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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE

1877.

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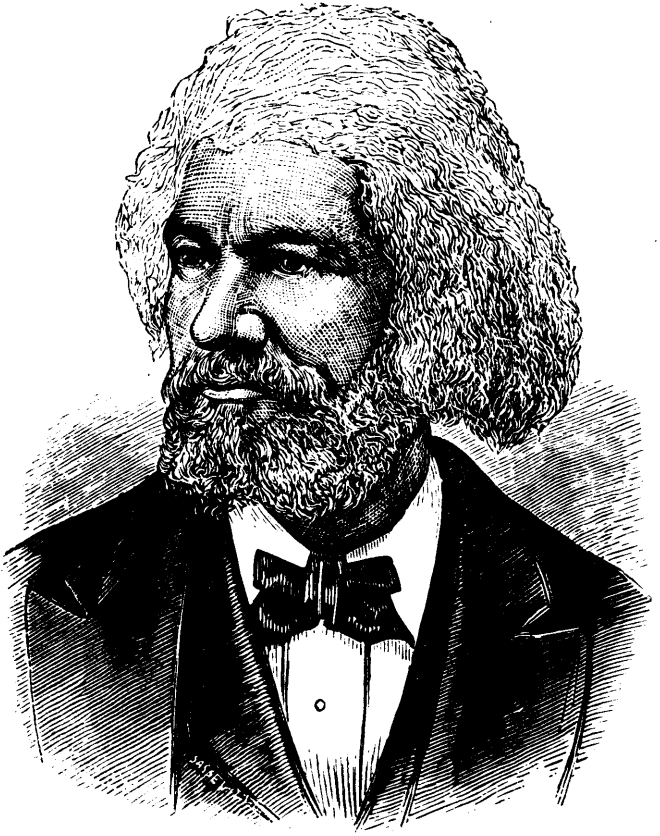
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# New Dominion Monthly.

JUNE, 1877.

## DREAMS.

Dreams present so many wonderful features that they have long given scope to the feats of the marvel-monger, rather than to the investigations of science. There are, however, few subjects of more scientific interest; and the object of this paper is not merely to relate a number of amusing stories about our dream-life, but rather to explain its wonders as far as the present position of science enables us to give an explanation.

The peculiarities of dreaming, which require to be explained in any theory of the subject, may be brought under two heads. The first is the fantastic combinations of circumstances by which dreams are characterized, and the second, the irresistible appearance of their reality.

The former of these is so obtrusive a characteristic of dreaming that, in our waking life, any improbable fancy, any wild expectation, is very usually described as a *dream*. All the ordinary probabilities of the real world, whether founded on internal character or on external circumstances, are set at naught in dreams. In dreams the coward achieves the boldest deeds, while the brave man is mortified by the meanness of his cowardice. The guilty often dream of an innocence of which they know nothing in real life, while

the pure mind is shocked at times by dreaming of being seduced into the most improbable sins. The untravelled lover of domestic comforts often spends his nights in wandering over the face of the earth, while the restless wanderer settles down to the quiet routine of home. The man who in the world of reality was never known to be guilty of an *outré* act, rides in his sleep along the edge of precipices, seats himself on dizzy pinnacles, rushes into mad encounters with wild beasts, and exposes himself to all sorts of ridiculously needless dangers. In like manner there are no external limitations,—no obstacles of time or place,—in the world of dreams. A few seconds carry us round the globe; and the events of years may be packed into a single night, or even into a few minutes. Persons who are separated by a hemisphere in space, or even by centuries in time, enter into familiar intercourse in the dreamer's society, and those friends who have long ago passed beyond the veil, descend to him from the spirit-world as readily as they are supposed to come for the purpose of rapping upon tables at a spiritualistic séance. We pass from place to place in our dreams as if we were charmed by the cap of Fortunatus; and we spurn all ordinary modes of locomotion, for we

can float through the atmosphere as easily as if aerial navigation were no longer among the problems which have yet to be solved. Whether in its pleasanter or in its sadder aspects, the conditions of human life are extravagantly exaggerated in our dreams. They make us drink at times a draught of horror which is happily too large for the measured cup of actual woe; and they enchant us again by the revelation of ecstasies which transcend in beauty and in joy the sober realities of human life.

It thus appears that the dreamer creates for himself a world which is governed by laws of its own. The only laws which he cannot set aside are the laws of his own mind. But it must not be supposed necessary to a dream that it should possess this fantastic character. The experience of all dreamers is that dreams are often marred by no improbability which would render them impossible as real events. This fact, though at first sight apparently a difficulty in any theory of dreams, will be found to assist in their explanation.

The second characteristic of dreams is the irresistible appearance of their reality. This illusory reality is so strong that it is not weakened by any improbability, however extravagant. The strength of the illusion is also strikingly evidenced by two analogous facts, both of which are familiar in the experience of nearly all. The first is the fact that often, as the real world breaks in upon the middle of a dream, we find ourselves for a moment in doubt as to whether the dream is not a reality—in other words, as to which is the dream-world, which the real. Analogous to this is the fact that often a real event, especially if it has been of an extraordinary character, seems long afterwards like a dream; and, indeed, we are at times in serious doubt as to whether such an event was a reality. In one of those Arabian tales which

have delighted the childhood of us all,—the tale entitled the Sleeper Awakened,—Abou Hassan of Bagdad is made the subject of a practical pleasantry on the part of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid. By an order of the Caliph, Abou Hassan is carried one night in his sleep to the palace, where, on awakening in the morning, he is treated with all the honors, and spends the whole day in the capacity of Caliph. At night again when asleep he is carried back to his house; and, on awakening, after a little perplexity, he comes to the conclusion that he had not left his bed at all, but that his day's enjoyment of the Caliphate had been a dream of the previous night. This conclusion forms an amusingly natural incident in the tale; and it is equally natural that Shakespeare should make Titania suppose, on awaking, that her love of Bottom had been an ugly vision—

“Methought I was enamored of an ass!”

The same remark, however, which was made in reference to the former peculiarity, must be made also in reference to this. The appearance of reality is by no means absolutely essential to a dream. Sometimes we are conscious that a dream is unreal. This apparent anomaly, instead of being a difficulty, will be found rather to assist in the explanation of dreams.

In proceeding to such an explanation, there are one or two preliminary facts to be remembered. In the first place, every one knows that one thought can suggest another. Many also know that such suggestion is governed by certain laws, called generally the laws of association. These laws direct the train of our thoughts, whether we are awake or in a dream. If you fancy any scene or event in a day-dream, its details are all suggested to your mind in accordance with these laws; and so are all the details of any scene or event in the dreams of sleep.

It is to be remembered, in the second

place, that a sensation requires merely some action in a nerve ; and if this action can be produced by any internal excitement, without the presence of an external body, the same result will follow as if an external body were there. For instance, any inflammation or other excitement in the nerve of the eye or the ear will make us see or hear as really as if the sight or sound had come from some external source,

With these preliminary remarks we are better prepared to explain the peculiarities of dreaming. The first of these,—the fantastic combinations of the images which people our dreams, must be explained by the condition of the body and mind in sleep. Sleep is a cessation,—a sort of paralysis, in the action of the brain, as well as of a large part of the nervous system. But let us understand what this implies. The force which works any part of the body, muscle or nerve, is supplied by the nutritive elements in our food, carried to the part by the blood. Now, it is impossible to supply force to most parts as quickly as it is expended. This is most obtrusively exhibited in the case of muscular action. As long as a muscle is being exerted, we are burning—oxidizing—the nutriment conveyed to it in its blood-vessels. But the supply is sooner or later burnt up ; the waste products of combustion accumulate ; the exertion becomes more labored and feeble, till these products are carried off, and fresh force is supplied. Your horse carries you along at starting as if the outburst of activity were a pleasure, which it is ; but by-and-by muscular contraction becomes less spontaneous, requires a stimulus. By lashing the jaded animal you may send a discharge of force into his muscles ; but even that fails after a while, when the force is quite exhausted.

The same effect is quite truly, if not so obtrusively, observable in the case of the brain and nerves. The thoughts and feelings which make up our wak-

ing life, imply a large consumption of some very important elements of food. After this has gone on for a considerable part of the twenty-four hours, the brain and nerves have spent most of the force at their disposal, and do their work more feebly. You may stimulate them for a time by tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, agreeable conversation, exciting work, and other artifices ; but at last they cease work from sheer exhaustion. The nerves of hearing, sight, and touch are no longer affected by ordinary sounds, sights, and contacts ; all thought, all consciousness fades away.

Now, an interesting fact has been discovered by observations on the brains of persons who have undergone the operation of trepanning, as well as by experiments upon the lower animals. The brain becomes comparatively bloodless in sleep, while there is a partial return of blood to its vessels when the sleep is disturbed by the imperfect consciousness of dreams, and the quantity of blood in its vessels becomes greatly increased with the perfect restoration of consciousness on awaking. Dreaming is, therefore, a state in which we are half-asleep and half-awake,—sufficiently awake to have some consciousness, but sufficiently asleep to be unable to control the direction of our consciousness. In this we have an explanation of the generally admitted fact that most dreams take place at the transition either from waking to sleep, or more commonly from sleep to waking.

The state of the dreamer, then, is one in which the mind is comparatively torpid,—is doing little or no work. Now, when the mind is doing good work, we do not surrender ourselves to every idle fancy that is suggested ; on the contrary, we resolutely exclude every thought which is not connected with the work of the mind ; we control the direction of our thoughts. But in a torpid or inactive state of mind, like that of the sleeper, we let our thoughts

take any order in which they happen to be suggested. Such a state we often indulge in during our waking life ; and it resembles dreaming so obviously, that popular language calls it a *day-dream*, or by the French equivalent of *reverie*. The improbable character of the pictures with which we allow ourselves to be amused in such reveries, is witnessed by the fact that the man who indulges in them is said to be building castles in the air, or chateaux in Spain. If our thoughts can form such fantastic combinations even during our waking hours, when we never lose control of them altogether, is it wonderful that they run into an utterly lawless riot when the torpidity of the mind leaves them undirected by any active purpose ?

This will be all the more intelligible if we look at some of the special oddities of dreams. One of the oddities noticed above is the fact that dreams pay no regard to the restrictions of time and place. Among numerous incidents illustrative of this, one may be selected. An English gentleman falling asleep one day on his chair, dreamt that he took a voyage to America, spent a fortnight there, fell into the sea as he was re-embarking to return, when naturally he was startled into waking consciousness, and found that he had been asleep merely ten minutes. Now, this apparent transgression of the limitations of time implies no transgression of the ordinary laws which govern our ideas of time ; for the apparent duration of time depends entirely on our thoughts ; the same period seems long or short in proportion to the slowness or rapidity with which thoughts pass through our minds. A period during which our thoughts are stimulated to swift succession by busy occupations, seems to pass with corresponding rapidity ; while another period of the same length, during which we are left in the mental vacuity of having nothing to do, seems so long that we have actually to seek relief from its dreary length in those

expedients which are expressively called *pastimes*. If our ideas of time are capable of being so greatly modified, even during our waking consciousness, is it any matter of surprise that our dreams, which cannot be corrected by the real world, should be altogether unrestricted by the actual duration of events ? We happen to know, in fact, that the derangement of the brain, resulting from such poisons as opium and hashish, or from the inflammatory action of fevers, does produce strange distortions in the patient's conceptions of time ; and it is a familiar fact that the excitement of drowning will bring up before a man's consciousness, within a few seconds, the whole of his previous life, not only in its main outlines, but even in its minute details. The same remarks are applicable to the effect of dreams on our ideas of space, which are apt to be modified by circumstances even in our ordinary consciousness, as well as by the extraordinary excitements of poison and disease.

But some of the other oddities of dreaming receive an explanation from the same cause, namely, that the mind being in a torpid state is unable to direct our thoughts to any purpose. A large number of these oddities have their origin in obscure impressions on the torpid senses. These impressions are not powerful enough to waken the sleeper, else he would interpret their real significance ; but they suggest fanciful interpretations which, though amusingly discordant with reality, are yet often traceable to his general character or his particular circumstances at the time. For instance, Dr. Gregory relates that in earlier life he had ascended Mount Vesuvius, and during the ascent had felt the heat of the mountain on his feet. Long subsequently he had read an account of Mount *Ætna*, though he had never seen it. Some time afterwards he went to bed one night with a vessel of hot water at his feet, and during the course of his sleep

he dreamt that he was walking up Mount Ætna, and felt the ground under him warm. On another occasion he mentions that he had read an account of the Hudson's Bay Territory, which gave a vivid description of its severe climate. One night, shortly afterwards, he dreamt of being in that Territory, and suffering intensely from the cold; he awoke and found that in his sleep he had kicked the bedclothes off. A dream related by Dr. Reid, the Scottish philosopher, is equally interesting. He was of course familiar with the savage war practices that were indulged in by the aborigines of this continent, and one night, when he went to sleep with a plaster on his head which gave him considerable pain, he dreamt of falling among a party of Indians by whom he was scalped.

The obscure sensible impressions which thus suggest fantastic interpretations in the torpid mind, will easily explain those horrors of dream-life which have their source in the various painful sensations of indigestion. To such obscure impressions also, can be referred that large class of horrid dreams which go by the name of *night-mare*, and in which the common circumstance is an effort to do something, with the feeling of inability to do it; these will be generally found to arise from impeded respiration. The sleeper is lying on his back, or in some other position in which his chest cannot freely expand to allow a full inhalation; and naturally, therefore, he has a dim sensation of endeavoring to perform the most essential of the vital processes, while there is some difficulty in its performance which he cannot overcome. This uneasy sensation is of course enhanced if there is the additional oppression arising from a flatulent or overloaded stomach. But the general result is the same in all, varied only according to the character or circumstances of each individual. My own dreams in such circumstances com-

monly take a natural turn,—I am standing in front of an audience, who are waiting to hear me address them; and though ideas seem often to rise with greater readiness and brilliance than during my waking hours, the most frantic efforts of the vocal organs fail to elicit a single sound.

Another curious fact receives explanation from the influence of obscure sensations in directing the course of a dream. Like any other sound, the human voice may reach the confused thoughts of a dreamer; and, therefore, questions addressed to him, especially if they are connected with the subject of his dream, will often elicit answers which show that the question has been heard, and has even got mixed up with some of his amusing fancies. Any one who has an opportunity will find some merriment in experimenting on friends who are given to talking in their sleep and thereby reveal the subjects of their dreams.

It is another odd feature of our sleeping life that we can often waken at a fixed hour by determining upon it before going to sleep. It seems as if the obscure impressions of the external world enabled us to take note of time, notwithstanding the torpid state of the sensibility. This subject, however, seems to require, as it deserves, further investigation. It is mentioned now merely to observe that the resolution to rise at a particular hour will sometimes determine the course of a dream. Of this I had a remarkable experience some years ago. I intended to leave Kingston (Ontario) one morning by the early steamer for Montreal, and had accordingly to get up about five o'clock. The previous night I had gone to bed somewhat late and tired; and I slept so soundly that I remember nothing but that I awoke at the *denouement* of a dream. In this dream I found myself in the city of Liverpool; I had taken out my passage for this country, and was to sail at a very early hour in

the morning. I dreamt, however, that I slept beyond the hour of sailing; and my mortification was so great that it awoke me, and I found it was within a few minutes of five o'clock.

It was noticed above that, although dreams generally exhibit a fantastic character, yet that is not absolutely essential, for the fictions of dreaming may sometimes be less strange than the facts of real life. Now, this is not at all inconsistent with the theory which ascribes the fantastic improbabilities of dreaming to the fact of the mind being in such a dormant state that it is unable to control the direction of our thoughts; for though our thoughts, when uncontrolled, may run riot, yet it is quite possible for them to take a perfectly sober course. In fact, the subject of a dream may at times control the direction of our thoughts, and produce therefore a concentration of mind of which we are incapable amid the distractions of the waking world. As a result of this it has been the testimony of several distinguished men that in sleep they have seen their way through problems which had perplexed their waking hours; and Coleridge informs us—though the statements of an opium-eater are to be received with caution—that his poem of *Kubla Khan* was composed in a dream.

There still remains for explanation the second of those peculiarities which were noticed at the commencement as distinctive of dreams,—namely, the irresistible illusion of their reality. The source of this illusion is to be sought in that dormant state of the mind in which we have found an explanation of the fantastic character of our dreams. There are two circumstances connected with this torpid mental condition which explain to us why the images that people our dreams should appear so intensely real in comparison with the ordinary representations of things which we recall in our waking consciousness. The first of these circum-

stances is the absence of any impressions from the real world to exhibit, by the force of contrast, the unreality of the mere images which play before us in dreams. That the want of this contrast has to do with the illusory reality of our dreams, must appear from the fact that a dream is instantaneously dispelled by any violent sensation, such as a loud noise, which suddenly rouses us to waking life. It is an interesting fact, which illustrates the same effect, that spectral illusions, which may have tormented a patient in a darkened chamber, often vanish by simply letting in the light, and revealing thereby the realities around.

A second circumstance arising from the torpid sensibility of the sleeper, is the fact that the images which are excited in his mind acquire a vividness which is impossible in the consciousness of a person awake. The vividness with which we can call up an image of anything depends, among other conditions, on the sense through which the image was first received being occupied or not at the time. It is difficult to represent distinctly the appearance of any object we have seen if the eyes are at the moment engaged in examining some actual object; and this is the reason why many people instinctively close the eyes during intense efforts of thought or recollection. It is equally difficult to recall distinctly a tune while the ears are being assailed by actual music or loud talk; and the same fact is noticeable in the case of the other senses. It is, indeed, for this cause that we can generally study to better purpose amid quiet surroundings and familiar scenes. Now, in sleep the senses are so torpid that they scarcely disturb us with impressions from the real world at all; and any images that are suggested, being allowed to absorb the consciousness, become as vivid as if they were actual perceptions of real objects. An interesting result occasionally follows from this. The more vivid

an idea is, it becomes the more powerfully suggestive; and it, therefore, sometimes happens that facts are suggested in a dream which had been totally forgotten in waking life. Several interesting anecdotes have been preserved of persons who recovered in a dream important information regarding events which they had fruitlessly endeavored to recollect for a long time before.

But how is it that sometimes a dream loses its deceptive reality, and we become aware that it *is* a dream? That such is not unfrequently the case must have been the experience of most dreamers; and there have even been instances of men, tormented by nightmare, who have succeeded in vanquishing its delusions by resolving as they went to sleep that they would treat its horrid fantasies as harmless unrealities. The explanation of this is evidently to be found in the circumstance that the dreamer is not only half asleep, but also half awake, and that he tends either to relapse into the unconsciousness of profound slumber, or to struggle into the distinct consciousness of waking life. Now, if the latter should be the course of his dream, and if he is not suddenly startled into complete wakefulness, there will often be a stage in his dream-life at which its spectres continue to hover before his mind, but he is sufficiently aroused to be perfectly conscious of their spectral nature. I believe it will be generally found, in fact, that the dreamer awakens immediately after realizing that his dream is a dream.

It would be an incomplete discussion of our subject which did not refer to those odd coincidences between dreams and external events which play a prominent part in the literature of modern spiritualism. It is of course impossible here to enter on the spiritualistic controversy. I believe that I have already indicated the general principles by which even the most marvelous dreams may be naturally explained; but a word or two may be

added with special reference to this class of dreams. In the first place, it cannot be denied that remarkable coincidences of this kind have occurred, in which dreams seem to have contained prognostications with regard to future events, or information about contemporary events taking place in another part of the world. But, in the second place, it should not be forgotten that it is seldom or never possible to tell how much a good story of this kind may have been embellished even by the original narrator, and still more in its subsequent transmission by imaginative story-tellers. Moreover, while we hear of all the remarkable coincidences between dreams and real occurrences, it should be remembered that we seldom hear of those dreams which had all the appearance of being significant, and yet turned out after all to be meaningless foolery of the imagination. I have known several instances of dreams which deeply impressed the dreamers at the time with the suspicion of their being intimations of future or distant events, and were found to indicate nothing but a little indigestion or an uneasy position of the body. Indeed, when it is remembered that there are probably several hundred millions of dreams every night, perhaps we ought to wonder, not that such coincidences are so many, but that they are so few. Besides, such dreams must be practically worthless. Like the prophecies of Cassandra, they are fated to be received with incredulity; for who is to determine when a dream is a trustworthy informer, and not "a false creation proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain?"

It may, in fact, be inferred as the wisest lesson one can draw from a scientific study of dreams, that the refreshment of a dreamless sleep is preferable to the most important dream by which the sleep of man is ever likely to be disturbed.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

## MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

(Continued.)

In pursuance of this plan she picked a quarrel with Mrs. Gibson, the cook, and dismissed her on the spot.

Poor old woman, she was always very kind to me, had been kind from the first, when I came to The Hazels a poor fatherless child. She came down to the works to bid me good-bye. She felt leaving The Hazels and parting from us all very keenly. She was a good woman, though a little peculiar in her notions. She was a great democrat in theory, and a decided worshipper of aristocracy in practice. She said to me in parting, with many tears :

"The fortunes of this house were built up by the Russells in justice, mercy and honor. The master who is gone was one who considered the poor and had the blessing of God that made him rich and added no sorrow. The mistress was lifted up with pride like Nebuchadnezzar, and went mad with self-will, and God has left her alone to have her own way. And oh, Willie, her own rod will whip her! Is'n't the match she managed for her son the bitter pill to swallow? Is it not written all over the world, if it was torn out of the Bible, that 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' And destruction is coming on this fine old family, and not slowly, Willie, not slowly."

"Don't prophesy evil when you're leaving us, dear Mrs. Gibson," said I.

"The curse causeless does not come, Willie, my boy. May God bless you and the young Master and the place,

and even Mrs. Edward, if He can or will, which I doubt. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mrs. Gibson," I said, "and may you have a better home in your next place than The Hazels has been lately. I will never forget your kindness to me all along. You won't mind me saying that I would rather you would be a false prophet." I was smiling as I shook hands with her, and she smiled back through her tears and we parted.

After Mrs. Gibson was gone all the rest of the house servants were changed except Rolston. He was such a fixture in the family that he would have thought Mr. Edward himself as likely to be dismissed as he was. It was a foregone conclusion with Mrs. Edward that he should go; she only waited for the occasion.

One day Mr. Edward was absent and Rolston got orders from Mrs. Edward to break open the baby-house and bring all the things that were lying useless in it up to the house. Now, as far as any of us knew, from the day Maymie set it to rights and locked it up, it had never been opened or entered by any one. After his first marriage was broken up his mother wished to have all the furniture of the baby-house removed, but Edward instead of consenting raised such a storm that his mother, having had her greater victory, let him alone to have his way about this. She renewed the subject before his second marriage, and he barred up door and window on the outside for answer.



When, therefore, Mrs. Edward issued her orders about the baby-house, Rolston told her he could not get in without Mr. Edward's orders. She dismissed him on the spot. He coolly told her she did not hire him, that he was not her servant, and he would take no dismissal from her. Mrs. Edward was not the woman to be balked in her wishes by Rolston's refusal. She went to the village and got a man to come and do her bidding. Rolston went seeking for Mr. Edward, to bring him to the scene of action. He was some time before he found the Master; so that when he arrived the baby-house was broken open and thoroughly emptied of its contents.

All the hidden relics of his past folly were scattered about before the baby-house, and the man was busy loading them on the cart, Mrs. Edward in person superintending.

When Mr. Edward came up he was calm and white with suppressed passion as he looked at the things lying here and there, and looked from them to his wife and the stranger workman, who happened to be a village disreputable, whom he particularly disliked.

Mrs. Edward saw his anger and enjoyed it, was fairly delighted; still she offered some explanation.

"These things are rotting away here, and they are actually needed up at the house,—shamefully needed, so I have ordered them to be taken up. I do not see why they should go to waste when I want them. They are doing no good here to any one; they may as well be put to use."

She said this half in explanation, half in defiance.

He did not answer her a word, but ordered the man to leave the place instantly, throwing him his pay. The man, glad to escape the coming storm, obeyed without a word, although she commanded him to stay and go on with his work.

After he left there was a most dis-

graceful scene. Mrs. Edward's language was outrageous. When she alluded, in her passion, to poor vanished Maymie, spoke of her coarsely, he went off into such a rage as his mother had been in when she did what we all remembered, that dreadful day of discovery some years ago, and he ended the matter by forcibly putting her into the dismantled baby-house and locking the door on her.

He then unloaded the cart with his own hands, piled up the furniture, hangings, everything, into a pile before the baby-house and set fire to them.

When Rolston saw what he intended doing, he managed under cover of the smoke to rescue and place aside among the bushes three little articles, Maymie's dressing-case, work-box and writing-desk. He was officiously helping Mr. Edward, and he was terrified for fear he, in the state of passion he was in, would detect him, but he did not. Edward watched till all the rest were burned to ashes. He then threw the key of the baby-house to Rolston to release his wife and strode off.

Rolston took the three rescued articles to a safe place before releasing Mrs. Edward. Afterwards he brought them to me and they remained in my keeping for many a day. When he unlocked the baby house he did not wait to hold any parley with Mrs. Russell, but took himself off.

After this indignity to Mrs. Edward we all surely thought there could be no peace between her and him for ever; but she was quieter for awhile, as if she was afraid of rousing him again.

The dismantled baby-house contained nothing after the raid but the stove, which was a fixture, and the two old lockers which Edward and I had made in the Robinson Crusoe time. In one of these Mr. Edward kept his bagpipes.

It began to be said now that about the time of Mr. Edward's second marriage Dr. Powerscourt had proposed to Mrs. Russell, and she refused him.

Whether this fact added to Mrs. Edward's virulence or not I cannot tell. She was certainly an awful woman. She knew nothing whatever of business, yet she meddled constantly with everything, interfered everywhere, was in short a real virago.

After Mrs. Russell left the house she rented a place near Antrim and lived there. Our neighbor, Mr. Lowry, he who owned the nearest bleach green to ours, had been, I believe, an admirer of Mrs. Russell in her young days; but Mr. Russell, handsome and rich, had carried her off from him and many other admirers. He had been a widower now for years, and all his family were settled away from him. He was reputed wealthy, and now when Mrs. Russell's mind was sore and angry, mortified at her utter defeat and dismissal out of her own house, he came and proposed again, was accepted, and Mrs. Russell became Mrs. Lowry and our near neighbor. It was nearly two miles from our place to Lowry's by the road; but there was, or rather had been before Mrs. Russell took away the stiles and forbade trespass, a path across through our plantation, and the demesne of the neighboring property that made it much nearer.

Things at the Hazels went on from bad to worse as the days went by. When Mrs. Edward had nothing else to quarrel about, there was always the standing grievance of Rolston. She would dismiss him, the master would keep him, and Rolston would not take dismissal from her; only he would keep as much as possible out of her way when she was more than usually wicked. I never understood till I met with Mrs. Edward, the full meaning of that text, "The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest." She seemed never to know what rest meant. She went out a good deal to parties and balls; she saw a great deal of company at home; she was always arranging and re-arranging the house. She had any

amount of fuss and fume in the nursery, for she had two little boys in the course of time, very like herself they were; and yet for all this she had time to make forays down to the works and meddle in her foolish way with everything. Mr. Edward crossed her at one time, let her alone at another, and also drank more than enough; so with one thing and another the concern began to go down hill very fast.

I had anything but an easy time of it, trying to keep the business from going to destruction, with Mr. Edward drinking and neglecting everything, and his wife spending with both hands, and interfering and making trouble with the workpeople besides.

Mrs. Edward never troubled me with kindness as Mrs. Russell had done latterly, in fact she let me alone severely, which was one comfort. The ball at Mr. Edward's majority, so called, was the only entertainment at the big house to which I ever was invited.

About this time it began to be whispered about that Mr. and Mrs. Lowry did not live happily together. Mr. Lowry complained that his wife thought of no one, cared for no one but her son, and as he was acting, he was not worth any one taking any thought whatever about him. My poor young master had fallen very far in public estimation at this time.

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## CHAPTER IX.

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Upon the heels of wrong, stalks retribution.

I was up one day at the far green looking after the linen. Mr. Edward's two little boys, Marmaduke and Reginald,—black-eyed, lank-haired imps, so like their mother, were playing in the old baby-house. They brought back to me vividly the old childish days of play and folly when Master Edward was perfect in my eyes. I was more than usually downhearted, for I had lost two of

my best men, and the last of our old hands. James Ray, my right hand man, and friend for many years, had got such encouragement from relations in Philadelphia that he had determined to emigrate, and left us for that purpose. Tim, light-headed, kind-hearted Tim, a good worker, and trustworthy in the highest degree, whose fun and frolic lightened our toil, crossed Mrs. Edward's path and was involved in a quarrel that led to his leaving. "The house will fall, the rats are leaving it, Willie," he said, laughing, when he went away. Worse than all, the business was going down in spite of all I could do to prevent it. It was little wonder if my thoughts were not rose-colored as I worked, and listened to the little boys quarrelling in the baby-house, going over in rehearsal the scenes they learned at home from their parents.

Before I finished my work Mr. Edward came along, went into the baby-house and sent the children home. They were not willing to go, and passed me sulky and quarrelsome. When they were gone some time, I heard Edward playing on the bagpipes a Highland farewell, "*Cha till, cha till mi tuitlich*."—(I shall never never more return). I did not need that sad wailing tune floating to me out of our dismantled fortress to set me thinking of the old foolish days—of the old hopes and fancies that time had wrecked and blighted—of my whole life, that seemed to my gloomy imagination, one great failure. Then I thought of my young master. Since that miserable night of my first and last ball at The Hazels I had had no intercourse with him except about business. I had nourished bitter thoughts of him, as if, because he was rich, he could do wrong and get off scot free, but now as he played that lament, which seemed to wail for his vanished hopes and mine, softer thoughts came to my mind. I began to think of the wife he had chosen, for whom he had forsaken the wife of his youth—of the bitter retribu-

tion that met him every day in his wretched home, and I pitied him in my heart. I had missed the crowning blessing of my life, he had flung it away; we were both lonely and desolate, near to one another, yet far separated by the deeds he had done. Yet he in his lot was more to be pitied than I was in mine,—for I was free.

I saw that it was true, as I had heard that he kept his pipes in our old locker. I thought it was as well for him to do so, for his wife was malignant enough to destroy them if she thought they were a relic of her of whose memory she was so jealous. There was now no semblance of peace between the two.

I wondered if he was thinking of poor Maymie; and then I suddenly recollected that this was the anniversary of the day on which his mother discovered his boyish marriage. Twelve long years had passed since the old mistress came over the plantation path, rustling among the withered leaves, and discovered her son's disobedience and folly. How little did she dream that day of the consequences that would ensue from her high-handed determination to have her own will in undoing wickedly what her son had done foolishly. While I thought, my work was done and I turned about to go home. My eye caught a figure standing in the old path that led down through the plantation. A woman's figure with a shawl loosely over her head. As I turned she beckoned to me. A wild, improbable thought, that Maymie had returned flashed through my head. I went down the path towards the beckoning figure, but it was only the old mistress. Mrs. Lowry now, once Eleanor, Queen of The Hazels. She looked very pale and ill, all the haughty determination had gone out of her face, her lovely dark hair was well streaked with grey, and her eyes sunken and heavy with much weeping. There was a startled, nervous look about her that frightened me a little. She was listen-

ing to the melancholy tune that wailed out of the baby-house while she put out her hand to me.

"My son is amusing himself in your old playhouse," she said with a ghastly imitation of her old manner.

She paused a little, as if not knowing well how to begin to say what she had come to say; then with an effort she went on:

"I am sorry to hear of the old hands leaving, or being dismissed one by one."

"Yes," I answered, "all the old folks are gone now, except Rolston and me."

"Rolston will not leave, I am sure of that?" she said, looking at me with a question in her eyes.

"No, I do not think anything will compel Rolston to go; he is so contrary."

"Could you be induced to leave?" she said nervously.

"I have never even thought of leaving, Mrs. Russell," I answered. Then, remembering that she was Mrs. Russell no longer, I said, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lowry, the old name is so familiar, I slip into it unawares."

"Never mind," she said, sadly; "it is quite natural."

She waited a little and then went on hurriedly. "When I heard of James Ray and Tim—and others, good men who have been on the place so many years, leaving now, it troubled me. I came over on purpose to remind you that you owe a duty to the Russells, they have made you what you are. You may be tempted by strangers with offers that would be to your advantage, to accept, and worried here almost beyond endurance, but remember we have a claim on you, almost or altogether as binding as if you were a son of the house; remember that, Willie, I beg of you."

"I will never forget—I have never forgotten for a moment, what I owe to the kindness of my father's friend, Mr. Russell. I will never leave The

Hazels while Mr. Edward has any need of me."

"You promise that to me?" she said eagerly.

"I do."

"I never knew you to break your word. Mr. Russell often said 'Willie Hazley's word is as reliable as another man's oath.' I trust your promise."

She drew her shawl round her, and passed me, going up to the baby-house. I looked after her with pity,—I am sure there was nothing in my heart but pity for her, for sorely she needed it; she was eating the fruit of her own doings.

Never since that wild day twelve years before had she set foot in the baby-house. I wondered what her thoughts were of that day's work—of many subsequent day's work. I thought there could hardly be a pleasant meeting between Mr. Edward and her.

I walked on down the plantation path, and the rustle of the withered leaves among my feet was all the sound I heard. I was startled by a hand laid on my arm; I turned; Mrs. Lowry was beside me again. Her hand that lay on my arm was burning hot and her eyes unnaturally bright. She said piteously:

"I have lost my way, Willie."

I saw that she was ill, feverish. Had anything happened between Edward and her? She seemed wavering backward as if she would fall.

I said, "You are ill, Mrs. Lowry, I will get the car and drive you home."

"No, no!" she said eagerly. "I will go back the way I came, I missed the path."

I turned, with her leaning heavily on my arm, and we retraced our steps without speaking. As we passed the baby-house she shuddered but said nothing.

When we were half-way across the demesne she said hurriedly, "Mrs. Gibson is at Linden's, in Antrim, now. Did you hear that?"

"No," I answered.

"I would like very much to see her. She came to The Hazels a little after I was married. Rolston was there before me, the faithful fellow!"

She was silent awhile and then said suddenly: "I have your promise, Willie?"

I promised again to ease her mind, for I saw she was very ill. I found the path so long that I thought we would never get through McDonnell's demesne and reach the Lowry place. Mrs. Lowry seemed to wander a little in her mind, and I was dreadfully alarmed.

We had just got into Mr. Lowry's grounds when we met with that gentleman himself, seeking her. I learned afterwards that Mrs. Lowry had been in the habit of wandering off frequently by the foot-path to her son's place, and that Mr. Lowry disapproved of it very much indeed. He looked angry when he met us; (he was a fiery tempered old gentleman, but kind hearted and very fond of his wife). When he saw how ill she was he grew alarmed.

"Eleanor, my love, where have you been, and in this guise; a shawl on your head like one of the maids? What is the matter?"

She turned her heavy eyes on him and said, breathing hurriedly, "I lost something, I was looking for it; I did not find it at all. I am tired, very tired, Arthur, I want to rest. I will go to bed, my love; give me your arm and send Gibson to me."

Mr. Lowry and I exchanged alarmed glances; William was Mr. Lowry's name, Arthur was Mr. Russell's name; she was evidently raving. We both assisted her by the nearest path to the house. She spoke no more, only to say once or twice: "Be sure and send Gibson to me."

He gave her his arm into the house and soon came out again to enquire of me if I knew where Mrs. Gibson was now. I told him that Mrs. Lowry said she was at Linden's in Antrim. He said he would send for her, and for the

doctor, which he did before I came away.

The old mistress was sick unto death. Mrs. Gibson came away from her place at Linden's, they giving her up gladly when they heard of Mrs. Lowry's illness, and she nursed and cared for her to the last. She was the only one who liked to go near her, her remorseful ravings were so hard to listen to.

She raved incessantly of pistols and murder; saw blood on everything, as if she had really taken away human life and was suffering from hopeless remorse. It was a horrible death-bed. She never came to herself; never recognized husband or son, when either hung over her. Once she mistook Edward for his father and begged and pleaded with him to find Edward, who was lost, she said, and bring him to her.

She cried for Edward to come to her, to forgive her, to be reconciled to her, till she stopped from sheer exhaustion. Edward went in and tried to soothe her, to get her to recognize him, until the doctor forbade him to be allowed into the room at all because his presence excited her so much. The fever ran its course, taking poor Mrs. Lowry with it very swiftly. Mrs. Gibson, whose attendance she seemed in some way to recognize, was always with her to the last. Without one lucid interval her life went out in darkness; and the place that once knew her, knew her no more for ever.

After his mother's death Edward made a violent effort to reform. He quit drinking entirely; he drew in his expenses; he attended to his business strictly; he set his foot down firmly against his wife's extravagance, and it seemed as if there was some good in store for Mr. Edward even yet. If his wife had been less of a headstrong, unmanageable fool there might have been hope, but bless you! it would have been as easy to rule the east wind as her. She seemed delighted to know of anything she could do to cross and

torment him. If he forbade a large party, or grand ball at The Hazels, she secured an invitation to something of the kind abroad and ordered dresses and ornaments with the utmost recklessness. She was often away, which was a comfort to everyone; but when she came home she was sure to bring company with her. Then there would be a scene with Mr. Edward about her extravagance, and so after a brief though earnest struggle he gave up entirely, and it was all down hill after that.

It was not a great while till Mr. Edward was hopelessly bankrupt. I do not want to boast, but I might have left The Hazels time and again to my own advantage, but I stuck by Mr. Edward to the last, according to the promise I had given his mother; according to the feeling of loyalty to the house that had grown up with me.

Mrs. Edward, who had worked so hard for this result, took on terribly; upbraided Mr. Edward for waste and incapacity; accused me of feathering my nest out of the estate; raved and raged, adding her unreasoning violence to all the other troubles of that troubled time. At the last, to the relief of all parties, she took her little boys and went to Doctor Powerscourt's until the estate should be wound up.

The creditors at the winding up of the estate presented him with one hundred pounds and his books. They gave him much good advice and many offers of assistance to start again in business.

After all was over, Mr. Edward went over to the baby-house. In all his trouble he had never mentioned his wife nor his children, and appeared so much as if he were walking in his sleep that I felt alarmed about him, and went over to the baby-house seeking for him. As I neared it I heard the pipes. He was playing "Cha till, cha till me tuilich." I felt relieved so far, and without ceremony went into the baby-house and sat down along with him.

I thought perhaps he would be angry at me for intruding, but I was afraid that his despair might urge him to something desperate; so, that he might not be alone, I risked his displeasure.

He stopped playing as I went in and said, "Well, Willie, we are both here together, once more."

I did not want to let him see that tears were in my eyes, and I went across to the window and looked out for a little space; he sitting on the old locker behind me, the pipes across his arm.

There was silence between us for a few minutes, then he said,

"Come and sit down, Willie; I want to talk to you for the last time."

I sat down, saying as cheerfully as I could, "There is only One who knows when the last time comes, Mr. Edward. We must trust in Him and not be disheartened; this dark day may lead to brighter times. There may be good fortune in the future for both of us."

"For you I am sure there is, but all bright days are past and gone as far as I am concerned. The days will be dark indeed to be any darker than I have deserved by my folly."

"If the best of us, Mr. Edward, got only our deserts unmixed with goodness and mercy, our days would be few and evil indeed."

"Well, we will not spend our last time together talking theology, Willie. I want to speak of the past."

"Will it be well to disturb the past, Mr. Edward?"

"I must. You know a good deal,—I want you to know everything. I do not want to excuse myself; but if you know all, perhaps when I am out of the country, or out of the world,—and I wish I was, it would be the best thing for me—you may think kinder of me, as being more a fool and less a villain than you think I am now."

"There is not a thought in my heart for you, Mr. Edward, but what is kind," I said warmly.

"I have never forgotten," he went on,

without noticing my interruption, "the look you gave me the night of that dreadful ball, so many years ago. How you did abhor me!"

"I want to forget all that now, Mr. Edward, and only remember the older time when we were boys together, when I was your Willie Hazley."

"I must explain things to you, however," he said. "I declare to you, that now, knowing that you have been true to me to the last; true when so many were false,—and I was not true to you, Willie—I would not rest in my grave if you had not heard what I have to say in my own defence."

"Well then, Mr. Edward, if it is any relief to you, say on."

"I knew very well that you were in love with Maymie in that old time, though you thought I did not suspect such a thing. I began to pay her attention first out of mischief to plague you, knowing how you depreciated yourself, and how you would think there was no use of your trying to succeed against me. Then my vanity lured me on to try if I could make her prefer me. I got in love myself before I was aware, almost unconsciously, till I was too much in love to think of backing out. I loved her Willie, remember that,—all the love I am capable of I gave her."

I looked down to hide the old contempt that would come up again in my mind and creep over my face.

"Don't shake your head that way. I know I did not love her in the self-denying, self-sacrificing way you would have done; but how could I? How could I possibly learn self-denial? But I did love her, Willie, and had no thought in my heart of bringing sorrow to her.

"I knew before she went to Scotland that she loved me and believed in me with all her heart. I also knew well the ambitious schemes that had begun to float through my mother's mind with regard to Doctor Powerscourt's niece.

I had always had my own way, if I cared enough about it to be in earnest, but I had never crossed my mother. I thought I would cross her will and disappoint her too if she fancied she could arrange a marriage for me. I determined to go over to Scotland to see Maymie. As luck would have it, while I was thinking of going over I met Fisher and Henry Birnie at Belfast, fellows who were chums of mine when I was at school at Himmelerde. They were going over to Scotland and proposed to me to go with them; mother was willing and I went.

"Fisher had an aunt, a woman of property living in that poetic locality the Carse of Gowrie, fifteen miles from Maymie's friends; and his sister Ada Fisher was staying with her. Birnie was sweet on Miss Fisher—he has married her since—and was going over to see her in the character of accepted lover. I was made very welcome by Fisher's aunt, and we fished in the burn and rode, and rambled, and sketched in that locality until I, as it were accidentally, discovered Maymie's friends—a small landed proprietor and his wife, childless old people, highly respectable, and apparently well off, but living very quietly. Fisher, always a wise, slow-going fellow, soon went home to his business. Of course I left Birnie and Ada to themselves a good deal, and went away fishing or sketching, and managed to meet Maymie in her rambles, and began to think of securing my darling to myself, by what poor Tim called a 'blissed airly marriage.' I soon got Birnie to sympathize with me in the matter, and he got Ada Fisher to help. She drove over with Birnie and me to call on Maymie. Ada Fisher fell in love with Maymie at once, and invited her over to her aunt's. Birnie acknowledged that he did not wonder at all at me being dead in love with such a beauty. It took something to make Birnie own that any one was beautiful but Ada Fisher.

The old people, knowing that their house was dull for Maymie, encouraged the intimacy between Ada Fisher and her, and so I got the opportunity I wanted, and Maymie and I were married. We were married by a Presbyterian minister, none knowing of it but Birnie and Ada. Maymie went back to her relations as if nothing had occurred, and I came home. After I told you of our marriage in Belfast that day you know everything till that unlucky day when I went up at your summons to meet my mother. I had a great dread of that meeting, because I knew I had acted foolishly. I was entirely dependent on my mother, and I did not know what she had decided on doing. I well knew that she would carry her plans through without flinching, whatever they were.

"She talked to me quite calmly, questioned me about my marriage, to all appearance to test the strength of my attachment to Maymie, and at last made her proposal, which was this: She and I to go to Dublin and let my uncle Montgomery decide what was best to be done about dividing the estate and giving me my share. Of course I was opposed to going to Dublin, not wanting my uncle's interference in our affairs at all. I proposed to my mother to see Maymie first, and I thought it would be likely she might then forgive me, and let us all live together; and I said I would try in the future, if she consented, to atone for the disobedience of the past. She insisted as a test of my willingness to atone by present obedience for the past, that I should go with her to Dublin and hear what my uncle had to propose about the division of the property. We talked all night; I could not move my mother—I did not suspect her of treachery. She still pressed me to go with her to Dublin as a proof of obedience. I fell into the trap and went with her, and was a free agent no longer till all the mischief was accomplished. I believe

every servant was a spy, and my cousin Richard watched over me like a detective. I believe no letter I sent to Maymie ever reached her."

"If you sent any letters, they never reached her,—I can answer for that," I said.

"I thought so. My uncle first tried to make me willing to give up Maymie; then, when he saw that I was really and truly fond of her, he only labored to get me to consent to try if the marriage was legal, which I would not do.

"Cousin Richard, in the meantime, tried only too successfully to draw me into dissipation, with the help of a few fast friends of his,—George Sackville, the greatest rascal I ever met, and a few others of the same. I drank a great deal; I was badgered and worried to death almost before I gave in."

"Still, with all charity in judging you, I do not see how you could give your consent."

"I do not see it myself; that time is all misty to me. Uncle was managing the thing,—knew just what to do,—what wire to pull to carry his point. It was in London the matter was decided, but my presence was not necessary; uncle was to put the matter through, but they wanted my signature to some papers. I declare to you that I do not know what those papers were yet."

"But you signed them?"

"The day I signed them was the day after a grand carouse at Sackville's rooms. I was just out of bed—nerves all ravelled out, when my mother sent for me. She locked the door of the room in which we were—poor woman she little knew what she was doing! She produced the little pistol,—it was that pistol she raved about in her last illness. If she had only threatened me with it I believe I would have stood firm, but she put the muzzle to her own temple and declared with frightful calmness that I would either sign the papers which were lying on the table ready for signature, or my mother's blood would



be on my head along with her curse forever. I declare to you Willie, that even then—hardly myself, nervous and frightened—I never once thought seriously of giving her up. I loved my mother dearly, for with all her faults she had always idolized me; I wanted to get out of the room, and for her to put down the pistol, I temporized and signed, thinking I could afterwards undo what I had done. Do believe this, Willie. I declare to you again that I never intended to give her up. I listened to my mother's words that I would sign the papers before leaving the room, or leave it and leave behind me my mother's corpse. I consented with a mental reservation to get out of the coil. If the marriage was upset or declared not valid, I would, whenever I had means secured to me, marry her again. At the worst I thought it was only temporizing to gain time. I would afterwards make all right with Maymie. That very evening I slipped out and consulted another lawyer, and he gave me as his decided opinion the information that my marriage would stand in Scotch law. I do not know whether they knew that I had been taking legal advice, but I was kept in a round of dissipation for a few days, I do not know if I was drugged or not, but I remember nothing more till I came to myself in Coblenz in Germany. It was there I first learned from Cousin Richard that Maymie had disappeared. Cousin Richard had heard of this some time before he told me. We had gone up the Rhine on the usual tourist's track. I wanted to return home, and Richard had exhausted every device to detain me; then he told me that I need not hurry, for my *chère amie* had vanished. I got home the night of the ball. Mother planned the ball to welcome me. Before I appeared at the house I had been in Scotland and other places, searching for trace of Maymie in vain. I was up at the village at Doctor Canning's and heard all he knew of Maymie's illness—

of your going down with him to persuade Mr. Bell to try to upset the decision,—of their disappearance, and also heard the Doctor's opinion of me, which was anything but flattering. I wanted to know whether you knew anything of Maymie—where she had gone, or her address; you would not speak to me. Mother and I had a quarrel that night, and I went away, as you know. It was repeatedly insinuated to me that you knew where Maymie was and would marry her yourself after a proper interval had elapsed. I got reckless, and meeting so often with Miss Courtenay, who gently sympathized with me as a friend, I was conquered with all my self-will. Self-will or pride is a poor defence against wrong-doing. My mother gained her point at last, to her sorrow and mine."

"What do you intend to do now, Mr. Edward?"

"What do *you* intend to do? Has not my successor offered you the management of the business?"

"Yes, but I have not accepted it; I will merely take charge of things till he takes possession."

"For my part I will leave the country. I will leave my name behind

'To point a moral or adorn a tale,' but I will take myself away, anywhere from the fiend I am tied to; from the jeers and finger-points of those who have seen me master of The Hazels. I am going to Philadelphia in the 'Constitution,'—she sails to-morrow. Poor old Rolston is going too; he will not part with me, and he will get a place I am sure in the New World. Will you go up with us to Belfast,—we will start after dark?"

"Assuredly I will go," I said, and then I asked him if any one knew that he was leaving the country.

"Not a soul but Higginson; he gave me letters of recommendation to some business firms. I may use them and I may not."

I went up to the house along with

Mr. Edward, he to make his preparations, I to write to James Ray, to notify him of Mr. Edward's purpose of going to Philadelphia. The humble friend is often more ready and sincere in befriending a stranger than the well-off and more pre-occupied gentleman to whom introductory letters are addressed. Besides, Mr. Edward needed one with care enough for him to induce him to look after him.

Ever since James had settled in Philadelphia we had corresponded. He had commenced business in a small way as a butcher, and, succeeding better than he expected, sent over for Tim. Poor Tim, as he said himself, could not take to the business at all, at all. "I am too tinderhearted for the trade, entirely, James." He had been persuaded into going round with the meat and taking orders at first, but he soon found a place for himself with a builder. Tim was a natural mechanic and had practised his gift a good deal, on occasion, at The Hazels; he was a fine reliable fellow, and the cute Yankee who employed him soon saw his value. Tim was now doing very well. He had sent for Mary and the "childer," and wrote to me that, "wid God's blessin,' he was prosperin' out an' out." I, therefore, wrote to James and Tim both, telling them of our old master's ruin, of his intention of going to Philadelphia, and begged them to show him what consideration and kindness they could for old times' sake.

I posted my letters and was coming back to The Hazels to make preparation for starting when I met Rolston looking for me. After a few preliminary hems and haws, Rolston said to me:

"You remember them jim-cracks of

boxes that I saved, with your help, the time of the fire and the ruination of all things that were in the baby-house."

"Yes, Rolston, I certainly remember them."

"You have them all safe?"

"Yes, I have them all safe. Why?"

"I was thinking, Willie, as there's no knowing what will happen to the master, poor fellow, in a strange country; and in that time long ago when the money was flowing like water, and the first foolish love on him too—"

"Now, hold there, Rolston, I cannot stand that; it might be first love, but it was not as foolish as the love that came after."

"You need not snap at me that way, you know what I mean; love or no, there was foolishness both times. What I want to say is this. When he danced to money in both pockets, he gave costly things to his first wife, they must be in those boxes; she was not likely to take any of them with her."

"No, she did not take them with her."

"Well they'll be in the boxes, and would it not be well to take them with us now. You know, Willie, they might be turned to money in a pinch."

"I was thinking of that, Rolston. I would not like to let Mr. Edward know that they were saved yet. You can take charge of them, however, and use your own sense about when, or if ever, you will give them to him. You may need to use them for him instead."

I gave Rolston the three articles, and I gave them with a pang, for the sight of them brought back the last sorrowful parting with their owner. He packed them up with his own things, and we were ready to start when darkness settled down on The Hazels.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE EVIL ONE.

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O foul and ugly, monstrous, horrible,  
That marrest all the beauty of the world  
With thy base presence, I despise thy power.  
For what avails thy wicked will, unless  
Men's wills are with it? Sole, thou art a weakling,  
And cowest only weaklings like thyself,—  
A puny, shapeless, hideous, envious thing.  
Fit for no deed of greatness. Never one  
Of all thy servants since the dawn of time,  
Of thy begotten slaves, who bear thy name,  
Did aught to make men pause amid their work  
Admiring, But, alas! that it should be!  
'Tis the deserters from the camp of God  
That win thy victories. Thou hast no strength  
But what thou stealest; base in all thy parts,  
A coward and a braggart, all thou hast  
Of influence thou owest to the good,  
Or its pretence, with which thou dost invest  
Thy hideous form, making it fair to view.  
Who, not among thy minions, would admire  
Thee in thy real guise? or who would love  
Absolute ugliness? or, who would form  
Alliance with a fiend? or give his ear  
To the counsels of an enemy, or clasp  
A slimy reptile to his bosom? who,  
Seeing disease and death of body and soul,  
Would not make haste to escape and save his life?  
And thou art worse than sword or fire or plague,  
Than sudden death by ravenous beast of prey,  
Than the slow agony that kills for years,  
And all the dooms men fear.  
And, being so,  
And yet so mean a thing, thou couldst not win  
One conquest by thyself. And, knowing this,  
Thou ever comest in some borrowed form  
To tempt thy prey. Thy banners bear  
Watchwords of virtue; and Religion's self  
Is seen among the leaders of thy host.  
Thou hast the names of whatsoe'er is good  
Among thy champions. Charity and Faith  
And Hope—the blessed triune sisterhood,  
Patience and temperance and purity,  
Justice and truth and mercy—these and all  
The brightest gems that deck the saints of heaven,  
Thou dost assume, to tempt the souls of men.

And thus, though, naked, most contemptible,  
 Thou art a power, arrayed in virtue's garb,  
 And even those who scorn thee, makest slaves  
 To do thy will and enemies of God.  
 One only fought with evil face to face ;  
 And even He, though very Son of God,  
 Met not the Tempter in his proper guise.  
 For what more fit than bread for hungry men ?  
 Or what more faith-like than to trust in God  
 And His kind providence ? What more accords  
 With the desire to serve and bless mankind  
 Than to have all the world for such a work ?  
 But Jesus saw the evil with the good  
 Cunningly mated, and the Tempter fled—  
 Glad pledge of one day, sure to come, when he  
 Again with baffled rage shall take his flight  
 To his congenial realms ; and this fair world  
 Shall know no more his power,  
 And Christ shall reign  
 From the rising to the setting of the sun.  
 But, till that happy period has arrived,  
 The victory won by Jesus on that mount  
 Shall be a tower of hope to tempted souls ;  
 And, or in city thronged or desert waste,  
 The Conqueror is nigh to give His aid  
 To those who seek with faith ; to share His light  
 With those whose eyes are dim ; to point the way  
 To those who wander from the path of life ;  
 To gather up the feeble in His arms  
 And bear them safely where no harm can come,  
 To be with Him forever, when the war  
 'Tween God and Satan has been fought and won.

JOHN READE.

September, 1876.



# THE ASIATICS IN AMERICA.

BY EMILE A. HART, MONTREAL.

Georgetown in British Guiana is one of the most important commercial cities in South America, thanks to the busy, trade-loving, Anglo-Saxon race that rules it. Strangers on landing will note that on the wharves and in the streets most of those whom they see are negroes basking in the rays of the hot noon-tide sun, and the equally black-skinned but white-turbaned and cummerbunded natives of "India's coral strand," with here and there a long-gowned, long-tailed, swarthy native of the Middle Kingdom. They will observe that the Hindoos and Chinese only seem to have something to do, contrasting in a striking manner with the laziness of the burly African. Further enquiry will show that with all their physical weakness against them, this people of the Aryan race are crowding out the negroes as the working race of British Guiana, the Chinese being too few in number to be of much account as yet.

The cause of this is easily understood by those who know how indolent and inefficient an African in a hot climate can be. He will not work if he can help it, or if he can beg, borrow or steal a living. Add to this an untrustworthy disposition or temperament, an inveterate habit of taking offence at the veriest trifles, and the consequent constant fear of the planter that his expensive works may be burnt any night, necessitating a ceaseless vigilance and expensive, troublesomenightly patrol of the plantation, and we can easily understand that with all his magnificent personal strength, the negro is at a discount in British Guiana. Besides his other defects of character as a common

laborer, he requires more costly food than is necessary to support the Hindoo, who can attend to his work and be in good health with two messes of boiled rice per day, adding thereto a little coarse molasses. No rice is grown in British Guiana, although it can and will be grown in time. The supplies now come in the coolie-ships from India—a single ship bringing perhaps 600 Hindoos and 16,000 bags of rice.

While the Hindoos are weak in bodily power, they are very docile and willing to work. The races imported are the Bengalee and the Oudean, the former being the weakest of the weak races of India. The planters raise the funds to import the coolies, but the colonial government takes charge of the immigration, for so it should properly be called. There are two establishments, a receiving depôt at Calcutta, and a distributing one at Georgetown, the superintendent of which receives the high salary of \$5,500. No fault has ever been found with the arrangements, all of which work admirably, and the immigration is undoubtedly a success. The Hindoos come out under indenture to serve a certain number of years, and are guaranteed their passage back to India by the government. Many do go back, but it is to induce their friends to come out with them, for they are well treated in Demerara, and there is not the often hopeless struggle for a living seen on the crowded banks of the Ganges. The Aryan, a Semitic people, cling to their gregarious customs. An emigration is only possible with them when not only families, but whole villages move together, and it is on this principle that the emigration is

conducted. In 1874 there were 33,360 Hindoos employed on the estates in British Guiana, and the number actually in the colony is now much larger. There is no question about it, they are in British Guiana to stay there, and the number is steadily increasing, both by natural increase, which is very rapid, and by immigration, and the climate agrees with them wonderfully. Well, there is room for them, and as the Dutch government are to be allowed by the Indian government to colonize the neighboring territory of Surinam with the same race, we will, in course of time, see these fertile and at present almost uninhabited provinces of Surinam, Berbice, Demerara and Essequibo, closely if not densely peopled by the same nation. The natural consequence of this must be the annexation of Surinam to the already large territory of British Guiana. The united colony would then comprise about 100,000 square miles, of which about 30,000 square miles would be as densely populated as is the flat and every way similar province of Bengal in India.

In Bengal the people cluster so closely together that throughout the Presidency they number from 500 to 2,000 to a square mile of surface. Applying the ratios which we find existing in India to the territory of British Guiana, we can estimate that the Hindoc population will increase to 1,000 per square mile in the coast region, and 150 per square mile in the hill-country, giving a total population of forty millions, before they will be under the necessity of allowing families to settle in the adjacent countries; and as the boundaries of British Guiana on the side of both Brazil and Venezuela are undetermined, it may be that 100,000 square miles will have to be added to the foregoing area to be filled up before the Hindoos need think of leaving the protection of British laws.

It must not be supposed that this increase will take a very long time. There

are now about one quarter of a million people in British Guiana, and it has taken only fifty years for the population of Java, another Semitic race, to increase from natural causes alone, from five millions to twenty millions; and the immigration from India to Guiana, perhaps the only preventive of Indian famines, will be greatly encouraged by the British Government, and may therefore soon assume vast proportions.

At present, the almost entire attention of capitalists in British Guiana is devoted to the growth of the sugar-cane and its products; and that merely along the coast from the Essequibo to the Corentym rivers and a few miles up either bank of the Demerara and Berbice. But it is understood that the hilly region between the Essequibo River and Venezuela is admirably adapted to the growth of coffee, and this tract of twenty to eighty thousand square miles,—for the Venezuela boundary is undetermined,—may be made to support a population at least as dense as that of Ceylon. The fact is, it is absolutely impossible to estimate the population British Guiana will at a future date support per square mile; but it is natural to suppose that the population will slowly and gradually move or increase to the westward, and we may therefore assume that the Spanish American republics will, in turn, become filled up with this Aryan people, whose only idea of government is that of a parental despotism, and whose ways of thought and action are so dissimilar to those of European peoples.

A glance at the map of British Guiana reveals the fact that the natural or physical geographical boundary of the country should be a little west of the present so-called boundary. In assuming the Orinoco and Carony rivers as the natural boundary line, as the line that Britain will yet insist upon securing, no injustice will be done to Venezuela. From the earliest days of the Spanish settlement of Terra Firma or the Spanish

Main, the province of Paria was considered as their remotest territory to the East. The opposite or Guiana bank of the Orinoco, from the ocean to the Carony, was never colonized by the Spaniards, but by the Dutch; and England, as the legal and rightful heir of the Dutch rights to the territory, has never yet conceded those rights to Venezuela. It is true that during this century, Venezuela has assumed possession of the territory, but she has not the shadow of a right to it; and her citizens who have moved into it, the slothful, semi-barbarous Mestizoes of the Spanish-American type, cannot either improve their own condition or that of the land they have wrongfully entered—a fertile land, but still a howling wilderness. This cannot always be, and in the life-time of many now living, the black, or greyish-black people of Bengal, spare-bodied and sad, Syrian-faced, will swarm into the valleys and up the hills of the Rincote and the Parimé, and on to the banks of the Orinoco and the Carony. Will they stop there? No! It cannot be that the boundless plains of South America, fertile as they are known to be, shall remain always uncultivated, while millions of men in crowded India know not wherewith they may procure food for their starving families, which is the case even as I write. Nor can it be that the vicious Spanish-Americans shall always remain masters of the greater part of South America,—a continent endowed by Nature with all the gifts it is in her power to bestow for the use of man, and which these same Spanish-Americans know so little how to turn to account. They are drones on the face of the earth, and they must be swept away.

That it will be done gradually, there is little doubt. The mind of the Aryan Peoples cannot grasp the problems of representative or congressional government; they are not constitutionally fitted for it, as we see with the Chinese in

the United States. Their ideas of the duties of life are so different to those of the present mixed race in South America, that a collision cannot be avoided. The Bengalee is brought up to work, to work until he dies, and an unmarried female in their families is almost unknown. The family with them is everything, and marriage takes place early in life. The natural consequence is seen in the better moral character of the race as compared with the Spanish-Americans, who must eventually be driven to the wall. It is not possible that the races can fuse; intellectually the Bengalee is the superior and the Mestizo the inferior. The former's habits and customs are such, that he can regard the Mestizo as little else than a Thug, a pest to society, as he, the Bengalee, understands its requirements. The Bengalee will oppose a sullen, immovable resistance to the success of the revolutions so dear to the heart of the Mestizo. The wealth of the country will gradually become his, and, by force of numbers and possession of wealth and greater cunning, his race will master the other.

So surely as the Aryan race will pour into and occupy Spanish America, so surely will the Chinese pour into the United States of North America; each race preferring to settle in the country whose climate more nearly resembles that of the lands from whence they come. The Mongols are coming now by thousands,—they will soon come by millions, and can the races inhabiting the United States live in unison with them? The answer is again, No! The Celt and the Teuton and the Negro cannot live on what supports the Mongol, and the Mongol will push them out of all ways of earning their living *as these races live now*. The natural refuge of the Celt and the Teuton will be the North, Canada, where the Mongol will not care to come in any number, as he cares not now to live in Manchuria and Siberia, countries ad-

jaçant to his own, but whose climate is too rude for him.

The Goth, the Teuton and the Celt, the Saxon and the Gael, have invaded and colonized the New World. They are all infinitely superior races to the one found in possession when the first Goth arrived, nearly four centuries ago, and the weaker race has become gradually extinct. If, then, these races are themselves doomed to be supplanted, there must be a cause for it.

The characteristics of these races in Europe are first, a respect for the marriage-tie, and second, a respect for age and duly constituted authority; they are besides king-loving, and have from the earliest times allowed a privileged class or aristocracy to exist among them.\* The exigencies of their position as colonists in a New World have caused them to abandon *all* these characteristics, and they have thus decreed their own downfall. In renouncing their Old World ideas, they have deemed it advisable to be ruled by a form of government whose existence depends not on the votes or will of the best educated and wisest, though the smallest section of the community, but on the good-will or approbation of the lowest, that is the least educated, civilized or refined, who are always the most numerous in every community. This is undoubtedly a mistake—a mistake whose fruits can be seen anywhere between Patagonia and Manitoba, in an almost general desire to unloosen the marriage-tie, in an inefficient protection to life and property, although this is the chief object of all good government, in a pursuit of wealth as it is considered

\* It cannot be denied that these were the characteristics of all the European peoples previous to 1848, and most of those in America of European descent, have either arrived in the New World previous to that time, or their ancestors did so.

more necessary to human happiness than the possession of wife and children, and in a consequent debasing of the standard of morality, a diminution of the number of births, and an increase of fraud and dishonesty.

Although the Aryan race may be considered simply a branch of the Indo-European family of nations, yet the distinctive principle that animates or pervades their social fabric, is very dissimilar to that which animates or pervades the social fabric in the United States, and we may add Canada. In the one the grand object of life is generation or the family-tie; in the other, it is the insatiable greed of wealth. Hence it is that as a colonizing race the Aryan will prove itself infinitely superior to the races now seen in the United States.

By sheer force of numbers will the Aryan and Mongol races prevail over the Spanish, English and French speaking races, although the civilization of these last is superior, in at least the glitter, the frippery of human society. I do not think that the Canadians will suffer from the contest that is approaching to the south of us; on the contrary, if we are wise, we will learn such lessons as will make us a better people than at present.

It is not given to man to divine what the future may bring forth,—he can but study the difference in races; and it is solely in the power of God to give these differing characteristics the room necessary for their proper exercise. As man has been, so man shall be; the evil in him, we are taught, shall be punished and the good recognized, and a nation is as a man in the sight of the Lord. The mingling of the races may not come yet a while, but the sanctification of the human race is ordained, and this shall yet be witnessed to the greater glory of God.



## THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

"These poor old souls have had nothing in their lives to look back upon with any solid satisfaction, and have nothing to look forward to, according to their priests, but life hereafter in the shape of animals," said my companion, "and a miserable old age shows itself in their faces."

"Do they indeed believe that?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Worthington told me that when a woman dies they suppose her soul will pass into the body of some animal, and after many changes, as from the meanest animal to the noblest, she will at length become a man."

"Then she can really enjoy some privileges," said I, rather amused, yet sad at the thought of my poor Chinese sisters and their degradation.

"Everything is turned upside down on this side of the world," said Mr. Duncan. "In America, if we believed in the transmigration of souls, we should say that the men must pass through many changes and much discipline before they could be worthy to become women."

"Do you mean that for a sarcasm on the Womans' Rights' question?" I enquired, inwardly reproving myself for imputing sarcasm to one in whose composition there is no shade of it.

"I only meant to express my honest opinion that your sex is ahead of mine in most of the virtues," replied "our mate," in a tone that conveyed some reproach to me for misunderstanding him, and then we all resumed our chairs, leaving Examination Hall and its spectral women behind us.

Next upon the Archdeacon's programme came a great temple consecrated to the God of Walled Cities, and there for the first time we saw idol worship, as we passed a kneeling figure and heard him muttering his supplications to an ugly image. The Archdeacon had the great privilege of taking us up into the god's bedroom, a place so sacred that few Chinese are permitted to enter it, except on special occasions; and there were beds, washstands, shoes and clothes for the colossal images, the God of Walled Cities and his wife, who sit there grimly regarding the intruders upon their seclusion. Many a new dress or pair of shoes does the goddess receive from ladies whose prayers are supposed to have been graciously answered by her.

Coming out of this temple we saw the "Chamber of Horrors," a court with ten cells in it, and in each cell were represented by little wooden figures the tortures to be expected by wicked people in the next world; some being smothered, some boiled or ground in pieces, and finally at the tenth world appearing in the form of wild animals. In every cell were the spirits of good men (all wooden) serenely regarding these tortures from an elevated position upon what are called "Heights of the Blessed." So even the heathen seem to know that there is a difference between right and wrong. I wonder if that is what Paul meant when he spoke of "their consciences meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

Marion was disappointed in the Chamber of Horrors, and finding more

comedy than tragedy in the aspect of the wooden sufferers, felt herself aggrieved by those ladies who had so greatly raised her expectations.

The Temple of the God of War was the grandest one we visited, Stately trees shaded its courtyard, and the slanting rays of the sun flickered through their leaves upon strange and ancient architecture.

"This is the Street of the Dead," said the Archdeacon, as we wended our way through a street where stores on either hand were stocked with fans, shoes, pipes—all sorts of wares generally desired by the living.

"All these things are bought for the dead, and are put in their coffins or in the tombs, under the supposition that the spirit, wherever he may be, will take pleasure in using them," explained our reverend friend. He took us then up a lofty flight of steps leading directly from the street to the clock-tower, where we saw a real water clock. You will understand by the name that the time is indicated in some way by the dropping of water, and that is all I know about it, for I was too tired to listen then to any explanations, and wearily leaned over the parapet of the tower to look down upon the great city spread out beneath us, growing more weary at the thought of all the toil going on there.

"Oh, another temple!" I sighed to Marion, as Archdeacon Gray told Mr. Duncan that we must not fail to see the Temple of the Five Genii, who, as the tradition goes, once came to this city seated on five rams, and brought prosperity. They were called Fire, Earth, Water, Wood and Metal, and are represented by five tablets. We saw the original rams—five blocks of stone, each bearing some resemblance to a ram's head.

Behind this temple is a massive tower, six hundred years old, where hangs a huge bell covered with Chinese characters. The people think that if

this bell is ever struck misfortune will come to Canton. Then we saw a small temple dedicated to virtuous women; then the Temple of Confucius, and finally a Mohammedan mosque. At last, I am happy to say, we returned to the house where we had dined, feeling very grateful for having seen what must be all our lives remembered with interest.

A cup of delicious tea (with all the milk and sugar I wanted) revived me so far that I could join in pleasant games and conversation, and walk home with Faith and Mr. Worthington; but all night I was in a queer state, fancying myself exploring peculiarities of Chinese life against my will, surrounded by a gang of noisy heathen, and vainly wishing I could rest my tired feet and brain.

"I want to give you a peep into the life of Chinese aristocracy," said Faith to us the next morning as she came into the verandah, where stood Marion and myself, absorbed as usual in the moving panorama below, and laid her hands lovingly on our shoulders. "Does my brown apron astonish you? I have been filling the lamps (my hands are clean now), for I can't trust the servants with the lamp oil, they will persist in using it to cook their own food with, such is their inconvenient taste."

"Where are you going to take the young ladies, Faith?" asked Mrs. Worthington.

"To call on the Minyuas if they would like to go, mamma. You know one of the Minyua girls is a Christian, a member of our church, and she asked me two weeks ago to come and see her. To visit the family of a Canton merchant will be a chance that few foreign ladies have," added Faith, turning to us.

We assured her of the pleasure we should feel in availing ourselves of that chance, and in the afternoon set out with Faith and Agnes for the abode of the Minyuas, attended through the

streets by a frightful old Chinaman, "the husband of our amah" (nurse), Aggie told us. A porter threw open the great iron gate, and we entered the inevitable sky-roofed, stone-paved court, where we were met by two young ladies who took our hands and murmured "How you do?" in a shy, pretty way, then led us into their sitting-room, and gave us some very hard seats of black polished wood. There were a good many women in the room; some were Minyua's daughters or daughters-in-law and some attendants, and they were all thrown into a state of agreeable excitement by our visit; but beyond "How you do?" the knowledge of English did not extend in that family, and few of them had even attained to that. Faith and Agnes talked enough for us all, however, and the ladies treated us with the gentlest courtesy, offering tea, dried fruit and cake whose flavor made me wonder if the higher classes as well as Faith's domestics used lamp oil in the culinary department. It was peanut oil, we were told afterwards, and that is used for lamps as well as for cooking. Wishing to make up for conversational deficiencies they sent a servant for their robes of state and exhibited them to us, then intimated by gestures that they would like to have us try them on. Faith laughingly acquiesced, and so we did also, standing meekly while they arrayed us in garments that glittered with gold and silver embroidery. I got a glimpse of myself in a mirror, and started at my resemblance to the little women you see on Chinese fans. Great was the excitement produced as they caused us to promenade in the court, and all the ladies as well as the female slaves and two brothers who had joined the party laughed and clapped their hands like children. Poor Marion, overcome by the weight of her finery and the intense heat of the afternoon, leaned against a railing and looked ready to sink, seeing which the head of the house of Minyua, a pleasant look-

ing young man, fanned her assiduously with a huge palm-leaf fan. We were soon divested of our uncomfortable splendor and given more tea. I was also offered a pipe to smoke, which I declined. I must not omit one part of our entertainment, the exhibition of our hostesses' small feet; about three inches they average (some measure four inches), and they contrive to totter about on them in quite a lively manner. With many friendly handshakings we took our leave, feeling sure that our visit had been a blessed diversion to the monotonous lives of the Chinese ladies in their boudoirs, so stiff and unattractive with stone-paved floors, hard chairs, and high laticed windows that afford no glimpse of the plebian world.

Mr. Duncan had returned to Hong Kong, Arthur having signified his intention of joining us, and we found him in Mrs. Worthington's parlor when we arrived there, hot and tired after our interesting call. With great satisfaction I presented to Faith the brother whose name she had heard at least two hundred times since we came to Canton.

At the tea-table, when we had stopped laughing over Marion's description of the Minyua's unique style of entertaining their callers, Mr. Worthington said to his daughters, "You must take our friends over to Shameen before they leave us. Why not go this evening?"

Everyone was quite willing to visit "Shameen," an island where reside the foreign merchants whom business brings to Canton. It is separated from the city by the narrow canal before alluded to, and its grass and trees are refreshing objects in the view from the Worthingtons' windows; still more so were they when, having crossed the canal by a bridge, we found ourselves away from the noisy, dirty city and in cool seclusion. There is a little Episcopal church on Shameen, and the low-roofed bungalows or loftier buildings with arched verandahs are occupied

chiefly by bachelors who live in luxury that many of their sex might envy—no wives to make them give an account of their doings, no one to prevent them from smoking their very wits away if they are so inclined during the hours when the suspension of business leaves them to quiet enjoyment in their cane lounging chairs, contemplating through their verandahs' arches the encircling Canton river, the slow plashing of oars uninterrupted by any gabble from the much dreaded female tongue.

"There is one merchant here who has a family," said Faith, after alluding to the company of young bachelors, several of whom passed us as we strolled along the broad stone walk on the edge of the island.

"Are those ladies playing croquet his wife and daughters?"

"No, they belong to the English mission. Come and be introduced, they will not mind the interruption."

We stood a few minutes on the croquet ground, and resumed our walk as the sun's last spark vanished. A bank of dark purplish clouds overhanging the river glowed with a crimson illumination that was reflected upon the white houses, and made our own faces seem almost unearthly to each other as we sat down to feast our eyes on that sunset beauty.

"The remembrance of such evenings as this would make one feel almost cool in the crowded thoroughfares of yonder city," said Arthur. "Miss Faith, why do not you missionaries live over here, and get all the benefit of these rural surroundings?"

"We should not be so accessible here to the Chinese," Faith replied. "No Chinaman can cross the bridge without a pass, and however great the benefit of a residence among these trees might be to us, our work would suffer, for the people could not feel free to come to us at all times with their wants and woes as they do now."

We sat there until a late hour, drift-

ing in the course of conversation from China to America, relapsing occasionally into long pauses when the murmur of the water against the stone-work and the chirp of wakeful crickets, or a call from some passing boatman were the only sounds to break the quiet of the starlight, and the Great Dipper rising slowly in the sky warned us that Saturday night was drawing near the first hours of Sunday. My story of Canton would be incomplete if I omitted to tell you anything of our Sunday there. Will your patience be equal to a description of one more day?

Services were held in a large room on the lower floor of Mr. Worthington's house, and about seventy-five Chinese converts were present, beside several missionary families. One Chinaman united with that little company of believers, and while the Confession of Faith and the Covenant were read, he stood up to signify his acceptance of them.

Marion whispered to me, "Notice the expression of his face."

It had already caught my attention, and I remembered, as I knew she did, an assertion of Lieut. Neufville's that no Chinaman ever was truly converted. He was not a remarkably fine-looking Chinaman, but as he stood before the pulpit with head erect and a beaming face, I said to myself that, whatever all the world might try to prove to the contrary, nothing would persuade anyone who had seen that convert that he did not realize what he was doing, and did not feel that he had come "out of darkness into marvellous light."

Faith Worthington has two girls' schools under her superintendence, and we visited them with her that Sunday afternoon. There seemed to be in each of them almost as many large girls and women as little children. The mothers often come in, we were told, to hear their children recite. One at a time they advanced, these little yellow maidens, and making a reverence to

their teacher, immediately turned their backs to her and commenced their recitation of lessons from the Bible and from a simple catechism. What appeared to us the height of rudeness was in them only a common civility, for to face a teacher while reciting would be an absolute insult to her, according to the Chinese code of etiquette. Then followed the singing of tunes most familiar to us:—"There is a Happy Land," "Jesus, lover of my soul," etc., with words that had anything but a euphonious sound and in all sorts of keys, while Faith's strong, clear tones rose above the others as she tried to lead them into some degree of harmony. The words of the first-mentioned tune were somewhat as follows:

"Cum yau yat shaw fuk da,  
Tsoi u un fong,  
Sheun do u wing chung ka,  
U yat che kwong."

After the singing came a little preaching from Faith, who sat still in her chair, bending forward slightly in her earnestness, her deep eyes fixed lovingly upon the faces of her hearers while she discoursed in Chinese with a fluency that I never knew her to equal in English. Some of the children looked very apathetic, some wore an expression of suffering (and those had their feet bound in the painful manner necessary to the formation of a genteel shape), and a few bright little girls listened as if they dreaded to lose a word. I noticed among the women also those who were very attentive, if their expressions could prove it, and an emphatic nod of the head frequently bore witness of their inward convictions that the teacher was telling them "all truth and no lies," as one of them said to her.

In the evening there were service in the house where we had dined, at the other side of the city, and being rather tired we went there in a sampan. Afterward we walked home in a procession. Arthur and Mr. Worthington escorted

some of the elder ladies; Faith, Marion and I preceding them, had opportunity for a long talk, our last in Canton, and Agnes, bearing a lantern, led the way through the dark streets which at that late hour were almost deserted. With her sweet, innocent face framed by shining curls, her dress made dazzlingly white by the rays of light which enveloped her, she looked like some pure little spirit sent to guide mortals through the gloomy and devious ways of earth.

Marion opened her heart to Faith on the subject of missions, telling her that everything seen and heard in Canton had increased her reverence for the work and the workers; then she brought up the subject of her conversation with Lient. Neufville, confessing that she wanted some of his cavillings answered by Faith's wisdom,—not so much to satisfy her own mind as to give her a more clearly defined idea of what might be said in future to such people.

"My dear, it would need more wisdom than I possess to reply to the criticisms and objections of those who have no interest in missionary labors," said Faith. "But what did this Lieutenant say?"

"Well, first of all he said missionaries were always quarrelling among themselves 'like cats and dogs'" said Marion, suddenly growing dumb with consternation at the idea that she might have wounded Faith by the suggestion.

"That certainly is not true in Canton," quietly replied the young advocate of missions. "However, I am grieved to say that I have sometimes heard of disagreements among them in other places, and what does it prove? That we are all erring human beings, yet perhaps no worse than our Lord's disciples, who, even in His sacred presence, disputed who should be the greatest. We dishonor His cause and our high calling when we follow their example, but He did not dismiss them

from His service as being unfit for it, but endued them with His Spirit who helped their infirmities, and allowed them to become the teachers of the world, and must our work be held as of no account because the workers are imperfect? What next, Marion?"

"Objection number two was that the heathen are well enough as they are, believing in their own gods, and they will not be punished for not believing what they never heard of."

"No, we cannot suppose that they will be," said Faith "Punished for want of faith in a Saviour of whom they never heard! *Could* we believe that? We are told that the servant who knew not his Lord's will and did it not shall be judged differently from those who were enlightened; but how can we fathom the profound question of the heathen's responsibility? It is enough, I believe, to be sure they are in the hands of a God who cannot deal unjustly, and He has given a great many of those whom I know a clearer idea of right and wrong than is generally considered as belonging to the heathen.

"As to their faith in their own gods we know that in a great number it is a very weak faith, and has no power to make them happy or to elevate them in any way. Lately a poor woman said to me, 'I was sure the heart inside of me was very dark and evil; my sins were like a great burden. When I prayed to my gods I did not feel they could hear or help. Long years ago, some white lady told me of one she called Jesus who came to bear away these heavy sin burdens, and I never quite forgot the story, though it was very dim in my thoughts. Then you came and told me the rest, all of it, and I pray to Him, and that big burden is taken away from me, so I will pray always to Him to help me go in the right way.'"

We walked on silently for a time, until Faith enquired if Marion remembered any more of the officer's objections.

"One was that a Chinaman never was known to be truly converted; but, dear Faith, I know better than to agree with that declaration. Things I have seen and learned in Canton contradict it sufficiently without any pains on your part, although you told me once that the missionaries are sometimes deceived in those who were considered converts."

"John speaks of such in his 1st Epistle," I added. "'They went out from us, but they were not of us.' In other lands than China we find those who are professors of the faith without being partakers of it."

"Finally," Faith said, "I might close the question by quoting the words of an old general, which contain, I think, the substance of the whole matter and the decisive argument for foreign missions. It is said that he overheard some of his young officers discussing them, and raising doubts of their utility. He said, 'Young men, is it not the first duty of a soldier to obey marching orders?' 'Yes sir,' was the reply. 'Promptly, without questioning, without objecting?' 'Certainly,' they said. 'Then,' concluded the veteran, 'here is the main point. This divine order has been given, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." You can judge how the application should be made.'"

"Oh, dear girls!" Faith went on to say, "the great thing, as the general said, is our Master's command, and in obeying it we do not depend on seeing great results,—they are in His hands; but even to help one soul find peace in believing we consider worth living here for. My little blind girl said to me one day, 'Dear teacher, my life is a new one since I believed what you told me about our Heavenly Father and Lord Jesus,' and the death-bed of another scholar showed all her heathen relatives that she had a hope that could do for her what none of

theirs could; it made her say as she clasped my hand, 'I feel He is with me. It is all light.'

Our walk had ended and we stood by the canal for a moment, as Faith ceased to speak, her face radiant as she turned it toward us. We took her hands in ours, saying, by one impulse: "Truly you do have, even in this life, the 'hundred fold!'"

Now I really have no more to say about Canton, except that we left it the next day with a promise from Faith that she would take a little rest and recreation by coming to Hong Kong for a visit on the "Lyra" before a fortnight should pass by.

So we have resumed our gay harbor life, and each day brings new diversions. We receive a great many calls, and are invited to dinner or tiffin on steamers, go to see captain's wives who are our neighbors in the harbor, ride

about the city in sedan chairs to do our shopping, and take rowing lessons in the evening under the auspices of Mr. Fordyce or the first mate, or Arthur, when he is not playing the agreeable host to some skipper. Brass buttons honor us frequently; the "Ariadne" officers really seem to have missed us while we were away, and are now making up for lost time. But with all our gaieties I do not think we are quite the same girls who trod the "Lyra's" deck two weeks ago. One glimpse into the hearts of heathendom, and into lives of such high and steadfast aim as those we have seen, could hardly fail to have a deepening influence, even upon the most frivolous character.

Write us all about everything, and everybody at home; that will make a letter equal in length to this.

Yours with true friendship.

AMY.

(To be continued).

## S O M E T I M E .

Sometime, sometime, O, the word,  
Is the sweetest ever heard!  
When the eyes o'erflow with tears,  
When the heart is full of fears,  
When our trouble and our care,  
Drive us almost to despair.  
Then the music of the word,  
Is the sweetest ever heard;  
As it thrills, and sinks, and swells,  
Through the sad heart it dispels  
Dark despair or frenzied fear;  
Charms the tears to disappear—  
And its strains divine impart,  
Comfort, solace to the heart.

Sweeter song than sweet birds sing,  
In the season of the spring;  
Sweeter than the poet's rhyme,  
Is the sweet, sweet song, sometime;  
For it tells us of a clime  
Just beyond the realms of time,  
Where sweet songs forever chime,  
In a melody sublime;—  
Of a land beyond the tomb,  
Where bright flowers forever bloom;  
Of a paradise above  
In an endless world of love;  
Of a kingdom of the blest  
Where the soul shall ever rest

J. O. MADISON.

## LIFE ON AN INDIAN RESERVE.

Having only last month visited the Congregational Mission, on the Sauguen Reserve, Ontario, and spent three days there, many reminiscences of former visits crowd upon me; and the talks and walks among the Ojibways on this more recent visit also, make it probable—so it seems to me—that I might write an interesting paper under the heading placed above. At least I shall try.

My Indian friend, William Walker, came after me with a horse and sleigh, a distance of ten miles or so. We enjoyed a comfortable chat as we went along; and almost as soon as we struck the territory of the "Reserve," we stopped a few minutes at the house of an industrious Indian, named Martin. He was not at home: busy hauling firewood to Southampton. William wanted to notify them of the meetings we expected to hold. The women were weaving willow baskets. I asked if that were not a new branch of industry among them. It seems they only took it up a year or two ago; perhaps in imitation of the inmates of the Blind Asylum, Brantford, from which neighborhood, I suppose, Martin came. He was a Mohawk, and could speak no Ojibway; his wife, a daughter of one of the deacons of the church (with a name too long to be written here), could speak no Mohawk. But they could both talk pretty well in English; and in that language, which they probably think "next best" to their own, they made their matrimonial treaty and kept-house. An intelligent little boy, Matthew, about eight years old, does credit to the house, and to the English they have taught him. I could not understand till afterwards why William was questioning Matthew so closely. "Well,

Matthew, have you got a house yet?" "No." "Any barn?" "No." "Horse?" "No." "Any meat?" "No." "Potatoes?" "No." "Nothing at all?" "No!" It seems that in a confidential moment, Matthew had said to his father that "he thought a great deal of Mr. Walker's little girls." William has four, the eldest about ten.

"Oh," said his father, "Mr. Walker would not let you marry one of his girls till you make house first! You must have house." (A man makes a wigwam, does not build it, and the Indians often speak in the same way about a house).

"Oh yes," said Matthew; "I must make house first!"

"And what kind of a house will you make?"

"Oh, I make fine, brick house! Barn too! cleared land; horses, cows! Oh yes!"

And so I found the prospective father-in-law questioning him as to the progress he had made in all this lavish "providing."

Just as the Jews called themselves Israelites, but when they came to speak to other nations, styled themselves Hebrews; so the Ojibways speak of their race, among themselves, as Nishna-beg, but say "Indians" when speaking to us. We are Soggonosh: both these words are accented on the first syllable. I never could get the literal meaning of Soggonosh; the Indians could not tell me. It includes Englishmen, in the widest sense of the word. They have a different name for Americans—Che-muck-a-mon, accented on the second syllable. It means "Long Knives." For anyone who speaks English with a Scotch, Irish or German sound, they merely try to say Scotch-



man, Irishman, etc. A man is en-in-e, wher distinguished from a woman. A woman is é-quae; a girl is é-quais-is. Some friends of the mission in Toronto had sent up, only the week before, a parcel of clothing for William and his family; and a little girl of four had become the delighted possessor of a warm, blue coat, with bright white buttons. She would hardly put it off to go to bed. She hung round her father's chair and laid her chubby face on his arm, and looking up into his face with her great black eyes, wanted to know if "she were not a Soggonosh é-quais-is now?" That is to say, "Was she not a white man's little girl now?" Why not? Had she not on a bright blue coat that had been made for some white man's little girl?

In the evening we had a nice preaching service in the little frame chapel. There were thirty present. William interpreted. If anybody ever indulges in frothy rhetoric, let him take a few lessons in preaching to the Ojibways through an interpreter and see what he will do, when the faithful fellow asks in *sotto voce*, "I told them what Paul said; what was the next thing?" Wo to him if the "next thing" was only a little "padding!" The Ojibway takes twice as long as the English; and it takes "line upon line," packed and terse, if much of God's dealings with man are to be explained within the compass of an hour. At the end the preacher was introduced to each person present. Among the rest, to "Little Joseph." Joseph is a character. He is slightly lame; does not stand over five feet high; and being small-visaged, and perfectly beardless, might easily at a little distance be taken for a boy of seventeen—as indeed I did, in the twilight, an hour or two before. Yet Joseph is fifty; was near death—indeed, supposed to be dead—in a sickness very few years ago; and in that sickness gave his heart to God. With little in this world, either possessed or desired,

he is withal very happy. His chief property is a miniature sleigh and two faithful dogs. He passed us like the wind, on our way to meeting, with his team. He unharnesses his dogs when he gets to his journey's end; and they hang round till he comes out. A whistle brings them to his side; and they are soon hitched up again. His chief trouble was, that one "horse" was faster than the other, and he had to hold back the young dog a little! Happy Joseph! with his dogs, and his lonely wigwam, and his Ojibway Testament only; and heaven in the distance!

I slept pretty well on a rude lounge; having insisted that the children should not be turned out of their bed for me; I could not help taking the little boy's quarters from him, and I could not but admire the effective and skillful simplicity with which the difficulty of packing four little children in one bed was overcome. They were simply laid crosswise, with their heads to the wall! And the bed would comfortably have held a couple more!

Next morning, calm and thawing, I went with William to Lake Huron, to see if a salmon-trout could not be got for dinner. The shores are low and flat—a great contrast to Georgian Bay. The fact is that the Niagara escarpment, facing the east, dips westerly; and by the time we get across the Saugeen Peninsula, the "dip" of the underlying rock has lowered us down, about 300 or 400 feet, to the Lake-level. The ice, all frozen in little hummocks, extended out further than we could determine from the low shore; probably, being entangled there by the land, (it is called "French Bay,") two or three miles. Half a mile out, we dressed out a square hole, two feet each way, and made a little wigwam over it with two twigs bent down. This was covered with a quilt. Then, on each side, some hemlock twigs were laid down, and so forth; and we put our heads under the little dark wigwam, and watched down

in the water. It was twenty or thirty feet deep; and we could not see the bottom. William had his spear beside him, with its point perhaps six feet below the ice. A good imitation of a herring, in wood, suitably loaded with lead, he kept dancing in the water three fathoms below, by means of a line tied to a little stick. The plan was, as soon as a fish approached the decoy, to draw it up till the fish following it, (who could not see the man above) came near the spear, and then to transfix him. We did not get any; though one gave a snatch at the decoy before we saw him, and went off—satisfied with one taste of a wooden fish. We had seen another man; and I told William to fish a little longer, while I went to try to buy a fish from him—thinking a fish caught with the “silver hook” of the proverb was better than none at all. I did not want to alarm the man by coming suddenly on him when his head was under his blanket. But my care for his nerves was anxiety thrown away! he never even withdrew his head when I spoke. I asked him if he had any fish? “Yes, one.” Would he sell it? “No; eat um!” What was his name? “Moses.” So we loaded up our “fishing-sleigh”—every Indian has one; light and large—and got home for dinner.

William was full of stories. Among the rest, of a French half-breed, with whom everything French was great and glorious, and everything British insignificant. He used to tell William, “French, smart soldiers! One Frenchman (equal to) two Englishman. One French ship; two English ships! French ships, all iron—masts, iron—three feet thick! solid!” William said “he believed it all; till after he learned to read English, and began to ask if these things were so; and learned that they were not.”

As illustrating how little instinct will teach people, William said that in those days he did not know that getting his

feet wet would make him cough; and yet every winter he suffered from severe colds. He would come in with his moccasins completely soaked through; and sit round the fire till all was dry again! But my old friend, the Rev. James Atkey, of Colpoy’s Bay, whose scholar he was, told him he would always be coughing if he had wet feet; and that he must put off his wet moccasins when he came in. He said no Indian had ever told him this, and he doubted if many of them knew it.

We had a pleasant visit at Frederick Wahbaze’s, and a long talk with the noble old man. He is not quite so hale and hearty as when I first saw him eighteen years ago; but with an old man’s strength yet. Then he told me the early story of his life, which is worth repeating here. He was born beyond the Mississippi. He never heard the name of God in his own language, (Kee-shi-man-i-tou,) till he was ten years old, and then it was merely dropped casually from the lips of a French trader. He ran home to ask his mother who Keeshi Manitou was? For some reason that he never knew, his mother would not, or could not, tell him. And he kept the question in his heart for ten years, wondering who Keeshi Manitou was, and if he loved him. At last he heard a Church of England Missionary preaching in Canada, and just received the Word at once. And he has maintained his connection with that Church ever since.

When we visited him last month, Mr. Lystes, (missionary) and William Walker were both with me—the conversation took a certain turn in this way. William said to me, “Mr. Wahbaze tells me just now, that, when he reads Ojibway Testament, there are a good many things he cannot understand. He does not know who the Romans, and the Greeks, and the Corinthians and the Galatians were. He wishes you would tell him. So, from a little sketch of the history of the Apos-

tolic times, we drifted toward British history, and gave him an outline to the Conquest and the Reformation. He was greatly interested on hearing that our ancestors, even like his own, were once pagans and barbarians. His wife, who was squatted on the floor, sewing corn husk mats with a sail-needle, paused in her work, and eagerly bent forward to catch the words as William translated them—occasionally putting in a question. He then wanted to know how white men had two names, while the wild Indians had one? So we told him it had not always been so in Britain, that our pagan ancestors only had one name, and it was only after they became Christians that two names got into fashion. That, perhaps, nine hundred years ago, men began to take surnames—sometimes from their trades, as Carpenter, Smith, Weaver, Turner; sometimes from their hair or complexion, as White, Brown, Dunn, Black; sometimes from their stature or strength, or appearance, as Long, Short, Noble, Armstrong, Whitehead. Sometimes, especially among the rich, from the names of their estates or villages, as Cobham, Milton, etc. Sometimes from natural objects, as Hill, Forrest, Lake, Lyon, Buck, Fox, Wolfe, etc. He interposed eagerly, to ask "if a white minister would baptize a child by the name of Wolfe?" I said "yes, certainly! It is nine hundred years since we got these names, and nobody now thinks much of their original meaning. When we speak of Miss Wolfe, we think, perhaps, of some young, charming lady-friend, but we never think of the wild animal running in the woods. My grandmother's name was Fox; but I never think of the wild animal of that name when I speak of her." He was all amazement; and declared that "he never thought that any white man would give such a name as wolf to a child!" They live so near the foundations of society that they look at such things without the lens of usage and institutions coming between; and I judge that the wolf bears among them a very bad character, and is not popular as a *totem*. Crests and armorial bearings are not found among civilized men alone. Indians are first divided into tribes—that is those speaking the same dialect or language. Then into bands—patriarchal communities of twenty to a hundred families, governed by a chief and "second chief" as the executive; but the legislative power remaining with the "braves" in council. Then into families, each with a distinctive "totem"—The Bear, the Moose, the Otter, the Swan, the Hawk and numberless others. Wah-ba-ze means Swan; so our host was one of the Swan family. Walker's family totem was Otter. Every man of the same totem is a kinsman; and their cousins are nearly as numerous as among the Highlanders. And in every person, or living creature, or thing, that they see for the first time, they are sure to find some peculiarity to hang a name on. A horse was an animal they knew nothing about till after the whites came to America; and they had to find a name for him. The Ojibways call him, in their own tongue "a one-toed animal"—the peculiarity of not having cloven hoofs having struck them. A friend of mine, a former missionary, they called "The white Swan," and a nephew of his, who resided with him for a time, and was a little inclined to boasting, they called "Little Thunder." One day the nephew was trying to split a hard knot with the axe, and a few of the young Indians gathered round to see the result. They said, "He could not split it; it would take thunder to split that!" Of course they meant lightning, but like children they thought it was the thunder that did the mischief. Thus put upon his mettle, he whacked away on the stick till he did split it, and, seeing he had performed a feat they pronounced only "thunder" could do—and as he was short in sta-

ture—they called him “Little Thunder.” Another friend, now deceased, who was shortsighted and wore glasses, they called “Glass-eyes.” Myself they called, long ago, “Mah-ka-ta-wan-qua”—“Shining black hair.”

At all the religious services held when I was there, and there were four, I noticed a great improvement in the dress and apparent intelligence of the Indians. Even the time-honored shawl over the head, so long the women’s head-covering, has given place to the “cloud;” the use of which they have borrowed from their white sisters. Moccassins are little worn; almost all have boots or shoes. Almost all can read, the older people only excepted; and they are very fond of writing letters to their friends at a distance. The young men in that part of the Reserve, (the North end), have, under the leadership of Mr. Walker, formed a “Young Men’s Christian Association;” conducted very like similar associations in the cities; with this difference, that they have neither Library, rooms of their own, Star lectures, nor income, yet they have over sixty in membership, and improve themselves and the community.

The line through this settlement, running North from the Saugeen River seven or eight miles, is called the Scotch line or the Scotch Settlement. Another line is called the Irish line. The Indians often hear of Scotch and Irish settlements among the whites, in the townships; and why should not the Indians have them? They have no other explanation to give; and this, which is quite satisfactory to them, ought to be so to us! Their houses are generally of logs, one storey. The half-storey chamber, so universal among the whites in the new townships, and so convenient, they do not generally possess. Furniture they have next to none, though I observed with pleasure that almost all of them had some kind of a curtain to each window,—a sign of growing refinement.

Though fat-easy-going papooses were seen in almost every house, I did not see any cradles, and cannot say that I regretted it; for I have seen so often babies thumped about on the uneven floors of backwoods houses, that I sometimes wonder the services of a coroner are not oftener needed. But an Indian mother will extemporize a cradle where there is none, in a minute. She merely hangs a double line, or double strip of bark across a corner, or depending from two points on a beam; and doubling a blanket over it, makes the most comfortable hammock imaginable. The motion is smooth and agreeable; and I only wonder how anybody brought up in a “humpty-dumpty” could ever have written “Rock me to sleep, Mother; Rock me to sleep!”

Their tenure of land is most patriarchal. Here one or two hundred families are settled on a reserve containing ten or fifteen square miles. Any of them can take possession of a piece of land (and there seems to be no limit to the quantity), and clear it up and hand it down to his children. They don’t clear much; it will take a generation or two to teach them the value of land, and of its industrious cultivation. In the autumn, almost all the men go off for several weeks’ fishing. I was glad to be told that these Christian Indians, last fall (1876), put up a little log hut to pray in, on one of the small islands off the coast, where they were fishing, and kept up their prayer-meetings. When the winter weather gets severe they return with their spoils. Then after the New Year, they generally go off again, down into the white settlements, to “trade.” They start with a “fishing-sleigh” well loaded with camp-equipage and baskets; and when they get to their destination, pitch their wigwam in a cedar-swamp for shelter, and begin business. They sell off their mats and baskets, and make more baskets (of black-ash “splints”) and take flour or pork (Nap-a-

nee and Co-cosh) quite as readily as money. And the Indians know the time of the year when the farmers' wives have plenty of "trade" in their larders and cellars. About the beginning of March they come back, with many little bags and bundles of flour, pork, etc., and begin operations in the sugar-bushes. The sugar orchards, or "bushes," are like the rest of the wild land, common to the whole band; and though the pre-emption right of a man to land he has cleared will last even to another generation, the pre-emption right to the use of a sugar-bush lapses as soon as the sugar season is over. In the deep snow of early March an Indian will go out exploring on snow-shoes, and when he finds a fine dry ridge with big maples, he "blazes" a beach tree on two sides, and on the fresh blaze carves his totem; or if he is a scholar, puts his name or initials. By the "common law" of the band, the "bush" is now his, for the season. When they get a good "location," and the season is favorable, they sometimes make great quantities. William told me of an Indian and his two sons—merely large boys—who made, last year, three-fourths of a ton of sugar. After sugar-time soon comes planting. Corn is their hereditary crop, and they have a strong prejudice in its favor. I asked an Indian how much corn he raised last year, expecting to hear of so many bushels. He said he raised "ninety strings." They leave a husk or two attached to each ear, and plait these up, and hang them up in their houses to dry. This man said "two strings would make a pailful and a half;" and as I knew that about three pailful would make a bushel, I could guess at his crop. At Wahbazé's we were discussing a very nice way, as the Indians think, of dressing corn. They fill a barrel half full of ears; then pound them with the square end of a heavy stick, till the grain is all off the cobs. The clean grain is put in a

large kettle with a little lye, and as soon as "the skin is loose"—which would be with a very little boiling indeed—the grain is taken out, and washed in baskets in running water. In the process of handling, the skin all rubs off, and the pure white grain is left, like dressed rice. It is now ready for use: if in winter, the corn is often allowed to freeze till required; if not freezing weather, it is kept in the house, and soon becomes hard and dry. The Indians say it makes a very excellent dish.

I asked the teacher if he ever raised "Hubbard squashes" among his corn. He did not know anything about them; and when I told him they resembled, when baked, the sweet-potatoes of the South, he was still as far off as ever. So I promised to send him some seed, and told him they would be a fine addition to his stock of provisions for the winter. I have sometimes thought the Indian Department might do worse than send up an agent some spring, with a few bushels of Jerusalem artichokes, to plant in the islands of Georgian Bay. The white man's experience of them is, "once plant them, you have them forever!"—for nothing can root them out once they get into the ground. And the same quality would make them valuable for spring food for the Indians, for the early spring is sometimes a hard season for them—their "Lent" is a protracted one.

After the sugar-season comes planting. It is said the Indians always judge the time by the forwardness of the natural vegetation. Where I was brought up, there was plenty of oak, and there the Indian rule was to plant corn when the oak leaves (which are later than the maple) are "the size of squirrels' ears." Potatoes, too, are much cultivated; only sometimes it is hard for them to get seed. They are apt to be all eaten, or all frozen, before spring. Between the sugar and the

corn there is generally some time for herring fishery. The beautiful herring of the lakes are well known, and to none are they a greater boon than to the Indians who catch them. There is now no hunting of any consequence on or near the reserves in the settled parts of Ontario. The poetry of hunting has never entered an Indian's head; he hunts for the meat, or (as the case may be) for the white man's *shuniah* (silver money). I remember, a few years ago, spending a pleasant hour or two in the wigwam of a Saugeen Indian, in the township of Elma. I particularly admired the skill with which he kept his pot boiling for dinner, without making his wigwam too hot. He had cut down some dead hemlocks, and was using their dry bark for fuel. A couple of pieces of bark, about the shape and size of one's hand, when stuck on end among the hot ashes, led a little blaze up most beautifully to the very centre of the pot's bottom, and kept it boiling without materially increasing the temperature. A few days after the old man got on the track of a deer, and as the snow was deep and the crust was hard—and he had snow-shoes and the poor deer had none—he soon popped him over. It was March, and the Nish-nabeg were about gathering homeward; the Ojibway thought he could spare some of the venison and offered it for sale, and thereby came in collision with the Game Laws; for though an Indian may kill after December, he must not sell. Some idle fellows, with a few others who were desirous of being thought mighty hunters, had formed a "Game and Fish Protection Association," and of course a summons was soon out for the Nish-na-beg. But neither a fine was obtained, nor yet the confiscation of the venison; for long before daylight the fishing-sleigh was many miles on the way toward Saugeen, well laden with the spoils of the Sogonosh.

There are not many families in the

world in a happier condition; if the best were but made of it. There are no white settlers among them—they are rigidly excluded. They have no particular temptations in the way of liquor, for white men have learned how exceedingly unsafe it is to sell to an Indian. They have the use of all the land they choose to clear up and cultivate. They are friendly and neighborly among themselves; when an Indian has plenty about him, there is no end of uncles and cousins dropping in for a meal or a night's lodging as they pass. And then they have their "annuities" from the Government, composed of the interest of the amounts received for the land surrendered by the band—and amounting, in the case of the Saugeen and Cape Croker Indians, to nearly \$30 per head, annually. They get it half-yearly. In the democratic style of their local government, they often, in solemn council vote away "band money" for various objects supposed to be (though not always so) for the interest of the whole band. These assessments are sometimes pretty heavy. A Cape Croker Indian told me that out of his annuity (self and family) for 1876, of about \$200, he had assessments to the amount of \$25 to pay: some church or school building operations.

They are generally conscious of the improvement in their condition, and thankful for it. No "medicine man" now stalks round the settlement, playing his uncouth antics, and performing his "rites obscene." An Indian told me about following a mystery-man into a wigwam on the North shore last summer, and in vain trying with banter to get him to begin his incantations; though for a day or two he had been keeping the whole village in terror with his superstitious power! He did not like the light—even the humble reflection of it, in a Christian Indian. "If it had not been for the Preaching that came among us," said a church-member to me, "we should now

have been beating our pagan drums."

Contrary to the opinion that is often formed (at a distance), the Indians are found with various temperaments and characteristics. The idea that an Indian never forgives an injury, and never forgets a kindness, is, in the case of the civilized Indian, no more true of him than of his white brother. I have met men who had all the characteristics of a white man. Others are, to their latest day, "children" and "minors." Not all men, nor any tribe of men, were cast in one mould.

I can easily imagine that the life the wild Indian leads in the pathless, almost skyless woods, must have a tendency to make him gloomy and melancholy and superstitious. Both plants and men need the sun! Yet no difference was ever more marked than the difference in character between the Indians of the prairies and the Indians of the woods. The last are gloomy, but the first are treacherous. Yet under the influences of civilization, the Indian soon learns the almost-unused faculty of laughter, and learns to delight in singing. I never heard of an Indian poet; but the thing is not impossible. There is no reason why *wug* and *jug*, and *ming* and *sing* (very frequent terminations in Ojibway), should not be rhymed together by some Nishnabeg "Burns" or "Moore" any more than that "*Burns*" or "*Moore*" any more than that "*pillow* and *billow*, and *mount* and *fount*, should be made to do duty with us. The Indians learn music easily, and soon become proficient in using notes. But, so far, their native song has been very naked translations of the white man's hymns; and they have been without rhyme. Now, notwithstanding the fact that the old Greeks and Romans cultivated poetry for at least a thousand years, and yet never found out the added charm of rhyme, I cannot help thinking that even the unmusical Ojibway would be better to be rhymed. William Walker had translated into unrhymed Ojibway about forty of the most

popular of the modern hymns, and was anxious to have them printed—which is likely to be done. But I said to him he should make some original hymns, and be sure to have them in rhyme. He thought he would *try*.

The Indians are not greatly in love with the new Indian "Franchise Act." A great council, held a year or two ago at Sarnia, proposed many amendments, and condemned some clauses altogether. They thought that, when an Indian was enfranchised, he should not be cut off from his "annuity." Our experience of "annuities"—as for instance from the Old Land, as we sometimes see them—is not favorable. Most immigrants never thrive, never even give the promise of thriving, till their old-country funds and means are exhausted. But no doubt there are a few, and, under the educational and missionary appliances of the present day, more always coming in every settled "band," who are anxious to be emancipated from the communal system of the bands, and *own* their own farms as do the whites. The Government gives them this opportunity, but it does not appeal to reason that an Indian should have all this and retain his hold on the funds of the band too! It might be well to make a compromise in this way:—let an Indian, thus "enfranchised," lose his annuity; but let him any time during the next twenty years, come back again into the band if he fails in "hoeing his own row." The annuities, it must be remembered, do not come from the industry of the band, but from their ancient patrimony, in which he, as well as the others, had a share. The next generation will do better, for all the old men on the reserves were born in paganism.

It is encouraging to find that they are not decaying. The Blue-Books show that there were under the care of the Indian Department, in a greater or less degree, some twelve or thirteen thousand Indians in Ontario, in 1871,

when the census was taken, and that they have increased by over a thousand since. The worst time is over for the Indian. He is now able to clothe himself better, and has sufficient acquaintance with, and love for the habits of

the white man, as to be comparatively comfortable. Once they are generally "enfranchised" they will gradually be lost as a distinct race and become "Canadians."

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

## A DAY AT ALGESIRAS.

(BY THE WIFE OF A NAVAL OFFICER.)

Yesterday I went into Spain to see the grand Annual Fair at Algeiras, and as there was a bull fight in prospect as well as a fair, the crowds of people were tremendous. We left the dockyard at one o'clock and crossed the bay in the "Hercules," a steam-tug belonging to Mr. Bland a wealthy merchant of Gibraltar. All the garrison of the town had turned out to see the fair, the larger proportion of course to see the bull-fight. I was shocked to find what a number of ladies were bound thither, and, indeed, if you knew the barbarous cruelty of these bull-fights you would agree with me in thinking them degrading, revolting spectacles, unfit for women to witness. Last Sunday, thirty-six horses were slaughtered and I forget how many bulls, yet when the bulls' horns pierced the horses, disemboweling them, and rendering them mangled, bleeding, quivering creatures, the Spanish ladies shrieked with delight, clapped their hands and grew positively frantic with excitement. Now, can you imagine English mothers and wives going to such places?

We landed at Algeiras rather under difficulties, there is no wharf of any kind there worthy the name and the tender was obliged to lie out in the stream. Immediately hosts of small

boats surrounded us, while swarthy faced Spanish boatmen assailed the party. The rivalry between them seemed great, and I saw more than one unsuccessful competitor retire from the lists with a scowling brow, whilst a knife flourished about his head showed his adversary how fierce were the resentful feelings rankling in his breast. The streets of Algeiras are narrow and circuitous, all paved with stone and (as a natural consequence of the narrowness) very shady. Such a thing as a carriage is never seen in this Spanish town and everybody either walks or rides *borricos*. Most of the houses are two storied, all have green blinds, and their lower windows are protected by a projecting cage of iron bars. The reason alleged for this is, that Spanish fathers in the old days were extremely careful and jealous of their daughters' reputations, and preferred their *Senoritas* having intercourse with gentlemen friends only through the medium of iron bars. Lovers consequently stand in the street, play the guitar till all hours in the night, and make sonnets "to their mistress' eyebrow." Strange custom! but it suits a hot country, however impracticable it might be in our cold Canada.

All the houses, churches and build-



ings of every description are white-washed annually and though this gives Spanish towns a clean look, the glaring white is trying to the eyes. The Spaniards themselves are horribly dirty, and the different houses of the poorer classes whose doors we passed saluted our nostrils with an odor anything but agreeable. The quantity of beggars thronging the streets, and tormenting us at every turn was distracting. Cripples and deformities of the most



SPANISH MATADOR.

loathsome description, the halt, the maimed, the lame and the blind lay about the streets clutching out skirts and coats as we passed, and beseeching charity of us. Beggary is so far recognized in Spain that special licenses are given them to go about and pester people; the more disgusting deformity is the more money being expected in consequence. I saw one man support himself against a wall and hold his shoe in one hand whilst with the other he exhibited to public sympathy a foot with about twenty-nine toes on it. It made me quite sick to see these poor creatures, nevertheless, in Spain the advent of a deformed child is greeted with joy, as it is self-supporting almost from the time of its birth. On our way to the fair we turned in to inspect a couple of churches. The first one reminded me very much of the little French Canadian churches in the country parishes, the chief difference being, that whereas

the *habitant* has a comfortably cushioned pew, the more ascetic Spaniard kneels on the hard brick floor. As for anything worth looking at in the church, a few very bad oil paintings, a shabby bit of imitation lace adorning one of the side altars, a very grand image of "Our Lady" (*Nuestra Senora*) and several saints in niches comprised the sights.

Our next church was a larger and handsomer one situated in one of the principal *Plazas*. Here we were amused at the relics and trophies adorning the walls. In one place the wall was quite covered with silver and wax arms and legs, eyes, hands and long tresses of hair. I exclaimed at the hair and was told in explanation that if any maiden or woman misbehaves herself, she is shorn of her flowing locks and thus disgraced, the hair is hung up in the church as a lasting memorial of her misdeed. The arms and legs are either representatives of miracles worked by the priests, or the offerings of the sick who vow during illness to give, upon recovery, a silver arm or leg, as the case may be. If their eyes be affected they send a representation in wax of two glaring eyes which are tied up by a bit of ribbon to a nail in the wall. The effect is rather startling.

Emerging from the "dim religious light" we found ourselves again in the full blaze and glare of a hot June day. The stones seemed to scorch our feet as we passed along; the brilliantly white walls made our eyes blink and water and you would have laughed could you have seen us despairingly flattening our noses against the green barred gates, and gazing into the fairy-like *El Dorados* beyond. These Spanish *Pacios* are just perfection! You must know that most of the houses are built in the form of a Quadrangle with a stone paved court in the centre. Here a fountain plays and orange, lemon, fig, magnolia and aloe trees, give shade and beauty. These

Patios open on the street by a passage ending with an iron gate. Imagine, therefore, as we toiled up the hot, dusty street, how enviable the inhabitants of such paradises seemed in our eyes!

To do honor to that glorious national sport the bull-fight, all Spaniards turn out in their gayest attire, hence we had some field for observation with regard to the gorgeous toilettes of the crowds hurrying by us.

There goes a haughty Hidalgo with his characteristic cloak wrapped round him, next comes a priggish Duena keeping a sharp look-out on two fair damsels entrusted to her care. Next a fat, lazy Duenaza toiling up the hill, muttering to herself, as she goes, "Hace un calor muy sofocante" \* here she vigorously fans herself. "Tendremostempestad" † "Hermitania" tapping a small withered up creature enveloped in a black lace mantilla. "oye V, los truenos?" ‡ What Hermit's impressions are with regard to a thunderstorm threatening, we lose, by hastening on, glancing round as we pass at the pretty damsels before mentioned.—The Duena has paused to greet a friend and thus affords too valuable an opportunity to be lost. A few coy glances, a magic movement of a fan and each girl has a cavalier by her side, whilst, with demure exteriors, yet, tell-tale saucy eyes, they carry on a few seconds of conversation. It is skilfully timed each "Cabellero" has turned on his heel before the Duena rejoins her charges. The interlude has done her good apparently, for she talks quite graciously: "Hay buenas noticias" We shall have a fine bull to-day "Ninas mies." At the vehement "Me alegro mucho" which follows we turn away disgusted.

Spanish women as a rule dress well, that is to say so long as they confine

themselves to black gowns and mantillas; when, however, they blossom out (as on this day) into pinks, blues, greens, and crimsons, they lose in great part all claims to good looks.—The young girls were dressed in white muslins with Malaga lace mantillas falling from a comb. I labored under a perpetual delusion that some grand wedding was taking place, and marvelled at the number of brides' maids. An uglier lot of women I never saw, such moustaches and beards, and coarse brown skins! Such beady black eyes, piles of false hair, and loads of violet powder—a Spanish woman never goes out without using her puff all over her face! and to me the women often looked as if their faces had come in for a heavy snow-storm. Partly I believe this custom arises from the great heat of the climate, and the cooling, grateful feeling of the powder on their hot faces, but chiefly I believe it is done to hide their coarse oily skins.—"Oh! where, and oh! where" are the soft languishing eyes of the Spanish lady, where the clear olive skins with the rich bloom mantling beneath the dusky tint? I never saw them, and the poets are not always reliable authorities I fear. An ugly heroine would be very uninteresting you know, so the Poet makes her aerial in form, lovely in face, all that is Utopian, beautiful and unlike the original.

The fair was a collection of Booths lining each side of a broad road leading to the Plaza de Toros, and close to the Alameda. The collection of things was great rubbish, trumpery looking-glasses, trumpets, garters and such-like things. The chief commodity being fans, and really some of those were very beautiful.

It is quite amusing to watch the bargaining that goes on. A Spaniard asks three times as much for an article as it is really worth, and nobody ever thinks of giving him his first price. For instance: I take a fancy to a fan and Mr.

\* It is a very suffocating close day.

† We shall have a thunderstorm.

‡ Little sister do you hear the thunder?

B. picks it up and says "Cuanto?" "A dollar," is the reply; whereupon he throws it down exclaiming "Bah! I would not give half that for such rubbish." The Spaniard storms and expostulates, but we walk away quite unconcernedly until his voice rises to a shrill treble and we hear him beseech-

by spectators not bound to the *Tored*, (bull-fight), and here we established ourselves.

First came the *mulos* dragging chains with huge iron hooks attached, for the purpose of removing the defunct horses. Next came the *picadoes* (gaily attired in velvets and silks), riding poor sham-



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR FROM ALGESIRAS.

ing us to return and take the fan for what we choose to give. I invested in a very curious brown fan, with Alfonso's likeness and the date of his birth and accession represented. Strange to say, it was the only one of its kind in the Fair, and people envied me its purchase. The Spanish dolls were such *curios*, I longed to buy one, but as they were modelled in plaster, alarmingly like nature, and in a complete state of nudity, I really felt ashamed to make the purchase whilst my companions were gentlemen.

We went from booth to booth, examining fans and trinkets, making sundry purchases and walking about in the Alameda until we tired ourselves out, and were glad to sit down and wait for the event of the day, viz: the procession. On each side of the broad road leading to the *Plaza de Toros*, were placed rows of chairs; these were hired

bling beasts with bandages hanging over one eye, to be placed over *both* once the sport begins. The horses are invariably old, worn-out hacks, who have done good service in their day, but are now superannuated. These *picadoes* are cased in iron on one side (that one of course they present to the bull) and besides this they are padded to the thigh so that the bulls' horns cannot hurt them. If they be unhorsed there are those at hand who spring to their assistance and keep the bull off until they have regained their feet. The *Bandrilleros* are those who stick bannerels into the bulls' necks and goad him to madness by putting squibs into the wounds made by the spear. The *metador*, as everybody knows, is the one who puts the death-stroke to the poor tortured animal. He enters the arena on foot, waves a little red flag,

behind which he disguises a sword, and when the bull charges, he plunges the weapon between his horns causing instant death. The tawdry pomp and gorgeousness of the procession was great, and up to the doors of the ring, the heroes (?) of the day were followed by an admiring, applauding crowd. I had a peep into the bull-ring, and was amazed at the multitude of people rising tier above tier. It was only a glimpse; the Toreadors entered, the doors closed behind them, and as regards the remainder of the day's proceedings, I had no wish to enquire into them. Later on we heard cries of *Sangre! Sangre!* and learnt that the picadoes had displeased this blood-thirsty people by postponing the cruel realities of the day, and skilfully toying with and evading the furious charges of the bull. They rose with one accord crying "blood! blood!" and the picadoe reined in his horse, placed his spear in attitude and allowed the animal to charge. I blush for my sex when I say that women's shrill voices could be

heard above the men's clamoring thus inhumanly.

After the excitement of the procession was over, I found the Fair very uninteresting. Everybody of any pretension to gentility (amongst the Spanish) had gone to the "*Toreo*," and the town was literally deserted. Here and there we came across military stragglers roaming the streets, but beyond *very* old or *very* young people, no Spaniards were to be seen. It was still very hot and we were tired out with our sight-seeing, so we wended our way to a pleasant *Posada*, (hotel), facing the Bay, and there on a cool, shady verandah, we stayed sketching, smoking, and talking until the signal was made for our return to the "Rock." One more item of news or information, whichever you like to call it! The Spanish Governor of Algesiras signs himself, "Governor of Gibraltar, in *temporary* possession of the English." Fancy the audacity of the man! Long may he and his successors enjoy the empty title!



## ONLY A CATALOGUE.

As a lover of good things poring over a *menu* will derive enjoyment from it, partly the result of imagination, partly of memory, so to one fond of books a mere catalogue may become the source of no inconsiderable delight. There are of course catalogues and catalogues. An auctioneer's recital of "lots," embracing such luxuries as "Rollin's History," "Blair's Sermons," "Pamela with nine others," or "Culpepper's Herbal," is not particularly stimulating to the literary appetite. It is when we get among the rare and curious, when at every page we encounter some quaint and fabulously costly tract, and especially when appetizing hints are given by the scholar-vendor, that a catalogue becomes a real delight. To this order belongs the Pearson Catalogue, and still more recently the Menzies and the Hastie-Tracy, and others of Old World aspect and black-lettery flavor which ever and anon reach us. To open them is to enter in fancy a library, and a veritable whiff of Russia leather may be caught from their pages. It is like a supplementary Lowndes, and alike instructive and amusing. Let us see, for example, what a cursory glance through a few pages will yield us.

Here, to begin with, what do we find? Among works of exceeding rarity may be placed John Bishop's "Poetical Blossomes" of 1577, one of the earliest of the many volumes of selections from the poets which have ever been popular in England. In it is to be found the story on which Horace Walpole founded his tragedy of the "Mysterious Mother."

Here is a black-letter treasure still more noteworthy. It is the "Warning for Fair Women," founded on a murder in which Master Sanders, a merchant, fell a victim to the designs of his own wife

and her paramour. It was printed in 1599, and is remarkable for a passage in the introduction, containing, apparently, contemporary flings at Shakespeare. There can be little doubt about these lines:—

"How some base tyrant, to obtain a crown,  
Stabs, hangs, impoisons, smothers, cutteth  
throats;  
And then a chorus, low, comes howling in,  
And tells us of the worrying of a cat;  
Then of a filthy, whining ghost,  
Lapt in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,  
Comes screaming like a pig half stickt,  
And cries "Vindicta! revenge, revenge!"

They are supposed to refer to "Richard III," to "Henry V," and "Hamlet." It must be admitted that the references are vague,—still the first and last are pretty obvious; and though the chorus in "Henry V." makes no direct reference to the "worrying of a cat," the image might have been in the writer's mind, since early in the play England is compared to one, and Scotland to a mouse. Perhaps Mr. Halliwell might suggest other and closer references.

Another black-letter treasure is the copy of "Piers Plowman's Vision," which belonged to Alexander Pope (and has his writing in it), and subsequently to Warburton and Thomas Warton. More precious still is the "Nympha Libethis," or the "Cotswold Muse," presenting some extemporary verses to the "Imitation of Young Scholars," by Clement Barksdale, 1651, of such rarity that it was long supposed that there was but one copy in existence. The book ends, our catalogue tells us, with a curious address to the reader:—

"My verse, because they are not hard and rare,  
As some of Dav'nant's, Don's and Cleveland's  
are  
You censure. Pray, sir, must all men write so?  
Or can we all unto fair Corinth go?"

But truth is, I'd not write so if I could :  
 I write just as I speak, to be understood.  
 Whose sense will not without much study  
 come,  
 Let him, for me, be altogether dumb.  
 No, Persius be my reader ; but such may  
 As he who once threw Persius away."

In reading this we seem to be listening to the controversies over the poets of our own days. Donne and Cleveland affected obscurity ; Dryden said of the former, what has been said of Browning, that he wanted translating into English. As for Cleveland, he indulged in conceits to the utmost verge, as when he said of old men :

"Whose wooden carcasses are grown  
 To be but coffins of their own."

A rare poem by Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, "*Iroia Britannica*" is less interesting in itself than from the fact that an epistle from Helen to Paris, and another from Paris to Helen, were, Heywood complains, taken by the printer from the poem and printed "in a less volume and under the name of another"—the "less volume" being "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," and the author William Shakespeare. Jaggard put into the book anything pleasant he could lay his hand on, and the fact that he issued them all under Shakespeare's name is a proof of the poet's popularity during his lifetime, for it appeared in 1612, and he did not die until 1616. Here we also find a copy of Heywood's, "*The English Traveller*," a play, in the preparatory address to which he mentions that it is one of 220 entirely composed by him, or in which he had "at least a main finger." Only twenty-three have come down to us. In the address he has a fling at Ben Jonson. He says his plays "are not exposed unto the world in volumes to bear the title of Works." Jonson's venturing to dignify his folio volume with the title of his "*Works*" exposed him greatly to the ridicule of his contemporaries, who asked why what

others called a "play" he had called a "work." It elicited the retort :

"The author's friend thus for the author says,  
 Ben's plays are works, while others' works are  
 plays."

It is interesting to convict Heywood as one of the objectors out of his own works.

Another play in the catalogue is "*Texnotanica, or the marriage of the Arts*," by Barten Holyday, 1618 ; it is said to be the longest drama ever written (with the exception, we suppose, of Nat. Lee's *Bedlam Tragedy*, to which Lord Byron alludes as in twenty-seven acts and some odd scenes). It was a favorite subject of attack by the wits of the day, one of whom furnished this Epigram on it :

"At the 'Marriage of the arts' before the King,  
 Lest those brave mates should want an offering,  
 The king himself did offer—what, I pray?  
 He offered twice or thrice—to go away."

Two other works may be cited as having an interest to Shakespeare scholars ; the play of "*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*," played at the Globe and attributed by Kirkman to the great dramatist who is parodied in the lines on it :—

"My stiffened hair stands upright on my head  
 As do the bristles of a porcupine."

and a work which Shakespeare very probably had, since it was printed in 1567, Sir Thomas Wilson's "*Art of Rhetoricke*, for the use of all such as are all studious of Eloquence, etc." The author was, he tells us, in consequence of writing this, imprisoned at Rome, by the Inquisitors of the Holy See as a heretic, and observes "If others never get more by books than I have done, it were better to be a carter than a scholar, for worldly profit." Had the great dramatist this allusion in his mind when he put into the mouth of Polonius :

"Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm and carters."

Another gem in our catalogue is "Sir Henry Vane, his speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Hide sitting in the Chair, June 11th, 1641." London, printed for Francis Constable, to which is added "His Speech on the Scaffold;" we learn that on the morning of his execution, June 14, 1662, amongst his last words, he said, "God bid Moses to go to the top of Mount Pisgah and die; so he bids me now go to the top of Tower Hill and die."

We find another rare and interesting entry in "La Vie d'Olivier Cromwell," bound in vellum, two volumes, published at Amsterdam, 1694; embellished with a portrait of the Lord Protector, and illustrations of the medals struck in honor of his victories at Dunbar, and over Van Tromp. This is said to be very scarce, and it is believed that no copy is to be found in the Library of the British Museum. To continue, at the sale of the Menzies Library in New York in November, 1876, a copy of "Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations," printed by Bradford in New York in 1727, and supposed to be unique, brought \$210, and a copy of "Eliot's Indian Bible," "in fine condition and splendidly bound," was sold for \$900; and "Cicero's Discourse on Old Age," printed by Benjamin Franklin, 1774, (only three other copies are known to be in existence), fetched \$168.

One other extract from our catalogue and we have finished. We find a very small and rare book, perhaps of more interest to us, as Canadians, than any already mentioned, as it is probably the first printed in Montreal. We give its title page in full:—

RÉGLEMENT  
DE LA CONFRERIE  
DE L'ADORATION PERPÉTUELLE,  
DU  
S. SACREMENT  
ET  
DE LA BONNE MORT.  
ERIGÉE DANS L'ÉGLISE PAROISSIALE DE VILLE-  
MARIE, EN L'ISLE DE MONTRÉAL EN CANADA.  
—  
NOUVELLE ÉDITION REVUE, CORRIGÉE ET  
AUGMENTÉE.

A MONTRÉAL :  
Chez F. Mesplet et C. Berger, Imprimeurs et  
Libraires; pres le Marché, 1776.

With reference to the printers of this interesting little book, we find the following in "The Canadian Antiquarim," vol. 5, page 120:—

"A press was established in Montreal in 1775, by Charles Berger and Henry (?) Mesplet, co-partners under the firm of Berger & Mesplet. After this partnership had been dissolved, Mesplet continued the business; he was imprisoned for printing something against the Government. After his liberation he continued to print in this place until he died. Mesplet came from Philadelphia to Montreal as one of the American Commissioners, (the others being Benjamin Franklin and Charles Carroll), Agents of the American Continental Congress in 1775, to establish a printing house and publish a newspaper, as a means to interest the people in the cause of American Liberty."

But we cannot linger over our catalogue longer; we, therefore, lay it aside with reluctance, trusting we have not gossiped about it altogether without some interest.

# Young Folks.

HOW WE BOYS CAMPED IN THE YEAR 187—.

Who suggested that we should go?

I think that Ralph and I may take the credit of having done that. We were walking along the banks of the St. Lawrence one warm July evening, and everything looked so pleasant that it was only natural we should begin to talk about our approaching holidays, and of how we should spend them. We did not want to spend them in town, because we were tired enough of city life, and as to travelling, our purses would not allow of that, even if we had had the inclination. It must be owned that the village of L—— was a very pretty place, and strangers might have found plenty to amuse themselves with within the neighborhood; but we were there every evening, after our office duties were done, and knew every nook and corner in it, and we felt that we could not be contented unless we spent our holidays in perfect freedom, away from the sight of houses and the din of city life. We walked along in silence for some time till at last Ralph said,

"I have just thought of the very thing we ought to do, and that is 'camp out.'"

"But where shall we go?" I asked, doubting that camping *was* the very thing we ought to do.

"Let us think," said Ralph; "we might go to the bush."

"And get eaten up by mosquitoes," I said, thinking of my last visit there.

"You are right," he replied, "the bush will not do,—we must think again."

Another long silence, until a splendid idea struck me.

"Why the B—— Islands is the very place we ought to go to," I said.

After several objections from Ralph, which I removed, we decided to go there.

Another question arose, Which of our boy-friends should we honor with an invitation to go with us? After suggesting several, we decided to take Edward Ashton and Charley Harcourt; we also decided not to take Charley's brother Willie, if we could help it, because he always did the wrong thing in the wrong place, and was very stupid.

We soon found the boys, and told them our scheme; they agreed to join us, and were very pleased at being asked. Poor Willie looked so disappointed at not being included, that we had compassion on him and gave him an invitation. The holidays came and our preparations were soon made, and everything ready to start next morning. We took as follows: Charley and Willie, two loaves of bread, some ham, knives and forks, and two tin plates. Edward contributed a pie of immense dimensions, cheese and jam, and his boat. Ralph brought bread, plates, a knife and fork, and sundry other articles. I brought eggs, butter, biscuits, lemons, and several other articles that would prove indispensable at camp. We each took a blanket and an overcoat, and Mr. O—— lent us his tent; this completed our preparations.

Morning came and we were up so early that we had started before the sun arose. There was not a breath of wind; the water was as smooth as glass, without a ripple on its surface; we were all very glad of this, because our boat was very heavily laden.

We had to sit as best we could—



Willie and Edward in the stern, Charley and Ralph rowed, while I was perched up in the bows in a very uncomfortable position. Thinking I might be more comfortable if I sat on a parcel I saw by my side, I took the trouble to do so; hardly had I seated myself when Edward cried out, "Oh, Lewis! you are sitting on the pie; move, there's a good fellow." I apologized and carefully inspected it, and to my great relief, found that it was unhurt, thanks to the thickness of the paste.

We had not gone far before the sun rose, casting its golden rays upon the river. I never saw a more beautiful sunrise before; the water looked like a sheet of fire, contrasting vividly with the beautiful green of the fields and trees.

We rowed on in silence; each seemed to be admiring the sunrise, till at last Ralph said,

"We have rowed more than half way; somebody else must row now."

I was very glad to get out of my uncomfortable position, so I said to Edward, "You and I will row the rest of the way; it will stretch our limbs nicely."

We took our seats at the oars and rowed on, chatting about different things, quite forgetting all about camp, and I believe we should have kept on all day if we had not seen the islands, and been reminded by them of where we were going. We pulled in and landed on one of them. It looked very black and unpleasant, so we went on to the next, at the end of which we found a suitable position.

We pitched our tent and stowed all the eatables into it, and while the other boys lit a fire and cooked, I took a stroll to see what our part of the island was like.

About a quarter of a mile from the St. Lawrence, was a fence running the whole length of the island. From our camp the ground sloped gradually up for about an eighth of a mile, then it sloped gradually down again, making

a ridge. A swift current ran round the island from the east, met by another from the west, making a whirlpool. Having completed my observations, I returned to camp and found breakfast ready.

A nice breakfast it was, too; the ham was cooked to perfection, and the bread was nice and fresh. We all agreed that it was better than any hotel breakfast we had ever tasted. Our only drawback to the comfort of the meal was that we had brought only three knives and forks, and two of us had to eat like the Shah of Persia,—with our fingers,—envying, the while, the lucky ones who had knives and forks.

After breakfast, Edward, Willie and I went fishing, and Ralph and Charley tried to find something to shoot with my pistol, which was a very ancient muzzle-loader, with a cock so big that it was impossible to aim, as it was placed in the centre of the sight. We soon got tired of fishing, as the fish would not bite, and Ralph and Charley returned, telling us of the hair-breadth escapes of sundry small birds at which they had fired. Filled with enthusiasm, Willie and I went to try our luck, and between fishing and shooting, the morning passed and dinner time arrived.

After dinner we had a swim through the whirlpool, after which I went fishing, while the other boys, disgusted with their morning experience, stayed in camp and went to sleep. I sat upon a rail of the fence, and again tried my luck; this time I caught a large perch. Holding it up in the air in triumph I hallooed till I woke one of the boys, who woke all the rest in a great hurry, and each taking a rod and line came to fish. We fished for the rest of the afternoon, and between us all caught enough for tea.

After tea we retired for the night; we shut the canvas door of the tent and wrapping ourselves in our blankets, lay down, using each other when we could do so for a pillow. Ralph told us stories

of robbers, and the demons of the Hartz Mountains. I do not remember much about them, however, except a beautiful princess and a demon, mixed up with palaces and dungeons. At last I heard Ralph say,

"Are you asleep, boys?"

No one answered, so he went to sleep himself.

In the morning we were up with the sun and running about. It was very cold, and to warm ourselves we had a swim; the water was very warm and there was a great contrast between it and the air. Morning passed without anything unusual taking place. As we were taking a nap after dinner we were awakened by the sound of a fierce moaning. We rushed from the tent in alarm and were surprised to see a large bull, evidently in a great rage at our intrusion on his domains; he was throwing the earth high over his head with his hoofs, and we began to be quite alarmed for fear he should toss us. What we should have done to save ourselves if he had tried to do so, I do not know; but it was evident that he had no such intention, for he walked away and disappeared over the ridge, to our great relief.

"I am glad he is gone," said Willie, with a sigh of relief, and so were we all.

Ralph and I re-entered the tent and read books, and Edward, Willie and Charley went fishing. They returned with fish enough for tea, which we were all soon engaged in cleaning. While thus employed an unseen enemy was engaged trying to devour our provisions; it was an elderly pig who may have been handsome in her youth, but she had grown very ugly and thin.

"Go and drive her away, Willie," Charley said.

Willie got up and tried to chase her away, but it was evident she did not mean to go, for she dodged and tried to her utmost ingenuity to get rid of Willie; she succeeded at last, and Wil-

lie returned crest-fallen and hot, leaving her master of the field.

"It is no use trying to drive her away," said Willie; "she runs like a deer."

When we had finished cleaning the fish we all joined in a chase after the pig; she gave us a great deal of trouble, and showed great skill in the art of dodging; but skill had to succumb to superior force, and she was fain to leave after the demonstration we had made to her that we preferred her room to her company.

We lit a fire and prepared tea; we cooked some ham first, leaving the fish for a second course. After we had eaten the ham, Ralph, Willie and I went for a run up to the ridge while the others cooked the fish. We were returning when Ralph cried out,

"Look, Lewis, here's the bull coming after us, full tear." One look was enough and off we set for the tent, running as fast as we could. I called out to Charley and Edward at the top of my voice to get into the boat, ready to help us. The bull had already reached the ridge, and seeing us running, gave a roar of rage and came on at full gallop. Ralph was the first to reach the boat, I came next, and Willie last. How I got into it, I do not know. I felt the boat push off, and looking up saw with relief that Willie was safe, thanks to the coolness of Edward and Charley. Willie was in none too soon, for the bull was only a few yards behind him, and had he had much farther to run, he would have been tossed.

The bull, on seeing us escape, roared with rage and went to vent his fury on our tent. We were held in great suspense, lest he should trample our provisions to pieces; he, however, seemed contented with putting his horns under the tent and ripping up one side; he then walked round and round it, now and again putting his head in at the door to see what the interior was like.

While he was engaged with the tent, our old acquaintance the pig made her appearance upon the scene of action; she soon spied the fish we had cleaned so carefully. She immediately commenced to eat them, grunting complacently the while,—evidently she had never eaten so tender a dish before. After finishing them and having carefully licked the stone they were on, she wandered towards the fire, seeking what she might devour next. In our hasty flight from the bull we left a little ham in the frying-pan; it soon caught her eager eye and it vanished in a moment. A deep groan escaped from all of us in the boat. What if she were to get into the tent and eat our provisions? We determined that if she did so we *must* land and go the rescue in spite of the bull. She, however, like the bull, was contented with walking round the tent. It was evident that she and the bull were not the best of friends, for when she got near him he charged at her and she beat a hasty retreat, much to our gratification. To add to our discomfort it commenced to rain and darkness set in. We vowed vengeance on the bull for keeping us in the rain, and swore to revenge ourselves on the cannibal pig. At last the bull began to go away slowly but surely, till we could only see his dim outline on the ridge. We decided with one accord that it would be unsafe to sleep on the island, so after a great deal of trouble we transferred the tent to another island, opposite the Bull's, and pitched it there. We were all wet and wretched, and felt that we were doomed to pass a wretched night.

We lit our lamp and tried to go to sleep. I for one shall never forget how that lamp smelt. We bore it till at last we were obliged to put it out; but alas! too late,—we all had racking headaches and pains in our sides. Sleep seemed to be out of the question,—I could hear Willie groaning, and now and then we would all join in by way of a chorus;

but, despite pains, sleep came to our relief at last.

When I awoke in the morning, I heard the bull roaring, and Ralph called out,

“Come, boys, let us take our revenge on the bull.”

We jumped up and ran out. The bull was on the opposite island; he had evidently come down to toss us, and he seemed very much disappointed at our absence. After a council of war, it was decided to leave revenge till after breakfast.

We soon had a fire lit, and a savory smell of fried ham arose, which gave way to the still more savory taste. We soon forgot all about the bull, and when, after we had eaten our breakfast, Ralph said, “Now for revenge,” we all looked for the bull, but he was gone. Willie and I went to the nearest farmhouse for milk. When we returned we found that Ralph, Edward and Charley had planned revenge on our enemies; but as it was dinner time, we postponed our darling project till the afternoon.

After dinner we swam over to Bull Island (which we considered a very appropriate name), and proceeded to look for the bull; not seeing him, we bravely proceeded up to the ridge to look for him there. Suddenly Charley cried out,

“Run, boys, the bull is coming round by the beach, and if we are not quick he will toss us.”

One look was enough, and off we scampered for the river, which we reached out of breath, to find that this time our bull was a harmless cow, who, from her appearance, looked as though she had never harmed anybody in her life.

We swam back to our island and had tea. We decided that as this was our last night at camp, to light a large fire. We gathered all the wood we could find, and soon had a roaring fire lighted. We sat round it till it was quite burnt out, and then retired for the night.

We were up long before the sun next morning, and (as we had eaten all our provisions the night before) made all haste to get home to breakfast. We reached L—— without anything happening worthy of record, and left for our different homes very much pleased with our first experience of "camping out."

LEWIS.

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## PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

(Concluded).

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### PEACE REIGNS.

He was sorry after he had said it, for when she took away her hands to look at him, the face she uncovered made him think of the night she had the croup and he was so frightened. It was a pale little face—pale not only with fatigue, but with shame.

"It's made me sick again, Tom," she said. "It has."

He took her up. Never mind if she was a big load. She felt as light as a feather to him, for she was so ashamed that there were tears coming; and what could be more pitiful than Dody humbled to tears!

"No, I can carry you well enough," he said when she offered to walk. "You're all tired out, you know. Been sitting up too long for the first time, baby. I'll fix you on the library lounge."

It was cool and quiet in there, and Tom arranged her among the soft pillows and made the room dark.

"There, feel better?" he said.

"Now take a good rest."

"O Tom," said Dody, "my heart's going to burst open; I know it is."

"Oh, no!" said Tom. "I guess not. It's because you're sick you think so. It's too bad you got so excited; but don't bother any more."

"Come right by me," said Dody. "Don't go way off to that other book case."

"Here?" said Tom, moving to a nearer chair.

"No, no, close up," said Dody. "You don't want to be so near. You feel proud."

"Why, you foolish little thing!" said Tom, sitting on the edge of the lounge.

"You absurd little mouse! What are you crying about?"

"Cause I was so mean, mean, mean," said Dody.

"Pooh, that's nothing!" said Tom.

"You didn't intend to tell me a lie. I s'pose you thought Emmie had the same opinion you had. It was only rather careless in you. And talking about your family behind their backs to strangers—I s'pose that was thoughtlessness too."

"My lie was as bad as yours," said Dody.

"Perhaps," said Tom; "for I more'n half thought you'd take mine as a joke. But you know you forgave that long ago."

"Then I had it all up again," said Dody; "and thought this morning how awful it was; and bragged to Susan that I never told a lie. I'll never brag any more. I'll never, never think any more again; 'cause always, when I do I turn out worse than anybody."

"That's what made you so stiff this morning, was it?" said Tom.

"Something worse than that," said Dody. "O Tom, didn't we have a nice day yesterday?"

"We did," said Tom; "first-class."

"And, O Tom, did papa make you be good to me? Was it *all* because you were afraid what he'd do to you that you were so good?"

"Father make me!" said Tom.

"Father never opened his mouth to me. What do you take me for? Pretty sort of brother you must think I am!"

"Susan said so! Susan said so!" cried Dody; "and I believed her."

"What a lot of confidence you have in me!" said Tom. "Beautiful sisterly faith!" even her tears couldn't keep him from saying that much. "Susan said so, did she? So there's another lie in the family. Perhaps if we take the day for it we'll get them all straightened out. You stay here till I come back."

He came bringing Susan by-and-by.

"Oh, you said you never told 'em! There!" cried Dody, rising to shake her finger at her.

"But I thought it was. Indeed, Mr. Tom, I thought it must be so when I said it," answered Susan humbly.

"But you shouldn't have thought. You had no business to think such things and put 'em in my head about my brother," Dody cried, still making her finger go.

"Easy, Dody!" said Tom. "Where's the young woman who was never going to think she was better than anybody again, for fear she'd turn out worse? You don't happen to remember any one else among your acquaintances, I suppose, who thought a certain thing must be so, and told it for truth?"

"Dody Powers!" she promptly answered. "Why, Susan, I've been

telling some awful ones, too; and did you ever hear of such a thing as my scolding you!"

"I want to know!" said Susan. "After our two braggings, that we should both turn out as bad as Mr. Tom!"

"Worse!" said Dody, "'cause we put on such goody airs, and Tom didn't pretend."

"Worse," said Susan. "Yes, worse!"

"Call it square," said Tom; "and we'll start even. But by your leave I'll draw two morals before we part. Hold up a minute, Susan. The dusting will wait. These morals stick out so plainly that it's a pity to pass 'em by.

"Number one: A lie is a lie. Tell it for fun, or because it happens to be your own opinion and you think your own opinions can't go wrong, or tell it because you mean to lie—it turns out about the same, and makes about the same amount of trouble in the end."

"Yes," said Dody, "the Bible says a little spark kindles a great fire."

"You've hit it," said Tom. "Number Two: Goody airs don't pay. You're sure to get taken down and find out that you're rather worse than the people you felt above. The surest sign that you're a nobody is thinking you're somebody."

Dody thought she would remember that, to repeat to him some time when he should need it.

"I must be going back to my dusting," said Susan; "and I can say I hope there won't be any more mistakes repeated on my part. Come, Toodleums, dear, come up and lie on the bed."

"No, leave her here," said Tom. "I'll take care of her."

They sat quite still for a little while; then Dody said: "Tom."

"Here," Tom answered.

"I'm sorry I thought such meanness of you. I'm sorry I took back forgiving your story. I'm sorry I felt above you. I'm sorry I talked about one of my family behind their backs. I'm sorry I told those stories about Emmie. If there's anything more I've forgotten, I'm sorry for that too."

It was the most penitent speech

Dody had ever made to him, and quite upset Tom.

"All right," he said. "I'm sorry for all the snubbing I've done, and the bullying, and so on, you know; so we're square. Now let's go in for peace, will you?"

"Yes," said Dody.

"Give us your grip on it."

As he gripped his little sister's hand, many days like their beautiful day trooped in a long line before his fancy. It seemed as if he and Dody were never to say sharp things to each other again; never to quarrel and make each other cross and unhappy.

There was something in the quiet, cool, air of the darkened room, in the weak clasp of Dody's tired hand, in the meekness of her pale face, and in his own anxious heart, that made those days seem possible.

But Tom had a business head. It was natural for him to look at a thing on all sides. Comfortable as they were, he could not help remembering how many times their comfort had ended in a quarrel. He knew that Dody and he would want to disagree as soon as anything should turn up to disagree about; and being a good deal in earnest now, he thought he would plan ahead a little for this comfortable peace he meant to have, and see what stumbling-blocks he could move out of its way. So, after a moment of thought, he said,

"We will give up the tests, Dody."

Why didn't he say, "Shan't we give up the tests, Dody?" That would have suited her better. They were as much her tests as his, and she certainly had something to say about it. She waited a moment, and answered, in a tone that was pleasant, but quite as firm as his, "Oh, no, Tom."

"Yes, indeed!" said Tom, pleasantly, but firmly.

They wouldn't quarrel. Of course not now. But they might as well convince each other.

"You'll be surprised, Tom," said Dody sweetly, "when you see how I can go up a tree."

"And how surprised you'll be," said

Tom, (it happened then that they let go each other's hands,) "when you hear me play that tune of yours."

"You think you can learn it?" asked Dody.

"You think you can learn to climb?" asked Tom.

Up to this moment no one could have called them quarrelsome, for they had been smiling at each other rather more than was natural, and using the gentlest tones. But now Dody's head decidedly flung itself, and there was a good deal of noise in her voice as she answered,

"I should hope I could."

"Of course," said Tom. "I should'n't have the slightest trouble in picking up that little baby tune." Much dignity in Tom's voice, and much straightness in his back.

"Then we won't give up those tests. I guess we won't," said Dody; not till I've shown you!"

"Till I've shown you!" said Tom.

Dody started up. Her tones changed. "I do believe, Tom," she cried, "we're going to fight."

"I think myself the prospects look fair," answered Tom.

"Now, how funny that is," said Dody, leaning her head thoughtfully on her hand. "I did believe, not a minute ago, that we never could fight again."

"Looks rather discouraging for us, doesn't it?" said Tom. "I'm half inclined to think we're hopeless cases, Dody."

"Oh, no," said Dody, "but I don't see what we can do to keep ourselves out of it. We're in it before we know it"

"We can only do one thing," said Tom; "what other people do when they can't agree, and just what I was proposing—agree to disagree."

"But it's better to agree, Tom," said Dody. "I think that's the peacablest way."

"I'm willing to agree," said Tom, "if you'll be the one to come around and own I'm right when I *know* I am."

"But you're the one that ought to come around, Tom dear," said Dody;

"'cause you see I know I'm the one that's right."

"Woman"—said Tom, in the voice that he used for debating in school and with his right hand shooting forward, "woman is—"

"Oh," cried Dody, "you're beginning that speech! You're going to teach me my place. If you say another word, Tom, I'll have to scratch you. My nails'll get away from me."

"You young tiger-cat," said Tom, laughing. He threw himself back on the lounge and laughed till it seemed as if he would split his throat.

"I declare," he said, "it's enough to kill one—the idea that certain members of a decent family long for peace, and their natures just wont let 'em have it."

Dody knew there was a verse about the heart being desperately wicked above all things, but she wasn't sure enough of the way the words went to say it.

"Do," said Tom, "let me put a question to you; and be tender with the answer, or we shall fight again. Don't you begin to see that we've got to drop that woman subject before we can possibly have peace?"

"Yes, I do."

"All right so far. It's plain that we couldn't agree on that subject if we talked for ever." (Of course the reason for that was the weakness of Dody's girlish mind and the manly strength of Tom's; but he did not say anything about it.) "And we'll have to give up those tests for good, wont we?"

"Yes," said Dody.

"Peace, still," said Tom. "So we agree to drop the woman question entirely? We agree that we can't agree on it and wont try to? And that we wont mention the subject again?"

"Yes," answered Dody.

"Now," said Tom, "I'm afraid we've learned that we don't either of us always succeed in doing just the things we set out to do. Perhaps, Dody, you and I are a little weak." He was afraid she might deny that, and trouble begin again.

"Perfect rags," said Dody.

"More peace," said Tom. "Now, then, owning up our weakness, what do you think of binding ourselves over to keep the peace?"

"The way they do fighting rowdies?"

"Yes."

"We deserve it," said Dody.

"All right then," said Tom. "How sweetly we're getting on. Now we'll give bonds to each other. I'll give 'em to the amount of my sleeve-buttons, those big yellow-gold beauties with my monogram in 'em. They're worth a lot I can tell you. And what have you got that's worth anything?"

"My blue enamel locket with a real diamond forget-me-not in the middle."

"All right," said Tom. "Then, if you break the peace, off goes your locket into my pocket. Oh, I'm a poet and didn't know it."

"You silly thing!" said Dody. "If I was going to be funny I'd do it, and not end in being a goose."

"It's well for you that we have'nt taken our pledges yet," said Tom, "or I'd have your locket this minute for that speech. And if I break the peace," he went on, "you have my sleeve-buttons; and if you don't want to wear 'em why you can sell 'em, so long as they're yours, you know."

"I think that will all do," said Dody.

"Then here goes," said Tom. "I, Thomas Powers, hereby pledge myself—or pay penalty with sleeve-buttons—to keep the peace with Dora Powers; seeking all things that tend thereto, and forsaking all things that lead therefrom."

"I, Dora Powers," said Dody, with many promptings from Tom, "hereby pledge myself—or pay penalty with enamel locket—to keep the peace with Thomas Powers; seeking all things that tend thereto, and forsaking all things that lead therefrom."

After that Dody went over in the pillows.

"You're getting tired again," said Tom, feeling his old pity come back. "What'll I do for you?"

"I think I'd like to see some pictures," Dody answered.

He was showing them to her when mamma came to take her up stairs for a nap. She was not sleepy ; but mamma put her in bed and read to her till sleepiness came. Then she had a long rest ; and when she awoke was so much better that she could attend to some-

Tom was not to be found. He was off for an afternoon with those fishing and boating and shooting and climbing boys, who were for ever taking him away from her. So Dody sat down in the library without him, and began her peace offering.



“ DODY WAS VERY BUSY WITH THE TIPPET FOR EMMIE'S DOLL.”

thing which she had on her mind.

She was grieved about Emmie, and wanted to make her a peace-offering ; and thinking she would value most the work of her own hands had decided to knit a tippet for her doll.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A WINDY MORNING.

The next morning was windy, and the wind made two children cross. There



was just the breeze for a sail, and Tom got all ready to go with some of the boys, when his father found out who the boys were and interfered.

"Fred Kellogg, Tom Deane, and Charley Miller!" he said. "You'd trust your life with them, would you? It's lucky I think more of your life than you do. They're about as well able to manage a boat in a stiff breeze as Dody is. No sailing for you to-day, Tom."

He closed the front door after him and was gone, and Tom went to find Dody, for he did not dare pour out his mind to anybody else.

Dody was very busy with the tippet for Emmie's doll; but she stopped long enough to agree with Tom that papa was rather hard on him, and to tell him how sorry she felt for his disappointment.

"Just as if we four fellows couldn't manage one of the miserable little skiffs they have on this river!" said Tom. "Father must take me for an idiot. I b'lieve I'm out of petticoats." He kicked the leg of the lounge severely.

"It's too bad. I'm awfully sorry," said Dody.

"I'll be glad when I can run my own machine," said Tom. "It's about time they began to let me walk alone."

Dody was always remembering the paper around her neck. She thought how her verse began. She supposed that "Forsake not the law of thy mother" was meant for girls, and "Keep thy father's commandment," for boys. "I know a verse," she said.

"Bother your verses!" said Tom. "Was there ever a time when you didn't know one?"

"It's 'Keep thy father's commandment,'" said Dody.

"Well ain't I keeping my father's commandment? I'd like to see you keep it any better. I'd be on the river by this time if I wasn't keeping it."

"I's'pose, really," said Dody, "you ought to want to keep it, and not do it just because he makes you, and grumble about it, and get mad at him for it."

"O Do, you're too much for a fellow to stand," said Tom. "With all your faults you didn't use to be a prig. What did I tell you about women preaching? Now just remember that, and don't ever let me hear you doing it again. It's disgraceful for a woman."

"For a *woman!*" said Dody. "Be careful, Tom. I'll have your sleeve-buttons."

"I'm not giving any opinions of mine," said Tom. "I'm only telling you what the Bible says. I told you there was a verse on that subject—one verse you actually don't know."

"But I didn't believe it," said Dody, for she had not much faith in Tom's Bible knowledge.

"I'll show it to you."

Tom brought a Bible, and read to her; "Let your women keep silence in the churches." "It is a shame for women to speak in the church."

"Church!" said Dody.

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "Of course this house isn't a church; but it only means that it's wicked for them to preach sermons like ministers; and that's just what you do—take a text and regularly go at it. Besides, a person wants to be pretty good to have a right to preach the way you do."

"I wasn't preaching that at you any more than at myself," said Dody. "It's only what I was thinking, and I guess I know I need it as much as you."

"Well, I suppose you thought about right," said Tom, "and that the thing for me to do is to make the best of it. But it's too mean to get cheated out of that sail. Look at that wind come up, Dody, and think once of the fun when your boat dips an edge in the water, and you hang on by your nails to the edge that is up in the air, and shoot like the wind!"

"It must be beautiful," said Dody. "I should think you'd want to be real cross; but—but—I know something that would help you like everything to keep from it, Tom."

"Let's have it."

"Only," said Dody, "it's a secret."

She considered a moment whether she should tell him about the little

paper that led her in the daytime and kept her safely in the night, and offer to make him one like it. But she was afraid Tom would laugh. Besides, just then she finished the tippet, and ran to tell mamma that she wanted to go to Emmie's right away.

Then the wind had a chance to make Dody as cross as Tom, for mamma told her that it blew too hard for her to go out.

"I'm every bit over that croup, mamma, and it couldn't possibly hurt me."

"I know best about that," said mamma. "Don't tease me."

Dody flirted away to Tom, and told him she thought papa and mamma were a "pair of 'em."

"Take a text, Dody," said Tom; and she made up her mind in a minute to let her text lead her pleasantly in mamma's way.

"Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother," said Dody. "The first part belongs to you and the last to me—only you don't—"

"Don't what?"

"Oh that's the secret."

"Let's have it," said Tom. "You've been tormenting me with it long enough. Come, it may revive my spirits."

"You'd laugh," said Dody.

"Never!" said Tom, "I promise you."

"Only," said Dody, "You don't do what the verse next to that one tells you. You don't tie your father's commandment around your neck and let it lead you in the daytime and take care of you in the night. I do Tom; and it helps you like everything. See here."

She pulled out the paper and showed it to him.

Tom wanted very much to laugh, but he only whistled.

"I remember now the morning I caught you printing it," he said. "But, Dody, that isn't what the verse means, child."

"What does it?" said Dody.

"Why, of course, it only means that you must keep your mother's law with

you all the time—in your memory, I should think—and have it on hand ready to obey whenever you need it; just as some people, you know, wear little chains and lockets around their necks all the while to remember somebody by."

"No, Tom," said Dody, "you think your meaning's the right one, but you'd find out that mine was, if you'd try. I'll tell you about it. When I wake up in the morning and am getting dressed, I always see the law hanging around my neck, and it always says, 'Dody, keep me to-day;' so that's how it talks with me when I awake. And besides, it talked to me real sweetly that night I was sick and woke up and was all alone. Then it moves against my dress in the daytime, and I hear it rustle. Besides, I feel it's there sometimes when it doesn't move at all; and if I listen and do what it says, that's how it leads me while I go. Then at night, if I have kept it pretty well that day, I am real comfortable, and don't have to lie awake thinking over bad things I've done, and there aren't any bad things to get in my dreams either; so that's how it keeps me when I sleep. Now, Tom, if I didn't have it round my neck all that couldn't happen; and if you want your father's commandment to wear I'll make it for you."

"Thank you, Dody," said Tom. "I don't doubt your way is a very good one; but I still think the verse means that you must keep the law in your mind all the time, the same way you'd keep a chain you were wearing for a friend always around your neck; so you try your way and I'll try mine. You keep the law around your neck, and I'll keep the commandment in my mind."

Dody was not quite satisfied; but Susan came just then to tell her that the carriage was at the door and mamma had said she might ride over to Emmie's. She did not stop to think of Tom after that.

Emmie was at the window and came to meet them. Dody looked anxiously in her face, and saw that she still remembered.

Now there are many kinds of little girls in the world and many kinds of faults, and for each little girl her own faults. Dody thought that Emmie had none. She knew (did not Tom constantly remind her?) that the Bible says there are seven sins hateful to God, into little rages and had "tantrums" like Dody; but she was fond of taking her small grievances home with her, and thinking still, serious thoughts about them. She knew Dody had been unkind and untrue to her. She knew it as well after a day had gone by as



"I SHALL STAY AND NURSE YOU."

and that it puts pride first of all, before even lying and murder; and she thought that a little girl who had not that first, worst sin, must be almost perfect.

But if Dody had pride, Emmie had a naughty memory. She never flew

she knew it at first; and when they met she felt just the same as she had a day ago—not angry, not exactly injured; but mindful. She had forgiven perhaps, but had not forgotten; and Dody always forgot and forgave the

same moment, and generally did both very soon after she was wronged.

"See, Emmie," she said, wanting to drive that look away from her little friend's face; "I've brought you a tippet I made with my own hands; and whenever you look at it on Adele's neck please know I'm sorry I thought you thought what I thought; and I truly didn't mean to be mean."

Emmie kissed and thanked her; but there was a little bit of a cloud between them still. After proposing and trying various games Emmie remembered the visit to Addie they had planned, and proposed that. Susan did not object. Emmie's mamma gave them some jelly and other little things in a basket, Emmie took a picture-book, and they all got in the carriage and started.

Addie was lying on the outside of the bed. She heard their knock and came to the door. There was such a change in her face since Dody saw her last that she cried:

"Oh you poor little thin, pale Addie; Why, where's your mamma, dear?" For the first thought that came into her head was that if she had such a tired face she would put it right down on her mamma's soft shoulder and get it rested as fast as she could.

"She's gone washing," said Addie.

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes," said Addie.

"That'll never do," said Dody, beginning to pull off her gloves. "I shall stay and nurse you."

But Susan had something to say about that, and Dody was persuaded not to take off her things.

"What do you do all the while, dear?" said Dody.

Then Addie showed her picture-books that Emmie had brought, and some toys, and a plant in the window.

"Besides, Emmie and her ma bring me lots of good things to eat," she said.

"Emmie, may I have a share in your little poor girl and bring her some things, too?" said Dody on her way home.

"Oh, yes," said Emmie.

"I wish I had a lot of money of my

own to give her for her own," said Dody.

She was thinking how much she could get for those big gold sleeve-buttons of Tom's if they were ever hers to sell, and wondering who would be the first to break the peace. She was rather afraid of herself, for she was very tired already of being under bonds of that kind. It was altogether too much like the fighting rowdies. She was tempted to break the peace just for the sake of breaking those horrid bonds,

"Dody," whispered Emmie, putting her arms around her neck and her lips to her ear as they parted in the carriage, "I've got an awfully wicked rememberer; but perhaps I'll get it cured by the next time I see you."

Dody was thoughtful as they rode home. Mamma was on the piazza, and she ran to her. "I want to ask you something," she said. "It says in the Bible there are seven sins God hates, and pride is the worst. I don't see how it can be worse than lying and stealing and murder. Tom says it is, but it isn't, is it?"

"Christ can never enter a heart that has pride in it," said mamma. "He can go into the hearts of liars and thieves and murderers and forgive them and make them better, if they are only humble and sorry hearts. Pride is the worst of all sins, because it is the only one that can keep the Lord Jesus out, Dody."

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## CHAPTER XV.

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### BREAKING THE PEACE.

One morning when Tom had gone off with the boys, Susan took Dody to the grove to play, and Dody soon found herself getting interested in the different kinds of trees. Not that she cared whether they were maple or oak, or walnut; but it amused her to notice the peculiarities of their lowest limbs. Some of them grew so near the ground and some so far. Some were the

height of a man from the ground, some no more than the height of a boy like Tom; and some, Dody thought, couldn't be more than the height of a little girl like her.

She wondered if there were any limbs about her height from the ground, and thought she would look around and see. She hunted and hunted, measuring where the branches were low enough to give her encouragement; but was a long time finding a branch that she could touch.

"Now what are you skipping about to all the trees in this grove for?" said Susan.

"Don't you remember, Susy, the morning you promised to let me see if there were any little girl could climb?" Dody answered.

"Yes, and I remember I didn't give any promise to let you climb 'em," said Susan.

"Oh, but look here," said Dody. "I've found a lovely one. It looks as if it was made a purpose for me. Seems just as if those branches were thinking about me when they grew down there. See, I can put my arms right around this lowest."

"Come, I'm tired of this grove. Let's be going," said Susan.

"Susy, if you don't let me climb it I don't know what'll become of me," said Dody.

"I never'll give my consent," said Susan.

But it was not five minutes before Dody coaxed it out of her; and Susan quietly took her place near to catch her if she should fall.

She slipped, tumbled, and scratched her hands, and could not get up until she had tried many times in many ways. But at last she did succeed, and stood on the lowest branch proudly hugging the trunk.

She was only doing it for fun, just to see if she could climb a tree, and not for the sake of proving anything to Tom, for wasn't she under bonds?

But it happened after that, when she and Tom were playing together, that her heart often led her toward the grove, and that she got quite in the

habit of proposing to go there, and mentioning tempting kinds of fun they could have. It happened, too, that Tom's heart pulled other ways. When Dody suggested the grove, there was always some other place he particularly fancied.

But at last they found themselves one morning among the thick trees, and it was not long before they found themselves standing under a tree whose lowest branch was no higher than Dody's head from the ground. She had a pleasant acquaintance with that branch, and why shouldn't she like to come and see it?

It was when she laid her hands on it that Tom began to get his eyes open. But he decided not to interfere. It wouldn't be his fault if she should throw her enamelled locket at his head.

"If you'd only go away," said Dody, "I'd have some fun."

"Would you?" said Tom. "How?"

"Oh, just climbing some of these trees."

"Go up a dozen or so of 'em, if you feel inclined," said Tom, walking off. "I'll keep out of the way."

"Oh, never mind," said Dody, quickly. "I just as soon you'd stay if you won't look at me. Or, you can look at me if you won't think of such a thing as my doing it to prove anything. I like to climb trees, just for my own fun only."

"Why, certainly," said Tom. "Who wouldn't? Go ahead. I'll look on and see you enjoy yourself if you don't mind, as I've nothing else in particular to do."

His eyes were twinkling, but he kept his mouth straight. He put his hands in his pockets and leaned against a tree to watch the fun.

Why, she was going to do it! Look at the child clutching that limb, throwing up her feet in correct boy fashion, tugging and pulling, and landing—yes, landing, neither on skull nor elbows, but head up and feet down, on a branch of the tree.

"Good girl! I'm proud of you!" shouted Tom.

But Dody could do more than

that. She was flushed with her victory and Tom's praise. She felt bold enough for anything. She would show him how she could walk out on that limb as if it were nothing but a parlor-floor, then rise and stand with her arms folded on her breast, in copy of his own brave attitude that time he showed her what a boy could do.

She walked so wonderfully well that Tom felt his ideas on woman shaking. She rose and stood erect in all her short and chubby dignity, and laid her arms across her breast.

Tom lifted his cap and bowed low.

"There!" said Dody; and in that word and her look of triumph, the story of a broken pledge was told. Her face said plainly, "I have proved what a girl can do, sir!"

"And now," said Tom, "we'll go up to the house and get the locket, if you please."

"Locket?" said Dody.

"Oh," said Tom, "you haven't been out in this grove choosing your tree, and planning and practising, then contriving for days to get me here, and proving things after that pledge of ours, have you? Oh, no, you haven't broken any pledge! Come, be quick. I was just getting short of pocket-money. I should think that locket ought to bring a dollar or so."

"It's worth lots of dollars," said Dody. "But it's mine, it's mine! I'm only doing this for my own fun. I told you so, and you ought to believe it."

"How can I believe what isn't true?" said Tom, "or you either? Be honest with yourself. That's the best thing for you, now. You've taken pains to prove to me that you can climb a tree with branches creeping on the ground; and you've proved besides that you can break a pledge. Come, I want my locket."

"It's mine," said Dody.

"Come on down," said Tom.

She felt that it was time, for her courage had gone out of her, and she knew that little girls without courage were better off on the ground than up in trees. She was amazed now at the daring which had brought her there:

She no longer felt safe on her feet, and dropped down on hands and knees to creep back. She did not think what Tom might say. She only thought of safety.

She worked herself backwards a little way, and then there seemed to be nothing left for her but to turn about and face the tree and climb down, or to jump from where she was. She did not dare turn. She did not dare jump. She was nothing but a little trembling heap of terror, not a brave boy, only a scared little girl, very glad that her big brother stood near, even though his hands were settled in his pockets as if they had no idea of ever coming out to help anybody.

Her eyes began to get dizzy. She was afraid she should disgrace herself by tears. Pride shut her lips. She thought she would rather tumble off and get her head broken than call on that hard-hearted boy who stood whistling with his helpful hands deep in his pockets. But when there was a near prospect of doing it she spoke his name faintly.

"Speak to me?" said Tom. "Halloo, what'll you have?"

The next time she added a word: "O Tom."

He moved three military steps nearer, and anyone looking on could have seen that his hands were uneasy in his pockets. But it was his turn to triumph now. Those shaking ideas about woman were firmer than ever. Hadn't Dody tried to prove to him that girls were equal to boys—broken her pledge to prove it—and yet grandly proved the opposite? How dependent she was at this moment on his manly strength. Tom enjoyed the moment.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

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### BEGINNING AGAIN.

"When you think you have learned your lesson I'll take you down," said Tom. "You've broken your pledge to prove that girls are equal to boys, and

instead of that proved that they're not, and never can be. Own up beaten, and I'll fly to the rescue."

"O Tom, Tom!" screamed Dody.

She was going; and out hopped the hands from Tom's pockets.

"See how strong I am to help you," he said, putting up his arms. But he rocked rather weakly as such a load of fat little girl fell so helplessly on his neck.

"Give in, Dody?"

"Yes," answered Dody, glad to say anything for a moment's peace.

"This is the end of our fine pledges," said Tom, as they walked away.

"I did keep mine," said Dody. "I haven't said a word to break it; but you talked awfully. You'll have to give your sleeve-buttons right up."

"You didn't need to talk," said Tom. "Actions speak louder than words sometimes."

Then followed such a quarrelsome discussion that by the time they reached the house there was no doubt that both had broken bonds; and Tom went one way and Dody the other to pay penalty. She coming from her room, and he from his, met halfway in the hall. She gave him the locket. He gave her the sleeve-buttons.

Tom hung the locket on his neck.

"Becoming?" he said.

Dody laughed. "I'm going to get Susan to take me right down to the jeweller's with these sleeve-buttons," she said. "I wanted some money awfully to give to Addie Brown. I thought she'd like to have some money of her own to do just what she pleased with, so that nobody could be bothering her telling her how she must spend it."

"You know you can't sell 'em," said Tom. "Nobody'd buy sleeve-buttons with another fellow's monogram on; and you'd be ashamed to give Addie the little they'd bring for old gold. But mother'll let you have all the traps you want to take to her, and if you're particular about money, why father's sure to give you that."

"Then they're no good to me at all," cried Dody. "Here, Tom, they've

got your monogram on, take 'em back."

"Hold up," said Tom, as she walked off; "you don't think I'm going to let you get ahead of me that way. Guess I can make a neat little present, too." He followed her and fastened the locket around her throat.

"Why here we are just where we started from, you with your sleeve-buttons and I with my locket," said Dody.

"And neither of us under any sort of bonds," said Tom. "Now what's before us, Dody? War to the death? Is it proved we never can live at peace?"

"No it isn't," said Dody. "Think of that lovely day we had, Tom. I never liked those bonds of yours. I wanted to break them just because they were so much like those they have for common fighting men. Try mine this time, will you? It's only fair when I tried yours. Don't you know papa and mamma are always telling us we musn't quarrel? It's papa's commandment and mamma's law. If you wear the commandment, and I wear the law, perhaps we'll do better this time. Try my way, won't you, Tom? I'll print you a lovely commandment."

"That isn't what the Bible means at all, you know," said Tom; "but I don't mind doing it to oblige you. As you say, it's only fair to try yours since you tried mine."

Dody disappeared to hunt up a lead-pencil, and wasn't seen again till after lunch, when she told Tom to come up in the nursery as soon as he had finished, for she had the commandment all ready. It read "The Commandment of Tom's Father." She made him kneel down, and she tied it around his neck.

"Now tuck it under your coat," she said; "and you see if it doesn't begin to lead you right away."

"Why it does!" said Tom. "That's the most wonderful thing I ever saw! What do you s'pose it leads me to say to you this minute?"

"Oh, what?" cried Dody, so delighted that she clapped her hands.

"Namely, madam," said Tom, "that,

in certain statements about woman made by your humble servant, there is much truth, but also much bosh. As you once stated, if boys and men can do things women and girls can't do, why there are plenty of things women and girls can do that boys and men can't do. The only reason I can get ahead of you every time now, is because I'm twice as old. If you were twelve, too, we could have some fair tests, and very likely come out about even. There, madam, this piece of paper drove me to it."

"You dear old Tom!" said Dody.

The door-bell rang, but they did not take any interest in it, for it rang almost always for mamma. But this ring belonged to Dody, and Maria came up with a little covered basket which she said had been left for her.

"Let's have all things done decently and in order," said Tom, as she would have snatched off the cover. "Here's a note tied on the handle with a pink ribbon. Read this first. I'll read it to you if it's writing."

But it was printing, Dody's own kind of writing. She tore it open and it said to her:

"DEAR DODY: I have got cured. I don't have thinking times about it any more. When I look at your present on Adele it tells me that you didn't mean to; and when you look at my present it will tell you I don't remember, and I love you just like I did before.

"Your Friend,

"EMMIE MILLER."

Tom let her take the cover off, and out jumped a little fat white kitten, with big, soft eyes that looked almost like a baby's, as if they had a soul behind them. Dody squeezed it till it squealed for mercy.

"There, now," said Tom, "you've got something you can kiss all you want to. It's too weak to get away from you. It can't express its opinions in words, and I don't suppose you'll take any notice of its squeals."

"It's got a dear, loving heart," said Dody. "See it lick my face back. Oh, you horrid boy, stop pulling its tail!"

"That makes 'em grow," said Tom.

"All petting and no tail-pulling is as

bad for cats as all play and no work for boys. If you're going to pet it at that rate I give you warning that I'm going to bother it enough to save its constitution from ruin. Now, after all that hugging, this is what it needs. I'm doing it for its own good."

He swung it up by the end of its tail and made it turn a somerset in the air.

A wail broke from Dody's lips.

"As I'm alive," said Tom, "that thing-a-ma-jig around my neck did tickle me! Which means peace, I s'pose. Here, take your cat."

"Oh," said Dody, clasping it to her heart, "did you ever see anything so sweet?"

"Except Emmie herself," Tom answered. It used to be one of his favorite amusements to praise Emmie and make Dody jealous.

But she was too full of tenderness for her now, while she was hugging up her present, to get jealous. She only said,

"I always thought she was the darlingest girl I knew; so meek and humble."

"Do, you've improved a lot in that way lately," said Tom.

"Have I really?" said Dody.

"Why, yes," said Tom. "I think I see quite a change."

"I guess I know why," said Dody.

"I had an awful time one night before you came home, and I got shut up alone in the nursery the next day till I was sorry; and I got to thinking that proud children didn't get along well, and I remembered Emmie Miller, and how she got along with everybody, and never had troubles the way I did; and I got to thinking of that child that was called out from a lot of children to show the disciples how to be humble; and I thought it would be a splendid thing to be as humble as he was and be called out like him; and that was the first time, Tom, it ever seemed to me a small, mean thing to be proud, when I knew how Jesus Christ despised it. May-be that was the beginning of my being a little humbler."

"Shouldn't wonder at all," said Tom.



"I know something more about that child."

"In the Bible?"

"No, in another book. The Bible doesn't tell anything more about him. You hold up a minute till I go look for it. I'm not quite sure whether I've got it straight in my head or not."

It was a long time before Tom came back, for he had a call from one of those boys. Dody played all manner of games that a kitten can play with a little girl, used up her whole store of pet names, and kissed and caressed it until she wanted a change. So she gave it a ball and told it to run away and amuse itself, while she looked at pictures until she should be fresh to enjoy it again. Now and then she glanced up from the pictures when kitty and the ball came tumbling over her toes.

"Look here," said Tom, marching in, taking a chair before her, sitting straight and looking awful. He lifted the kitten out of the way on the toe of his boot. "Look here, you think you've begun like that child. How'd you like to end like him?"

"Did he end?" asked Dody, scared by his look.

"People have a way of ending in course of time in this world," said Tom.

"Guess how?"

"No, tell me," said Dody.

"That child," said Tom, "is supposed to have been Ignatius; and Ignatius was a disciple, who became a minister and a bishop over in Antioch—in Syria on the map, you know. He preached and worked, and did lots of good all his life, till he got to be a very old white-headed man—old enough, you'd have thought, to die peaceably in his bed; so old you might have found him dead any morning, as if he'd gone to sleep at night and had not strength enough left to wake up with. But—"

"Oh, what?" said Dody. Tom's face and tones made her shiver.

"But," said Tom, "down comes old Trajan from Rome (emperer up there, you know—in Italy on the map), and says, 'Will you give up your religion,

or will you die?' Now you'd think he'd done good enough all his life to earn peace for the last few days of it, wouldn't you? and that he might about as well have said he'd keep what life there was left in his poor old body?"

"Yes," said Dody.

"But he wasn't that kind, I can tell you!" said Tom. "He had better grit. He says, 'Kill me if you want to. I won't give up.'"

"Oh, did they?" said Dody.

"Of course they did. Took him up to Rome, brought out their lions, and threw him at 'em."

"Oh, didn't God shut their mouths up?" said Dody.

"No," said Tom. "They swallowed him. Took him in their teeth and cracked his bones and ate him."

Dody covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

"I must be going now," said Tom.

"I thought I'd stop long enough to tell you that story, as you seemed interested. I promised Hal Sprague to come over and have a toss. I declare, if that isn't my ball that kitty's fooling with! I was just going off on a hunt for it. Here, bring it here, you weasel."

"I forgot to tell you," he said, putting his head back in the door, "that he had another name. The people gave it to him—Theophorus—means God in the heart. Called him that because they believed he must have God in his heart. Supposed he couldn't have done all he did without it, you know."

"Oh," thought Dody, "it was because pride went out of his heart that God came in; for mamma says only pride can keep the Lord Jesus out."

"Suppose some day," thought Dody, "suppose some day my pride should all go out, and the Lord Jesus come in. Then I wonder if they would call me Theophorus instead of Dody; and if I could go off when I was a snow-white-haired old lady, and let the lions eat me up for Jesus' sake."

She put her head on her hand and told kitty to run away—she wanted to think about it.

What she thought and what came of

it ; how by-and-by the Lord Jesus did | body to lions to eat, she learned to give  
 come into her heart, and pride go out ; | up her own will and way for Jesus'  
 and how, instead of giving her little | sake—cannot all be told now.

[THE END.]

## PUZZLES.

### ENIGMA.

Entire, I'm as swift as a bird on the wing,  
 Beheaded, I stand of my species a king.  
 My first and my second, combined with my last,  
 Form a tiny brown thing you'll do well to run past.  
 Dissected, transposed, you will readily see  
 Among all my parts both a gale and a glee ;  
 A snake from the water, a sack and some beer,  
 And a farm for a clergyman, all are found here.

E. H. N.

### BIBLE ENIGMA.

I was a tree of wondrous height,  
 Its boughs with fruit hung o'er,  
 Until 'twas said Ah ! hew it down  
 And shake its leaves once more.

So I was hewn unto the ground,  
 And left to die and wither ; [strong  
 My stump was bound with bands so  
 That nought on earth could sever.

But what of me ? I still must live,  
 So drop the symbol of the tree,  
 And now behold a bird or beast,  
 What can you liken unto me ?

Indeed ! I roam o'er pleasant fields,  
 And through the forests wide ;  
 Until my allotted "times" are past,  
 I still will here abide.

Behold I gaze on Heaven's throne,  
 And Reason struggles hers to gain,  
 As lords approach to greet their king,  
 Now humbled but of mightier fame.

By H. L. J., Tilsonburgh, Ont.

### HIDDEN JEWELS.

1. Through the tree-top a zephyr is playing.
2. He will appear like a dancing dervish.
3. Do let me rub your cold hands, my boy !
4. Fréd comes first, Arthur second, I am on duty last
5. Poor little beggar ! Nettie, give her some bread and milk.
6. Here Oscar ! bun ! clever dog !
7. She looked so pale and sad when I spoke to her,
8. Anthony ? Xenophon ? what is his name ?
9. If seeking a good name thy standard must be high.—W. OTTAWA.

## PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.

Who are the sixteen authors represented on the shelves ?



—*St. Nicholas.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

CHARADE—Vampire.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

D - od - O.

O - a - F.

M - agi - C.

I - owa - A.

N - ou - N.

I - ndian - A.

O - pene - D.

N - o r - A.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

# The Home.

## MARION JONES' STORY.

(By FESTINA LENTE, Author of "The Story of Ruth," etc., etc.)

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER III.

June passed away, and July wore on to the middle of the month before the grand breaking up day came, which was to liberate us all, and send us to our friends for the Summer holidays.

There was to be a concert and a dancing party in the evening, and a certain number of the girls were to recite, and to form in tableaux. My father and Lord and Lady Owen, with parents and friends of the other girls, were expected as visitors, and we all looked forward to the evening with great pleasure and excitement.

On this evening we were permitted to dress a little more elaborately than usual, though great simplicity was required of all. Only muslin and lace were permitted, and change how you will from white muslin and lace, to lace and white muslin, your result will be outward simplicity. The girls had all of them received superb bouquets from home, and had dressed the large classroom with exotics which their friends sent them. You will think it a small thing to mention, but it was indeed a happy moment for me when a beautiful bouquet arrived for me, with a kind note from my father, expressing his hope that if I required anything I would ask Miss Major to provide it for me.

Miriam and I went to examine the dress sent for me, from Madame de Vaux. It was soft Indian muslin,

trimmed with lace. Miriam decided that it was the prettiest of all the pretty dresses to be worn this evening. It is very amusing to think now of how much we all thought of our appearance for this breaking-up party. We dressed ourselves in our pretty robes, with a fresh feeling of delight that can come but once in a lifetime. We were so young, we stood as yet but on the confines of the great world, and we wanted to look our best to the stars in the distance. I confess that I cared very much for my appearance for my own and my father's sake. It was more than unpleasant to me to see Lady Owen's eyes always distended with surprise and dissatisfaction at my deportment and general bearing. To-day I welcomed the compressor as my friend. I pulled it tighter and tighter and tighter, until I breathed with difficulty. Ah! happy I, my waist was like a wasp's; it could not be noticeable as unusually large any more. For such a happy result, I could bear anything.

We all assembled in a small class room, and criticised one another, and very soon there was a report spread throughout that room to the effect that Marion Jones was to be the "beauty" of the evening, and I stood like a queen to receive the homage of my school-fellows. "Ah!" thought I, with regret, "if only Aunt Owen could see me now!"

We formed in line, and the bell rang summoning us to our places in the

large class room. Miriam as head girl walked first, and I, though as I had joined late, I had been unable to compete for prizes, took a position sometimes superior, equal, or second only to Miriam. The others followed—the master struck some chorus on the piano, and the concert began with a glee in which all who could sing took part. As I could not sing, I glanced eagerly amongst the visitors in search of my father, and found him at length standing alone by an alcove, with folded arms and curious interested eyes fixed upon me, as if I had been a stranger to him. I smiled to him; but his answering smile was not the genial one I looked and longed for. It partook of surprise, and no little disappointment. I think that he did not like to see his daughter so like any other girl in appearance. Lady Owen smiled at me most graciously, and whispered to a lady beside her, who in turn whispered a reply. The room was very warm, and my heart beat most painfully. Amongst the gay throng of girls I stood, wondering how soon I should die of heart disease; for certainly it must be disease of the heart which would cause me to suffer thus. I lay back in my seat and fanned myself, and the concert proceeded; then came recitations, and then the tableaux, which were much appreciated by the audience. But I took no part in these things; my father had distinctly stated that it was his wish that I should not be asked to make a show of anything I could do.

The prizes were then given away, and then Miss Major made a little speech, in which she said that "it was true that Miss Jones was unable to compete for prizes, but that it had been the wish of her school-fellows that her great diligence should receive an honorary reward; therefore, she would have much pleasure in presenting her with a myrtle wreath, at the same time as her co-worker, Miriam Selwyn, received hers." Then, amidst the loud

applause of schoolgirls and company, Miriam and I went up hand in hand, to receive our wreaths, and as we bowed before Miss Major, I felt so very, very glad that not by one inch did my figure transgress the regulated size.

"Are not you pleased, father?" said I, taking the opportunity afforded us by the lull which occurred as the room was being cleared for dancing to go up to him.

"To see my daughter fashionably dressed?" he asked, smiling.

"Ah! my dress. That is Aunt Owen's arrangement," I answered.

"I am very much pleased, Marion. You have worked diligently and have won the respect and esteem of your classmates," he replied. "It would indeed be unfair to blame you for falling in with a style of dress which your aunt has arranged for you."

I colored; I could not blame my aunt, for the voluntary compression I had decided to bear this evening.

"And now," said my father, "go away and dance. I suppose you will only be allowed partners amongst your schoolfellows; I consider that quite correct at a breaking-up party."

I left my father and the dance began. Very soon I was breathless. How quickly my father perceived this! He asked permission of Miss Major to keep me with him for the rest of the evening.

"Marion looks thin," said Miss Major. "I am quite glad that you are going to take her away with you. She has overworked herself."

"As a reasonable woman, Marion," said my father, "I am vexed you should have forgotten yourself so far. You know quite well that I consider your health of more importance than the amount of knowledge you acquire."

"But indeed, father," I said, "I could have done much more than I have done. I have only worked for seven hours a day, and we have a long rest in the middle of the day."

"I am afraid she has been pining for a freer life," said kind Miss Major.

"Indeed, father, I have not," I said eagerly; "I have been quite happy."

My father stood and looked at me reflectively, and a sigh passed his lips. I learned long afterwards that my mother had died of consumption, and that my father had found it impossible to bear his life amongst the places and people which reminded him of her, and that for this reason he had carried me away to the backwoods with him, determined that I should grow up healthy if he could so manage it.

"It is very warm," I said, and my heart beat faster than ever. The dancing figures of my school friends made me giddy, the quick beating of my heart was succeeded by a sudden lull, and I fainted. When I recovered myself, I was lying on a sofa in the next room, and my father with a very grave face was watching my slow return to my senses.

"Just as her mother used to be," came from Lady Owen.

"You must take care that she has no excitement; take her to the country," said the doctor.

"What do you think of the Welsh hills? I purposed taking Marion to spend the summer there," asked my father.

"Nothing could be better. She will find nothing exciting there,—all is healthful and beautiful. Rain every day of the week, etc. Certainly take her there."

But before this plan could be carried out, my father found it necessary to perform some business in the north of England, and thus was obliged to leave me for a week to the care of my aunt, Lady Owen. Of course as I was still a school girl I did not appear at any evening parties. Lady Owen, however, kindly took me to see the Art Galleries, and Lord Owen showed me the grim interests pertaining to the Tower, and, at my urgent request, lin-

gered with me within the precincts of Westminster Abbey, and endured even the service in St. Paul's Cathedral, for my sake. "Call that worship!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, my dear, I am an old man, and never have become accustomed to a fashionable life, and fashionable religion is decidedly obnoxious to me,—not that I care for what the sermon is about; no, my dear, I am not quite so narrow-minded as to object to a man setting forth the doctrine he believes in. But when I want to worship, I think of a little church amongst the Welsh hills—quite a plain building, my dear, and the incumbent a fox-hunting man, very hoarse in voice, and not always quite sober. Still, my dear, there is the old pew, and the prayers, and the country folk sing in exquisite harmonies. Outside the church you know the poor are buried, but we Owens lie in the chancel. But I do not know but the poor have the best of it, if they could know it; they lie in the shadow of the purple mountains, and a cascade falls near. The sound is always to be heard."

"I should like to see the place," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "your mother lies there. Not in the chancel though; she begged the country folk might be allowed to carry her to a place in the churchyard where the shadow of the hills never touches, and where the sun shines on clear days. We were laying her to her rest you know, my dear, when the cascade seemed to echo all the sorrowful words, and repeat them after the incumbent."

"Will my father take me there?" I said.

"Griffith? No, my dear; pray do not mention it to him. He felt his loss and feels it still. He had loved her since she was a little girl, and an attachment of that kind is life-long."

Lord Owen was delighted to go out with me. I felt interested in all his stories, and was not even tired when

they were repeated. On the contrary, Lady Owen was very impatient of his prolixity, and the poor old man had not a very bright life.

What a sin it is for some people to marry! Here were two good people without any common interests in life. Lady Owen lived only when in a whirl of fashionable society; Lord Owen, like a country squire, cared more for a pastoral life. Life could not be too simple for him; he could take interest in all those small things which render a country life interesting; it was but a life in death for him, in the society of his wife and her friends.

My father returned from the north, and was much distressed to find that my worst symptoms were aggravated. On the first evening of his arrival my appetite failed so much that I loathed food. My cheeks alternately burnt with painful heat, or looked unhealthily pale. What Madam de Vaux said when she fitted me for a travelling dress was quite true,

“Mademoiselle is losing her good looks.”

My father hurried the preparations my aunt thought it necessary to make; he thought such a quantity of clothes superabundance, but when he saw that it was against my wishes that so much was provided for me, he was pleased, and decided to start at once.

Lady Owen made such a fuss about my travelling without a maid, that my father said rather grimly Sarah should accompany us. But this was not what Lady Owen intended, but nothing could alter my father's purpose, and old Sarah was ready to weep for joy.

“I rather think,” said Lord Owen, as we stood by the carriage door, “that I shall join you in a few weeks.”

“We shall consider that a promise,” said my father, and so we left the old man with a happy prospect before him.

“Now you will consider, Marion,” said my father, kindly but firmly, “that

we are out for enjoyment, and that, unless you behave as a reasonable woman, this plan will be frustrated. If you are hysterical, fainting, nervous or silly, I shall certainly make our visit to Wales but a short one.”

“I will try all I can to get strong, father,” I said, fully appreciating his kindness in allowing me to accompany him.

I did try, but the result was still unsatisfactory, and I underwent a martyrdom before I gained my good looks again—a martyrdom, of outward annoyance rather than physical pain, and perhaps others, who have made experiments after their own ideas in Dress Reform, may be able to appreciate the struggles I went through as a means to that good end.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

“Climb up that rock, Marion,” said my father. “I know you are a good climber, and there is a fern I want there.”

I started up from my seat on the hillside, only too delighted with the commission. I sprang at the ascent, my high-heeled boots played me false, my foot slipped, I clung to the branches of a neighboring tree, I gained the spot, dug up the fern and returned victoriously to my father.

His only comment was uttered in a surprised tone,

“How very clumsy you have grown!”

“It is the fault of the boots,” I said indignantly. “Lady Owen insists upon me wearing such high heels.”

My father carefully examined them.

“I should think,” said he, “that you weigh nearly nine stone, for you are tall and powerfully made, and yet you have to support all this weight upon a quarter of an inch of heel, and on a sole too narrow for your foot. Never mind, that is a fault we can remedy as

we go home. You will remember that it is my wish that you never wear such boots again."

"I am very glad to hear it," I said. "I have not walked easily since I had them."

"I wonder what other folly she has been leading you into," said he with a contemplative glance at me. Then he asked suddenly,

"Is your dress too tight?"

"No, father." I showed him that it was quite loose. Madam was too much of an "artiste" to make a dress tight.

"You are then," he said in a sarcastic tone, "wasted to a mere shadow. You are five feet six inches high, and your framework is, as I before told you, powerful. Still, your waist is less than twenty-two inches! How am I to bear the terrible truth,—you must be dying by inches!"

"I am perfectly well, father," I said laughing.

He rose and turned towards the hotel.

"Oh! father, it is such a beautiful morning, and you promised we should climb the mountain to-day."

"There is plenty of time," he said; "the whole day is at our command."

I followed him down the mountain side, until we came to within a hundred yards of the hotel. There my father sat down observing that he would wait for me.

"What do you mean, father?" I asked in surprise.

"I mean you to go and take off the whalebone and steel affair which has in the short space of three months caused you more illness than the sixteen years of your life before you put them on. You have my authority to say that I will never permit you to wear them under any circumstances."

I was glad and sorry both—delighted to get rid of such discomfort, and yet sorry to give up, once and for all, the hope of looking like other girls.

I hastily obeyed and returned to my father, who then said we would pay a visit to the bootmaker next.

"Remember," he said, "I am not angry with you, for it did not occur to me to warn you against the fatal result of tight-lacing. Part of the fault, therefore, is mine. As for Lady Owen, she is a woman who has lived all her life in perfect ignorance of hygiene."

A pair of broad-sole boots was found for me, with heels of height and breadth suitable for my size and weight. And then we began to climb the hill again.

I, of course was perfectly easy and comfortable now I was free forever of the fatal "compressor." Alas! no—I never had felt much greater discomfort in my life. The bands of all my skirts had been made to fit by Madam, and it will be remembered that she had made them at least three inches too small. As I climbed, and my lungs were inflated with the pure mountain air, I became sensible of the tightness of these bands, and so great did the discomfort become that I began to feel quite faint and sick.

My father gave me an interesting account of the various hills and vales that we could see from our height on the hillside. Then as we descended the mountain, he said,

"Marion, you are a very obedient girl, and I am sure you have every wish to keep in good health and to be a cheerful companion to me. Now you must keep in mind that woman's dress is contrived in the most injurious mode possible to her health, and I want you as a sensible girl, to try and evolve some system of dressing which will allow your lungs full play, and which will enable you to bear fatigue as readily as you could do as a child."

"I will try, father," I said.

"Remember, I will not permit you to alter your outer fashion of dress; I mean, I insist on your retaining a woman's flowing dress." He shuddered at the recollection of a "Bloomer"



lady he had once met with during his travels.

I went back to the hotel, and called old Sarah into consultation. Her only idea was to enlarge everything, and make it so loose that it could not affect my breathing, and as my stupid brain would not suggest an idea to me, I was obliged to accept hers, and for the present to act by it. So we worked hard at enlarging everything. The result was miserable. I had the feeling that I was coming to pieces, and everything I wore was out of place. My skirt-bands dragged and never kept in place. I could not raise my arms in comfort, for I knew that all my loose garments would take the opportunity to slip out of place. I was clumsier every day. I was tired before I had walked a mile by the weight of the skirts depending for their support on my waist. Often in climbing with my father, I trod on one of the skirts whose very loose band caused it to drag on one side, and I had to endure the ignominy of a fall. My father showed no impatience,—he left me entirely alone to follow his wishes; but he showed his pleasure in my readiness to fall in with those wishes by lengthening our stay in Wales, and by making me more his companion than he had yet shown any willingness to permit me to be.

One morning I had ventured on the hills alone, and very soon exhausted my energy by a moderate degree of exertion. I paused to rest at the first place which presented an obstacle to my progress. This was a narrow rift between the cliffs, not too wide to spring over if I had felt active enough to take the trouble. As it was I sat down and looked at it, trying to make up my mind whether any girl so laden with heavy garments would take the trouble to cross the rift or not. I had not come to any decision when I saw a lady, who carried a sketching book, descending the cliff opposite to me. When she came to the chasm, she

lightly sprang across it, and after a moment's hesitation, spoke to me.

"Are you ill? Can I help you? You want to cross the rift, do you not?"

"I am well, thank you," I replied, "but have not the energy to make the effort which is required in crossing to the other hillside."

"Then I think you *must* be ill," she said, "for you are young, and ought to be very active."

"I used to be," said I; "I could climb trees, and run swiftly, but now everything is different."

She sat down by my side, and looked at me with grave, kind eyes.

"What makes the difference?" she asked. "Are you not in such good health?"

"No, I am not so strong," I answered.

Just then my father appeared in sight, and I rose, and as I did so, found to my vexation that as usual the upper part of my dress had parted company with the lower. With quick, dexterous fingers, the lady repaired the mischief, and then smiling said, in an undertone,

"You ought to wear the Reform Dress, and then no such accidents would ever occur."

"The Reform Dress?" I said eagerly. "Oh! I wish I knew what it was!"

My father joined us, and to my surprise spoke to the lady, saying, "You have made my daughter's acquaintance I see. Marion, this is Mrs. Martin, an old friend of your mother's."

"Is it possible that she is delicate like her mother?" said Mrs. Martin, walking on with my father.

"Marion never had a day's illness until we came to England," said my father. "She is a very healthy girl."

"Do you not observe her delicate looks?" said Mrs. Martin, anxiously.

"Certainly I do; but I am so happy as to have discovered the cause, and know quite well that the effects are not to be removed in a few days.

Gradually, I hope to see her regain her robust health."

We went down the mountain side, the lady walking freely with perfect ease, and I stumbling at every obstacle, and feeling uncomfortable and nervous for fear some of my things were out of place.

My father asked Mrs. Martin to spend the day with us, but she said that her husband had already taken rooms for them in the hotel, and that she had business which would occupy her for a few hours.

That afternoon it rained, and I retired to my room, and putting out my dresses began to wonder what I *could* do to make myself more comfortable. A tap at my door, and Mrs. Martin stepped in briskly.

"Now then," said she, "I am come to spend the afternoon in trying to make you adopt the Reform Dress.

"What is it?" I asked gloomily. "The more I reform, the worse I feel; if I make my clothes any looser they will fall of."

"On the contrary, you must make them all tighter," said Mrs. Martin. "The Dress Reform does not permit any article of dress to be illfitting."

Sitting down beside me, she took much trouble to explain the new system of dress; but my mind was too much confused to follow her.

"I will try it," I said. "It cannot be worse than my present state of discomfort."

"Suppose we begin at once to fashion some of the garments," said she. "It is barely three o'clock; we might do much by tea-time."

Hope entered my brain, but despair followed.

"There are no shops here where we could get materials."

"Oh yes, there is one," she replied. "But you must not buy new materials for the first set of things you make. We must adapt the old, and it will save us a great deal of work."

"Sarah works very fast," I observed; "I will call her." So I called her, and explained what was going to be done, and Sarah declared her willingness to help. I then took out my linen and gave it up to Mrs. Martin.

"There is a great quantity of linen in these chemises," she said smiling. "When once you are accustomed to the easily fitting chemiloon you will wonder that you ever endured fold upon fold of linen round you; I can assure you it is a clumsy and unhealthy garment."

"What is a chemiloon?" asked Sarah, "and how can you make it out of old linen?"

"A chemiloon is simply two undergarments in one. It does away with the necessity of linen gathered into a band round the waist in the one garment, and of folds of linen in the other. The upper part of the chemiloon must be cut so as to fit nicely. It must not be loose enough to cause an uncomfortable fold anywhere."

She took my pattern from a basque waist made by Madame de Vaux, and from it cut out the upper part of the chemiloon. One chemise contained more linen than was needed for the upper part of one chemiloon, and as I saw how much there was that was useless, I could not help blaming myself for not having thought of such a simple thing before.

"And now," said Mrs. Martin, taking up the other garment, "off comes the band, and four inches of the linen with it. Then it is to be sewn on to the lower part of the chemiloon, which comes quite four inches below your waist. People often tell me they cannot afford to buy new linen for the Reform Dress, and yet it is quite easy to make chemiloons from old linen. The trouble is not much—nothing, in fact, in comparison with the comfort the one garment without a band, on any loose folds of linen to be kept in place affords."

"One band the less," I said, to myself joyfully, when I dressed myself next morning; and I missed with inexplicable relief those folds of linen which nothing but whalebone and steel would keep in place.

"I want you to come down to the shop with me," said Mrs. Martin next day. "I want to see if we cannot buy what we require for the next article of the Reform Dress." We went into a shop where everything was sold from hats to sweetmeats, and Mrs. Martin asked to see the very best canton flannel that they sold there.

"It is really a very good quality," she said, and so we bought several yards of it.

"I want it," she said, when we arrived at the hotel, "to make your bodice with, on which all your skirts are to be buttoned. Poor child! I can see that those tiresome bands around your waist worry you to distraction; we will soon put an end to that."

I called Sarah to help, and she brought with her a young woman, who she said would be happy to do some sewing for me, as she was out of work. We were very glad of the additional fingers, and found that the sewing woman was intelligent and an efficient worker.

"This bodice must also be cut from the basque waist pattern," said Mrs. Martin, because it is so well shaped, and a well-cut pattern is not to be despised. You see also that it answers the necessary conditions of length, etc. We must have this under bodice as long as four inches below the waist."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because none of your bands must fasten round the waist; the Dress Reform rejects that old custom as a very evil one, and will have nothing to do with it. There will be buttons sewn round the lower edge of the bodice, and corresponding buttonholes must be made in the bands of your skirts. This makes it necessary to cut off four inches

of the skirts in order to keep them the right length; and instead of having one skirt band over another dragging round your waist, not one even reaches it."

"How do you manage then with a dress which has no polonaise? With a basque waist, you must fasten the dress round the waist," said Sarah.

"Yes, of course. But in that case you must sew buttons on the bodice, and by buttoning the dress at intervals of about three inches, the weight of it will be equally distributed, and you will not find it uncomfortable."

"And it will keep in place so beautifully," I said in a tone of immense relief, as I thought of the misery I had endured from my dragging heavy dress.

"Yes, you will be able to swing your arms over your head, or perform any gymnastics you please, without disarranging your dress."

We were silent for a little while, until we had run up the seams of the bodice, and had to wait for further orders.

"Now, Marion," said Mrs. Martin, "come and have this tried on; I want it to be a perfect fit. It is not to be too loose, for that would look untidy, and it is on no account to be in the smallest degree tight. It is to fit easily, so that inflate yourself as you will, you cannot feel any pressure."

"It is very comfortable to feel anything fitting me again," I said; "I have endured tortures from misfitting clothes during the last few weeks."

"In their way they are as uncomfortable as the extreme of tightness, though certainly not so mischievous in their effects on the system," said Mrs. Martin.

She carefully made the bodice fit me easily, and then handing it back to Sarah, turned her attention to the skirts which came next in order. She took the flannel skirts and cut the bands off them, observing that, as they were already gored, they only needed to have fresh bands made. With the bands she cut off three or four inches of flannel, as she had before told us she should do.

"Flannel skirts," she then remarked, "are very useful in summer, but in winter they prove to be very bulky and not *warm* enough. When winter approaches, Marion, you must have a flannel chemiloon. The Reform Dress system rejects the old custom of putting on heavy skirts. or a greater number of them, in the hope of getting warmth by so doing. If you are not warm enough put on a flannel chemiloon, and if you want more warmth still, an additional chemiloon will be much more sensible than a heavy skirt."

"I am sure you are right," I said, as I thought of the quilted skirt I had found so heavy last winter.

We talked as we worked, and my spirits rose as I was assured by Mrs. Martin that the bodice and skirts would be ready for me to wear the next day.

When we went down to dinner that evening, my father and Mr. Martin met us with the announcement that they intended to take us across the lake to the mountain, which we were to climb in order to see the valley on the other side, and a deep mountain lake that was supposed by the country people to be bewitched, since the sunshine never shone on it.

"It will be a long walk, Marion," said my father, turning to me, with a long look of enquiry.

"I shall enjoy it, father," I answered cheerfully.

He said no more, but I knew that he was pleased.

The next morning I awoke early, and dressed myself triumphantly in the Reform garments. I turned and twisted myself, I threw up my arms, bent to this side and that, but the instant I stood upright again, all the garments subsided into place again. I ran away to find Mrs. Martin.

"It is perfect freedom," I said; "I can throw my arms back, I can stoop down, and walk easily. How shall I

ever be grateful enough to you for introducing me to the Dress Reform?" We breakfasted, and then rowed quietly across the lake to the mountain side. Then we began to climb. I was in high spirits,—I was so happy to feel active and young again. I saw my father looking longingly at a tuft of fern at the top of a rough part of the mountain side. Instantly I sprang up after it, reached it without misadventure, and then arrived at my father's side with the valuable root.

"You are like yourself," he said, looking at me with much gratification. "What has become of the heart disease, and the fainting fits too? It seems as though you had lost the symptoms."

"The Dress Reform has been and will be the cure," said Mrs. Martin. "Marion is not by any means a delicate girl. She has a fine framework and healthy lungs. She can now use her lungs freely, and you see that she does not pant in the least though this is a steep ascent."

"It is a great pity that all women do not adopt it," said my father. "I think the most melancholy sights to me are the women of this generation. They tire me out with their ailments. One is consumptive, one has heart disease, one is always weak, one has neuralgia *always*, another suffers from a weak spine. I can assure you, my dear Madam, I cannot mention six ladies of my acquaintance who are not martyrs to some complaint or other."

"A healthful style of dress would cure many of these evils, I am convinced," said Mrs. Martin. "But at the same time, other lessons have to be learnt. Ladies as a rule do not eat enough of wholesome food. They expect to keep strong, without eating the food which helps to make strength. Then when they are weak they take tonics. Often tonics take the place of food,—that is, they give a little extra strength, which the person might get by eating more regularly of nourishing

food. I do not see how a lady can keep a healthy appetite, however, unless she takes exercise out of doors every day; and a great many are too lazy to do this."

"And yet they will dance for miles in one evening," said my father. "They will dance all night, and support themselves with champagne and ices, and lie about all the next day, too weary to go out, unless it be indeed to dance another ten miles in a hot ballroom."

"It is to be hoped that the rising generation will have more sense," said Mrs. Martin.

"In my opinion," continued my father, as if he had not heard her remark, "the only beautiful woman is the healthy one; and the woman who can gain my respect is one who can

keep herself in a healthy condition of mind and body; the one who can give up a mode of dress which is hurtful to her health, or a pleasure which costs too much of herself, for her to permit herself to indulge in it. Lady Owen intends to present Marion at Court and to take her into the whirl of a London season. But *I* intend to take my daughter (who is, as you see a healthy, sensible girl, and therefore a pleasant companion for me) to the Continent. We shall travel very slowly and try to learn something from every place we visit. After that we shall probably return to England, but time will show."

I fairly danced up the mountain side, the prospect of the future so charmed me. I felt I could climb up Mont Blanc clothed in the Reform Dress.

[THE END.]



## DRUDGERY, AND HOW TO ESCAPE IT.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Is there no possible way by which mothers now living may escape from the present unsatisfactory condition? Yes; but not many will adopt it. Simplicity in food and in dress would set free a very large number. A great part of what are called their "domestic" occupations consist in the preparation of food which is worse than unnecessary. A great part of their sewing-work consists in fabricating "trimmings" which are worse than useless, even considering beauty a use, which it is. Let these simplify their cooking and their dressing, and time for culture will appear, and for them our problem be solved. We preach against the vice of intemperance, and with reason. Let us ask ourselves if intemperance in eating and in dressing is not even more to be deplored. The former brings ruin to comparatively a few; by means of the latter the whole tone of mind among women is lowered; and we have seen what it costs to lower the tone of mind among women. We must remember that not only is the condition of the mother reflected in the organism of her child, but that the child is taught by the daily example of its mother what to look upon as the essentials of life. "I feel miserable," said a feeble house-mother, just recovering from sickness; "but I managed to crawl out into the kitchen, and stir up a loaf of cake." Now, why should a sick woman have crawled out into the kitchen, to stir up a loaf of cake? Was that a paramount duty,—one which demanded the outlay of her little all of strength? This is the obvious inference, and one which children would naturally draw. A lady of intelligence, on hearing this case stated, expressed the opinion that the woman did no more than her duty. Said this lady, "If the husband liked the cake, it was her duty to provide it for him at whatever sacrifice of health on her own part."

Now, it seems reasonable to suppose that an affectionate couple would have a mutual understanding in regard to such matters. It seems reasonable to suppose that an affectionate husband would rather partake of plain fare in the society of a wife with sufficient health and spirits

to be companionable, than to eat his cake alone while she was recovering from the fatigue of making it.

Speaking of inferences, it is obvious what ones a child will draw from seeing its mother deprive herself of sleep and recreation and reading-time in order to trim a suit *a la mode*. And these inferences of children concerning essentials have a mighty bearing on our problem. Some ladies deprecate the present elaborate style of dress on the ground that it affords the means of subsistence to sewing-girls. There is something in this, but I think not so much as appears. Go into the upper lofts where much of this sewing is done, and what will you find? You will find them crowded with young girls, bending over sewing-machines, or over work-tables, breathing foul air, and, in some cases, engaged in conversations of the most objectionable character. Their pay is ridiculously small. They enrich their employers, but not themselves. In dull seasons their situation is pitiable, not to say dangerous. A great number of them come from country homes. Of these, many might live comfortably in those homes, and others might earn a support by working in their neighbors' houses, where they would be considered as members of the families, have good lodging and nourishing food, and where their assistance is not only desired, but in some cases actually suffered for. They prefer the excitements of city life. (Of course, these remarks do not apply to all of them.) Fashionable ladies may not employ shop-girls directly or indirectly, but their example helps to make a market for the services of these girls. Another consideration is, that the poor seamstress, who is benefited directly by the money of fashionable ladies, is taught as directly, by their example, false views as to the essentials of life; so that what helps in one way hinders in another. All this should be considered by those who bring forward "sewing-girls' needs" as an argument for an elaborate style of dress. Even were this argument sound, it fails to cover the case. A very large proportion of our women have not money enough to hire their sewing done, and it

is upon these that the wearisome burden falls. To keep up, to vary with the varying fashion, they toil in season and out of season. Day after day you will see them at their work-tables, their machines, their lap-boards; ripping, stitching, turning, altering, refurbishing; complaining often of sideache, of backache, of headache, of aching all over; denying themselves outdoor air and exercise and reading time—and all because they consider dressing fashionably an essential of life. With them, what costs only time, health, and strength, costs nothing.

Think of this going on all over the country. Think of the sacrifices it involves. In view of them, it really seems as if those who can afford to hire their sewing done should give up elaborate trimmings just for example's sake. To be sure, this is not striking at the foundation. To be sure, this is not the true way of bringing about a reform. But, while waiting to get at the foundation, would it not be well to work a little on the surface for the sake of immediate results? You would refrain from taking a glass of wine if, by so doing, you made abstinence easier for your weaker brother or sister. Why not consider the weakness of these toiling sisters? It is not their fault that they do not see what are the true issues of life. They have not been wisely educated. If the wealthy and influential would adopt a simple style of dress, their doing so would be the means of relieving many overburdened women immediately, and of helping them to solve the problems we are considering. It is not wicked to dress simply, and no principle would be sacrificed. Neither would good taste. Indeed, the latter is opposed to excessive ornamentation, whether in dress, manners, speech, or writing. Long live beauty! Long live taste! Long live the "æsthetic side"! But simplicity does not necessarily imply plainness, nor homeliness, nor uncouthness. There can be a simplicity of adornment. I am aware that, acting for example's sake, is not a sound principle of action; but it is a question if it be not duty in this particular case. A lady physician of large practice once said to me, "I see, among poor girls, so much misery caused by this,"—meaning this rage for excessive trimming,—"that I can scarcely bring myself to wear even one plain fold." If it be asked, Should we not also relinquish costly fabrics, and the elegant appointments of our dwellings? it may be answered that "poor girls" commonly give up these as being entirely out of their reach. They

buy low-priced material, and call the dress cheap which costs only their time, their strength, their sleep, and their opportunities for reading and recreation.

We all know that the right way is to so educate woman that she will be sensible in these matters. The external life is but the natural outgrowth of the internal. It is of no use cutting off follies and fripperies from the outside so long as the heart's desire for them remains. This heart's desire must have something better in its place—something higher, nobler, worthier. This something is enlightenment; and to effect the exchange we shall have to begin at the beginning, and enlighten the mothers. Follies and fripperies, in cooking or dressing, will give way before enlightenment, just as do the skin paintings, tattooings, gaudy colors, glass beads and tinsel, and other absurdities of savage tribes; just as have done the barbaric customs and splendors of the barbaric ages. Woman is not quite out of her barbaric stage yet. At any rate, she is not fully enlightened. The desire for that redundancy of adornment which is in bad taste still remains. In the process of evolution, the nose-ring has been cast off; but rings are still hooked into the flesh of the ears, and worn with genuine barbaric complacency. When women are all wisely educated, our problem will melt away and disappear. The wisely-educated women will, of her own accord, lay hold on essentials and let go unessentials. She will do the best thing with her time, the best thing with her means. She may conform to fashion, but will not feel obliged to do so. In fact, when women become enlightened, non-conformity to fashion will be all the fashion. Right of private judgment in the matter will be conceded. All women shall dress as seemeth to them good; and no woman shall say, or think, or look, "Why do ye so?" Those having insufficient means and time will be so wise as not to feel compelled to dress like those who have plenty of both. Meanwhile, as an immediate measure of relief, suppose a dozen or twenty mothers in each town should agree to adopt a simple yet tasteful style of dress for themselves and their little girls, this would lighten, at once, their heavy burden of work, give them "time to read," and would be a benefit to those little girls in many ways.

Another way of immediate escape is by making the present race of husbands aware that their wives are being killed, or crazed, with hard

work and care, especially husbands in the small towns and villages, and more especially farmers. In regard to these last, it is not exaggeration to say that their wives in many cases work like slaves. Indeed, this falls short of the truth, for slaves have not the added burden of responsibility. As things are now, the woman who marries a farmer often goes, as one may say, into a workhouse, sentenced to hard labor for life.

When these husbands permit their wives to "over-work," it is not from indifference, but from sheer ignorance. They don't know, they don't begin to conceive, of the labor there is in "woman's work." It is true that neither are merchant-princes aware of what it costs their wives to superintend the complicated arrangements of their establishments; to see that all the wheels, and the wheels within wheels, revolve smoothly, and that comfort and style go hand in hand; but let us consider now the farmers' wives, toiling on, and on, and on, in country towns, east, west, and all the way between. Their husbands, in not a few cases, are able to hire at least the drudgery done, and would if they only knew. A young woman from a New Hampshire village, herself an invalid from hard work, speaking to me of her mother, said, "She suffers everything with her back. When she stoops down to the oven to attend to the pies, she has to hold on to her back, hard, to get up again." I said, "Why, I shouldn't think your father would let her make them." "Oh," said she, "father don't understand. He's hard." One day I was sitting in the house of a young woman, — a fragile, delicate creature, scarcely able to lift the baby she was holding, — when her husband came in. He was a working man, tall and robust looking. He walked toward the pantry. "You mustn't cut a pie," the little wife called out laughing. Then turning to me, she said, with a sort of appealing, piteous glance, "He doesn't understand how hard it is for me to make pies." I know a young woman, not a strong woman, who, with a family of very little children, does her own work, and makes from one to two dozen pies at a common baking, "cause hubby loves 'em." I know another, similarly situated, who gives her husband pies at breakfast as well as at other meals, because "he was brought up to them at home." Now, all these "hubbies" are loving "hubbies," but — they do not know. A friend of mine, an elderly woman lately deceased, came to her

death (so her neighbors said) by hard work. "Killed with work," was the exact expression they used. She was a dear good woman; a person of natural refinement, of strict integrity, of a forgiving spirit, intelligent, sweet-tempered, gentle-mannered; everybody loved her. Her husband is a well-to-do farmer. He inherited money and lands, and has them still. His wife, who was everything to him, whom he could not bear out of his sight, and for whom, if he had known, he would have sacrificed money and lands, is gone. But — he did not know. "Mother" never complained. "Mother" did the cooking, did the washing, scrubbed the floors. They had "company forever," the neighbors said. "Mother" received, with smiling hospitality, all who came. Help was hard to procure; still help might and would have been procured had the husband known the case to be, as it certainly was, a case of life or death. But — he did not know; so "mother" died of work and care.

You sometimes see a woman after hurrying through her forenoon's work, sink down entirely prostrated, too tired to speak a loud word, every nerve in her body quivering. The jar of a foot-fall upon the floor sets her "all a-tremble." As dinner-time approaches, you see that woman stepping briskly about the house, a light in her eye, a flush on her cheek, vivacity in her motions. She is "living on excitement;" "it is ambition which keeps her up." Her husband, coming in to his dinner, takes her briskness and vivacity as matters of course, regarding her, probably, as a woman who has nothing to do but to stay in the house all day. He has no more idea of the condition of that woman than her infant has.

There are thousands of husbands who, if they knew, would lift the burden of at least the heaviest drudgery from their wives, thus giving them longer leases of life. But, as a rule, wives keep their bad feelings to themselves. They know that "a complaining woman" is a term of reproach. They are exhorted in newspaper after newspaper to "make home happy by cheerful looks and words." They wish to do so. With a laudable desire to save money, they spend themselves, and "get along" without help. It is truly a getting-along, not a living. Sometimes, however, they are obliged to mention their feebleness, or their ailments, as reasons for neglect of duty. It is astonishing how little importance, in many cases, the husband attaches to the facts thus stated. Apparently he considers



ailments either as being natural to woman, or as afflictions sent upon her by the Lord. He seems to look upon her as a sort of machine, which is liable to run down, but which may easily be wound up by a little medicine, and set going again. If the medicine does not set her going again, he brings her pastor to pray for her; if she dies, he says, "The Lord hath taken her away." All this because he does not know. When husbands are enlightened on this important point, this solemn point, they will insist on less work for women. Less work implies more leisure, and with leisure comes time for culture.

But we must pass on from this part of our subject, and glance at one or two other ways of immediate escape from the present unsatisfactory state of things. See how quickly such escape might be made by a truly enlightened family. First, they hold counsel together, men and women, all desiring the same object. Question, How shall "mother" find time for culture! Say the male members, "Mother's work must be lessened,—must be; there is a necessity in the case." "But how?" "Well, investigate. Begin with the cooking. Let's see what we can do without." Three cheers for our side! When man begins to see what cooking he can do without, woman will begin to see her time for culture. Dinners are summoned to the bar, examined, and found guilty of too great variety and of too elaborate desserts. Sentence, less variety, and fruit for dessert instead of pies, or even pudding; exception filed here in favor of simple pudding when first course is scanty or lacking. Suppers summoned, tried, and found guilty of too great variety and too much richness; sentenced to omit pies for life, and admonished by judge not to cling too closely to work-compelling cake. The time thus rescued from the usurper, Cooking, is handed over to "mother," the true heir, to have and to hold.

Or, suppose the question to be one of health. "Mother works too hard; she will wear herself out." "She doesn't complain." "That makes no difference. She must have help."—"Where is the money coming from to pay the help?"—"Make it; earn it; dig for it; do without something; give up something; sell something; live on bread and water. Is there anything that will weigh in the balance against 'mother's' life? We shall feel grief when she is worn out; why not when she is wearing out? We would

make sacrifices to bring her back; why not to keep her with us?" The truth is, that heretofore the wrong things have been counterbalanced. Placing simple food in one scale, and dainties in the other, of course the latter outweighs the former; but place "mother's" needs and "mother's" life in one scale, and dainties in the other, and then will the latter fly up out of sight, and never be heard from any more. Councils of this kind, we must remember, are not to become general until the requirements of "woman's mission" are generally understood, and until a great many men are made aware that a great many women are killing themselves by hard work and care, and until academic professors perceive that it is wiser to give a young woman the knowledge she will want to use than that which is given for custom's sake. But how is this general enlightenment to be effected? I don't know, unless the lecturer makes these subjects the theme of his lecture, or the poet the burden of his verse, or the minister the text of his discourse. Not proper to be brought into Church? Why not? A great deal about heathen women is brought into the Church. Are American women of less account than they? Does not the condition of our women call for missionary effort? True, American wives do not sacrifice themselves for their deceased husbands, but we have seen that they are sacrificed. There is here no sacred river into which the mother hurls her new-born babe; but it has been shown that, because American mothers are left in ignorance, a large proportion of their children drop from their arms into the dark river of death.

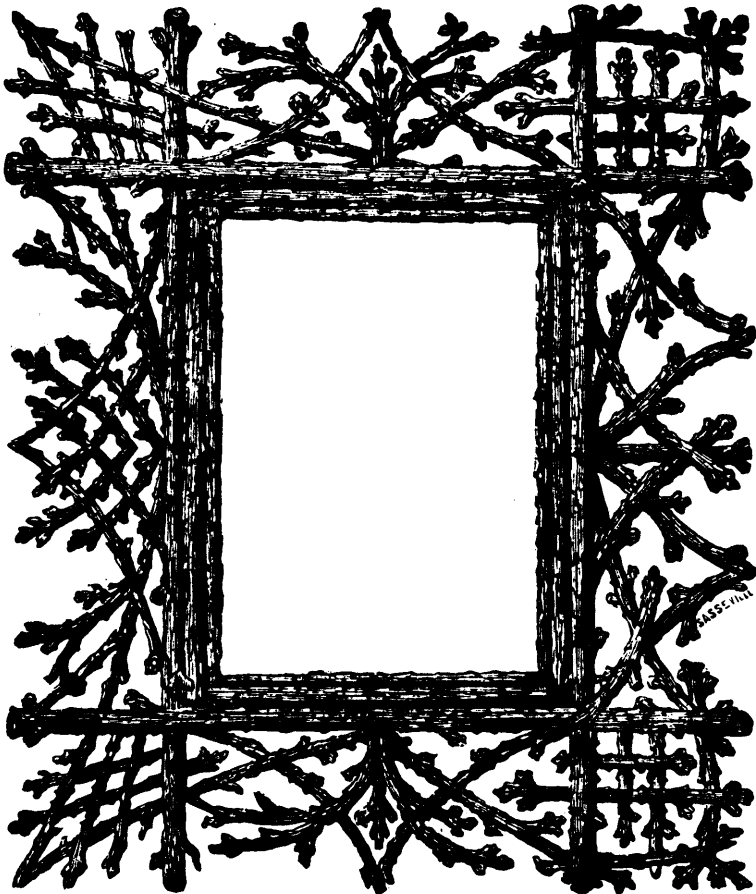
Should any object that such subjects are below the dignity of the Church, we might reply that the Church is bound to help us for the reason that the present state of things is partly owing to her efforts. The ministers of the church in past times have labored to convince people that this life for its own sake is of little account; that we were placed here, not to develop the faculties and enjoy the pleasures which pertain to this stage of our existence, but solely to prepare for another. They have taught that we sicken and die prematurely because God wills it, not because we transgress His laws. To those suffering physically, from such transgression, they have said in effect, "Pray God to relieve your pain, for He sent it upon you."—*From "A Domestic Problem."*

## ORNAMENTAL WORK IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

Any one lucky enough to possess a large Norway spruce-tree, or more than one, has material at hand for a host of pretty objects. When this secret is once learned, it becomes hard to look at the trees any longer as *trees*; they seem,

are from three to eighteen inches long, should be taken from the leaders or latest growth of the branches; judicious pruning will rather benefit the tree than injure it.

The wood obtained, it is to be *heated* a little,



A PICTURE-FRAME IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

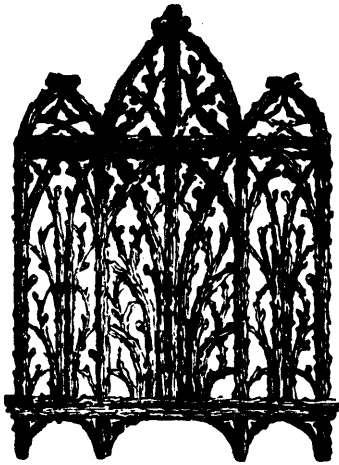
instead, repositories of easels, picture-frames, and other dainty devices, and we go out, scissors in hand, with all the confidence with which we enter a shop to order what is wanted. No initiated person, however, will ever cut the wood recklessly; that would be killing the golden goose indeed. No, the pieces chosen, which

to dry it quickly, and then with a dull knife scraped clean of its leaves (*in the direction of the foliage*), taking care not to destroy the wood-buds. For other materials you will need glue, a varnishing brush, a little copper wire, penknife, tack-hammer, and a scissors or pliers for cutting the wire. Flat pieces of soft pine board are also

needed, on which the whole can be laid and pinned into shape ; also bracket frames of pine formed like a T, with a shelf top. These brackets can be made of half a salt-box lid covered with spruce-sticks, with a back and front of fanciful lattice-work, meeting in a cluster of leaf-buds at the bottom of the T.

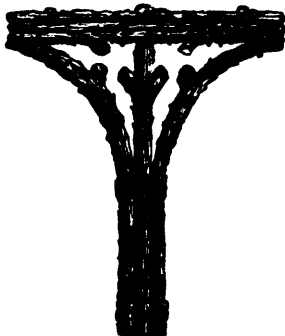
PICTURE-FRAMES.

The desired size and shape of the frame must be pencilled on the board, so that the work may



AN EASEL.

be perfectly true and even. Then the wood is arranged, guided by the drawing, till the general outline is complete, and glued with tiny drops carefully applied, or pinned deftly with tiny tape-pins. The outline being perfect, it is enriched with small twigs and clusters of wood-



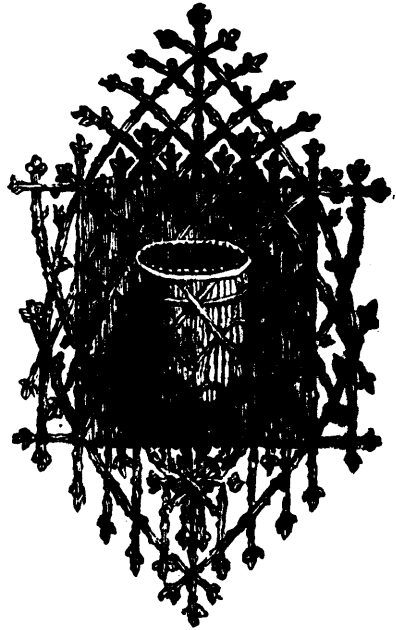
BACK-PIECE OF EASEL.

buds glued, or, better still, pinned, here and

there, in places which need ornament or shaping. When the glue is stiff, disengage the frame from the board by inserting a paper-cutter between them, and, pushing the heads of the pins well in, cut off all the points projecting through at the back with a pair of scissors. Next, laying the frame face down, fasten an extra spruce stick all round, to give stiffness to the back ; and lastly, varnish the whole with gum-shellac varnish, which gives a soft and firm lustre to the wood, preferable to the shiny effect of other varnish.

EASELS.

Easels are constructed in very much the same way as the frames, using a pencilled diagram as a guide in forming the parts, and taking care



MATCH-HOLDER.

that the projecting ledge on which the picture rests is straight and firm. The bands and hinges are of copper wire, which matches the color of the spruce.

MATCH-HOLDERS.

Use the picture as a guide. A square of paste-board braces the back. The frame of the box is made of pasteboard or of wood. This is fancifully covered with spruce sticks. An interlining of bright silk improves the effect.—*St. Nicholas*.

## PRESERVING SMALL QUANTITIES OF ICE.

Ice-houses are now so common that those who have them, and well filled, can hardly appreciate the condition of those to whom ice is a rarity. While it seems to be a matter of necessity in modern housekeeping, there are still many families which manage to get along without it. In sickness, ice is often one of the most important remedies, and it must often be sent for from a long distance, and in such cases it is a matter of importance that none should be needlessly melted. To keep ice, it must be covered with some non-conducting material that will prevent heat from reaching it. Wrapping the lump in flannel or other woollen cloth, answers a good purpose until the covering becomes wet, when the ice melts very rapidly. The more perfect a non-conductor the material that surrounds the ice,



FIG. 1.—SECTION OF PRESERVER.

and more completely warm air is excluded, the better it will keep. Ice has been kept an astonishing length of time by placing it between two feather pillows, a plan that may do in an emergency, but neither convenient nor desirable. We give here illustrations of a preserver contrived by a lady of our acquaintance, which can be readily made, and which does good service. Figure 1 shows the affair in sections; it consists of an outer box of pasteboard 18 inches in diameter, and the same in height; within this stands a cylinder of pasteboard, *b, b*, 10 inches in diameter; the space between the two is filled with cotton batting, *d, d*; the batting is also placed in the bottom of the cylinder to the depth of three inches, and a pasteboard cover, *c*, crowded tightly down upon it. The ice is placed in a stone jar, *f*, which stands in a

saucer to catch the drip. A circular rim of pasteboard *e, e*, figure 2, which shows the ex-

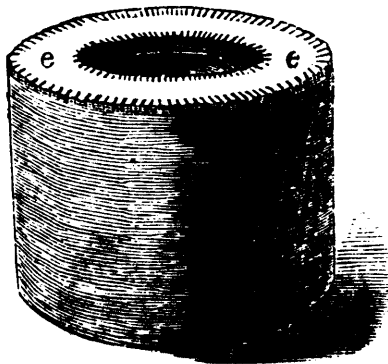


FIG. 2.—PRESERVER FOR ICE.

terior of the affair, is sewed to the outer box and inner cylinder. The cover, which is made on the same principle, is shown in section in figure 3; it is of pasteboard, like the box, and has three inches of its upper part filled with batting, which is held in place by a circle of pasteboard, *c*. When the cover is placed upon the box, the ice is surrounded on all sides by about three inches in thickness of cotton-batting, which is such a complete non-conductor that ice may be preserved in this manner for 24 to 36 hours. A

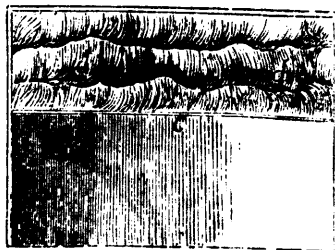


FIG. 3.—SECTION OF COVER.

strong darning-needle with a cork for a handle makes a convenient pick for breaking off small pieces of ice as they are required. The same contrivance will be found useful for keeping drinks and other matters warm; these if set in the cylinder in place of the ice jar, will retain their heat without much loss for several hours.—*Agriculturist*.

## Literary Notices.

LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST, Thomas Edward, associate of the Linnæan Society: By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-help," "Character," "Thrift," &c. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A. R. S. A. New York: Harper Bros. (Dawson Bros.)

Thomas Edward, the shoemaker, affords one of the most remarkable examples known, of perseverance in the pursuit of science under the most extraordinary difficulties and discouragements. It is not usual to publish a memoir of a man who is still living, but circumstances justify it in this case, though Mr. Edward still sits upon his cobbler's stool with various honorary titles which have been awarded to him late in life, as scientific societies have recognized the value of his discoveries. Mr. Smiles has made the biography as fascinating as a novel,

### INFANT EXPLOITS.

From his birth he was difficult to manage. His mother said of him that he was the worst child she had ever nursed. He was never a moment at rest. His feet and legs seemed to be set on springs. When only about four months old, he leaped from his mother's arms, in the vain endeavor to catch some flies buzzing in the window. She clutched him by his long clothes, and saved him from falling to the ground. He began to walk when he was scarce ten months old, and screamed when any one ventured to touch him. And thus he went on, observing and examining—as full of liking for living things as he was when he tried to grasp the flies in the window at Gosport.

When the family removed to Aberdeen, young Edward was in his glory. The foot of Rennie's Wynd was close to the outside of the town. He was enabled to roam into the country by way of Deeside and Ferryhill. Close at hand were the Inches—not the Inches of to-day, but the beautiful green Inches of sixty years ago, covered with waving algæ. There, too, grew the scurvy-

grass, and the beautiful sea-daisy. Between the Inches were channels through which the tide flowed, with numerous pots or hollows. These were the places for bandies, eels, crabs, and worms.

Above the Inches, the town's manure was laid down, at a part now covered by the railway-station. The heaps were remarkably prolific in beetles, rats, sparrows, and numerous kinds of flies. Then the Denburn, at the foot of the Green, yielded no end of horse-leeches, powets (tadpoles), frogs, and other creatures that abound in fresh or muddy water. The boy used daily to play at these places, and brought home with him his "venomous beasts," as the neighbors called them. At first they consisted, for the most part, of tadpoles, beetles, snails, frogs, sticklebacks, and small green crabs (the young of the *Carcinus maenas*); but as he grew older, he brought home horse-leeches, asks (newts), young rats—a nest of young rats was a glorious prize, field-mice and house-mice, hedgehogs, moles, birds, and birds' nests of various kinds.

The fishes and birds were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horse-leeches, rats, and such like, they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbors complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them.

The boy was expostulated with. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests; and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next time that he went out to play he brought home as many of his "beasts" as before. He was then threatened with corporal punishment; but that very night he brought in a nest of young rats. He was then flogged; but it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him as to be entirely beyond the power of outward applications. And so it was found in the end.

Words and blows having failed to produce any visible effect, it was determined to keep him in the house as much as possible. His father, who was a hand-loom weaver, went to his work early in the morning, and returned late at night. His meals were sent to him during the day. The mother, who had her husband's pirms to fill, besides attending to her household work, was frequently out of the way; and as soon as she

disappeared, Tom was off to the Inches. When any one made a remark about her negligence in not keeping a tighter hold of the boy, her answer was, "Weel, I canna be aye at his heels." Sometimes he was set to rock the cradle; but on his mother's arrival at home, she found the rocker had disappeared. He was also left to play with the younger children; but he soon left them to play by themselves.

He was occasionally sent a message, though he rarely fulfilled it. He went to his old haunts, regardless of the urgency of the message. One morning he was sent to his father's workshop with his breakfast; but instead of going there, he set off for the Stocket, several miles from town, with two other loons. Tom induced them to accompany him. The Stocket was a fine place for birds and birds'-nests. They searched all day, and returned home at night. The father never received his breakfast; it was eaten by Edward and the loons.

As a punishment for his various misdoings, he was told one morning that he was to be confined to the house all day. It was a terrible punishment,—at least to him. Only a portion of his clothes was given him, that he might not go out; and as a further precaution, his mother tied him firmly to the table-leg with a thick wisp of *taruma*. She also tied his wrists together with a piece of cord. When she went out on family affairs, Tom's little sister was set to watch him. But he disengaged himself from his bonds almost as quickly as the Davenport brothers. With a mixture of promises and threats, he made his little sister come to his help; and the two together pushed the table close to the grate, when putting the rope which confined his legs between the ribs, it soon burned asunder, and he was free. He next tried to find his clothes, but his mother had hidden them too securely. He found a coat of his elder brother's much too big for himself; nevertheless he put it on.

His mother's feet were now heard on the stair. Tom hid himself at the back of the door, so that he might rush out as soon as she entered. The door was opened; his mother rushed in, screaming, and Tom ran away. The table to which the rope had been attached was on fire, and the house would soon have been in a blaze. In quenching the flames of the rope attached to the boy's leg, he had forgotten, in his hurry, to quench the burning of the rope still attached to the table. Hence the fire. But Tom was now at liberty. He soon got rid of his shackles, and spent a glorious day out-of-doors. He had a warm home-coming at night; but the less said of that, the better.

In fact, the boy was found to be thoroughly incorrigible. He was self-willed, determined, and stubborn. As he could not be kept at home, and would not go a message, but was always running after his "beasts," his father at last determined to take his clothes from him altogether; so, one morning when he went to work, he carried them with him. When the boy got up, and found that he had nothing to wear, he was in a state of great dismay. His mother, having pinned a bit of an old petticoat round his neck, said

to him, "I am sure you'll be a prisoner this day." But no! His mother went down-stairs for milk, leaving him in the house. He had tied a string round his middle, to render himself a little more fit for moving about. He followed his mother down-stairs, and hid himself at the back of the entry door; and as soon as she had passed in, Tom bolted out, ran down the street, and immediately was at his old employment of hunting for crabs, horse-leeches, puddocks, and sticklebacks.

His father, on coming home at night with Tom's clothes in his hand, looked round the room, and asked, "Is he in bed?" "Nae!" "Far is he?" "Weel, I left him here when I gaed to the door for milk, and when I cam back he was awa; but whether he gaed out o' the window or up the lum (chimney), I canna tell." "Did ye gie him ony claes?" "No!" "Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the father, sitting down in his chair. He was perfectly thunderstruck. His supper was waiting for him, but he could not partake of it. A neighboring woman shortly after entered, saying, "Meggy, he's come!" "Oh, the nickem!" said Tom's mother, "surely he's dead w' cauld by this time. Fat can we do wi' him? Oh, Mrs. Kelmar, he'll break my very heart? Think o' him being oot for hail days without ony meat! Often he's oot afore he gets his breakfast, and we winna see him again till night. Only think that he's been out a' the day maist naked! We canna get him keipit in frae thae beasts o' his!"

"He'll soon get tired o' that," said Mrs. Kelmar, "if ye dinna lick him." "Never!" roared old Edward; "I'll chain him in the house, and see if that will cool him." "But," replied Mrs. Kelmar, "ye maunna touch him the night, John." "I'll chain him to the gate! But where is he? Bring him here." "He's at my fireside." By this time, Tom, having followed at her heels, and heard most of what was said about him, was ready to enter as she came out. "Far hae ye been, you scamp?" asked his mother. "At the Tide!" His father, on looking up, and seeing the boy with the old petticoat about him, bedabbled by the mud in which he had been playing, burst into a fit of laughter. He leaned back on his chair and laughed till he could laugh no more.

"Oh, laddie," said the mother, "ye needna look at me in that way. It's you that he's laughin' at, you're sic a comical sight. Ye'll gang to that stinkin' place, man, till ye droun yourself, and sine ye winna come back again." Tom was then taken in hand, cleaned, and scrubbed and put to bed. Next morning his father, before he went out, appeared at the boy's bedside, and said, "If ye go out this day, sir, I'll have you chained." "But," replied Tom, "ye hinna a cooch," for he had no notion of anything being chained but dogs. "Never mind," said his father, "I'll chain you."

The boy had no inclination to rise that day. He was hot and cold alternately. When he got up in the afternoon, he was in a "gruize." Then he went to bed again. By the evening he was in a hot fever. Next day he was worse.

He raved, and became delirious. He rambled about his beasts and his birds. Then he ceased to speak. His mouth became clammy and his tongue black. He hung between life and death for several weeks. At length the fever spent itself, leaving him utterly helpless.

One afternoon, as he was gradually getting better, he observed his mother sitting by his bedside. "Mother," said he, "where are my crabs and bandies that I brocht hame last nicht?" "Crabs and bandies!" said she; "ye're surely gaun gyte; its three months sin ye were oot!" This passed the boy's comprehension. His next question was, "Has my father gotten the chains yet?" "Na, laddie, nor winna; but ye maunna gang back to yer auld places for beasts again." "But where's a' my things, mother?" "They're awa! The twa bottoms o' broken bottles we found in the entry, the day you fell ill, were both thrown out." "And the shrew-mouse ye had in the boxie?" "Calton (the cat) took it." This set the boy a-crying, and in that state he fell asleep, and did not waken till late next morning, when he felt considerably better. He still, however, continued to make enquiries after his beasts.

His father, being indoors, and seeing the boy rising and leaning upon his elbow, said to him, "Come awa, laddie. It's lang sin ye were oot. The whins, and birds, and water-dogs at Daidie Brown's burnie will be a' langin to see ye again." The boy looked at his mother and smiled, but said nothing. In a few days he was able to rise, but the spring was well advanced before he was able to go out-of-doors.

He then improved rapidly. He was able to go farther and farther every day. At first he wandered along the beach. Then he roamed about over the country. He got to know the best nesting places—the woods, plantations, and hedges—the streams, burns, lochs, and mill-dams—all round Aberdeen. When the other boys missed a nest, it was always "that loon Edward" that took it. For this he was thrashed, though he was only about four years old.

On one occasion he got some boys to accompany him to a wood at Polmuir, about two miles from town, on a bird-nesting expedition. While they were going through the wood, a little separated, one of them called out, "A byke, a byke, \* stickin' on a tree, and made o' paper!" A byke was regarded as a glorious capture, not only for the sake of the honey, but because of the fun the boys had in skelpin' out the bees. Before they had quite reached the spot, one of the youngest boys yelled out, "Oh! I'm stung, I'm stung!" He took to his feet, and they all followed. After they had run some distance, and there being no appearance of a foe, a halt was made, and they stood still to consider the state of affairs. But all that could be ascertained was, that the byke was on a tree, that it was made of paper, and that it had lots of yellow bees about it.

This so excited Tom's curiosity that he at once proposed to go back and take down the

paper byke. His proposal was met with a decided refusal; and on his insisting upon going back, all the other boys ran away home. Nothing daunted, however, he went back to that part of the wood where the byke had been seen. He found it, and was taking it from the under side of the branch to which it was attached, when a bee lighted upon one of his fingers and stung it severely. The pain was greater than from any sting that he had ever had before. He drew back, and sucked and blew the wound alternately, in order to relieve the pain.

Then he thought, "What can I do next?" There the byke hung before him. It was still in his power to remove it—if he could. To leave it was impossible. Although he had nothing to defend himself from the attacks of the bees, nor anything to put the byke into when he had taken it down, still he would not go without it. His bonnet could scarcely do. It was too little and too holey. His stockings would not do, because he wished to take the byke home whole. A thought struck him. There was his shirt! That would do. So he took off his jacket, and disrobed himself of his shirt. Approaching the tree very gently, though getting numerous stings by the way, he contrived to remove the byke from the branch to which it was hanging, and tucked it into his shirt. He tied the whole up into a sort of round knot, so as to keep all in that was in.

It was now getting quite dark, and he hurried away with his prize. He got home unscathed. He crept up the stair, and peeped into the key-hole to see that the coast was clear. But no! he saw his father sitting in his chair. There was an old iron pot in a recess on one side of the stair, in which Tom used to keep his numerous "things," and there he deposited his prize until he could unpack it in the morning. He now entered the house as if nothing had happened. "Late as usual, Tam," said his father. No further notice was taken. Tom got his supper shortly after, and went to bed.

Before getting into bed, he went a little out of the way to get undressed, and then, as much unseen as possible, he crept down beneath the blankets. His brother, having caught sight of his nudity, suddenly called out, "Eh, mother, mother, look at Tam! he hasna gotten his sark!" Straightway his mother appeared at the bedside, and found that the statement was correct. Then the father made his appearance. "Where's your shirt, sir?" "I dinna ken." "What! dinna ken?" addressing his wife—"Where's my strap?" Tom knew the power of the strap, and found that there was no hope of escaping it.

The strap was brought. "Now, sir, tell me this instant, where is your shirt?" "It's in the bole on the stair." "Go and get it, and bring it here immediately." Tom went and brought it, sorrowfully enough, for he dreaded the issue. "And what have you got in it?" "A yellow bumbees' byke." "A what?" exclaimed his father and mother in a breath. "A yellow bumbees' byke." "Did I not tell you, sir," said his father, "only the other day, and made

\* Byke, a bees' nest.

you promise me, not to bring any more of these things into the house, endangering and molesting us as well as the whole of our neighbors? Besides, only think of your stripping yourself in a wood, to get off your shirt, to hold a bees' byke!"

"But this is a new anc," said Tom; "it's made o' paper." "Made o' fiddlesticks." "Na, I'll let you see it." "Let it alone; I don't want to see it. Go to bed at once, sir, or I shall give you something [shaking his strap] that will do you more good than bees' bykes!"

Before the old couple went to bed, they put Tom's shirt into a big bowl, poured a quantity of boiling water over it, and, after it was cold, they opened the shirt, and found—a wasps' nest!

#### SCHOOL LIFE BETWEEN FOUR AND SIX.

Edward was between four and five years old when he went to school. He was sent there principally that he might be kept out of harm's way. He did not go willingly; for he was of a roving, wandering disposition, and did not like to be shut up anywhere. He hated going to school. He was confined there about four hours a day. It might seem very little to some, but it was too much for him. He wanted to be free to roam about the Inches, up the Denburn, and along the path to Rubislaw, birdnesting.

The first school to which he was sent was a dame's school. It was kept by an old woman called Bell Hill. It was for the most part a girls' school, but Bell consented to take the boy, because she knew his mother and wished to oblige her. The school-room was situated at the top of a long stairway. In fact, it was the garret of an ordinary dwelling-house.

We have said that Tom did not like school. He could not be reconciled to spend his time there. Thus he often played the truant. He was sometimes arrested on his way to school by the fish-market. It was then held in the Ship-row, where the post-office now stands. There were long rows of benches on which the fish were spread out. The benches were covered in, and afforded an excellent shelter on a rainy day.

Tom was well known to the fish-wives. "Here comes the queer laddie," they would say as they saw him approaching. And when he came up, they would ask him, "Weel, man, fat are ye gaun to speer the day?" Tom's enquiries were usually about fish—where they came from, what their names were, what was the difference between the different fishes, and so on. The fish-market was also a grand place for big blue flies, great beetles with red and yellow backs (burying beetles), and daylight rotens. They were the tamest rats he had ever seen, excepting two that he used to carry about in his pockets. His rats knew him as well as a dog knows his master.

But Tom's playing the truant and lingering about the fish-market soon became known to his mother; and then she sent for *her* mother, Tom's grannie, to take him to school. She was

either to see him "in at the door," or accompany him into the school itself. But Tom did not like the supervision of his grannie. He rebelled against it. He played the truant under her very eyes. When grannie put him in at the door, calling out "Bell!" to the school-mistress up-stairs, Tom would wait until he thought the old woman was sufficiently distant, and then steal out, and run away, by cross streets, to the Denburn or the Inches.

But that kind of truant-playing also got to be known; and then grannie had to drag him to school. When she seized him by the "scruff o' the neck," she had him quite tight. It was of no use attempting to lie down or sit down. Her hand was like a vise, and she kept him straight upon his feet. He tried to wriggle, twist, turn himself round as on a pivot, and then make a bolt. She nevertheless held on, and dragged him to school, into the presence of Bell Hill, and said, "Here's your truant!" Tom's only chance was to go along very quietly, making no attempt to escape grannie's clutches, and then, watching for an opportunity, he would make a sudden dart and slip through her fingers. He ran, and she ran; but in running, Tom far outstripped her; for though grannie's legs were very much longer than his, they were also very much stiffer.

The boy was sent one morning to buy three rolls for breakfast; but after he had bought the rolls, instead of going home, he forgathered with three loons, and accompanied them to the Denburn. He got a lot of horse-leeches, and was in the act of getting another, when, looking in the water, he saw the reflection of grannie approaching. When he felt her fingers touching his neck, he let go the stone under which the horse-leech was, and made a sudden bound to the other side of the burn. He heard a heavy splash in the water. His comrades called out, "Tam, Tam, ye're grannie's droonin'!" But Tam neither stopped nor looked back. He flew as fast as he could to the Inches, where he stopped to take breath. The tide coming in, drove him away, and then he took refuge on the logs, near the Middens; after which he slunk home in the evening.

His mother received him thus: "Ye're here again, ye ne'er-do-weel! creepin' in like a thief. Ye've been wi' yer ragamuffins: yer wet duds tell that. That's wi' yer Inches, an' tearin' an' ridin' on the logs, an' yer whin bushes. But ye may think muckle black shame o' yersel, man, for gaun and droonin' yer peer old grannie." "I didna droon her," said Tom. "But she may hae been drooned for you; ye didna stay to tak her oot." "She fell in hersel." "Haud yer tongue, or I'll tak the poker t'ye! Think shame, man, to send her hame in sic a filthy state. But where's the bread I sent ye for!" "It's a' eaten." "We wad hae had a late breakfast if we had waited till now, and sine ye've no gottin it after a'. But ye'll see what yer father 'ill say to ye when he gets hame!"

Tom was in bed by that time. He remained awake until his father returned in the evening.



He was told the whole story by his wife, in its most dreadful details. When he heard of grannie's plash into the burn, and coming home covered with "glaur," he burst out into a long and hearty laugh. Tom heard it with joy. The father then remarked that grannie should "beware of going so near the edge of such a dirty place." Then Tom felt himself relieved, and shortly after fell asleep.

The scapegrace returned to school. He did not learn a great deal. He had been taught by his mother his A B C, and to read words of three letters. He did not learn much more at Bell Hill's school. Bell's qualifications as a teacher were not great. Nevertheless, the education that she gave was a religious education. She prayed, or, as Edward called it, "groaned," with the children twice a day. And it was during one of her devotional exercises that the circumstance occurred which compelled Bell Hill to expel Tom Edward from her school.

Edward had been accustomed to bring many of his "beasts" with him to school. The scholars were delighted with his butterflies, but few of them cared to be bitten or stung by his other animals, and to have horse-leeches crawling about them was unendurable. Thus Edward became a source of dread and annoyance to the whole school. He was declared to be a "perfect mischief." When Bell Hill was informed of the beasts he brought with him, she used to say to the boy, "Now, do not bring any more of these nasty and dangerous things here again." Perhaps he promised, but generally he forgot.

At last he brought with him an animal of a much larger sort than usual. It was a kae, or jackdaw. He used to keep it at home, but it made such a noise that he was sent out with it one morning, with strict injunctions not to bring it back again. He must let it go, or give it to somebody else. But he was fond of his kae, and his kae was fond of him. It would follow him about like a dog. He could not part with the kae; so he took it to school with him. But how could he hide it? Little boys' trousers were in those days buttoned over their vest; and as Tom's trousers were pretty wide, he thought he could get the kae in there. He got it safely into his breeks before he entered the school.

So far so good. But when the school-mistress gave the word "Pray," all the little boys and girls knelt down, turning their backs to Bell. At this movement the kae became fractious. He could not accommodate himself to the altered position. But seeing a little light overhead, he made for it. He projected his beak through the opening between the trousers and vest. He pushed his way upward; Tom squeezed him downward to where he was before. But this only made the kae furious. He struggled, forced his way upward, got his bill through the opening, and then his head.

The kae immediately began to *cre-waw!* *cre-waw!* "The Lord preserv's a! Fat's this, noo?" cried Bell, starting to her feet. "It's Tam Edward again," shouted the scholars, "wi a craw stickin' oot o' his breeks!" Bell went up to him, pulled him up by his collar,

dragged him to the door, thrust him out, and locked the door after him. Edward never saw Bell Hill again.

The next school to which he was sent was at the Denburn side, near by the venerable Bow brig, the oldest bridge in Aberdeen, but now swept away to make room for modern improvements. This school consisted wholly of boys. The master was well stricken in years. He was one of the old school, who had great faith in "the taws," as an instrument of instruction. Edward would have learned much more at this school than at Bell Hill's, had he not been so near his favorite haunt, the Denburn. He was making rapid progress with his reading, and was going on well with his arithmetic, when his usual misfortune occurred.

One day he had gone to school earlier than usual. The door was not open, and to while away his time he went down to the Denburn. He found plenty of horse-leeches, and a number of the grubs of water-flies. He had put them into the bottom of a broken bottle, when one of the scholars came running up, crying, "Tam, Tam, the school's in!" Knowing the penalty of being behind time, Tom flew after the boy, without thinking of the bottle he had in his hand. He contrived, however, to get it into the school, and deposited it in a corner beside him, without being observed.

All passed on smoothly for about half an hour, when one of the scholars gave a loud scream, and started from his seat. The master's attention was instantly attracted, and he came down from the desk, taws in hand. "What's this?" he cried. "It's a horse-leech crawlin' up my leg!" "A horse-leech?" "Yes, sir, and see," pointing to the corner in which Tom kept his treasure, "there's a bottle fu' o' them!" "Give me the bottle!" said the master; and, looking at the culprit, he said, "You come this way, Master Edward!" Edward followed him, quaking. On reaching the desk, he stopped, and, holding out the bottle, said, "That's yours, is it not?" "Yes." "Take it, then; that is the way out," pointing to the door; "go as fast as you can, and never come back; and take that too," bringing the taws down heavily upon his back. Tom thought that his back was broken, and that he would never get his breath again.

A few days after, Tom was preparing to go out, after breakfast, when his mother asked him, "Where are ye gaun the day, laddie?" "Till my school," said he. "To your school, are ye? Where is't? at the Inches, or the Middens, or Daiddie Brown's burnie? where is't?" "At the fit o' the Green." "At the fit o' the Green! But hoo lang is it since ye was putten awa frae that school?" Tom was silent. He saw that his mother had been informed of his expulsion.

In a little while she was ready to go out. She took hold of her son by the cuff of the neck, and took him down to the Green. When she reached the school, for the purpose of imploring the master to take her son back, she knocked at the door, and the master at once appeared. Before she could open her mouth, the master

abruptly began, "Don't bring that boy here! I'll not take him back—not though you were to give me twenty pounds! Neither I nor my scholars have had a day's peace since he came here." And with that he shut the door in her face before she could utter a single word. She turned and came away, very much vexed. She kept her grip on the boy; but, standing still to speak to a neighbor, and her hold getting a little slacker, he made a sudden bolt and escaped.

As usual, he crept in late in the evening. His father was at home, reading. On entering, Tom observed that he stopped, fixing his eyes upon him over the top of his book, and looked at him steadily for some time. Then, laying down his book, he said, "And where have you been, sir?" The boy said nothing. "It's no wonder that you're dumb. You've been putten out of your school a second time. You'll be a disgrace to all connected wi' you. You'll become an idler, a ne'er-do-well. You'll get into bad company. You'll become a thief! Then you'll get into jail, and end your days in misery and shame. Such is the case with all that neglect their schooling, and disregard what their parents bid them."

Tom was at last ashamed of himself. He said nothing until supper-time; and then he asked for his supper, as he was hungry. "Perhaps you are," said his father; "and you shall get no supper this night, nor any other night, until you learn to behave yourself better. Go to bed, sir, this moment!" Tom slunk away, and got to bed as soon as possible. When the lights were out, and all were thought to be abed, a light hand removed the clothes from over Tom's head, and put something into his hand. He found it to be "a big dad o' bread and butter." It was so like the kind motherly heart and hand to do this. So Tom had his supper, after all.

He was next sent to the Lancaster school in Harriet street. There were two masters in this school. The upper classes were in the highest story, the other classes in the lowest. The master of the lower class, to which Tom belonged, knowing his weakness, ordered him, on entering, not to bring any of his books to that school. He was to pay more attention to his lessons than he had yet done, or he would be punished severely. He did not bring anything but his school-books for a long time, but at last his usual temptation befell him. It happened in this way:

On his way to and from school, along School Hill, he observed a sparrow's nest built in the corner part of a spout. He greatly envied the sparrow's nest; but he could only feast his longing eyes at a distance. He tried to climb the spout once or twice, but it was too high, and bulged out at the top. The clamps which held the spout to the wall were higher at the top than

at the bottom. He had almost given up the adventure in despair, when one day, on going to school, he observed two men standing together, and looking up in the direction of the nest. Boy-like, and probably thinking that he was a party concerned in the affair, he joined them, and listened to what they were talking about. He found that the nest interfered with the flow of water along the spout, and that it must be removed; and that the whole water-way along the spout must also be cleaned out.

Tom was now on the alert, and watched the spout closely. That day passed, and nothing was done. The next day passed, and still the men had not made their appearance. But on the third day, on his way to school, he observed a man and a boy placing a long ladder against the house. Tom stopped, and, guessing what was about to be done, he intended to ask the man for the nest and its contents. The man was about to ascend the ladder, when, after feeling his pockets and finding that something had been forgotten, he sent the boy back to the shed for something or other—most probably a trowel. Then, having struck a light and set fire to his pipe, the man betook himself to the church-yard, which was near at hand.

A thought now struck Tom. Might he not take the nest himself without waiting for it, and perhaps without getting it, after all? He looked about. He looked into the church-yard gate, nearly opposite. He saw nobody. The coast was clear. Tom darted across the street and went rapidly up the ladder. Somebody shrieked to him from a window on the other side. It staggered him at first. But he climbed upward; got to the nest, and, after some wriggling and twisting, he pulled it away, and got down before either the man or the boy had returned.

It was eggs that he wanted, but, lo and behold! here was a nest of five well-fledged birds. Instead of taking the birds home, Tom was foolish enough to take them with him to school. He contrived to get the nest into the school unobserved, and put it below the form on which he was seated, never thinking that the little things would get hungry, or try to make their escape. All went on well for about an hour. Then there was a slight commotion. A chirrup was heard. And presently the throats of all were opened—"Chirrup! Chirrup!" Before the master could get the words "What's that?" out of his mouth, the birds themselves answered him by leaving their nest and fluttering round the school-room, the boys running after them! "Silence! Back to your seats!" cried the master. There was now stillness in the school, except the fluttering of the birds.

[Owing to want of space, we are compelled to leave the remainder of our extracts over till next month.]

## LITERARY NOTES.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, who did so much for Classic Archæology at Troy, is now excavating at Mycenæ. He has discovered five graves inside what is called the "Stone Ring," near the Lion Gate. One of the skeletons, Dr. Schliemann pronounces to be that of Agamemnon,—upon what authority does not appear. It is, however, gratifying to know that none of those old heroes have been able to hide away their bodies so that the skill of the nineteenth century cannot find them,

MR. JAMES BOYCE will soon have ready his "Travels in Transcaucasia." He is one of the very few who have made the ascent of Mount Ararat, and this will be one of the most interesting points of his book.

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH VOLUMES of Montalembert's "Monks of the West," will shortly be published in Edinburgh. These will complete the English translation.

THE CITY OF DUBLIN is about to establish a free public library. When will Montreal follow the example? Many of the most ordinary works of reference cannot be found in Montreal, and students of any subject a little out of the beaten track, are obliged to go to Boston or New York to consult authorities.

WHAT WITH CENTENARIES, and bi, ter, and quater centenaries, the present age may justly be considered as an age of "swarm." The librarians of the United States lately had a convention, and now the English librarians want one,—or rather they want an International one. This rage for conventions is a feverish symptom, and tends to produce talkers rather than workers.

MRS. OLIPHANT has a new story in press, to be called "Mrs. Arthur." The title is not very suggestive, but the story will likely be good.

A NEW POLITICAL and "Society" review will shortly appear under the title of "The Marlborough."

THERE ARE, says M. Garcin de Tassy, nine hundred Hindustani poets not mentioned in his History of Hindustani Literature. He gives their names in an appendix to his annual report

just issued. It is a melancholy piece of information, and reminds one of Falstaff's bill, "but one pennyworth of bread to that intolerable deal of sack."

WE LEARN from Mr. Robert Barclay's "Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth," just published in London, that the Society of Friends has dwindled from 60,000 to 17,000 in less than a century. Mr. Barclay urges upon that Society to consider their low estate. In these days, the silence of a Quakers' meeting is seldom broken excepting by the voice of some sister, whereas in old days sisters and brethren were loud and fearless in speech against spiritual tyranny, whether before Sultan or Pope or New England Puritan. The Society itself, Mr. Barclay thinks, has become narrow and formal.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has published his "Last Essays on Church and Religion," and has turned his back forever upon those tempting fields of theological discussion through which he has so long been aimlessly wandering. What will the world do when the only apostle of "sweetness and light" refuses to irradiate it any longer? How is faith to be retained in "that - within - ourselves - which - is - not - ourselves - which - makes - for - righteousness," if Mr. Arnold leaves us? Is it righteous to turn away and deprive us of the honey and rushlight of his charming style?

THE LIFE OF CHRIST has been written in verse by Miss Stapleton, and published by Williams & Norgate, of London. The author soars courageously to the level of this "high argument" with unfaltering confidence in her own powers. Sometimes she is unequal to the task, however, as, for instance, in the case of St. John the Baptist. Her muse sinks panting, for

*"What mortal genius can conceive or paint  
The spreaded plumage of this lustrous saint!"*

It is not often she gives up so easily, though The account of the miracle at Cana, in Galilee, commences thus :

*They have not wine, she said, in tones of grief,  
Plainly the pathos of this sentence brief.*

Here is the moral :

*But till the clock of God strikes out his hour,  
No issue blooms, no act expands in flower.*

The work will not supersede commentaries on the Bible.

MR. STILLMAN, who was U. S. Consul in Crete during the uprising of 1866, has published a very interesting book upon the insurrection in Herzegovina. He resided at Ragusa in 1875 and 1876, and had many opportunities of learning the truth. He represents the spirit of the people as rising. They declare that they have had enough promises from the Turks, and that nothing but autonomy will satisfy them. They say that the radical reforms necessary to give them personal liberty and security would never be carried out by the Turks, and they are right.

WALTER BAGEHOT is dead, at the early age of 52. He was partner in a banking house, but is best known as editor of the *Economist*. This paper he raised to the very highest rank as a commercial and financial authority. He wrote also, perhaps, the best book extant on the British Constitution, and a book, "Lombard Street," on the money market. His book, "Physics and Politics" was an attempt to apply the Darwinian theory of natural selection in the domain of political economy.

THE HEIRS OF COUNT MONTALEMBERT have obtained judgment against Father Hyacinthe for publishing a posthumous work called "L'Espagne et la Liberté." In this work the Count charges the decadence of Spain to the rule of the Jesuits. He had intended Father

Hyacinthe to be his executor, and this book was to be published after his death; but when the Father left the Church of Rome his name was struck out of the Count's will. Nothing was, however, said about the Manuscript which still remained in Father Hyacinthe's hands.

THE AUSTRALIANS are better Radicals than we are. A Mr. Rusden, of Victoria, proposes to alter the week to five days. We would have then seventy-three Sundays in the year. The old pagan names of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c., he proposes to alter to One-day, Two-day, Three-day, Four-day, and the day of rest to Good-day. This will be bad news for clergymen, much as clerks and people who are paid by the year may like it. Such a mixed-up week would be appropriate in Australia, and would match the odd animals which seem peculiar to that continent.

WHILE CARDINAL MANNING is giving us, in the *Nineteenth Century*, what he calls the *true* history of the Vatican Council, Prof. Friedrich, of Munich, one of the supposed authors of "Janus," is preparing a comprehensive history of the Council, which is pretty sure to differ from the Cardinal's very materially. The first part is in press, and will be out this summer.

LIEUT.-COL. BAKER is preparing a work upon Turkey, which is expected to rank with Mr. Wallace's recently published book upon Russia. Col. Baker's long residence in Turkey has given him great facilities for such a task.



# Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S.—Your communication received with thanks. Problem by C. Callender (your contribution) appeared in May number. It is a beautiful composition and well worthy of the encomium passed on it by the H. C. Magazine.

F. H. A.—Shall be glad to hear from you.

INQUIRER.—First move is always considered an advantage, though there are many players—and good ones too—who place little value on it and prefer parrying an attack rather than make one.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

GAME NO. 4.

A brilliant skirmish between two of the best English players, Messrs. Boden and Bird.

WHITE.

BLACK.

(Mr. Boden.)

(Mr. Bird.)

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th        |
| 2. P to K B 4th  | P to Q 4th        |
| 3. P takes Q P   | P to K 5th        |
| 4. P to Q B 4th  | Kt to K B 3rd     |
| 5. P to Q 4th    | P takes P (en p.) |
| 6. B to K 3rd    | B to Kt 5th (ch)  |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3rd | Castles           |
| 8. Q takes P     | P to K Kt 3rd     |
| 9. Castles (Q R) |                   |

Castling on the Queen's side, in the face of Black's last move, is very unlike White's usual style of play.

- |                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| 9.                      | B to K B 4th   |
| 10. Q to Q 4th          | B to K B 4th   |
| 11. P takes P (en pass) | Kt takes P     |
| 12. Q takes Q           | Q R takes Q    |
| 13. Kt to Q 5th         | Kt to K Kt 5th |
| 14. P to K R 3rd        | R takes Kt     |
| 15. P takes Kt          |                |

If he had taken the Rook, then would have followed 15. Kt takes B, &c.

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 15.             | R takes R (ch) |
| 16. K takes R   | B takes P (ch) |
| 17. B to K 2nd  | B to K B 4th   |
| 18. P to Q R 3d | R to Q sq (ch) |
| 19. K to B sq   | Kt to Q R 4th  |

Threatening mate on the stroke.

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| 20. B to Q sq  | Kt takes P       |
| 21. P takes B  | Kt takes B       |
| 22. B to B 3rd | R to B sq (ch)   |
| 23. K to Q 2nd | Kt takes K Kt P, |
- and White resigned.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

King's B's opening.

WHITE,

BLACK,

Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Ensor.\*

- |                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4            | P. to K. 4.          |
| 2. K. to B. to B. 4.     | P. to Q. to B. 3 (a) |
| 3. Q. to Kt. to B. 3 (b) | K. to Kt. to B. 3.   |
| 4. K. to Kt. to B. 3.    | K. to B. to Q. 3.    |
| 5. Castles.              | K. to B. to B. 2.    |
| 6. P. to Q. 4. (c)       | K. to P. by P.       |
| 7. Q. by Q. 2d. P.       | Castles.             |
| 8. Q. to B. to Kt. 5.    | P. to Q. to Kt.      |
| 9. P. to K. 5. (d)       | Kt. to P. by B.      |
| 10. K. to P. by Kt.      | P. to K. to Kt. 3.   |
| 11. Q. to K. to R. 4.    | K. to R. sq. (e)     |
| 12. Q. to K. to R. 6.    | K. to R. to Kt. sq.  |
| 13. Q. to B. to R. 4.    | Q. to K. to B. sq.   |
| 14. K. to Kt. to his 5.  | Resigned.            |

\* Mr. Ensor of the above game is not unknown to several members of the Montreal Chess Club, as a very strong player.

Notes by the editor of the New York Clipper.

(a) "The Handbook" condemns this for the double reason of giving himself a cramped situation and his adversary too great latitude for development. See what follows.

(b) The same authority gives here Q. to K. 2, with an advantage shown for the attack.

(c) That's the right style.

(d) Is it possible to produce a game exhibiting a more rapid and vigorous development? Why, the concentrated charge of his entire centre smacks of actual ferocity.

(e) "Under fire," with the prospect of an early cremation—and dead wood enough to reduce him to ashes.

## CHESS IN MONTREAL.

The following is one of the two games lost by Mr. Bird out of the twenty-five contested by him, simultaneously, at his last exhibition in Montreal.

Centre Gambit.

WHITE.

BLACK.

Mr. J. G. Ascher.

Mr. Bird.

- |                           |                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4.            | 1. P. to K. 4.            |
| 2. P. to Q. 4.            | 2. P. tks. P.             |
| 3. Kt. to K. to B. 3.     | 3. B. to Kt. 5. ch. (a)   |
| 4. P. to Q. to B. 3.      | 4. P. tks. B.             |
| 5. P. tks. P.             | 5. B. to B. 4. (b)        |
| 6. K. to B. to B. 4.      | 6. Q. to K. 2. (c)        |
| 7. Castles.               | 7. Q. to Kt. to B. 3.     |
| 8. P. to K. 5. (d)        | 8. P. to Q. to Kt. 3.     |
| 9. B. to K. to Kt. 5. (e) | 9. Q. to K to B.          |
| 10. R. to K. (f)          | 10. P. to K. to R. 3. (g) |
| 11. B. to R. 4.           | 11. P. to K. to Kt. 4.    |
| 12. B. to Kt. 3.          | 12. K. to Kt. to K. 2.    |
| 13. Q. to Kt. to Q. 2.    | 13. Kt. to K. to B. 4.    |
| 14. Kt. to K. 4.          | 14. B. to K. 2.           |
| 15. Kt. to Q. 6. ch.      | 15. B. to P. tks. Kt.     |
| 16. P. tks. P.            | 16. Kt. tks. B.           |
| 17. R. to P. tks. Kt.     | 17. K. to Q.              |
| 18. P. tks. B. ch.        | 18. Kt. tks. P.           |
| 19. Kt. to K. 5.          | 19. R. to R. 2.           |
| 20. Q. to Q. 3.           | 20. P. to K. to B. 4.     |
| 21. Q. to R. to Q.        | 21. Kt. to K. to Kt.      |
| 22. Q. to Q. 5.           | 22. K. to Q. to B. 2. (h) |
| 23. Q. tks. R.            | 23. R. to K. 2.           |
| 24. Q. tks. R. to P. ch.  | 24. B. to Kt. 2.          |
| 25. Q. to B. to R. 6.     | Resigns.                  |

(f) But here White appears to slip up, and more remarkable still, his opponent omits taking advantage of it.

(g) B. tks. P. ch. not only relieves Black from much of the embarrassment of his position, but adds to his numerical superiority; having missed this chance to turn the tide, the rest of his voyage is "bound in shallows and in miseries."

(h) Immediately fatal, but what can he do? A piece is lost no matter how he moves. With the exception of his tenth move, White played the game in a very good style.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 5.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Kt. to K. Kt. 3.  
2. Mates.

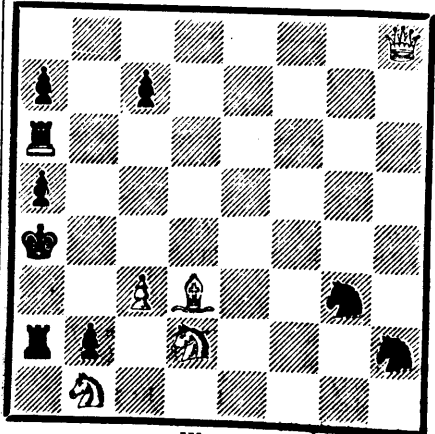
1. Anything

There are eight varieties of checkmate to this enigma.

PROBLEM No. 6.

By W. Meredith.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTES BY THE CHESS EDITOR OF THE "NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED."

(a) According to some authorities this move may be made without danger, but, as it results in bringing about a position almost identical with that of the Cochrane attack in the Scotch Gambit, wherein Black has a very uncomfortable game, we prefer B. to B. 4.

(b) R. 4 is the right square.

(c) Already Black has a very embarrassed position; if the B. were posted at R. 4, he might now play Q. to Kt. to B. 3, but as the position stands that move would allow White to at least recover the pawn and disorganize Black's game by B. tks K. to B. to P. ch.

(d) White's advantage in position is tantamount to a won game.

(e) Well played, cramping still further Black's already uncomfortably crowded position.



# Notice.

FRED. DOUGLASS.

The appointment of Frederick Douglass to the position of United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, brings to mind the remarkable career of that remarkable man. He was born in Maryland about the year 1817, his father being a white man and his mother a negro slave. According to the custom of the time, he was reared as a slave. His master was Col. Edward Lloyd, now only known as the owner of the future editor and orator. At the age of ten years Douglass was sent to Baltimore, to live with a relative of his master, and was employed in a shipyard. While here he secretly learned to read, and when he arrived at the age of twenty-one fled from Baltimore and from slavery. He fortunately succeeded in making his way to New Bedford, where he supported himself as a day laborer. There he was married. In 1841 he attended an anti-slavery meeting in Nantucket, and made a speech which created so favorable an impression that he was given the agency of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He travelled under its auspices for four years, and then, after publishing his autobiography, went to Europe, where for two years he lectured to large audiences in nearly every corner of Great Britain. Before his return friends in England contributed £150 to have him manumitted in

due form of law, and presented him with a printing press, the greatest emancipator of the world. In 1844 he began the publication of *The North Star*, at Rochester, N.Y. It was he who, after the breaking out of the civil war, urged upon the President the employment of negro troops and the proclamation of emancipation, and in 1863 was very useful in filling up regiments of them. Since the close of the war he has been principally employed in lecturing. He became editor of the *New National Era* in Washington in 1870, which paper is now continued by his sons, Lewis and Frederick. In the following year he was appointed secretary to the commission of Santa Domingo, and on his return General Grant made him one of the territorial council of the District of Columbia. In the following year he was elected presidential elector at large for New York State, and carried the vote of the State to Washington, and now by the favor of President Hayes holds the very high and honorable position of United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. That a slave by his own energy and force of character should have obtained this position and been able to hold it at the present time is a marvel, and shows that neither intelligence, honor or worth are confined to any one race of people.



### DOWN ON HER.

*Butcher.* "You've not been 'avin' so many J'int's this last Week or two, Ma'am."

*Lady (who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so).* "Er—no—er—we've had a good deal of GAME sent us lately by some Friends in the North, you know!"

*Butcher.* "Indeed, Ma'am! Now, what sort of Game do they send you in the Month o' April, Ma'am?"