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*Vol. 10 No. 11*

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOV.

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876

OF THE

**WITNESS.**

The friends of healthy literature have, by persevering diligence, placed the MONTREAL WITNESS in the very first rank of newspapers. The rapid growth of trashy reading, and of what is positively vile, is stimulating good people to more earnest efforts than ever to fill every household with sound mental food. A clergyman has lately secured for the WITNESS hundreds of subscribers, and declares his intention to make this one of his first duties in his present and every future field of labor, as he holds that by no other means could he do so much for the future of a neighborhood as by placing good reading in every family.

Successive attacks upon the WITNESS during each of the past three years, culminating in what has been called "The Ban" of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, although not otherwise desirable circumstances, have done a great deal to concentrate and intensify the zeal of the friends of Temperance and religious liberty in favor of the WITNESS. Indeed, the fact that the last assault has been followed up for six months with the most untiring efforts to break down the paper on the part of the most powerful moral opposition that could be organized on earth, and has resulted in cutting us off from some, at least, of those Roman Catholic readers whose good-will we formerly enjoyed and highly prized, gives us, perhaps, some claim on the kind offices of those who value free speech and freedom of religious belief. The actual diminution of the circulation of the DAILY WITNESS is, of course, comparatively small, amounting to about 500 out of 13,000, or less than four per cent., and does not affect us peculiarly, as we can still claim a circulation equal in volume to that of all the rest of the daily city press, probably the majority of our old Roman Catholic readers being such still.

The progress of the paper may be gathered approximately from the following figures:

	Cir. Daily.	and Tri-Weekly	Cir. Weekly
	1st Sept.	1st Sept.	1st Sept.
1871.....	10,700	3,000	8,000
1872.....	10,700	3,600	9,000
1873.....	11,600	3,600	10,750
1874.....	12,900	3,800	17,000
1875.....	12,400	3,200	19,700

We have good reasons to be specially desirous to reach the whole country this winter, and have the WITNESS presented earnestly to the notice of every family. To this end we have determined to depart from the usual course of allowing our publications to commend themselves on their merits alone, and to inaugurate on a large scale a competitive effort on the part of all our subscribers to increase the subscription list. This competition will last during the month of October, and will be open to all. The list of prizes will be found below. If this comes to any who are not familiar with the WITNESS, we may say that for twenty-nine years it has labored for the promotion of evangelical truth, and for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Our effort is to produce a CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE NEWSPAPER, unattached to any political party or religious denomination, seeking only to witness fearlessly for the truth and against evil doing under all circumstances, and to keep its readers abreast with the news and the knowledge of the day. It devotes much space to Social, Agricultural and Sanitary matters, and is especially the paper for the home circle. It is freely embellished with engravings.

The WEEKLY WITNESS has been enlarged twice, and nearly doubled within four years, and is the very most that can be given for the price—\$1.10 per an.

The MONTREAL WITNESS (Tri-Weekly) gives the news three times a week, and all the reading of the DAILY WITNESS for \$2.00 per an.

The DAILY WITNESS is in every respect a first class daily, containing much more reading matter than the papers which cost twice as much, for \$3.00 per an.

All, of course, are post-paid by Publishers. Subscribers remitting new subscriptions besides their own are entitled to the following discounts on such subscriptions:

DAILY WITNESS.....	50c.
TRI-WEEKLY.....	35c.
WEEKLY.....	25c.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876

OF THE

**CANADIAN MESSENGER.**

THE PIONEER PAPER.

The MESSENGER is designed to supply the homes of the Sunday School scholars of America with family reading of the most useful and interesting sort at the lowest possible cost. It consists of eight pages of four columns each, and contains a Temperance department, a Scientific department, a Sanitary department, and an Agricultural department. Two pages are given to family reading, two to a tale in large type for children, and one to the Sunday-school lessons of the International Series, and a Children's Column. The paper is magnificently illustrated. There has been a very rapid increase in its circulation during the past year, namely, from 15,000 to 25,000, and the ratio of increase rises so rapidly that the proprietors have sanguine hopes of doubling the latter figure before the end of next year. There has been, as a result of this prosperity, some improvement in the style of the paper, and it will, of course, be possible to introduce more and more improvements as circulation grows. Most of the growth of the MESSENGER has been by the voluntary recommendation of it by friends who have formed their own opinion of its worth, and by the introduction of it into Sunday-schools. Young correspondents say that their Sunday Schools are more interesting and better attended since it has been introduced.

The following are the prices of the MESSENGER:

1 copy.....	\$ 0 30
10 copies.....	2 50
25 copies.....	6 00
50 copies.....	11 50
100 copies.....	22 00
1,000 copies.....	200 00

Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, twelve dozen for \$1.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876

OF THE

**NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.**

In general style and appearance the DOMINION has, during the last few months, very considerably improved, and it is intended to improve on the present as much as the present is an improvement on the past, and the Magazine of next year will be read with an ease and pleasure greater than hitherto. When we say that these improvements are not to be marked by any change of price, we refer to the full price of \$1.50 per annum. Hitherto the DOMINION has been clubbed with the WEEKLY WITNESS at \$1.00, which it will be simply impossible to continue now that one-fifth has been added to its bulk, along with better paper and printing. The DOMINION is henceforth to be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1.25, and is better worth its cost than ever before. Twenty-five cents, instead of fifty, will be the discount allow-

(Continued on third page over.)



CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB.

# New Dominion Monthly.

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NOVEMBER, 1875.

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## THE QUARRYMEN OF BLACK MOUNTAIN.

AN IRISH STORY.

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It is a platitude to begin by saying that every subject has many sides, and yet perhaps no one subject might be stated as owning so many sides as that one termed "The Irish Question." As one involved in its intricacies, earnestly striving to disentangle the skein, behold—"Lord John Rivers." He was small of stature, fair haired, and very slight. His countenance wore an expression of forced yet of unruffled calmness—a certain rigidity in the features, and steely gleam in his light eyes, gave an impression to the observer that the man was one in earnest, desperate earnest, to gain some noble end; that to gain this end, obstacles, however weighty, would be forcibly expelled from his path; that, no matter where, this small man intended to be a power. Great, noble, sincere and earnest, what lacked he? Was not he one among men perfect in character and life; wherefore in his presence should people feel antagonistic to him, and falling in silence, dread to speak, lest his contemplative eye should lay bare to its foundation the thought expressed, and finding it lacked wisdom, silently reject it? But one more virtue, and

Lord John had lived his first thirty years an apostle to his age—he needed that great love which in some men has made their lives, like beautiful poems, leaving traces never to be erased by time. It was he who from his youth had determined that he would go amongst the wildest Irish, make his dwelling-place near to theirs, found for them schools, build for them commodious cottages, rouse one and all to a high standard of morals and education. Of all these things, he said, "I will perform," and his "I will" was a potent one.

He purchased an estate left vacant by the death of the last of an old Irish family. It was situated on Black Mountain, comprising village, castle, and heather land for some hundreds of acres. He was also proprietor of the valuable stone quarries which gave employment to the villagers.

Lord John, accompanied by his mother and an invalid sister, and taking with him a large retinue of servants, left his comfortable English home, determining that his home henceforth should be in Ireland; that all his future should be laid out in bringing

into action his mighty schemes. Arrived there, he began work at once, accompanied by some friends and a builder from England. The village lay picturesquely in a hollow, above it the mountain, around miles of heather, and far in the distance a tossing, restless sea, for ever breaking over rocks hidden by the foam.

But the village—who shall imagine its squalor, its miserable huts, its abominable pig-styes, its dirty, neglected children, its idle, thriftless women, its men, foul from generations, bearing on their faces the stamp of evil. The men stood grouped in the streets, staring vacantly at Lord John as he approached. He, on his part, took as little notice of them as if they had been in very truth the machines he intended to conform to his will. He pursued his way to the end of the village, considered well its appearance—calculated its wants. Turning to the builder, he said, in a tone so distinct the glowering men could hear it, “The houses shall be pulled down; the street is to be widened, of course; the pig-styes must be burnt.” He passed on, but the silent men looked up at one another, and into their vacant faces stole an expression, malignant, cruel. It said, wordlessly, “He must die.” It added, “Our hand shall do the deed.” Lord John approached them, called to him the overseer. A man came out from amid the throng, no less dirty or ragged than the others. His small eyes restlessly examined Lord John, and he, with quick, eager speech, gave an account of the quarries. There was no stopping his account—not even strong signs of dissent given by the other men. But when he finished, Lord John merely gave him a command to be at work with the men next day. Just then a little child, crowded by other children, was pushed down roughly beside Lord John. He, stooping, lifted it in his arms, quieted it by his own calm face. The little thing

laughed up at him. It was sparsely clad, and the wind was keen. Lord John took off his comforter, and wrapping it round the babe, set it gently down. When he looked round, he was astonished to see that the sullen men had made a movement, that one or two were smiling, and looked as though they would have spoken. Yet he read no meaning from their altered looks—the lesson was not to be learnt just yet. His thoughtful eyes surveyed the villagers, and over his mind swept riotously the longings of his life time, that he should single-handed make of his low fellow-men beings worthy of God’s earth. The evil countenances, the squalor and the apathy in those around him, were but as the trumpet to the war-horse. God help the man whom nought but death will keep from striving to gain his noble end. God help the people, too, for how shall their untutored souls bear to see what is dear unto them improved off the face of the earth. They, looking at Lord John, saw in him the English landlord, armed with power and will to take away their rights. Their rights! let one of them define them if he can, and read his definition thus: His right to live as dirty as he pleases; his right to live in a wretched hut, his from generations; his right to drink or starve as suited his improvidence; his right to beat his wife, to maltreat his children; his right to live and die as little like a man as could be. His rights!!!

“The school-house shall be built at once,” said Lord John, walking fast towards the Mountain; “let it stand here at the top of the village street.” A misty expression filled his eyes—a school-house, model cottages, cleanly children, passed as a lovely picture before his eyes.

“You have your work before you,” said a friend, soberly; “and *dangerous* work,” added he, after a pause; “these men mean mischief.”

“They will be much benefited by my

work," said Lord John. "Fancy life, existence in such degrading surroundings. I will at least lodge them like men, and educate the children."

"You will think me behind the times, I know," replied his friend, "but I am speaking in sober earnest; "educate the children as much as you will, but be careful how you infringe upon the rights of the parents."

"That at least is the one thing I could not do," said Lord John. "I am going to give all; I shall only remove what is evil."

"And you think the visible evils are to be removed at one fell swoop. Granted that dirt is an evil, you are going to give birth to a greater."

"I do not understand you," said Lord John.

"Can you not then see with me, that to take down a home, one which has all the tender associations of longer generations than you have dreamed of, is to raise in the possessor a feeling of indignation, unhappiness—aye, and revenge for the wrongs!"

"Such feelings would soon pass away," said Lord John, carelessly; "the old home would be forgotten in the comfort of the new."

"There, John, you are mistaken; the dirtiest hole, glorified by old associations, would be dearer to such unsophisticated beings than the grandest palace."

Lord John turned, looked down at the village, past it to his own noble aim, and then said, "The huts must go down. On this subject we do not agree, Arthur. Let us drop it."

"Willingly. But remember, that as long as you live, as long as one of yonder children lives, remembrance of your despoiling the old homes will be treasured. Some day the men will wreak a pitiless revenge on you."

"One must needs suffer for the people, if he braves their displeasure by his innovations. Let it be so."

"You will want a teacher for your

children, when the school-house is built. Let me know when it is ready. I will send you the very 'heart of corn,' one of the noblest women I have ever known."

"You have relieved me of one anxiety," said Lord John. "Such a teacher as I want would be hard to find."

"Wait until you have had experience of my gem, Kathie O'Brien," returned Arthur.

Lord John turned the conversation into another channel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years passed away, and Lord John's schemes had progressed. Cottages had been built, a school established, and numberless small plans entered into by his mother and sister, towards the improvement of the women of the village. Outwardly all was well, and the schemer moved about unconscious that under his feet lay a mine ready to explode on the slightest pretext. And what so long had saved him? Trifles to Lord John to perform, but acts which alone had saved him from a speedy death.

A man fell down a shaft into an old pit, wherein the air was foul; the quarrymen grouped around the brink and looked at one another, and called for ropes, and lowered them to the unconscious man. It was useless, and they knew it, yet dared not risk their lives to save his. Just then, with firm, light step, Lord John sprang down the mountain side, and came amongst them. Hearing what had happened, he rapidly wound a rope round his body, and in his rapid movements carried the enthusiasm to the bystanders. Strong men seized the other end of the rope, and, obedient to his signal, lowered him, as they thought, to meet a certain death. The return rope brought up Lord John, with something crushed and all but lifeless in his arms. With gentle, reverent care, the quarrymen loosened Lord John from the rope—he,

bedizy and faint, held out his arms for support, and the eager men lifted him and carried him up the mountain side to his castle. Almost insensible as he was, he felt one man wrap a coat warmly round him. When they laid him down in the castle hall, recovering a little, he sat up and held out his hand in a cordial manner. The men went back to their work, and months passed, but no hand was raised against the master.

Again a trifle. Lord John passed a cottage far up the hillside, and, hearing from it issue moans and cries, entered it. A man, gaunt and worn by long watching, sat holding a sick child in his arms. He had nursed it for so many hours that weariness had almost overcome him. His heavy lids drooped, his weary hands loosened and tightened round the child. In his heart, a dreadful fear lest unconsciousness should overcome him, and he should drop his suffering babe. Lord John advanced, and, kindly speaking to the man, gained a long stare from the hollow eyes.

"The child is ill, and you are very weary," said Lord John, gently, "let me take him while you rest."

The man spoke thickly, and no way in answer to Lord John; his rough face fixed and stolid, while it was evident his words were rather the moan of despair, and would have been uttered had he been alone—"He has no mother!"

"Let me take him while you rest," said Lord John; and, bending, he loosened the man's grasp, and took the child in his arms: took it tenderly, as if with reverence.

"Go and lie down; I will waken you when the boy wakes," he said, authoritatively. The man rose, stumbled heavily, and rested against the door; again his thick voice spoke, "She is dead. She bid me lay her in the heather; and I buried her myself—only a week ago—he child has fretted ever since. He is

like her—our only one; and he is going to die."

The stolid face—the eyes resting on a hillock on the mountain side,—the voice addressing no one; the rough being, weighed down to the depths of misery, falling at length, an apathetic heap, on the threshold. His face was turned from Lord John, but he, judging by the breath, knew that Nature had conquered, and that he slept. And presently a woman came up to the cabin: it was Kathie, the school teacher. She lightly stepped over the sleeping man, and came to the child. "Too late!" she said. "Oh that they had told me of this before. Lord John, do you know that this child is ill of a malignant fever."

He stroked its hair gently back from its brow, as he answered in the affirmative.

"Shall I take the child?" said she. But he shook his head in reply.

"Did you know this family?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes; the man is a known brawler in the village. The only good thing I know of him is his affection for his wife and child. To them he was a different being."

"Strange," muttered Lord John, "that he should have so much power to feel such a loss—he is stunned with his grief;"

"He is not a solitary subject amongst our rough quarrymen," said Kathie; "you must take them as they are. Love alone impels them to self-command or unselfishness; love alone could foster what is great and noble in their characters."

"This is a new light to me," said Lord John, with a sigh. "Two years have passed since I came here, and yet I feel that between me and those I wish to benefit is a gulf fixed. Sticks and stones I have raised indeed, but I cannot see that the people as a people is raised.

Kathie would have answered, but the



babe woke, crying feebly. The man rose hurriedly, and came to Lord John, and took it in his arms.

A little cry, a shiver, and Death carried away the babe. Its father, finding voice again, spoke:—"A week ago, I plucked the daisies and laid them by her grave—I found him sleeping there, with his head upon the heather." His rough face wrinkled curiously. He laid his child upon the wretched bed, and straightened the wasted limbs mechanically; he tried to smooth the little rings of hair with his horny hand, then, helplessly crushed by his agony, laid his great head upon the bed.

Lord John and Kathie silently left him with his dead.

"It is one comfort," said Kathie, as she recovered herself, "that the dangerous character of the fever will prevent any 'waking' at the funeral."

"I thought the Irish cared little for the danger," answered Lord John.

"They dread this fever, which is very infectious. I hope *you* will take precautions," said Kathie.

"And you," said he—"are you in no danger?"

"I always take proper precautions," said Kathie; "I am nearly always called in at any kind of sickness."

\* \* \* \* \*

The news spread in the village that Lord John had shown such kindness to the quarryman; and report even stated that he had helped to bury the boy, and had brought some white flowers to lay on the grave. All the summer passed away, and murmurs were hushed. But a series of events in the autumn caused the men to forget the kindness their master invariably showed them, and they began to brood sullenly over the hand which had so utterly annihilated their rights.

Even the little children began to share the dissatisfaction of the parents. It happened one bright November afternoon, that Lord John, climbing up the hill side, came upon Kathie, with a

few of her pupils. The sun was glinting the heather; the bramble leaves glowed crimson and amber, trailing over the rocks. Kathie, busy with all the children, was picking haws. She held a branch in her hand. It was covered with berries, but the abundant crimson leaves were falling off one by one. As Lord John approached the children ran away, their baskets overturned, and the glorious leaves, the hips and haws, rolled down the mountain side,

Lord John looked up at Kathie inquiringly. She shook her head.

"Lord John," she said, "I wish you would take better care of yourself."

"You have been saying that to me for the last month," said he, "and I have answered."

"You distress me," said Kathie. "You do not know these quarrymen—they are capable of anything. What do you think I heard last week?"

"Some new threat against my life?" asked Lord John.

"The quarrymen have sworn to one another you shall never see the light of another year."

Kathie's tone was horror-struck. Lord John smiled a little. Turning, he looked down on the village. It lay in heavy shadow—a passing cloud hid the sunshine—the distant sea looked storm-tossed. "Some day," said Lord John, steadily, "I have a conviction I shall win. If I had to begin again I might act differently. My friend has argued with me throughout my acquaintanceship with him, that I am mistaken in my idea of what is evil. He says I have created worse evils than if I had done nothing to improve the state of the people. Aye, truly, if my work has put murderous thoughts into their hearts."

"You cannot judge them without putting yourself as nearly as possible on the level by which they judge you. They are a wrong-headed race, and yet they *do* possess good to a large extent,"

said Kathie, contemplatively. "I should say they are entirely swayed by the impulse of the moment."

"Yes, one moment they would die for you, and the next they would sacrifice you to their enraged feelings." Then after a pause, he added, "I have at least begun a work some wiser man may carry out successfully."

Then he turned to say farewell, and Kathie went down the hill, forgetful of her hips and haws—her eyes dim with tears, that one so noble and unselfish as her friend, Lord John, should have to feel how sad it is to fail; how infinitely sorrowful that those whom he longed to raise to manhood as eagerly craved that he might die, and that his blood might be upon their heads.

#### PART SECOND.

Autumn had past into winter. Hips and haws and bramble leaves were swept away. The valley lay in dimness, shadowed by the barren hills; and its people lay in darkness so great that it might be felt.

Four o'clock on Christmas eve. The children tramped away from the school-house. Their noisy clamor was stilled, their steps quieted by sight of their parents grouping together in the village street. The women huddled together, shivering for very dread; the gathering crowd speaking softly, as if in fear the very wind might raise their foul secret and bear it to their intended victim. "A Merry Christmas!" Alas! the holly boughs were broken, and roughly crushed under foot; the cottage hearths were fireless, and on the floor lay long pine boughs, whence rough and earnest men were busy cutting torches.

It has been stated that the school-house was to stand at the top of the village street. Kathie, crouching in her doorway, looked out, and trembled as her eye discerned the signs of the

times. Faltering and breathing in terrified gasps, she wound her shawl, Irish fashion, over her head, and trusting thus the more easily to be concealed, crept away into the shadows that led up to the hill side. She passed a few whispering groups unseen, and, taking heart, proceeded on her way; but a tavern, round which men were crowding to drink, threw a bright light over the path. Kathie, hovering lightly 'mid the shadows, was observed, and a man, coming forward, laid his hand upon her arm.

"And where does Misthress Kathie walk the night?" asked he; and as he spoke he made a sign and the other men in silence closed round her.

"Oh, is it you, Pat?" cried she, in a tone as little indicative of her trembling soul as she could make it. "Now, I am glad. I have not seen you a long while. How is the wee sonnie?"

"Patrick, the *dare* boy, it's well he is."

"We do not choose the Misthress should be walking to-night," said a man in a surly tone.

"Surely you would not be so cruel as to stop me when the Widow Flanagan's boy is down with croup. Sure, Pat, when I cured your own child, you would not keep me from helping a neighbor."

"It's mighty clever, thin, ye is," said a man, "and the kind heart, Misthress Kathie;" and then the men moved back, and she was free to pass on. It would not do to seem in a hurry, so she turned to one man—

"Will there be a moon?" she asked. Try how she would, she could not help her lips and voice trembling as she spoke. "The moon will rise at seven," replied Pat, and the other men repeated his words with a laugh so diabolical that the blood ran cold in Kathie's veins, and, without trusting herself to speak, she ran off at the top of her speed.

"God help me!" she cried; "two

hours, and the moon will rise—only two hours. Oh, my God, strengthen, help me!"

Her words died away in a wail of utter agony. Pausing, she stood one instant, while her faint heart bade her turn back, and not attempt the perilous journey. Before her rose the mountain, reposing in stern majesty, lending its profile to a giant, its massive brow snow-covered. Above it floated clouds all gray with wintry dimness; only one cloud, all glorious amber, rested on the mountain side. Trees, gnarled and blasted by the fierce winds, waved their ghost-like arms upon the rising breeze. The calm of the resting giant face gave confidence to Kathie. She looked upon the dangerous path which she must tread.

"My God," she cried, as she began her steep ascent, "let me save them or die."

The usual path up the mountain she dared not take. The one left for her was but a slight track, avoided by the villagers as beset by dangers. It was precipitous, and led often around those quarries hewn out by the quarrymen; it led past huge caverns, where the wind moaned the stories of that ocean which once hissed and foamed into the heart of the mountain—moaned and sighed the stories like ten thousand Banshees wailing. As Kathie shudderingly passed these caves, wild stories of these Banshee haunts swept across her brain, and she could hardly resist their power.

A storm came on—the snow-flakes nearly blinded her. She fell upon the rocks; the wind tugged furiously at her shawl—a feeble struggle, and it was gone. Where? Kathie trembled with terror. Its heavy splash convinced her she was on the edge of a quarry. She crawled away on hands and knees.

"God help me!" she prayed, desperately. "Give me strength. The time flies and I am faint. My God! my God! canst Thou see me? canst Thou hear my voice? Help, I beseech Thee."

She tried to stand, but the fierce blast made her powerless, and up the mountain path she crawled on hands and knees—as one in a frenzy, received hurts and felt them not—as one in nightmare, dragged on her fearful journey. Roused at length, as looming before her a great grim shadow, she crawled into it, and laid down before the castle gate, conscious now that the wind had fallen, the snow had ceased. Before the gates she lay like one dead, only at last a moonbeam on the snow aroused her from her apathy. She rose, and with sudden energy beat upon the outer gate, and screamed for "Help! help! help!"

From within came sounds of merriment—the skirl of bagpipes and the heavy tread of dancing feet. The servants were keeping Christmas.

"Help! help!" from Kathie, as she made a fresh assault upon the doors, and turning, saw, not far distant, gleaming torches, and heard the tramp of the enraged quarrymen. This time the gate was opened. Lord John himself stood there. He peered curiously at Kathie.

"I thought I heard something," he said, "and I was right. Evans, lift this poor creature and lay her by the kitchen fire."

But Kathie, standing, found voice.

"Lord John, a child told me to-day. The quarrymen are mad with you. Even now, see them coming up the mountain side. They intend to murder you."

Her voice sounded to her ears far away—a dim sense of a marching crowd—of rushing winds and the babble of water round her—she sank feebly down upon the threshold.

"Take this lady to my mother," cried Lord John, as he, with rapid hand, barred up the strong castle gates, and afterwards swiftly barred and bolted every window and door accessible. Shrieks and screams then led him to the hall. The maid-servants wildly

clung round their mistress, some fainting, some in hysterics. Lady Mary in vain entreated their compassion and help for one who had shown such goodness to them. A lame gentleman, the sole masculinè visitor at the castle, would fain have rendered his assistance, but a lady's maid had fainted on one arm, and the fat cook clung to the other.

"The castle will stand a siege," said Lord John, and his intense calmness produced a lull. Taking advantage of this, he locked all the ladies into a room as far distant from the hall as possible, and then came back to his friend.

"This is a serious business," said he. "Those men are mad for murder."

"Let me go out and talk to them," said the poor lame fellow.

"They would murder you," said Lord John, with deliberation. "Nothing but my presence will satisfy them, and that—no. What I want is perfect freedom in action. God only knows how this dire evening may end. The ladies must be your charge, and death by your hand were preferable to the wild fury of those men."

"They have beaten down the outer gate," shrieked the butler from the entry.

"Go, Harry," said Lord John, with a lingering glance into his face, and a clasp of the hand that was a farewell. Then hastening to the hall, he called the servants together.

"We must play the men to-night," said he, cheerfully; but stopped speaking as he saw the livid faces of the town-bred men.

"My lord," said the butler, in a faint attempt at impudence, "I never did such a thing in any place, nor never will. I hope I know my place. These wild 'Hirish' I've heard of—and—"

"Is there no *man* among you who will stand by me this night?" cried the master, as he keenly eyed the party of cravens.

"I will, my lord," chirped a small voice, and my lady's page stepped proudly up to him.

"Well done, my lad!" said Lord John, kindly; then with withering contempt he turned to the trembling men. "As for you—you brave and faithful servants—know your place. Go, hide—ask the women to defend you. *Away*—out of my sight!"

The men gladly obeyed. Soon Lord John and the page stood alone, and steadily looked at one another. From without came sounds of awful import—oaths mingled with loud cries for vengeance. Lord John left the page in the hall, and ran up to an upper window, whence he viewed the scene.

The moonbeams made the snow glisten; great rocks cast grim shadows; the huge mountain seemed to reach the heavens, and from its caverns resounded the cries and oaths of the fiends who surged back and forth beneath the castle walls—fiends, who whirled their torches; whose maddened faces the flaring light but rendered more hideous; whose groans and yells were unceasing. Lord John took his revolvers, and came back to the hall.

"I require perfect obedience from you, my boy," said he to the page. "Do as I bid you without a word—can you?"

"I can, my lord."

"It is only right to tell you that if you stay with me your life is in as much danger as mine. Take the opportunity now, if you like, and go and hide."

"My lord," said the boy, drawing himself up, "I can die."

Lord John smiled a little sadly. The boy was too young to know the full danger he stood in. And yet he stood in need of his services, and must accept the sacrifice if it should fare ill with them. At this moment the mass surged up the lawn and began to beat furiously at the hall door.

"Good Lord deliver us!" cried the lad, falling on his knees in terror.

"Be firm, or leave me," said Lord John, lifting him on to his feet. "Go, bring a lamp."

It was brought, and both stood one moment listening. From without came hideous cries for Lord John to come out—hoarse voices howled his name, and the heavy battering of the door was redoubled.

"Stand back from the door," cried Lord John, in a voice so clear and resolute that it caused an instantaneous hush. "Stand back, I say! I shoot any man who dares come within six yards of the door!"

There was an immediate backward movement, followed by louder cries. Lord John cried, with marked emphasis:

"Boy, throw open the door."

The words were heard, and the crowd of men hushed their very breaths to hear and see what should happen next. Was he coming out to them? Was the man they intended to murder going to give himself up to their vindictive hands?

They heard a heavy chair dragged slowly across the hall, and a feeble hand draw slowly back the bolts and bars, and then they yelled afresh, leaping for very joy. He was coming—the moment of revenge had arrived. The next instant the oaken door rolled back, and Lord John calmly stood upon his threshold. The white-faced page, standing behind, held high the lamp; the soft light formed a back-ground, encasing the man, whose noble face was pure and beautiful as the angels. Above him only the shadows and the moonbeams, and below, a sea of faces, infuriated with passion, mad for revenge, thirsting for their master's blood—faces all the more ghastly by the red torchlights, and in contrast with the surrounding rest and calmness.

"You quarrymen of Black Mountain," said Lord John, in a tone of withering contempt; "you quarrymen, with the bodies of men and the hearts of wolves—how dare you be here to-night?"

A loud, utterly horrible cry profaned the echoes and the crowd surged forward, cursing the man who, they said, had taken away their rights.

"Your rights," said Lord John, slowly, "your rights! Dare *one* of you come forward and say I have deprived him of his rights?"

A louder cry arose—men from behind cried to those in front to strike him dead. But Lord John slightly changed his position, bringing forward his revolvers, and no man dared to cross the boundary line that he had bid them keep.

"If there is one MAN among you, let him come forth and tell me of *one* oppression I have laid on him and his," continued Lord John.

"Ye z turned out the old bailey, and pulled down the houses, and ye z raised the rints (rents)," cried a sullen voice from the crowd.

"Ah, Pat, you there? Come out, man, and face me while I tell your friends the reason why I turned you out."

Pat shuffled to the back.

"Git out Pat, ye old owl. Up and tell masher what we mane to do," cried another man.

"Ye'll stand by me, boys," said he.

"Arrah, will we," and the unwilling Pat was jostled to the front.

"There stands one who kept back your wages when I raised them; who tried to take my life on a dark night; who stole my purse. There stands a man twice forgiven, who would take the life of his benefactor."

"Boys, stop his talking—do your work!" cried Pat, and the crowd made a move forward.

"Back, I say!" cried Lord John, turning with such a sudden movement upon the nearest ranks that they staggered back. "You're a dead man, Pat, if you dare come one step further."

There was a pause, but not silence. The maddened crew but consulted how they should accomplish their purpose;

but none dared lay a hand on the brave master who so calmly faced them.

"You cowards," said Lord John, with such utter and deliberate contempt in his tone that the men howled in their impotent fury. "You cowards! Two hundred of you to swarm up the mountain side to take the life of 'one man—to murder one who has labored and risked that life for yours so many times."

The boldness of that charge saved him. Something of awe and admiration affected the people. The one thing they could recognize as greater than themselves—a courage they had seen proved before-to-day against their own, and theirs found wanting. He stood quietly, his keen eye travelling from one to another, even in that moment of supreme danger looking past it to the end which must one day be gained, even though it cost his life. His next words might have been gifted with inspiration, since their simplicity brought him heart to heart with the men before him.

"*You* here, John Brady!—you here, whose home I have filled with comforts. Six months ago, John Brady, you were sick unto death—your children starving. *You* here, whose little lassie died as I tried to feed her with her head upon my breast. *You* here, O'Brien!—have you forgotten who risked his life for yours when you lay insensible in the poisonous shaft? Was it one of your *friends* there? Stand out there, whichever did the deed. And *you here*, O'Connell,"—Lord John paused, and spoke so softly that the silence was intensified to catch his words—"I found you once in such dire sorrow that my heart bled for you. I helped you lay your little boy beside his mother in the heather. Can *you* come forth and say that I have wronged you? I should like to forget that *you* are here to-night."

The impressionable men were sensibly moved, and yet Lord John had but half learned his lesson. He had no intention of gaining his own life by ap-  
proaching to their hearts. His aim was

higher—he wanted to stir what was highest and noblest in the men, and still was blind to the fact that it lay in their hearts, and only could be stirred by its pulsations. The men moved as if they would have slunk away. Another instant and the crowd would have melted away, and the discontent have risen again some future day.

"Stop!" cried Lord John. "You have come to murder me; and if you dare when you have heard me speak, you may work your will. I speak to every man here. You say I have taken away your rights. What *call* you your *rights*?? Your rights, to live like pigs; to beat your wives; to live and die without bettering yourselves; to drink until you are no better than beasts. True, I pulled down your houses, but did I not build you new ones, palaces compared with those you had lived in before? It is true I have taken away as many drinking houses as I could. As long as I live, before God, I will make my stand against such evil work. It is true I sent Brooke to prison for a month for beating his wife. Ye cowards! to lay a finger on a woman. I'll horse-whip any man who dares claim that as one of his rights."

The men stood cowed, irresolute. Would he but turn his back, and they, like wild animals, would be on him. But his fearless eye bore command in it. Restless, eager as they were to wreak their vengeance on him, they dared not make a move towards him.

"I have very little more to say to you," said Lord John; and again, as if inspired, spoke simple words, coming straight from his heart:—"I am sad when I think of your wives and children. You know what will follow this night's bloody work. The hard winter is coming on, and who will keep the wives and bairns from starving? How many desolate homes will there be in the village? Not one of you will dare remain at home when you have done this murder! But, enough. You have

come for my blood—come and take it. I have twelve shots here, when they are spent, *you can do your worst on me!*”

He paused, then added, in slow, clear tones, lifting his eyes to the snow-topped mountain—seeing afar off a glorious end these men might attain—“And, my men, I would to God my blood could make you nobler, better men; then would I stand here gladly, and dole it to you drop by drop.”

He took his revolvers, and primed them, as if he expected the men to fall on, but not a man moved forward. There was a perfect hush.

“Are you afraid of the revolvers?” cried Lord John, keenly eyeing the crowd. *God help you!* I will not send one of you to eternity.”

As he spoke he threw the revolvers down with a crash, and laid his foot upon them.

A strange scene the moon beamed on:—a crowd of evil men awed to stillness, a sea of faces reddened by the lurid torch-light; and on the threshold of the castle door, one resolute man, small, slight, fair-haired, intense purity and calmness in his face, his noble head thrown proudly back, his arms carelessly folded, and his foot upon the revolvers; the lamp-light beaming from the hall. Yet even in this supreme moment a cowardly hand from behind threw a sharp stone, and cut a wound in Lord John’s temple. He did not stir, or seem to feel it, though the blood began to flow. And this foul action turned the tide.

“Master,” cried some men in front, “we had no hand in that.”

“I believe you; my men,” said he, quietly, and he stepped closer to them. “You have done me this night,” said he, “a grievous wrong. There stands no man among you but has murdered me in his heart; there is no man among you but lies under the condemnation of the law. I know you *all*—I know your *wives* and *bairns*. Ah! this is a bad night’s work for you.”

There was a long pause, and some men at the rear began to slink away.

“Stay!” cried Lord John; “I have more to say. This is Christmas-tide, the season for forgiving injuries, for our dear Lord’s sake; and as we all stand in God’s sight, I give to one and all my entire forgiveness, my promise to forget, that this sad night has ever been.”

And thus it was Lord John conquered the hearts of the quarrymen. They looked upon their master with such awe and reverence, that at his command they would have lain at his feet. But, with a calm and beautiful smile upon his face, he stepped down amongst them, and passed into their midst, holding out his hand to any one who cared to take it. And they crowded round him, these foul and evil men, and grasped his hand, and blessed him in their rude way. And one rough fellow wiped the blood gently from his brow, and swore at the cowardly hand that had flung the stone,—a man who, some minutes ago, had been madly striving to shed that blood himself.

At last it was over, and the men were gone. Lord John stood calmly on his threshold, and many, as they went down silently to their homes, turning, saw him in the soft light of the lamp. It was over—the last lurid light disappeared. Never had the mountain giant reposed more peacefully; his majestic brow the resting place for filmy snow-clouds, and the moonbeams lay on the sullied snow; the everlasting wind wailed up the glen, and past. Yes, it was over: the battle was fought, Lord John was victorious, and now that the excitement was over, knew that he was spent and sore wounded in the fray.

The liberated guests, the fearful servants now crowded into the hall; Lord John turned to enter, but all screamed at the sight of his blood-stained clothes.

“My son, have they wounded you?” said his mother.

“Good Lord, help us!” cried the page, with horror.

"And he has, my lad," said Lord John, as he gently laid his arm round the boy's shoulder. And then, feebly swaying back and forth, sank down upon the threshold—and fainted.

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All this happened many years ago ; and since that time many a sad tragedy

has been enacted by the Irish. The earnest heart of Lord John is satisfied ; his men are his, body and soul ; and he can work away his life for them.

Aye, even so. Who shall say what might not be done for these unhappy people, if to progression belonged sympathy, and to justice—love!

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"TO THEE SHALL ALL FLESH COME."

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

From pole to pole in endless roll,  
Round the wide earth the waters go ;  
Night and day, they sweep away,  
Sometimes in anger, and sometimes in play ;  
'Neath the midnight sun they heave and toss  
Where the great ice-islands are dashed by their spray,  
And the wear of their ceaseless ebb and flow  
Brings down the glaciers with cataract roar,  
To cleave the waters and shake the shore.

They glitter beneath the southern cross,  
Where the breeze is laden with spice and balm,  
And the feathery fronds of the cocoa-palm

Scarce move in the heavy air :  
But wherever the sounding billows be,  
In icy ocean or tropic sea,  
Their myriad voices rise to Thee,

O Thou that hearest prayer !

Out of their bosom the crags rise high,  
Stern and bleak, to the blue-black sky ;  
And all along their weather-worn crests  
The sea-birds hover around their nests.  
Strange and wild are their cries to hear,  
Voices of gladness and voices of fear,  
And laughing sounds that seem chokèd with a tear.  
Every day as the sun shines out,  
They welcome his coming with a shout ;  
Every eve as he sinks in the sea,  
Snow-white albatross, pied sea-mew,  
And stridulous cormorant, sable of hue,  
Scream a discordant lullaby.



Yet in the notes sweet sounds are there,  
For harsh and tuneless though they be,  
Their cries have a tender melody,  
When they leave the earth and rise up to Thee,  
O Thou that hearest prayer!

All day, the voices of the deep,  
Twin-sistered, sound through tangle and through glade ;  
All day, where pine and maple throw their shade,  
They ripple through the dreary forest-sleep  
When all the birds are silent, and the hum  
Of drowsy insects seems to come and go,  
Like far-off breakers on a noon-day shore.  
At eve, the restless tossings of the trees  
Give out low, thunder-like, the ocean's roar,  
Beneath the fitful fingers of the breeze ;  
And where the camp-fire glitters like a star  
Amidst the sombre boscage, gleam the eyes  
Of wild beasts, keen with hunger, and their cries,  
Now drawing nearer, now receding far,  
Make terrible the nightly search for food.  
So, when they cry, Thou caterest for their brood,  
Yet mak'st the lonely traveller Thy care ;  
Thine eyes behold, Thy arm is everywhere ;  
And all the forest's untamed life,  
With myriad hungry voices rife,  
Is kept by Thee, O Thou that answerest prayer !

The dumb things of the air, and earth, and sea,  
Whether they be in motion or at rest,  
Have voices that Thou hearest : unto Thee  
The cooings of the infant at the breast  
Are words ; the child's glad smile, the mourner's tear,  
The ear all-stretched to catch the coming tread,  
The hungry gaze that follows those that part,  
The swift pulsations of the strong young heart,  
The awful calm that rests upon the dead,  
Are cries that Thou dost hear,  
And answerest. O Wisdom infinite !  
O Truest Love ! O Purest Light !  
To Thee, to Thee, as wanderers to their home,  
As tempest-stricken nestlings to their nest,  
To Thee, my God, shall all flesh come,  
And in Thy heart find rest.  
To Thee, as morning sets the hills afire ;  
To Thee, as eve's gray shadows fall and blend ;  
To Thee shall come Creation's great desire ;  
To Thee, from sea, and earth, and air,  
Shall prayer and praise through countless years ascend ;  
To Thee, O God, my God, that answerest prayer.

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 SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.
 

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 SIR JAMES CRAIG.
 

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Never, since the conquest, had British rule in Canada been in so precarious a position as when Sir James Henry Craig was called upon by the King to assume the responsible position of Governor of Lower Canada and Governor General of the British Colonies in North America. Dangers threatened both from without and from within. The glory of Napoleon had reached its highest point, and had not as yet begun to decline. The whole of Europe defeated by him, had at last, with the exception of little Portugal, been forced to combine against England; and a death struggle was going on between the two nations, which it almost seemed impossible the island could survive. The world stood aghast at the artillery officer who had become Emperor of France, King of Italy and Milan; who had already placed one of his brothers on the throne of Naples, and another on the throne of Holland; who marched from conquest to conquest as if victory was chained to his car, whom no difficulty could daunt, no obstacle overcome. Austerlitz, Jena, Breslau, Eylau and Freidland, had just been added to the already glorious roll of his former victories, and even the Emperor of Russia had been at last forced to sue for peace. The Americans, on the other hand, were well known to be hostile to England in feeling, and only waiting the time when they should be able to do so with the least risk, to declare in favor of their ancient allies, the French, and seize upon Canada, towards which they all along had turned a covetous eye. And, as if to crown the difficulty, England herself, by her own act in the affair between the "Leopard" and the "Chesapeake," seemed to have afforded them the long-sought for excuse.

So much for outside complications. In Canada itself, the French-Canadian population far out-numbered the British, and was not much to be relied upon. They were then, and they still are, a distinct, different, almost hostile race: they differ from their fellow-countrymen of British descent in language, in laws, in religion. Their ambition has always been to hold themselves to themselves; to form, in one word, "La Nation Canadienne," meaning by that a separate clique, speaking nothing but French, and hating with hatred bitter and deep everything Protestant and everything English. Even during the Crimean war, it was impossible not to observe the absolute indifference that was felt for the English soldiers among the French-Canadians, though the greatest pride was expressed in the successes of their allies, the French. The "Nation Canadienne" was somewhat lost sight of under the union, when it became necessary to look to the help of the English speaking portion of Lower Canada to resist the claims of Upper Canada; since confederation, however, has given to the French-Canadian population in the Province of Quebec an irresistible majority, there is a disposition to revive "La Nation Canadienne"—this time under the control of and subservient to the Ultramontane clerical party. Their sympathies then were even more than they now are, completely French. To this day they mourn over Waterloo,

and scowl at St. Helena; they were then glorying in Austerlitz, and vaunting Jena. The two nations, moreover, were actually at war; the struggle was felt to be a desperate one, and was watched with breathless interest in Canada by both the English and French parties. So far, except at sea, Napoleon had carried the day, and the French-Canadians were consequently exultant. The new constitution, also—the ill-devised measure of 1791—had not been found to work even as well as might have been expected. It was a bold venture to grant to a wholly unprepared and uneducated population representative government. People in the aggregate are very like children, and the first use they generally make of a new right or a new power is to test its strength to the utmost, as the child does his toy, to see how far it will go. So it was in Canada. It has been said that the French nation are by nature unfit to be entrusted with liberty of speech; perhaps the same may, to a certain extent, be the case with their descendants in Canada. Certain it is, that in the beginning of the century both liberty of speech and liberty of the press were very much abused in Lower Canada; and when Sir James Craig assumed the reins of government, their popular organ, *Le Canadien*, and their favorite demagogues, Bedard and Papineau, were rapidly approaching the goal to which both seemed bent, and which both ultimately attained—treason.

The difficulties expected to arise from the "Chesapeake" embroglio were in all probability the immediate cause which led to the selection of Sir James Craig as a successor to Sir Robert Shore Milnes. He was a soldier of indubitable courage and experience, who had seen many a stricken field, and shed his own blood more than once in his country's service. Moreover, at the Cape of Good Hope and in India, both difficult missions, he had given proof of considerable administrative talent, so that a

more fit and proper choice it would have been difficult to make. Sir James Craig landed at Quebec on the 18th October, 1807, but in consequence of illness could not be sworn in until some days later. He was even then, in truth, suffering from the disease which, a little more than four years later, was to lead him to the grave. In a very short time he ascertained for himself pretty well how matters stood in Lower Canada. The population not only sympathized with France, but were strongly anti-English at heart, and were prevented from throwing off British allegiance and hoisting the fleur-de-lis or the tri-color—few of the *habitants* knew the difference between them—only by the influence of their priests. The priests, on the other hand, in great part French refugees and aliens, were induced to remain loyal themselves, and keep their flocks so, chiefly from fear of the United States, who, they could easily see, would at once annex Canada. The pernicious principles of the French Revolution were also spreading gradually and silently through the country by the instrumentality of the younger and more educated portion of the French-Canadian population, for the most part great admirers of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The execution of McLean, however, had had a salutary effect, and effectually checked for a time the public advocacy of practical democracy.

The first act of the new Governor should have given to the colonists some insight into his character, and saved them from the blunders into which they afterwards fell through not understanding him more thoroughly. His predecessors had all been somewhat chary of calling the militia together. Knowing the disposition of the people, they had deemed it more prudent not to trust them with arms or instruct them in the arts of war. Sir James Craig's first order was to call upon one-fifth of the militia to hold themselves in readiness

for immediate service. The Legislature was next called together. The Governor plainly told them of the struggle going on in Europe, of the difficulties apprehended with the United States, and the measures he had taken, though he did not apprehend war, to repel invasion if it were attempted. In every action of his the stern, prompt precision and fixed plan of action of the trained soldier is to be seen. A misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States might lead to war at any moment, and he had determined to make such a stand as his resources, taxed to the utmost, would permit of. The system of conciliation, moreover, for a purpose, was foreign to his nature, and would most certainly have been the last he would have thought of having resort to. He was there under commission from His Majesty to govern and protect the Province of Lower Canada. That Province of Lower Canada he would govern under and according to its laws, such as he found them, without waiting to enquire whether or not the laws were popular or unpopular, had been or had not been enforced. The country, moreover, stood in danger of invasion. It was the duty of the inhabitants to arm and protect the country, and it was his duty to see that they did so, and he did it. Whether or not the stand which the Canadians took in the war of 1812 was not in a great measure due to the four years' training they had under him is a question not easy to decide now. It is, however, certain that they behaved very much better on that occasion than they had done in 1775. The first session of the Legislature, which was called three months after the Governor's arrival, went off smoothly enough. It was the last session of that house, and the Governor was evidently anxious not to take any very decisive stand until a new set of men came in. Moreover, he had probably not been able to master, as yet, the details of party warfare in the

miniature Parliament of Quebec. A bill, however, was passed, excluding judges from a seat in the House, which was thrown out by the Council. The principle of exclusion of salaried officers of the Crown was no doubt right enough in itself, and has since been acted upon, but it is a question whether or not it was so desirable at a time when there was such a lack of men of education in the country that not only a large number of the members of the House could neither read nor write, but several could not even sign their names, and subscribed to the oaths of allegiance with their cross. In this case, however, the abstract principle was very little thought of. Mr. de Bonne, a judge and a member of the House, on a motion of Mr. Richardson, "that, in order to preserve that unity of legal language indispensably necessary in all the Empire, and touching any alteration in which a subordinate legislature is not competent, the English shall be considered the legal text," had voted with the English speaking members, and thereby given great offence to Messrs. Bedard, Papineau and clique. The object of the Act was, therefore, the gratification of a private personal spite, and as such utterly beneath the notice of any House otherwise constituted.

It has before been remarked that Frenchmen are perhaps constitutionally incapable of enjoying liberty either of speaking or writing without at once its degenerating into an intolerable abuse; and it is certain that the first use Papineau and his friends made of their newly-acquired freedom was to try how far license could safely be pushed. Bedard succeeded very shortly in getting himself into gaol, and Papineau not long after owed his life to his cowardice. Meanwhile the *Canadien*, a paper in the interest of the French party, and their avowed organ, became most inordinately abusive to the Executive, and declaredly adverse to everything British and commercial. It is always easy to

trade on national prejudices; and the tone of the *Canadien* made both it and its writers popular at once. The immediate consequence was that, at the next election, the influence of the government was unsparingly used, and Mr. Panet, one of the proprietors, and Speaker of the House, failed to secure his return for the City of Quebec. Moreover, he and four other co-proprietors were, by the orders of Sir James, dismissed from the militia, as disaffected and untrustworthy. Such was the beginning of what the French-Canadians are pleased to call the "reign of terror."

That the precautions Sir James Craig took were effective, subsequent events have shown; whether or not they were absolutely required under the circumstances, at this distance of time it is not an easy matter to determine. To judge of his actions, it is necessary to place one's self in his place. England had never stood in such peril. In his address to the houses, Sir James had thought proper to announce publicly what was already well known, "that the determination of our implacable foe, to excite hostilities between His Majesty and our late allies, the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, had been but too successful." The star of Napoleon was at the highest. The whole of Europe, except Portugal, was allied to the despot, and England, single-handed, had begun the fearful struggle which was to terminate on the bloody field of Waterloo. The Americans were waiting only for a decent pretext to join hands with the French, and Canada itself was in a state of agitation and excitement, studiously stimulated by the French-Canadian demagogues both in and out of parliament, which might at any moment break out in actual revolt. If ever a strong will and an iron hand had been required in the annals of the country, it was then; and a more determined ruler than Sir James could not have been found.

Kind, affable, and exceedingly open-handed and charitable in private life, perfectly just and upright in all his dealings, when under the necessity of discharging what he considered a duty, iron was not firmer, nor the nether mill-stone harder; intimidation could not deter him, flattery swerve him, nor cunning mislead him. The Province was, we may say, completely governed by him, and it is well it was so.

The first act of the new parliament was to re-elect Mr. Panet, returned for another county, after his defeat in Quebec, whom the Governor had dismissed from the militia, to the place of Speaker. It had been fondly hoped that the choice would not be sanctioned, but in that the malcontents were disappointed. However, instead of proceeding to attend to the business of the country, the House of Assembly thought proper to waste its time, first, in excluding Mr. Hart, who had been returned for Three Rivers, not so much because he was a Jew as because he was an Englishman; and for trying to unseat Judge de Bonne for voting with the same party. The Governor stood this conduct for five weeks, and then dissolved parliament, and appealed to the people. In his speech he told them very plainly, in measured but distinct terms, "that, since they had chosen to neglect the duty they were called upon to discharge, and to waste in fruitless debates, excited by private and personal animosity, or by frivolous contests upon matters of form, that time and those talents to which, within your walls, the public had an exclusive title," it had become his duty to dissolve them.

The measure was severe, and took the Assembly by surprise; but then, again, it must be remembered that their first act had been a direct and intended attack upon the Governor himself, by naming to the responsible post of Speaker a man whom he considered unworthy of a commission in the militia. The re-election of Mr.

Panet as Speaker was a downright endorsement on the part of the House of Assembly of the utterances of *Le Canadien*. That paper, as a natural consequence, became more violent than before, and commented most severely upon all the addresses presented to the Governor, who made a tour through the Province during the time which elapsed between the dissolution and the elections. The country returned very much the same members as before; in some cases, however, substituting for those who might be disposed to waver, others of a more inflexible nature. Mr. Panet was again re-elected Speaker. A resolution, censuring the Governor's speech at the dissolution, was passed, and received from him not the slightest notice. A bill to disqualify judges was again passed through the House of Assembly, and amended in the Legislative Council by a clause postponing the period at which it would take effect until the expiry of the present parliament. This did not suit the agitators, so a resolution was passed, declaring Judge de Bonne's seat vacant. They had gone too far. The Governor the next day went down to the Council chamber, and having required the attendance of the House of Assembly, explained to them what he thought of their conduct, and dissolved them again. "It is impossible for me," he said, "to consider what has been done in any other light than as a direct violation of an Act of the Imperial Parliament: of that parliament which conferred on you the constitution to which you profess to owe your present prosperity; nor can I do otherwise than consider the House of Assembly as having unconstitutionally disfranchised a large portion of His Majesty's servants, and rendered ineligible, by an authority which they do not possess, another not inconsiderable class of the community."

This was the first actual trial of strength between the Governor and the House, and the Governor was right in

point of law. It does not, and could not, rest with one branch of the legislature alone to disqualify any class of the community on account of creed, or for any other reason, though the power undoubtedly lies with each House to exclude individuals for reason.

The House of Representatives had chosen to cast down the gauntlet, and each party now nerved themselves for the coming contest. The French clique, more daring than ever from having, as they thought, bearded the Governor with impunity by the re-election of Mr. Panet, and the vote of censure on his address at the dissolution of the previous Parliament, of which he had taken no notice, threw off all restraint. *Le Canadien*, from being violent, became outrageous. The English were denounced as *étrangers et intrus*, and the acts of the Government held up to contumely and contempt in unmeasured terms; songs and pasquinades, adapted to the vulgar taste, and calculated to rouse the baser passions, were composed and widely circulated. As a natural consequence, great excitement was caused throughout the country. The air was rife with rumors of plots and conspiracies. It was said, and not, perhaps, without reason, that foreign gold had been received to help to fan the flames of discontent. Certain it is, that one portion of the community were looking forward with eager expectation for a change which was not openly spoken of, but perfectly well understood to be a return to French rule, while the other stood in hourly and, perhaps, exaggerated dread of rebellion, with all its accompanying horrors. The agitators were rejoicing in the good success of their baneful work. Suddenly, in the midst of their triumph, down came the hand of the law. A party of soldiers, headed by a magistrate, and accompanied by two constables, without notice, but armed with a warrant, entered the office of *Le Canadien*, seized and removed all the papers, and put the

printer under arrest. The guards were doubled everywhere, and all precautions taken to prevent a rising, and, in case of riot, to suppress the tumult. Three days of suspense followed, and then Messrs. Bedard, Blanchet and Taschereau, all three members of the late Parliament, were committed to gaol in Quebec, and Messrs. Laforce, P. Papineau and Corbeil, in Montreal. Five were released before long on acknowledging their error and giving bail to appear when called upon, but the chief offender, Mr. Bedard, who refused to admit that he had done any wrong, was kept in confinement. This proceeding, so far as he was concerned, was, no doubt, high-handed, because no steps were taken to lay indictments before the grand jury when they shortly after were assembled, and Mr. Bedard all along loudly demanded his trial, but the reason and excuse are to be found in the danger of the times. Special powers had been entrusted by the Legislature to the executive, as is always, in all countries, done in such emergencies; and, moreover, as was very well known, and to none better than to Mr. Bedard and his friends, such was the state of feeling in the province that it would have been impossible to obtain anything like a fair trial and an impartial verdict from any jury impanelled in the usual and lawful manner. Immediately after a proclamation was issued by the Governor, which was read by all the parish priests, some with a good grace from the pulpit, others with much grumbling from the church door. It was read and commented upon by the bishop, and it may, perhaps, be looked upon as the first instance on record of an electoral *lettre pastorale* in Canada, of which we have had so many recently. If so, we may well exclaim, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* It was not to be expected that the arrest of a few of the leaders, almost all of whom were set at large again, would have much effect on the vast body of the electors, and the next

Parliament was pretty much what the previous had been—if anything, a little more anti-English in feeling, though not in expression; but the lesson was not lost on the leaders, who, for a time at least, became more careful. Above all, to everyone it became evident that Sir James Craig was not to be bearded with impunity, and that what he deemed right to do, that do he would, using for the purpose, to the utmost, all the powers with which he was by law invested. It is impossible to read his address without seeing plainly written in every line of it singleness of purpose and downright honesty of intention, backed by indubitable energy and indomitable determination. He believed the men whom he punished, the leaders of the popular party in the House and their followers, to be rebels at heart, who were anxiously waiting and earnestly praying for the speedy overthrow of England in Europe, to enable them to raise the French standard in Quebec, and in that he no doubt was right. The same line of conduct which, at that time, was so lightly punished in Quebec, would, if pursued in England, have most likely been expiated on the scaffold, and that not without good reason. There has since been an attempt to cloak over the proceedings of that day, and represent them as nothing more than a protest against wrongs which have since been admitted to exist. So doubtless it became afterwards, when Napoleon was fretting his life away at St. Helena, and France, humiliated and weakened, with her righteous sovereign replaced upon his throne by foreign bayonets, was silently and sullenly recuperating its exhausted forces and unable to offer assistance even if it had wished to. But when Sir James Craig held the reins of power in Quebec, when Bedard, Viger and Papineau began their careers as demagogues, when Napoleon was at the height of his glory, and England stood in the hour of her most deadly peril, it was not then the

Family Compact that was complained of. There were in truth no grievances complained of, the parliamentary records show none. The proceedings against Mr. Hart and Judge de Bonne were not instituted because the one was a Jew and the other a Judge, but because both voted with the English-speaking portion of the House. The head and front of the offending is to be found in these words, *étrangers et intrus*. They wanted the English driven out from Lower Canada, the Union Jack torn from the Citadel, and the tri-color hoisted in its place; they disseminated as far as they could dissatisfaction, because the day had not yet come when they could safely preach treason, but at heart they were one and all traitors, conspiring to overthrow the King's power without putting their own necks into too much jeopardy, and Sir James felt it, believed it, and proclaimed it. The opening words of the proclamation are: "Whereas divers wicked, seditious and *treasonable* writings have been printed, published and dispersed \* \* \* and whereas, in the prosecution of their wicked and *traitorous* purposes, their authors and abettors have not scrupled audaciously to advance the most gross and daring falsehoods, whilst the industry which has been employed in dispersing and disseminating them *at very great expense, but the source of which is not known*, strongly evinces \* \* \*

I do therefore by and with the advice of His Majesty's Executive Council, hereby warn and earnestly exhort all His Majesty's subjects, to be on their guard against, and to be cautious how they listen to the artful suggestions of designing and wicked men, who, by spreading of false reports, and by seditious and *traitorous* writings, ascribe to His Majesty's Government evil and malevolent purposes, seeking only thereby to alienate their affections, and lead them into acts of *treason and rebellion*."

\* \* \* The language used is unmistakable; Sir James considered Bed-

and, Blanchet, Taschereau and the others, as traitors, who, by means of seditious and traitorous writings, and false representations, which they themselves knew to be false, were leading on the people to acts of treason and rebellion.

The House met, if not in a more submissive spirit, certainly in a more cautious mood. The Governor sent them word that the member for Surrey, Mr. Bedard, was in gaol, and further, that it would be advisable to renew the "Act for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government in this province as by law established," which was about to expire. This was the Act under which Mr. Bedard had been arrested, and was still detained. At first the House was a little indisposed to comply, but the Governor was determined, and the Act was continued, with the addition of a clause intended to protect in future members of Parliament from detention during the session. As the clause was not retro-active in its effect, and did not reach Bedard's case, it was in due course of time sanctioned. Further, a set of resolutions were drawn up to the effect that the House did not think that one of their members could legally be detained under the Act in virtue of which Mr. Bedard was arrested and held, and that it was their desire that he should be allowed to take his seat. These resolutions Messrs. Bourdages, Papineau, sen., Bellet, Papineau, jun., Debartzch, Viger, Lee and Bruneau, the leading malcontents, were deputed to lay before the Governor. A duty less to their taste could hardly have been chosen, and they took very good care not to discharge it. When they were called upon later to explain to the House their reasons for not having done so, they had no explanations to offer, and the question was adjourned *sine die*, on a motion of Mr. Papineau, seconded by Mr. Debartzch, by a vote of 16 to 13. The truth of the matter was that Mr. Papineau had requested a private



interview from the Governor on the subject, and learnt from him that he intended not to release Bedard at the request of the House. It had been made a boast of, far and wide through the land, that Parliament, as soon as assembled, would effect the release in spite of the Executive, and the Governor was determined it would not. The leaders of the dissatisfied party had learnt by this time that there was nothing to be gained by a trial of will with Sir James, when he deemed himself in the right, and therefore wisely gave it up in preference to a useless attempt at coercion, likely to result only in another dissolution. Shortly after the close of the session, public opinion being somewhat more calm, Mr. Bedard was released, the example which had been given by his detention being considered sufficient. The Governor, whose health had been rapidly failing, took his departure for England, which he reached in time to receive the hearty thanks of the Prince Regent for the services he had so faithfully rendered, and to prepare himself for his now fast approaching death.

There is no doubt that much—more

probably than he will ever get credit for—is due to the determination Sir James Craig showed on assuming the government of Lower Canada. Had he proved more timid and more yielding, it is by no means unlikely that conspiracies which then were hatching might have assumed more serious proportions, and discontent become rebellion at a time when England was so thoroughly employed elsewhere that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the Government, however anxious it might have been to do so, to find troops to send to Canada. In that case we should now, in all probability, be living under the stars and stripes, and governed by some ring of more or less power and importance. Whether or not it would or could have been more harmful than a clique of Tannery swindlers and Ultramontane Programmmists, it is difficult to say and idle to enquire. Certain it is, that if the French Canadians were then kept from revolt, it is due chiefly to the influence of their clergy, who, fearful of losing their high privileges and valuable land grants under American rule, through motives of interest, advocated loyalty.

## MY SON'S WIFE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER X.

That was a busy and a happy summer at Therwald; a happier summer, though less busy for me than I had spent for many years. Relieved of a large portion of the work, which I had for some time found rather too hard, I had plenty of leisure to perform my own, and, indeed, Edward's share of visiting also, had the Therwaldites been willing to accept me as his substitute. Then the home seemed so different now when Deborah's presence and tasteful touches lent to the rooms a home-like aspect, which only a woman's occupancy and the delicate touches of her fair fingers can afford; and which, during Jennie's monarchy, faithful though she was in practice and intention, through lack of the taste and refinement which education alone can supply, had been altogether neglected.

The atmosphere of the cottage was also a happier one than it had been since the New Year opened. Mr. Langford's hearty laugh, which had been hushed since his wife's death, now occasionally rang out again, though not entirely with the old glad ring of other days, still with a genuine mirthfulness of a heart in some respects at peace, and a spirit to which some degree of cheerfulness had once more returned. The children, whose behavior and apparel did so much credit to Bessie's oversight, were as happy as children could be, and as far from lack of occupation as youthful busy-bodies generally are. Though Bessie confined the younger ones to lessons two hours each day, they were

much at liberty the rest of the time, to go where they would, especially if Alice, demure and proper as ever, were at hand, to see they did not get into mischief.

Frankie, who came next to George on the family tree, was soon to leave for W——, where he was to continue his studies, preparatory to entering college, and beginning the regular study of medicine, which he had elected to be his future profession. Harry and Willie (now the Benjamin of the family) as they conned their simple lessons under Bessie's kind and lenient government, looked forward to the time when they also should be as big as Frankie, and go to college; only, as Harry said, he was not going to be a doctor, as he didn't think sick folks were nice. He was going to be a minister, like Mr. Carstairs, and preach to the people about Jesus. Harry sometimes gave practical illustration of his pulpit eloquence, of which, though overheard by others, being intended only for Willie's admiring ear, honor forbids us to give a specimen.

Midsummer came and passed, and August in its matured loveliness once more dawned upon us.

Whether it arose from the fact that Edward's hopes and intentions had also reached a maturity which before they did not possess, I knew not then; but daily I became more convinced that his visits to the cottage (more frequent now) told of an interest in one of its inmates, which I hoped, ere long, would lead to the happy union I so earnestly desired to see.

But as Edward's attentions increased, Bessie grew colder, and began to withdraw herself as much from his presence as was consistent with politeness and hospitality; so much so, that I could observe the doubts which were creeping into my own heart as to the acceptability of the attentions which I had reason to believe would be so welcome in other quarters, also overshadowing the open countenance of my son, as Bessie would quietly frustrate his attempts to gain a larger share of her society. There came an evening, however, when Edward resolved to delay no longer in ascertaining the esteem in which Bessie held him, and whether he might ever hope to win the regard now dearer to him than any other, the possession of which had been his fondest desire since, months ago, he had learned to know her worth, and love her noble qualities of mind and heart.

Arriving while Bessie was busy in the garden, which was at a short distance from the house, and telling the servant he would join her there, he quietly approached, and, coming behind her just as she stooped to arrange a vine, which was trailing on the ground, startled her not a little by his sudden address. Somewhat reassured of his success, as he noted the blush that rose to Bessie's cheek at his sudden appearance, he lost no time in pursuing the object of his visit; and, persuading her to leave the work on which she was engaged, and rest for awhile on the garden seat which was close at hand, suddenly deserted the subject of their previous conversation, as he said ingeniously—

"You are offended with me, Miss Bessie, which, believe me, I much regret; but I am come that you may tell me wherein I have displeased you, and that I may now crave, and mayhap find forgiveness."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Carstairs, I assure you; you have given me no offence, and I am sorry you should have

supposed so. Pray, believe me, that such is not the case."

"Then, wherefore the coldness with which you accept my every attention? Dear Bessie, I had just gained courage to ask you for a great deal more than you ever awarded before, when suddenly you withdraw even the amount of friendship which I flattered myself was once my own, and became day by day more distant and reserved in your manner towards me."

The familiar address and unexpected words, the true meaning of which Bessie was almost afraid to read, sent such a thrill of joy through her whole being, that, too confused to answer the appeal, and ashamed to let him see her face, in which a sufficient reply might too easily be read, she sat perfectly still with averted face, and uttered not a word.

I have never learned what took place after this, but I can guess. Sufficient was it for me to know, that, some day, Bessie, dear as a daughter now, would become in reality the child of my old age, on whom I might lean in after years for help and comfort, when human strength and activity should be departing from me; and on whom, with my beloved son, I might lavish the affection which was due to none so much as they. The union, however, so happily arranged, must, to all appearance, be a thing of the future; for as the first year of Edward's and Bessie's engagement expired, it seemed no nearer a completion than when they had first promised to be all in all to each other; and when Edward, whose patience was being sorely tried, with thoughtless eagerness, plead for no longer delay, Bessie replied as ever, that she could not forsake her duties at the cottage, until Alice should be competent, in some degree, to fill her place; pleading that her first duty she owed to her uncle, who, since her mother's death, had been more than a father to his orphaned niece. But something now happened, which, though not alto-

gether unexpected by myself, was utterly unlooked for by the others, who were concerned in the occurrence, viz., Mr. Langford's engagement to my sister Deborah, to whom, as we now learned, he had been before engaged, in years gone by, but whom, unjustly suspecting of trifling with him, and encouraging the attentions of a fancied rival, he jealously accused of treachery in the relation into which they had entered, and listening not to the defence which Deborah advanced, forsook her in anger, of which, in after years, he discovered the injustice, but too late to make the amends which might have been possible, or even to crave the forgiveness which, even then, it would have been an insult to request.

"Deborah," Mr. Langford had said to her one evening as they happened to be sitting quietly alone, "dear Deborah, will you be my wife?"

"No, George," in turn calling him by the name nursed since the days when it first became dear to the lips which loved him with all a good woman's earnest devotion, "No, George, it would be treachery to the dead!"

"Not so, Deborah; had Alice, to whom, before her death, I confided the story of our youth, not herself desired that what I also desire should come to pass, the words in which I have now addressed you should never have passed my lips."

"Then, dear George, as no one has ever come between me and the vanished past, to cause me to forget the love of my youth, I am yours, and yours for ever!"

It was thus that Deborah replighted her troth to the man whose suspicious jealousy had blighted the hopes of her youth; but if the earnest devotion and loving reverence which Mr. Langford paid to the wife of his ripe years, could repay her for past suffering and trial she might truly have said with earthly reverence, "It was good for me that I was afflicted."

No difficulty now stood in the way of Bessie's union. It was a simple exchange, which was soon arranged, and a quiet wedding, in which the double actors presented a very different appearance, and looked forward to a different duration of the union into which they entered, took place at the cottage, where I gave to Mr. Langford the woman who was dear to me as a sister, and received at his hand the one who was, as a daughter, doubly dear.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Five years have passed away since Bessie first came to gladden with her presence the quiet old room, where the noisy feet and silvery prattle of her children may now be heard; sounds thrice welcome to the heart of the doating grandfather who pens these lines, and who, as Bessie says, is determined to spoil the little folks she is desirous of training so wisely, so that now they may be docile and obedient children, and in after years the good and happy men and women she hoped to see them. Ah, Bessie has reason herself, methinks, to be a happy woman.

Her husband "known in the gates" as a man "in whom the Spirit of the Lord is," whose life is ever increasing in usefulness and effort, and who justly merits the respect which he receives on every hand, both at home, and abroad. Herself a woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, whose children, I doubt not, shall some day "rise up to call her blessed," and whose life, loving and gentle at home, earnest and faithful abroad, bears a truer likeness to that of her Divine Master than Bessie herself ever wots of. Has she not a right to be supremely happy?

We have visitors now: Bessie's cousin Ella, with her husband and two lovely children, are our guests. George Osborn

has risen to a high and honorable position among his fellows and is universally respected and esteemed. The best society in the land welcome them to its presence; but Ella, sweet and unassuming as ever, is in no degree spoiled by the flattery and attention which she is wont to receive in the fashionable circles which they now occasionally frequent. And as the virtues which allayed Bessie's doubts of her husband's constancy, in the happy days of their first union, have but increased and strengthened in the years which have passed since then, no one has need to fear that she will ever be to her husband other than the first and dearest object of his love.

The Langfords also have visitors. Alice Harcourt and Alfred and Maggie Lester are revelling in the happy precincts of the cottage, which has a reputation far and wide for the dainty arrangement of all its appointments, and not less for the hospitality which ever marks the reception of its favored guests.

The two young ladies above mentioned are not yet married, nor do we know that there is any immediate prospect of their being so, though, as old maids are wont to remind us at times, "It isn't because they can't help it." "Little Alice," however, whose sixteenth birthday is of very recent date, is

actually an engaged young lady; and as soon as she is old enough, which her father says will not be till two more years have passed over her head, is to go to be the light and joy of Alfred Lester's home,

Little Alice has been trained in a good school, and does infinite credit to Deborah's teaching, both as regards the housekeeping attainment, of no mean importance in domestic happiness, and also in the cultivation of the better qualities of mind and heart, without which the first can never make a happy home. We had a letter not long ago from Ada Langford, now Mrs. James Lester, who with her husband has gone to Labrador to labor among the poor and ignorant Esquimaux, where Ada's energy and cheerful disposition serve in no small degree to strengthen the heart of her husband in the arduous and oftimes discouraging work to which he had set himself.

As I look from the window, before closing my tale, and see the heroine of my story in all the dignity of early motherhood, with her children scattered around her, and her honored guests sharing with her the genial atmosphere by which she is ever surrounded, I lift my heart in gratitude to the Giver of all Good, and bless Him for the day which made Bessie—MY SON'S WIFE.

## THE NEW HALLOWE'EN.

BY B. ATHOL.

"I'm afraid it will not be a great success, mother."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Ogilvie, slowly. "If any assistance of mine could make it one, it certainly should be. There is but one thing I can do, that is accept the invitation. At least, it will encourage Effie, and show others what my opinion is."

Hector Ogilvie put down his cup, and looked across the table at his mother in unfeigned astonishment.

"Of course, I shall remain all night," continued Mrs. Ogilvie, "and you can come for me in the morning."

"Well, mother, I must say it speaks well for the temperance cause in the glen if, after all these years of seclusion, you are going to make a second debut on Hallowe'en, merely for its benefit. Will you burn nuts, mother? Or, I'll tell you what: you and I will go into the garden and try for a cabbage stalk. But are you quite certain—I can scarcely believe it."

"Yes, Hector, I am quite certain; and I hope you will oblige both Effie and myself by being present."

"Oblige Effie!" repeated the young man, his face clouding a little. "I wonder she would be under an obligation to a man who took a glass occasionally. But if it will help her any in reforming her future husband, I'm sure I ought to go. He'll need it enough, if he is like the rest of his race. It's strange that Effie, who has such a dislike to drinking, should think of marrying in her own family. When once started, there are no more hopeless cases in all Scotland."

"What could have raised that report?" asked Mrs. Ogilvie. "Effie says she never had the slightest idea of marrying her cousin. It is just as you say; she has such a horror of drinking that, even though she liked him, she would shrink from marrying a man who was only a moderate drinker."

Hector glanced quickly at his mother, wondering if her words were purely accidental.

"There is to be an assembly in town that night. I suppose Effie just got this up to keep Alick and Alan from attending it. Of course, if you go, mother, I shall accompany you; but, with all due respect to your presence, which will certainly create considerable surprise, if nothing else, though it may bring some ladies over to Effie's side, I'm afraid it will not be a great success. Think of such men as Petrie, and Forbes, and Graham, keeping a Hallowe'en on coffee, or tea, which sounds even worse. I don't believe they will go. If she had but made a young people's gathering of it. Effie is a pretty brave girl to sit in judgment on the life-long habits of all the men—old men, too—in the country. And what astonishes me is, that her father would give his consent. Of course, she is perfect in his eyes; but I did not believe she would ever get him to agree to that. It strikes me these men will make some excuse."

"No, they know what they may expect, and they all told Effie they would come, I suppose as much from liking and sympathy for herself as any other reason. It would be strange if they

did not. Even if they are indifferent to the misery this wretched habit of drinking may bring on themselves, they all know well what Effie Cameron has seen and suffered by it. They would be heartless, indeed, who would not help her keep back Alick from a life and death similar to his older brothers. It is on his account and Alan's, I believe, that Mr. Cameron is trying at this late day to change a little himself, and allows Effie to bring new customs into the house if she can. But I'm afraid it's too late for himself. A Cameron was never known to reform after sixty, or indeed any other man that I ever heard of. Alick is the last of his sons now. So far he is different from the others. But when George Cameron was his age who would have predicted such a career and death for him?"

"George Cameron was a beast," replied Hector. "No man need make a beast of himself."

"Few men do at the beginning," said Mrs. Ogilvie, "but how many end that way. It is the commencement that is to be feared. That is why I consider the habit of taking a social, or, as it is called, harmless glass on every possible occasion, and this custom of conducting visitors directly to the sideboard, of having no dinner table without decanters—most dangerous practices. When I think of all the evil I have seen and known to arise from this one cause—the broken hearts, ruined homes, wrecked lives and dishonored graves—I call it the curse of Scotland. And it's strange that here, where we have seen so much of the evil, no man has the will or strength to stand up against it, and the reformation is commenced by a girl, whose heart is torn with anguish for the dead and anxiety for the living."

Hector Ogilvie folded his arms, and, leaning back in his chair, gazed seriously at his father's picture on the opposite wall. His mother's words were in his mind. If that man's son, he thought, had half of his father's deter-

mination he could stand up against it. But Hector had no fear. He was what people called a moderate drinker, and had no fear of becoming an immoderate one like the Cameron men. But he thought, and it was no new idea, that he would like to get Effie away from that house, where she had known so much wretchedness. Two years ago he had felt almost certain of success. Effie was struggling to reclaim her brother, George, then—a hopeless task, people said. But the girl did not think so, and many a time, for the sister's sake, Hector had drawn the easily led George away from dangerous associates, none knowing better than he the fatal weakness of the Cameron men—their inability to say no. And Effie, if she had not thanked him in words, had done so in very expressive looks. But after her brother's death she seemed to shrink from Hector. A strange fear of him appeared to have taken possession of her.

"She acts as though George came to his death through me," he had said to his mother. "If it had not been for me, he would have been found dead many a night ago."

Hector had despised George Cameron when he was alive, and he felt almost as bitterly to him still. It was his conduct when living that had changed the careless, laughing Effie into a thoughtful, sad-eyed girl, and now the very memory of her brother seemed to be turning her against her old friend. Hector wondered why such thoughts of Effie had entered his mind this morning. It was more than a year since he had given up that hope. Besides it had been reported lately that Effie was to marry her cousin, Allan Cameron. Hector was surprised to find the old weakness in him yet. He tried to scorn himself for it, too, when he thought how coldly she had treated him, but did not succeed very well.

"Well, mother," he said, starting up, "we'll go. It will be worth five pounds

to see Petrie's face when he gets his coffee passed to him."

Hector left the room, and in a few minutes returned, equipped for riding. According to his custom, he went to the sideboard and proceeded to pour out a glass of wine, at the same time proposing success to Effie's temperance party.

"Oh, Hector," said his mother, sadly, "how can you joke about that. Is that all the heart you have for poor Effie? She would do differently with you: do you never think of George?"

"Yes, the beast, I do," answered Hector, a hot flush rising to his face. "As for Effie's doing any thing for me, it's a mistake. While I was keeping George out of mischief, and going miles out of my way every night to get him safely home, she might have. But now she wouldn't turn a finger for me. So far Alick has not required my services, and she can dispense with me, too, it seems."

"You speak too harshly of Effie, Hector. Is it any wonder, if, after all she has seen, she is afraid of any man who even touches wine?"

"Well, mother," replied the young man, pushing away the glass, "if it does you any good, I won't take it; wine is not my master, nor ever will be; good-bye till afternoon."

"Don't forget Stuart's house, Hector. He has come so often."

"I'll attend to it to-day, without fail. Don't look sober, mother. One of these days I'll settle down to work in earnest; good-bye."

Mrs. Ogilvie crossed to the window and watched her son walking up and down waiting for his horse, his handsome figure, which had earned for him from the county ladies the title of the "Pride of the Glen," set off to great advantage by a riding-coat of Lincoln green. What a fair face his was—yet George Cameron had had as fair a face. The fond gaze was not unmingled with anxiety. Though compared to most

of his companions, her son was called a temperate, and a safe man; still she had seen the wreck of more than one as promising as he. If he would only marry. Two years ago, she had entertained the same hope as himself, but now she knew Effie Cameron would never marry a man who was even a moderate drinker. Mrs. Ogilvie turned from the window with a sigh, after Hector, with another good-bye, had galloped out of her sight. She wished something would occur to change the "Pride of the Glen"—just a little. He might get Effie yet.

So the young man thought also a week from that day when he stood shaking hands with Effie, and listening to her shyly expressed thanks for his coming. He had thought himself over all that foolishness long ago, but somehow her earnest eyes reminded him of past days, and renewed past hopes. Hector thought, for her sake, he could drink tea all his life.

To his surprise, he found all the guests, not one missing, already assembled—most of the ladies having, like his mother, driven over in the afternoon, to escape the rain, which had been threatening all day, and now poured down in torrents.

"A fine night for witches and warlocks," observed Mr. Graham, a comfortable-looking old gentleman, who, fearing that from the nature of the entertainment the spirits of the company might flag, was determined, if jokes and joviality on his part would be of any assistance to Effie, they should not be wanting.

Indeed, this praiseworthy disposition to make Effie's party a success was evinced by all her guests, especially the elder ones—all of whom knew well what the girl had suffered from the blight that seemed to be on the men of her race. Had they not seen grandfather, uncles, cousins and brothers, all go the same way, and from the same cause? So whatever private doubts or



opinions they might have, each one was determined to enjoy himself.

"Ogilvie, I wonder the fate of Tam O'Shanter did not prevent you from riding out 'Madge' on such a night; but I believe we have nothing to fear till twelve o'clock. I was just telling your mother she looked better than when I first saw her, that is over forty years now."

And so Mr. Graham went from one group to another, cracking his jokes, or what he intended for them, until the company divided—the younger ones crossing the hall into the parlor where Effie had made arrangements for the national and somewhat original pastimes in which the youth of Scotland are disposed to disport themselves on Hallowe'en. Indeed, it was the fun which these generally produced that Effie expected to make up for any other deficiencies in her party.

She soon had the satisfaction of seeing them all deeply engrossed; some burning nuts—the peculiar charm of which operation never grows old—others spearing for apples with a fork over a chair, while some of the more adventurous proposed an excursion to the garden for cabbage stalks, but the fierceness of the storm prevented it.

Mr. Graham, who, if old in years was young in mind, vibrated across the hall from the door of one room to the other, observed that it was altogether an unnecessary labor. For his part, if he were as young as he had been, he would have no difficulty in choosing a wife just where he stood. And fondly imagining he had thrown some of the young people into great confusion, he retreated to the drawing-room, where he invited his wife to come out and spear for an apple. He had fallen in love with her on a similar occasion some forty-five years ago, just as she got the fork between her teeth.

So the first few hours of Effie's party passed away very pleasantly, though the thought of how supper was to be got

through gave her little opportunity to enjoy herself. Then, after supper, music would be called for, and Effie knew that very few of the gentlemen could sing a song in which no reference was made to the beverage which bore a prominent place in any entertainment on Hallowe'en.

However, owing to the combined efforts of the guests, the supper passed off much better than Effie had expected. Mr. Petrie received his coffee without change of countenance, merely remarking to Mr. Cameron that he need not expect to keep such a housekeeper long to himself. "Some one will be offering her better wages," glancing slyly at Alan Cameron, to the great disgust of Hector Ogilvie, who, although his own eye had not been able to detect anything suspicious, was by this time a little out of humor from the repeated allusions he had heard to Effie's marriage. One young lady had gone so far as to tell him the month and day.

After supper came music. While the ladies were singing Effie felt safe, and she contrived, by asking for song after song, to keep them a long time at it, though she trembled at the conclusion of each one. But some one else had been thinking, too, and when Mr. Forbes proposed that one of the gentlemen should favor them, Mrs. Ogilvie called upon Hector to sing one of her favorites. Hector played his own accompaniments, and going to the piano, commenced a song which, it was said, none but he could sing:

"I'm wearin' awa, Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;  
I'm wearin', awa,  
To the Land o' the Leal.

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care,  
And the days are aye fair  
In the Land o' the Leal."

There were few dry eyes in the room when Hector finished. No one asked for another song—it seemed as though

any other would break the spell of the last. Even Mr. Graham appeared subdued by its pathos, and, rising, went with some others to "see the state of things outside," for it was getting late, or rather early, and there were whispers about getting on the way. Before that, however, came the parting song, which was something of a trial to Effie. But there could be no Hallowe'en without that.

Once more tea and coffee were brought in, and Effie, seating herself at the piano, struck a few notes of the old familiar air. Sadly familiar! It brought back to Effie other Hallowe'ens, and faces and forms now vanished. Instead of the massive silver tea and coffee service, an immense china punch-bowl, surrounded with glasses, used to occupy one end of the table. The guests would be remarking on that change. But oh, though that might be all they missed, she missed more. She missed tall, stalwart figures, pleasant faces and clear, strong voices, now silent in the grave. If the punch bowl had only gone without taking them.

Effie did not sing. The memories of "Auld Lang Syne" were too sad. The guests had risen to their feet, and verse after verse been sung, but the last:

"And here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine."

She knew they were all standing, hand clasped in hand, but she dared not look up. Her eyes were too full of tears.

At last it was over, and, notwithstanding the doubts of many, it had been a success.

The few who had short distances to go, or were not afraid to face the storm, prepared to set out, among the latter, Hector Ogilvie, who laughed at his mother's fears for his safety. Hector was a good deal out of humor, partly with himself and partly with Effie, yet he could not tell the reason. In his own mind he resolved to stay if she asked him, but unfortunately when

crossing the hall he discovered Effie and her cousin Alan engaged in earnest conversation. At once his mind was made up, and no asking or even coaxing of Effie's could shake his resolution; indeed he considered himself a fool ever to have come.

"You're not going that eight miles such a night as this, Ogilvie," said Mr. Petrie.

"No," replied Hector; "I'm only going five. I shall take the short road."

"The short road, through Witches' Hollow?" almost screamed Mr. Petrie. "The man's mad; no one will go through the Hollow and cross the ford alive this night; the bridge is gone by this time. Fine night and fine weather are needed for that road. Of course there's the 'Arms'—you could stay there."

The "Arms" was a small inn kept by two old servants of Hector's mother, and dignified by the title of "The Ogilvie Arms." Once more Effie, who had been listening, renewed her invitation, urging him not to attempt the ford.

But Hector was firm; he and "Madge" had come safely through there more than one wild night. "She thinks that, like the men she has been accustomed to, I couldn't resist the temptations of the 'Arms,' but I'll let her see I'm not so weak." In spite of all remonstrance he mounted "Madge" and set off. He was afraid of nothing; yet before he had gone a mile he blamed himself for his folly. They had been out many a wild night, but never night like this. The darkness, that might almost be felt, was made more visible by the continuous flashes of lightning and the thunder rolling above his head; the moan and shriek of the wind through the trees mingling with the roar of the swollen waters at the ford combined to make the night more unearthly than anything he had ever seen. More than once he had serious thoughts of turning home the long way; but that would

keep him out all night, while, if the bridge were still up at the Hollow, he would be home in little more than an hour. Very soon a feeble light glimmering from the window of the "Arms" told him he was more than half-way now. Although Hector had not intended to stop at the inn, he was glad of a few minutes' shelter and a warm seat before Donald's blazing fire. The old man was very much surprised to see him at that hour and on such a night, and still more astonished when he heard him speak of trying the ford. Donald shook his head slowly while mixing a glass to keep the cold out. The Hollow is no place for any living thing to-night; even the wind is strong enough to bring down the loose stones from the crag, not to speak of the water carrying away the bridge.

The "laird" had better just stay at the "Arms" and as good a bed as they had would be made for him.

And Hector would fain have stayed, but his pride would not allow it to be said that he had left Effie's party and spent the night at an inn. All Donald's remonstrances were in vain. Hector seemed to have one idea, which was to cross the ford because he had said he would; and the more glasses of Donald's whiskey he drank, the more determined he became. Finding his entreaties useless, Donald was obliged to bring out "Madge," but comforted himself with the reflection that the "laird" would get frightened and never try the Hollow. For this, however, Donald had not given his whiskey all the credit it deserved. Although by the time Hector reached the narrow pass, called the Witches' Hollow, the storm had increased to a perfect fury; and "Madge," who had not been fortified, or rather stupified, like her master, cowered before it as she had never done before. Hector was not afraid—he knew no fear. Urging "Madge" forward, he waited for a flash of lightning to show if the bridge was still up. It soon came, lighting

up the dark swollen waters of the ford, and was instantly followed by a terrific crash of thunder directly over head. With a wild neigh of terror, "Madge" reared back, throwing her rider; at the same moment there was a noise at the top of the crag, and a rattling fall. Then all was dark again. The thunder rolled and muttered in the distance, the rain fell in heavier torrents, the wind howled and sobbed through the glen, and far away there was a faint sound of hoofs and the terrified neighing of a riderless horse, while Hector Ogilvie lay stunned, and mercifully unconscious of the horrible death that was slowly approaching him. But the cold rain dashing on his face soon roused him to a sense of his fearful situation. He could not stir from the spot where he lay; the left arm was helpless, and some weight seemed to be resting on one of his legs. The cold night wind was fast dissipating the effect of Donald's whiskey from his brain. With terrible distinctness it all came back. The Hallowe'en party, the storm, Donald's blazing fire, and the black waters of the ford. Hector Ogilvie could not be called a coward, but he shuddered at what rose before him—certain death. At any moment another piece of rock might fall from the crag; and if it did not, the water was every moment drawing nearer him, and long before any one passed that way—yes, before many hours—it would be far above the place where he was lying. A horrible death!

And all the past came up before him. His useless life, wasted opportunities, unheeded warnings, all rose in condemnation. If he had but a chance of life, how different he would make it. Sometimes he raised himself and tried to shout, but the echoes of his own voice through the glen mocked him. No; if he had a hope, it was in "Madge." she would stop at Donald's, there was a chance; but if she went on home it would be too late. Everything would soon be too late for him. He saw now what

had brought him to this, but that also was too late. "Broken hearts and ruined homes," his mother had said. There would be one more broken heart and desolate home now. He wondered how Effie would feel, and if the other men would take warning. And the country people would never willingly use this road again; strangers might, but their own people would consider it haunted. Donald might shut up his inn at once. That would be one good thing; there could be no more whiskey sold there. If he had only passed last night he would have kept his senses when he reached the Hollow. And no sane man would have ventured six feet into it; and he had boasted that wine was not his master. Poor Donald, how he would mourn. And many others. How they would mourn and miss him at the next Hallow'e'en party that was held in the glen. There would be no one to sing the "Land o' the Leal" then. And the superstitious ones would say he was predicting his own death when he sang it last. Ah well, he *was* "wearin' awa," and no one knew it. The water was coming higher and higher,—he was cold. Surely "Madge" must have passed the "Arms." But he heard no sound of approaching help. He heard the crash of the thunder over his head, the weird-like moan of the wind through the trees, and the more terribly ominous sound of the sullen wash and gurgle of the water as it swept over his feet—but no sound of help. Once more he raised himself, and with the strength of despair gave a long wild shout. Could that be a shout in reply? He listened

again, but all was still—save the noise of the elements. The waters were coming higher; once again he thought he heard shouts, and away up the Hollow there seemed a glimmering light. Ah, this was death; dying people always had fancies, and the waters were at his heart now; he was growing cold, very cold. Still above the tempest he heard shouts, and the lights were drawing nearer. Ah, it was bitter to be mocked thus in death. With a muttered "too late," Hector's head fell back. The waters were over his heart.

Cold, crushed, and all but lifeless, Donald and his son drew the "Pride of the Glen" out of the black angry waters of the ford.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another year has passed; there is another Hallow'e'en party at which nothing is expected but tea and coffee. A change has come over the Glen people, thanks to Effie Cameron's example of bringing in the new Hallow'e'en. Before another year there will be more changes; she will be Effie Ogilvie. All the old faces are here—not one missing. Mr. Graham is, as formerly, rejoicing in his own jokes; has placed two nuts on the hearth, one is himself the other for Effie, and is watching them with an all-absorbed countenance. At the table stands another familiar figure. As handsome as ever, but when he takes up a tray with coffee, he leans heavily on the cane in his other hand. Yes, the "Pride of the Glen" will never again walk without a cane. But as Effie whispered to him, "It is better to enter into life Maimed."

## REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR AND COLLECTOR.

BY REV. W. CLARKE.

## NUMBER FIVE.

In the beginning of 1843, the removal of the missionaries sent out by the Colonial Society was suggested, in order to make openings for the first class of newly fledged students from the Congregational College. This led to my removal from London to Simcoe, in the County of Norfolk. Some of the principal inhabitants of the town and neighborhood professed to regard the movement with interest. The Lord gave me favor with the people. He blessed my ministry, souls were converted, and before the end of the second year, the little church we had organized took possession of a new house of worship. But before the last event, the new Education Bill came into operation, and I was pressed by my friends to accept the office of Superintendent of Common Schools for the District of Talbot. There were 104 schools to be visited, and a lecture to be delivered at least once a year in each School Division; all the teachers to be examined, and their apportionment of salaries paid by the Superintendent; and the minister of the Episcopal Church having offered to do all the work gratuitously, my friends urged me to make the same offer. So I received *no* pay for all the toil and trouble for three years and six months, and for the balance of the seven years I did the work for \$200 per annum.

The superintendency of Common Schools gave me a *prestige* of position and influence on my entrance into Simcoe. It also secured me many warm friendships, and in some instances I was instrumental in drawing out the latent talent in the district. Some of

the Norfolk teachers are now in the ministry, or the wives of ministers and missionaries; and very recently, in one of our principal cities, I was requested to call upon a professional gentleman. He received me very kindly, and, after giving me a contribution for one of our missions, claimed an acquaintance of many years' standing, of which I had no recollection. At length he informed me of my having refused him a certificate to teach a Common School. To my enquiry how that happened, I found he had failed to spell some words I had given him; which he assured me was the best thing that could have happened him. He said, "You spoke very kindly to me, and gave me some good advice, which I resolved to follow; and now, sir, I am M.D. and LL.D., and am now at the head of one of the most important educational establishments of the country."

While thus engaged, I became secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, which necessitated a collecting tour at the end of the year, for a deficiency of from five to seven hundred dollars, as I had given a promise to our treasurer that he should not be required to use funds of his own in advance.

Thus, at that period of my life, I was somewhat of a pluralist, but as Missionary pastor, District Superintendent of Common Schools, and Missionary Secretary, my average income for seven years was \$650 per annum. We were then eleven in family, my second son was preparing for the medical profession, and a horse and buggy were indispensably neces-

sary for my own duties. And yet, with economy and industry, God brought us safely through, and enabled us to obey the injunction, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

Of course, I had no regular country appointments save one, where I preached once a month, at Normandale, and where at that time there was a furnace in full blast for the manufacture of stoves, &c. Many hands were employed, and I was received with kindness by both master and men. It was a beautiful spot, near Long Point, Lake Erie; a fine site for a village, but the opportunity passed by unimproved, and the place has all but reverted to its original loneliness. At this place there was an old lady of marked piety. She had three sons—one at the head of the manufacturing firm in the place, the other two resided at a distance, and neither of them made a profession of religion, while one of them was intemperate. Her soul was yearning for the conversion of her sons, and she had large faith concerning them. On one occasion, I had just returned from a missionary tour, and found that her youngest son had been brought to Christ, and made a profession of religion. On my next visit, I found my aged friend confined to her bed, in her last sickness. On giving her the pleasing intelligence of the conversion of her son, she raised herself, and then, with lifted hands, exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God! I do say, as long as mothers live, let them pray." And then, looking towards me, she said, with tears of joy, "Oh, sir, the other two will be converted; I shall not see it, but you will." One of them at that time was very far from the kingdom of God; but I have seen them both "clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus." And may we not say, yes, saved through a mother's prayers; and shall we not emphasize the duty, "As long as mothers live, let them pray."

For some years my congregation in Simcoe was one of the first in point of numbers and influence. But in the summer of 1850 I was prostrated with sickness. My mental and physical engagements were too much for my powers of endurance, and the physicians recommended a sea voyage as the best means of saving my life. So, in the month of October, I embarked on board the "California," for Glasgow, which arrived in port in 24 days. We had westerly winds, and never changed sails until we made the coast of Ireland; but a long stormy time from thence until we reached port. It was Thursday, and Dr. Wardlaw lectured on the evening of our arrival, and I listened to a beautiful sermon on peace in trouble. The doctor had passed through troubled waters. He had been fiercely and falsely accused by a young minister who had been his assistant, and there had been a secession from his church. After the lecture, I followed him into the vestry, and, presenting him with a packet of letters from Canadian brethren, assured him that we deeply sympathized with him in his trials and also in his triumphs. He said, "Well, sir, I have had my trials, and I bless God I have my triumphs, too. My church was never more peaceful, prosperous and spiritual than it is now." In the previous June, as he entered the Congregational Union, then in session in London, the whole assembly rose and greeted him with thunders of applause, to which he could only respond with tears of joy.

My health grew better, and after visiting my friends in London and Warwickshire, it was so wonderfully improved that I engaged to take a tour with the Rev. T. James, Secretary of the Colonial Mission, through parts of England and Scotland, in behalf of the Society.

The first few weeks after my arrival were spent among my friends, in the favorite watering place, Leamington, in Warwickshire. I well remember the

spot when I was a boy about ten years of age, when there was only a farm house, with a spring that was just beginning to attract the attention. But in 1851 it had a population of seventeen thousand people. The Rev. Alfred Pope was the honored pastor of the old Congregational Church, whose first services were held in the theatre. To this a second had sprung into existence, whose place of worship was a beautiful little sanctuary in the Holly Walk. The pastor of the Holly Walk Church invited me to take the morning service on the first sabbath after my arrival. This young minister was just fresh from College, was possessed of rare talents, and under proper leading capable of great usefulness. On the evening of the Sabbath, I heard my young friend preach what he called a sermon for the times. After dining with him the following day, he asked me to criticise his sermon, to which I consented after his promise that he would not be offended with my criticism.

"Well, sir," I said; "your sermon contained some sparkling things, some stirring facts and masterly reasoning. There was much to please, and also much to pain, and that even filled me with amazement; your philippic against *shopocracy*, whom you characterized as the most ignorant part of the community, far surpassed by the cobbler on the stall, and by the workmen in the factories, I thought ~~in~~ bad taste. But when you introduced the outrageous arguments of the infidel into the pulpit (I grant for the purpose of refuting them), this I thought is *infra dig.* and sadly out of place in the Christian sanctuary. Your sermon led me seriously to enquire whether your object last evening was to further the gospel or infidelity." "Sir," he said, "why, what do you mean?" "Well," I replied, "I think you did as much for the one as for the other. I was wondering wherever you picked up those arguments." "Oh," he replied, "I take every

infidel publication for the sake of refuting their arguments." To this I said, "Now, my brother, God has called you to the important work of saving souls and he has also given you your *theme*. Go preach my gospel—

"This the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above;  
Jehovah here resolves to shew,  
What His almighty grace can do,"

He took it all very kindly, indeed thanked me for the freedom I had used, and the next time I met with him was on the platform of the Scottish Congregational Union at Dundee, eight years after; he was then pastor of one of the first churches in Scotland. He rose to speak. His theme was, the *gospel* as the divinely appointed means of saving souls. After speaking in tones of thrilling eloquence, he took his seat by my side. I expressed the pleasure I felt at seeing him and especially to hear the noble utterances he had made. "Ah," he said, "I may thank you for your faithful utterances upon that subject years ago."

It was in January, 1851, that the Secretary of the Colonial Society informed me that he would meet me in Glasgow in two weeks, and requested me to proceed to Birmingham, and place myself under the direction of his brother, Rev. John Angel James, until that time. Mr. James gave me letters of introduction to Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and Dr. Halley, then of Manchester. Dr. Raffles informed me that last Lord's day he had announced a sermon for the Colonial Mission, and "*you* shall preach it." I undertook the service after the doctor had given me a noble introduction to his people, and there followed a good collection. Here I was the honored guest of Mr. James, of the firm of Phelps, James & Co., Liverpool, the British branch of the New York firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. After reporting myself in Manchester, I took train for Glasgow, and was the

guest of Mr. and Mrs. McKeand, of Hill Head, who laid me under great obligations by their generous hospitality, and we have been pleased to find that several of their children are now reckoned among the most honored and useful citizens of Canada. May they be as honored and useful as their parents and grandparents were in Scotland, and their descendants be ever found among the generation of the upright who are blessed. I found my friend, the Rev. Thomas James, in Glasgow, according to promise, and we took the two services at Dr. Wardlaw's the following Sabbath. The following week was employed in taking up contributions, in which I was greatly assisted by a young friend now in Montreal. We left filled with gratitude at the pecuniary result of our visit, to attend a preliminary meeting in Edinburgh, where Sabbath services and a public meeting was arranged on our return from the North. So on Saturday morning, Mr. James proceeded to Stirling and I to Dundee. The honored Secretary of the Congregational Union, and also of the Colonial Mission, the Rev. Alexander Hannay, had just commenced his ministry in a small meeting house erected by the Messrs. Baxter for their employees, and which was immediately opposite to their manufactory. I took his morning service and preached at the Ward Chapel afternoon and evening,

I was the guest of Wm. Baxter, Esq., of Ellengowan, where, on the next morning, I was presented with some handsome contributions, which were supplemented during the day, up to £92 sterling. I met my friend, the secretary, at the door, as I was entering the church for the evening meeting. He looked at me rather despondingly, and said, "Well, Mr. C., I hope you have some money, for I have received none." "Yes, sir," I replied, "I have received only £92 to-day, and we shall have a collection to-night, of ten pounds more." He lifted up his hands with surprise,

and he smiled like the sun after an April shower. There was quite a large and enthusiastic meeting, and the collection was £12. Thus the receipts for the Colonial Mission reached the gratifying figure of more than five hundred dollars, the largest sum I ever collected in a single day. The Christian people in Dundee in many ways have shown me kindness for the Lord's sake, and I have ever found it one of the best places for getting money for the cause of Christ. On our return journey, in a first-class carriage to Edinburgh, there was a lady with a fine boy in the same compartment with ourselves. With this youngster of some eight or nine years of age I made a pleasant acquaintance, and I said to him, "Now tell me what is your name?" He said, "My name is William Henry Dunlop." I replied, "I am acquainted with a gentleman of that name in Canada; his name is Dr. Dunlop." "And he, sir," the lady said, "is my husband's brother." "And, madam," I said, "he is no credit to you." "And that is true," she replied; then followed somewhat of the history, dark and pitiable, of one of the Canadian aristocracy.

At Edinburgh, we were kindly received, and the Colonial Mission nobly patronized. After some explanations had been rendered, relating to some differences and misunderstanding which had occurred in the Colony, the Rev. Dr. Alexander presided at the public meeting, and we left this modern Athens, so far-famed for the beauty of its position and the intelligence of its population, and the interesting and romantic incidents with which its history is identified. At the solicitation of the Society I spent two more months, advantageously for the same Mission, in the south and western part of Britain, including the Isle of Wight; so after visiting the great Exhibition just opened, I took passage in the "Yorkshire," on the 5th of May, and at the end of the month found myself in the bosom



of my family, not only with renewed health and vigor, but with the pleasing reflection that God had honored me in furthering the objects of British Missions in the Colonies of our Empire. During this visit, I made the acquaintance of leading gentlemen of the Church Colonial Society, of the Free Church, and of the United Presbyterian Church connected with our Colonies, as well as gentlemen of our own denomination, and now, after a residence of nearly forty years, we cannot but exclaim with gratitude, "What hath God wrought!" How wondrously have Christian Churches been multiplied!

"These Temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honor of our native place  
And bulwark of our land."

NUMBER SIX.

It was in the spring of 1842, that delegates from different points of Canada, met in the city of Montreal to organize the Canada Temperance Reformation Society. On that occasion I was chosen President. It continued in session from Wednesday until the middle of the following week, and closed by a public meeting in the American Presbyterian Church. The papers which were then read, the interchange of opinion then expressed, and the fire and enthusiasm then manifested, originated and perpetuated to the present time, the continued zeal and effort which, under the blessing of God, have effected a memorable and lasting good to our rising country. And though to some minds there may have been a cooling down from the fever heat which was then manifested, yet we may trace the present very general desire, in the settled heart of the country, for a Prohibitory Law to the information and earnest advocacy of Total Abstinence which were then presented. It is a pleasing feature, and a gratifying omen for the good of this country, that the Legislature of Ontario, the most influential section of the Dominion, is now pre-

pared to abolish the Liquor Traffic, and to protect its population from the awful effects of the fire-waters. It was on that occasion that I first became acquainted with the objects and efforts of one of our noblest institutions, the French-Canadian Missionary Society, by which some of our best and most influential citizens of Montreal, were seeking to relieve their country from the crushing influence of popery. On the Saturday morning of that temperance session, I was requested by the honored Treasurer of the F. C. M. S. to accompany him to Belle Rivière, about thirty miles distant, to administer the Lord's Supper to the first six missionaries, and as many converts of the Society. We reached the place about 10 p.m. We had preaching in the morning, and afterwards the Lord's Supper, Mr. Court translating my English into French. In the evening there was a second sermon. At that time I thought the movement seemed rather discouraging. There was a marked popish influence, and scarcely a French house to which the Missionaries had access, though the Missionaries themselves, and especially their wives, were strong in the belief of a blessed future. In fact our visit was blessed to them. They thanked God and took courage, hoping even against hope. Twenty years passed away, when I was again requested to visit the place on an interesting occasion, the ordination of a Missionary Pastor. And how was my heart delighted as I entered the place, to see a beautiful new church, towards which the people were hastening to the service. And although it was in July, in the midst of harvest, there was a fair attendance. Especially was I filled with gratitude when I heard that young Missionary say, that there was not a house in the village, nor for some miles around, except the priest's, but where he would be received with respect if not with smiles of welcome. This, in connection with the work accomplished at some other stations, and

especially at the Evangelical Institutes at Pointe-aux-Trembles, where so many young people of both sexes have been brought to Christ and fitted for Christian usefulness, should lead us to thank God and take courage.

Let the Master's command be obeyed, and His promise be believed, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

It was shortly after my first visit to Belle Rivière that I spent six weeks in taking up collections among the churches in Canada West, and with gratifying results. Afterwards, and especially after my first visit to Britain, I became more intimately connected with the Society as one of its collectors. Shortly after my return, I visited the States on behalf of the Society. I commenced my collections in Boston, where at first I met with discouragement. Rev. Dr. Kirk referred me to the American Union Society, but I could make no satisfactory arrangement with them. I then fell back on my friend, Rev. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South Church. He said, "Come and preach for me next Sunday morning, but say not a word about your object in coming here." I did so, and then attended the eight o'clock morning prayer-meeting, and told an incident in connection with our work. I did the same the following morning, when the friends began to enquire my name and object in coming to Boston. Deacon Proctor invited me to go home with him to breakfast; then gave me ten dollars and a list of names, with permission to use his name, and in the course of ten days I collected a large sum of money. I then proceeded to Hartford, New Haven, New York, and Philadelphia, and returning to New York, found that I lacked \$250, I had resolved to get before returning home, where I was then expected. I called on my excellent friend, Robert Carter, at his book store in Broadway, and begged him to inform me as to the best mode of approaching Mr. Lennox.

He replied, "If you want money for your mission, I would not recommend you to see him at all; but just go to my desk and write him. Make out the best case you can, and I will present your letter to him this evening, for we have a meeting of the church session, and then call here the day after tomorrow." I did so, and found a letter with a cheque for \$250. Thus was my figure completed, and I went home, having collected \$1,250, the very sum I had determined to get. This sum Mr. Lennox has often repeated, and I am happy to see his name credited with the same amount in the last report of the Society, 1874.

Some time after this I visited, together with other places, the city of Portland, in Maine. On the Sabbath, I preached at the Payson Church, of which an old friend, the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, was pastor. After the afternoon service, the deacon said to me, "I will be happy to spend to-morrow with you in making calls among our people." We succeeded well; but about four p.m. we stopped in front of a beautiful mansion. "Now, sir," said my friend, "I don't know whether or not we should call here; but the owner of this mansion is very wealthy, of large property; in fact, one of the wealthiest men in the city; but it is very difficult to get anything from him for outside objects. If we go in he may insult us, but you shall decide." So we went to the door, and, after ringing the bell, were shown into a beautiful drawing-room. Very soon the gentleman presented himself, and, looking at the deacon, said, rather insultingly, "I suppose you have brought me another beggar," &c., &c. I at length said, "No, sir, we are not beggars, but ministers of the Church of Christ, of which you are a member. We have not asked, and we are not going to ask you for money. Pray allow your temper and spirit to agree with these beautiful surroundings. Good afternoon, sir." He turned pale, and closed the door. I

was in search of the deacon the next morning, and met our friend of the day before at his office door. Observing that the door was fastened, I just bowed, and was turning to go away, when I felt some one holding me by the coat, As I looked behind, he said, "Oh! sir, I treated you very shabbily yesterday; I have had no sleep all night, and have come to apologize, and to hand you a contribution, if you will please to accept it." "Why, yes," I said, "and thank you heartily; but I could not have accepted it yesterday." "Oh, sir," he said, "I am cursed with such an awful temper, which is continually bringing me into trouble." "Well, my friend," I said, "don't talk about being cursed with such a temper: Jesus Christ can subdue that temper, and make you as gentle as a lamb. But you must strive, and watch, and pray against it, and then you will overcome it." He then offered to introduce me to some friends until one o'clock, the dinner hour in Portland, and I obtained several good contributions under his direction and patronage,

My first visit to Britain for the French-Canadian Mission was in the summer of 1853. I called upon the leading societies and ministers in London, and received the best testimonials. Among the rest I called upon the Rev. Dr. Cumming. I heard him preach a beautiful sermon the evening before, when his subject was the family of Bethany, whom Jesus loved. With much large-heartedness, as I thought, he spoke of the love of Christ to the whole family of believers, scattered over the face of our wide wide world, who were all one in Him, one in affection, one in privilege, and all journeying to one heaven, of which Christ was the light and the glory thereof. I was much refreshed and delighted, and made no doubt but his name would be added to those of Binney, James, Hamilton, Bunting, Beecham, Harris, &c., &c. But I was greatly disappointed, when, after I had

stated the objects, the work and the results of the Mission, he very coolly said, "Well, sir, I cannot give you my name; I am here for the interests of the Church of Scotland, and I only give my name to objects with which that Church is connected." "Why, Doctor, you surprise me. Not give your name! and this after your sermon of last night; and after all your preaching and writing against popery. Well, sir, having the names of the wisest and the best in the land, and, above all, the name which is above every name, why perhaps we can do without yours, good morning, sir." Thus ended my visit. But Dr Cumming has much improved; he was then a Church bigot, but now I am happy to believe he has imbibed somewhat of the spirit of the Master, and he does sometimes mingle with other sections of the Church of Christ. I was much encouraged and refreshed by the officials and other members of the Evangelical Alliance, and after a while succeeded beyond my expectations; but my way was dark and trying at first. It was at this juncture that I providentially met with Mr. Court in the streets of London. To his enquiry as to how I was progressing, I replied, "Only so so; I am thinking that I might just as well close my book and go home." He said, "Come along with me to my lodgings in St. Paul's Churchyard, and let us pray together". We did so, and I felt comforted and relieved. I then crossed over to Mr. George Hitchcock's, St. Paul's Churchyard, and told him what we had been doing. I had long known this gentleman, and it was the first time I had seen him since I had left England for Canada. This gentleman greatly encouraged me by giving five pounds himself and a list of names upon whom I might call with his compliments, and each of them subscribed the same sum, so that within twenty hours I received \$150 dollars.

About the same time, another gentleman gave me a letter of introduction to

Lady Olivia Bernard Sparrow, a sister of the Earl of Gosford, who was Governor of Canada in 1837, the time of our arrival.

She received me very kindly, gave me one hundred dollars, and an invitation to dine with her two days from thence. After dinner on that occasion, she said to me, "Now, I will tell you why I ought to assist in weakening popery in Canada. When my brother was Governor he allowed the Bishops of both the English and Romish Churches free access to his house and table on all occasions, but none of the orders below the Bishops. He lost his wife, and was left with two daughters, who, on their return to England, went into the nunnery, and handed the fortunes they had inherited from their grandmother to the Church of Rome. And then," she added, "let me tell you a pleasing incident in relation to the Earl. When we were children together, in our father's garden, we made a solemn promise that every day during life we would always read at least one chapter from the Bible, and to pray to Jesus to be our Saviour. When the Earl was dying, he called me to his bedside, and said, 'Olivia, I am dying; I know that I have done many things I ought not to have done, and have left undone many things I ought to have done; but I have kept my promise I made with you in the garden, and now I hope and believe that Jesus is my Saviour.'"

During this visit, I became acquainted with some of Scotland's best and greatest preachers. Rev. Dr. Dill being Secretary of the Scottish Reformation Society, I received an invitation to address the annual meeting of the Society, on the 22nd of December, in one of the public halls in Edinburgh. The meeting commenced at 11 a.m., and was addressed by Drs. Begg, Guthrie, Candlish, &c., and was continued until 3 p.m. It being mid-winter, the gas was lighted. At 2.30 I was requested to make a short speech, and to reserve incidents until the evening meeting

when it was announced that Rev. Samuel Minton and myself should have the precedence. There was a grand attendance in the evening, when, at the request of the Ladies' Auxiliary, I dwelt principally upon the operations of our French Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Minton gave a grand speech upon the dark and crushing influence of the papal superstitions.

At the request of Dr. Candlish, I occupied his pulpit on the second Sabbath of January, 1854. This service introduced me to a number of warm-hearted, wealthy friends, which told upon the collections that year in Edinburgh. It was during this visit that I renewed my very pleasant intimacy with an old friend, the Rev. Dr. John Harris, the author of "Mammon," the "Great Teacher," &c., &c. We commenced our ministry about the same time, in the same county—he at Epsom, and I at Godalming, 14 miles apart; and many precious seasons we have had of pleasant intercourse and Christian communion. As a man he was most lovable, as a minister the most convincing, and as a writer the most winning and profound. He was called from the pastorate of the small congregation at Epsom to the Presidency of the New College, London, where he exercised a commanding influence upon the rising ministry entrusted to his care. I saw him at New College, St. John's Wood. He was the same genial, lovable friend, but suffering from sorrow. After enquiring after myself and family, he said, "Ah! my brother, I rejoice that God has been so good and gracious to you and yours. You knew Miss Wrangham, the lady I married, and who died in childbirth within the year. My daughter has been a cripple for years, and she is now in Geneva, in Switzerland, confined to her couch with a spinal complaint. God bless you. Give my love to your son in the ministry, and ask him to accept a copy of all my publications." He then presented me with an order for them on his publisher.

## Young Folks.

### A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY L. E. KELLEY.

A band of robbers one night entered a country town by stealth; several houses were scaled, plate chests broken open and pillaged, desks and cabinets rifled of their contents. The thieves had shown such dexterity and cunning, that although many people fancied they had heard the burglars, no one had been alarmed. The wealthiest mansions were attacked and the hours most favorable for the robbery chosen. The thieves entered soonest the houses where the inhabitants retired earliest to rest, and waited an hour later to pillage those whose inmates sat up longer. It was evident that they had been well drilled and coached, and also that facilities had been given to enable them to enter and leave the town by the windows and roofs of houses leading to the ramparts, where traces of their passage could be discerned. In one of these houses lived a carpenter called Benoit, on whom suspicion fixed itself, the more readily that Benoit was little known in the town, where he had only lived a short time, and also because he inspired dislike by his gloomy countenance, his black, closely knit eyebrows, and a deep scar which traversed his face. He was very silent, and spoke little even to his wife; though he was a good husband it must be owned she held him in awe on account of his taciturnity, and because he had a great objection to repeat the same thing twice over; therefore, the gossips of that quarter much pitied Madame Benoit. He did not beat his son, Silvestre, but at the same time he exacted unquestioning obedience, and though Silvestre was only seven he had to work; so, the little boys who perceived that Silvestre, when he saw his father at a distance, ran quickly away from them to his task, were frightened of Benoit as of some wild beast, and called him "that wicked Benoit." To sum up, it was known that Benoit had been at several trades, that he was once a soldier, had been all over the world, and must have met with many adventures, and as he never spoke of his past doings, it was supposed he had little good to say of them. Suspicions once aroused, all confirmation of these suspicions was eagerly noticed. It was observed that Benoit, who never entered a public house, was seen in one the evening of the robbery, he had staid there some time drinking and conversing familiarly with two disreputable fellows, who were not townsmen, and who had not been seen again since. A neighbor declared that, going accidentally to his window at eleven o'clock the night of the robbery, he noticed that Benoit's door, which was always closed at nine, was half open, and no light in the shop. Then, the spot where the robbers had escaped was carefully examined, and a silver spoon which they had let fall was found under the window of Benoit's lumber room. To the window a cord was attached, which had evidently served to fasten a ladder; the place where the ladder must have stood was visible, for the wall was a little broken away, and the mark of a

man's foot on the window was plainly discernible.

With all this evidence, Benoit was arrested and put in prison. On being conducted thither, he showed the greatest calmness, declaring his innocence. He could have explained what looked suspicious, as follows:—A soldier, named Trappe, an old comrade of Benoit's, had recently established himself as hairdresser in the town. This man had formerly saved Benoit's life in battle, so that Benoit received him as a friend, though he did not like Trappe's character, and knew him to be a boaster, a liar, and a bit of a rogue. The evening of the robbery, Trappe came to him, saying that two of their old comrades, who had served in the same regiment, were passing through the town, and that they must all have a bottle of wine together. He reminded Benoit that it was the anniversary of the day on which he had saved his life. After this, Benoit thought he could no longer refuse the invitation. He joined the men, and wished to pay the reckoning. This was not allowed. They endeavored to make him talk, to make him drink, for Trappe and his two comrades were part of the band who purposed breaking into the town that night. They hoped to obtain some valuable information, and also to make him drunk, so that he might not hear what went on in his house, or, at any rate, be incapable of offering any opposition. However, in spite of their efforts, Benoit said little, and did not get tipsy; only he went home with a heavier head, and slept more soundly than usual. The next morning, he saw that the door of his shop had been opened. He was astonished, for he knew he had fastened it. He went up to the loft, and found the window open. This he had also shut the night before. He noticed that a sack of beans had been displaced. Benoit did not mention these discoveries to any one, for it was not his custom to talk about things before he understood them; but

he reflected much on the subject. On going out to his work, he found the whole town in an uproar: nothing was spoken of but the daring robberies committed on the previous night. It was related that suspicious-looking characters were seen drinking that evening at several public-houses—among others, at the tavern where Trappe and the two men had met Benoit. The latter soon perceived that people avoided speaking to him, and that he was looked at askance. He remembered that the evening before, Trappe, on leaving the tavern, had followed him up to the room where his wife and child were sitting, and had laughingly forced them to drink two glasses of wine, evidently to intoxicate them. He also recollected that on going to the window after Trappe had descended the staircase, he was surprised not to see him go out, but fancied he must have done so. From all he could gather, he now concluded that Trappe concealed himself in the house, and opened door and windows to the robbers. He went to his house, and said boldly, "It was you who opened the window of my loft and the door of my shop for the thieves." Trappe pretended not to understand, then grew angry; but he was uneasy. "You saved my life," said Benoit, "and therefore I will not denounce you; but if you are guilty, leave the town, and never let me see you again, or I must give you up to justice." The next morning Trappe disappeared. The same day Benoit was arrested. He was asked if he had opened his door and window. He replied in the negative. Being further questioned as to whether he knew who had done so, he answered he did not. Indeed, he himself had no certainty of Trappe's guilt. They enquired if he suspected any one. He replied that, as he had been arrested on suspicion, he would not be the cause of another man's arrest, who might be as innocent as himself, and that even if he did suspect some one, he would

not mention any name. In short, he answered all questions truthfully, but without adding any surmises of his own, and without saying a word which could inculpate Trappe. After a searching investigation, no proof being found against Benoit, he was set at liberty, but all believed him guilty. He felt this by the way in which his freedom was announced, and also from the remarks he heard on going out of the court. He did not appear the least concerned. When he returned home, after embracing his wife, who was in raptures to have him back, he kissed his son, saying, quietly,

"Silvestre, you will hear it said on all sides that, though I have been acquitted, I am nevertheless a rogue, and that I *did* open the door and window for the robbers; but do not let it trouble you, for it cannot last always."

His wife was horrified at his words, but would not believe them, and soon went out to receive the congratulations of her neighbors. Some of the ladies turned their backs upon her; others shrugged their shoulders, and looked at her with an air of pity, as much as to say: "Poor woman, it is not her fault." Others, again, told her plainly what they thought on the subject. After abusing two or three, she came home, crying bitterly, declaring that they must leave the town at once.

"If I left," said Benoit, "nothing but my bad character would be spoken of."

"What good will it do you to remain?" asked his wife.

"I shall re-establish my good name."

"You will lose all your custom."

"No, for I shall be the best workman in town."

"There are other good workmen. How can you contrive to be cleverer than they?"

"When things are most difficult more pains must be taken over them."

Benoit had some work in hand, which had been given him before his

arrest. His employer was obliged to let him finish it. He accomplished it with such skill and promptitude, and at such a reasonable price, that, although his master mistrusted him, he continued to employ him. Benoit rose two hours earlier, and went to rest late. He worked harder than ever, and in consequence did not need much assistance in his labors, so that he was able to charge less, though he always used the best wood and put the best work. Thus he not only kept his old customers, but obtained fresh ones. He well knew the bad odor in which he was held, but did not seem to mind it. If he observed precautions taken against him, that he was not allowed to remain alone in a room, he merely smiled, and said nothing; but if, in passing through the street, anyone insulted him by sneering remarks, his looks sufficed to silence the aggressor. He noticed that his accounts were always examined most rigidly, but he took care that all the details should be clear, concise, and indisputably correct. Sometimes he was told that he was too particular.

"No," he replied, "I am too well aware you have a bad opinion of me, and I must show you plainly that I do not cheat."

A house took fire, and threatened to spread to the neighboring dwelling. Several workmen had endeavored to cut off the communication, but the danger was great, and the attempt was abandoned. Benoit arrived on the scene. He saw that the servants wished to prevent his entering the burning house without the permission of their master, who was absent.

"Come, come," he explained, forcing his way through; "the question is to save the house. You can see afterwards if anything is missing."

He went alone to the top of the deserted house. Passing through a room he saw a watch lying on the table. He put it in his pocket for fear others should steal it, but, reflecting that he

might perish in his enterprise, and that if the watch was found on his person he would be called a thief, he hid it in a hole in the wall. He climbed to the spot which the flames menaced, and with vigorous strokes of a hatchet he succeeded in cutting off all communication. Then he descended cautiously, and escaped uninjured. He met the master of the house, and showed him where he had concealed the watch.

"I hid it there," said he, "because I thought some one might take it and I should be accused of the theft."

So many proofs of honesty and uprightness, added to Benoit's steady conduct, exposed as he was to every one's scrutiny, began to operate in his favor. A rich man came to the town, desiring to erect large buildings, intended for a manufactory. He asked who was the best carpenter. It was impossible to avoid naming Benoit. He employed him, and was so pleased with his intelligence, zeal and probity, that he proclaimed Benoit's praises in all directions, and said he must be an honest man. As the gentleman was a person of consequence, his words had great weight. Benoit's reputation as a skilled

workman extended all over the province. Large contracts were entrusted to him, and he was able to undertake business on his own account. All this brought him into contact with many people, and all who transacted business with him thought well of him. He was no longer watched, but still people asked themselves how it came that his door and window had been found open for the robbers' escape. Many believed that *he* knew. The rich man who employed him to build the manufactory, and was interested in him, begged for an explanation of the mystery.

"All that will come out," said Benoit, "when my reputation as an honest man is established."

At length the subject was dropped, and everyone became persuaded he could not have taken any guilty part in the adventure. A few months later, one of the thieves was captured, and confessed the whole story. Benoit was congratulated.

"It troubled me very little," said he, "for I knew that an upright man could not always be taken for a rogue."

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## THE PALACE OF LIFE.

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In the days of the Emperor Agathos many wonderful things took place. It is one of the least of these I am about to relate.

Two children, a boy and a girl, were wading one day in the little brook which ran past the village in which they lived. On the other side of the brook, as far as the eye could see, was the highway, and everybody who passed could be seen by the children. And indeed this was a great part of their joy, that so many things were to be seen. They saw carts laden with harvest-store going to the mill, and soldiers marching to the city, and students travelling to the university, and a wedding-party going to the church, and a funeral to the churchyard. But

there was one sight greater than all these they were that day to see. Far away in the distance it rose before them, first, as a cloud of dust, then as the swift glancing of wheels and horses' feet in the sunlight, then as a blaze of scarlet and gold.

It was the Emperor Agathos riding through his land.

To the surprise of the children, the horses stopped, and the Emperor commanded the two to cross the brook and come up into his carriage. In an instant they were sitting on the rug at his feet. The carriage began to move. A cloud of dust whirled up behind them, and they felt themselves swept along as if they had wings.



Many a stolen glance they took on this side and on that—for at first they were a little afraid. The highway still skirted the bank of the stream; but it was now broader and deeper, and great bridges crossed it every here and there. They passed houses, and woods, and gardens, and pasture fields filled with cattle. But at last, when they had ridden many a long mile, and the sun was beginning to dip down into the west, they came to a beautiful hill with a crystal palace at the base. Under the rays of the setting sun, and reflecting the golden colors of the sky, it shone like an immense diamond.

"This is your home, henceforth," said the Emperor, pointing to the palace. The children noticed that the approach was by a bridge which crossed the stream, in whose shallow waters they had waded in the morning, along whose ever deepening and widening banks they had driven all the day.

"This is your house," the Emperor said again, as he drove up to the huge doorway. It was a succession of arches, one within another, carved in crystal into the form of leaves and fruit and creeping things. And as the sunlight touched it, the whole seemed, to the eye of the children, like one deep arch made of colored lamps and glittering stars.

But when they reached the door, they observed in immense letters above it the words "NO RETURNING," and they thought of the village in which they had spent so many happy days, and of their parents, and were both afraid and sad.

The door opened with a soft noise, like the sound of a flute far out on the sea. And the two children crossed the threshold and went in. But they never could tell what happened next, nor when the Emperor left them, nor who received them. The morning sun was shining through the walls of the palace when they began to observe again.

The first thing which struck them was the size of the palace. The walls inside seemed to reach up as high as the clouds and stretch out as far as the eye could see. All up and down the walls were the most lovely pictures of cattle and woods, and birds and beasts, and fields of wheat and barley. The butterflies were almost flying, and they came to think in a little that the birds really sang. A brook, just the picture of the brook in which they had been wading yesterday, ran along the floor, and along the bank of it was a highway. The floor was carpeted with

real grass, and clover, and buttercups, and daisies. It was one of the wonders of the place that the picture fruit-trees had real fruit on them, which the two children were allowed to gather and eat.

But what pleased them most was the discovery that their parents were living in the house, and their brothers and sisters as well. And they saw children going to school just as in their native village; and by-and-by they found themselves joining these children and sitting in school too. The days passed very pleasantly in this splendid new home. Sometimes the two children would clap their hands and dance for joy. But they could not help noticing after a while that the door by which they had come in was far behind them. They were also aware of a difference in other things; but they could not tell what that was. And then they saw right before them another door, and above it the same words they had seen outside.

One day, when the school-tasks were over and they were tired of playing with other children, curiosity drew them to the second door, which opened softly at their approach. They heard the hum of busy crowds, and click of shuttles, the ring of hammers, the beat of drums. They would fain have entered, but they were so tired out with play that, while they were listening and peeping in, they fell asleep.

When they awoke it was morning, and they found that they had been carried in. They looked round—the very first thing they did—for their parents; but neither the boy's nor the girl's could be seen. Then they began to cry, and turned to go back to them through the door. Alas! the door would not open. The great words glowed down on them like fire—"NO RETURNING." They cried a good long while together. But when they dried their tears and looked at each other they saw that they were no longer children.

This new room of the palace was different, and yet not much different, from the one they had left. If anything, it was larger. The fruit was higher up on the trees. The trees were farther away. The songs of the birds were not so clear. But still there was a wondrous beauty all round the place. It was from the centre the noise of hammers and shuttles had come which they heard the evening before. There, a crowd of grimy men were working at forges; here, another crowd, pale-faced and clean, and women as well as men, were weaving

cloth in looms. Standing about in the spaces between, some were buying and selling, others were building houses and laying out gardens. And at a distance, squares of soldiers were wheeling and marching about on an open plain.

While they were looking at all these wonders a man came up to them and led them to two empty looms and said: "You are now in the work-room of the palace. Those looms are for you. You shall be taught to work them. And henceforth you shall be expected to work. Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might. And do it while the sun is shining. If you work faithfully you shall receive a crown." Then he placed them on the seats of the looms and left them. The one looked to the other and said: "How like his smile was to the smile of the Emperor!" Then they began to weave.

Their webs were of many colors. And as the webs unfolded, beautiful figures came out in the cloth. And the young workers were delighted with the beauty, and set themselves to work with their whole heart—at first slowly, till their hands and fingers got used to the work, then swiftly. And at last they began to sing at their work.

As their hands grew in skill, the two companions wrought together with the greatest spirit. They sometimes recalled the former days with their parents, and were a little sad. But that gave place to interest in their work. The webs were becoming more and more beautiful in pattern, and it was a continual joy to those young workers to see flowers and birds and beasts, and the most wonderful shapes, flowing out in the webs they wove.

But a change came over all this, as over everything which had gone before. That joy in working did not last very long. The heart of the young man longed towards his companion more than to his work. He became negligent and careless. He could not weave for doing little kindnesses to her and listening to her songs. And one day, when the looms were standing silent, and she was singing one of her songs, the air about them seemed to grow thick, and there was a noise of distant thunder in the sky. And then, flash after flash of lightning coming nearer—every flash darted down from the clouds—the young man's web caught fire, and flew up in a thousand sparks. And when he looked to the other loom, his dear companion was fallen forward on the beam, and white as death. To all appearance she was dead. A company of mute

women came in and carried her away. And the young man saw her no more. What happened after that he could never tell. His senses left him for a time. But when he came to himself, he found his loom close to a door like the two he had passed through before. Sick at heart for the loss of his companion, he was only too eager to press it open, and pass into the third room of the palace.

But not so pleasantly as the other two did this third door swing open. And not into so fair a room was the sorrowful young man admitted.

It was a repetition of the other in some things, but smaller, and less beautiful. The walls were still the same, but not so high, and the pictures on the walls were faded, and the carpet of grass was not so green, and even the stream went sluggishly, and was not so pure as before. The air was colder, too. The workplaces were nearer, and busier, and more dreary. In the evening he felt tired in a way he had never felt before. But, most sorrowful of all, he had no companion to cheer him in his sorrows, and the friends of his youth had all disappeared.

It was in this room, however, that he began to dream every night of riding once more with the Great Emperor in his carriage. He seemed to be a little child again, and sitting at the Emperor's feet, and looking up at his smile. And every time he dreamed, he heard the Emperor say to him: "Be not afraid," or "As evening time it shall be light," or "He that maketh the Most High his habitation no evil shall befall him, nor any plague come near his dwelling," or some other words as comforting as these. All next day, as he sat plying his shuttle, he would think of the words he had heard in his dream, and of the smile of the Emperor, and be glad.

But there was one thing he began to notice with sadness. Every morning he found the loom shifted forward from where it had stood the day before. And he soon saw not far off, that a door like those he had passed through already, was right in the face of his path.

And by-and-by this fourth door was reached; but it was not now as at the former doors. He who was to pass, indeed, was no longer young. His hair was grey, his steps were a little feeble. And when the door opened, it was with a creaking noise; and when it closed behind, it was with a heavy sound. And he stood alone in the fourth and last hall of the great palace.

I do not care to describe it. The glory of the former walls was departed. Everything was faded. The very heavens seemed further off. And within view, from the very entrance, was the egress door, dismal with iron bands and nails. Through its open chinks swept in a biting wind. And now and again there came a sound through the chinks like the sound of water—like the rushing of a river swift and deep outside.

A few old people were working here and there at looms. But every day these became fewer and fewer. One after another went forward and passed out through that door. And sometimes it was a terrible sight, when through the open door, a glimpse was now and again caught of the river outside, and of great rocky banks burying it in awful shadows.

At last it came to the turn of him whose history we have followed so long. The door opened, and he stood on the threshold, and saw with his own eyes the swift and awful flood. And in a moment he was in its depths. But in a moment also he knew that another was by his side. A head clothed with sunlight shed light across the entire stream. An arm strong as the everlasting hills sustained him, as he struggled with the tide, and bore him safely to the other

bank. And then, as the water passed out of his eyes, and he could look at his helper, he beheld that it was no other than the Great Emperor who had asked him up into his carriage when he was a little child.

But the most wonderful thing of all was this. So soon as he touched the other bank his youth came back to him again. And he saw before him another palace, crystal, golden, on the side of the hill. And far upward, another, and another still, to the very top. And at the top, towers and pinnacles of pearl and amethyst glowing in the sun.

And a door opened with a sound like sweet music, above which was carved the words: "They shall go no more out." And he passed into a hall more glorious than my words can describe. His parents were there to welcome. And his lost companion was by their side. And, most delightful of all, the Good Emperor Agathos smiling on him more kindly than before. And in that hour he learned that the Emperor had been leading him, by a way he knew not, to an eternal home; and that childhood, and youth, and suffering, and old age, were but different rooms in the Great Palace of Life, and the first stations in man's everlasting progress.—*Dr. A. McLeod.*

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## THE GOLD PENCIL.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

This is the story of a child who did a little wrong, which led to a greater, as little wrongs often do.

One day, when Elflocks was getting ready for school, she opened her sister Lizzie's bureau-drawer by mistake, and there a real gold pencil caught her eye, with its wonderful chasings, and its glittering stone in one end, which was only colored glass, to be sure, but which Elflocks believed a jewel made mysteriously in the bowels of the earth by gnomes and fairies. She took it up and scribbled with it. It had an excellent

point—a virtue which her own pencils did not often possess. "Oh, dear! I wish it was mine," she thought. "It would be so nice to make pictures with when I drop my slate and teacher takes it away. Anyway, I mean to borrow it this afternoon. Lizzie won't mind, I guess. She won't even know it." Then she regarded herself in the glass complacently, with the pencil in her hand, and wondered what "the girls" would think. "I sha'n't tell 'em it's Lizzie's. Maybe they'll think it's mine. I needn't say so." Elflocks conveyed the pencil into her pocket,

and set off for school with a jump. Arriving there, she sedately took her seat, opened her arithmetic, and began to figure with paper and pencil, with an air as if gold pencils grew by the roadside, and she had been used to figuring with them all her days.

"I say, aren't you going to use your slate?" whispered her next neighbor. "Lend it to me if you aren't."

"No, I'm using m—a pencil. Don't you see?" answered Elflocks.

"Oh, my! a gold pencil! How big we feel! My mother's got two of 'em. Is it yours?"

"I shall tell the teacher you're whispering," evaded Elflocks.

"I don't believe it's yours, or you wouldn't be so cross."

"You know what becomes of the unbelievers," said the girl sitting behind Elflocks, and who was one of "the big girls."

"Let me take it, Elflocks," she continued, "I want to write my composition."

Now it was a great honor for one of the big girls to ask a favor of the smaller fry. Nobody ever thought of making terms with them. Only the dignity that attended the possession of a gold pencil emboldened Elflocks to say:

"Will you give it back right off?"

"As soon as I finish the composition," promised Myra.

At recess all the girls crowded round to look at the pencil. It had really made more of a sensation than Elflocks had expected; only she was vexed to find that Myra was the centre of attraction, who held the shining treasure between her thumb and finger and did not allow it to pass out of her hands.

"Oh! isn't it splendid?" they cried.

"Gold, isn't it?" Just like the teacher's."

"I'm going to get my Aunt Ellen to let me bring her's." "Whose is it?" "How much did it cost, do you suppose?" "Shouldn't I feel like somebody if it was mine?" "I guess I could do my sums better." "My! there's an emerald in it. My father says emeralds are next to rubies, and rubies are next to diamonds, and diamonds are"—

"Nothing but developed coal," put in another big girl.

"Oh! I don't believe it. My mother's got a diamond ring, and it isn't any more like coal than you are. We burn it."

"And emeralds are nothing but earth and

acid and oxide of iron," persisted the same authority, who was in the chemistry class.

"Oh! you're making believe. Isn't she, Myra?" said Elflocks, coming to the rescue of her emerald, but hesitating to contradict a senior.

"I never saw any earth like this emerald, and we've got lots in our garden."

"Well, Cinderella's coach didn't look like a pumpkin after it was transformed into a coach, you know," continued the tease.

"And the horses didn't look like"—and then the bell rang, and they all subsided; and Elflocks returned to her seat, thinking that Myra meant to write no end of a composition. And so the event proved. After school Elflocks put a bold face on the matter, and said:

"You didn't remember to give back the pencil, Myra, I guess," delaying it till Myra was about to leave the school-house.

"Oh! don't be a stingy little thing," returned Myra. "I haven't finished my composition yet."

"Give it to me now," pleaded Elflocks, "and you shall have it again to-morrow."

"Oh! what a little plague you are! I can't get it now; it's way down in my pocket, half a day's journey under everything else." And then Myra walked away, as if that settled the matter. I've no doubt but Myra really thought it was at the bottom of her pocket, for she had certainly put it there; but, unluckily, there was something else down there, too—something of which the rhyme says:

"A hole's the worst thing in a potet;  
Have it mended when you've dot it."

When Myra reached home, she emptied her pocket of two handkerchiefs, a tintype book, a sponge and rubber, a small-sized paint-box, a smelling-bottle, and an apple, which had not found it easy to creep through the hole in the bottom; but the gold pencil was gone.

Poor Elflocks went home very much crestfallen, and trembling in her shoes for fear Lizzie might miss the pencil. But, as nothing was said about it, she plucked up courage and waylaid Myra on the road to school the next day.

"I wish you'd give me the pencil now, Myra," said she. "I want it ever and ever so much. I've lost my slate-pencil." She didn't know how to put it any stronger, without telling Myra that it was Lizzie's.

"I'll tell you something," returned Myra, "if you'll promise not to tell the teacher nor my mother to your dying day!"

"Oh I do. I won't tell. You know I won't," sparkled Elflocks, delighted with the confidence of one of the big girls, who was always whispering secrets to her companions the possession of which Elflocks had often envied.

"Well," began Myra, "I took such good care of your pencil that I put it down at the very bottom of my pocket for safety, and I wasn't to blame; but there was a hole there. Now don't cry. I didn't suppose you were such a baby to cry for an old pencil. I wouldn't have lost it for a farm, if I could have helped it. Anybody'd suppose I did it on purpose!"

"You ought to have given it back yesterday. I didn't lend it for all day!" sobbed Elflocks.

"And you oughtn't to have brought it to school, to make other girls' mouths water. There, if the teacher sees you crying, she'll worm it all out of you."

And so poor Elflocks was denied even the privilege of tears. Of course, if Elflocks had gone home and told her mother all about it, the trouble would have ended here, but she didn't. She was afraid of a thousand things, she hardly knew what—of her father's displeasure; of her brother's teasing; of Lizzie saying, whenever she missed anything, "There, I know Elflocks has taken it to school." She was afraid of her mother's tender reproaches; of losing her pleasures and her credit at home. She did not know how easy it would have been. As it was, the concealment poisoned every hour of every day. She dreaded every time that Lizzie opened her lips, for fear the awful question would slip out. She lived in daily torment, though she tried to disarm possible discovery by an angelic behavior. She waited upon Lizzie by inches, and never answered back nor cried when the tangles were combed out of her hair, nor objected to an early bedtime. She lent the baby her dolls and gave Ned the lion's share of her sweetmeats. In short, she did everything she ought to have done except to confess. If she had known that really Lizzie cared very little about the pencil, which was an old story with the novelty worn threadbare, Elflocks might have found confession easier; but, though the story trembled on Elflock's tongue a dozen times a day, it never got any further. And time went by, and Lizzie asked no questions and Elflocks told no lies, and by degrees the affair lost importance in her mind, and the color faded out of it.

One day, about six months later, Elflocks ran into her mother's sewing-room to ask leave to

go into the woods for flowers, and overheard her saying:

"I don't like to believe it of Nancy, 'she was such a good servant; but where could it have gone, if she didn't take it?"

"What!" asked Elflocks, out of breath.

"Nothing that you know anything about, child," answered her mother. "You mustn't ask so many questions."

"I would have given it to her if I had known she liked it so much. None of us girls wear gold pencils now. They're all out of style," said Lizzie, not noticing Elflock's interruption.

"Yes," continued their mother; "it isn't the value of the pencil. I am sorry to suspect Nancy of such a meanness. It didn't occur to me till she left, and now I couldn't give her a recommendation. Luckily Mrs. Reed didn't ask for one."

"It is a sin to steal a pin," hummed Lizzie; but you could have knocked Elflocks down with a feather, as they say. Without doubt this was the time for her to "own up," and save Nancy's reputation, as well as her own; but she had not the moral courage, as grown-up folks call it, to take the blame upon her own shoulders, and perhaps she couldn't understand the injury it was to Nancy to be suspected—that it was as necessary for her as it was for Cæsar's wife to be above suspicion. At any rate Nancy was not present to be reproached and punished for the fault, and she was. Moreover, her mother's confident reply,—*"Nothing that you know anything about, my child,"*—made it appear a much more tremendous thing for her to confess that she knew everything about it. I dare say she suffered a thousand times as much as if her mother had fed her on bread and water for a month, had locked up her dolls and cut off her pleasures, and made her wear shabby clothes and shoes down at the heel. She was as unhappy as a child can be. She didn't get her lessons nor her rewards of merit; she didn't play with her toys, nor run about with her mates, nor relish life and youth; and she woke up mornings with a weight on her mind, as if something terrible had happened. But she hadn't done with the pencil yet.

One day, while Elflocks was reading *"Cinderella,"* Mrs. Reed dropped in to see her mother.

"I'm in such distress," said she. "I'm afraid my Nancy—the same who lived with you—has stolen some money I left in the window-

seat in my room. She was in there dusting, and when she got through there wasn't any money to be found. Mr. Reed's going to send down for an officer. I shouldn't have thought of Nancy particularly if your Lizzie hadn't told me that you missed a gold pencil while she was second girl here with you. Now, what can you do with such a person?"

"I'm sorry Lizzie mentioned the pencil," said Elflock's mother. "I was not *sure*, you know."

"But the pencil's among the missing and so is the money. It looks badly for Nancy."

As for Elflocks, she quaked at every word. Things had reached a fearful climax if Oliver Reed, who gave her comfits across the garden fence, and sent her valentines, and chose her at dancing school, must know how wicked she had been, or else the officers must take Nancy to gaol and punish her for Elflock's fault.

"I suppose she will have six months in the house of correction, at least," continued Mrs. Reed. "If it wasn't for your Lizzie's pencil I shouldn't feel so sure; but a girl who'll take a trifle will help herself to more. A little fault often leads to a greater."

"I—I know it," cried Elflocks, whom the two ladies supposed at the ball with Cinderella. "I—I—did it—my own self—the pencil, I mean—it wasn't Nancy at all."

"What are you talking about, child?" they asked in chorus.

"I don't s'pose anybody'll ever speak to me again. I s'pose everybody'll hate me, and mother too. And Oliver won't—won't—have me for—his—sweetheart any more; but Nancy

didn't take the pencil. I did. I borrowed it without asking, and Myra, she lost it, and!"—

Just then a maid came to the door and announced a young person to see Miss Elflocks.

"Oh! Elflocks," cried Myra, as she went out to meet her, "I couldn't wait a minute. I've got it. The carpenters found it under the entry floor in the school house. They took it up 'cause it was rotten. All the girls recognized it."

"What? How?" asked Elflocks, half dazed.

"Why, your gold pencil, stupid—the one I lost out of my pocket. I s'pose it rolled down a crack. I'm ever so glad; aren't you?"

"I wish it had never been lost," said Elflocks, who felt as if her happiness was lost with it.

"We found the money!" shouted Oliver Reed, overtaking Elflocks on the way to school the next week. "And they've got you to thank for it."

"Me! Oh, Oliver, don't joke."

"Well, there was a bird's nest in the old cherry tree under mother's window—last year's nest. I climbed up, and tore my jacket to get it down for you, and mother's money was in it. Isn't it just like a story book? You see, when Nancy opened the window to shake her duster, she just brushed the money out too, and the nest was all handy to catch it. But it might have staid there till doomsday if it hadn't been for you, Elflocks—if I hadn't wanted to please you, and make it up to you because you'd had such a bother about the other."

But the gold pencil made a mark in Elflocks' lesson book which she never forgot.—*N. Y. Independent.*

## A GIRL OF STARS.

BY ELIZA C. DURGIN.

The next clear evening, when the moon is on the other side of the sky, and our side is full of stars, ask your papa or mamma, or your teacher, to go out of doors with you and show you some of the beautiful star-pictures that the wise people call constellations. Very likely you have often noticed the Great Bear, which looks so much more like a dipper than a bear that ordinary folk call it the Great Dipper, and have learned to trace the line of the "pointers" up

to the small glittering North Star in the end of the Little Bear's tail, or the Little Dipper's handle, whichever you please to call it. If you have never found this star, be sure to ask your teacher to show it to you, for you need to know where it is, as you need to know where the North Pole is on a globe.

The sky is to us like a vast globe, only we seem to be in the centre of it, and to look up into it, instead of down upon it. Around the

North Star, as a centre, each of the twinkling fixed stars seem to move in a circle; but you will not see this unless you watch them a long while, for it is not really their motion, but that of our own little earth that causes this appearance.

The fixed stars always keep the same relative places with regard to each other. If one of them is eight degrees east of another on one night, you will always find it in the same direction and distance from its neighbor, in whatever part of the sky you see them. The heathen people who lived many hundreds of years ago, and who worshipped the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, used to see very strange things in the starry sky. To them, gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, and animals, great and small, shone where we see myriads of mighty worlds.

It is of one of the star heroines that I wish to tell you. Ask your teacher to point out to you the constellation called Andromeda. You would never dream, to look at it, that it was meant for a girl, bound by cruel chains to a rock on the sea coast; but if you will look on an astronomical atlas you will see it very plainly.

There is an almost straight line of four brilliant stars, beginning with a very beautiful one called Almaach, about fifty degrees from the North Star. (Be sure to find out about degrees.) Almaach is in Andromeda's foot. The next one, Mirach, with two others north-west of it, makes her girdle. The third bright one of the line marks her breast, and makes a little triangle, with two dimmer ones south of it and a straight line with one of these and another north of it. The last star of the four is a little farther north than it would be if the line were perfectly straight; it is called Alpheratz, and is at the same time the chief star of Andromeda's head, and the corner of a beautiful great square, which is clearly seen.

The stars which I have mentioned are easily traced; and, if you look very sharply, you may see the triangle in her right arm, the star of her right hand, the one in her left arm, and many others—for there are sixty-six stars, which bright and patient eyes may see in this constellation.

Now, I suppose you would like to know why poor Andromeda was left chained to a rock. Well, here is the story.

She had a very vain mother, Cassiopeia (whose star picture, according to astronomy, is

also in the sky, north of her daughter). She was beautiful, and foolish enough to boast of it. That was what made the trouble. She began to say that she was more beautiful than Juno and the sea-nymphs. The nymphs had no idea of letting her talk in that way, and they went straight to Neptune, the god of the sea, and told him all about the matter. The sea god was very angry, and determined to avenge the insulted nymphs.

Terrible was the punishment that overtook poor Cassiopeia. A great flood began to pour its torrents over the fields and homes of Ethiopia, the kingdom over which her husband, Cepheus, was king. What was the poor vain queen to do? Her pretty face was distorted with horror and drenched with tears. She sent to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon to ask counsel.

When the ignorant heathen people of those old times and lands were in trouble, they used often to send to consult certain oracles. There were oracles at various places, where they thought that gods talked with men, and told them of things that would come to pass. Very unsatisfactory and obscure the answers often were, but then human creatures must pray. Those people heard the voice that the dear Heavenly Father has put into all His children's hearts, telling them to come to Him for what they want; but they did not understand to whom they were to go, and how very near He is—so, as I told you, they sent to the oracles.

It was a fearful answer that was brought back to the waiting queen. Neptune was not to be satisfied unless the Princess Andromeda should be given up to a horrid sea monster that had come with the flood. It seemed very hard that an innocent girl must suffer so cruel a death, but as the choice was between the loss of her one life and that of the lives of many people, she was taken out to a rock by the sea, and left chained there, to be killed by the monster.

Just as he was about to seize her, a gallant youth, named Perseus, came along through the air, and seeing the beautiful maiden, fell in love with her. He had just succeeded in a very dangerous experiment, which was no less than that of killing a dreadful gorgon, who had snakes in her hair, and who had had a very disagreeable habit of turning every one that she looked at into stone. Perseus didn't dare to look at her when he killed her; he looked at her reflection in the bright shield that he carried.

You may imagine that he felt very brave after

this feat. He had the gorgon's head still in his hand when he came to the place where Andromeda was. He had on winged shoes, and this was the reason that he could go through the air as well as on the ground.

As I said, he fell in love with the beautiful Andromeda; but he was a business-like young man, and he was determined to have the bargain clearly made before he released the lady. He said he would save her if her father would promise to give her to him for a wife. Of course the king said "yes," for he felt badly enough to have the princess in so piteous a plight. So Perseus gave the sea monster a good look at the

gorgon's head, which, not having lost its petrifying power, turned him stone dead.

Andromeda was already engaged to her uncle Phineus, who was in a great passion when he found that he was to lose her. He had a fight with Perseus, but what was the use of fighting with a man who had a gorgon's head at his service? Phineus was turned into a stone, too, at sight of it.

Perseus and Andromeda were married, and "lived happy ever after"; and when they died they were turned into the stars and put into the sky.

Some people don't believe this story, but there are the stars.—*St. Nicholas.*

## LIGHTNING IN JOHNNY'S HAIR.

BY ADAM STWIN.

"Combs can't blow, can they?"

Could you guess what Johnny meant by such a queer, backhanded question? I couldn't, nor his sister Mary, either. I was quite sure, however, that he meant something sensible, if one could only get at it; but Mary was doubtful.

"Blow what?" she asked, not so pleasantly as she might.

"Why, blow air," said Johnny, "to make wind."

"Of course not, you silly child; what makes you ask such a question as that?"

Mary thinks Johnny is a pretty bright little fellow in general, but on particular points she is always ready to call him a dunce, without stopping first to find out what he really means to say. The trouble is, she knows so little herself that she thinks she knows everything, at least everything worth knowing; and Johnny is all the time puzzling her with questions that she has no answer ready for.

"What have you seen to make you ask that question?" I enquired.

"I didn't see anything," said Johnny; "I just felt it—like some one breathing softly on my face and hand when I held my comb near."

"Nonsense," said Mary; "you just imagined it."

"No, I didn't," Johnny insisted; "I felt it really, this morning, when I was combing my hair."

"Oh," said I, suspecting the cause of his difficulty, "what kind of a comb was it?"

"A black comb," said Johnny.

"Horn, or rubber?" I asked.

"It's a rubber comb," said Mary.

"How did your hair behave when you were combing it?"

"Mean as anything," Johnny replied. "It stuck up like Mary's when it's frizzed, and wouldn't stay anywhere."

Part of that was for Mary's benefit. Johnny likes to tease her.

"Did you think the comb made it do that by blowing it?" I asked.

"Not at first," said Johnny; "the comb seemed to crackle, and I put it to my ear to listen; then I felt the wind on my cheek."

"Suppose you bring the comb here," said I, "and show us what it did."

Johnny ran off for the comb, but came back quite crestfallen.



"It won't do it now," he said.

"As much as ever!" cried Mary, triumphantly.

"But it did this morning, truly," he said, rather humbly.

"Pshaw!" said Mary; "you imagined it."

Like many another discoverer, Johnny had to learn what it is to be discredited and ridiculed for knowing too much. Because Mary had never noticed what he described, she was as ready as older people to cry "nonsense," "impossible," and all that sort of thing, without stopping to consider whether he might not be in the right after all.

"You had better try it again some other day," I said to Johnny. "Try different combs. Try in the dark, too."

"What for?" Johnny asked.

"You might see something," I said.

"In the dark?"

"Yes, in the dark."

Johnny wondered how that could be; and he wondered still more when I suggested that it might be a good plan to try the comb also on Humpty Dumpty—that's his shaggy dog.

Two or three mornings after, Johnny came pounding at my door before breakfast; when I let him in he cried, "It blows now, sure!"

"What blows?"

"Why! the comb."

I took the comb from his hand and putting it to my cheek, said, "I don't feel any wind from it."

"That isn't the way," he said, reaching out for the comb. "You must do this first," and he ran the comb rapidly through his hair a few times, then held it to his cheek, saying, "I can feel it, plainly."

"See if it will blow these," I said, stripping some bits of down from a feather and laying them upon the table.

Johnny repeated the combing, then held the comb near the down, expecting to see the light stuff blown from the table. To his great surprise it was not blown away at all, but on the contrary it sprang suddenly toward the comb, then dropped off as suddenly.

"That's queer," said Johnny.

I excited the comb again and held it near the back of my hand, calling Johnny's attention to the fact that all the fine hairs stood up when the comb came near them.

"When you hold the comb near your cheek," I said, "the downy hairs stand up like that,

and the feeling is just like that of a breath of air."

"Then it isn't wind that comes from the comb?"

"No, it is not wind."

"Maybe the comb is a magnet," suggested Johnny, seeing its attraction for light hairs, dust and the like, as I held it over them. I took a small magnet from my table-drawer and held it near the feathers and hair. It did not stir them, no matter how much I rubbed it. It picked up a needle though, very quickly. Then I rubbed the comb, and though it attracted the feathers it had no effect on the needle.

"Is that like a magnet?" I asked.

"No," said Johnny.

"When the needle springs to the magnet it sticks there; but when the hair or down springs to the comb it flies away again instantly."

"It is very queer," said Johnny.

"Try this horn comb," said I.

Johnny tried it, but comb his hair as much as he might, the horn would not draw anything. Then he tried a shell comb, and an ivory comb, neither of them acting as the rubber comb did.

"I don't understand it at all," said Johnny.

"Nobody does fully," said I; "but if you keep trying you may learn a good deal about it in time."

Then we went to breakfast. It was several days before the subject was brought up again. "I've been watching a long time," said Johnny that evening, "I began to think it would never happen again, but it's a first rate day to-day."

"Have you found out anything new?" I asked.

"Not much," said Johnny. "I tried Humpty and the comb crackled like everything. What makes it do that?"

"I think we'll have to study that to-night," I replied. "Where's Humpty?"

"In the kitchen. Shall I call him?"

"If you please; bring pussy, too."

Johnny was soon back with Humpty and Nebuchadnezzar—that's pussy. We call him Neb, for short. Then we went into the library and put out the lights.

"How can we see what the comb does?" Johnny asked.

"Some things can be seen in the dark," I replied. Then I drew the comb briskly through Johnny's hair, making it snap and sparkle beautifully. "See," I said, bringing the teeth

of the comb opposite my knuckle, "this is what makes the snapping."

"How pretty!" Johnny cried, as the tiny sparks flew from the comb to my knuckle. "What is it?"

"Lightning," said I.

"Lightning! In my hair?"

"Certainly," I said. "Let me comb out some more."

Johnny was almost afraid of himself when I brought another lot of sparks from his head.

"Folks had better look out when I'm around," said the little fellow, pompously. "Mary says I make more noise than a thunder-storm sometimes; I guess it's the lightning in me. Somebody'll get hit yet."

"Not very severely, let us hope," said I, laughing. "Suppose we try Humpty. Maybe he's a lightning-bug, too."

Sure enough, when we passed the comb through his shaggy coat the sparks flew finely. So they did when we rubbed him with the hand.

"Let's try Neb," said Johnny; "here he is under the sofa; I can see his eyes."

But Neb had no notion of being rubbed the wrong way. As soon as the sparks began to show his patience gave out, and he went off with a rush.

"I guess Neb's lightning goes to his eyes and his claws," said Johnny.

After that we tried the sheepskin rug, Mary's muff, and several other things of the sort, getting sparks from all of them.

"Everything seems to have lightning in it," said Johnny.

"Apparently," said I, "but you can't make it show in everything alike; any way, not by rubbing. Try the chair back, the table, the sofa, and such things. Generally when two things are rubbed together the lightning—or electricity, as it is commonly called—escapes quickly. When it can't do that, it accumulates—as it does in the rubber comb—and goes off with a snap when it gets a chance. When a cloud contains more electricity than it can hold some of it jumps to another cloud or to the earth, making a flash of lightning. The thunder is its prodigious snap and the echoes of it. Are your slippers quite dry?"

"I think so," said Johnny, wondering what that had to do with lightning.

"I think the furnace has been on long enough to make the carpet quite dry, too," I said, turning just a glimmer of light on. "If it is, you can make a little thunder-storm of yourself easily."

"How?" Johnny asked eagerly.

"Just skip around the room a few times without taking your feet from the carpet."

Johnny spun round like a water-beetle for a minute or two; then I stopped him and told him to reach out his forefinger. When he did so, I reached my forefinger to his, and as the points came together *snap!* went a spark between them, whereat Johnny cried, "Oh!" and put his finger to his mouth.

"Did it burn you?"

"No," said Johnny. "but it scared me."

He was not so badly scared, however, but he wanted to try it again and again, while I turned up the light and went on with my reading. By-and-by Humpty came out from under the sofa to see what was going on, and Johnny sent a spark into his nose. It didn't hurt him any, though it surprised him not a little.

"Wouldn't it be fun," said Johnny, "to give Mary a shock?"

"Charge yourself again," I said, "then come to me with your hands down."

Johnny did as I bade him, whereupon I stooped and kissed him on the mouth. It was his turn to be surprised that time.

Just then Mary came to tell the young lightning-catcher that it was time to go to bed.

"All right," said the little rogue cheerily, skipping about the room. "Kiss me good-night, Mary, but don't touch me with your hands," he said at last, demurely holding up his mischievous mouth.

Mary gave the kiss, and got in return what she didn't expect.

"You little rascal!" she cried, "you've got a pin in your mouth."

"No, I haven't," he said.

"It's a piece of rubber, then."

"No, it isn't rubber."

"What was it?"

"Lightning," said Johnny. "See!" and he skipped a few times across the floor, then gave her a spark from his finger. Then he ran off to bed, laughing at Mary's bewilderment.—*Christian Union*.

## HARRY'S PUZZLE.

Now, children, I will tell you how little Harry puzzled his father. After dinner, one night, papa was standing by the fire, leaning his elbow on the mantle-shelf, and his head on his hand, looking very grave—when Harry ran up to him and, pulling his coat, said: "Papa, papa, can you cut an apple into four quarters without cutting the skin?"

Papa was so busy with his own thoughts that he did not mind what Harry was saying at first. But Harry pulled his coat so hard, and his little tongue was so noisy, that at last he turned his eyes slowly to Harry's face, all glowing with the thought that *he* knew something his *papa* did not, when Harry said again: "Can you cut an apple into four quarters without cutting the skin?"

"No, you little monkey, nor can you."

"Yes, I can, papa, and I will cut an apple if you will pare it afterward."

"Very well," said papa, and Harry danced out of the room. Before long, however, he came bounding back, his eyes shining, and his cheeks the color of the round, red apple which he handed to his papa, saying: "Now, papa, pare it carefully, and see if it is not cut into four quarters."

So his papa took his fruit knife from his pocket, and began to pare the apple, with a queer look in his eyes which seemed to say: "This is some child's nonsense I suppose, but I

will do it to please my little boy." So, while Harry stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, eager for the moment of his grand triumph, the knife went round and around the apple, taking off the skin in one beautiful, long, circling slip, which papa was just going to throw over Harry's shoulders, when, lo! the apple fell apart in four quarters in his hand. *Now* there was a puzzled look in his eyes, you may be sure, as he gazed at it, while Harry rolled over on the floor, and kicked up his heels, and shouted with delight at the success of his trick.

Now would you like to know how Harry cut the apple? Select a fair apple, and take a needle threaded with strong silk, not very coarse; commence as close as possible to the stem, and run the needle a little way under the skin; then draw the thread through carefully, leaving out a few inches at the end: then put the needle in again at the place where it came out, and push it along a little further, and draw it out in the same way, and thus go quite round the apple, being careful to break the skin as little as possible. Then take both ends of the thread and draw them very gently, but firmly, and the thread will cut quite through the apple and come out. Then go round the apple again in the same manner, so as to cut into quarters. If any little bits of skin poke up in a tell-tale way, just rub them down with your finger.—

*Hearth and Home.*



## The Home.

### LOOKING FOR A GIRL.

BY M. D—E.

I was on a visit to my sister in the country when, one morning at breakfast, she said to her husband, "My dear, I wish that you would go and hunt me up a girl to-day."

"It is quite impossible," he answered. "I must see to getting in that hay to-day."

After a slight pause, he added, "Send John here; it is a fine day for a drive, and it will give him further insight into the ways of country people."

"Will you go, John?" said she, turning to me. "I wish you would. I have heard of a girl that I think would answer near E—, a village a few miles back of this."

I consented willingly enough. As Tom said the day was fine, I was fond of driving, and besides, truth to tell, time hung heavy on my hands, I being the only idle one among so many busy people. So, after receiving all necessary instructions as to wages, work, &c., and no less necessary directions as to the road to E—, I set forth on my novel expedition.

Just as I drove away, my sister called out to me "not to come back without a girl of some sort," and her husband charged me not to break my neck. Break my neck, indeed! I thought; no danger of that, I flatter myself, for I can at least manage a horse, if I do not succeed so well in some other things. Some of my adventures during the few days of my visit had given my brother-

in-law much amusement, and numerous had been his jokes at my expense. I had tried sailing, but a sudden squall had upset the boat, and I swam ashore; fishing, and had caught no fish; shooting, but saw only a skunk, which, in my ignorance, I thought was a pretty little animal, and being near, struck with my gun, and was soon wiser if not sweeter! Faugh! how I smelt; and my sister would not let me enter the house, even to change my clothes, but threw some to me out of the window. I resolved that my success of to-day should cause all these to be forgotten.

In due time I reached E—, and the house to which I was directed, and as I tied my horse to the fence, preparatory to knocking at the door, congratulated myself that I should have done my errand and reached home in time for a noon-day dinner. A woman opened the door, and, in answer to my enquiries, said that she had a daughter who would go out to service, but that she had broken her leg the day before, and was then very ill. I expressed my regrets, and then asked did she know of any other girl in the neighborhood? She said she did not, but a man who sat there said he had a daughter whom he thought I might get. He lived six miles "further on;" but as I could do no better, on I went. Arrived at the house to which I was directed, I told my errand to a middle-aged woman in

the yard, and was told to come in, and she would call Miranda. She ushered me into a poorly furnished room, with yellow painted floor; and I had scarcely seated myself, when a tall, lank, young woman, chewing gum, entered. She gave me a nod, and, seating herself in a rocking chair, began to rock herself, and, still chewing, ask questions. So I was looking for a girl? Who wanted one? Where did she live? Did she keep cows, and how many? Did the girl help milk? Did they churn or send the milk to a cheese factory? How many was there in family? Did I live there, or was I a visitor? Did they have much company? Were they rich? Did they employ a washerwoman, or did the girl wash? Was the house carpeted all over? How many men did they keep? What wages did they pay? I meekly answered all her questions, and as she made a pause, was just about to become interrogator in my turn, when she broke in with, Did the girl eat with the family? And on my answering no, the servants eat by themselves, she flew in a passion, and said that she would work in no place where she was not good enough to eat with the family. She was not obliged to work out and did not mean to do so, and did not see what the old man meant by sending me to her. So great was her indignation at any one daring to take their meals apart from their servants, that she even paused in her chewing and rocking, and rose from her seat. I felt that there was no more to be said, but took my leave, enquiring, before I drove away, if there were any other girls "out of place" in the vicinity. "No," said she, "none that will suit you. None of the young ladies around here will work for folks who think themselves too good to eat with their help." I untied my horse, stepped in the waggon and drove along, feeling very small, and as if I had done something to be ashamed of, though I could not see what it was, and suspecting

that "finding a girl" would prove more difficult than I had anticipated. Determined to get one, I asked every one I met if they knew of any. Some of whom I enquired appeared amused, either at me or the question, and one old fellow said that if I was looking for a wife, I might find one easy enough, but he did not believe that I would find a servant girl about there. At last I was directed to two houses, in both of which there were girls whom my informant thought might be induced to work for good wages and a comfortable home. I called at both. At the first, there was no one to be found—the house was locked up. At the other, there were two girls, who asked me almost as many questions as the gum-chewing "lady," and both declined to hire in a family who did not eat with their servants. They directed me to another house, where perhaps the young ladies were not so particular; but, on application, they decided not to go to service as long as the berries lasted. That gave me a new idea, and I determined to try among the berry-pickers I might meet. Accordingly, I not only questioned the passers-by, but kept a bright look out for sun-bonnets in the berry patches I passed, for I was now travelling on a side road, and berry bushes abounded in some of the fields; but the pickers were mostly children. At last I saw some women, stopped, tied my horse, and started across the field towards them. When they saw me they ran away; so as they evidently declined the honor of my acquaintance, I went back to my waggon, and resumed my weary way. I was thoroughly sick and tired of my search, but the thought of my sister's tired face, not to speak of her husband's mocking smile, strengthened me to persevere. After driving three or four miles since my last halt, I espied sun-bonnets among some bushes a short distance from the road. I hesitated before I tied my horse, for the way to them was over logs and log-

heaps, and through bushes, briars, and thick standing stumps. Seeing no other way, I tied my horse once more, and made my way as rapidly as I could, over the obstacles in my way, toward the wearers of the sun-bonnets. Two of them retreated out of sight among the bushes at my approach, but the third, a young girl, continued composedly to fill her basket with the fruit. Just as I came near her, my foot caught in a root or twig, and I fell sprawling on my hands and knees at her feet. She did not smile, but I heard titters from the bushes where the others had gone. Out of temper at my tumble, as well as at my previous ill-luck, I first picked up myself and then my hat, and determined for once to be the interrogator instead of the interrogated. I commenced by asking her if she could milk. "A little," said she. "Can you cook?" "Yes," she meekly answered. "Can you wash, churn, clean floors, make beds, bake, and do all other kinds of house work?" She had never tried to wash or clean floors, but supposed she could if she tried; the rest she had done a few times. "My sister, Mrs. Grey, near A—," said I, "wants a girl; I think that you will suit. The wages are eight dollars a month, will you hire?" She looked amused, and the titters in the bush were louder; but she quietly said that she feared her mother could not spare her; at all events, she could not go without consulting her, and she thought, on the whole, that I had better look further. I urged her to take me to see her mother, but she steadily declined; so, giving her my sister's address, in case her mother consented, I made my way back to my horse. As I drove along, wondering where I should go next, and wishing that I could see some tavern where I could rest and feed my horse, and get out of the sun myself, I heard my name called from a field I was passing. Astonished, I looked around, and saw a gentleman whom I had met at my

brother-in-law's hastening towards me. We greeted each other cordially, and he expressed himself glad to find me so prompt in redeeming my promise of visiting him; and in explanation, I told him of my errand, adding that I had no idea that I had wandered to his neighborhood. "Looking for a girl, are you?" said he; "I do not think you will find any around this part of the country; but never mind the girl just now, you must come home to dinner with me. Perhaps my wife may know of one; if she does not, you can resume your search when it gets cool." I gladly accepted his invitation, my friend took a seat beside me, and, under his guidance, we soon reached his house—a large old-fashioned house, standing in the midst of beautiful grounds. We gave the horse in charge of a boy, and entered the wide old hall, where we were met by my friend's wife, a handsome, stately lady. She expressed herself glad to see me, saying that she had often heard her husband and sons speak of me, and led the way to the large, cool drawing-room, where, in conversing with her and her husband, I soon forgot all the annoyances of the morning, and had not even mentioned the object of my drive when dinner was announced. We found the family all assembled in the dining-room, and I was warmly welcomed by the three sons, whom I already knew, and presented to "my daughter" and two other young ladies by Mrs. Elliot. In the bustle of taking our seats, I hardly saw those to whom I was presented, but after we had sat down, I raised my eyes to take a look at Miss Elliot, who sat opposite me, when I was horrified to see the face of the girl with whom I had been talking in the berry-field. What a mess I was in! Here had I been trying to hire as maid of all work the only daughter of the richest and proudest man in the country round. What should I do? Of course she would recognize me. Would they kick

me out, or would they accept an apology? What must she think of me? I was accustomed to stand well with the ladies, and was mortified at my mistake in this instance, as the glance I took showed me she, as well as her friends, were very pretty. As these thoughts flashed across my mind, I raised my eyes to take another look and met those of the young lady. They were dancing with fun and amusement, and the absurdity of the affair caused us both to burst into a fit of laughter, in which we were joined by the other girls, while the rest of the party sat looking on in amazement. As soon as I could gain breath I explained matters by telling the whole story, commencing by stating the object of my expedition. I told all the adventures of the day, ending up by relating the mistake in the berry-field, and pleading as my excuse my ignorance of country ways, and saying that I had determined for once to be the questioner instead of the questioned. My story was received with shouts of laughter, and Mrs. Elliot very kindly said that my mistake was very natural. The young ladies had volunteered to gather some berries for her, and had dressed in clothes that were beyond injury from the bushes, and one of the young men declared that when they came out to take seats in his waggon to go to the berry-field he thought they looked like three gipsies. The laugh had set us fully at ease with one another, and many jokes were made at my expense. Many hopes were expressed that I would find a girl, and a pretty, ladylike one, too, the old gentleman said, while one of the young

men wondered if my sister or myself was to be suited in the article. Even the lady did not escape, for one of the girls remarked that she did not think Mr. Wallace need despair, for Emma referred him to mamma.

"She may be excused for that, I am sure," said the other, "for he fell at her feet at first sight."

And so it went on, until we rose from the dinner table. Mr. Elliot took me out to see his horses and stock, and the young men were very pleasant, but I saw no more of the young ladies, they retiring to rest after the fatigues of berry-picking. When it had grown a little cooler I prepared to leave. Mr. Elliot said he would go a few miles with me to a place where Mrs. Elliot thought I might obtain the object of my search. We had driven a few miles and made a few useless calls, and were going further when we saw approaching a waggon, full of emigrants apparently. There were two men, one, the driver, whom Mr. Elliot knew, a man, woman, some children, and a stout girl.

"Here she is, I think," said Mr. Elliot as soon as he saw them.

They proved to be German emigrants looking for work, and had left part of the party in places by the way. The girl gladly accepted my offer. My sister speaks German. Mr. Elliot hired the family for an outlying farm, and they at once drove there, and I took my girl to my sister, where she is yet.

I often visit at Mr. Elliot's, but never without hearing something about looking for a girl. It may end in my finding a wife, and looking for a girl for myself.

## THOUGHTS ON HOME-MAKING.

BY E. C. GARDNER.

The notion that there can be a mere architectural fashion, having any rights that intelligent people are bound to respect, is quite absurd. Improved modes of construction and new helps to comfort and convenience are constantly invented, but one might as well talk of the latest fashions for the lilies of the fields or the stars in the heavens, as of a fashionable style in architecture or any other enduring work of art. Whatever building is nobly and enduringly useful, thoroughly adapted to its uses, cannot be uncomely. Its outward beauty may be increased by well-contrived disposition of materials, or even added details not strictly essential to its structure; but, if rightly built, it will not be ugly without these additions, and beware of using them carelessly. What might have been a very gem of homely and picturesque grace, if left in modest plainness, may be so overburdened with worthless trash that its original expression is lost and its simple beauty becomes obtrusive deformity. Even conspicuous cheapness is not necessarily unpleasant to see, but don't try to conceal it by forcing the materials to seem something better than they are. Let wood stand for wood, brick for brick, and never ask us to imagine a brown-stone value to painted sheet-iron. There is, too, a deeper honesty than mere truth-telling in material; a conscientiousness of purpose, an artistic spiritual sense of the eternal fitness, without which there can be no worthy achievement, no lasting beauty.

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Nothing astonishes me more than the absurdly chosen sites of many rural and suburban dwellings, unless it is the dwellings themselves. Notwithstanding our great resources in this respect, all considerations, not only of good taste and landscape effect, but even of comfort and convenience, are often wholly ignored. For the most trivial reasons, houses are erected in such locations and of such shapes as to be forever in discord with their surroundings,—a perpetua

annoyance to beholders and discomfort to their occupants. I will not at present pursue the subject, but shall assume that the ground whereon your house will stand is at least firm and dry; if it isn't, no matter how soon it falls, it won't be fit to live in. Any preparation for the foundation in the way of puddling or underdraining will then be quite superfluous.

Unless you are obliged to economize to the uttermost, let your cellar extend under the whole house, and make it of good depth, not less than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet,— $8\frac{1}{2}$  is better. When this is ready, I suppose you will start for the nearest ledge, and bring the largest rocks that can be loosened by powder or dragged by oxen, and set them in solemn array around the cellar, their most smiling faces turned inward. If you can find huge flat stones of one or two yards area, and six to twelve inches thick, you will feel especially fortunate. In either case you will survey these with admiration, and rejoice in thinking that, though the rains may fall, and the floods and the winds beat upon it, your house will rest on its massive support in absolute security, never showing the ugly cracks and other signs of weakness that spring from imperfect foundations. Perhaps not, but it will be far more likely to do so than if the first course of stones in the bed of gravel or hard pan are no larger than you can easily lift. You cannot give these huge boulders such firm resting-place as they have found for themselves in the ages since they were dropped by the dissolving glaciers. However you handle them, there will be cavities underneath, where the stone does not bear upon the solid ground. The smaller ones you may rub or pound down till every inch of the motherly bosom shall feel their pressure. Upon this first course of—pebbles, if you please, lay larger ones that shall overlap and bind them together, using mortar if you wish entire solidity. As the wall rises, introduce enough of large size to bind the whole thoroughly. Above the footing the imperfect bearings of the larger stones are of less conse-



quence, since there is little danger of their crushing one another.

I say you will probably set their smooth faces inward, where they can be seen, which is quite natural and well enough, provided this is not their only merit. If behind there is a lame and impotent conclusion, a tapering point on which it is impossible to build without depending upon the bank of earth, it will be better to have less beauty and more strength. I don't like a foundation wall that is "backed up;" it should be solid quite through; if any difference, let it be in favor of the back or outside. You will find plenty of walls bulging into the cellar, not one crowding outward.

If the footing of a foundation is made as it should be, the upper part may be much thinner, since there is no danger of crushing it by any probable weight of building. It may be crowded inward by the pressure of surrounding earth, especially if the building is of wood. To guard against this, interior buttresses of brick, or partition walls in the cellar, will perhaps cost less than a thicker main wall. The buttresses you may utilize by making them receive shelves, support the sides of the coal-bin, etc., while the partitions will take the place of piers, and, if well laid, need be in smaller houses but four inches thick.

Should your cellar happen to be in a gravelly knoll,—you are thrice and four times blessed if it is,—and if there is a stony pasture near it, or a quarry from which you can get the chips, you may try a concrete wall of small stones, gravel, and cement. It will be strong and durable; with a wheelbarrow, you can make it yourself if you choose, and the rats will despise it.

Whether your house is one story or ten, built of pine or granite, you can have no better foundation than good hard brick laid in cement mortar; cellular above the footing, as brick walls should usually be made. Between this and stone it will be then a question of economy to be determined by local circumstances.

The details and accessories of cellars, their floors, ventilation, and various conveniences, belong to the interior equipments. There is, however, one point that even precedes the foundation—the altitude. As the question commonly runs, "How high shall the top of the underpinning be?" Of course this can only be given on an actual site. It is unfortunate to plant a

house so low in the ground that its cellar forms a sort of cesspool for the surrounding basin; most absurd to set it up on a stilted underpinning until it looks like a Western gate-post, lifted each year a few inches out of the ground by the frost, till it finally topples over and has to be set anew. Two things you will notice in locating your house,—as soon as the walls and roof are raised, the distance to the street in front will seem to be diminished, and the ground on which the building stands will appear lower than before—lower than you expected or desired. There is so much said and sung about houses being set too low, that it is quite common to find them pushed out of the ground, cellar and all, as though this would atone for a want of elevation in the land itself. There is little danger that you will place your house too high, great danger that you will not raise the earth around it high enough. Be sure that after grading there shall be an ample slope away from the walls; but whether you will have a "high stoop," or pass from the dooryard walk to the porch and thence to the front hall by a single step, will depend upon the character of the house and its surroundings. To express a generous hospitality, the main entrance should be so convenient and inviting that it seems easier to enter than to pass the door. This effect, especially in large rambling houses, is most easily obtained by keeping the first floor near the ground.

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Chimneys deserve a chapter to themselves, they are so essential and so often abused. Let them start from the cellar-bottom and run straight and smooth to the very outlet. If you wish to be exceptionally careful and correct, use round pipe cement or earthen, enclosed by brick. When it is so well known how often destructive fires are caused by defective flues, it is surprising that more care is not taken in building chimneys. They should be intrusted to none but workmen who are conscientious as well as skilful, otherwise every brick must be watched and every trowelful of mortar; for one defect ruins the whole, and five minutes after the fault is committed it can never be detected till revealed by the catastrophe.

If the spaces between the bricks were always filled with good mortar, it would be better not to plaster the inside of the flues, as the mortar is liable to cleave from the brick, and, hanging by one edge, form lodging-places for soot. As

commonly built, it is safer to plaster them within and without, especially without, for that can be inspected. The style of the visible part must depend upon the building. One thing lay up in the recesses of your lofty mind : a chimney is most useful and honorable, and you are on no account to be ashamed of it. Don't try to crowd it into some out-of-the-way corner, or lean it off to one side to clear a cupola,—better burn up the cupola,—or perch it daintily on a slender ridge like a brick marten-box ; let it go up strong, straight, and solid, asserting its right to be, wherever it is needed, comely and dignified, and finished with an honest stone cap. Ruins are charming in the right place, but a tattered chimney-top on an otherwise well-preserved house is vastly more shabby than picturesque.

The model house will be, in brief, somewhat as follows : The outer walls will be vaulted, thoroughly non-conducting both of heat and of moisture. All the partitions will be of brick, precisely adapted in size to their use,—I am not sure but they will be hollow. The body of the floors will be of brick, supported, if need be, by iron ties or girders, all exactly fitted to the dimensions of the rooms, so that not a pound of material or an hour of labor shall be wasted on guess-work or in experiments. From turret to foundation-stone, the house will be a living, breathing, organic thing. If the weather prophet will declare what the average temperature of the winter is to be, we can tell to a hodful how much coal will maintain a summer heat throughout the establishment. You may be sure it will not be more than you now use in keeping two rooms uncomfortably hot and in baking the family pies. There will be no lathing, except occasionally on the ceilings ; even this will not be necessary. You may make a holocaust of the contents of any room in the house, and, if the doors, finish, etc., happen to be of iron, as they may be, no one in the house will suspect your bonfire, until the heap of charcoal and ashes is found. Dampness and decay, unsavory odors and impure air, chilly bedrooms and cold floors, will be unknown. The ears in the walls will be stopped, there will be no settlement from shrinking timbers, no jelly-like trembling of the whole fabric when the master puts his foot down. And it won't cost a cent more than the weak, unstable things we're raising by the thousand.

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Once it was common to enclose wood buildings of all grades by walls at least ten or twelve inches thick, sometimes much more, and solid at that. They were called log-houses. Now it is the fashion to use two by four-inch studs standing in rows at such distances that the whole substance of the frame in a single sheet would be about half an inch thick. These are suggestively called balloon frames. The former would be huge and inconvenient, the latter are often fair and frail. That the frame of the outer wall of a wooden building should be mainly vertical is evident, the outer studs, if possible, extending from the sill to the plates, and as many of the inner ones as may be reaching through both stories, especially those by the staircase, where the shrinking of the second-floor timbers will reveal ugly cracks and crooks. That the greatest strength and economy of material are secured by sawing logs into thin, wide scantling, is also beyond question, but don't try to save too closely on a bill of timber. A thousand feet added to the width of the studs and the depth of the joist will make the difference between a stiff, untrifled frame, and a weak, trembling one. Neither be sparing of the number of these light sticks. Sixteen inches between centres is far enough for studs or joists ; twelve is better, though particulars will depend on circumstances. We have no use for the old-fashioned huge square posts, horizontal girts, and braces midway the walls of a two-story building, having found that studs two inches by five will carry all that is required of them as well as if ten times as large. Let us generously give the light frame the staunch support of a sound, well-matched, and bountifully nailed covering of inch boards. There's great virtue in tenpenny nails. Let the building be well peppered with them. Even after boarding, your walls will have less than two inches of solid wood. If you wish to make an example of yourself, lay this boarding diagonally ; and, to cap the climax of scientific thoroughness, having given it a good nailing and a layer of sheathing-felt, cover the whole with another wooden garment of the same style as the first, and crossing it at right angles. All of this before the final overcoat of clapboards, or whatever it may be. A house built in this way would laugh at earthquakes and tornadoes. It could n't fall down, but would blow over and roll down hill without doing any damage except disarranging the furniture, and, possibly, shaking off the chimney-tops ! It would hardly need any studs except as

furrings for lath and plastering, and would be very warm. You know my mind about floors. If you can't afford joists stiff enough to hold you without jarring, even when you chance to cut a caper with the baby, defer building till you are a little richer. Floors need the well-nailed linings, too, especially those of the upper stories, almost as much as the outer walls, and should be deafened with mortar if you can stand the cost; if not, with felt. The upper floors we will talk over by and by.

Some people have a fancy for filling in between studs with soft brick, but I don't believe in it. It is seldom well done, it injures the frame, and costs more than back plastering, without being much if any better. Rather build a brick house outright. It is well, however, to lay a course or two of brick in mortar against each floor, filling the space between the inner base board and the outer covering entirely full and solid, leaving never the faintest hint of the beginning of a chance for mice. Then when you hear the dear little creatures galloping over the ceiling, driving hickory-nuts before them and making noise enough for a whole battalion of wharf rats, there will be a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that you did your best to keep them out, and these brick courses will make the house warmer by preventing currents of air.

Here is one advantage in wood not easily obtained in brick or stone,—the overhanging of the whole, or a part of the second story, which may be made picturesque in effect and will add much to the charm of the interior. It may be simply an oriel window swinging forward to catch the sun or a distant view, an entire gable pushing the guest-chamber hospitably forth, or the whole upper story may extend beyond the lower walls, giving large chambers, abundant closets, and cosy window-seats. Of course, such projections must be well sustained. Let their support be apparent, in the shape of massive brackets or the actual timbers of the house.

Speaking of brackets, if we could learn to think of them, wherever they occur, simply as braces, we might have better success in their treatment. Our abominable achievements in this line spring from an attempt to hide the use of the thing in its abstract beauty. The straight three by four inch braces found under any barn-shed roof are positively more agreeable to look at than the majority of the dis-

torted, turned, and becarved blocks of strange device that hang in gorgeous array upon thousands of "ornamental" houses. Very much can be done by a skillful arrangement of the outer covering alone. Don't try to clothe the house with a smooth coat of boards laid horizontally with no visible joints or corner finish. Such a covering is costly, defective, and contrary to first principles. Clapboards are good. Hardly anything is better, but don't feel restricted to one mode.

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Let your doors and windows be wide, and your roof be high. A wide door is far more convenient than a narrow one, usually much better in appearance; and for the windows,—when shall we learn the unspeakable worth of the bountiful light of heaven? Does Mrs. John complain that the sunlight will fade her carpets. Let them fade, and know of a truth that all the colors of all the carpets of all the looms that ever throbbled are not worth to the civilized mortals who tread the dust-containing fabrics one single hour of unobstructed sunshine. Is it that our deeds are evil, that we seem to love darkness rather than light; or is it through our ignorant exclusion of this glorious gift, "offspring of heaven first born," that we are left to wander in so many darksome ways? Be generous, did I say? rather try to be just to yourself. Practically, the larger opening is scarcely more expensive than the small one. The work of construction is no greater, and the material for the door or window costs but little more than the thicker wall of wood, brick, or stone.

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Practically, the steep roof is better than any other, because a flat one cannot be as permanently covered with any known material at so little cost, the multitudes of cheap and durable patent roofings to the contrary notwithstanding. By steep roofs I mean any that have sufficient pitch to allow the use of slate or shingle. Such need not be intricate or difficult of construction to look well, but must be honest and useful. They can be neither unless visible, and here we see the holy alliance of use and beauty; for the character and expression of a building depend almost entirely upon the roof. You will lose, too, under the flat roof, the roomy garret of the old high-roofed houses. These have for me a

wonderful fascination. Whether the rain upon the shingles, the mingled fragrance of seeds and drying herbs, the surprising bigness of the chimney, the mysteries hidden in the worm-eaten chests, the almost saintly charm of the long-unused spinning wheels, crumbling mementoes of the patient industry of former generations, or the shine of the stars through the chinks in the shrunken boards, the old garret and all its asso-

ciations are among the "long, long thoughts." I sometimes doubt whether the modern conveniences we are so fond of proclaiming are really an equivalent to the rising generation for this happiest of play-rooms, this storehouse of heir-looms, this silent but potent tie, that binds us to the life, the labor, and the love of the past.—From "*Homes, and How to Make Them.*"

## HOW TO LIVE ON YOUR INCOME.

BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON.

There is, within the reach of nearly all the people who are likely to read a book of this kind, a simple and easy way of saving about one-third the cost of all family supplies—namely, by buying everything at wholesale. It is very convenient to give daily orders at the grocer's for such things as are immediately needed, knowing that they will be promptly delivered at one's residence, but the convenience is one for which purchasers must pay a round price. The grocer does not pay rent and keep a horse and a man "merely for the fun of the thing," as I once heard a business man phrase it, and it is a pleasant little fiction that he delivers goods "in any part of the city, free of charge." He does nothing of the sort, for the simple reason that he has no interest in doing it, and cannot afford to do it. He makes no specific charge for delivering goods, it is true, but he charges for it nevertheless, adding the amount to his prices. There is very little profit, we are told, in keeping a retail grocery, and the statement is doubtless true, and yet any one may satisfy himself by experiment, that he can buy his groceries at wholesale for at least one-third less than the retailer charges him, provided he buys a stock of several articles at once. Sometimes the saving is considerably greater than this, but this much is certain in any case, and such a saving makes a very pleasant little account to contemplate, in a savings bank, at semi-annually compounding interest.

But this is not all. The saving of the difference between wholesale and retail prices is not the only advantage gained by any means. As we have already said, one scrutinizes the want

he is providing for, if it must be paid for in considerable sums, as he does not where its cost is met by the daily expenditure of small amounts, and when one buys his supplies at wholesale he realizes the necessity of using them judiciously as he never can in any other case. Again, when the supplies are to be bought the money must be provided, and to provide it one must often economize closely in other ways, which is of itself an advantage. The people who do not buy at wholesale are very often the people who can least afford to purchase otherwise. They buy at retail because they never have money enough in hand to make a wholesale purchase possible, and if they could be persuaded to change their habit, the effort to save something for the purpose would teach them the lesson they most need,—namely, *how* to economize.

### CONCERNING LITTLE BILLS.

Another convenience which you cannot afford, if you have need to save anything, is that of keeping an open account with your butcher, your baker, or anybody else. In the first place, money is always worth interest, and no tradesman has enough of it to enable him to let it out for nothing, else he would not be a tradesman at all. He who buys his goods on credit, therefore, must, in one way or another, pay for the indulgence. He has the use of another man's money and must pay interest on it. And this he does, whether the item appears in his weekly or monthly or quarterly bill or not. Interest is charged in every case, even though the tradesman himself be unconscious of the fact, as he

very often is. His experience has taught him what percentage he must add to the cost of his goods to make a living profit, and in determining this, experience has duly included interest upon outstanding bills as one of the factors in the problem.

A second reason for avoiding bills is found in the fact that you are well-nigh certain to buy a good deal more when you buy upon credit than when you pay cash. The tradesmen all know this, and it is for precisely this reason that they take the risk incident to time sales. The extra purchases which customers buying upon credit are sure to make, constitute the inducement to that mode of doing business. When you must pay for everything you buy at the time of buying, you are constantly and forcibly impressed with the costliness of the articles purchased, as you never can be if the payment be postponed, and so the cash buyer scrutinizes the wants to be supplied, much more surely and much more sharply than his neighbor who purchases upon credit is apt to do. The amount of cash you have,—if you owe nothing,—is an exact measure of your ability to purchase; and as the whole science of economy and thrift consists of buying somewhat less than you can afford, it will be seen at a glance that even without the other considerations urged, this one fact should be an all-sufficient argument against the practice of “running bills.”

You have no right, in justice to yourself and your family, to buy anything you cannot afford, and if you have not the money with which to pay for anything, you cannot afford to buy it. It is, in the last degree, unwise to charge upon a future, which is likely to have burdens enough of its own to bear, any responsibility for the present, and especially for present extravagance, and every purchase you make beyond your present ability to pay, is an extravagant one.

The necessity of paying cash for every article bought, cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Saving is well-nigh impossible where this rule is violated. In enforcement it may require a pretty sharp self-denial, but that is the very best possible evidence that its enforcement is needed, and, in the end, the cash buyer is sure to live better than he possibly could under any other rule.

I hardly need explain that I have reference here only to the purchase of articles of consumption. It is no part of my purpose to discuss the system of credit which obtains in the

commercial world, and which is governed by laws of its own.

#### THE PARALYSIS OF DEBT.

Another objection to the practice of making bills, and the one most frequently urged, lies in the fact that debt paralyzes one, saps his energies, destroys his vitality, and so lessens his power to make money and weakens his purpose to save it. And all this is quite as true of harassing bills as of the larger debts which overwhelm one. Indeed it is, in many cases, truer. Large debts may be dealt with in ways which are not available in the case of small ones. Commercial failure, if it be accompanied by no dishonesty, does not bring disgrace with it; and debts which cannot be paid may be disposed of by compromise with creditors or by process of bankruptcy, leaving the debtor free to begin again. It is not so with petty bills; failure to pay these promptly brings disgrace and sore annoyance. There is a conviction on the part of those who know the facts, and, worse than all, a consciousness on the part of the delinquent debtor, that his purchases have been in some sense fraudulent. And even when one does not fail to meet his bills, it costs a good deal, in the way of anxiety, to provide for them. They come in at unseasonable times, and their payment overthrows plans which might otherwise have been carried into effect. Sometimes it serves to show the debtor that money which he had thought saved is, after all, spent, and the discouragement which this produces is, by no means, a strong incentive to renewed exertions. In short, it is not too much to say that small bills are a sort of dry rot upon one's finances, which very few people can successfully withstand. There is no good reason for making them in any case, and they are dangerous always. That men who make them do prosper now and then in spite of their evil influence, is true enough, and so do men recover from small-pox and yellow fever sometimes, but we do not dread those scourges the less on that account. No man who can afford to have open accounts against him at the grocer's, the butcher's, the dry goods man's, and the baker's, has any occasion to have them, while those who feel the need of such indulgence are the very people who cannot afford it at all.

#### THE EXPENSIVENESS OF SHAM.

When one reflects upon the costliness of the shams to which nearly everybody resorts, and

sees what sad work they make now and then, it seems a pity that custom has not decreed that a statement of every man's exact financial condition shall be written up over his door. No observant person can doubt that absolutely unnecessary expenditures, which add literally nothing to comfort, constitute a considerable item in the sum of well-nigh everybody's outgo. I refer now not to the insane recklessness, pictured in story so frequently, which prompts people once rich to pretend to be so still, and so to sink themselves both morally and financially into the mire, but of the every-day shamming of sensible people, unconscious of a desire to appear better off than they are. When you lay aside your last winter's overcoat because, while it is whole and comfortable, it looks a trifle shabby, and buy a new one with money which ought to have gone into the savings bank, you are shamming, and it is costing you a good deal, too. The desire to dress as well as your fellows is worthy enough, but if you really cannot afford to do so—which is to say that to do so you must use money which ought to be put away for other purposes—you are a very foolish and a very cowardly person to do it at all. It is more manly, as well as wiser, to dress less genteelly than your fellows, to live in a cheaper house than they, and to practice economies they never dream of practising, than to wrap yourself in lies as you do whenever you put on clothes which you cannot afford, or in any other way spend more than your income justifies you in spending, merely for the sake of conforming to the customs of those about you. And yet there are very few people, indeed, who do not, in one way or another, act falsehoods of this kind every day. How many men are there with moral courage enough to refrain from all the expenses which they cannot afford! How many are there who never feel that they pay a higher rent than they ought; that their tailor's bills are inconveniently large; that their net surplus, after paying all, is smaller than it should be! It is true that in the great majority of cases men do not blame themselves for these results, because it is much easier and less humiliating to make their wives and families the scapegoats for their own sins of extravagance. It is easier to sigh and say, "Well, well, a family is an expensive luxury," than honestly to own that one has been a moral coward and spent more money than he could afford, because he has been afraid that somebody might suspect him of being poorer than he is. So common is this sort of extrava-

gance that nine workingmen in ten, and sometimes even the tenth one also, have it in their power to make an entirely satisfactory saving every year, merely by putting a stop to all those expenses which are incurred for the sake of appearances only, and which bring no real good in return. I know a printer who, after several years of hard struggling, found himself as poor as when he began life, and, having this fact pressed upon his attention, he resolutely put the plan suggested into practice. From that day to this, he tells me, he has lived in greater comfort than he ever did before, and a constantly growing account at the savings bank has made him in a measure independent of fortune. He had never been consciously extravagant. On the contrary, he had pinched in a hundred ways that his earnings might support his family, but, like the rest of us, he had allowed the practice of others to regulate his mode of living, and, as is usually the case, that mode of living was more expensive than he could afford. A very wealthy gentleman, whose history I happen to know, began life with absolutely nothing. He left home a mere boy, owning, as he puts it, one pair of tow linen trowsers, one tow linen shirt, and one tow linen suspender. His father, a shrewd old Scotchman, gave him this piece of parting advice:

"Money that you haven't earned is not yours and will do you no good. Remember that, and remember that everybody around you spends more money than he can afford." The boy was not long in learning what this last statement meant, and now that he is a rich man, with scores of boys and young men in his service, he often tells them that the secret of prosperity consists in remembering that nearly everybody is a spendthrift.

#### PERSONAL EXPENSES.

It is especially important, in every effort to economize, that you shall keep your own personal expenses within proper limits. As a rule, household expenses cannot very well be reduced to any considerable extent, except in the ways already pointed out, simply because, as a rule, they do not greatly exceed the measure of the household needs. The family must be fed, clothed, housed, and warmed, and beyond the attention we have urged, to the proper and economical purchase of the supplies needed for this purpose, it is not often that economy can save much from the aggregate of expenditures in

this direction. But the personal expenses of nearly every man greatly exceed the measure of necessity. Even those of us who imagine that we spend nearly nothing on ourselves do in reality waste a good deal of money that might be saved with little effort and no actual inconvenience. The waste is in small sums; insignificant in themselves, but amounting in the aggregate to a good deal. A large share of the money thus expended is used in supplying artificial or imaginary wants—wants created by the artificiality of our lives or by the constant sight of articles which, if we saw not, we should never think of wanting. The very fact that the vendors of these things, from the great merchants to the keepers of peanut stands, find it profitable to display their wares to the public gaze at considerable cost to themselves, is proof enough of the unreality of the wants they supply; and if further evidence be needed, one has only to keep an account of the things he buys in town which he could not get at all if he lived in the country.

#### THE HABIT OF SELF CONTROL.

To deny oneself indulgences of this sort is to save in the aggregate a good deal more than any one who has never given the matter attention is apt to think, and there is a value in such self-denial of even greater worth than the money it enables one to save. It cultivates a habit of self-control than which nothing can be more essential to success of any kind. Indeed, it is the absence of this habit which, more than any other one thing, makes saving impossible to many people. It is because we do not know how to control ourselves and to deny ourselves that so many of us fail, not only to save money, but to accomplish any other end we set before us. The most eminently and uniformly successful business man I ever knew makes it a rule of his life to deny himself something which he wants, every day. Temptations to launch out into dangerous speculation bring no danger to a man so constantly in the habit of subjecting all his wishes and impulses to the control of reason. The habit gives him, too, a singular mastery over others as well as himself, and to the remotest corners of his wide-reaching business, his control extends almost without an effort. It is not in making money alone that he has succeeded. He has undertaken many other things in his time, and has never yet known a failure. His mastery of himself makes him master of others, and almost equally master of circumstances. He has organ-

ized success and reduced its factors to an unailing formula, of which self-control is the principal element. It is precisely this habit of subjecting impulse to judgment-informed will that we call persistency, in estimating character; and persistency is the condition of all worthy achievement. Without it, genius itself leads only to brilliant failure, and with it mediocrity often wins the reputation which we are accustomed to think belongs only to genius. In investigating the great problem of gravitation, Sir Isaac Newton made a number of the most ingenious and brilliant guesses. If he had contented himself with these he would not have solved his problem, but he would have won a world-wide fame as a genius, nevertheless. And if he had been less truly master of himself than he was, there can be no doubt that he would have cherished and defended these brilliant conjectures to the last. As it was, he weighed and tested each, scrutinizing it as closely as if it had been the guess of a rival of whom he was jealous. Regardless of its brilliancy, its ingenuity, its capacity to reflect credit upon himself; regardless, also, of toil and delay; regardless of everything but truth, he examined each of his hypotheses and rejected each in its turn until by the method of exclusion he sifted error out and left only the grain of truth with which the world has linked his name. It was by self-control, persistency of character, that he finally reached the end he sought, and this homely habit contributed a good deal more than his genius did to the building of his enduring fame. And it is precisely the same in all other walks of life. Massena and Macdonald were not altogether the most gifted soldiers Napoleon had with him in the field, and yet they succeeded in accomplishing things which none of their fellow-marshals could have achieved. At Essling, where Napoleon was beaten, the successful withdrawal of his army depended upon the power of Massena to hold his position for a considerable time. The task was so difficult of accomplishment that even the imperious will of Napoleon shrank from demanding it of his marshal. Instead of an order, therefore, he sent a request that Marshal Massena should hold his position for two hours. The indomitable marshal had been battling ceaselessly for more than forty hours already, was exhausted, sick, half dead, and could barely sit erect and look with bloodshot eyes at the messenger as he delivered the request of Napoleon. But Massena was absolute master of Massena, and his reply was: "Tell the Emperor I will hold out two

hours—six—twenty-four—as long as may be necessary for the safety of the army." And he did what he promised.

At Wagram, Macdonald was charged with the task of piercing the Austrian centre, and when he found the position of the enemy apparently an impregnable one, he might well have been pardoned for retiring before impossibilities. He was too truly his own master. however, to admit that any desirable end was to him impossible of accomplishment; and so, leaving a black swath of dead men in his rear, he marched steadily onward until, with a loss of ten men out of every eleven in his corps, he finally pierced the line and gave victory to the French army. It was the habit of self-control which did it all, and this truth is taught on every page of history. He must be a poor reader of biography who has failed to discover that the universal key to success is mastery of self. It was this which enabled Washington, with a handful of well-nigh mutinous men in an impoverished country, to hold out for seven long years against well-disciplined, well-equipped, well-fed, and well-armed foes, and ultimately to convert failure itself into success. It was this which made Pitt the most renowned statesman of his time or of any time. It was this which made Franklin a phenomenon of success in everything he undertook, from money-making in a little shop to diplomacy and statesmanship. It is this which has enabled the Astors, Stewarts, Girards and Coopers of the country to build colossal fortunes from nothing; and it is this which must underlie every genuine

success, large or small, achieved in any walk of life. If you feel that you are not master of yourself, that your impulses, your hopes, your fears, your longings, your antipathies, are not under the dominion of your judgment and your will, be sure that there are holes in your armor, and that you are in no fit condition to engage in the battle of life. The defect is a dangerous one, which may prove fatal also, but it is not incurable. Man is so wholly the creature of habit that he may make himself, to a great extent, what it pleases him to be. To acquire the habit of doing a thing, you have only to do it constantly and persistently. To form the habit of self-control, you must control yourself. Cross your impulses at every opportunity. Deny yourself coveted indulgences. Spur yourself to continued exertion when you weary of a task, and, if your case be a bad one, persist in undertaking and accomplishing distasteful things. And it is a mistake to suppose that a habit of this sort brings unhappiness with it. On the contrary, it is the key to happiness as to everything else. There is no real or at least no permanent pleasure in momentary indulgences; there is no pleasure in weakness; there is none certainly in failure. It is conscious strength which is genuinely happy, and well-earned success brings a joy with it which nothing else can produce. There is a pleasure in conscious mastery of self which alone is more than sufficient to repay one for the labor expended in acquiring it, and no man is so truly free as he who knows himself his own only master.—From "How to Make a Living."

## HOME ORNAMENTATION.

Hundreds of girls can paint flowers and illuminate beautifully, yet seem to be unaware that their powers could be employed in enriching the walls and furniture of their own homes. Frescoed walls, painted cabinets and door panels, are costly things to buy; but, by observing a few simple directions, they may be produced at home at no other expense than that of time; and time to many young people has not yet come to be money.

First of all you must prepare a holland blouse long enough entirely to cover your dress. Next peel off every scrap of paper on the wall which

you propose to decorate. You might discreetly begin operations in your own room, so that, in case of failure, the chagrin may be chiefly your own. You must take up your stand, or your seat, on a stout plank supported on two step-ladders at such height as may be desirable; and thus established, you must proceed to "bring forward" the plaster wall for the reception of oil-colors. It would be well, perhaps, to hire a house-painter for this merely mechanical part of the job; but if you are of an independent temper, you will set to work as follows:—

1. Apply o the wall a plentiful coating of



boiled linseed-oil; and on this foundation paint three successive coats of zinc-white, which stands better than white-lead. The last coat must be mixed, not with oil, but with turpentine, so that it may dry without any gloss, and may leave what is called a dead surface. The same result is more readily obtained by the use of a wax preparation made, I think, by Messrs. Robertson, of London, and sold by colormen, which dries with the best possible surface for painting on, but is of course more expensive than zinc-white.

11. The next step is drawing the horizontal and vertical lines, an indispensable preliminary to the creation of our panels and borders. We will suppose that the wall is to be pale brown, with dull crimson dado and frieze, with golden scroll-work; or shall we say, since this is a young lady's room, faint blue walls with bands of dark blue or green as background for a wreath of twining morning-glories? Beginning at the plaster cornice, measure downward a breadth of a foot all round the top of the wall; this is the frieze. Be careful to make these measurements quite vertical, to insure which you will need to use a carpenter's square, or a plumb-line. When a sufficient number of points have been measured off, you must take a long ruler, and carefully draw with a chalk the lower line of the frieze, making it pass through all the points. If you succeed well in this you have a right to feel encouraged.

Now get down from the ladders, and mark off on the wall a height of four feet from the floor, and carry this line also round the room, observing the same precautions to insure its being truly horizontal. A foot below this line set out another parallel to it, and the space thus inclosed is the dado. Finally, six inches above the top of the wainscot draw still another line, and then the horizontal part of your labors will be accomplished.

The vertical lines for panels are easily set out by means of plumb-lines, which should be chalked black, blue, or red, as need may be, dropped from above so as to lie close to the wall along their whole length precisely at the place where you wish your line drawn, held taut by an assistant below, and then carefully drawn outward and "snapped" against the wall. But in the room at present under consideration we have not supposed any panels, and therefore we omit this part of the work, and proceed immediately to tinting.

111. For the pale blue body of the wall you must mix a sufficient quantity of cobalt blue and Chinese white (Winsor & Newton's levigated and prepared fine colors for oil-painting, sold by the ounce, are perhaps the best), and lay it on as smoothly as possible with a large flat brush. The bands of color for the frieze and dado are similarly prepared and applied, and then the boundary lines are carried evenly and neatly around with a full brush—a very difficult feat for an inexperienced hand. This done, and thoroughly dried, we may next set to work upon our wreath of morning-glories.

1V. Of course it is a simple matter for an artist, who has all the rules and dexterity of his art at his finger-ends, to mount the scaffolding, palate in hand, and paint without more ado whatever suits his fancy. But beginners must be content to compromise, and to help out their ignorance and want of practice with such artificial aids as may be procurable. As regards these morning-glories, for instance, if we have neither the skill to design them out of hand nor to copy them from nature, we shall find at any art shop an abundance of lithographs of flowers from drawings by French artists and others from which we may select such portions as answer our purpose, and combine them as artistically as we can.

Not improbably, however, our skill in draughtsmanship may be inadequate even to copying accurately on the wall from a lithograph, and in this case we must have recourse to tracing. If the design of our wreath repeats itself in fixed lengths, we must take a strip of tracing paper of the proper dimensions, and carefully trace out on it one of these wreath sections. There are more ways than one of transferring this design to the wall; perhaps the best way is to lay the tracing-paper on a cushion, and prick along the lines with a needle. This done, lay the pricked paper carefully in position along the frieze, and having tied up some finely powdered charcoal in a little cotton bag, pounce it over all the lines. On removing the tracing-paper the design will appear in minute black dots, and may be colored without further ceremony.

v. But should this too prove beyond our powers, there is a yet easier method. We may not only trace the design on tracing-paper, but color it thereon in oils, background and all, and then fasten it to its place on the wall, where, being so thin, it will be mistaken for the wall itself. It

need scarcely be said that we can work more conveniently when sitting at ease before our table than when tottering riskily on a step-ladder, and unless we have a natural preference for difficulty over convenience, I should counsel our adopting the former plan.

The tracing-paper must in this case be cut so as accurately to fit the breadth of the frieze, and in as great length as possible, so that there may be fewer joining lines. Trace the design upon it as before, and then, stretching it upon a board, proceed to paint in the background. There are innumerable beautiful patterns for backgrounds in fourteen century illuminations, but it is a tremendous piece of work to copy them, and we may just as well make a plain background of, say, French blue. When this part of the work is completed, we must do our best to color the morning-glories in their natural colors; endeavoring rather to give the general effect than to be minutely correct, since there must always be a distance of many feet between the wreath and the observer's eye.

When our tracing-paper frieze is finished, it must be fastened in place, and to that end we must give it a good coating on the back of boiled linseed-oil and copal varnish. This will cause it to stick to the wall, on which it must be pressed till it lies perfectly smooth. In adopting this method of working our frieze, it will, of course, have been unnecessary to paint the blue band on the wall plaster. But when the tracing-paper is fastened up, we may dip a brush in the French blue, and draw a line half on the paper and half on the wall, which will serve to conceal the edge of the paper and make all secure. The dado is executed in precisely the same manner as the frieze, while the six-inch band above the wainscot is plain French blue.

In making panels the vertical lines are drawn at the proper distances from the lower line of the frieze to the upper line of the dado, and below the dado to the band of the wainscot. Suppose there are to be three panels on one wall; a horizontal foot should be measured out from each corner, and the three panels be divided by two-foot-wide spaces. The verticals are made with the plumb-line as before described, and in snapping the string it should be laid hold of at the centre, and pulled out at right angles to the surface of the wall.

Gilding is really a difficult operation, though to see a practical gilder at work one would fancy it the easiest matter in the world. The imple-

ments are a small cushion smoothly covered with leather, on which the gold-leaf to be cut is laid, a gilder's knife to cut it with, a square flat brush three inches wide to take up the leaf, a cotton pad tied up in Persian silk to press it down, and an agate burnisher to burnish it, when burnishing is required. The cushion is made with a strap underneath, through which the left thumb is passed, as one would hold a palette. To prevent the gold-leaf flying off the cushion, a parchment rim three inches deep is fixed on three sides of it. We must have a small glass muller and stone for grinding up the oil and gold-size, and with these provisions we may set to work.

There is oil-gilding and there is water-gilding. The first wears best, the second looks best; the former can not be burnished, the latter can be. Let us try to oil-gild first. Paint the portions of the design which are to receive the gold with a coat of yellow ochre and vermilion mixed with drying oil. When quite dry, add a coat, or two or three coats, of gold-size, letting each get dry before putting on the next. Then leave the whole untouched for twenty-four hours, only keeping it as clear of dust as possible. When the size feels barely sticky to the finger we may put on the gold.

Gold-leaf can be handled only with a knife and the flat brush, or "tip." We lift it from the book to the cushion (which is on our left thumb) with the knife; flatten it by gently breathing on it; cut it to something like the shape we want; apply the edge of the tip to the edge of the leaf, and put the latter in its destined position on the sized surface. Press it gently down with the pad, and when it is dry brush away the superfluous gold with a soft camel's-hair pencil. This is the whole operation. It needs practice, a steady hand, and presence of mind.

If we have time and ability for such work as will be really valuable and worthy of permanent preservation, we shall execute it neither on plaster nor tracing-paper, but on artist's canvas. Canvas can be fastened to the walls just like tracing-paper, but, unlike that, it can be taken down and carried off with us when, as is often the case in America, we change our dwelling. When the strip of canvas has been painted and cut to the proper shape, whether for panel, frieze, or dado, we paint the latter with two or three thick coats of white-lead. The back of the canvas is then prepared in the same manner; and when the painted surfaces are about half dry, they are pressed evenly together, and after a few days will be strongly attached to each other; yet not so but that it will be easy to separate them when necessary.—*Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, in Bazar.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**CURRIED FOWL OR CHICKEN.**—Ingredients : The remains of cold roast fowls, **2 large onions**, **1 apple**, **2 oz.** of butter, **1** dessertspoonful of curry powder, **1** teaspoonful of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of gravy, **1** tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Slice the onions, peel, core, and chop the apple, and cut the fowl into neat joints ; fry these in the butter of a nice brown ; then add the curry-powder, flour, and gravy, and stew for about 20 minutes. Put in the lemon-juice, and serve with boiled rice, either placed in a ridge round the dish or separately. Two or three shalots or a little garlic may be added if approved.

**AUNT NELLY'S PUDDING.**—Ingredients : Half lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of treacle,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of suet, the rind and juice of **1** lemon, a few strips of candied lemon-peel, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream. **2** eggs. Chop the suet finely ; mix with it the flour, treacle, lemon-peel minced, and candied lemon-peel ; add the cream, lemon-juice, and **2** well-beaten eggs ; beat the pudding well, put it into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 hours. Sufficient for five or six persons.

**LIGHT GINGERBREAD.**—To three quarts of flour put one pound of butter and three eggs, three pints of molasses, and three teaspoonfuls of pearlsh dissolved in half a tea-cupful of sour cream or buttermilk. Unlike biscuit, gingerbread requires a good deal of soda to make it rise, and therefore pearlsh is used, as being stronger. If soda is preferred, one dessertspoonful will not be found too much to allow to a quart of flour. This cake is better when the batter is poured in shallow pans than when made into dough, rolled out, and cut in shapes, Your success must, after all, depend very much upon the kind of molasses used, for the commoner sorts will not make cake any more than syrup. Flavor with ginger, and add other spices to your taste.

**ENGLISH APPLE SAUCE.**—Pare, core, and cut up the fruit ; put it into a jar, which place

in a saucepan of water over the fire ; when quite done, pulp it, and put in a good piece of fresh butter, with as much brown sugar as agreeable ; season it with a little ground cinnamon or cloves, and serve it warm.

**APPLE CAKE.**—Take a pound of pulped apples, a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, melted, some powdered cinnamon, six eggs well beaten and strained, two ounces of candied citron chips, and four spoonfuls of yeast. Knead it very well, let it rise, put it into a mould, and bake it in a quick oven. Some currants may be introduced if desirable, but they must be added after the cake has risen.

**POMMES A LA CHANTILLY.**—In a quart of good, thick, and very sweet cream, put the whites of four eggs strained ; beat it until it becomes a stiff snow ; then, while still beating it, add quite a pound of pulped apples, and a quarter of a pound of finely powdered sifted white sugar. Pile it high upon a dessert dish, and serve.

**SAUCISSES AUX POMMES.**—Take six large apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan of boiling lard, brown them nicely, then take them out, and proceed in the same manner with a pound of pork sausages ; when these are also of a good color, arrange them with the apples in a pie dish, put an edge of very light paste round the dish, and bake for half an hour in a quick oven.

**APPLES AND QUINCES.**—Take a quantity of golden pippins, cut them into quarters, but do not pare them ; put them into a saucepan of boiling water, and simmer them until they form a jelly. To each pound of jelly add a pound of sugar. Then cut two or three quinces into quarters, and do them slowly in the syrup until they are tender. Serve in glass dishes for dessert.

## Literary Notices.

### EIGHT COUSINS, OR THE AUNT-HILL.

By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," &c. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Canadian Copyright Edition.

Miss Alcott gives us here various scenes from a year in the life of an orphan girl of thirteen, who was blessed with one uncle, six aunts, and seven boy cousins. Rose was fast growing into an invalid when her uncle took her in charge, and inaugurated various hygienic reforms which we will indicate in our extracts. There is plenty of life and vigor in the book, and many subjects are touched upon, although the portions we copy all relate to one. The extracts are somewhat condensed.

#### ROSE AND HER UNCLE.

A brown, breezy man, in a blue jacket, with no hat on the curly head which he shook now and then like a water-dog; broad-shouldered, alert in his motions, and with a general air of strength and stability about him which pleased Rose, though she could not explain the feeling of comfort it gave her. She had just said to herself, with a sense of relief, "I guess I shall like him, though he looks as if he made people mind," when he lifted his eyes to examine the budding horse-chestnut overhead, and saw the eager face peering down at him. He waved his hand to her, nodded, and called out in a bluff, cheery voice,—

"You are on deck early, little niece."

"I got up to see if you you had really come, uncle."

"Did you? Well, come down here and make sure of it."

"I'm not allowed to go out before breakfast, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" with a shrug. "Then I'll come aboard and salute," he added; and, to Rose's great amazement, Uncle Alec went up one of the pillars of the back piazza hand over hand, stepped across the roof, and swung him-

self into her balcony, saying, as he landed on the wide balustrade: "Have you any doubts about me now, ma'am?"

Rose was so taken aback, she could only answer with a smile as she went to meet him.

"How does my girl do this morning?" he asked, taking the little cold hand she gave him in both his big warm ones.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

"Ah, but it should be *very well*. Why isn't it?"

"I always wake up with a headache, and feel tired."

"Don't you sleep well?"

"I lie awake a long time, and then I dream, and my sleep does not seem to rest me much."

"What do you do all day?"

"Oh, I read, and sew a little, and take naps, and sit with auntie."

"No running about out of doors, or house-work, or riding, hey?"

"Aunt Plenty says I'm not strong enough for much exercise. I drive out with her sometimes, but I don't care for it."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Uncle Alec, half to himself, adding, in his quick way: "Who have you had to play with?"

"No one but Ariadne Blish, and she was *such* a goose I couldn't bear her. The boys came yesterday, and seemed rather nice; but, of course, I couldn't play with them."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old to play with boys."

"Not a bit of it: that's just what you need, for you've been molly-coddled too much. They are good lads, and you'll be mixed up with them more or less for years to come, so you may as well be friends and playmates at once. I will look you up some girls also, if I can find a sensible one who is not spoilt by her nonsensical education."

"But what are these troubles of yours, child?" he asked, after a minute of silence.

"Please don't ask me, uncle."

"Can't you tell them to me as well as to Phebe?"

Something in his tone made Rose feel that it would be better to speak out and be done with it, so she answered with sudden color and averted eyes,—

"The greatest one was losing dear papa."

As she said this, Uncle Alec's arm came gently round her, and he drew her to him, saying, in the voice so like papa's,—

"That *is* a trouble which I cannot cure, my

child; but I shall try to make you feel it less. What else, my dear?"

"I am so tired and poorly all the time, I can't do what I want to, and it makes me cross," sighed Rose, rubbing the aching head like a fretful child.

"That we *can* cure, and we *will*," said her uncle, with a decided nod that made the curls bob on his head, so that Rose saw the gray ones underneath the brown.

"Aunt Myra says I have no constitution, and never shall be strong," observed Rose, in a pensive tone, as if it was rather a nice thing to be an invalid.

"Aunt Myra is a—ahem!—an excellent woman, but it is her hobby to believe that every one is tottering on the brink of the grave; and, upon my life, I believe she is offended if people don't fall into it! We will show her how to make constitutions and turn pale-faced little ghosts into rosy, hearty girls. That's my business, you know," he added, more quietly, for his sudden outburst had rather startled Rose.

"I had forgotten you were a doctor. I'm glad of it, for I do want to be well, only I hope you won't give me much medicine, for I've taken quarts already, and it does me no good."

As she spoke, Rose pointed to a little table just inside the window, on which appeared a regiment of bottles.

"Ah, ha! Now we'll see what mischief these blessed women have been at." And, making a long arm, Dr. Alec set the bottles on the wide railing before him, examined each carefully, smiled over some, frowned over others, and said, as he put down the last, "Now I'll show you the best way to take these messes." And, as quick as a flash, he sent one after another smashing down into the posy-beds below.

"But Aunt Plenty won't like it; and Aunt Myra will be angry, for she sent most of them!" cried Rose, half frightened and half pleased at such energetic measures.

"You are my patient now, and I'll take the responsibility. My way of giving physic is evidently the best, for you look better already," he said, laughing so infectiously that Rose followed suit, saying saucily,—

"If I don't like your medicines any better than those, I shall throw them in the garden, and then what will you do?"

"When I prescribe such rubbish, I'll give you leave to pitch it overboard as soon as you like. Now what is the next trouble?"

"I hoped you would forget to ask."

"But how can I help you if I don't know them? Come, let us have No. 3."

"It is very wrong, I suppose, but I do sometimes wish I had not *quite* so many aunts. They are all very good to me, and I want to please them; but they are so different, I feel sort of pulled to pieces among them," said Rose, trying to express the emotions of a stray chicken with six hens all clucking over it at once.

Uncle Alec threw back his head and laughed

like a boy, for he could entirely understand how the good ladies had each put in her oar and tried to paddle her own way, to the great disturbance of the waters and the entire bewilderment of poor Rose.

"I intend to try a course of uncles now, and see how that suits your constitution. I'm going to have you all to myself, and no one is to give a word of advice unless I ask it. There is no other way to keep order aboard, and I'm captain of this little craft, for a time at least."

Phebe appeared with a cup of coffee.

"Debby told me to bring this and help you get up," she said, opening her black eyes wide, as if she wondered how on earth "the sailor man" got there.

"I'm all dressed, so I don't need any help. I hope that is good and strong," added Rose, eyeing the steaming cup with an eager look.

But she did not get it, for a brown hand took possession of it as her uncle quickly said,—

"Hold hard, my lass, and let me overhaul that dose before you take it. Do you drink all this strong coffee every morning, Rose?"

"Yes, sir, and I like it. Auntie says it 'tones' me up, and I always feel better after it."

"This accounts for the sleepless nights, the flutter your heart gets into at the least start, and this is why that cheek of yours is pale yellow instead of rosy red. No more coffee for you, my dear, and by and by you'll see that I am right. Any new milk downstairs, Phebe?"

"Yes, sir, plenty,—right in from the barn."

"That's the drink for my patient. Go bring me a pitcherful, and another cup; I want a draught myself. This won't hurt the honey-suckles, for they have no nerves to speak of." And, to Rose's great discomfort, the coffee went after the medicine.

Dr. Alec saw the injured look she put on, but took no notice, and presently banished it by saying pleasantly,—

"I've got a capital little cup among my traps, and I'll give it to you to drink your milk in, as it is made of wood that is supposed to improve whatever is put into it,—something like a quassia cup. That reminds me; one of the boxes Phebe wanted to lug upstairs is for you. Knowing that I was coming home to find a ready-made daughter, I picked up all sorts of odd and pretty trifles along the way, hoping she would be able to find something she liked among them all. Early to-morrow we'll have a grand rummage. Here's our milk! I propose the health of Miss Rose Campbell—and drink it with all my heart."

It was impossible for Rose to pout with the prospect of a delightful boxful of gifts dancing before her eyes; so, in spite of herself, she smiled as she drank her own health, and found that fresh milk was not a hard dose to take.

"Now I must be off, before I am caught again with my wig in a toss," said Dr. Alec, preparing to descend the way he came.

"Do you always go in and out like a cat, uncle?" asked Rose, much amused at his odd ways.

"I used to sneak out of my window when I

was a boy, so I need not disturb the aunts, and now I rather like it, for it's the shortest road, and it keeps me limber when I have no rigging to climb. Good-by till breakfast." And away he went down the water-spout, over the roof, and vanished among the budding honeysuckles below.

"Ain't he a funny guardeen?" exclaimed Phebe, as she went off with the cups.

"He is a very kind one, I think," answered Rose, following, to prowling round the big boxes and try to guess which was hers.

When her uncle appeared at sound of the bell, he found her surveying with an anxious face a new dish that smoked upon the table.

"Got a fresh trouble, Rosy?" he asked, stroking her smooth head.

"Uncle, *are* you going to make me eat oatmeal?" asked Rose, in a tragic tone.

"Don't you like it?"

"I de-test it!" answered Rose, with all the emphasis which a turned-up nose, a shudder, and a groan could give to three words.

"You are not a true Scotchwoman, if you don't like the 'parritch.' It's a pity, for I made it myself, and thought we'd have such a good time with all that cream to float it in. Well, never mind." And he sat down with a disappointed air.

Rose had made up her mind to be obstinate about it, because she did heartily "detest" the dish; but as Uncle Alec did not attempt to make her obey, she suddenly changed her mind, and thought she would.

"I'll try to eat it to please you, uncle; but people are always saying how wholesome it is, and that makes me hate it," she said, half ashamed at her silly excuse.

"I do want you to like it, because I wish my girl to be as well and strong as Jessie's boys, who are brought up on this in the good old fashion. No hot bread and fried stuff for them, and they are the biggest and bonniest lads of the lot. Bless you, auntie, and good morning!"

Dr. Alec turned to greet the old lady, and with a firm resolve to eat or die in the attempt, Rose sat down.

In five minutes she forgot what she was eating, so interested was she in the chat that went on. It amused her very much to hear Aunt Plenty call her forty-year-old nephew "my dear boy;" and Uncle Alec was so full of lively gossip about all creation in general, and the Aunt-hill in particular, that the detested porridge vanished without a murmur.

#### BELTS AND SASHES.

"You look chilly in spite of all this laughing. Take a smart run round the garden and get up a glow," said the doctor, as they left the barn.

"I'm too old for running, uncle; Miss Power said it was not lady-like for girls in their teens," answered Rose, primly.

"I take the liberty of differing from Madame Prunes and Prisms, and, as your physician, I *order* you to run. Off with you!" said Uncle Alec, with a look and a gesture that made Rose scurry away as fast as she could go.

Anxious to please him, she raced round the beds till she came back to the porch where he stood, and, dropping down upon the steps, she sat panting, with cheeks as rosy as the rigolette on her shoulders.

"Very well done, child; I see you have not lost the use of your limbs though you *are* in your teens. That belt is too tight; unfasten it, then you can take a long breath without panting so."

"It isn't tight, sir; I can breathe perfectly well," began Rose, trying to compose herself.

Her uncle's only answer was to lift her up and unhook the new belt of which she was so proud. The moment the clasp was open the belt flew apart several inches, for it was impossible to restrain the involuntary sigh of relief that flatly contradicted her words.

"Why, I didn't know it was tight! it didn't feel so a bit. Of course it would open if I puff like this, but I never do, because I hardly ever run," explained Rose, rather discomfited by this discovery.

"I see you don't half fill your lungs, and so you can wear this absurd thing without feeling it. The idea of cramping a tender little waist in a stiff band of leather and steel just when it ought to be growing," said Dr. Alec, surveying the belt with great disfavor as he put the clasp forward several holes, to Rose's secret dismay, for she was proud of her slender figure, and daily rejoiced that she wasn't as stout as Luly Miller, a former schoolmate, who vainly tried to repress her plumpness.

"It will fall off if it is so loose," she said anxiously, as she stood watching him pull her precious belt about.

"Not if you keep taking long breaths to hold it on. That is what I want you to do, and when you have filled this out we will go on enlarging it till your waist is more like that of Hebe, goddess of health, and less like that of a fashion-plate.—the ugliest thing imaginable."

"How it does look!" and Rose gave a glance of scorn at the loose belt hanging round her trim little waist. "It shall be lost, and then I shall feel badly, for it cost ever so much, and is real steel and Russia leather. Just smell how nice."

"If it is lost I'll give you a better one. A soft silken sash is much fitter for a pretty child like you than a plated harness like this; and I've got no end of Italian scarfs and Turkish sashes among my traps. Ah! that makes you feel better, doesn't it?" and he pinched the cheek that had suddenly dimpled with a smile.

"It is very silly of me, but I can't help liking to know that"—here she stopped and blushed and held down her head, ashamed to add, "you think I am pretty."

Dr. Alec's eyes twinkled, but he said very soberly,—

"Rose, are you vain?"

"I'm afraid I am," answered a very meek voice from behind the veil of hair that hid the red face.

"That is a sad fault" And he sighed as if grieved at the confession.

"I know it is, and I try not to be; but peo-

ple praise me, and I can't help liking it, for I really don't think I am repulsive."

The last word and the funny tone in which it was uttered were too much for Dr. Alec, and he laughed in spite of himself, to Rose's great relief.

"I quite agree with you; and in order that you may be still less repulsive, I want you to grow as fine a girl as Phebe."

"Phebe!" and Rose looked so amazed that her uncle nearly went off again.

"Yes, Phebe; for she has what you need,—health. If you dear little girls would only learn what real beauty is, and not starve and bleach yourself out so, you'd save an immense deal of time and money and pain. A happy soul in a healthy body makes the best sort of beauty for man or woman. Do you understand that, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, much taken down by this comparison with the girl from the poor-house. It nettled her sadly, and she showed that it did by saying quickly,—

"I suppose you would like to have me sweep and scrub, and wear an old calico dress, and go round with my sleeves rolled up, as Phebe does?"

"I should very much, if you could work as well as she does, and show as strong a pair of arms as she can. I haven't seen a prettier picture for some time than she made of herself this morning, up to the elbows in suds, singing like a blackbird while she scrubbed on the back stoop."

#### THE NEW WINTER SUIT.

There was such a clatter of tongues in the sewing room that no one heard his tap at the door, so he pushed it open and took an observation. Aunt Plenty, Aunt Clara, and Aunt Jessie were all absorbed in gazing at Rose, who slowly revolved between them and the great mirror, in a full winter costume of the latest fashion.

"Bless my heart! worse even than I expected," thought the Doctor, with an inward groan, for, to his benighted eyes, the girl looked like a trussed fowl, and the fine new dress had neither grace, beauty, nor fitness to recommend it.

The suit was of two peculiar shades of blue, so arranged that patches of light and dark distracted the eye. The upper skirt was tied so tightly back that it was impossible to take a long step, and the under one was so loaded with plaited frills that it "wobbled"—no other word will express it—ungracefully, both fore and aft. A bunch of folds was gathered up just below the waist behind, and a great bow rode a-top. A small jacket of the same material was adorned with a high cuff at the back, and laid well open over the breast, to display some lace and a locket. Heavy fringes, bows, puffs, ruffles, and *reverses* finished off the dress, making one's head ache to think of the amount of work wasted, for not a single graceful line struck the eye, and the beauty of the material was quite lost in the profusion of ornament.

A high velvet hat, audaciously turned up in front, with a bunch of pink roses and sweeping plume, was cocked over one ear, and with her curls braided into a club at the back of her neck, Rose's head looked more like that of a dashing young cavalier than a modest little girl's. High-heeled boots tilted her well forward, a tiny muff pinioned her arms, and a spotted veil tied so closely over her face that her eyelashes were rumpled by it, gave the last touch of absurdity to her appearance.

"Now she looks like other girls, and as I like to see her," Mrs. Clara was saying, with an air of great satisfaction.

"She does look like a fashionable young lady, but some how I miss my little Rose, for children dressed like children in my day," answered Aunt Plenty, peering through her glasses with a troubled look, for she could not imagine the creature before her ever sitting in her lap, running to wait upon her, or making the house gay with a child's blithe presence.

"Things have changed since your day, Aunt; and it takes time to get used to new ways. But you, Jessie, surely like this costume better than the dowdy things Rose has been wearing all summer. Now, be honest, and own you do," said Mrs. Clara, bent on being praised for her work.

"Well, dear, to be *quite* honest, then, I think it is frightful," answered Mrs. Jessie with a candor that caused revolving Rose to stop in dismay.

"Hear, hear," cried a deep voice, and with a general start the ladies became aware that the enemy was among them.

Rose blushed up to her hat brim, and stood looking, as she felt, like a fool, while Mrs. Clara hastened to explain.

"Of course I don't expect *you* to like it, Alec, but I don't consider you a judge of what is proper and becoming for a young lady. Therefore I have taken the liberty of providing a pretty street dress for Rose. She need not wear it if you object, for I know we promised to let you do what you liked with the poor dear for a year."

"It is a street costume, is it?" asked the Doctor, mildly. "Do you know, I never should have guessed that it was meant for winter weather and brisk locomotion. Take a turn, Rosy, and let me see all its beauties and advantages."

Rose tried to walk off with the usual free tread, but the under-skirt got in her way, the over-skirt was so tight she could not take a long step, and her boots made it impossible to carry herself perfectly erect.

"I haven't got used to it yet," she said, petulantly, kicking at her train, as she turned to toddle back again.

"Suppose a mad dog or a runaway horse was after you, could you get out of the way without upsetting, Colonel?" asked the Doctor, with a twinkle in the eyes that were fixed on the rakish hat.

"Don't think I could, but I'll try," and Rose made a rush across the room. Her boot-heels caught on a rug, several strings broke, her hat

tipped over her eyes, and she plunged promiscuously into a chair, where she sat laughing so inefficaciously that all but Mrs. Clara joined in her mirth.

"I should say that a walking suit in which one could not walk, and a winter suit which exposes the throat, head, and feet to cold and damp, was rather a failure, Clara; especially as it has no beauty to reconcile one to its utter unfitness," said Dr. Alec, as he helped Rose undo her veil, adding, in a low tone, "Nice thing for the eyes; you'll soon see spots when it is off as well as when it is on, and, by and by, be a case for an oculist."

"No beauty!" cried Mrs. Clara, warmly. "Now that is just a man's blindness. This is the best of silk and camel's hair, real ostrich feathers, and an expensive ermine muff. What *could* be in better taste, or more proper for a young girl?"

"I'll show you, if Rose will go to her room and oblige me by putting on what she finds there," answered the Doctor, with unexpected readiness.

"Alec, if it is a Bloomer, I shall protest. I've been expecting it, but I know I *cannot* bear to see that pretty child sacrificed to your wild ideas of health. Tell me it *isn't* a Bloomer!" and Mrs. Clara clasped her hands imploringly.

"It is not."

"Thank heaven!" and she resigned herself with a sigh of relief, adding plaintively, "I did hope you'd accept my suit, for poor Rose has been afflicted with frightful clothes long enough to spoil the taste of any girl."

"You talk of *my* afflicting the child, and then make a helpless guy like that of her!" answered the Doctor, pointing to the little fashion plate that was scuttling out of sight as fast as it could go.

He closed the door with a shrug, but before any one could speak, his quick eye fell upon an object which caused him to frown, and demand in an indignant tone,—

"After all I have said, were you really going to tempt my girl with these abominable things?"

"I thought we put them away when she wouldn't wear them," murmured Mrs. Clara, whisking a little pair of corsets out of sight, with guilty haste. "I only brought them to try, for Rose is growing stout, and will have no figure if it is not attended to soon," she added, with an air of calm conviction that roused the Doctor still more, for this was one of his especial abominations.

"Growing stout! Yes, thank Heaven, she is, and shall continue to do it, for Nature knows how to mould a woman better than any corset-maker, and I won't have her interfered with. My dear Clara, *have* you lost your senses that you can for a moment dream of putting a growing girl into an instrument of torture like this?" and with a sudden gesture he plucked forth the offending corsets from under the sofa cushion, and held them out with the expression one would wear on beholding the thumbscrews or the rack of ancient times.

"Don't be absurd, Alec. There is no tor-

ture about it, for tight lacing is out of fashion, and we have nice sensible things nowadays. Every one wears them; even babies have stiffened waists to support their weak little backs," began Mrs. Clara, rushing to the defence of the pet delusion of most women.

"I know it, and so the poor little souls have weak backs all their days, as their mothers had before them. It is vain to argue the matter, and I won't try, but I wish to state, once for all, that if I ever see a pair of corsets near Rose, I'll put them in the fire, and you may send the bill to me."

As he spoke, the corsets were on their way to destruction, but Mrs. Jessie caught his arm, exclaiming merrily, "Don't burn them, for mercy sake, Alec; they are full of whalebones, and will make a dreadful odor. Give them to me. I'll see that they do no harm."

"Whalebones indeed! A regular fence of them, and metal gate-posts in front. As if our own bones were not enough, if we'd give them a chance to do their duty," growled the Doctor, yielding up the bone of contention with a last shake of contempt. Then his face cleared suddenly, and he held up his finger, saying, with a smile, "Hear those girls laugh; cramped lungs could not make hearty music like that."

Peals of laughter issued from Rose's room, and smiles involuntarily touched the lips of those who listened to the happy sound.

"Some new prank of yours, Alec?" asked Aunt Plenty, indulgently, for she had come to believe in most of her nephew's odd notions, because they seemed to work so well.

"Yes, ma'am, my last, and I hope you will like it. I discovered what Clara was at, and got my rival suit ready for to-day. I'm not going to 'afflict' Rose, but let her choose, and if I'm not entirely mistaken, she will like my rig best. While we wait I'll explain, and then you will appreciate the general effect better. I got hold of this little book, and was struck with its good sense and good taste, for it suggests a way to clothe women both healthfully and handsomely, and that is a great point. It begins at the foundations, as you see if you will look at these pictures, and I should think women would rejoice at the lightening of their burdens."

As he spoke, the Doctor laid the book before Aunt Plenty, who obediently brought her spectacle to bear upon the illustrations, and after a long look exclaimed with a scandalized face,—

"Mercy on us, these things are like the night-drawers Jamie wears! You don't mean to say you want Rose to come out in this costume? It's not proper, and I won't consent to it!"

"I do mean it, and I am sure my sensible aunt *will* consent when she understands that these,—well,—I'll call them by an Indian name, and say,—pajamas,—are for underwear, and Rose can have as pretty frocks as she likes outside. These two suits of flannel, each in one piece from head to foot, with a skirt or so hung on this easily fitting waist, will keep the child warm without burdening her with belts, and gathers, and buckles, and bunches round the waist, and leave free the muscles that need plenty of room to



work in. She shall never have the back-ache if I can help it, nor the long list of ills you dear women think you cannot escape."

"I don't consider it modest, and I'm sure Rose will be shocked at it," began Mrs. Clara, but stopped suddenly as Rose appeared in the door-way not looking shocked at a bit.

"Come on, my hygienic model, and let us see you," said her uncle, with an approving glance, as she walked in looking so mischievously merry, that it was evident she enjoyed the joke.

"Well, I don't see any thing remarkable. That is a neat, plain suit; the materials are good and it's not unbecoming, if you want her to look like a little school girl; but it has not a particle of style, and no one would ever give it a second glance," said Mrs. Clara, feeling her last remark condemned the whole thing.

"Exactly what I want," answered the provoking Doctor, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air. "Rosy looks now like what she is, a modest little girl, who does not want to be stared at. I think she would get a glance of approval, though, from people who like sense and simplicity, rather than fuss and features. Revolve, my Hebe, and let me refresh my eyes by the sight of you."

There was very little to see, however, only a pretty Gabrielle dress, of a soft, warm shade of brown, coming to the tops of a trim pair of boots with low heels. A seal-skin sack, cap, and mittens, with a glimpse of scarlet at the throat, and the pretty curls tied up with a bright velvet of the same color, completed the external adornment, making her look like a robin red-breast,—wintry, yet warm.

"How do you like it, Rosy?" asked the Doctor, feeling that *her* opinion was more important to the success of his new idea than that of all the aunts on the hill.

"I feel very odd and light, but I'm warm as a toast, and nothing seems to be in my way," answered Rose, with a skip which displayed shapely gaiters on legs that now might be as free and active as a boy's under the modest skirts of the girl.

"You can run away from the mad dogs, and walk off at a smart pace without tumbling on your nose, now, I fancy?"

"Yes, uncle I suppose the dog coming, I just hop over a wall so—and when I walk of a cold day, I go like this—"

Entering fully into the spirit of the thing, Rose swung herself over the high back of the sofa as easily as one of her cousins, and then went down the long hall as if her stout boots were related to the famous seven-leaguers.

"There! you see how it will be; dress her in that boyish way and she will act like a boy. I do hate all these inventions of strong-minded women," exclaimed Mrs. Clara, as Rose came back at a run.

"Ah, but you see some of these sensible inventions come from the brain of a fashionable *modiste*, who will make you lovely, or what you value more,—'stylish' outside and comfortable within. Mrs. Van Tassel has been to Madame

Stone, and is wearing a full suit of this sort. Van himself told me, when I asked how she was, that she had given up lying on the sofa, and was going about in a most astonishing way, considering her feeble health."

"You don't say so! Let me see that book a moment," and Aunt Clara examined the new patterns with a more respectful air, for if the elegant Mrs. Van Tassel wore these "dreadful things" it would never do to be left behind, in spite of her prejudices.

Dr. Alec looked at Mrs. Jessie, and both smiled, for "little Mum" had been in the secret, and enjoyed it mightily.

"I thought that would settle it," he said with a nod.

"I didn't wait for Mrs. Van to lead the way, and for once in my life I have adopted a new fashion before Clara. My freedom suit is ordered, and you *may* see me playing tag with Rose and the boys before long," answered Mrs. Jessie, nodding back at him.

Meantime Aunt Plenty was examining Rose's costume, for the hat and sack were off, and the girl was eagerly explaining the new undergarments.

"See, auntie, all nice scarlet flannel, and a gay little petticoat, and long stockings, oh, so warm! Phebe and I nearly died laughing when I put this rig on, but I like it ever so much. The dress is so comfortable, and doesn't need any belt or sash, and I can sit without rumpling any trimming, that's *such* a comfort! I like to be tidy, and so, when I wear fussed-up things, I'm thinking of my clothes all the time, and that's tiresome. Do you say you like it. I resolved I would, just to please uncle, for he does know more about health than any one else, I'm sure, and I'd wear a bag if he asked me to do it."

"I don't ask that, Rose, but I wish you'd weigh and compare the two suits, and then choose which seems best. I leave it to your own common-sense," answered Dr. Alec, feeling pretty sure he had won.

"Why, I take this one, of course, uncle. The other is fashionable, and—yes—I must say it's pretty—but it's very heavy, and I should have to go round like a walking doll if I wore it. I'm much obliged to auntie, but I'll keep this, please."

Rose spoke gently but decidedly, though there was a look of regret when her eye fell on the other suit which Phebe had brought in; and it was very natural to like to look as other girls did. Aunt Clara sighed; Uncle Alec smiled, and said heartily,—

"Thank you, dear; now read this book, and you will understand why I ask it of you."

SPEECHES OF POPE PIUS IX. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., author of "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," "Vaticanism," &c. New York: Harper Bros.

Mr. Gladstone has added to his works

on Vaticanism this powerful criticism of a recent Italian publication containing the speeches of the Pope during his imprisonment. He says :

As a general rule, the spirit of a system can nowhere be more fairly, more authentically learned than from the language of its accredited authorities, especially of its acknowledged Head. The rule applies peculiarly to the case of the Papacy and of the present Pope, from considerations connected both with the system and with the man. The system aims at passing its operative utterances through the lips of the Supreme Pontiff; and as no holder of the high office has ever more completely thrown his personality into his function, so no lips have ever delivered from the Papal Throne such masses of matter. Pope all over, and from head to foot, he has fed for eight-and-twenty years upon the moral diet which a too sycophantic following supplies, till every fibre of his nature is charged with it, and the simple-minded Bishop and Archbishop Mastai is hardly to be recognized under the Papal mantle.

It can hardly be policy, it must be a necessity of his nature, which prompts his incessant harangues. But they are evidently a true picture of the man; as the man is of the system, except in this, that he, to use a homely phrase, blurts out, when he is left to himself, what it delivers in rather more comely phrases, overlaid with art.

Much interest, therefore, attaches to such a phenomenon as the published Speeches of the Pope; and, besides what it teaches in itself, other and singular lessons are to be learned from the strange juxtaposition in which, for more than four years, his action has now been exhibited. Probably in no place and at no period, through the whole history of the world, has there ever been presented to mankind, even in the agony of war or revolution, a more extraordinary spectacle than is now witnessed at Rome. In that city the Italian Government holds a perfectly peaceable, though originally forcible, possession of the residue of the States of the Church; and at the same time the Pope, remaining on his ground, by a perpetual blast of fiery words, appeals to other lands and to future days, and thus makes his wordy, yet not wholly futile, war upon the Italian Government.

The mere extracts and specimens which have from time to time appeared in the public journals have stirred a momentary thrill, or sigh, or shrug, according to the temperaments and tendencies of readers. But they have been totally insufficient to convey an idea of the vigor with which this peculiar warfare is carried on; of the absolute, apparently the contemptuous, tolerance with which it is regarded by the Government ruling on the spot; or of the picture which is presented to us by the words and actions of the Pope, taken as a whole, and considered in connection with their possible significance to the future peace of Europe.

Between the 20th of October, 1870, and the

18th of September, 1873, this octogenarian Pontiff (he is now aged at least eighty-two), besides bearing all the other cares of ecclesiastical government, and despite intervals of illness, pronounced two hundred and ninety Discourses, which are reported in the eleven hundred pages of the two volumes now to be introduced to the notice of the reader. They are collected and published for the first time by the Rev. Don Pasquale de Francisca; and, though they may be deemed highly incendiary documents, they are sold at the bookshop of the Propaganda, and are to be had in the ordinary way of trade by virtue of that freedom of the press which the Papacy abhors and condemns.

The first question which a judicious reader will put is whether we have reasonable assurance that this work really reports the Speeches of the Pontiff with accuracy. And on this point there appears to be no room for reasonable doubt. In a detailed notice, which, instead of introducing the first volume, is rather inconveniently appended to it at the close, the editor gives an account both of the opportunities he has enjoyed and of the loving pains he took in the execution of his task. On nearly every occasion he seems to have been present, and employed as a reporter (*raccogliitore*); once his absence is noticed, as if an unusual no less than an unfortunate circumstance. In a particular instance he speaks of the Pope himself as personally giving judgment on what might or might not be published (*sarebbe stato pubblicato, se così fosse piaciuto a CHI poteva volere altrimenti*). The whole assistance of the Papal press in Rome was freely given him. Eyes and ears, he says, far superior to his own, had revised and approved the entire publication. The preface to the second volume refers to the enthusiastic reception accorded to the first, and announces the whole work as that which is alone authentic and the most complete. So that our footing plainly is sure enough; and we may reject absolutely the supposition which portions of the book might very well suggest, namely, that we were reading a scandalous Protestant forgery.

Certainly, if the spirit of true adoration will make a good reporter, Don Pasquale ought to be the best in the world. The speeches he gives to the world are "a treasure," and that treasure is sublime, inspired, divine. Not only do we quote these epithets textually, but they, and the like of them, are repeated everywhere, even to satiety, and perhaps something more than satiety. "Receive, then, as from the hands of angels, this divine volume of the angelic Pio Nono"; "the most glorious and venerated among all the Popes"; "the portentous father of the nations." This is pretty well, but it is not all. He is "the living Christ"; he is the Voice of God. There is but one step more to take, and it is taken. He is (in the face of the Italian Government) Nature, that protests: HE IS GOD, THAT CONDEMNS.

#### CURIOUS ERRORS.

The Pope's references to Holy Scripture are very frequent, and yet perhaps hardly such as

to suggest that he has an accurate or familiar acquaintance with it. They are possibly picked piecemeal out of the services of the Church for the day. It is, for example, to say the least, a most singular method of reference to the difficult subject of the genealogies of our Lord to say, "we read at the commencement of two of the Gospels a long genealogy of Him, which comes down from princes and kings." Where, again, did the Pontiff learn that the Jews, as a nation, had some celebrity as smiths, with which imaginary celebrity he oddly enough connects the mention of the antediluvian Tubal-cain in Gen. iv. 22. Nor can anything be more curious than his *exegesis* applied to the parable of the sower. He expounds it to a Roman deputation. The way-side represents the impious and unbelievers, and all who are possessed by the devil; those who received the seed among the thorns are those who rob their neighbor and plunder the Church; the stony places represent those who know, but do not act. "And who are the good ground? You. The good ground is that which is found in all good Christians, in all those who belong to the numerous Catholic Clubs." Now the clubs on the other side are clubs of hell; sanctity is thus (here and commonly elsewhere) identified with certain politics. Nor does it seem very easy to trace in detail the resemblance between the exposition of the vicar and that given by the principal (Matt. xiii. 18—23).

Indeed, the Papal Exegesis appears somewhat frequently to bear marks of dormitation. Thus, placing King Solomon at a date of twenty-two or twenty-three centuries back, he makes that sovereign the contemporary either of Pericles or of Alexander the Great. More important, because it is a specimen of the wilful interpretations so prevalent at Rome, is the mode in which he proves his right to be the Teacher-general of all States and all nations, because Saint Peter was chosen, in the case of Cornelius, to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles.

#### A PICTURE.

Let us revert for a moment to the month of June, 1846.

A provincial prelate, of a regular and simple life, endowed with devotional susceptibilities, wholly above the love of money, and with a genial and tender side to his nature, but without any depth of learning, without wide information or experience of the world, without original and masculine vigor of mind, without political insight, without the stern discipline that chastens human vanity, and without mastery over an inflammable temper, is placed, contrary to the general expectation, on the pinnacle, and it is still a lofty pinnacle, of ecclesiastical power. It is but fair towards him to admit that his predecessors had bequeathed to him a temporal polity as rotten and effete in all its parts as the wide world could show. At the outset of his Pontificate he attempted to turn popular emotion, and the prin-

ciples of freedom, to account in the interests of Church power. As to ecclesiastical affairs, he dropped at once into the traditions of the *Curia*. He was, and is, surrounded by flatterers, who adroitly teach him to speak their words in telling him that he speaks his own, and that they are the most wonderful words ever spoken by man. Having essayed the method of governing by Liberal ideas and promises, and having, by a sad incompetency to control the chargers he had harnessed to his car, become (to say the least) one of the main causes of the European convulsions of 1848, he rushed from the North Pole of politics to the South, and grew to be the partisan of Legitimacy, the champion of the most corrupt and perjured sovereignties of Italy—that is to say, of the whole world. Had he only had the monitions of a free press and of free opinion, valuable to us all, but to sovereigns absolutely priceless, and the indispensable condition of all their truly useful knowledge, it might have given him a chance; but these he denounces as impiety and madness. As the age grows on one side enlightened and on another skeptical, he encounters the skepticism with denunciation, and the enlightenment with retrogression. As he rises higher and higher into the regions of transcendental obscurantism, he departs by wider and wider spaces from the living intellect of man; he loses province after province, he quarrels with government after government, he generates schism after schism; and the crowning achievement of the Vatican Council and its decrees is followed, in the mysterious counsels of Providence, by the passing over, for the first time in history, of his temporal dominions to an orderly and national Italian Kingdom, and of a German imperial crown to the head of a Lutheran king, who is the summit and centre of Continental Protestantism.

But what then? His clergy are more and more an army, a police, a caste; farther and farther from the Christian commons, but nearer to one another, and in closer subservience to him. And they have made him "The Infallible"; and they have promised he shall be made "The Great." And, as if to complete the irony of the situation, the owners, or the heirs, of a handful of English titles, formerly unreclaimed, are now enrolled upon the list of his most orthodox, most obsequious followers; although the mass of the British nation repudiates him more eagerly and resolutely than it has done for many generations.

Such is this great, sad, world-historic picture. Sometimes it will happen that, in a great emporium of art, a shrewd buyer, after hearing the glowing panegyric of a veteran dealer upon some flaming and pretentious product of the brush, will reply, "Yes, no doubt, all very true; but it is not a good picture to live with." So with regard to that sketch from the halls of the Vatican, which we have endeavored faithfully to present, we ask the reader in conclusion, or ask him to ask himself, *Is it a good picture to live with?*

## Notice.

### CAPTAIN WEBB.

Captain Matthew Webb, whose portrait we give in this number, was born at Dawley, in Shropshire, in 1848. His father is a surgeon at Ironbridge, and has had a family of twelve children, of whom Matthew is the eldest but one. After spending some time at school, young Matthew entered the training ship "Conway," lying in the Mersey. He had learnt to swim at seven years old, and his first life-saving feat was achieved while he was on board the "Conway," when he and the companions who formed the crew of his boat received each a silver pencil-case for rescuing a comrade who had fallen overboard. He was subsequently apprenticed on board an India and Chinamerchantman, and when his indentures were expired, he served first as second officer, and afterwards as chief officer on board various ships in the Calcutta trade, and, while taking a vessel through the Suez Canal, he dived and cleared away a hawser that had fouled her. In April, 1873, having shipped before the mast in the Cunard steamer "Russia," he jumped overboard in a gale of wind to save the life of a man who had fallen into the sea from the yard-arm. The "Russia" was going 15 knots an hour at the time, and though the lifeboat was immediately lowered, it was 35 minutes before he was with difficulty picked up, having failed in his noble endeavor to save the life of his shipmate, who had probably been stunned and sunk at once. For this deed of gallantry he received the medal of the Liverpool Humane Society, as well as the Silver Medal and the Gold Stanhope Medal of the Royal

Humane Society, which latter were presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh, and a present of £100, subscribed by the passengers.

Captain Webb steadily and determinedly prepared himself for the great feat of swimming across the English Channel, which he had set his heart on accomplishing, his training virtually commencing with his twenty-mile swim from Blackwall to Gravesend in four hours and fifty-two minutes. A fortnight later he gave another proof of his powers of endurance, by swimming from Dover to Ramsgate in eight hours and forty minutes. He swam across the English Channel from Dover to Calais in twenty-one hours and three-quarters. Nature failed him as he touched the shore. The heroic swimmer fell forward as soon as his feet touched ground, and was helped ashore by strong and kindly arms. Every heart gave a great throb, and eyes grew dim as there shot through the spectators that rare thrill at the achievement of any crowning act of heroism. Modestly and quietly Webb walked up to the carriage waiting for him, arm-in-arm with the sailors who sprang to his aid, and was driven to the Paris Hotel, Calais. He suffered from delirium for a short time, but soon sank into a sound sleep, and awoke almost himself again. He has since been recruiting at his father's residence in Shropshire, having been accorded a triumphal entry on his return. As a modern athlete, he completely throws in the shade all those of ancient Rome and Greece, and is a living exponent of the fact that the human race is not deteriorating.

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(Continued from second page cover.)

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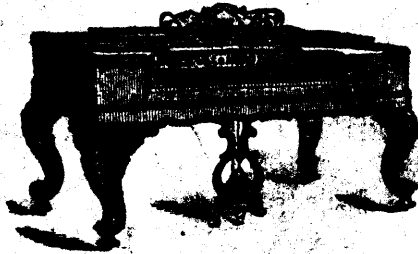
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