeBouthillier Brothers. The fishing establishments—a crowd of nice white warehouses, with doors painted red, comprising stores, offices forges, joiners' shops, dwellings for fishermen, even to powder magazines—are on a low beach or sand bar, connected with the shore by a ford for horses, and a trestle-work bridge for foot passengers, which is taken down each fall and restored each spring at the expense of the Messrs. Robin. It seems singular that the business and wealth centered here cannot afford a bridge. Crossing by ford at night, when the tide is high, is anything but an agreeable prospect. Perhaps when some of the magnates of the place are found drowned in the ford, the Bridge question will assume a more tangible phase.

Paspebiac is three miles east of New Carlisle. Here the Custom House is located. The Collector is J. Fraser, Esq., an active, well-informed old Scotchman. The bar on

to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, that "this sum can only have been spent in making excavations underground, nothing appearing on the surface to justify such an outlay!"—*Pye's Gaspé Scenery*.

which the fishing warehouses stand, is a regular triangle formed by sand and other marine *detritus*. The interior of the triangle is gradually filling up. The fishermen dwell here in summer, and remove to their winter quarters on the heights in rear in December.

It was in 1766 that Charles Robin, Esq., first landed at Paspebiac and explored the coast in a small brig called the "Sea-Flower." Forty-six years previous (1720) other explorers were landing a little to the south in the "May-Flower." On 11th June, 1778, two American privateers plundered Mr. Robin's store of all his goods, furs, and seized his two vessels, the "Bee" and the "Hope," which were moored in the Paspebiac Roads. But the "Bee" and the New England privateers were all recaptured in the Restigouche, by H.B.M. vessels "Hunter" and "Piper;" and the heavy salvage Mr. R. was called on to pay, viz: one-eighth, caused him to fail, and he left for Jersey. In 1783 he returned, sailing under French colors and continued to accumulate wealth until 1802, when he left for Europe.

On the green hills in rear, the great Jersey houses have splendid farms, dwellings, gardens, parks. Fish manure and kelp are bountifully supplied here and largely used. The winter residences of the Managers of Messrs. Robin and Messrs. LeBoutillier Bros. are most commodious, most complete. I was allowed to inspect a large store for packing of pork on the establishment of the Messrs. Robin—the first I had ever seen on this principle. The thawing is done in the depth of winter without any artificial heat, and merely by a device which, whilst it excludes all the cold air, retains the natural heat generated in the earth. In about a week the frozen pigs gradually thaw and are fit for salting. The walls of this building, between earth, sawdust, timber, &c., are about twelve feet thick, with a vacuum between each layer.

It is well worth a visitor's attention to examine the vast facilities and arrangements devised to carry on the gigantic trade in fish, oil, &c., of the two wealthy Jersey houses, whose head establishments are at Paspebiac. The western point of the bar, or beach, is occupied by LeBoutillier Bros., a respectable old Jersey house; but

though a worthy rival of its neighbors, it is not so ancient as the great house of C. R. C. (Charles Robin & Co.) None of the Robins, however, reside here. C. R. C. is a mighty name on the Gaspé coast. It has existed more than a hundred years. Whether the "Co." is represented by sons, as formerly, I cannot tell; perhaps, like the great London house immortalized by Dickens, C. R. C. might now mean daughters—it is well known "Dombey & Son" turned out a daughter; but who cares? C. R. C. amongst the Gaspésians represent millions; seven vast establishments rejoice under this mystic combination.

It would be akin to sacrilege to say, at Paspebiac, that they could be affected by hard times. No one can fathom their resources: no one dare dispute the principle on which each establishment is carried on. The poor clerks and managers, 'tis true, cannot own wives or families at their residences at Gaspé; the founder of the house ordained it otherwise one hundred years ago, and their business rules are like the laws of the Medes and Persians—they alter not. C. R. C. is really a grand, a glorious name, a tower of strength in Gaspesia, though it may mean a monopoly. Its credit is calculated to last until the end of time. Canada Banks may get in Chancery; the Bank of England may feel tight, hard up; but C. R. C. never. Its credit stands higher on all the range of this vast coast than the Bank of England. I should be the last to attempt to dim the lustre of these great Jersey firms; their word is as good as their bond, and in times of need, when the fishery fails, the poor fisherman never appeals to them in vain.

I cannot leave Paspebiac without noticing one of the most prominent elements of progress recently introduced—the extension of the Electric Telegraph, all the way down from Metis to Baie des Chaleurs and Gaspé. Times are indeed changed since those dark ages when a Gaspé or Baie des Chaleurs mail was made up once each winter and expedited to Quebec on the back of an Indian on snow-shoes. Thanks to their Parliamentary Members, thanks to the wealthy Jersey firms, thanks to the enterprise of the people who furnished the

telegraph posts (the Montreal Telegraph Co. agreeing to put them up) the wires place them now in hourly intercourse with every city of America and of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

THE MIC-MACS—PETER BASKET, ESQUIRE,
THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEF—HOPE TOWN
—LORD AYLMER AND HIS MIC-MAC
ACQUAINTANCE—NOUVELLE—CHIGOUAC
—PORT DANIEL—THE OLDEST MAYOR
IN THE DOMINION.

The Mic-Mac and other Indians have gradually deserted many points of the Gaspé coast, which swarmed with them formerly. Some 500 or 600 have congregated at Mission Point, on the Restigouche, up Bay des Chaleurs. Doubtless the fierce Pospillats will also gradually decrease in numbers as the admixture of Indian blood is not favorable either to morality or colonization. Left to their unbridled instincts, what delightful drinking-bouts these lazy mountaineers, the Mic-Macs, must have! What wholesale slaughter of the lordly salmon, at all seasons, whether it is spawning or not! How many moose and caribou are left in the close season to rot on the mountains, with their tongue, mouffle or hide alone removed? This indiscriminate slaughter of our finest game has already rendered extinct the majestic Wapite, which one hundred and thirty years ago roamed in countless droves over a great portion of Lower Canada. Now, you have to go all the way to the Rocky Mountains to get a sight of the Wapite. I am no admirer of the red man, though Fenimore Cooper can make a hero of him; those I have met so far, with some exceptions, I felt inclined to see them improved—as Brother Jonathan improves them—off the face of the earth. One of these exceptions is Peter Basket, Esq. of Restigouche.

Peter Basket is the name of the great Mic-Mac chief who visited Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, about 1850, and returned loaded with presents. As he seems to delight in courts and great folks, may I ask whether he or some ancestor of his was one of the orators who formerly waited on His Excellency, Lord Aylmer?

“When Lord Aylmer was Governor-General, he once went on an excursion to Gaspé. Amongst others who flocked there to welcome the representative of royalty were Mic-Mac Indians, numbering some 500 or 600. When His Excellency landed with a brilliant staff, he was met by this respectable deputation of the aboriginal race. The chief, a fine powerful man, surrounded by his principal warriors, at once commenced a long oration delivered in the usual solemn, sing-song tone, accompanied with frequent bowing of the head. It happened that a vessel had been wrecked some months previously, in the Gulf, and the Indians, proving themselves ready and adroit wreckers, had profited largely by the windfall. Among other ornaments which they had seized, was a box full of labels for decanters, marked in conspicuous character, Rum, Gin, Brandy, &c. The chief had his head liberally incircled within ornaments of the usual kind, and, on this occasion, had dexterously affixed to his ears and nose some of the labels. At the beginning of the interview, these were not particularly discernible amid the novelty of the spectacle; and it was only while listening to the lengthened harangue of the savage chief that His Excellency began to scrutinize his appearance and dress; and then his ears and nose with the labels inscribed Brandy, Gin, Rum, &c. Glancing toward his staff, he could no longer maintain his gravity, and was joined in a hearty but indecorous burst of unrestrainable laughter. The indignant chief, with his followers, immediately withdrew, and would neither be pacified nor persuaded to return, although the cause of His Excellency’s ill-timed merriment was explained to him.”

The road, on leaving Paspebiac beach, reaches the heights—some nicely-wooded heights formerly the property of Messrs. Robin & Co., now called Hopetown, a thriving settlement of industrious and economical Scotchmen. Handsome cottages are rapidly taking here the place of the forest. The village of Nouvelle comes next; then a settlement called Chigouac, with a good mill stream, and two grist mills erected on it.

When being jolted in a two-wheeled post stage, without springs, over these villain-

ous roads, the traveller will do well to fix before hand the stopping places (for meals) as hostleries are few and far between. Don't buoy yourself up with the hallucination that on the Gaspé coast, at least, you will have the most savory of its products—fresh fish—always at command. Such would be a delusion and a snare. On my complaining once of this deprivation, my thoughtful landlady informed me that she had refrained from giving me two days in succession, fresh mackerel from fear of hurting my feelings, and lest I should go away with the idea that no other diet could be had but a fish diet. As a rule, you can count on the perpetual "Ham and Eggs," for breakfast, dinner and supper; but in some portions of these latitudes, the hens, it appears, on strike either for less work or better food, had decided not to lay, and I had to make the most of "Ham" *solus*. This ham regime, when protracted, gets irksome; you long for the egg country, where hens are not on strike. An omelette let me tell you is not a thing to be lightly talked of or despised, my sherry-sipping and plum-pudding eating travelling friend. An epicure of my acquaintance holds as an axiom that it requires three persons to serve up an omelette properly; one to mix it—another to fry it—a third to turn it in the pan, without lodging it in the fire.

But on this point I found nothing in Hackluyt nor in Purchas, great travellers though they be.

An hour's drive from Chigouac brings you to a beautiful farming country, a deep, picturesque bay—called Port Daniel—in the Township of Port Daniel, which begins at Pointe au Maquereau, a rocky point jutting in the sea. When you reach the summit of the range of Cap au Diable, the beautiful Bay of Port Daniel suddenly meets the eye, and a splendid and varied panorama lies before you. As you descend the mountain on a fine summer afternoon, an interesting and amusing scene often presents itself. The innumerable fishing boats having returned, men, women and children are all busily engaged in landing, splitting and conveying the fish to the stages. At the mouth of Port Daniel River we have again the usual lagoon, and bar which prevents the entrance of vessels of

any large size; but there is good anchorage under the Cape. On this, the east side of the river, just at the harbor's mouth, snugly ensconced under the hill, stands the Roman Catholic church.

The "Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company" commenced an establishment and built a couple of small vessels on this river—and their so-called coal-field, a *bed of shale*, is about three miles up the stream. Crossing the ferry about a quarter of a mile further, is another river, on which there is a small saw-mill.—*Pye's Gaspe Scenery.*

I must confess, this picturesque sunlit landscape will dwell long in my memory.

Possibly, some spots you visit for the first time, seem to your enchanted eye still more lovely, from the pleasant associations which linger around them. A slight act of kindness where you expected but the cold indifference of the world; a hospitable welcome; the hand of good fellowship, cordially extended by an utter stranger; the exchange of cultivated ideas and intellectual converse where, at best, you counted merely on the rude and unsympathizing gaze of the boor or the stranger: such incidents, no doubt, contribute to create vivid lasting and pleasurable emotions, which being identified with the landscape itself, leave a delightful record in the chambers of memory. It was a good fortune to experience this welcome at Port Daniel. The Chief Magistrate of Port Daniel, William Macpherson, Esq., is a well-informed and warm-hearted Worshipful Mayor. I should say the Prince and Nestor of Mayors on the Gaspé coast, as I learn he has graced the civic chair twenty-six years. He is a Scot, a true Scot. Under what portion of the vault of Heaven will you not find a canny Scot, prosperous, high in place, well-to do? The great tea-merchants in China are Scotch; the greatest philosophers in the United Kingdom of Great Britain are Scotch; the wealthiest companies in Canada are Scotch—Allan, &c. At the Council Board in the Dominion Government; in Ontario; Quebec—Mac Donalds, MacDonalds, Robertsons, all Scots. Am I not then justified in quoting from the prize poem read at the St. Andrew's Meeting in Montreal, Halloween, 1866:—

"An' sae it is the wide worl' o'er
On fair or barren spot
Frae Tropic isles to Arctic shore
Ye'll fin' the canny Scot
All posts o' honor weel he fills,
Leal subject o' his Queen;
For loyalty an' honesty
Claim kin wi' Halloween;"

So long life to His Worship of Port Daniel!

Halloween, 1871.

(To be continued.)

RESULTS OF A SKATING ADVENTURE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURES IN ACADIA," "MARGUERITE: A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN ACADIA," &c.

PART I.

The first time I met Abbie Lyttleton, she was whirling on skates in one of the rinks of a gay Canadian city. Now Abbie Lyttleton on skates was as charming a picture as you have ever seen in any of the illustrated papers. Her natty little figure—she was decidedly *petite*—wrapped in warm, rich furs, never showed to greater advantage than when she pirouetted and whirled over the ice. Perhaps I am not the most impartial judge, for Miss Abbie was always a great favorite of mine—I mean friendship only, for very soon after I became acquainted with her I saw that my friend Harvey of the same regiment way hopelessly in love with her, and that his chances of winning the fair prize were decidedly good. Harvey, like the rest of us, had been seized with the rink mania, but he met with an amount of success that made most of us very jealous. I may as well confess at once that I was never remarkable as a skater. My perseverance in mastering the graceful art was certainly very commendable, and was rewarded to a certain extent; for after a time I could sustain my equilibrium and move about with comfort and freedom, but there I stopped, and never ventured into outside edges, figure eights, and all the eccentricities of skilled skaters. Now I am a believer in what I may call the ethics of the art of skating. Judging by my own experience, the student is afforded a capital opportunity of learning to control his temper under all circumstances, and if he finds he has not uttered an angry exclamation, or put on an angry scowl during his first week's novitiate, he may consider himself equal to the most trying crises. Then I am of opinion that many an attachment has been nipped in the commencement by

the adversitiés that befall a young beginner. A young lady who is herself the embodiment of all that is graceful and lovely on skates, is not likely—unless, indeed, she has no idea of the ludicrous—to avoid giving offence to a gentleman who is constantly getting into trouble by running against his neighbors, and striking unusual attitudes on the treacherous surface on which he has ventured in a moment of rash confidence. Most people are touchy on such occasions, especially when you see the merriment in the very eyes that have perhaps allured you to that fatal spot.

Harvey, however, was a capital skater, though he had only commenced to practise at the same time that I did; but the great skater, like the great poet, must be to the manor born. In a few days he had become proficient, whilst I still remained on the very threshold of the science. Many no doubt envied him when he and Abbie whirled around the circle, keeping time to the music of the band; for it was a pretty sight to watch Abbie with her cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise, and her dark, brown eyes sparkling like the fairest gems under her coquettish fur hat.

But while Harvey and Miss Lyttleton were enjoying themselves in this pleasant way, one person was looking on with much dissatisfaction at the progress of the attachment between the two, and this person was Mrs. Lyttleton, a well-preserved matron of perhaps forty-five years, who took her seat very often with other chaperones on the platform which ran round the rink. She was the widow of a gentleman who had been in the Commissariat, and had suddenly died, leaving only a very limited amount for the support of his wife and two daughters. She had the reputation among her intimate acquaint-

ances of being what is called a "capital manager," and there could be no doubt that she succeeded in dressing her daughters with much taste, and in giving most pleasant little parties in the course of the winter. Some jealous people averred that she took good care only to invite those young ladies who were engaged or were not likely to overshadow her own daughters; but the men thought nothing of these things, and were always glad to have an opportunity of passing an evening at Eglantine Cottage, which was prettily situated on a little woody knoll overlooking the St. Lawrence. Her eldest daughter had been married some months before this story opens, to the eldest son of a rich banker, and was considered to have made a capital match in the opinion of her shrewd mamma. Harvey, you may be sure, was never asked to the pleasant parties at the Cottage—these were only open to safe men, among whom he could not be placed, for he was only the son of a poor English clergyman, and had very few prospects except what promotion offered him, and that you know is not very rapid in an English regiment where wealth and influence are indispensable to a man. The two, however, were able to see each other frequently at the houses of their respective friends, as well as at the rink, and had soon formed an acquaintance which gradually developed into something warmer than mere friendship.

Such was the position of affairs at the time when the tragical event which I am now to relate occurred, and created so intense a sensation in social circles. About the end of the winter, I was enjoying the pleasant coal fire which was burning briskly in the large grate in my room, when I heard Harvey's voice at the door, asking if he could come in.

"My dear fellow,"—this was a few minutes after he had taken the arm-chair which looked very inviting on the other side of the fire-place—"I've come to ask a favor of you. As you know, several members of the Tandem Club intend turning out on Thursday next for the last drive of the season, and they will try and get as far as our old friend, M. Beaumanoir, to whom we have long promised to pay a visit. Now I want

you to take Miss Lyttleton and her mother."

"And pray, why should I take Miss Abbie? I had made up my mind not to go out again this season; for it is too late for pleasant sleighing. Why don't you ask them yourself?"

"Now you're only chaffing me. You know perfectly well that would be the very way to prevent Mrs. Lyttleton going on the drive. Now, you are rather a favorite of hers, and she will be certain to accept your offer."

"But why not let some one else offer his services?"

"Don't you see" (this very impatiently) "this is the very thing that I want to prevent. DeRottenburg is sure to offer, unless you can get ahead of him. The excursion has only just been arranged, and I have run over to tell you of it before De Rottenburg, who is out of town, returns this evening."

So you see I was persuaded into taking part in a sleigh ride which I had no thought of joining until Harvey made me privy to his little plot. It was easy enough to see through his design—he had been unable to see much of Abbie of late, as Mrs. Lyttleton had not been very well and unable to take part in the usual gaieties of the season. How much of the illness was feigned I will not undertake to say; but I have no doubt that she was perfectly well aware that the regiment was under orders to leave immediately on the opening of navigation and had secretly formed the resolve to keep Abbie at home as much as possible.

Mrs. Lyttleton cheerfully accepted the proffer of my turn-out for the drive to the Manor house of the Seigneur. On the appointed day, some ten sleighs, handsomely equipped, started about ten o'clock for our drive, which was to extend over some twenty miles down the river. It was a charming March day, but the sun was almost too hot, and made the snow too soft for the sleighs by noon, while there were a good many bare spots along the road. The greater part of the drive was through tall pine and fir woods, which were exquisitely beautiful, as the sun lit up the patches of snow, so pure and white by contrast with the deep green foliage of the trees. The

bells jingled merrily and peals of laughter ever and anon mingled with their joyful music. It was a pleasant drive, and I enjoyed it not a little, with Miss Abbie by my side nestling under the soft furs, while Mrs. Lyttleton and another lady, whom I asked her to invite, sat on the seat behind us. In a little over three hours' time we arrived at our destination, a large, modern mansion of gray stone, standing in the midst of a large park fronting the river. We were soon enjoying a sumptuous lunch in the large, oak-pannelled dining-room of our hospitable friend. Everybody was in capital spirits after the exhilarating drive, not excepting Mrs. Lyttleton, who appeared to have entirely ignored the fact that Harvey was one of the party.

After the lunch, the party broke up into several sets, some adjourning to the drawing-room for music, others to look over cartoons and choice pictures in the library; but Harvey whispered to me that he and some others were going down to the river, and asked me to join them. I found that Miss Abbie was one of the number who had made up their minds to have a skate whilst their chaperones were busy in the library, and not disposed to keep too close a watch over their charges. Sufficient skates were soon provided—two or three had expected such an adventure and brought skates with them; and five or six couples were not long in preparing themselves for a pleasant whirl on the magnificent sheet of ice which spread out before their eyes like the most transparent crystal somewhat unusual for the season; but there had been a sharp frost during the two preceding nights which had effectually glazed the surface. Whilst the party were putting on the skates, near the shore, an old *habitant* came up to us and warned us against going too far, as the ice was very insecure at places, and had actually commenced to break up a few miles below. I noticed that the clouds looked very threatening, and that the wind was already commencing to rise; but the thoughtless party laughed at myself and the old *habitant* as birds of evil omen, for they were evidently determined to have their frolic at all hazards. We had some difficulty in finding a good place for the ladies to get on to

the river, as the ice about the shore was broken up into clumpers; but we succeeded at last about an eighth of a mile from the manor. All the party were soon whirling off merrily, whilst I stood on the bank watching them, for I had found that the skates which were offered to me were too short, and so I gladly excused myself from taking part in what I considered at all times a very doubtful pleasure.

An hour or so passed away, and then as I saw that the wind was increasing and that it was rapidly becoming more gloomy overhead, I shouted and waved my handkerchief to the party to come ashore. Several saw my signal and responded by skating homeward, and then I walked slowly back to the Manor, where I found the other ladies much annoyed at the trick that the younger members of the party had played upon them. The Seigneur had got into a deeply interesting conversation with an old friend whom he had not seen for years, and never missed us until I returned.

"I hope they will soon return," whispered M. de Beaumanoir to me, "the ice is very unsafe; if I had known of this escape I would certainly have stopped it before this. The river, three miles below, has been freed by the storm of the day before yesterday, and the ice has floated out. Surely some of you gentlemen must have known of it."

I do not suppose any of us, in the excitement of the moment, thought much about anything except playing a senseless trick on the elder ladies, and I replied that I had hailed the party to come home before I left the shore. Just then several came in, all in a glow with the excitement.

"But where are the others?" anxiously asked M. de Beaumanoir.

"O, I suppose they are behind, we called them and they answered they would soon follow us,"

As M. de Beaumanoir went off to see if the missing ones were in sight, one of the party that had just come in said to me in a whisper—

"Abbie and Harvey are now the only ones behind—they skated a long way down the river ahead of the rest of us; but they appeared to be coming home when we wav-

ed our handkerchiefs to them. We had some trouble in getting ashore, for there are several cracks which were not there when we started."

I felt very much worried at this news, as I had inadvertently taken part in this silly frolic, and went out with two other gentlemen to the front part of the house, whence we could see a part of the river. I was surprised to see that time had passed so quickly, for the sun had already set behind a dark cloud. The wind was now very high, and the drifting leaden-colored clouds overhead portended a stormy night. As we stood expecting every moment to see the two tardy members of our party make their appearance, we were startled by a furious squall which came rushing down the river, and almost carrying us off our feet. Two other squalls followed, about eight minutes between each, and then we heard a loud report like the roar of artillery in a dozen places; but we could see nothing, for darkness enveloped everything with remarkable rapidity.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed M. de Beaumanoir, who had joined us; "the ice has parted in a hundred places. I suspected that would be the end of the storm which is now brewing; but I had little idea that the ice was sufficiently rotten to break up so quickly."

It was too true; the wind which had increased so violently in an hour or so, had started the ice in numerous places, and driven it down the river. Half an hour after we heard the report, we saw as we stood on the shore and peered into the darkness, wide fissures stretching across the river and the blue water as an immense oblong sheet of ice moved down with the wind. When we first looked down the river we could catch a glimpse of the two skaters, standing still, evidently deliberating what they could do in their dangerous predicament; and then when they had decided on the best course to pursue, they skated off slowly to a point of land which jutted out some distance below and which no doubt they hoped to be able to reach. Here, however, they were clearly disappointed, for they came again to a stop; and then as it was quite dark, we lost sight of them. Men were, in the meantime, sent

hurriedly off to different parts of the river to try and aid the two victims of our fool-hardy exploit. Every moment was valuable, for it was sure to be a very dark, stormy night—too often the sequel of such a fine morning as that which had been chosen for our drive. It was horrible to contemplate the consequences should the missing skaters be left many hours on the ice-floe during the storm. But darkness enveloped land and river, the wind swept down the river in furious gusts; the ice broke up into countless fragments, and the water lashed upon the shore like breakers on the sea-coast. A deep gloom settled on the face of all the guests at the chateau, and no one seemed willing to speak the terrible thought that arose as the wind tossed the branches of the trees against the windows, and shook the sashes and doors. As to poor Mrs. Lytton, her agony of mind must have excited the heartfelt compassion of even those who are constantly in the presence of human grief and suffering.

(To be continued.)

TEDDY'S LETTER.

BY MRS. E. A. BEERS.

What a harmless thing intirely,
Wid its writin' all agee,
Looks this bit of letter, comin'
From ould Ireland, here, to me.

But I tell you tears is startin',
An' I'm chokin' as I go,
— (I can read but very poorly),
But the words hit like a blow.

Gone for ever, mother darlint!
Gone widout one word fur me,
To tell me you'd forgave 'Teddy';
Gone, for ever! woe is me!

Can't I see your eyes a shinin'
In the darkened cabin-door,
When I turned away in anger,
'Cause you scolded when I swore.

Backward turnin' at the corner,
Lookin' when you couldn't see,
Wiping tears off wid your apron,
Bitter tears that fell fur me.

So I left you in my anger,
Sailed that night from home and you,
Yet I see you cryin' softly,
Tears upon your apron blue.

Gathered pounds I jest was keepin',
Jest was fixin' up a home,
Jest was meanin' to write humble,
I was sorry, would ye come?

I'll read it over. What's this llinin'
Done by John? "Our mother said,
'Tell my 'Teddy I forgave him,
Loved him alway, darlin' Ted.'"

Jist before she came to sunrise—
Now, it seems, as I can see
Mother lookin' out o' glory,
Smilin' softly down at me!

—*Christian Weekly.*

THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING:

A HOLIDAY STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY MISS BLAIR ATHOL.

A Canadian Christmas Eve! How shall I describe it? Away out of the busy streets, past the river, up the hills, where the tops of the trees whispered to the clouds: in every direction, as far as the eye could reach: the pure, dazzling snow—the pride of every Canadian's heart—had quietly fallen and wrapt everything in its gentle embrace. The dying rays of a winter's sun cast a perfect halo of glory over our town, from one end of it to the other. "Was there ever a country like this?" I said to myself, as I settled my hands more comfortably in my muff. And the number of happy countenances we met at every step! The gay, handsomely-dressed ladies and children—scarlet, white, and all colors of jackets, mink fur, rainbow-hued clouds, with occasionally a fleecy one, rivalling even the snow in purity. The very sound made by the high-heeled boots on the frosty sidewalk savored of Christmas. Every one looked happy. Crowds of well-cared-for little Canadians swarmed in and out of confectioners' and toy-shops; but no little homeless one, out in the cold, was visible that afternoon! It was Christmas Eve, and all we met looked as if they felt and enjoyed that fact. How the cutters rushed that afternoon—the very bells seemed to ring out a joyous peal! And the groups of merry skaters returning from their afternoon's diversion, who assailed us with eager inquiries, "Why weren't you there? The ice was beautiful—never saw it better."

"Oh, we had to make the stuffing for the turkey," laughed one.

"I was making mince-pies," said another.

"Will you give me a piece if I come round to-morrow?" asked one of our gals—her cousin by the way.

"No; I won't. Why didn't you come round to help make them. You could have nicked the covers, you know."

And now I shall tell who we were. We were seven young ladies—girls, I mean. (I object to the term "young ladies" between the ages of sixteen and twenty.) We were going to spend the afternoon at the Rectory, putting the finishing touches to a magnificent Christmas tree, designed for the Sabbath-school children. Our minister, Mr. Rivers, was a new one. We were in a class taught by Mrs. Rivers, and had been invited to take tea and spend this Christmas Eve with her. Our teacher had a most charming manner, combined with a very prepossessing appearance. She was both handsome and stylish. "Not at all like a minister's wife," so everyone said (if a minister should happen to read this he need not take offence), and more than one regretted her position. "Such a figure she would make at a ball!"

Well, we finished the tree quite to our satisfaction. After tea we had a little music, and then Alice Somers, as we all expected, asked Mrs. Rivers to tell us a story. Alice had a well-known *penchant* for stories.

"Something about yourself, Mrs. Rivers, only I'm afraid you're not old enough."

"How not old enough, Alice?" inquired Mrs. Rivers.

"I mean you haven't lived long enough to come through anything yet—not like mamma. I make her tell stories by the hour; but you see she has come through a good deal." Alice sighed. We all knew that Mrs. Somers had left a luxurious home in her beloved "old country," and had, as Alice expressed it, come through a rather hard life.

"It doesn't always take years to bring

one through everything, Alice, and sometimes we learn the lesson of life while just beginning it. Shall I tell you how I passed the Christmas season of 1866?"

"Oh, yes!" we all said at once.

"Well, to begin, my father, perhaps you know, was the minister at Nixon—a small out-of-the-way place it is. The people were not rich. They gave a very small salary. However, they appeared comfortable enough themselves, and were very much attached to my parents. We had one wealthy man in Nixon—Mr. Granger—but he did not attend our church. His daughter, Nellie, and Lou White, whose father was the only lawyer there then, and I were inseparable. Of course our positions were very different. They were both sent away to city schools, while I received my education from my father and mother. Not a very regular course of instruction; for she was so delicate. However, she taught me music—the rest I obtained from my father, and I knew more than they did on their return from school, although they were more accomplished. In 1866 I was twenty. More than a year before my mother had died, and now there were just my father, my two little sisters, and myself. They were a great deal younger than I, several having died between us. I must confess, before I go on, that I was born with a great love of the world in my heart. Not so great as some, perhaps, but still quite enough to give me trouble. Some girls grow fond of the pleasures of a gay life; but a certain wish for everything nice was born in me. I would have liked a fashionable education, expensive wardrobe, a little society, and, I must confess it, a little admiration. So you will see how I was situated. Not one of these that were so dear to me then could I get. We were poor, very poor. Instead of buying new dresses, I had to turn the old, if not for myself, for my sisters, and it was surprising how well I made things look sometimes. The congregation admired me for taking good care of my father; but at that time their opinion was of very little consequence to me. Well Nellie and Lou came home from school, bringing a great many fashionable visitors with them. They were to spend this winter at home,

but intended going away in summer. 'Nixon was no place for a girl to live in, they said. Visions of the pleasures in store for them haunted me continually; I was always comparing my life with theirs. For the meantime, there was gayety enough to please anyone, I thought. Mr. White had lately taken in a partner, and never before had Nixon seen such a winter. Parties of all descriptions were got up. Sleighing parties, skating parties, snow-shoeing excursions and every possible amusement that could be devised was eagerly brought forward for the diversion of their visitors. Mr. Forrester, Mr. White's partner, was the constant attendant upon these occasions. Nixon being a small place you can understand there was a scarcity of gentlemen. I don't know whether the beginning of that winter or the end was the most miserable time for me. Nellie, or Lou either, never had a party without giving me a very pressing invitation; but I could not go—I had no suitable clothes; my mourning was worn out, and this winter I had set my heart on a blue merino, and white fur if I could get it. I went once to a little tea-party at Nellie's and owing to the extremely fashionable appearance of her guests, not to mention the city airs, they deemed fit to adopt before a country girl, and partly, I suppose, to the shabbiness of my own dress, I passed a very wretched evening. I don't know how it came back to me, but I heard that Mr. Forrester, whom I met that evening, and who treated me politely in spite of my humble attire, said that 'Miss Tremaine would cut out every one of them if properly got up.' After that I was more determined than ever upon the blue merino. Don't imagine that I neglected everything for myself; I kept the house, took care of my sisters, and in fact people said I did well considering my age. Of course they didn't know my troubles; my father didn't know—since my mother's death he had become so absorbed in books that the management of everything was left to me, though no one was aware of it. I just wanted to serve God and mammon; I did not intend to neglect my duty in the least; but I wanted a little of the world too. Well it was drawing near Christmas; I had

finished the children's winter suits, and was waiting for the blue merino for myself; then I should go out a little; I should not stay in so close when I had something to wear. With these thoughts I kept up my spirits. One morning my father called me into the study. Expecting to get money to buy the blue merino, I did not require to be twice called. 'I am sure Kate,' he began, 'I don't know how we will manage this Christmas. I've got the quarter's salary; but there seems to be so many ways for it to go, I've had so many things to subscribe for, and I paid the doctor all out—I hope the grocery bill is not a large one, or we will be badly placed.' It was nothing new, I thought, for us to be badly placed; I had never known anything else. I brought the grocery bill and after counting that, with everything else that had to be paid for, I immediately saw that there was an end of the blue merino. He would get no more for three months, and in that time we had to live. 'I'm sorry for you, Kate,' said my poor father; 'it's hard to be kept so close, so very poor, but it will not be so always; we must have faith. Our Heavenly Father knows all our hearts, and all things work together for good to them that love Him.' 'I don't believe it,' I said to myself; 'not a word of it. If there was any truth in that we would not have been kept poor for so long.' Of course this was a bitter disappointment. I don't suppose ever any of you felt as I did; there was no humility in me then; I was all rebellion. Why should we be kept so poor? others were not so. My father worked hard, why could he not have at least a comfortable living? Well, as I could not get the blue merino, I would not have any, so I wore my old black. This was about a month before Christmas. Two weeks after, Nellie Granger called one afternoon to tell me of a grand party she was to have on Christmas Eve, and 'I'll never speak to you again if you don't come. Just to sit and look on. You can go home early, too, if you like. But you must come.' 'I haven't a suitable dress, Nellie,' I replied. 'A white muslin would do you beautifully, said kind-hearted Nellie, naming the cheapest thing she could think of. 'Oh! you must come, if it's only to take Mr.

Forrester away from the Judsons. They think he admires you, and they're awfully jealous. I'll be real offended now, Kate, if you don't come on Christmas Eve.' After Nellie was gone I sat down to consider. To go to this party was better than anything; and then, as Nellie said, a white muslin wouldn't cost much. I know that ministers' daughters don't generally attend large parties; but I was so intimate with Nellie that it would not be considered at all out of place. Yes; I thought I would make an effort and go. A muslin would cost so little.

"An hour after, two ladies of the congregation came in to tell me of a Christmas tree they were getting up for the school children. They called, they said, to tell me of it, that I might have plenty time to prepare things. They appeared to take it for granted that I was not only quite willing, but quite able to contribute largely to the tree. At tea my father, who had also been told of it, said: 'Well, Kate, you'll have to give something to put on it as your share—a teacher, you know,' and he passed me over some money. How I hated to touch it! The money we needed so badly, to have to give away to others much better off than we were! After tea I sat down to count all the money I had, and consider about the party. I fought against a great temptation that night. I had a little money for housekeeping purposes, but had intended paying the man who put up our stoves with it. Now another thought struck me. I laid it, with the money my father gave me for the tree, on the table before me, and counting it up saw that the muslin might be bought if I did not pay the man just yet; and instead of spending all the money on the tree, just a part of it. Yes, I thought I could do it. I counted it over again, and this time was sure. All at once I thought, would it be right? Would it be right to take the money with which I should pay the man to buy a dress for me to attend a party? No; it would not. I was not long in deciding between right and wrong. My poor mother had always taught me to ask myself that question when I was not sure of anything. Is it right? Then would I do it. It was a great temptation. With all my heart I wanted

to do it; and with all my heart I felt it was wrong. Well, I decided not to go—not cheerfully by any means; but there was a sort of pride in me that I wouldn't do anything dishonorable even to benefit myself, as I considered this would be. There was a grim satisfaction to me in doing what I thought I should do; and 'let come what will,' I said, 'we'll starve next.' Mechanically I took up a little text-book; 'A sparrow falleth not to the ground without my Father's notice,' was the text for the next day; but my head was full of miserable rebellious thoughts—the sparrows might be cared for, but we were not. Each time these thoughts took possession of me I grew more hardened; nothing softened me except looking at my poor father and sisters. I fancied he looked so thin and careworn; he had little appetite, and I could offer him nothing tempting. Then my sisters, poor little things, they appeared so contented with just whatever they could get. My heart would ache when they told me what Lottie Smith, the shoemaker's daughter, had for dinner at school, and I thought of theirs. "But we always eat ours by ourselves; don't we, Fanny?" I had told them to do this once—for besides being poor I was ashamed of it. I was becoming sour and bitter under all this. I could not see where the Fatherly love was.

"Well, Christmas Eve came. I paid the man for putting up the stoves, and bought and made presents for the Christmas tree. I had hoped to be able to buy something nice for our Christmas dinner, but I soon saw I could not. Always until this Christmas some one of the congregation had made us a present of a pair of fowls or a turkey perhaps; but this year they had forgotten. I didn't care for myself, and my father seemed so quiet and absorbed of late that he didn't appear to notice what we had, or went without; but the two children—my poor mother, before she died, used to make such a fuss about them for they wouldn't spoil. I felt so wicked when they told me about being in Mrs. Brown's kitchen, and what she was making for the next day. 'The great turkey, the oysters, the plum pudding, mince pies, and the Christmas cake so beautiful, Kate,

all sugar and candy!' 'What are we going to have to-morrow, Kate?' I was standing before the kitchen fire, gazing down gloomily at the tea-kettle. I glanced around on the clean, tidy kitchen, as I thought of Mrs. Brown's preparations for Christmas. There was nothing here to prepare. We couldn't even afford a cake. Again the children looked up at me so eagerly and asked, 'What are we going to have for to-morrow, Kate?' I thought my heart would break as I looked down on them. I drew up an old rocking-chair of my mother's before the fire, and taking up the two little motherless girls, I held one with each arm and cried over them for two long hours. They sat very quiet for a while, and then commenced to cry too, not asking what was the matter—they seemed to know. Since some time after my mother died, when I used to take great fits of it, I had not cried once; now I thought I should never stop. The hard, pinching poverty, the loneliness and disappointment I had felt lately, were too much for me. If I had had any one to speak to,—but I was all alone, trying to make the best appearance I could. After a while I felt myself growing hysterical, and thinking what would become of us if I gave way like this, with a great effort I stopped, and taking no notice of our next day's dinner, I quieted the children, promising them mamma's drawer to look at after tea. I could scarcely speak that evening without ending in a sob; but my father never seemed to observe anything, so I was safe. After tea the children amused themselves with the drawer—it was an old drawer of my mother's, full of odds and ends—telling me what they were going to give me when they grew up. After the rest had gone to bed I went to my room; not to sleep though, that was far from me. First I wondered what I could do for those two children; I must make something for them; so I brought out some bits of gay-colored silks to make needle-books and pin-cushions, as I could think of nothing else. Before commencing I threw back the curtain and looked out of the window—about the worst thing I could have done. Mr. Granger lived opposite in a handsome house a little back from the road. This evening it was

in a blaze of illumination. One, two, three sleighs were just depositing their merry loads at the door. The music rang out mockingly, I thought, on the clear, frosty air, and all seemed happiness and enjoyment. My hard, bitter, rebellious thoughts crowded back on me, as I stood there looking out on the beautiful night. The moon was high and clear in the heavens; scarcely a cloud was visible, and the stars twinkled cheerily, even hopefully upon me. Another load drew up to the door; amongst them I recognised Lou White's merry laugh. Said I, 'I might have been there too, but for the want of a muslin dress. It was a poor girl in Canada that couldn't afford a white muslin,' I said to myself. I stood there a long time nursing my disappointment and misery, until my thoughts turned to the children and the next day. With a reckless disregard of catching cold, I threw up the window that I might hear the music, and taking a shawl around me began to work. My fingers flew fast and my thoughts faster. It was late now and the town was quiet; not a sound was to be heard but the exhilarating music from over the way. The hired violinist had come, and waltz, galop, and gay quadrilles rang out joyously, even mockingly to me, as I sat there almost benumbed with cold, making the needle-books for the children. I had never heard a piano and violin together before, and that night's music actually seemed to take possession of my brain. Weeks after, it rang through my head, and even now I never hear the old 'Midnight' or 'Spirit of the Ball' galop, without having that night and all its wretchedness brought back to me. It was hearing one of you play the 'Midnight' after tea, that made me think of telling you this. Yes, that was a miserable night—not so much that I couldn't go to a party, but that we were so poor, so very poor, and yet must keep up a sort of appearance, as if we had everything we wanted. I laid my head on the table, and thought of my mother and how much better it would have been if we had all died when she did. I didn't want to die as long as my father and sisters were in the world; but if it wasn't for them how glad I thought I should be to lie down and never rise again! The party broke up at

half-past four. I watched the guests leave; I heard Mr. Granger himself bidding them 'Good-night' rather huskily, as they drove away, and the thought struck me that perhaps he had been taking too much wine. He was a little inclined that way, I knew, but I didn't dream he would spoil Nellie's party by it. I thought of my father—my father who was willing to do anything for the sake of the cause he had chosen, and this was our reward! Next day my father complained of a headache, and quite forgot what day it was, until Fanny chattering something about the Christmas tree reminded him. He came over to my chair and kissed me; but the words he was going to say, died on his lips, 'A Merry Christmas.' What mockery! A great lump came into my throat as I saw the children quietly eating their porridge, and thought of the breakfast the little Browns and Smiths would have. After breakfast I wondered what I could have a little different for dinner. I had some preserves, and so bringing out flour, I made a pudding, which was as near a holiday feast as we could come, and this with tarts for tea, also made of the preserves, was my preparation for the day. We had potatoes, flour, bread, and butter, a little preserves, and a basket of apples. I daresay there were few homes on the Christmas of 1866 that had not a little more than that for their festivities. In the afternoon, while tying on Minnie's hat to go to the Christmas tree, she saw Mr. Sanders, a minister who assisted father sometimes, coming up to the door. I cannot tell you how thankful I was that he had not come before dinner. It was bad enough to be poor, but to me it was worse to have it known and seen. Fanny and Minnie went off, and I told my father I wasn't going, I didn't care about it. 'Is that the only reason, Kate?' he asked. 'Yes, I don't care about it; I've seen it already,' I replied. 'I think you had better go, Kate. It doesn't look well to stay away when you are well, and you a teacher. They will be expecting you; I think you had better go.' So to please him I got ready and went, very much against my inclination. All the afternoon I was tormented with the fear of having Mr. Sanders to tea. How I hoped some of the congre-

gation would ask him! Another new trouble haunted me: father had felt very unwell at dinner, and when I saw him come in the door he looked so thin and pale I thought he would faint. What if he were going to be ill! The very idea made me feel sick. I sat there as if in a dream. I could not even talk to the people. The ladies had all spoken to me and admired my work for the tree, but no one wished me a merry Christmas. It was generally supposed that I felt the loss of my mother so much that this would be bad taste. They all seemed to know I had some trouble, and it was attributed to this. A pretty little boy came up to me lisping a merry Christmas, and while pretending to kiss him, I hid my face under his long curls to conceal the tears that rushed from my eyes. At last it was over. Fanny and Minnie got each a doll, my father a pair of slippers, and I a pair of very nice cuffs. Still the dread of having Mr. Sanders to tea hung over me. However, some one did ask him, and took a very great load off my mind. Mrs. Brown had asked the children to go home with her, but they wouldn't go, because they would have a better tea than I.

"We retired early that night, as my father felt so unwell. For two weeks he complained of headache and weakness, and returning one night in a storm, from seeing a sick man, he caught a severe cold. Next day he was in a fever. All thoughts of parties, dresses, and everything else flew out of my head; I felt how wicked I had been to complain before, when, if we had no luxuries, we had enough with care, and always good health. My father was sick for a long time. One day before the fever left him the doctor was afraid it might take a fatal turn. 'He thought it right to tell me,' he said, 'as there might be arrangements to be made.' I thought I was going crazy when he told me this. 'Remember,' he said, 'I don't expect it; but it may be—the system is so run down; and I consider it best to tell you this. There is nothing much to be alarmed about just now; but, on the whole, perhaps you had better write to your friends.' Friends! we had none. My father had some distant relations in the States that I knew nothing of. Then there was Aunt

Mary—my mother's sister. Aunt Mary had never married. She had also been averse to my mother's marriage, but gradually grew reconciled. When I was six years old, she asked my parents to give me to her to adopt and keep altogether. They were poor and had more, and I suppose Aunt Mary thought she was making them a handsome offer; but they could not give up their first. Aunt Mary never quite forgave that, and since my mother died she had taken no notice of us. I cannot describe how I spent that day. I really thought once or twice that my mind was going.

"Well, I wrote to Aunt Mary and told her the doctor was afraid my father might not live. When he called again in the evening, he said if he—my father—had a good night and slept, he would likely get on very well, and all danger for the present be over. That night Mrs. Granger and another lady sat up instead of me. They said I would certainly be sick myself if I did not take rest, and promising to call me if there was the least change, they sent me to my own room. All through the long night I sat up as I had done on Christmas Eve; but in a very different frame of mind. How little, how very little, all my troubles of that night seemed now! You will all find, if death should come so near your home and heart as it did mine, that the joys of the world, and the 'pride of life' are very insignificant matters. I wondered that I was ever so foolish as to think of these things, much less let them trouble me. What was our poverty compared to my father's life? For the first time in weeks I prayed as I had never done before. I took up my neglected Bible, and opening it, the first words I saw were: 'Fear not: for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God.' All night I repeated those words to myself, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.' I saw now that when I was nursing a repining, discontented spirit, I might have been much worse;

and even if we were poor there were greater misfortunes than that.

"About five o'clock in the morning, perfectly worn out with walking up and down listening for a sound, I lay down on the bed. When I woke up, I found myself comfortably in bed, with Nellie Granger standing before me. 'My father?' I whispered, fearful of her answer. 'Is ever so much better, and the doctor says will soon be well.' I covered my face with the clothes and cried, until Nellie, becoming frightened, went for her mother, who vainly endeavored to stop me. I was always inclined to be hysterical, and now the relief after such suspense was too much for me to bear. She told me there was nothing to cry for now; that all danger was past, and how thankful I ought to be! Thankful! God alone knew how thankful I was. Then she brought me a cup of tea, with a couple of slices of chicken. Immediately I thought of the children. 'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'Fannie and Minnie. I must tell them.' 'They knew long before you, Kate. They are down at Mrs. Browns'. She says she won't let them come back for two weeks.'

"In three days Aunt Mary came. My father was weak and sick for a long time, and another minister was sent to supply his place; and the kindness of the congregation at that time I shall never forget. Such a change as that was for me. I had no longer everything on my mind. Aunt Mary was there and took charge of everything. We all grew so fond of her that the very idea of her going was a grief to us. But one morning she announced her intention of remaining with us altogether if we would have her. So Aunt Mary was established head of the house. She had plenty to live on, and I cannot tell you how much better everything became after she was settled a while.

"Well, my father grew better; but it took a long time, and when he was well enough the congregation made up a purse and sent him away for change of air. He had worked long and well for them, they said, and often given what he could badly spare to help some one else. Our next Christmas was a very different one, and on the Christmas Eve of 1868 I was married.

And I believe that's all the story. There is a good lesson in it, too; don't you think so, Alice?"

"Yes," replied Alice; "but I don't blame you a bit for wanting to go to that party. It was only natural."

"Ah! but the trouble with me, Alice, was not one party. I would have liked a great many if I had had one. I was too fond of the world, and but for a Father's loving hand wisely keeping such things from me, I might have been lost both for this world and the next. It was hard to bear then, but I have seen the Father's love in it since."

"And where did you meet Mr. Rivers?" inquired one of the girls.

"He was the minister who preached during my father's illness."

"Didn't that come around nice," said Sue Hamilton. "Just as it should be. Were those two other girls married—Nellie Granger and Lou White?"

A thoughtful shade passed over Mrs. Rivers' face. "No," she answered, "I heard once that Lou was to be; but she has fallen into poor health. She caught a severe cold at Nellie's Christmas Eve party. It settled on her lungs and kept her in at the time I remember; but I thought she had quite recovered, although naturally delicate. The last time I heard she had been confined to the house for months. Her parents were afraid of a decline. Nellie is not married yet. I did hear once of an engagement; but I believe that was broken off. They tell me her father drinks a great deal more now, which is a trouble to Nellie and her mother. They go about a great deal though, and keep a house full of company. Fanny and Minnie have grown very tall since I left Nixton. I think, too, they have the promise of more sound sense in their heads than I had; and I never hear the 'Midnight,' or the 'Spirit of the Ball' Galop without thinking of the miserable night I spent during Nellie's party. And now, my dears, I want to tell you that if ever trouble of any kind should come upon you; if ever anything you would desire very much is withheld from you, don't grumble or rebel; it might be a trouble hard to bear, or a disappointment that for a time will leave life with nothing in it

worth living for—there have been such things; but wait patiently and you will have reason to thank the loving Father that kept you from a dangerous path; and remember, however black the cloud may be at the time, it has a silver lining.”

For a part of the way we pursued our walk homewards very thoughtfully; each one appeared to have something to think of. The streets looked as gay as in the afternoon, perfectly crowded with fathers and mothers out for the wherewithal to fill the stockings, all seeming so happy as they pursued their way on kindly deeds intent.

“I don’t believe Christmas is as nice in any country in the world as in Canada,” said Alice Somers, who never saw the use of being silent when she could find anything to say.

“There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven over all the world beside—”

chimed in poetical Jule Ferris.

“That’s just it,” exclaimed Alice, “Canada is of every land the pride;” a general laugh greeted this.

“Well if it isn’t it ought to be,” said some one.

“But you won’t find this a very good evening for poetry, Jule. The thread of your discourse will be broken so often that you won’t be able to resume it,” as we adopted Indian file to get past a crowd of good people in search of their Christmas dinner. Jule had a quotation for everything.

“Well,” said Alice again, “who would have thought of Mrs. Rivers staying from a party for the want of a dress, and wanting to go so badly too? People have a good many troubles we don’t know of.”

“If every person’s troubles were written on their brow, we would pity many we envy now.”

“There is Jule at it again; that isn’t grammatical, Jule.”

“I know it,” replied Jule good-naturedly; “but it’s the best I have; like the man’s bad cough.”

“What a different life Mrs. Rivers might have had if she had got everything she wanted!” said another.

“Just as she said herself,” replied Jule the poetical, “it would have been the ruin of her; she would not be doing the good she is now; her mind would be engrossed with the things of this world, and of course she would not have been happy.”

“Why would not she be happy?” asked Alice.

“Because there is nothing in this world which of itself will make anybody happy.”

“Oh Jule,” said two or three at once, to hear you talk, you just eighteen and say there is no happiness in the world! You talk just like one’s grandmother.”

“Well I’ll hold to it,” responded Jule.

“There isn’t one of you girls that could lay her hand on her heart and declare to me that she was perfectly happy and contented; not one but wants something more to make her happy, and I’ll venture to say that if we ever do obtain happiness we’ll have to confess it’s not of this world; there now.”

“Jule has turned philosopher as well as poet.” laughed one of the girls.

“Well I’m just at home now,” said Jule, “so we’ll resume this conversation some other time. So now good night,” kissing us all around, “good night, and a Merry Christmas, and a great many of them.” And with Jule I too will say good-night.

And to all Canadian girls for whom this story is written, I wish a Merry Christmas and a good New Year, with few very few clouds, and patience to watch for the silver lining.

SPECIMENS OF USELESS LABOR.

BY N. S. DODGE.

Was it the good Wilberforce, who, with an unusual spice of humor at the moment, gave it as his reason for quitting the House of Commons during the delivery of a stupid speech, *that he was responsible to God for the use of his time?* At all events, it was Dr. Johnson who replied to the lady's remark as she rose from her spinet,—“There, Doctor, that's the most difficult piece of music I ever played.”—“I wish it had been impossible, Madam.” Without adopting Wilberforce's impatience of stupidity, or Dr. Johnson's appreciation of music, both the anecdotes seem *apropos* to a few remarks upon the number of things constantly attempted and done solely on account of their difficulty, the idea of utility being left out of consideration.

Perhaps the oldest example of the feats alluded to is that of the ancient Greek scribe who wrote the Iliad or Homer upon vellum; within a compass so small that when rolled up it was contained in a nutshell. But there need be no recourse to the ancients for samples of this kind of industry. Scribes now-a-days will cram the Ten Commandments into the area of a York shilling. A curious example of this minute writing was sold at a public sale a few years back in London, and its history illustrates well the desert of elaborate trifling. It was an India-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a scroll in hair-lines, and was knocked down for half a crown. Next day the purchaser, looking with a lens for the artist's name, discovered that the hair-lines were lines of writing, legible only with a powerful magnifier, and that they were a transcript, word for word, of “The Essay on Man.” Here was the blinding labor of months sinfully thrown away.

Taking up a book from a stall in the old cathedral city of Exeter some years ago, the writer came upon an instance of misdirected biblical study which seems almost incredible. Its author had discovered—it must have been at a tremendous cost of time, patience and labor—the middle verse, middle chapter, middle word, and middle letter, not only of the Bible itself, but the middle verse, word and letter of every chapter in the sacred book. This he had put down in marginal notes, in a clear, legible and beautiful chirography, on every page. As the latter discovery would necessitate counting every verse, word and letter in every chapter *ab initio* at each count; and the former discovery would

necessitate counting every chapter, verse, word and letter in the whole Bible *ab initio* at each count (since neither the middle word nor the middle letter would be found in the same chapter even, as the middle verse), the vast labor expended may be guessed at.

Not the least remarkable among useless labors is superfluous needle-work. The history of woman's industry which never improved taste, nor benefited society, nor yielded reward of any kind, would comprehend a review of domestic life ever since

“Adam delved and Eve span.”

Such a history would show that in every age the needle of the housewife has been plied as much in servile obedience to the dictates of fashion, as for useful purposes. Look at the hideous tapestry of the Middle Ages! Look at the elaborately ugly samplers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries! Look at the ghastly pictorial Berlin-wool work of our own day! They are, none of them, beautiful after their fashion has passed away; and, for the most part, are offensive to a cultivated taste and repulsive to an educated eye.

To some minds the temptation to engage in a difficult task merely because it is difficult, is irresistible; and this is sometimes illustrated in very odd ways. On the coast of Cornwall, not far from Lizard Point, there rises a tall columnar rock, almost perpendicular, whose summit looks from the shore to be hundreds of feet high, and whose base is washed by the waves. It is known as “Bumble Rock.” A few years ago, a gentleman who happened to be excursionizing in the neighborhood came to this rock, and seeing how difficult it must be to climb to its top, and having heard that it had never been done, resolved to accomplish the feat. He was alone. Nobody knew of his purpose. Divesting himself of all unnecessary clothing, he forthwith began the ascent. He really did climb to a frightful height,—the spot where he stopped being indicated by a line of red paint,—but happening to look down, the sight of stony peaks and ribbed ledges, over which the wild waves were dashing, so completely paralyzed his limbs, that he had not the power to climb a foot higher, much less to descend. He was fortunately perceived by a man who was working at a distance, who summoned persons to the adventurer's assistance, by whom he was extricated from his peril.

Curious as the psychological problem is which the cases cited present, it is, perhaps, more easily solved than that which is suggested by another class of idiosyncrasies even more common, viz.: that of persons who spend a life-time in utterly

useless employments. There are few readers whose observation would not furnish illustrations of this.

Ten years ago, the writer knew a man in Paris who spent all his leisure time in grinding various kinds of stones, procured from all parts of France, into the shape of hones for razors. He was a bachelor, possessed of considerable property, speaking three or four languages with great correctness and fluency, and showing no symptoms of insanity save in the devotion of many hours of every day to this strange employment in his workshop. He doubtless had some purpose in view which he did not reveal, and which it would be difficult to conjecture.

Several years ago, an artist in New York, receiving a fair amount of orders for his work and supporting his family respectably, began to take delight in carving nuts, turnips, potatoes, apples and what not, into fantastic shapes. The habit grew upon him, until at length he would turn off from his work, though never so pressing, to embody some phantasm in these perishable materials. In this case it was, however, incipient insanity, which at length developed itself into absolute madness.

But the most remarkable instance of persistency in a useless labor was exhibited lately in the window of a pawnbroker's shop in High-Holborn, London. This was a volume in manuscript, handsomely bound in gilt, and written with extraordinary care and neatness, containing 406 pages of three columns each. It was without a single idea, and, what is more, it contained but a single word. The mystery is explained by its title-page, which, quoting from memory, runs nearly thus: "*Thirty-three Thousand Five Hundred and Thirty-five Ways of Spelling the Word 'SCISSORS.'*"

Imagine a being to whom God has given a living soul sitting down to the composition of such a work: the dreary monotony of the task: the endless combination of vowels and consonants: the numberless experiments that must have failed, and the everlasting examinations that were imperative in order to avoid repetitions. Yet here the book was: done, and done thoroughly, exquisitely copied out on fine paper, elegantly bound, and offered for sale at three pounds sterling. Three pounds for the labor of tens of thousands of hours!—labor which, had it been employed upon the humblest kind of mechanical drudgery—the splitting of lucifer matches, for example—would have made a thousand-fold larger returns. There is probably no fact in the whole history of useless labor to match this.—*Observer.*

A MEMORY.

BY K. H. J.

"The same old house," you call it;
And it's fifteen years, you say,
Since you stepped across its threshold—
So long you have been away.

But those years are such a gulf, dear,
And a house, like a face, may change;
If you look at this intently
It will seem half-new and strange.

The oriel-window is darkened,
The sunny side-porch is still,
And you miss the old-time laughter
That once rung over the hill.

Ah, now you ask for the voices,
Recalling them name by name;
"Where then," you say, "is Great-Heart Phil?
And is scapegrace Ned the same?"

"And fair, sweet, serious Helen,
Queen Alice, and loving May?
Why baby Maud is a woman grown,
I suppose, since I went away?"

Ah me, I will tell you the story;
It seems so long ago
That all this bright tide vanished
Out of life's ebb and flow.

And the house has stood in its silence
So long, apart from the strife,
Like a dim, sweet sanctuary,
Full of an unseen life.

* * * * *

It was only the year that you left us.
Queen Alice forsook her throne;
Though she reigned in a woman grown,
She must go, at last, alone.

Then Great-Heart Phil—did you never hear
Of the cruel watery strife?
He saved his friend, but the icy waves
Closed over his own brave life.

Then sweet-eyed, thoughtful Helen,
Who had leaned on the manly strength,
Though she tried to live for the others,
Drooped and yielded at length.

So half the voices had vanished,
And dear, wild, thoughtless Ned
Grew silent, and played, in a tender way,
With Maud's little golden head.

But the bright little head grew weary,
The sweet voice pleaded for rest,
And the Shepherd, hearing His lamb's low cry,
Close folded her to His breast.

Then Ned grew bitter "*at Fate,*" he said,
And was reckless and wild again,
Though the sweet, old generous impulse lived
Under all the terrible strain.

And at last the glorious morning
Rose radiant out of the night,
And the wilful, loving, penitential child
Passed up into God's own light.

"So sad a tale," you say; you are "sure
That dear little May still lives."
Alas, but no! she sleeps the sleep
That God to His loved ones gives.

"And what," you ask, "of the mother,
So smitten with blow on blow?"
But I told you the house was a temple,
And the temple all aglow.

For a house, through such solemn chrisn,
Grows either a temple or grave,
And through anguish this mother whispered
"He perfects the gifts that He gave;

"And shall I be hard and rebellious
While they in the God-light shine?
Oh Father, my Father, I thank Thee
That they are both mine and Thine.

"What now shall I render unto Thee
For these treasures *laid-up*," she cried;
Tenfold I will strive to bring with me
When I come at the eventide.

"Ten priceless souls I will bring Thee
For my first-born's harvest home,
And—ten? *twice* ten, for the precious child
Who never again can roam.

"And five and three I will bring Thee,
And two and one, I will say,
For my darlings, Helen and Alice,
For baby Maud and my May.

"No hour for grief and repining,
But each grateful hour for Thee,
To repay Thee? ah *never*, my Father,
It is only Love's prompting in me."

And so it is that at day-dawn
The loving service begins,
And she sees her Philip, her Helen,
In each sweet soul that she wins.

And if perchance, in the noon-tide,
Some prodigal prays at last,
'Tis her wayward Ned that she kisses,
As she did in the happy past.

And then in the shadowy twilight
She returns in rapture, to feel
That the temple is palpitant, glowing,
As her darlings the silence unseal.

What wonder her face has caught something
Of the gladness and glory to come,
And "grows only more rapt and joyful"
With each step nearer her home?

Yes, I know it seems strange to be grateful
For sorrow, and loss upon loss;
Yet 'tis true of your friend, as I tell you,
That she makes such Crown of her Cross.

"No longer the same," you are saying—
Ah no—you look through my eyes;
You can see now the house is a temple
Whose spire is lost in the skies.
—*Evangelist.*

A NOBLE MISSIONARY LIFE.—MISS MARY E. REYNOLDS.

BY REV. H. A. SCHAUFFLER.

The collecting of material for a sketch of the life of Miss Mary E. Reynolds has been to me a most grateful task—a labor of love. The record of our departed sister's life is one of faithful, conscientious, unpretending, affectionate, and successful service for the Master. Born October 29th, 1827, she so early felt the influence of the Holy Spirit that neither she nor her parents could ever tell when she gave her heart to Christ. She was from infancy remarkably conscientious in the performance of every duty. She never willingly was absent from divine service or the Sunday-

school, and seemed to take especial pleasure in the prayer-meeting. Her mother often spoke with her of the foreign missionary work, and expressed the wish that her daughter might become a missionary. Miss Reynolds often referred in after life to a visit by Dr. Scudder to the Sabbath-school of which she was a member. He requested all those children who would like to become missionaries to rise, when she, without hesitation, stood up.

Her mother died in October, 1858, but the effects of her influence and of her unreserved consecration of her child to the Lord's service did not die with her; for on the 1st of June, 1863, Miss Reynolds bade adieu to her father and only sister, and sailed for Turkey, under appointment as the first American lady principal of the mission school for Bulgarian girls at Eski Zagra, at the foot of the Balkan Mountains in European Turkey.

The missionary work among the Bulgarians was then in its infancy. Not a single convert had yet cheered the hearts of the missionaries. It was the "night of toil," when the missionary met with little but opposition, hatred, slander, and persecution. But Miss Reynolds entered on her work with much enthusiasm and fervent zeal. It is true that, in consequence of her natural modesty and self-depreciation, as well as her delicate health, she often labored in weariness and much discouragement; but she was borne up and divinely strengthened for her work. To a Turkish family, who had curiously questioned her about her parents and friends and the far-off home, and then inquired whether she were not depressed in spirits, she was able to answer cheerfully and promptly in the negative.

The conflicting emotions of those years of missionary life may be vividly presented by a few quotations. To one of her missionary brethren Miss Reynolds once remarked, "I don't think another person in the world feels as useless as I do." To a friend she writes, "Should I be so indolent in the work God has given me to do, if I were truly his?" Yet, "every day I see new proofs of his love to me: I have no right to doubt it." Still, looking away from self, she exclaims, "How blest I have been above so great a portion of the world! I am so thankful for the privileges I have received, and will try now to redeem the time."

On a Thanksgiving-day she writes: "What have I to be thankful for? First of all, I am thankful for my Saviour; that He is mine, and that He gave himself for me; that it is my privilege to suffer somewhat in his service, and that He comforts me with the assurance that my labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Her labor was *not* in vain. Before she had been on missionary ground two years,

in company with those who had labored with her and before her, she was overjoyed at perceiving that the Holy Spirit was at work in the school. After experiencing deep conviction of sin, the assistant teacher was the first to find peace in believing, and it was not long before the whole house resounded with the voice of prayer—the weeping of those who for the first time in their lives felt that they were *sinners* and the thanksgiving of those who had found Christ precious to their souls. Miss Reynolds wrote: “Our little school is a garden of lilies where Jesus loves to feed. Such sweetness of temper, such humility, such purity, I would not have thought possible in heathen (or such darkened) hearts! God has shown me what He is able and willing to do. I have been, and am still, very happy. I do not now regret a single self-denial I have been called upon to make in leaving home joys, for I have found the highest possible joy here.”

Miss Reynolds was more blessed than are most missionaries, in being permitted, during her short missionary life of six years, to reap as well as to sow. What an honor was it to be allowed to help gather in the first-fruits of a spiritual harvest among a new and noble race—a harvest which it will yet be the glory of the (American) Church to bring, with shouting, into the garner of the Lord.

Of her character as a missionary, Mr. Byington, for a while associated with her at Eski Zagra, says: “She was devoted to the Master; her zeal consumed her; she doubtless did labor beyond her strength; she accomplished a blessed work. Her self-denying labors, her unselfish spirit; her devotion to Jesus, have made their impress on Bulgarian character—an impress which will never, never be effaced.”

After failing health compelled her reluctant return to this country, her worthy successor, Miss Norcross, overheard some of the pupils praying the Lord that He would be to Miss Reynolds’ father so much more than even his daughter could be; that He would be willing to let her return to them. After Miss Norcross was taken from them, last summer, the girls of the school sent a message to Miss Reynolds, begging her to return to their bereaved school. Her heart responded so strongly to this ap-

peal that, although in quite delicate health, she determined, last February, to start again for Turkey. But the Lord’s ways were higher than hers. From that time she began to fail until a week before her decease, when she went down very rapidly into the valley of the shadow of death. After some severe struggles she was enabled to gain a decisive and lasting victory over unbelief and the fear of death, and for several days before her end her peace was like a river. She said: “How sweet to lie in the arms of Jesus, and know no will but His.” To ministering friends she was wont to remark, as they entered her room, “I am still waiting: I am watching for the last breath.”

On Thursday evening, June 1st, just eight years from the day of her sailing for Turkey, she was called to her reward. Unable to speak or to hear, a few minutes before her end she opened her eyes, and, as a sweet smile lighted up her face, she looked straight up, with a gaze so clear and joyful that it seemed to penetrate the veil that hides the other world from this. Then peacefully she breathed out her life.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

To the foregoing sketch by Mr. Schauffer it will be appropriate to append the testimony of the Rev. C.F. Morse, who was a missionary in European Turkey during the residence of Miss Reynolds at Eski Zagra. On hearing of her death he wrote: “She was successful as a teacher, but her pre-eminence was in her religious influence over her pupils. Seven had united with the church before she left; in regard to about as many more hopes were entertained that they were Christians, and over every pupil who came under her instruction did she exert a more or less powerful influence. She not only abounded in prayer, but had a peculiar tact in conversing and praying with her pupils. She literally led them to the Saviour whom she so much loved. She has made an impression upon the Bulgarian nation which will never be effaced. Her love for her pupils was surpassed only by their love for her, and deep will be the mourning when they hear of her death.”—*Missionary Herald*.

Young Folks.



EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er:
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never will flutter again.

The lids she so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
These fountains can yield no supplies—
These hollows from water are free:
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.
And evil they never shall see.

—C. Wesley.

Jeanie and Effie being sole occupants of the upper flat of Number 18, were very fortunate, for they were thus less exposed to such sights as that which had so terrified the child the night that sad letter had come from Scotland; though still, often enough, they heard the shouts and oaths that echoed up through the bare passages. It seemed almost a wonder that little Effie should live in such a place and yet be so wholly uncontaminated by its evil influences; but, doubtless, the mother's prayers and advice surrounded the child like an invisible wall, and ever proved a counteracting influence—the strongest there can be on earth!

I will not dwell on the sufferings those two endured ere spring, with its long bright days, came gladdening the hearts of all, but more than any, those of the poor and

destitute. How often it appeared as if life could not be held together—as if they must succumb to the pangs of hunger or the miseries of cold; but yet God kept them, and now once more they hailed together the warm sunny days. The ice and snow melted fast from pavement and roof; and oh! it was so pleasant to run away into the broad open streets and stand revelling in the full warm beams of sunshine! Effie felt once more like a little child, as she skipped along the wide walks with her bundle of work. But, alas! alas! bright as were the days, there seemed a pestilence in the smoking vapor that steamed up from the thawing ground and filled the narrow courts with its fell dampness. Joyous as was the sunshine, it poured in through the dust and cobwebs of many a broken window, throwing its beams on many a sufferer, yea, too often on the pale still face of the dead!

And oh! sad to tell, that destroying fever which had laid those poor creatures low, crept into Jeanie Hamilton's room, laying its enervating grasp on the poor mother, who, weak from privation and sorrow, had no power to resist its influences. Disease when it enters those crowded back streets of the great city, finds easy victims. Too often there is no kind, skilful physician to deal with the mobster; seldom, if ever, can the nourishment which might save many a sinking one be procured; a few days does the work, and Death, who seems ever to hover over such localities, seizes his wretched prey.

Jeanie from the first considered that her time had come, and that she must leave her little Effie alone in the crowded, fearful city; and, yet, why should I say "alone?" would not "the Father" be always with her, even unto the end Jeanie knew this, else the deep agony which shook her whole frame, when she looked on her child, would have been more than she could have borne. She could not bear to speak to the poor little one of what she knew was surely, if slowly, coming; but she tried always to turn her thoughts to the subject, and soon she saw that Effie understood. Poor little creature! she was old beyond her years; the life she had led for the past twenty months seemed to have matured her into a little woman, with all a woman's cares and fears and anxieties, and oh! how that young heart ached, as she sat beside the mother whom she so dearly loved, and saw her fading away—fading away to the "Land o' the Leal."

Effie did what she could, and poor Solly was all anxiety to be of use, and begged and prayed to be allowed to go for a "grand doctor who had cured piles of folks." Jeanie at last acceded to the request, and Solly came one evening in triumph, ushering in a tall, portly man, with a gruff voice but a kind face. Jeanie saw at once that he knew his skill would avail nothing now; she said as much to him in a whisper when Effie was not there.

"Bless me, you're not Scotch, are you?" exclaimed the good man. "Poor thing, poor thing, to be so far from home, from the auld countrie that is so dear to us all!"

It was very sweet to Jeanie to speak to one who had once lived in dear old Scotland; but she was very feeble and not able to listen long.

"You need na' come again, doctor;" she said as he rose to go. "You know its nae use; go to some who have mair need of you; there's plenty in this court alone."

"Aye, God knows, plenty of them," replied the doctor, holding the dying woman's hand in his for a moment. "Here, little woman," he said to Effie, beckoning her from the room; "here, take this and get your dear mother anything you can she would like."

"Oh! no please, sir," said Effie, shrink-

ing back; "we have some money in the house."

"Tut, tut, little one, you must take what the doctor prescribes;" and slipping two shining half-dollars into the child's hand he hastened away, walking swiftly along the dark passage and down the broken stairs, like one well accustomed to find his way about such homes.

Effie went back to her mother, and showing her the bright silver pieces, asked her what she would like.

"Nothing, child, nothing; keep them, my ain bairnie; you may need them. And now, Effie, come and sit beside me. I want to talk to you for just a little while. You know, bairnie, where I'm going—to the dear Home above where grandfather and grandmother are gone before—the Home where sorrow and suffering will never come—where all tears are wiped away. You'll come to me there, bairnie, my ain wee Effie, my dear child. But Effie it may no' be just yet, and if you live you may some day find your ain faither—my poor, poor Duncan! And Effie, you'll be very good to him for your mammy's sake, if that time ever comes."

Effie could only twine her arms round her mother's neck and press her cheek close to hers; she could not speak. "Now bairnie," continued the poor mother, "let us go to sleep, I'm sae weary; there lay down beside and put your hand in mine, now go to sleep, mine ain bairnie, and God ever, ever bless and keep you from all evil."

An hour afterwards the pale moonlight shone in at the window, and cast its soft beams over the face of the sleeping child and over the still calm face of the dead mother.

CHAPTER XI.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?

* * * * *

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see:

For the man's grief untimely draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave rest is very far to seek!
 Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
 For the outside earth is cold:
 And we young ones stand without in our bewild'ring,
 And the graves are for the old."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

It was Solly who, coming into the room at early dawn, gently disengaged the clasp of the still sleeping child and carried her quietly to another part of the room, where spreading the dead mother's shawl on the floor she laid her on it; then calling up Nance, who for once was quite sober, the two folded the cold hands of the dead woman and smoothed back from the calm brow the rich brown hair already mingled with many a streak of gray. When Nance was gone again, Solly knelt down by Effie and gently stroking her little hands tried to wake her.

"Dear mammy," murmured the child, without moving or opening her eyes. "Dear, dear mammy."

Solly could not bear it; she flung her arms round the little form, and sobbed out, "Oh, Effie, your mammy's gone; but Effie dear, I love you; don't cry, don't, I'll be good to you, I will."

Effie sat up looking about her wondering-ly; then seeing her mother lying so quiet and still, she sprang up and, throwing herself beside the lifeless form, wept as if her heart must break, while she sobbed:

"Oh, mammy, speak to Effie, to your ain bairnie! Just once, mammy dear! do mammy."

Solly seeing it was useless to try and comfort the distressed one, went softly out, determined to take upon herself all necessary preparations. Instinctively she felt that it would be far better all should be over that day; so she went quietly about, now here, now there, until she had all settled, and then returned to Effie. The child was still lying where she had left her, though several hours had passed; but she was not sobbing now, only gently stroking her dead mother's face and whispering softly,

"Dear mammy! dear mammy!"

"You'd best come with me."

"And won't I ever see mammy any

more?" asked the child, sitting up and bending her dim eyes on Solly.

"No," said Solly, in a voice almost choked with the sobs she tried to keep back; "leastways not here; but she said as how you'd meet her in the beautiful place, and I jest believe you will."

"Yes," said Effie, absently; but she kissed her mother's cold face once again and then put her hand in Solly's and went with her.

An hour afterwards the child stood at Nance's door, watching them carry the plain deal coffin down-stairs, and heard one of the men say,

"That ere is her little un; left all alone, Sol says; poor little critter!"

That night Effie shared Solly's bed, and sobbed herself to sleep, thinking of that mother whose loving tender arms she would never feel around her any more. Poor little Effie!

The next day Solly brought down what few possessions the Hamiltons had to the lower room, for Nance willingly agreed that Effie must come and live with them. The child attempted no resistance; for what could she do, poor lonely little one? She liked being with Solly; but often when Nance would come home tipsy she would creep off to her straw, crying bitterly.

After a week or so, Effie determined to try and get some work, for she saw that Nance—though not unkind—was by no means disposed to let her be idle, and so one day when Solly was out the poor child crept forth to attempt to get back her old employment, never doubting but that Mr. Hunt would give her work. But she soon found that wealthy merchant did not intend to trust his work to "a mere child."

"But I will pay you a dollar deposit, please sir," said Effie, timidly.

"Oh, no matter; I could not be troubled; you may go now," and bidding a clerk "show that child the way out," Mr. Hunt, turned once more to his ledger.

"Do you know anywhere where I could get work?" Effie ventured to ask the well-dressed individual who had been commissioned to "show her out."

"Well, you see, it isn't every one who would care to give work to a little thing like you," said the man, who was rather a kind-hearted fellow. "But let me think;

there's a place not far from here where they might give you some coarse sewing. Do you see that sign, "Sharp & Skinflint," just below the big watch hanging out there?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, you might possibly get something there, though mind you don't say we sent you."

"No, thank you, sir."

And Effie tripped off slightly comforted. Poor little one! she was so small and slight few believed she could work; at all events, her heart was willing enough, and she ran on quickly until she reached the establishment of Messrs Sharp & Skinflint; it was not so large nor handsome as that of Mr. Hunt, and instinctively the child shrank back from entering. Ah! if Solly was only with her! She wished now she had not come out without her. Timidly she walked down the long, narrow store, which seemed to her very dark. Doubtless Messrs. Sharp & Skinflint had reasons of their own for not admitting too many rays of sunshine and for mellowing those which tried to steal in by heavily draped windows. Effie stopped before one of the clerks and asked if she could see Mr. Sharp.

"We've nothing for beggars here," answered the man gruffly.

"Please, sir, I'm not a beggar," said the child, trying to keep back her tears. "I would like to get some work."

"You!" said the man contemptuously, leaning his elbows on the counter and staring at Effie. "I'd like to know what you could do, your pigmy! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Please, sir, can I see Mr. Sharp?"

"Oh, yes, you shall see him; he'll give you your walking-ticket mighty soon. Come along."

Frightened Effie followed and was ushered into a room at the back with a glass door and a writing desk so situated that it commanded a view of the whole store.

"Here, Mr. Skinflint," said the clerk, giving the child a little push, "Here's a young one wants to see you; something particular I should say."

For a moment the celebrated Mr. Skinflint eyed the trembling, shrinking child, and then spoke out thus,

"Well, what do you want, youngster?"

you don't seem to have a tongue. Parsons go back to your business instantly. Now youngster quick, I guess I've got something better to do than waste time over a brat."

"Please, sir, I would like to get some sewing to do."

"You! Lord bless me what's the world coming to? get out with you this minute."

"But please, sir, I can make shirts very well; and I'll pay a dollar deposit."

Mr Skinflint's eyes brightened. "You! where did you get a dollar? I guess you stole it; take care, I'll hand you over to the police."

Effie's cheeks grew pale and every limb shook. "Oh, please, please, I didn't steal it; my own mammy, who's dead, earned it herself;" and the tears rolled fast down the little thin cheeks.

"Blubbering are you, you little brat? well I guess you'll get work anywhere if you open your waterspouts that way!"

Effie checked her tears and turned to go.

"Let's see your dollar; may be—"

Hastily the poor child took the precious silver pieces out and handed them to the wretch in human shape, who clutched them hastily. One moment he eyed them greedily, then rising he quickly took down a heavy cane which hung above his desk, and coming close to poor Effie shook it in her face, saying between his teeth,

"Do you know, you young vagabond, that these are counterfeit—bad silver—worth nothing! Aye, I'll be bound you know it. Get out of my sight or I'll put the policeman on your heels precious quick; get out!"

And lifting his stick he would surely have brought it down on the child's neck and shoulders had she not sprung from him with a bound and ran shrieking through the door, followed by the laughs and jeers of the clerks. The honorable (?) Mr. Skinflint contented himself with shaking his cane at the office door and then returned to his desk, chuckling as he put the silver coins in his pocket.

"Well, I didn't hurt her at all events," he said to himself as he settled himself once more; "and the money was no good to her; those kind of people are not fit to be trusted with money."

And what became of this creature's defenceless victim? Flying out of the shop door she would have fallen had not Solly's strong arm caught her.

"You child, whatever is the matter!" Solly exclaimed, supporting the little trembling frame and looking wondrously at Effie's pale face.

"Oh, take me away! take me away! quick!" cried the child, and Solly keeping her arm round her, did not speak again until they had turned out of Broadway into a comparatively retired street, where, placing Effie on a doorstep, she sat down beside her begging her, to tell all that had happened.

"Oh! they called me a beggar and a thief!" sobbed Effie; "that man took my dollar and he said it was bad, and he'd tell the police on me! and oh! he took down a great stick and would have beat me only I ran away. Oh! Solly, Solly!" and swaying herself backwards and forwards the poor little girl wept and sobbed pitifully.

Solly's expletives on Mr. Skinflint we will leave out here as best omitted; suffice it to say they were the reverse of complimentary.

"That comes of yer agoin' to strange places without me," said Solly, reprovingly, when they were safe at home and Effie was calm again. "I hope you'll never do sich agin."

"No, I won't," said Effie, meekly.

Solly insisted on going herself to look for work in future, and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in bringing home sewing which was so coarse she herself could assist on it of evenings when her day's labors were ended. How she managed about deposit money she never told, and Effie in her gladness forgot to ask; the strange child always seemed to have a reserve fund from which to draw if Effie was the one in need. So the poor little Scotch girl grew happier, and, whatever was the reason, a change came over Nance about this time which added greatly to the little one's comfort. The old woman did not come home tipsy now nearly so often, and sometimes while the two girls sat with their sewing she would read to them from some scrap of newspaper she had borrowed or found,—for Nance, according to her own

account, had once been a great "scholar," and she did not read badly even now, though her pronunciation might not quite have met with Mr. Webster's approval.

(To be continued.)

"AN HUNGERED AND YE GAVE ME MEAT."

Very few children in this country know what it is to go for many hours at a time suffering from hunger; to get nothing to eat for days, often, but a little coarse, dry bread, or raw vegetables; to struggle for a little food almost as desperately as one struggles for his life in drowning. But in London many hundreds of children are in this hard condition. We give our young readers this month the touching story of one of these poor lads; and we think few of them, after reading it, will feel anything but thankfulness for their own more favored condition. Here it is:—

Tim had been standing for a long while gazing in at a confectioner's window. The evening was drawing in, and ever since morning a thick, unbroken cloud had covered the narrow strips of sky lying along the line of roofs on each side of the streets, while every now and then there came down driving showers of rain, wetting him to the skin. Not that it took much rain to wet Tim to the skin. The three pieces of clothing which formed his dress were all in tatters. His shirt, which looked as if it never could have been whole and white, had more than half the sleeves torn away, and fell open in front for want of a collar, to say nothing of a button and buttonhole. The old jacket he wore over it had never had any sleeves at all, but consisted of a front of calf-skin, with all the hair worn away, and a back, made with the idea that it would be hidden from sight by a coat, of coarse yellow linen, now fallen into lamentable holes. His trousers were fringed by long wear, and did not reach to his ankles, which were blue with cold, and bare, like his feet, that had been splashing along the muddy streets all day, until they were pretty nearly the same color as the pavement. His head was covered only by his thick matted hair, which protected him, far better than his ragged clothes, from the rain and wind, and made him sometimes dimly envious of the dogs that were so far better off in point of covering than himself. His hands were tucked for warmth in the holes where his pockets should have been; but they had been worn out long ago, and now he had not even accommodation for any little bit of string or morsel of coal he might come across in the street.

It was by no means Tim's habit to stand

and stare in at the windows of cake-shops. Now and then he glanced at them, and thought how very rich and happy those people must be who lived upon such dainty food. But he was, generally, too busy in earning his own food—by selling boxes of fuses—to leave him much time for lingering about such tempting places. As for buying his dinner, when he had one, he looked out for the dried fish-stalls, where he could get a slice of brown fish ready cooked, and carry it off to some door-step, where he could dine upon it heartily and contentedly, provided no policeman interfered with his enjoyment.

But to-day the weather had been altogether too bad for any person to come out of doors, except those who were bent on business, and they hurried along the muddy streets, too anxious to get on quickly to pay any heed to Tim, trotting alongside of them with some damp boxes of fuses to sell. The rainy day was hard upon him. His last meal had been his supper the night before—a crust his father had given him, about half as big as it should have been to satisfy him. When he awoke in the morning, he had already a good appetite, and ever since, all the long day through, from hour to hour, his hunger had been growing keener, until now it made him almost sick and faint to stand and stare at the good things displayed in such abundance inside the shop window.

Tim had no idea of going in to beg. It was far too grand a place for that; and the customers going in and out were mostly smart young maid-servants, who were far too fine for him to speak to. There were bread-shops nearer home, in Whitechapel, where he might have gone in, being himself an occasional customer, and asked if they couldn't find such a thing as an old crust to give him; but this shop was a very different place to those. There was scarcely a thing he knew the name of. At the back of the shop there were some loaves, but even those looked different to what he, and folks like him, bought. His hungry, eager eyes gazed at them, and his teeth and mouth moved now and then, unknown to himself, as if he was eating something ravenously, but he did not venture to go in. At last, Tim gave a great start. A customer, whom he knew very well, was standing at the counter, eating one of the dainty buns. It could be no one else but his own teacher, who taught him and seven or eight other ragged lads like himself, in a night-school, not far from his home. His hunger had made him forgetful of it, but this was one of the evenings, when the school was open, and he had promised faithfully to be there to-night. At any rate, it would be a shelter from the rain, which was beginning to fall steadily and heavily now the sun was set; and it was of no use

thinking of going home, where he and his father had only a corner of a room, and were not welcome to that if they turned in too soon of an evening. His teacher had finished the bun, and was having another wrapped up in a neat paper bag, which he put carefully into his pocket, and then stepped out into the street, and walked along under the shelter of a good umbrella, quite unaware that one of his scholars was pattering along noiselessly behind him with bare feet.

All Tim's thoughts were fixed upon the bun in his teacher's pocket. He wondered what it would taste like, and whether it would be as delicious as that one he had once eaten, when all the ragged school had a treat in Epping Forest—going down in vans, and having real country milk, and slices of cake to eat, finishing up with a bun, which seemed to him as if it must be like the manna he had heard of at school, that used to come down from Heaven every morning before the sun was up. He had never forgotten that lesson, and scarcely a morning came that he did not wish he had lived in those times.

The teacher turned down a dark, narrow street, where the rain had gathered in little pools on the worn pavement, through which Tim splashed carelessly. They soon reached the school door, and Tim watched him take off his great-coat and hang it upon the nails set apart for the teachers' coats. Their desk was at a little distance, and he took his place at it among the other boys; but his head ached, and his eyes felt dim, and there was a hungry gnawing within him which made it impossible to give his mind to learning his lessons as he usually did. He felt so stupefied that the easiest words—words he knew as well as he knew the way to the Mansion House, where he sold fuses—swam before his eyes, and he called them all wrongly. The other lads laughed and jeered at him, and his teacher was displeased; but Tim could do no better. He could think of nothing but the dainty bun in the teacher's pocket.

At last the Scripture lesson came, and it was one that came home to Tim's state. The teacher read aloud first, before hearing them read the lesson, these verses: "And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and He began to teach them many things. And when the day was now far spent, His disciples came unto Him, and said," etc., etc. Read Mark vi. 34-44.

Tim listened with a swelling heart, and with a feeling of choking in his throat. He could see it all plainly in his mind. It was like their treat in Epping Forest, where the classes had sat down in ranks upon the green grass; and, oh, how green

and soft the grass was! and the teachers had come round, like the disciples, giving to each one of them a can of milk and great pieces of cake; and they had sung a hymn all together before they began to eat and drink. He fancied he could see the Lord Jesus, like the beautiful picture where He had a lot of children all about him, and His hands outstretched as if He was ready to give them anything they wanted, or to take them every one into His arms. He thought he saw Him, with His loving, gentle face, standing in the midst of the great crowd of people, and asking His disciples if they were sure they had all had enough. Then they would sing, thought Tim, and go home as happy as he had been after that treat in Epping Forest. All at once, his hunger became more than he could bear. "Oh, I wish He was here!" he cried, bursting into tears, and laying his rough head on the desk before him, "I only wish He was here!"

The other lads looked astonished, for Tim was not given to crying, and the teacher stopped in his reading, and touched him to call his attention.

"Who do you wish was here, Tim?" he asked.

"Him!" sobbed the hungry boy. "the Lord Jesus. He'd know how bad I feel. I'd look Him in the face, and say: 'Master, what am I to do? I can't learn nothink when I've got nothink but a griping inside of me.' And He'd think how hungry I was, having nothink to eat all day. He'd be very sorry, He would, I know."

Tim did not lift up his head, for his tears and sobs were coming too fast, and he was afraid the other lads would laugh at him. But they looked serious enough as the meaning of his words broke upon them. If Tim said he had had nothing to eat all day it must be true, for he never grumbled, and he always spoke the truth. One boy drew a carrot out of his pocket, and another pulled out a good piece of bread, wrapped in a bit of newspaper, while a third ran off to fetch a cup of water, having nothing else he could give to Tim. The teacher walked away to where his coat was hanging, and came back with the bun which he had bought in the shop.

"Tim," he said, laying his hand kindly on the lad's bowed-down head, "I am very sorry for you; almost as sorry as the Lord Jesus would have been. But none of us knew you were starving, my boy, or I should not have scolded you, and the lads would not have laughed at you. Look up, and see what a supper we have found for you."

It looked like a feast to Tim. One of the boys lent him a pocket-knife to cut the bread and carrot into slices, with which he took off the keen edge of his hunger, and then he ate the dainty bun, which seemed

to him more delicious than anything he had ever tasted before. The rest of the class looked on with delight at his evident enjoyment, until the last crumb had disappeared.

"I could learn nothink now," said Tim, with a bright face. "but I couldn't understand nothink before. Then you began telling about the poor folks being famished with hunger, and how He gave them bread and fishes, just as if He'd been hungry Himself sometime, and knew all about it. It is bad, it is. And it seemed such a pity He weren't here in London, and I couldn't go to Him. But I darsay, He knows how you've all treated me, and I thank you all kindly, and I'll do the same by you, some day, when you've had the same bad luck as me."

"Yes," said the teacher, "He knew how hungry you were, and He knew how to send you the food you wanted. Tim, and you other lads, I want you to learn this verse, and think of it often when you are grown-up men: 'Whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

—*Arther's Home Magazine.*

JESUS IS HERE.

JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

Not long ago a little girl was sitting in an arbor in her father's garden, looking out at the river which flowed at the foot of the grounds. It was a very pretty place to sit. Bright red honeysuckles peeped out from among the green leaves which covered the arbor, creeping in through the lattice-work as if to play with the child, and coax her out of her thoughtfulness; while, beyond, the clear water sparkling in the sunlight danced merrily along, dashing upon the shore with a sweet, musical ripple.

"What a grave face!" said a voice behind her. "What is Mabel thinking of so seriously?"

The child glanced up quickly. It was a very pleasant, kindly face she looked into, and her troubled heart poured out all its grief at once.

"I want to get to Jesus," she said, sorrowfully, "and somehow I can't."

The gentleman who had spoken to her sat down on the bench, and drew her close to him as he said:

"You need not be in any distress about that, Mabel. No one can hold you back when Jesus says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"

"I wish he were here to say it now," said Mabel, her voice trembling, and her eyes full of tears.

"He is here, my child, and he does say

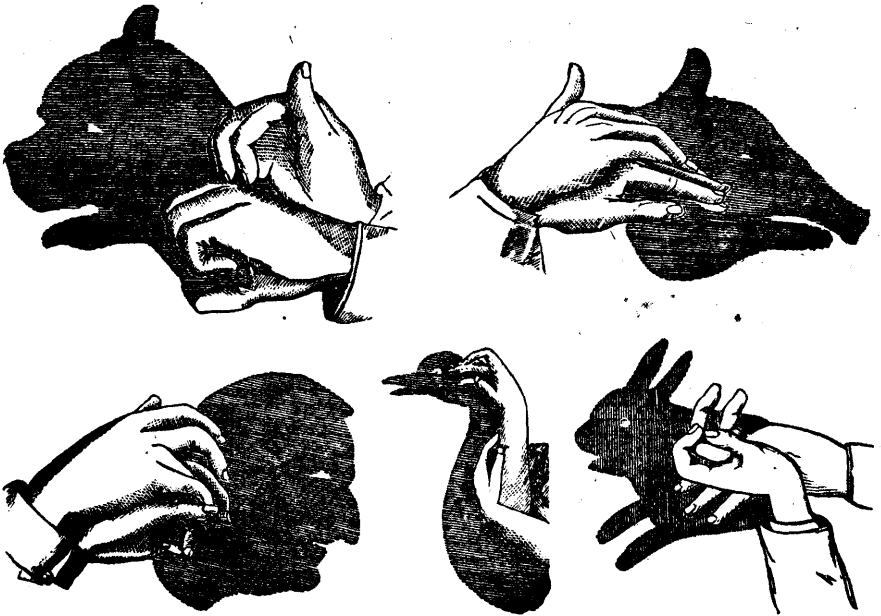
it now as distinctly and as earnestly as he said it long years ago to those, who tried to keep the little ones from him. All you have to do is to kneel down, and, folding your hands together, say, 'Dear Saviour, let me come to thee,' and he will put his arm around you, holding you as closely as he held the little Jewish children who crowded so eagerly around him. And Mabel's anxious heart can lean upon him, and trust him just as fully as if her eyes could see his lovely face, and she could touch him with her hands. He stands close beside you, my child, waiting for you."

The trouble faded out of Mabel's face as she listened to those gently spoken words. For a few moments she sat there, still gaz-

ing out over the river, but with a very different look in her eyes. By-and-by she turned to the friend beside her, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I think Jesus is here," she said, softly. That was all, but it was enough. He knew that the little girl he loved had been suffered to come to Jesus.

And so the Good Shepherd, who loves the lambs of the fold more than all the rest, is waiting for each one of you, just as he waited for Mabel. His hand is held out to you that you may clasp it, and so be led on day by day in the pleasant pastures, and beside the still waters. Surely you will not turn away from your loving Saviour when he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."—*Christian Weekly*.



HAND-SHADOWS.

Did you ever attempt to make hand-shadows on the wall? If not, try it, and see what comical effects will appear. There should be but one light in the room, and this should be a strong one. Very slight changes in the arrangement of your fingers will enable you to get up quite a menagerie of animals, especially if two pair of hands try at the same time. Here you have a terrier-pup, which can be made to snap in a most approved fashion, also a pig of a serious turn of mind, an old man, a goose, and that most delightful and frisky of shadows—a rabbit. After you once suc-

ceed in making the man's head, you'll be surprised to find how many comical faces can be produced. By twisting a handkerchief about the fist in various ways you may introduce the company to the shadows of quite a number of distinguished foreigners, chief among which may be a Turk brandishing a cimeter, if only you are ingenious enough to contrive the cimeter. We'll not tell you just how to do this, but we may at least drop this hint: if two big lamp-lighters, made of newspaper and strong enough to bear flattening and bending, happen to be in the hand of an assistant, they need not interfere in the least with your success.—*Hearth and Home*.

HOLY NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

TYROLESE HYMN.

mf *pp* *mf*

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark,
 2. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! On - ly for
 3. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Child of Heav'n!

pp

save the light Yon - der where they sweet vi - gil keep,
 shep - herds' sight, Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs,
 O! how bright Thou didst smile on us when thou wast born,

O'er the babe who in si - lent sleep, Rests in hea - ven - ly
 With their loud Hal - le - lu - jah songs, Say - ing Je - sus is
 Blest in - deed was that hap - py morn, Full of hea - ven - ly

pp

peace, Rests in hea - ven - ly peace.
 come, Say - ing Je - sus is come.
 joy, Full of hea - ven - ly joy.

The Home.

UNCONSCIOUS MISERY.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

"I don't see but I get on well enough as I am."

So you say. You are light-hearted, prosperous, with plenty of friends, in easy circumstances, full of bright hopes; what more do you need?

It is you to whom the Saviour writes, "Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing—" God offers you the promise that all things shall work together for your good if you love him; but you expect they will any way; they have seemed to, so far. He proposes to guide you by his counsel, but you would much rather choose your own way; you have need of nothing in that line. He holds out to you pardon, if you will repent; but you do not care for it; to be sure you are not as good as you should be—but then, who is? Christ will take away the sharpness of death and the sting of the grave, if you trust in him; but you do not wish to think anything about death and the grave; why should you? you, that feel your life in every limb?

So you are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing. The gospel may be glad tidings to the broken-hearted and the hopeless, the sick and the criminal, but it is nothing to you.

But how is that? There was more to it; the Saviour said, "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked—" can any one be all that and not know it? Not a great while ago, a pleasant young lady, two years a happy wife, took one of those malignant New England colds that tighten their grasp upon the life till nothing can loosen it. The young husband and all her friends saw with anguish that consumption had marked her, and yet the lovely, unconscious victim went on planning for life when she was already in the valley and shadow of death. Only the day before she died she was talking over what dresses she should need in the summer when she should be well and travel with her husband, and no one had the heart to tell her how fast she was gliding out of this world into another. What if you should be going

slowly and steadily down to death while you are all the time fancying you shall be better soon? Christ is the Life; severed from him there is nothing for us but spiritual death. This enfeebled conscience, this contentment away from God, are among the worst symptoms. It is the wretchedest part of the wretchedness not to know you are wretched.

As I was walking through the halls of an Insane Asylum with the Superintendent, a fine-looking old gentleman handed him a scrap of paper covered with senseless characters, saying, "It's a present for you, Doctor: a check for fifty thousand dollars." "Oh," said the Doctor, "can you spare so much?" "Oh, yes," replied the patient, with a lofty air, "as well as not. Gen. Scott is seeing to my Mexican claims." What if your riches are, in fact, hardly more real than his? The only durable riches must be wealth of soul. Did you ever pity a young girl talking and acting as if she had money without end, when you knew, as she did not, that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy? With that same pity the angels may look on us when we rejoice in being "increased in goods" which they know to be worthless.

The world promises to pay you a great deal; but the day is not far off, at farthest, which will take you to a country where its bills will not pass. And even while we live here our plenty may be worse than poverty for us. You remember how Helio-gabalus—wasn't it?—smothered with a shower of roses some of his courtiers he wished to be rid of; many a precious soul is smothered with roses. What is the use of riches but to make us better off? And if we take them so as to make us worse off, are we not poorer than the poorest? Character is the only real thing there is to us. Nothing is easier to forget nor more vital to remember than that, unless we have a wealth of love and truth within us, we are miserably poor, whatever outside goods we have.

"And knowest not that thou art blind." We think we see well—but we fix our gaze on magnificent castles of cloud in the air, and think they are real and stay for our coming. We see near objects, out of all proportion, large and solid, while the vast horizon of everlasting truth fades into unsubstantial mist.

Our notions are often distorted and false as the fancies of one born blind. When the glamor dies away, and all things stand in the colorless light of eternity, life will take a new aspect.

"And knowest not that thou art naked?" Did you ever dream of suddenly finding yourself in the street, or in church, not half dressed? Can there be such an awakening to shame and contempt for us when all the respectability and reputation and friendships and surroundings of earth fall away from us, and leave the very soul naked before God?

But our Maker and Judge does not wish us to cower before him. "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." He is our Saviour too. He goes on, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see."

You think you "get on very well" as you are. He sees that you might get on vastly better. He pities you in your unconscious wretchedness as we pity a child that laughs and plays upon its mother's grave. No, not like that, for he knows he can still save you. He would make you drop the bright garlands of poison ivy, that he may fill your hand with fragrant treasures of unfading flowers. As you stand frowning and discomfited to have him tear away your self-complacency, he says tenderly, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent."

Dear soul, it is because he loves you, because he wants to enrich you with treasures that will last your own, though heavens and earth should flee away, that he tries to make you see you are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Yield yourself to the severity of His kindness. Let Him show you just what you are—just how little your life amounts to. Humble yourself before him, and He will lift you up. The same love that pierces your apathetic comfort, and tears up the world's deceitful promises, and strips away the poisoned robe of selfish pleasure, will give you riches and beauty and joy over which neither disaster nor death can have power.—*Advance.*

"BUT ONE MOTHER."

BY MAY MAPLE.

"Oh, mamma!—do something to make you well again, for God can give us but one mother."

These words were uttered by a little girl scarcely ten years of age. The mother had

not been well for several weeks, yet she continued to do the work for a large family without other help than this same little girl. Now she had been suddenly attacked with a distressing pain through her lungs. Vevie was a thoughtful child, and a vision of motherless brothers and sisters, with herself weeping over a loved parent's grave, flitted through her young mind.

If mothers would but think of this, "God can give my children but one mother," when they are toiling so hard, so much beyond their strength, to gain a few paltry dollars for their offspring—to spend perhaps in a manner that may do them more harm than good—would they not spare themselves some of the weariness arising from what they deem household duties? Some anxious one will say, "My work *must* be done; my children must have their food prepared, and their clothes made; then there are a thousand and one things that must be attended to, or be wasted. My husband is working hard to supply us with comforts, and I must do what I can while I can raise a hand or put a foot forward."

Now, fond mother, just "pause and consider." Will your overwork really be any help to your husband? Which will save him the most anxiety and the most money, for you to have a hired girl now, while you are feeling so worn out with toil and care,—and then in a few weeks, with your work all up in order, commence again with strength and vigor, fully able to proceed with the labors of home, with smiling faces and happy hearts to keep you company,—or to drag on day after day, for weeks and even months, wearing yourself out, tortured by weariness and pain, struggling for strength that will not come, till some morning you find yourself unable to rise from your bed? The husband you desired to assist so much must now work in the house and out of doors; his very awkwardness worries you; and instead of feeling better in a few hours, as you hoped, days pass, and you are constantly growing worse. After a vain endeavor to be cured with roots and herbs that were carefully stowed away in the garret, a physician is called, prescriptions left that you feel will all the harder to take because they are bought with a price.

The "hired girl" must come into your house at last—for husband cannot take proper care of yourself and little ones, see to all the odds and ends of the household, and attend to his own work besides. The girl would possibly do nicely if there was some one to be with her a part of the time; as it is, she is thoughtless, careless, and therefore wasteful. Her wages, which you *feel* so much, are but a small part of the cost. The physician comes daily, and by way of encouragement tells you that

you will be better soon; but time passes, and you are still confined to your bed, and are likely to remain so for a long time to come. The husband who was all tenderness when you first failed to make your appearance in your accustomed place, grows weary of looking upon your pale face, and listening to the oft-told story of the "distressing pain," and of beholding the house in confusion, the children in soiled and ragged garments and dirt-begrimed faces. The accumulating expenses worry him, and he sits for hours by himself thinking over his troubles, very possibly attaching no little blame to you, who tried so hard to please him; because you would have no help till you were "clear down."

Then, "Do something for yourself now." If you are worn out, have help until you are rested and renewed your strength,—for God can give your children but one mother.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR BABIES?

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Children are killed by too much care, or what is called care, as well as by too little. Perhaps truth would admit of even a stronger statement. Now let us see how a new-comer is treated just as soon as he or she is fairly dressed, supposing, of course, the doctor to be out of sight. Everyone knows it has to take something. In the drinking world it is considered good manners to ask, "What will you take?" But no such discretion is allowed the baby. Take something it must, though nobody knows why it should take anything, and some persons know many reasons why it should take nothing. So a little sugar and water, or molasses and water, or molasses and oil, or castor-oil, must be given, and this little is not always adapted to the baby's stomach, which holds about a table-spoonful.

Whether this is given for food or physic makes little difference. The child needs neither, hence either is an injury. More than that, it is a monstrous wrong upon one incapable of knowing or resenting it. In a few minutes the baby has colic. What wonder? As it has a colic, it must have medicine, of course. What could be plainer? Suffice it to say, the child is dosed with something, an anodyne may be; this constipates it, and it must have physic; that gripes it, and it must have an anodyne again; and so on, to the end of the chapter, which often is a short one, ending in the graveyard.

But these are not the only abuses to which these poor little creatures are sub-

jected. How many times have I been hooted at for telling Madam Nurse to lay that baby down in a warm place, and let it alone! No, forsooth; it must be rocked, the little darling! and as soon as it is dressed too, when it has no more idea that it needs to be rocked than it has of the next solar eclipse. It must be carried too, and trotted. "There, hear that wind come up!" many a nurse has said to me triumphantly, and I am sure with utter scorn at my ignorance when expostulating with her against thus abusing the baby. But what mortal would not raise wind, with a stomach full, when subjected to such a process. Let a man eat a hearty meal, and then mount a hard-trotting horse, or, what would be more analogous to nurse's knee, a trip-hammer, and he would not need long experience to teach him that such motions at such times are painful, hence injurious. And they are not only injurious after feeding, but at any and all times for the newly-born babe.

Now, if pain is produced by this, then is opened another chapter of drugging; and it is easy enough to see that the sleep will be disturbed or prevented. And here begins yet another chapter. "Why, you would not let the baby cry all night, would you? It must have an anodyne, of course;" and of course it gets one, and many a one, and thus we get upon the same old track again; for every abuse of baby gives it pain, while the very means used to relieve the pain open the way for other abuses and other pains.

Having considered what is really done, let us see what should be done. This newly-born baby has two wants, and but two: the first to be kept warm, the second to be kept quiet. If it has a drop or two of water after it is dressed, well and good; but there is no occasion for any nourishment. To gratify its first want, wrap it up in a nice, warm blanket, and lay it upon a soft pillow. There is little fear of getting it too warm. Babies cannot engender their own heat, and because mothers do not know this, many a little one comes to an untimely end. At the same time they should not be crushed under a mountain of coverings, and the nose should in any case be quite accessible to the air. Now, having stowed it away snugly, mark it "To be let alone," or else grandma, or grandpa, or aunty will come in, and the baby must be taken up and paraded and commented on; may be carried about, or trotted or dandled. Do what you may with it, you can do nothing but what is wrong, for the simple reason that the only right thing to do is to do nothing. So let the baby rest and sleep, as rest and sleep it will, if it is warm and its clothes are not too tight. It surely will not cry, for all its natural wants are gratified, and it has no

yet acquired any artificial ones. Thus it may pass the first six hours of its life. If it should awake about this time, and the mother be at the same time somewhat rested, put it to the breast. It may get a little something; whether it does or not, it is acquiring a useful habit.

As regards the food for the first three days, supposing the mother is not in a state to supply it, many questions might be started. To the minds of most, however, who have to deal with babies, it is a very simple matter. They must be fed, of course, and fed, too, every time they cry. There we have it in all its simplicity. But let us consider a fact or so, and see what inferences may be drawn from them.

The first fact is, that baby was planned by an Artificer who pronounced all things which He had made to be good, and "good" they have been ever since. After all allowance is made for children born with vitiated constitutions, the vast majority have sufficient health and vigor of constitution to carry them safely over the first three days of their lives.

The second fact is, that the nourishment for the baby comes three days after the baby, that is in full supply.

Now, put these two facts together—first, that the babies are calculated to live; and, secondly, that no nourishment is provided for the child until the third day—and what is the conclusion? What but that baby needs little or no food until the third day? There is no escape from this conclusion if we admit the facts, and to support these there is evidence without end.

Not many years ago a British physician stated that the stomachs of newly-born infants were covered with a coating which was digested by the stomach, and that the stomach needed for this purpose two or three days. I have never seen this statement repeated; it may be true, or may not; but certain it is, baby needs little or no food until the third day, in most cases absolutely nothing beyond the little which the mother can supply. If left undisturbed it will sleep the most of the time for the first three days, and, as for that matter, for the first six weeks, if only let alone.

However, for the mother's sake, baby should have access to the breast as often as every three or four hours, if it wake up so often. Leave the matter entirely to baby. It will never starve to death when in natural sleep. If it is in a diseased sleep, that is another matter, and not within the scope of this paper. Even in such a case, however, I may say, in dismissing the point, baby needs medicine and not food.

When the baby should feed is not a matter of indifference. No invariable rule can be laid down for all children, but about some matters there is very great uniformity, and from these, with a little caution,

we may reason to those which are more uncertain. The stomach of a newly-born babe holds about a tablespoonful. (To digest this must require somewhere from one to two hours, possibly more; pretty certainly more as the child grows older.) After the stomach has performed its duty it wants rest, and must and will have it; and if it does not, it will allow nothing else to rest. If any one doubts this, he can soon satisfy himself. Let him make a hearty meal on any given substances. As soon as this is digested let him repeat the meal, and so on through the twenty-four hours, and his doubts will vanish. It would be no marvel if he did, too.

With this in view then, that the baby's stomach, like every other stomach, needs rest, and with careful watching of the child, the question will soon be settled for each child, how often it should nurse.

If a mother nurses a child to quiet it, or to comfort it, or to put it to sleep, or for any other conceivable purpose than to feed it, she commits a great outrage, for which she, as well as her innocent child, is sure to be punished.

Let us try that supposed adult on whom we have just made the experiment of feeding often. He wakes up in the night with the most violent distress, no matter whether of mind or body; he fairly roars with pain. What is to be done? Why, rouse Sally and Jakey, and all the kitchen help, and cook him some oysters, or soup, or coffee, or what not. The absurdity is plain enough in an adult—why is it any less so in a child? Who can tell?

One word about feeding at night. A laborer gets his breakfast at six a.m. say, his dinner at twelve m., and his supper at six or seven p.m., and nothing more till morning—twelve hours, more or less. Here, again, the man is a pattern for the child. Wake the man up at midnight and give him a hearty meal. Make him eat it, for he won't eat it of his own accord. How will he feel the next day? He needs rest at night, not food, and his stomach needs a good, long rest too. And so does baby's! The night is not a proper time for digestion; and if baby can go three hours during the day without food, it can go six, or more, at night; in many cases this "more" is eight and even ten hours. This is no theory; it is fact, as many can testify—as all who will try it will be able to testify. Therefore, the requisites for a healthy stomach in a child are: During the first three days of its life, giving it little or nothing but what the mother can supply, and let that little be simple water. Nurse it with the greatest regularity possible. Never nurse it except to feed it, and make the intervals at night at least twice as long as those during the day.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD (1).—Mix half a pint of yeast with a quart of lukewarm water, or milk and water (two thirds milk and one third water), stir this into about a pint of wheat flour, and add graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Let it rise, in a warm place, over night. In the morning, add a teacup of molasses, a tea-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of soda, and graham flour enough to make a batter as stiff as can be stirred with a table-spoon. Put in tins to rise (fill them more than half-full), let them stand until the loaves are light, and bake about an hour. This makes three loaves of bread, if baked in pint pans. Be sure to mould the dough into loaves as soon as it is light, as unboiled flour runs into the acetous fermentation much more rapidly than bolted or superfine flour. Unbolted flour requires a somewhat thinner or sotter sponge, and should be baked a little longer than loaves of the same weight made of bolted flour. Soda is not essential if the yeast is lively. Yeast should be well mixed with milk-warm water before being added to the flour.

GRAHAM BREAD (2).—Use one pint of wheat-bread rising, half teacup of molasses or sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, half tea-spoonful of supercarbonate of soda, dissolved in a little warm water, one quart or more of graham meal. The batter must not be as thick as ordinary bread-dough; pour the mixture into bread-pans or small forms as deep as you want the thickness of the loaf. Set the batter to rise and bake it in a quick oven, cover the bread with thick paper during the first half-hour while baking.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two quarts of graham meal, one heaping teaspoon of salt, two table-spoons of sugar, one and half quarts of milk luke-warm, half teacup of domestic hop yeast—more if of baker's yeast; rise over night, pour in muffin-rings or "gems," and bake in a very hot oven. If less of the bran is required, sift the meal and discard the coarser bran left in the sieve.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Five cups of graham meal, one teaspoon of salt, four and half cups of cold milk or water, pour into thoroughly heated "gems," or "cups," and bake in a very hot oven. The "rings," "forms," or pans, must be carefully greased.

RICH PLUM-PUDDING.—Beat up eight eggs, yolks and whites separately, and strain; mix them with a pint of thick cream; stir in half a pound of flour and half a pound of bread-crumbs rubbed through the

colander; when well mixed, beat in one pound of beef-suet, chopped very fine, one pound of currants, one pound of finely chopped raisins, one pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of candied lemon, and two of citron, and a nutmeg grated: boil in a cloth for six or seven hours.

APPLES SURPRISED.—Peel, core, and slice about five nice cooking apples, sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated bread, and a little sugar. Have some lard quite hot in a small stew-pan, put the slices of apples in it, and fry of a light yellow; when all are done, take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a good spoonful of grated bread, a spoonful of sugar, and a teacupful of milk; put into the pan, and when they boil up throw in the apple slices, hold the whole over the fire for two minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

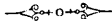
ORANGE-PUDDING.—Soak the crumb of a French roll in milk, let it drain in a colander for half an hour, break it with a spoon in a basin, add two ounces of sugar, grated, one ounce of butter, warmed, the yolks of four eggs, the juice of four oranges, the grated rind of one, and finally the four egg-whites beaten (not too stiffly) in a plate with a knife, and bake in a buttered dish in a quick oven. The pudding will be equally good boiled in a mould for an hour and a half, and served with a sweet sauce.

CREAM-PUDDING.—Three egg-yolks, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of bread-crumbs, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat the egg-yolks, sugar, crumbs, and spice in a basin for five minutes. Add the three egg-whites beaten to a light snow (not too firm), bake in a buttered shallow tin or dish, and when quite cooled turn into a flat dish with the lower side upward, serve while hot.

SPONGE-PUDDING.—Mix one heaped tea-spoonful of baking-powder with half a pound of flour, and two ounces of finely-chopped suet; add half a pound syrup or molasses and steam in a mould for six hours. This is an extremely nice pudding.

LUNCHEON CAKE.—One pound of sultanas, one quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of batter, to be rubbed into the flour; one quarter of a pound of candied peel, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a pint of new milk, lukewarm, and one egg. When these ingredients are well beaten up and mixed, pour them into the mould, and put it in the oven immediately. The sultanas may be omitted if preferred.

Literary Notices.



THE DEBATABLE LAND BETWEEN THIS
WORLD AND THE NEXT. By Robert
Dale Owen.

We do not exactly know what is meant in the Bible by the expression "familiar spirit;" but when we read a book like this, we are strongly reminded of the warning to have nothing to do with a man or woman who has such a spirit, and of the strong expressions of condemnation which are used in speaking of such intercourse. The Old Testament seems to recognize the fact that dealings may be had with invisible spirits, and that the ghosts of the dead may be called up; but so far from considering this an advantage to the living, and a thing to be sought after, the directions are that the *mediums*, to use a modern term, "shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them." We would not, however, be taken as recommending this treatment for Mr. Owen; for he seems to have been led into error by a sincere, though ill-directed, search after truth, and to have been led to write this book by a desire to tell others of the wonderful things he has discovered, and of the conclusions to which he has come on account of these discoveries. His idea is, that the appearance of the spirits of the departed furnishes us with a conclusive proof of immortality. Perhaps it does; but, fortunately, the belief in a future existence of some kind is so firmly implanted in the human soul that this proof is not required; and if it were, many would almost rather be annihilated at once than have to devote their future existence to such puerile employments as ringing bells, rapping at doors, scaring innocent children, and playing pranks generally. Another notion of his is, that Spiritualism will benefit the world by the wonderful cures which may be produced by its means, and the examples he brings are well

authenticated. These examples will probably affect the minds of those who read of such things for the first time; but those who have studied the subject know too well the influence which the mind may have over the body, and that thousands of cures, of the same style, have been wrought at different times and in support of different theories, to attach any special importance to these.

The main idea of the book is to prove that Christianity is a progressive science, and, if we understand the writer aright, that the world is to be reformed by the revelations of Spiritualism. The deplorable weakness of his argument, however, and his continual begging of the question, will be to the mind of the reader a conclusive proof, if any is needed, that minds under the influence of spirits would be more suitably employed in undergoing a course of logic than in reforming the world.

More than half the volume is taken up with ghost stories and accounts of so-called spiritual manifestations, of which an example or two will suffice to show the almost invariably unmeaning character of the performances.

SPIRIT-FLOWERS.

"No. 218. *February 7, 1862.* Sky clear; atmosphere cold. Doors and windows secured with sealing-wax.

"A card which I had brought with me was taken from my pocket; a bright light rose from the table, and by it there was shown to us the card, to the centre of which there had been fixed what seemed a small bunch of flowers. The light faded and we were requested to light the gas. The flowers were a red rose, with green leaves and forget-me-nots; very beautiful and apparently real.

"I inspected them for several minutes, at intervals; turning off the gas and relighting five or six times. The flowers still remained. Above them was written:

"*Flowers from our home in Heaven.*"

"Finally the flowers began to fade, and we were requested to extinguish the gas

When we did so, it was replaced by a spirit-light under which the flowers were again distinctly visible. Then, by the raps: 'Do not take your eyes off the flowers; watch them closely.'

"We did so. They gradually diminished in size, as we gazed, till they became mere specks; and then they disappeared before our eyes. When I lighted the gas, I found no trace of them on the card.

"Then I carefully examined the seals on the doors and windows, and found them intact."

Here is another item from the record of sitting 283, November 3, 1862:—

"The hair of the figure (Estelle's) hung loosely over her face. I lifted it, so as to see her more perfectly. Then she rose into the air and passed over my head, her robe sweeping across my head and face."

And here is another of an incident that occurred during sitting 335, of December 31, 1862:

"I turned down the gas partially only. By its light I distinguished a hand, with white sleeves encircling the wrist. It held a flower which, with its stem, was about

three inches long. I reached my hand to take it; but at the moment my fingers touched it, there was a sharp snap, as from a powerful electric spark. Then I turned on the full gas. The hand, floating about, still held the flower; and after a time, placed it on a sheet of paper which lay on the table. It proved to be a pink rose-bud with green leaves; to the touch it was cold, damp, and glutinous. Then a peculiar white flower, resembling a daisy, was presented. After a time they all melted away. While this occurred the room was as light as day."

Under date October 21, 1863 (session 365), Mr. Livermore says: "I brought with me, this evening, the dark lantern already described; and, as soon as the figure of Estelle appeared, I threw its light full on her. She quailed a little, but stood her ground, for some time, while I directed the light to her face and eyes, afterward to different parts of her dress. Then she disappeared and I had the communication: 'It was with the greatest difficulty that I could hold myself in form without disappearing.'"

Notices.



Wishing all our subscribers, both old and new, a HAPPY NEW YEAR, we are glad to be able early to bring before their notice the first number of a new volume. We do not like to praise ourselves, but the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY seems so well to supply a long-felt want in Canada, that we cannot forbear occasionally pointing out its peculiar excellencies. It is true that well-edited English and American magazines are to be had for the same price, and some may perhaps prefer to have them, but they are not our own; they have no particular Canadian interest, and are in many respects not adapted to the wants of a new nation which is being built up of such various nationalities that everything is encouraged which tends to inculcate a sense of patriotism and interest

in her progress. Now nothing can do this so well as the growth of a pure, healthy, native literature. How much spread eaglesism would there be if our American cousins were entirely nourished with imported literature? We may safely say very little; and though, as it is, there may be too much of a good thing among our neighbors, yet we have often cause to regret that there is so little national feeling amongst ourselves. One is an Englishman, one a Scotchman, one an Irishman, one a Frenchman—few call themselves Canadians. Indeed this name, by which our neighbors know us, and by which we ought to be proud to be called, is with many an epithet applied only to those of French descent. Encourage, then, a native Canadian magazine, which in its very name does

Publishers' Notice.

honor to our new and growing nationality. Recommend it to your friends and induce them to subscribe.

There is another reason why we feel that we can boldly claim support. No other magazine that we know of is so well adapted for home reading. There are literary monthlies, and juvenile monthlies, and ladies' monthlies, but the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** combines all these interests, and by careful editing, secures to each of these three classes almost as large a bill of fare as is usually to be found in as many separate publications. Families therefore will do well to secure this magazine as a monthly visitor, being assured that their money cannot be better laid out. We trust that improvements will constantly be made as the subscription list increases. The low price puts it within the reach of all, and the great advantages given by the publishers in the clubbing rates, ought at once to bring us a great number of new names.

We congratulate our readers on the fact that we are able to lay before them this month the promised life of the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, prepared especially for them by one so competent as Mr. Brown.

We hope our juvenile readers will have good success in trying the shadows on the wall, which we have had engraved for them. We hope to be able to give some rebuses and patterns for fancy work during the year. While we are speaking about this we would say that we would be very glad to receive from our friends good *original* rebuses or riddles of any kind. By *original* we mean ones that you have made up yourselves; not ones that you have heard somewhere or copied from some other periodical. This explanation seems necessary, for we frequently receive puzzles sent in as original which are very old indeed. Of course we cannot promise to print all we receive, as experience shows that a large proportion are likely to be so imperfect as to be entirely unsuitable. However, if you do not succeed at first, you may afterwards; and it will do no harm to try. Remember to write very distinctly,

on one side of the paper only, and to send every part of the answer on the same sheet as the riddle.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

REDUCED AND CLUB RATES OF WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

We shall continue to offer the **WITNESS** publications at the same reduced rates, under given conditions, as we have done hitherto.

In all editions, where one person remits in advance for eight persons, at one time, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or, any person remitting \$8 at once for our publications, will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

The price of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** for one year is \$1.50, but any old subscriber obtaining a new one can have the two addressed separately for \$2, or a club of 5 may have the magazine addressed separately for \$5.

Anyone sending \$1, or more, for either edition of the **WITNESS**, may have the **N. D. MONTHLY** one year for \$1, on condition that he remits the money for them both at the same time.

New subscribers to the **N. D. MONTHLY**, remitting \$1.50 before Jan. 1st, 1872, will have sent to them, gratis, an excellent temperance story entitled "Mrs. Barry and her Bourbon," if they ask for it when sending the money.

Single subscriptions to the **CANADIAN MESSENGER** are 38c. per annum, but subscribers to any edition of the **WITNESS** and **DOMINION MONTHLY** may have the **MESSENGER** added for 25c. more. Clubs to one address: 3 copies, \$1; 7, \$2; 25, \$7; 50, \$13; 100, \$25—all post-paid by publishers. We commend the **MESSENGER** to the attention of Sabbath-schools as of much better value than most of the school-books or papers.

ERRATUM.—In the "Sketch of Hon Papineau," on page 4, for "John" read "Samuel Neilson," his son of the *Quebec Gazette*, who for publishing a political let' the present Judge Mondelet