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REV. GEO. DOUGLAS, LL.D.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

ONLY A SEAMSTRESS.

BY JEANIE BELL.

CHAPTER I.

"This world is all a fleeting show,
• For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!"

In an elegantly furnished drawing-room two ladies sat *tete-a-tete* on a lounge, discussing seamstresses in general, and one seamstress in particular. Let us take a photograph of them just as they sit. The mistress of the mansion is a handsome woman; very tall and commanding in appearance, with a quick, flashing eye, and haughty curve of the lip. Handsome as Mrs. Wellbrook is, a good judge of character would not be attracted by her appearance, but would turn with pleasure to look at her visitor, who, in simple outdoor costume, sits in graceful posture, pleading, with earnest eyes and a sweet, winning mouth, the case she has in hand. Gentle and somewhat plain-looking as Mrs. Malvern is, she is evidently one whom Mrs. Wellbrook thinks it worth while to please, for the lady's haughty lips are wreathed in gracious smiles as she gives up her own opinion in favor of her visitor's. Mrs. Malvern strongly recommended a young girl she knew as a good seamstress. To induce her friend to try the girl's powers, she gave Mrs. Wellbrook a slight sketch of her history. It was the common story of a

once wealthy family reduced to poverty and having to engage in humble work for a living. The only uncommon thing about her history was that on learning that they were living on means which did not rightly belong to them, they at once gave up their comfortable home and resolved to accept no charity from friends.

We should have said before that it was only at the father's death that Mrs. Paul and her only child discovered that they were penniless. It was a crushing blow to the mother, who had been reared in affluence, and knew poverty only by name. To the daughter, although she too had not a desire ungratified while her father lived, the trial did not come so heavy. She had a tower of strength to lean upon which her mother had not—namely, the "Rock of Ages,"—and, in the faith that her Heavenly Father had ordered all her path in love, and ever would do so, she felt little dread of the future. Thinking herself scarcely proficient enough in music to depend on that accomplishment alone for a living, and unable to leave her mother to take a situation as governess, the only other thing Miss Paul thought of as suitable work was—plain sewing. She was a quick and beautiful sewer, and soon after coming to Greylands procured sufficient employment.

Such was the history of Mrs. and Miss Paul as far as Mrs. Malvern knew it, so she

urged this family's peculiar circumstances and the girl's gentle, refined manners as reasons for Mrs. Wellbrook's engaging her. Mrs. Wellbrook objected, saying, "The girl would likely presume on her former position; and, of course, as she was *only a seamstress*, she could not expect to be treated as a visitor. Mrs. Malvern looked surprised, as she saw her friend's haughty lips curl, but she merely replied, "that she did not think Miss Paul would at all be intrusive; nevertheless, although she has lost her position in society, she is still a lady, and should be treated as such." After much talk the ladies separated, agreeing to go that evening and see if Miss Paul could give a week or two to sew for Mrs. Wellbrook. Mrs. Malvern was not so wealthy as the lady she had just visited, but her connections were known to be people of rank in England; and this fact made her favor sought after by purse-proud people like Mrs. Wellbrook; by another class Mrs. Malvern was valued for her own sake.

More haughty than ever did Mrs. Wellbrook look as, leaning back upon the soft cushions of her fine carriage, she enjoyed the triumph of driving the highly-connected Mrs. Malvern through the streets of Greylands.

Arriving at the outskirts of the town, Mrs. Malvern told the coachman to knock at a neat little cottage-door near them. Mrs. Malvern received a bright smile of welcome from Miss Paul, who answered the door and ushered her visitors through the rose-covered porch and tiny hall. She bade them be seated in a small parlor, evidently their drawing, dining and sitting room combined.

While Mrs. Malvern explained her errand, the other lady took note of the room furnishings—a neat, dark carpet, a home-made sofa covered with crimson moreen, a book-case filled with well-bound books, a small table on which Miss Paul's work lay, and a flower stand with scarlet geranium, fuchsias, and a crimson rose all in full bloom. There was another article of furniture that made Mrs. Wellbrook look again; this was a handsome, but not very large, cottage piano.

The retaining of such a piece of furniture when the inmates needed to sew for a

living, was considered pride and extravagance. Mrs. Wellbrook thought that when people needed to work for their bread, pianos were unnecessary pieces of furniture. As Mrs. Malvern was still engaged talking to the seamstress, Mrs. Wellbrook took a look at Miss Paul. Even that haughty lady needed to confess that Adelaide Paul's appearance was striking. She was almost as tall as Mrs. Wellbrook herself; large brown eyes that changed their expression with every sentence she spoke; her features were good, her complexion clear though pale, and her hair brown. She wore it braided and coiled round her head like a coronet. She was simply dressed in black, with a white lace ruffle at the throat—her only ornament a very handsome pearl brooch. We might say of Adelaide Paul as the Irish bard says of another lady:

"Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love, or Heaven can trace?"

Adelaide had all these good qualities and many more.

Attracted by Adelaide's fair face, Mrs. Wellbrook forgot her errand, but was suddenly recalled to business when Mrs. Malvern announced that Miss Paul's services were at Mrs. Wellbrook's command.

Enquiring Miss Paul's terms, and finding them rather beyond what she usually paid, our purse-proud lady tried to induce her to lower them. Adelaide, who felt more ashamed than the lady that her day's wages should be lowered, would have let her pay as she pleased; but with a flush on her face, Mrs. Malvern said Miss Paul could get her charge from any one. Mrs. Wellbrook dare say nothing further; but to humble the seamstress she said, examining a bit of fine stitching she was busy with, "You have certainly found your vocation, Miss Paul?" Adelaide's face crimsoned at the haughty tone, but before she could reply, Mrs. Malvern answered, "We must not forget that the vocation as well as talent for it were given her from above." They were just about to leave when an elderly lady crossed their path. She was dressed in widow's mourning—a fine-looking, dignified lady about sixty years of age.

"Your mamma, I presume," said Mrs. Malvern to Adelaide. Adelaide hastened to introduce her mother. She replied in a rather proud manner to the introduction, but even Mrs. Wellbrook was forced to acknowledge her a lady.

On their way home, Mrs. Malvern was full of praise in regard to Miss Paul's sweetness and dignity. Her companion thought her proud and likely to forget her present position. The old lady was far too proud. When God had taken away their wealth they should be content and thankful for the patronage and work given them by those above them.

So reasoned this proud lady. She forgot that seamstresses and servants, even when brought up to such work, have feelings. "All beneath her in rank had less refined feelings and could not be so sensitive of course." Very different was Mrs. Malvern. She was kinder to the dependent than sometimes to her equals, counting all God's creatures of the human race brothers and sisters, with more or less of their Creator's image in them. Adelaide Paul, Mrs. Wellbrook felt no interest in, except so far as she did her sewing well. It was nothing to her that the girl was fatherless; that, reduced from affluence to poverty, she was making every laudable effort to support herself and mother.

Since coming to Greylands Adelaide could have made many friends, for there were many kind hearts that warmed to the gentle-looking stranger; but except in a business way Adelaide had little time and few opportunities for friendly visits. Most of her spare time was devoted to her mother, who, grown irritable under their losses, murmured and fretted most of the time. Trials, instead of driving Mrs. Paul closer to her God, seemed to have hardened her heart. Murmuring took the place of the happy spirit she displayed when in prosperity, and this added to her daughter's burden. As usual when Adelaide made any engagement to go out, Mrs. Paul grumbled, harped away upon the weight of their troubles, spoke bitterly of God's dealings with them, and advised Adelaide rather to seek help from their rich relations than to work for such women as Mrs.

Wellbrook. The poor girl's heart ached under the weight of her cross. Yet strong in the consciousness of doing right, she prayed for strength for herself, and that her mother might yet be brought to a happier frame of mind. Adelaide had some good friends even in their new home. Her minister and family had been attracted to Adelaide when they first met; and now that they knew her, better appreciated her worth. The Manse was a home for Adelaide. To her minister she could tell all her troubles, and from him she received many words of comfort as well as counsel. Knowing Mrs. Paul's state of mind, and knowing also that it required the most delicate tact to speak to that lady of her sinfulness, their pastor strove by considerate kindness and tender sympathy to thaw the proud heart and then to do what he could to show her the need of submission to God's will. Always after an evening spent with the minister's family, Mrs. Paul was so much more like her own old self, that Adelaide took heart and hoped for better things. Adelaide's happiest day was the Sabbath and her happiest work teaching in the Sabbath-school. The thought of sowing seed for eternity in the young minds in her class was a sweet morsel of comfort. She loved her Master—Jesus—and she loved His work; probably her scholars saw some of this love to Jesus beaming in her eyes, for they were wonderfully attracted by the "Old sweet story of the Cross."

Sometimes Adelaide was tempted to a drive with her friends, and more than once had she met a small circle of friends at the Manse.

It was at her minister's that she met Mrs. Malvern, when they were mutually attracted by congeniality of mind.

They were kindred spirits these two women—Mrs. Malvern in age as an elder sister to Adelaide. Many a time during the remainder of Adelaide's stay in Greylands, she would have fainted under her burdens had it not been for the tender sympathy of Mrs. Malvern; but we are anticipating the future of our story, so will now introduce the reader to Mrs. Wellbrook's home and family.

CHAPTER II.

"There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of Thy deity.

"There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again."

Since Adelaide came to Greylands, she had met with very few who had treated her other than as an equal. In many families where she sewed they had not been so well brought up as herself; yet with one or two exceptions, she was on friendly terms with them.

Adelaide went to Mrs. Wellbrook's at the appointed time. Ringing the door bell of that lady's grand-looking house, the servant ushered her into a small parlor or boudoir off the drawing-room. It was expensively and showily furnished, but Adelaide had hardly time to notice what gave it such a gilded, paltry look, when a young lady some two years younger than herself entered the room. She at once accosted Miss Paul with the salutation, "I suppose you are the seamstress come to sew for Mamma"—and without giving Adelaide time to reply with other than a look of assent, continued, "I am Miss Wellbrook. Mamma is indisposed this morning, and did not rise at her usual time. Till she comes I will show you what to do." Miss Wellbrook was evidently inclined to be gracious, for before the two had well begun their work, she had begun to tell her own history. That she had only *come out* the year previous; that she had travelled in Europe; that she had met while in England a handsome young Englishman who was now in Canada, and whom she expected to meet again soon; lastly, she told Adelaide, what that young lady would never have guessed, that she was quite a blue-stocking, and that her favorite studies were scientific subjects. Adelaide could scarce refrain from smiling as she looked at the plump red cheeks of Miss Wellbrook, thinking that her scientific researches had certainly not been deep enough to injure that lady's health. After Miss Wellbrook had exhausted herself talking of her own affairs, she begged Miss

Paul to tell her something of hers; but Adelaide declined, saying she did not like to speak of the past.

The son and heir of the Wellbrook wealth appeared at dinner. He was a rather nice-looking, dashing young man; not at all haughty like his mother, but from the first look, Adelaide did not like him. During dinner he was disposed to make himself very agreeable; but Adelaide's quiet dignity kept him a little at bay. They dined *en famille*, but Mrs. Wellbrook gave Miss Paul a plain hint that had they had company her presence could not have been permitted. Mrs. Wellbrook was too much taken up with impressing her ideas on her seamstress to notice the flash of scorn in that lady's eyes, but Adelaide replied nothing. The more she saw of Mrs. Wellbrook the less she liked her; but willing to fulfil her engagement, she sewed quietly and diligently. Miss Wellbrook seemed to have taken a liking for Adelaide, and spent most of the mornings with her. Mr. Edward Wellbrook also seemed to have taken a fancy to the seamstress—much to his stately mamma's annoyance. Mr. Edward Wellbrook had declared pretty often within the past few days that Miss Paul was charming; her *spirituelle* kind of beauty fascinated him. "He liked a girl of some spirit," he said; "one who, like Miss Paul, did not believe all the soft things a good-looking fellow said." His attentions were quite as annoying to Adelaide as to his mamma.

Had she been in her former position, she might have laughed at him; but now, when life was a stern reality, and she had no brother or father to protect her, she felt his admiration peculiarly troublesome.

Very weary both in mind and body was our gentle seamstress at the end of her first week with Mrs. Wellbrook. Gladly would she have broken her engagement and been idle the second one; but she had a high sense of honor, and her word was given for a fortnight.

Mrs. Paul murmured that she had been alone so much, and this added to her daughter's burden. Well was it for Adelaide Paul that she knew where to seek for comfort. Rarely was she disappointed when she went to the Fountain-head for consolation. A word from the "good old Book," a few

minutes' communion with her Heavenly Friend, would make her trials seem lighter. Other things refreshed and rested her also; she found beauty in the smallest thing of God's creation. She had pleasure in seeing the grass growing greener and softer, the opening bud, the ripened grain, the murmur of running streams, flowers and trees, the singing of birds, and the changing hue of the sky; all these and many more things gave her delight. She had a little garden at the back of their cottage in which she spent many a spare half-hour. The flowers were not so rare as those in their grander garden in her childhood's home, but she enjoyed far more the few common flowers which she had tended and watched.

After her work was over for the day she often spent an hour at the piano. If not a brilliant pianist, Adelaide played with a delicacy of touch and feeling such as is not common in these days. Her voice was rich and musical, and if there was any lack in her playing, her singing more than made up for the deficiency.

During Adelaide's trying week at Mrs. Wellbrook's, one event occurred which pleased her much. Mrs. Malvern had called to see Mrs. Paul, and to ask her to go for a drive. The old lady declined, but she did so courteously, as she liked Mrs. Malvern. That lady was not offended, as Adelaide feared she might be, by her mother's refusal; for on the Saturday evening she walked out to Glenburn Cottage, and in her sweet, frank way talked of their affairs until before she left Mrs. Paul and her daughter felt as if she had been the friend of years. Adelaide said nothing of her week's trials, and Mrs. Malvern was too much of the lady to question her.

Adelaide began her second week at Mrs. Wellbrook's with a sinking heart. She had a presentiment that trouble was coming upon her through her being there—and indeed she had not begun her work until the lady of the house reminded her of her position in life, and told her plainly that she must not encourage the attentions of her son.

Burning words of indignation were on Adelaide's lips, but she held them back, knowing how unlike her Master it would be to resent this insult; but it was with the

hot tears of indignation in her eyes that she assured Mrs. Wellbrook that her son's attentions were quite as distasteful to herself as to Mrs. Wellbrook. With the warm blood still burning in her cheeks, Adelaide folded away her seam, intending to leave the house—but Mrs. Wellbrook, believing her serious, and not wishing to offend Mrs. Malvern, besought Miss Paul to stay and finish her engagement. She made a sort of apology, too—said "Edward being her only son, and heir to considerable property, it was natural that she should wish him to make 'a good marriage'." Adelaide hid as well as she could the contempt she felt for mother and son—but she resolved to try and make out her time.

Another event occurred that first day of the second week whereby Adelaide unwittingly made another enemy.

Miss Wellbrook, who was rather free with her confidences, had told Miss Paul that the gentleman whom she had met in England was a Mr. Herman. He was fine-looking, rich, and of good family; and her mamma and herself were doing their best to catch him. Indeed Miss Wellbrook thought already that one or two gentlemanly acts of friendship meant a good deal. Since coming to Greylands, Mr. Herman had visited their house quite frequently—so ran on Miss Wellbrook—forgetting to tell her listener that it would take a clever man to escape the pressing invitations to their house.

It so happened that the said gentleman called when Miss Wellbrook was out. The servant, who had got orders that when Mr. Herman called and the drawing-room was occupied, he should be shown into the boudoir, accordingly obeyed orders that day; but to Mr. Herman's surprise when going forward to greet Miss Wellbrook, he saw himself opposite a very different lady. Adelaide was equally surprised, but she quietly enough told the gentleman that Miss Wellbrook, who had only gone out for a few minutes, would be back immediately. They had exchanged but a few sentences, when Miss Wellbrook appeared, and in her hurried, would-be-fine-manner, begged a thousand apologies that Mr. Herman should have been shown into an occupied room.

She led the way into the drawing-room, but before Mr. Herman left the room he

turned to Adelaide, and catching her eye, bowed low to her. Miss Wellbrook forgot to close the door after her, so Adelaide was compelled to be an unwilling listener to the conversation in the next room. After the usual compliments were paid in regard to health, etc., Mr. Herman asked who the *distingué* looking lady was whom he had so nearly mistaken for herself.

Miss Wellbrook replied that she was "only the seamstress."

"Whatever her position, she is a lady," returned the gentleman.

Annoyed that her English friend should have noticed Adelaide, she resolved to crush his admiration in the bud, so in the hope of doing so, she poured forth the story of her poverty and pride, also that she was ambitious enough to try to attract her brother. Mr. Herman, whose opinion of Master Wellbrook was not high, had his own private thoughts as to the truth of the story, but he thought it best to change the subject.

Adelaide heard this history of herself with a grieved heart. She tried to comfort herself that it mattered little what an entire stranger thought of her, yet there was something so good and pure looking about Mr. Herman that she felt grieved he should think so meanly of her. Not knowing what was best to do, Adelaide sought counsel from on high. After much thought she concluded to return no more to Mrs. Wellbrook's; but she would not allude to Miss Wellbrook's story about herself. Mrs. Wellbrook was very much surprised when Miss Paul told her she could not fulfil her engagement to the close; and when Adelaide would give no particular reason for her leaving, Mrs. Wellbrook threatened no pay. Adelaide bade her keep it if she could free herself no other way; but Mrs. Wellbrook, close-handed as she was, did not wish to have her seamstress leave without payment; so she counted out her money and then haughtily bade her good evening. Thoroughly thankful to be free from her engagement to such a person as Mrs. Wellbrook, Adelaide hastened home. It was almost dark, and in the growing shades of night one could scarce recognize a friend. Pulling down her veil to hide the falling tears should she meet a friend, Adelaide was walking quickly home. At the corner of

one street she felt a hand laid on her arm, and she looked up to see Edward Wellbrook gazing at her with pity and admiration.

Shocked as Adelaide was, this impertinent intrusion gave her courage to speak, and it was in rather a haughty tone that she asked: "How he dared intrude his presence upon her?" "To tell you how much I love you," replied Edward. "Not even my stately mother dare interfere with me; only say yes, Miss Paul, and I will give you a comfortable home at once."

The young man seemed so much in earnest and so very respectful that Adelaide felt bound to soften as much as possible her refusal. Yet very decidedly she told him that she could never care for him, and that if he had any regard for her feelings, he would cease his attentions; for they might do her harm, and they could do him no good. Edward pleaded that she might learn to like him in time. He was willing to wait for years if only she would give him the shadow of hope. While they were walking along the streets, the moon, which before had been hidden by clouds, now came out and made friends recognizable without the help of gaslight. They met a gentleman, who scanned the couple earnestly, then touching his hat said "Good evening" to Wellbrook. Adelaide at once knew Mr. Herman's voice, and her cheeks burned when she thought of this seeming confirmation he had got to the story told him of her in the morning. Adelaide's entreaties that Edward should leave her, at length prevailed; but she would not have breathed so freely if she had known that he followed her nearly to her own door. Adelaide was so pale and exhausted looking when she greeted her mother, that for once Mrs. Paul forgot her grumbling. Seeing Adelaide sink into a chair as if about to faint, Mrs. Paul took a bottle of *eau de cologne*, and without a word bathed head and hands. Adelaide, whose nerves were completely unstrung by the day's excitement, threw her arms about her mother and wept sorely. Kissing the pale lips, Mrs. Paul questioned her daughter if she were ill; but Adelaide only replied that she had been working too hard and had exhausted herself.

It was good news to the mother that Adelaide would not return to Mrs. Wellbrook's; and seeing for the first time how pale and thin she was growing, gave her with pleasure Mrs. Malvern's message. It was that this lady intended to give a small party at the close of the week, and she desired Adelaide's assistance and presence. Adelaide hesitated about accepting the invitation—not from any feeling of pride, but she questioned if it was right to go into such society while in her present position. However, she thought of Mrs. Malvern's kindness, and was really hungry for intellectual society, and therefore accepted the invitation. Next day saw her duly installed at Hilton Bank as intimate friend and welcome guest.

Adelaide wondered at the change in her mother, and when she promised to spend a day at Hilton Bank with them, she could not refrain from giving her a word of grateful thanks. Not for a long time had Adelaide been so happy as with Mrs. Malvern; their mutual esteem increased—and as for Mr. Malvern, he was delighted with his guest, each time he conversed with her discovering some new grace of character or mind. The children, too, were a source of great pleasure to Adelaide, who had only a dim remembrance of a brother who used to play with her.

Mrs. Malvern, who was a fine musician herself, was delighted with Adelaide's talent. An hour each evening before the lamps were lit was devoted to music. Adelaide's grand, rich voice echoed through the rooms as she sang either some simple English ballad, or something from one of the old composers.

The children would sit hushed until the last note died away; then breaking from the spell which bound them, were ready for a romp with the fair musician. Mrs. Paul kept her promise to spend a day with Adelaide at Hilton Bank.

Perhaps nothing did more to soften that

proud lady's heart than the quiet, unobtrusive kindness shown her by one and all. Religion seemed a kinder and better thing to her that day than ever it had done. The cheerful piety which she saw was the mainspring of Mr. and Mrs. Malvern's actions, moved her to think more of God's goodness to herself. From that day she began to see how sinful she had been in rebelling over her lot, and from that day she began the battle over self and all that was sinful within her heart. The day before the night fixed for the party, Mrs. and Miss Wellbrook were announced. Seeing Adelaide's face flush, Mrs. Malvern bade her not trouble herself, as she would see her visitors alone.

After a few commonplace remarks with her visitors, they began to tell Mrs. Malvern how much disappointed they had been in Miss Paul. She was proud and ambitious and wanted, by a good marriage, to get back to her former position in society. The old story of Adelaide's trying to gain Master Edward's affection was added. In short, they did all they could to turn Mrs. Malvern against Miss Paul.

Wishing to teach the ladies a lesson, Mrs. Malvern only replied by expressing her sorrow that the seamstress had turned out so differently from what they expected, then turned the conversation by inviting both ladies to her musical soiree the next evening. Mrs. Wellbrook, knowing the select circle of intellectual people Mrs. Malvern generally entertained, accepted the invitation with the greatest of pleasure.

Mrs. Malvern determined to tell Adelaide nothing of her visitors' conversation, but in her own mind she planned a severe mortification for the haughty dame. Adelaide helped Mrs. Malvern with the arrangements of the rooms; indeed her taste and skill were in such constant requisition that Mrs. Malvern wondered how they had managed without her hitherto.

(To be continued.)

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER I.

It was evening. The shadows of the sycamore trees which thickly studded a beautiful valley near Bethlehem, fell tall and shapeless on the neighboring hills, as the sun sank lower and lower in the horizon, and a lovely little pool which might be seen glistening through their dark branches appeared like a sheet of molten gold in the distance.

The hour was calm and serene, and everything around the eastern home to which we are travelling seemed to breathe but of peace and happiness. And happy, oh, how happy, had Ada, the young and lovely wife of Joseph Bar-Heber, been in the mansion which stood at the foot of the hills along whose green sides those dark shadows were creeping, and of which she was still the occupant.

Beautiful, very beautiful she was — though her features wore an expression of deep melancholy — as she sat with her idolized child in her arms, looking out upon the glorious sunset scene which was spread before her like a glowing picture.

To see that picture and gazer, we must leave the present, reverently raise the curtain of bygone years, and glide silently down the dim avenue of the past. Far, very far backward, must we go, but let us not start at the shapes or shadows that hover round those unfrequented paths.

We must walk over the graves of nearly nineteen centuries, before, in spirit, we stand beside the lattice where sat the beautiful Hebrew mother, the youthful widow of Joseph Bar-Heber.

Let us enquire why that shade of gloom overcast her lovely countenance? Was it the fearful events of the coming hour casting their shadows before; and was it because she felt a strange presentiment that

her precious boy was about to be torn from her arms, that she clasped him again and again so convulsively to her breast? We may not say it was not so.

The little Addi looked wonderingly up as he felt the warm tears falling over his soft curls, and winding his arms around his mother's neck, lisped some words of childish endearment, but the caresses of the child only added to the grief of his mother. Ada had now been a widow about twenty months, and her young son, who was only a few weeks old at the time of his father's death, was all the world to her. Truly it might be said, her life was bound up in the life of the boy.

Her agitation continued to increase until her sobs alarmed her young sister Ruth, who was reclining on a pile of cushions in a small recess within the room, and who had also been gazing out upon the lovely landscape.

She came hastily forward, and laying her soft hand upon Ada's arm, begged to know the cause of her unusual anxiety and grief.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Ada, "Ruth! I know that some great calamity is about to come upon me. I know not what, but I feel the blow is to fall on me through this dear child," and again she embraced more tenderly her little son.

"Oh sister," said Ruth, "give not way, I intreat you, to this dark melancholy. I know your widowed heart has cause full oft for sadness, but the God of our fathers who has bereft you can again cause a light to shine for you, and you may once more be happy. And may dear little Addi long, very long, be the joy and the sunshine of your life."

As she spoke the beautiful maiden bent over the fair child and fixed her dark eyes full upon his countenance, while her raven curls fell over his face and neck. But

even before her words were ended she seemed to have entered into the cloud that overshadowed her weeping sister.

A shudder passed over her, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Ada! What is it? The darkness is creeping over my soul, too; a thick darkness which may be felt. What does it portend?"

"I know not," replied Ada, startled into something like composure. "I know not. The God of our people help us to bear it, whatever it may be."

The twilight passed, the still hours of night stole on, and yet the sisters sat paralyzed by a growing presentiment of coming evil. They took no note of time. The child slept quietly, but still they watched and waited; and neither had taken any repose when the first streak of day brightened the eastern sky.

The morning sun rose in splendor, a glorious day succeeded; but the most terrific storm, a war of the elements, had been more in harmony with the troubled feelings of the inmates of the hillside mansion.

About mid-day an aged servant of the family, the venerable Isaac, hastened to the presence of his young mistress, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"A body of armed men are approaching this secluded dwelling by the solitary path which winds among the sycamore trees in the valley! Oh, mistress what can they want with you or yours?"

With a wild cry of terror, Ada seized her child and fled to the apartment of Ruth.

"Oh, sister," she said, in agony, "the hour has come. Armed men are upon our defenceless home, and what can our few faithful but aged servants do against them?"

At this instant the trampling of feet and then the clanking of sabres was heard in the hall below, and directly followed loud and angry tones.

The voice of old Isaac was raised in remonstrance against the search of the house by the band of plunderers, as he supposed them to be.

Soon, however, a dead silence ensued, for the leader of the troop produced his authority from King Herod, the dread and terror of all his subjects, but more

especially of the oppressed Jews, and all opposition was at once hushed.

He desired the family might appear before him, and all were immediately summoned. Trembling and pallid, Ada staggered into the hall carrying her frightened child, followed by Ruth, scarcely less terrified than herself.

The moment they entered the leader seized the little Addi from his mother's arms, and before Ada had recovered sufficiently from her shock to fall at his feet and implore pity, his raised sabre had descended upon the neck of the child.

The blow severed the head from the body of the little boy, and it rolled away to the feet of the distracted mother, a shocking and ghastly sight. The body remained bleeding and quivering in the grasp of the murderer a moment, and was then flung carelessly towards the horrified Ada.

"'Tis the king's command," said the leader, as he and his band turned away unmoved from the heart-rending scene before them.

As the last footstep of the retreating party sounded on the terrace-walk, the wretched mother sank insensible beside the inanimate body of her only son.

Ruth, although but a young and delicate girl, seemed to gather strength for the hour. She directed the servants to remove her sister to her chamber, and endeavor to restore her to consciousness; though at the same moment she breathed a sigh, saying,

"Happy would it be for you, oh, my sister, might you never more awake. For, alas! nought but misery can you awake to now."

With her own hands she raised the mangled body of the dead child and wrapped it, with the head, in linen cloths. Through all she wept not, faltered not. She was nerved for her work, and nobly performed it. She spoke no words of bitterness, but her dark eyes flashed forth the indignation which language failed to express.

In the still, twilight hour, the remains were quietly laid in the family tomb. Not until this was done did Ruth awake to the utter desolation around her. Ada yet remained insensible, and when at length

animation was restored, the light of reason shone not in her wildly gleaming eye.

Her sister's delirium was, in truth, a relief to the overtaxed girl, and she began to dread the hour when the fearful and tragic scene must be re-enacted before the mental vision of Ada.

CHAPTER II.

From a friend of her sister's deceased husband, the worthy Abimelech Melan, who arrived at the hillside dwelling on the evening of the eventful and never-to-be forgotten day, Ruth learned more of the strange decree of the King, and was told that the families for leagues around had been thrown into mourning and sadness; that the young sons in every house "from two years old and under" had been brutally slaughtered, even as she had seen the idolized Addi.

Sorrowfully, indeed, did the young girl assume the duties of watcher by the bedside of her delirious sister, whose wild ravings were fearful to witness. Without the aid or counsel of a female friend for two days and nights she stood at her post. She was assisted by Judith, the daughter of old Isaac, but she sorely needed one to support and comfort her under such severe trials.

Ada and Ruth were the orphan daughters of Thara Elimalis, of Cana, and their only surviving brother dwelt northward, beyond the valley of Jezreel.

On Ada's marriage, Ruth, then but a child of twelve years, had accompanied her sister to her new home; and the bereaved wife, after the death of Joseph, consented not to part with one for whom she felt almost the affection of a mother. But even in their quiet and secluded home, the arm of the tyrant had reached them, and oh! how stunning the blow it had dealt.

Susanna, an aged kinswoman of Thara Elimalis, dwelt at Jerusalem; and to her Ruth despatched a messenger as early as possible the morning after the slaughter of the child.

On the day following this valued friend arrived; and into her sympathizing ear the

weary watcher poured the tragic tale, and her own overwhelming grief.

Ruth conducted her to the apartment of Ada, and at once she shared the cares and duties of the weary maiden.

Ada knew not those who ministered to her necessities. At times she was quiet and silent, but for the most part raved wildly of the past. Then she would call on her parents and the friends of her childhood to save her little son from threatening peril.

None could stand unmoved beside her couch, and the tears of Ruth and the aged Susanna often fell upon the face of the sufferer, as they stooped to bathe her burning brow, or endeavored gently to control the wild tossings of her arms.

After two weeks Ada's fever abated, but she was helpless as a new-born infant. She spoke not, but would often lie for hours with her eyes closed, apparently half-conscious, yet too weak to be interested in anything, and still requiring the closest care.

One day, while she seemed to sleep, Ruth questioned Susanna about the late events and King Herod's reasons for such cruelty and wickedness.

"My young kinswoman," answered her aged relative, "the oppressor of our people, the tyrant Herod, fears lest one from among the Jews should arise at some future day to dispute his right, or the right of his sons, to rule the Lord's inheritance."

"But how could our dear little Addi, or indeed any of the young children who have been butchered, threaten the throne of the scourge of Israel?" said the girl, with emotion.

"Remember you not," replied Susanna, "that about two years ago a child was born in this region to whose birth-place shining angels directed the watching shepherds in the silent hours of the night, and to whom they did homage as to the future Deliverer of Israel? Neither call you to mind the coming to Jerusalem of the Eastern Magi, who had followed a bright, peculiar star from their own country, even to the City of David, and who worshipped the child of whom they had been told that he was born 'King of the Jews?' All these things King Herod knows full well, and his dread

lest this extraordinary child should yet gather Israel together and drive his family from the kingdom, has troubled him sorely, and caused him to send forth and slay all the male children in the region round about Bethlehem. Many mothers' hearts have been made sorrowful, but if this worshipped child is as was foretold of him, 'set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel,' he yet lives, he will be preserved; for the Lord will deliver His people."

Ruth listened with earnest attention, and Susanna continued:

"Do you not know," she said, "that this is a time of great expectation among our people—not only those who dwell here in our country, but also among those who are scattered throughout the kingdoms of the world? We look for a Deliverer speedily to arise; we know not from whence, but the Lord will raise him up. We know many troubles will befall our race before he comes, and even this cruelty of our oppressor, the murder of innocents, may be but the fulfilment of prophecy. The light shines but dimly, yet many of our elders in Jerusalem believe it to be so."

"Remember," answered Ruth, "my revered parents are no more, and I am scarcely to be considered as aught but a child. Fifteen summers only have passed over me, and how then should I know of these deeply mysterious things? But you, nearest kinswoman of my lost father, will instruct and enlighten me."

Both were silent for a moment, and then Ruth continued, half-musingly, "The last of the house of Joseph Bar-Heber, the last of his father's family, has passed away in dear little Addi."

"How is this?" enquired Susanna. "The last of his father's house, say you? Surely David, the younger brother of Joseph, yet lives; and, if Ada's reason should be unimpaired when her bodily health is restored, he will doubtless take her for his wife, and raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

"Alas! you greatly mistake," replied Ruth. "About four months since David, in company with many others, left Judea on a long journey; whilst travelling over the burning plains to the south, the party became much distressed for want of water,

and David fell ill. He lingered five days in great agony and then expired. Many of the family have fallen from time to time in warfare with the enemies of our people, and I know of none to claim kindred with the house of Joseph."

"Sad, sad, indeed," said the aged woman, "that thus it should be! Sad that a name should be extinguished in Israel!"

Many were the conversations which took place between Ruth and her affectionate kinswoman before Ada was able to notice what passed around her; and of great value in after-life did the words of instruction which fell from the lips of Susanna prove to the spirit of her who drank them in with eagerness.

Slowly, very slowly, strength returned to Ada, and slowly, very slowly reason resumed her sway. A torpor rested on her mental faculties even after bodily health was quite restored. For many days after she recognized Susanna, and appeared perfectly sane, she spoke not of her child; nor made any allusions to the fearful scenes through which she had so lately passed. Occasionally, however, a wild light would kindle in her dark eyes and her countenance would become irradiated in a singular manner. At last the dreaded hour arrived, the smouldering spark burst forth into an uncontrollable flame.

One day Ruth observed with pain that the flashes of light in her sister's eyes were more frequent than usual, and being somewhat alarmed was about to call Susanna, when she unexpectedly entered. At the same instant Ada rose to her feet, and with an almost demoniac expression of countenance, poured forth her bitter curse upon the destroyer of her house, the slayer of her only son.

"The curses of a childless widow," she cried wildly, "rest on him, the tyrant ruler of Israel. May internal strife and dissension more and more rend his household and family, and may the Almighty send him sorrow of heart, anguish of spirit, and pains of body, and take away from him all joyfulness and pleasure! In misery, in exile, or in bloody strife, be the end of those who are called the house of Herod, the family of the slayer and destroyer. And to me, a weak handmaid, may the

God of Jacob grant opportunity to avenge the slaughter of my only son, the last of his father's house! The Scripture saith, 'eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood,' and the avenger of blood is on his track! If the Lord permit, the house of Herod shall yet be made to remember this iniquity!"

With eyes almost starting from their sockets did Ada utter these fearful words. Her face was pale, almost corpse-like; and as she concluded a slight convulsive twitching was observable around her mouth. Susanna sprang forward to endeavor to soothe her, but it was too late. A moment more and she was writhing in a horrible fit—one of those dreadful epileptic fits which need no description.

CHAPTER III.

It was many minutes before Ada's shocking convulsions were over.

The next day she was calm, cold, and apparently in as good health as she had been for several days previous to the attack; but less of the wild light was observable in her dark eyes.

Poor Ruth had maintained her composure remarkably until now; but this new trouble caused her heart to fail, and she wept like a grieved child when Susanna assured her the fits might be of frequent recurrence.

A few weeks after this, as she was no longer needed in the house of her young kinswoman, Ada's kind nurse prepared to return to her home in Jerusalem. She entreated Ada to visit her brother in Galilee, in the earnest hope that her mind might regain its former tone should she leave for a time the spot where the horrible tragedy had been enacted; and to Ruth she extended a cordial invitation to accompany her to the dwelling of her son James, with whom she abode.

Ruth's desire was to go with her afflicted sister, but this her aged kinswoman gently opposed, saying:

"My beloved child, you have already been greatly overtaken and sadly need rest, both of mind and body. The sight of Ada in these fearful fits, two of which you

have lately witnessed, would be too much for your enfeebled frame. Judith is a strong and faithful maiden. She will do more for your suffering sister than you could. None can charm her from her grief, but time will somewhat soften it; at least let us hope so."

"Oh!" said Ruth, sorrowfully, "can it be I shall never again behold my sister as she was! Will this dreadful malady indeed cling to her?—and her fierce thirst for revenge will naught but blood assuage it?"

"She is in the hands of the God of Israel," said Susanna, solemnly; "there we must leave her, and may He in mercy comfort our stricken one in His own good time."

Quite unexpectedly, Ada professed her willingness to acquiesce in the arrangement, and the sisters bade adieu to each other for a season.

On the same day that Susanna and Ruth departed from the spot where the latter had endured such deep grief; Ada, withered in heart, broken in mind, and altered in features, set out for the home of her happy youth, the residence of her brother Jehoram. She was accompanied by two of her faithful family servants, and Judith, to whose watchful care Ruth trustingly committed her dearest earthly treasure, her only and beloved sister. The daughters of Thara parted at their own dwelling, as, for some reasons which she explained not, Ada preferred to proceed northward by a more westerly route, and thus avoid passing through Jerusalem.

Ruth had never before visited her cousins in that city, though the distance was scarcely more than a few leagues from the hillside mansion of the house of Bar-Heber. There, for a time, we will leave her under the motherly care and guidance of Susanna. She was a gentle girl, and her aged kinswoman doubted not but her naturally hopeful spirit would be cheered and turned away from its sorrow when again surrounded by enlivening influences.

Ada we must follow closely and watch narrowly. None guessed the cause of her willingness to return to the home of her childhood. To none breathed she aught of her strange purpose, her wild resolve. Except when the fits were upon her she was

now able, with all the deep cunning of her nature—that cunning so peculiar to her race,—to endeavor to devise ways by which her burning thirst for revenge might be satisfied.

Sorrowful indeed was the heart of Jehoram when he beheld his beloved sister but the wreck of her former self. He judged it wise on her arrival to speak at once of her great grief and the destruction which had overtaken her house. But Ada evidently shrank from the subject. She listened with forced calmness, and simply replied, "The Lord will avenge His handmaid."

Jehoram and his wife, Sarah, had indulged the hope, before Ada arrived, that their gentle and lovable little daughter, Miriam, might so entwine herself around the affections of the bereaved mother as to cause her sometimes to forget for a moment her weight of misery. Not so, however. Though always kind to the little one, who frequently approached her, she continued wholly absorbed by her own grief. Every morning she embraced it anew, and every evening strained more closely the burning lead to her lacerated bosom.

Ada's sorrowful story had travelled before her to her native town, and many of the friends of her happier days came from all the country round to offer their sympathy and condolence. Among those who came to comfort her concerning her son was a valued friend of her father, the learned Caleb Shelomi, of Beth-Arbo the Upper. This venerable person had lived his threescore years and ten, yet still retained much of the mental and bodily vigor of middle life. He was a physician of some celebrity about his native place, and had spent many years in travelling through foreign countries. He spoke several languages fluently, and was said to be learned above his brethren in the mysteries of the healing art. But his plain manners and unostentatious appearance caused many to esteem his attainments but lightly. He had loved

Ada in her childhood, and deeply sympathized with the widow whom the tyrant had made desolate.

Jehoram besought this tried friend to use his utmost endeavors to cure his sister's dreadful malady. But, alas! Ada's fits had become periodically established, and Caleb Shelomi, though he promised to do all in his power, strove not to conceal from the anxious brother his convictions that medicine would fail to reach the disease, and that the malady would probably only terminate with the life of the sufferer.

Before Ada left Ephratah she had foreseen that she should have frequent opportunities to converse with this man, which was what she most earnestly desired. She knew him to be zealous for the Lord, and that he had more than once gained for himself the half-reproachful title of "Caleb the Fanatic," by his enthusiastic endeavors to assist in the overthrow of the strangers who had long lorded it over the fallen sons of Jacob, and had trampled under their feet the people of the "God of Hosts." She knew, moreover, his undying affection for the family of Thara Elimalis, and counted much upon his personal friendship for herself. The sympathy and skill of this physician Ada designed to enlist in her cause. Through his assistance alone could her dark plans of revenge be secretly and faithfully executed; and she doubted not but by a timely word dropped at a favorable moment, she could bring his mind to embrace her views and further her schemes. Warily did she approach the subject; cautiously, as one who feels the ground before to make doubly sure of standing.

"Think you not, worthy friend," she began, one day, when he was sitting near, and closely watching her, "Think you not the time draws nigh when the Lord will raise up instruments to do His will; to deliver Israel from the rule of Gentile strangers, the power of cruel oppressors? Say, is not the hour at hand?"

(To be continued.)

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

"To men pressed by their wants,
All change is ever welcome."

—Ben Jonson.

I do not think a stranger would be very likely ever to find Banbury street. It is not marked on any of the maps of Edinburgh, at least not the Banbury street I mean. I do not know of another. It is a small dingy row of buildings branching off a fourth-rate street, which again branches off a third-rate street, and that off another. It leads nowhere, for it terminates in a foundry, the back windows of which look into it. The street is badly paved and ill-lighted, and swarming with children, over whom you are almost certain to stumble at least half a dozen times in its short length. The prospect of the high smoky-looking houses facing each other is agreeably diversified by certain triangular frames which project from several windows, and where, especially towards the end of the week, may be seen various articles of body apparel suspended. The ground floors of the buildings are devoted to trade, as may be seen from the fact that in one window is announced "Mangling done here;" in another, "Millinery and Dress-making," represented by certain bonnets of some fashion other than the present, one trimmed with faded tissue-paper; in another a "tailor" does business, and, save two gin and whiskey shops which front each other, you will find one or other of these announcements in every window. Various black boards, having printed on them in dingy yellow capitals "Lodgings," announced the occupation of at least some of those who rented the flats above. Near the upper end of the street, in more than pleasant proximity to the foundry, up two pair of dilapidated stairs, we now find our old friends the Hamiltons. Weston did not manifest any desire to retain Mr. Hamilton when his six months

were expired. Not even his warmest friends ventured to ask for him a longer engagement. People looked grave when they mentioned his name, for surely he was fallen. There had been days when he was unable to attend school at all, and however carefully Maude strove to conceal her father's shame, it was well known that intoxication was the only indisposition from which he suffered. He was fast losing self-respect. The image in which he was created was growing dim in him. His eye had lost its open, generous, kindly expression. It was watery and ashamed looking. His firm, steady gait and erect bearing was giving way to a stooped, shuffling motion. He had left Weston pitied almost by all but regretted by none. He had obtained several engagements since. His name was yet well known and respected, but he had been unable to keep them; sometimes a month, seldom over six weeks, did he stay in one place. And so at last, out of employment and with empty purse, we find him in Banbury street

The rooms they rented of Mrs. Josiah Green were her best parlor and best bedroom; she might have said her *only* ones, for the remaining room of the half-flat she occupied served for kitchen, parlor, bedroom and scullery to herself and three children. The parlor had been papered at some date unknown with a flashy cheap paper whose brightness was now sadly tarnished. Here and there the paper had been torn off, probably by the children aforesaid, revealing the soiled plastering underneath. A piece of carpet sadly threadbare lay underneath the table in the centre of the room. Two or three hair-bottomed chairs with only shreds of the hair cloth attached and surrounded by a glittering array of brass-topped nails, a small work-stand, and a few shells on the mantelpiece completed the furniture of the room. Mrs. Josiah Green provided coal

and candle, and took very good care that neither the one nor the other should be wasted. Maude had strewn books on the table, and made the room scrupulously clean, striving to take away its empty, unhome-like look. The little coal fire, behind which the grate was filled with coal-dust, gave out but little warmth, and it was a chilly November night. A thin light-colored delaine could afford but little warmth, and Maude had drawn a shawl around her, cowering over the fire in gloomy reverie. A tap of the knocker roused her; she would not for the world have Robert come in, and find her so. The cold room would look colder still; so she sprung up, threw the shawl out of sight, and began to bustle around the room.

The warm sisterly kiss with which she welcomed her brother, broke, though it did not dispel, the cloud that rested on his brow. His hands were blue and powerless, and he looked weary and dispirited.

"Don't get tea yet, Maude," he said, as he saw her getting the table arranged. "Come and sit down; I want to talk a little while."

Maude came as she was told, and sat by him.

"Why did you not accept Aunt Ellen's offer? I wish you had."

"Because I could not bear to leave father."

"I should like to know what claim he has on you now? He does not even speak a kind word to you; and the money you earn so hardly by sewing your eyes out, where does it go? I would care nothing, at least not half so much, for myself; but to see you slaving and toiling, and getting careworn and thin, and all because he must have his brandy! It's a shame!"

"Hush! Robert, dear, you must not mind me; I can bear it very well—but you, I would like if you could get away from this."

"I thought it was hard when there came an execution on the furniture and library. It was such a disgrace. And to see those dear old books that I had read and read till they seemed like friends to me; to see them all sold off by an auctioneer, and to know, as I knew then, that I must give up all hopes of college! I thought I would never feel so bad about anything as I did about

that; but that was nothing to seeing you wasting away before my eyes; me trying to get work, and not able to get it; thinking that we will have to leave even this miserable place soon, because we can't pay for it, and knowing that we might live in peace and plenty if my father had any respect for himself, or affection for us. I can't stand it any longer, I am going away."

"Where are you going to?"

"I scarce know myself; surely I can get something to do. If I only had a chance I know I could get on. I would work late and early, but I'd get a home for you. I used to think that I'd never want to work with my hands—I thought it was not gentlemanly; but now I'd be willing to do anything at all. I can't keep waiting and begging for a situation any longer."

The strong passions of the boy overcame him. He hid his face and wept bitterly. Maude said nothing until he had recovered his composure in some measure. She smoothed down the glossy black hair and passed her hand caressingly over the broad white brow. With acute agony she noticed how sharp and thin his features had become, and remembered how little food he had tasted for days. The haughty, self-conscious, self-reliant, frank expression of former days, the sickness of hope deferred, of depressing influences, had changed to one of shrinking, settled gloom. She was afraid of what he might be tempted to do; what evil associations he might rush into, to rid himself of his despair. She felt that this was a crisis in his life—not long would he remain still. His energies must find vent, and if not in lawful, honorable pursuits, however humble, what might she not fear for him.

"Where have you been to-day?" she asked, offering up an inward prayer that God would open some door of employment for him.

"I went first to Claremont street, to answer that advertisement for a tutor to two boys of ten and twelve. I was first insolently stared at by the footman who opened the door. He appeared at first disposed to dismiss me. He thought Mr. Verner was engaged; however he went to see, leaving me standing in the hall. After a few minutes he came back and showed me into a

luxurious breakfast parlor, where the master of the house sat in an easy chair in dressing-gown and slippers reading the papers. His eye rather than his voice directed me to a seat. I felt, though I did not see, that he was taking a curious survey of me over the top of his spectacles. In a few minutes he laid his paper down and I explained I had come in answer to the advertisement in the *Advertiser*. I presented him with my certificates, told him I had won the gold medal at the High School. He gave me a sharp stare at this, and expressed a hope that he would consider me suitable. Indolently he turned over my papers and asked my terms. I named the lowest figure possible. He gave a drawling 'Ah' in answer, looked at his paper again for a few minutes, and finally asked me to call again. I said I should be obliged to him if he could answer me definitely now, as it might interfere with my trying to procure another engagement. At this he opened his eyes and lowered his paper, and said if I had any other engagement in view to take it, as he did not think I would suit him; he wished a stylish tutor for his sons. I bowed and took up my certificates, and bade him good morning, the footman letting me find my way out as best I could. It seems foolish to notice such things, but there are certain moods when even the very slightest action jars upon our too acute sensitiveness. I then went to Mair's, the grocer's; I heard he wanted a clerk. He looked at my shabby dress and told me he should like one who had had some experience in the business. I stood awhile among the crowd of men seeking employment that always gather round the windows of the *Advertiser* office, scanning eagerly the 'Wants.' I saw one that took my attention instantly: 'Wanted an Assistant Classical Teacher in the Academy. Apply to Avery Jenkins, Esq., Principal.' In a moment my heart lightened. He used to be such a friend of papa's, I felt confident of his interest; so quickly I walked away. When I reached the Academy I was shown into Mr. Jenkins' private room, and in a few minutes he appeared himself. His reception was, to say the least, equivocal. I presume he guessed my errand. As he appeared in a hurry, I at once explained it to him. He was very sorry he

said; he should have been most happy if it had been in his power, but he believed one of the directors had promised the situation to a nephew of his, and of course he must submit. I suppose he saw how severely I felt the disappointment, for he asked me to wait and have dinner. He should have been so pleased to have helped me, both for my own sake and my father's, he said. I was too sick at heart to accept his invitation, and besides I suspected the story of the director's nephew was only a ruse to get rid of me. After that I wandered aimlessly up and down the streets, wishing myself dead, and envying even the newspaper boys, because they had some place in the world. On Prince street I met Grahame Drummond. I drew my cap over my eyes and tried to pass him. I felt so poor and insignificant as if everybody either despised or pitied me, and I felt as if I'd rather they'd do the first than the last. But he recognized me, and stopped and shook hands with me, asking very kindly after you and Hughie. I answered him shortly."

"Oh, Robert, how could you?"

"I felt as I could not help it just then. I suppose he saw there was something wrong, for he asked me to walk down to his office with him; but I said I had not time and hurried away. I would not have him feel ashamed to be seen with me."

"But he would not be—he is so good. And so you have tasted nothing all day?"

"No, but I don't feel hungry."

However, Maude hurried the tea, laying the scanty table to the best advantage.

When they had sat down to tea, Robert continued, "Mr. Arnold, the Marquis of — factor, wants a resident tutor. I am sure if I could only go there I would get the situation—I was always such a great favorite of his when we were in Weston,—but then it is no use talking; I have not got money enough to take me there, and I must lose forty pounds a year and board for the sake of a few shillings. Surely the curse of the poor is their poverty."

"Who told you about Mr. Arnold?"

"I met Hugh Gordon. He has just come from Weston, and he said Arnold himself told him I was to go, and I should get the place if I wished it."

"You must go then."

"Yes, but where are the ways and means?"

"We must find them," Maude answered, cheerfully.

"No, you could only find them by some sacrifice, and you have done too much of that already. We are in debt now. A month's lodgings to pay, and how much at the baker's and grocer's."

"Nothing. I paid them to-day, and papa promised he should pay Mrs. Green to-morrow."

"How much are his promises worth, I wonder, when he has not the wherewithal?"

Maude knew too well that this was the truth, and the meal was finished in silence.

"I almost wish I had not seen Gordon. It is so tantalizing to have employment in my hand, when I cannot take hold of it. I will take a walk down town and bring my father home if I can find him."

"Do, and don't be down-hearted, Robert, dear. We will get the ways and means I am sure."

"I am sure I wish we could, but I cannot see how," he said, with a dreary smile, as he went out.

"He must go, but how to get," Maude thought, as she cleared off the table. Her eyes went wistfully over their small stock of books, almost every one of which was a gift, and every one of which seemed too dear to part with. But something must go, Maude was resolved. (Alas! she had been no stranger lately to this imperative *must*). The only question was, which would bring most? There was a very handsome edition of Shakespeare, bound in morocco, a gift from a dear friend to her in more prosperous days. It had beguiled many an otherwise irksome hour to her, had made her frequently of late forget her sorrows and aches of heart and head; but it would bring more money than anything else, so it must go. Having thus resolved, she hastily drew around her her thin, well-worn shawl, her last summer's bonnet, which must last the winter too, and quickly wrapping up the dear volumes, sallied forth, glad that her brother was gone, so that he might not hinder her errand. And still, despite her motive and end being good, she felt ashamed as she glided through the

crowded streets, pausing not even for a passing glance at the gay windows decked in robes of many colors, and so brightly illuminated; she rather shunned them. She had noticed frequently a second-hand book-shop in the basement story of a block in Nicholson street, and thither she directed her steps. One hasty look to see if the gloomy-looking shop were empty of customers, and she glided down the steps, and with a palpitating heart entered. The apartment was large, and on every side lined with shelves filled with dingy-looking books, amid which at rare intervals was one of gayer exterior. The counter was also covered with books and periodicals bearing unmistakable marks of frequent perusal—"London Journals," "Family Heralds," "Reynold's Miscellany," and such like trash. A solitary candle with a long wick and red top, kept in its place by two books, served only to reveal the dark, dingy outlines of the place, and made, if possible, its gloom more evident. The shop was altogether unoccupied. Maude paused a few moments, expecting that the noise of her entrance would bring the owner; but as he did not come, tremblingly she tapped on the counter. No answer. Again she rapped, and this time with a sudden emotion of fear; she would have turned and fled, but at the door she encountered a tall, lean man, who fixed a pair of keen, suspicious, cold grey eyes upon her as he asked:

"Whither so fast, my pretty girl?"

The indignant blood rushed to Maude's neck, cheek, and brow at his peculiar address, as she recognized the peculiarity of her position. Summoning all her dignity she quietly unfolded the volumes, and presenting them to the man who still stood in the doorway, said she wished to dispose of them. His eye glittered for a moment as he took the handsome books in his hand, but anon they were again fixed on her with that keen, curious glance, as he took an inventory of her plain, almost shabby dress.

He opened one of them and read there, "To Maude Hamilton, with the kindest regards of her friend, Arthur Russel, Royal Circus."

"Is your name Maude Hamilton?" he sneeringly asked, evidently suspecting that

she had not come honestly by them, and probably supposing that if so he could make a more advantageous bargain.

Maude could stand no longer under that insulting, leering gaze.

"Give me the books," she said, with a dignity and hauteur that discomposed the suspicious dealer. He handed them to her.

"How much do you want for them?" he asked, in a more respectful tone than he had yet used.

"Let me pass," was her haughty answer. The man stood aside with a suppressed oath at having lost a good bargain. Her trembling limbs almost refused to support her when she gained the pavement. For a moment her resolution gave way; she would return home and not risk another such scene. Bitter tears of outraged pride and feeling, mingled with a dreary loneliness and want of shelter and protection, burst from her eyes. Had it been possible she would have sought relief in a passionate fit of weeping; but this was neither time nor place, so drawing her veil closely over her face, she hurried on, scarce noting where she was going. A quiet street of private dwelling-houses passed, she paused to think. She must not give up her plan, for there was no other feasible. She tore out the fly-leaf to prevent any further remarks, and recollecting having noticed several shops of the kind she wanted, she hurried back, strengthening herself by thoughts of Robert. A small shop, clean and cheerful-looking, seemed to suit her. She passed it several times till she had gained a glimpse of the face of its owner—a quiet, pleasant-looking young man. The glimpse of a little child trying to get up on to the counter also reassured her, and she entered.

"Pleasant evening, ma'am," said the young man, starting up with an intuitive perception that he was in the presence of a lady.

"Will you purchase these volumes?" Maude said, quietly and firmly. "I find it expedient to dispose of them."

"Shakespeare, eh? I have three Shakespeares on hand now. Suppose I can take this though. Illustrated, with notes; fine edition, but you see, ma'am, people don't often come to buy such handsome volumes

from me. If they want anything of this fancy, super sort, they go to a first-class shop, Waddell's or Brown's. Still, to oblige you,—let me see, I can't afford to give very much, for you see, there's the risk; but I'll do my best. I'll give you six shillings for them, ma'am."

"Thank you," Maude answered, thankfully. She knew she could not expect anything like their real value, and this would relieve the present emergency.

The good-natured, talkative, little man went into the apartment back of the shop, and Maude could hear him asking his wife for some change; not finding it he hurried out, telling Maude that he'd be back in a minute. The minute was two or three, and ere he returned someone else had entered the shop. Maude did not turn round, so she did not note the eager, scrutinizing gaze that was bent upon her.

"Sorry to detain you, ma'am. Had no change." "Not at all." In answer to Maude, "Thank you; happy to accommodate you any time."

Maude eagerly slipped the silver into her glove and turned away.

The customer who had entered was no other than our friend Grahame Drummond. "Good evening, sir," the dealer in literature bowed with a smile of recognition.

"I called to see if you had found that book for me."

"Sorry, sir, to disappoint you, but the books have not been sold yet, sir. You may rely on me, sir, I shall do my best."

Grahame had a very intricate property case on hand. By some means or other he had ascertained that a book in the library of a deceased antiquarian contained valuable writings in reference to some of the disputed questions. Not wishing to appear in the affair himself, he had commissioned this talkative, pleasant-looking man to procure it for him.

With a surprised, curious look he took up the volumes Maude had brought, and which the dealer had not yet removed from the counter.

"Handsome edition, sir, very. I was glad to secure it; indeed I was, sir. One does not often get an opportunity of a book like that. The young lady brought it; pretty, too, I think, though she wore a veil.

Interesting. Seen better days," and the talkative little man gave a sigh, whether for the better days or the young lady we cannot say.

Grahame, unmindful of his rattle, turned over the volumes impatiently. He found what he sought — a pencil note at the side a passage in "King Lear."

"What is the price?" he asked.

"Handsome edition, illustrated beautifully, you see, copious foot notes, original price two or three guineas. Not any the worse for use. I'll let you have them, seeing it is you, for a guinea," said the dealer magnanimously.

Grahame took out his purse, laid a golden guinea down, took possession of the volumes, and wishing the dealer good night, went out strangely agitated.

He had no doubt that the young lady in the shop whose figure and gait had seemed so familiar to him, was Maude Hamilton. She had been selling those books, his cousin's gift to her. What dire necessity had reduced her to such a strait? He knew it must have cost her a severe pang to part with it. He remembered Robert's troubled, eager, hungry look and confused manner. Why had he not ascertained their address? He might be of some service to him. Drunkard's children, what he himself had been, he knew they were; but he had not thought it had come to this. Better memories of his boyhood, of Nora as he had first seen her in all her girlish innocence and loveliness, as she was now—ah! me? of Alfred Hamilton in the zenith of his influence and popularity. The gin palaces, flaring and bright, gleamed from every side of the street, and he cursed them as he passed.

"Shiv'ring i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callant? 'Tis the drunkard's
ragged wean,"

a shrill piping voice quavered out beside him. He turned and saw the original of the song—a little sharp-faced, stunted-looking piece of humanity, with bare feet and head "shiv'ring" indeed in the cauld blast, while by his side, holding on by his ragged little pants, was a child of three or four, verily "greetin' wi' the pain." Grahame gladdened the hearts of the poor little minstrels so pitifully singing their own fate

by the gift of a piece of silver, and mournfully turned home. When he had reached there, he was informed that a young man was waiting to see him. It was Robert Hamilton. Grahame warmly shook him by the hand and begged him to be seated. He had a note from his father which he gave to Grahame. It was a servile letter, which Grahame almost blushed to read, begging for God's sake the loan of a guinea; or if he could not spare that, of a few shillings. It stated that it was to pay arrears for lodgings; the landlady having got the offer of new lodgers, threatened to eject them if the rent were not paid. Conjecturing from Robert's manner that he did not know the contents of the note, Grahame judged it best not to tell him; so, writing a short answer, he enclosed the amount requested, though it left himself short, for he could not afford yet to be so free with his guineas as he had been that evening. Robert, half suspecting the truth, would have asked an explanation, but found no opportunity to do so. With evident reluctance he gave their address, but haughtily repelled Grahame's efforts to win his confidence on the subject of their affairs. Though already fatigued, Grahame with easy familiarity accompanied Robert part of the way home, and was rewarded by finding his reserved manner gradually thaw before his persistent kindness. His warm shake of the hand was cordially returned when they parted, and Robert said: "We shall be glad to see you, Mr. Drummond, if you do not mind our home."

Despite Robert's pride, he went home the happier for that cordial grasp of the hand, that kindly intercourse.

Alfred Hamilton eagerly received the letter Robert brought. Still, with a remnant of pride, he forbore to tell his children of his loan, though they guessed it. On his return that evening, during Maude's absence, he had been met by a storm of abuse from his landlady for his drunkenness and neglect of his children, having more especially reference to his non-payment of her rental. Had he been sober she would not have ventured so to address him; there was sufficient of the gentleman yet in his manner to silence insolence; or had Maude been in, the good

woman would have refrained for her sake for she seemed in her eyes something far above the level of common humanity. "She's an angel, that's just what she is," she announced to her neighbor, the occupier of the other half-flat, Mrs. Brown. She had ended her declamation with the announcement that, if he did not pay his bill that very night, she would turn him, bag and baggage, out the next day. He was "no goin' to defraud a poor honest widder woman in ony sic gait."

After a little time had elapsed, Mr. Hamilton, with an assumption of pomposity that bordered on the ludicrous, rung the bell, and on the appearance of the flurried Mrs. Green, paid her the amount due for a month's lodgings, one guinea. The mollified lady hoped he would forget what she had said that evening, and with a profound courtesy directed to Miss Hamilton, made her exit. Ten minutes more and Mr. Hamilton lay in profound unconsciousness, forgetful of all sublunary evils, on the chintz-covered sofa, which we believe we omitted to mention in our inventory of the furniture.

Now was Maude's time. With an air of great mystery and importance, she took the six shillings from her workbox and gave them to Robert, playfully placing her finger on his lips and telling him to ask no questions; Santa Claus had been visiting her. That would pay his travelling expenses to D——, and he could walk the remaining ten miles.

"See, I have your valise packed, and not a shirt without its full complement of buttons. Now go to bed and dream of future fame and success, and let me finish your packing. I will wake you in time for the Parliamentary train, and I will make it all right with papa."

Very busy were Maude's hands, and busier still were her thoughts, for some hours afterwards. Her own pocket handkerchiefs were put in her brother's valise, because she could not afford to get new ones for him. His socks had to be looked over and care-

fully darned, not only where there were holes, but where it was possible that there might be one. A piece of black silk, the remnants of better days, was deftly made into two very neat serviceable neckties. A blue ribbon lined one for holiday occasions. His clothes had to be carefully brushed; knick-nacks, such as penknife, pencil, pencil-sharpener, etc., etc., put into his pockets. His mother's letter and his Bible were not forgotten; they were put in with a prayer. Her own best shawl was carefully folded as a plaid, with a small gold pin to fasten it. And now all was done, and the thought of the parting lay heavy at her heart. Ah me! these partings, how keen their anguish! The dread, the hope, the fear, the yearning that cries out in agony, "We cannot let thee go." And yet without them Heaven would be robbed of one of its sweetest, holiest joys. If we had never felt the pang of parting, think you our hearts would bound as they do now at the thought of the glorious land where there shall be no more partings, no more sorrow or sighing!

In the foggy grey dawn, as the lamp-lighter was becoming lamp-extinguisher, Robert hurried along through the still silent, deserted streets, trying vainly to overcome a choking sensation in his throat. He tightened the shawl round it, but that only made it worse; it made him think of the loving hands that had placed it around him, of the delicate shoulders that needed it more than he did. "When I get rich won't I love her? won't I give her everything money can buy? I'll keep this shawl as long as I live, and it shall keep me in remembrance of her love. I surely have the best sister in the world." Such were some of Robert's thoughts as he neared the station. That sister's love will be a talisman to that young adventurer, warning him from the rocks of temptation, the sands of evil associates; a beacon light, pointing his eye to the harbor of peace and holiness, through the channels of piety, uprightness, truth and industry.

(To be continued.)

S A V E D .

BY M.

"DIED—Suddenly, on the morning of the 8th, George Henderson, aged twenty-six."

That was all the world saw, but oh the untold misery and grief of those twelve little words to me, his heart-broken widow! As I sit now in my handsomely-furnished parlor with everything about me to conduce to my comfort, I turn back in memory to the bitter past and feel that it was only by God's grace that I survived it.

George Henderson and I were neighbors' children, and brought up together like brother and sister. We were constantly seeking each other's society, and never happy apart. So passed the first few years of our life; then came the happy school-days, and though not so much together as formerly, yet still a day never passed without our seeing each other. Then came a longer separation, when George was eighteen, and I nearly seventeen, for he had obtained a situation in the city and had to remove thither. How sorry we were to part, and how we looked forward to the time when, with a "fortnight's holiday," he should come back again to the dear old home! The time seemed long to me after his departure, and I thought the cheerless winter would never pass; but old Father Time pays no attention to our wishes,—he neither hurries his steps for the lover, nor slackens them for the condemned criminal. When, therefore, his allotted task was done, and not till then, did the season return which was to bring our loved one home.

It was a lovely June evening. I was happy, very happy. How could I be otherwise? Old Dr. Henderson had called during the morning to see mother, and had told her his son was returning that day, and I knew he would come to us just so soon as he could. Here, then, was I waiting in my little sitting-room listening to the even-song of the birds, and through it all for a something far sweeter to my ear.

It came at last—only the click of the garden gate—but it sent the blood coursing through my veins till my heart beat almost audibly. The well-known step came rapidly along the garden-path, and in another moment I was folded close to the warmest, truest heart that ever beat. No words passed between us—I mean, he never said plainly to me "Will you be my wife?" and I never answered "Yes;" but we both knew that if we wished for happiness in this world, it must besought by us together, not separately.

"Will you trust Annie to me this time?" said George to father, the next day, and when the answer was a refusal we did not murmur; we were strong in each other's love, and did not wish to run counter to the wishes of our best friends.

"Not this year, George," had been father's reply; "wait till next time you come," and so we parted.

"I don't see how I can spare you, daughter," said my mother one morning shortly after George's departure; "but I must learn to bear it. I cannot expect to keep you always, and I would rather see you the wife of George Henderson than any one else." Dear old mother, neither she nor father ever had to bear my leaving them; for long before the June roses were again filling the air with fragrance, they lay side by side in the quiet graveyard.

I had always supposed father to be rather a wealthy man; but, some way or other, I never got much out of the estate—lawyers took it in hand and when all was sold off and mortgages paid up, I found myself homeless and with but \$50 in my purse. George wrote to me immediately, asking me to come to him, as he could not obtain leave of absence. I did so, and six months after my parents' death I became his wife. I did not know then that his father, Dr. Henderson, had been much against our

marriage; that though anxious for it so long as he supposed I had money, yet he did all he could to prevent it so soon as it was discovered I had none. Perhaps it was as well I did not know.

A year passed quickly by. I had quite recovered from the gloom cast over me by my loss, and could give myself up wholly to my husband. Those were happy days, too happy to last, I often thought; but no: there was greater bliss in store yet, and one morning an angel visitor lay in my arms, and when my dear husband came to see me, he joined with me in thanking God for the precious gift He had sent us.

If life was pleasant to me before, what was it now? "Surely," thought I, "no other woman can be so happy!" and in the fullness of my heart I proposed a visit to "Grandpa Henderson," where I perceived (for I was not told) how distasteful my marriage had been to the family.

I was some little time before I could take in the unwelcome fact that I was *not wanted* at the old homestead, and in after years when the trouble came upon me, it was a sweet drop in my bitter cup, to remember that I had borne cold looks, sharp words, and yet never let my husband see I noticed them. But I made a vow that, no matter what happened, I would never seek aid from Dr. Henderson, and I kept it.

Four more happy years, and the little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" made its appearance. First the breaking of a bank where our little savings had been placed; then sickness with the children; failing health with myself; little troubles with my servants from dilatory payment, unavoidable work, etc.; then perhaps my own temper might have given way in the kitchen, though I can say to a certainty it never did to my husband or my children, for I had three darlings now.

But why linger over my simple story? We tried both of us to fight against our troubles, but our success was small,—so small that at last George decided upon removing to New York, as he could get employment there more remunerative than in Canada.

"I will go first, Annie," he said, "and when I have a comfortable home for you, then you and the children can follow me."

"Could we not go with you now?" I asked.

"No, dear, it is better not; but be sure I shall not leave you here longer than is absolutely necessary. I shall be lonely without you." Lonely without me? Of course he would, and none knew it better than I, his wife, who has been so lonely since then.

Two days after he left me. It was a sad parting, though I strove hard to appear cheerful; but when once he was fairly gone my grief broke through the restraint I had placed upon it and I wept bitter tears.

I was not many days before I received letters, such cheering ones that I thought all our troubles were over, and the bright days of our early married life were returning. I was so happy I sang for very joy, I who had so lately wept, and sitting down to my writing-desk, poured forth my thankfulness in a long loving letter to my absent one. I also wrote to Dr. Henderson, who was now travelling with his wife on the Continent.

All next day I went about as though I had been suddenly transformed into some winged creature; all the old heaviness, the old weariness, was gone—I was once more the happy, lighthearted being I had once been.

One more short week, then a letter directing me to prepare for removal.

"I have procured a good situation," he wrote, "and hope in a few days to have all so arranged as to allow of your coming to me. I shall telegraph when to come, and mind, darling, you are in readiness, for I sadly miss my wife and children." Glad, happy tears filled my eyes as I read the loving words. Be ready!—of course I would; and all that day, and the next, and the next again I spent preparing; then, having no more to do, tried to wait patiently for my summons. It was dusk of the fourth day when a ring at the door bell, and a strange voice saying "Telegram," sent the blood dancing joyously through my veins.

"Run quick, Harry," I said to my boy; "that is a message from papa," and with a glad shout he waved the sorrow-laden envelope in the air. Hastily I tore it open. What was there in those few words to steal away the life from my heart, and stretch

me in the semblance of death upon the floor of my little parlor? The words were few, but how fraught with misery! To this day I dread the receipt of a telegram, and a cold shiver runs through me whenever I see one. How many more are there in this wide, wide world who, like me, have had a lifelong trouble made known to them in the concise, hard-hearted language of the telegraph! How many more who, like me, dread the sight of one? Who, like me, associate trouble and telegrams together? Their name is legion, and they are scattered everywhere over God's earth. Many days elapsed before I recovered sufficiently to realize my great trouble. My poor Harry, frightened at my death-like swoon, ran for a neighbor, who, like the good Samaritan of old, nursed me back to life. The crumpled paper in my hand with those few words:—"*George Henderson dead, shall body be sent home?*"—told her all, and her true woman's heart bled for the sorrow of a sister woman.

By the time reason returned to me (for my mind had given way under the shock), all was over. Word had been sent to have the body interred, and by the time I became fully aware of my loss, my lost one was sleeping peacefully his last long sleep, and I alone in the world, to work for my three babes.

Why I never wrote to Dr. Henderson asking assistance, I never quite knew, except that I had so great a dislike to doing so, (perhaps I was wrong, who knows?) but all the harsh things which had ever been said of me, rose to my recollection, and I once more registered a vow that none should be asked to help me support the children God had given me. So the time went on, and I hid my trouble deep down in my heart out of the sight of man, but ever present to a Heavenly Father's eye, and I worked and kept the wolf away from the door, though it was often a hand-to-hand fight to do so.

Once I had nearly given up, when a turning-point came in my life, and I soon found that there was work even for me.

I forgot to say I had received all particulars from New York relative to my husband's death, and forwarded them immediately to Dr. Henderson. The return mail brought a cold heartless letter, telling

me that had I not married their son they would not now be childless, and enclosing a sum of money to defray the expenses of his burial.

How every pulse in my body quickened its beat at the harsh words, and in the anger of the moment I returned the money. If I were poor before what was I now; still I never regretted my hasty action. Have the money to send to New York I knew I must, and the best way of obtaining it was to sell off all the remaining furniture, and take furnished lodgings. This I soon accomplished; and when, a few days after, I mailed my money order, and then with \$5 in my pocket went home to my scantily furnished room, I felt that the battle of life had fairly begun.

One lovely spring day, about two years after my loss, I was returning weary and sorrowful from an unsuccessful search for work, when the "turning-point" I spoke of happened to me. Often had I passed along the same road before, and then as now stopped to look at the trim garden which surrounded a handsome house. I had often wondered who could be the owner, and once or twice a little envious feeling would arise in my heart as I contrasted the plenty there and the penury so near at hand in my attic room. I tried, God knows, to keep down these feelings; still they would crop up occasionally.

This day I was just turning away when I saw, staggering towards me down the gravel walk, a woman of about thirty years of age, handsomely dressed, and still bearing traces of uncommon beauty; but alas! under the degrading influence of the demon "drink." "What do you want here?" she asked me, and her voice which, to suit her appearance, should have been soft and mellow, sounded hoarse and discordant, whilst the words were run together in a manner to render them hardly intelligible.

"Clara Weston!" I exclaimed in astonishment, my face expressing the surprise I felt. Could it be possible that this poor degraded creature was indeed the brilliant Clara who had been the belle of our small village, and whose beauty had been the admiration of all who knew her! Alas! there was no room for doubt. Had I not known

her and loved her when we were light-hearted girls?

A dull stare and a repetition of the question "What do you want?" was the only response to my exclamation, and I at once resolved to take her back to her home, which I rightly conjectured was the very place which more than once had caused Dame Envy to give me a twinge.

A little coaxing soon effected my object, and ere long I had Clara under her own roof, hidden from the eyes of all in her own chamber. I said hidden from the eyes of all, but as I passed through the spacious hall I caught sight of a pale face peeping round one of the doors, and I think Clara saw it too, for she endeavored to steady her steps for a moment or two.

All was silent as I retraced my steps. I no longer saw the pale, stern face except in imagination, and I could picture it buried in trembling hands which vainly sought to hide a husband's shame. As I left the grounds I turned to take a look at the house, whilst an earnest prayer arose for the poor frail one now lying in helpless slumber, coupled with a deep feeling of thankfulness that my own life was so different. I had learned a lesson that day, never to envy the lot of others.

Next morning I was preparing for another search for work, when a firm step mounted the steps and a strange voice enquired for Mrs. Henderson. Harry, my eldest, and now a fine fellow of about nine, rose to open the door, whilst May and Alice withdrew to the other side of the room; they were rather ashamed of their faded dresses, poor children, though they never said so.

"My mother is Mrs. Henderson, sir, and this is her room."

"Oh indeed! May I come in?"

"Certainly," I replied, going forward to meet my visitor. I had known before the door was opened who it would be, so felt no surprise when Clara's husband stood before me.

"May I speak to you alone for a few moments?" were his first words. My children immediately left the room, and then with many a sigh, many an interruption, many a blush of shame, the story was told, and the request made that I would go

and look after my poor Clara. "I think Providence must have sent you my way yesterday, Mrs. Henderson, for I was really at my wit's end what to do. I have at different times had several in the house, but they were persons with whom my wife could not associate, and they could never be other than jailers to her. Now in your case it would be different; you would be a companion to her, and your own influence might perhaps lead to her reformation."

"I cannot leave my children," was my response.

"I should never ask it. I must say I should have been better pleased had you had fewer; however, bring them with you,—at present they might be educated with my own two children, and afterwards you can do as you wish about them. I will allow you four hundred dollars a year, which I think will enable you to bring them up as my old friend George Henderson would have wished to do had he been spared."

I could hardly find words to express my thankfulness for the generous offer. Four hundred dollars I should have been thankful for, even if I had had to support myself and children upon it; but now when I had a home for all, and my only expenses for a year at least would be our clothes, it was absolute wealth, and I formed the determination to do all in my power to reclaim the Clara Weston of my youth, and so g'adden her husband's well-nigh broken heart.

For four long years I tried my utmost, but all to no purpose; true, she was sober greater part of the time, but that was only owing to my great care,—it was not from any determination of her own; and yet she heartily loathed the habit which had so fettered her; but it had been so encouraged, so fostered in the years when tastes were forming, by jellies, sauces, sips from a father or mother's glass, that at length when medical science ordered stimulants it was not long before the taste became a craving appetite which nought could satisfy.

At length one day Clara had once more eluded my vigilance, and her dull eye, silly speeches and imperfect utterance showed only too plainly what had happened.

My heart bled for Mr. Waite; there was

always an anxious look about him till such time as he had seen Clara, and his first question was always for her; and when, as usual, he said, "Where is mother?" to the little Clara who went to meet him, I hesitated about telling him.

"Mrs. Waite will not be down to dinner to-day," I hastened to say; "she is not well, and I have persuaded her to lie down."

A pained look passed over his features as he looked the question the set lips would not or could not utter.

"I am afraid it was my fault,—I must have been careless."

"Careless!" and the word wrung in my ears for hours. "Ought any man or woman to require watching, and for such a thing?"

No indeed, and as I could not say so, I took refuge in silence.

Ours was a quiet dinner that day, but we had sat down to many such before. I do not think any of the children knew of the trouble, unless it might be Harry; but as he never spoke to me about it, I of course said nothing; but I noticed how he would look earnestly at Clara each time he saw her, as though trying to read a something in her countenance. At any rate no one asked for Clara, and on the plea of headache, I dismissed them to bed a little earlier than usual. Truth is, I had been anxious, for it had sometimes happened that disagreeable scenes had occurred upon her first awaking to consciousness; but all was quiet this time. I entered her room just before retiring for the night and found her perfectly sober, but bearing unmistakable traces of what had been.

"Where is Willie?" she asked.

"In the spare room," I answered.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured softly, and the feeling came strong upon me that perhaps we might (under God) save her yet. She appeared at breakfast next morning going through the form of eating, though in reality taking nothing.

"Clara," said Mr. Waite—they were the first words he had addressed to her—"I wish to say a few words to you in the library;" then turning to me, "Will you kindly join us?"

Willingly would I have said "No," but there was no help for it. That there had been stormy interviews between the husband

and wife before now I knew well, and I dreaded being present; but I was surprised at the turn things took. There were no upbraidings this time from William Waite; he merely told his wife in few yet distinct words, that as his home was so miserable he had come to the determination of leaving it.

"You are my wife, Clara, in spite of all, and God knows I love you dearly still, but I can do you no good whilst you are doing me harm. As for the children they shall go to boarding-school. I will leave you a liberal supply of money, your present home, and (if she will) Mrs. Henderson as your companion; but, Clara, you shall never hear from me, never see me."

Still as a statue she sat there—her hands clasped, her lips compressed; a fearful struggle was going on, and I lifted up a hasty prayer that the right might win.

At length she arose and crossing the room to where her husband sat, she knelt at his feet, saying brokenly,

"Oh, Willie, Willie, don't leave me; don't take my children from me."

"I cannot do otherwise; you force me to it."

"Yes I know, I know; but oh stay with me,—bear with me yet a while longer."

"Bear with you! Clara; we have now been married ten years, and how long was it after our marriage that you kept control over yourself?"

"Alas, not long; only till my baby came. I had always loved the taste of it, Willie, and when the doctor ordered it to me I soon lost the power of refraining. Ah doctors have much to answer for."

The streaming eyes, the sad voice seemed to drive all but sorrow from the husband's heart, as bending low over her he said,

"They have indeed, and so have parents, for your first taste for wine began at home.' A burning blush spread over her face as springing to her feet, she said quickly,

"Oh, Willie, I see it so differently now; I never thought of my poor children. Try me once more, Willie. See, I won't swear never to touch wine, in case I should perjure myself; but only stay with me just so long as I refrain from *all* intoxicating drink. If I fall again, and God helping

me I will not, then punish me by going; but oh, give me one more chance."

Once more she was on her knees sobbing, but her head soon found the resting-place which it should never have lost, and I stole from the room leaving her weeping upon her husband's breast. Mr. Waite did not leave home, and soon after the death of Dr. Henderson placed me above all care for this world's goods, for as the old gentleman had died intestate, all my dear husband would have had went to my children. I was rather surprised to find it so, for though upon the death of Mrs. Henderson letters passed between us, yet I never expected to have any increase of income either directly or indirectly.

"I am so glad, Annie," said Clara to me when the news was made known; "and now I am going to appear very ungrateful to you for all you have done for me. I am going to ask you to leave."

"Certainly, Clara, if you wish it; but why?"

She came up to me in the old caressing way she used to have. "Don't feel hurt, Annie,—I shall miss you greatly; but, dear, I wish to try my strength,—I wish to know whether by God's grace I am keeping down the fiend myself, or whether you are doing it for me."

"Not another word, my dear friend," said I, pressing the hand she had laid on mine.

A large handsome house not far off was vacant, and when I had made all necessary arrangements I took possession, but not till Clara had whispered to me in broken tones, "If I should need you again, will you come to me?—but oh, Annie, pray for me that my strength fail not."

I gave the promise required; but have never been called upon to fulfil it. Clara, now a handsome elderly lady, no longer requires watching herself, but has done so for others, saving many a stray one; and now as we sit together on the eve of our children's wedding day (for Harry is to give me another daughter in Clara), she goes back over the past, pouring out her thanksgivings that she is once more free.

A sweet deep silence falls over us, broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Waite (the stern, careworn look was gone now), who had come in search of his wife.

"I knew I should find you here, Clara," he said, after the usual salutations had been gone through, "and as I had something to tell you which I knew would please not only you but our dear friend here, I came early."

"No need of an excuse for your presence, Mr. Waite," said I laughing; "still we shall like to hear your news."

He crossed the room to where Clara was, and taking a seat beside her, put his arm round her, drawing her gently towards him. I was surprised, for Mr. Waite was not a demonstrative man, but it was not long before I understood the reason.

"I have had an interview with Harry, and Clara, my wife, he has come forward of his own free will to join the temperance cause; he says it will be a benefit to him, as it most certainly will, as also a safeguard."

"And our child, our Clara?"

"She follows Harry's example, and better still, the younger ones wish to do the same."

"Thank God, my children now can never fall as low as their mother once did!"

"We have forgotten all that now, Clara, except as only another cause for thankfulness to a gracious Father."

"You may forget, Willie, or in the goodness of your heart pretend to do so, but I never, never can; the disgrace is ever present with me, for now that I have come to my *right mind* I can see the vice in all its horrid deformity."

Next day a happy group gathered round the altar, and once more "they twain were made one flesh." Lively sallies, witty speeches were uttered at the breakfast table, and, dear reader, they were natural; there was no forced excitement, for no wine made its appearance on the table, nor indeed did it ever in the home of Harry Henderson and Clara Waite.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

THURSDAY, July 11.—Rose at 4.30 a. m., wrote a couple of letters, and took the train to Dunfermline, crossing the Frith of Forth in a steamer in three-quarters of an hour. After a very pleasant ride among the Fife hills, reached Dunfermline at 12.40. We walked through the large linen factory which employs about 1,400 hands and makes all sorts of linen goods, doyleys, crumb cloths, sheeting, &c. We watched the operations for some time; went up the hoist to the folding rooms, &c., and, after dinner, visited the ruins of the old Abbey and Fraternity, with their old dungeons. In the Abbey church are the tombs of several Scotch kings, including Robert the Bruce, also the tomb of Queen Margaret, who built the chapel in Edinburgh Castle. The glen adjoining the ruins is very deep, and beautiful with green trees and shrubs.

JULY 12.—Rose at 8 a. m. with a bad ear-ache. We took the train to Hawthornden, and spent the day rambling through Bruce's Caves, where we saw his book shelves cut in the rock, his two-handed sword, and Knox's besk. Along the glen the scenery was wild and delightfully picturesque. We passed Wallace's Cave and reached Roslyn Castle after an hour's walk. Here we went through the bakehouse, kitchen, guard-rooms, and a dungeon, and then made our way to the lovely chapel where M., F., and K. attended service. We spent a long time admiring the exquisite carving, the seven virtues and seven vices, bagpipes, harp, &c., and the vestry, where were carvings illustrating the formation and fall of Eve, returning home at 5 p. m. Miles 4.230.

EDINBURGH, July 13.—We took the first train to Melrose, passing several old castles, the town of Galashiels, and some very fair scenery along the way, which is the case on any road in Scotland. Melrose is

a clean-looking village, situated at the base of the Eildon Hills, 37 miles from Edinburgh. We did not stay here at all, but walked over to Abbotsford, three miles distant, situated on a bank overhanging the south side of the Tweed, which we crossed in a small boat. Sir Walter Scott's heirs must make a small fortune from the fees of visitors, if there are generally as many as we saw. We were shown through the fine old mansion by a sort of walking vocabulary who talked incessantly about everything in the house. Among the articles I recollect having seen were Sir Walter Scott's last suit, walking sticks, pistols, desk and chair, library of 20,000 volumes, original manuscripts, &c., and various articles of household furniture presented by kings and other worthies, Andreas Hoffer's gun, Rob Roy's purse, Flora Macdonald's pocket-book, the keys of the Edinburgh Tolbooth, or Heart of Mid-Lothian, the sword of some Hercules from the field of Culloden, Highland armor, &c. The house was quite equal to some of the museums I have seen. The gardens are nicely laid out, and contain many interesting objects. On our return to Melrose, we visited its memorable Abbey, founded like many others by David I. in 1136, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, destroyed by the English in 1322, and rebuilt by Robert Bruce. The building is in the form of a cross. A window, near which a statue of St. Andrew is placed in a niche, resembles the large window of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, except that the framework here is stone. It is Sir Walter Scott's east oriel. Inside the Abbey are the tombs of Alexander II., the Black Douglas, Michael Scott the Wizard, the Heart of Robert Bruce, &c. We walked through the graveyard, where are monuments to Sir David Brewster, several of Sir Walter Scott's servants, &c. A most appropriate and har-

monious carving on the outside of the Abbey represents a pig playing the bagpipes. We drove to Dryburgh Abbey, a place of comparatively little interest, except that of its being the place where Sir Walter Scott lies buried, returning to Edinburgh at eight o'clock. I took the first train for Glasgow, which I did not reach until a quarter to twelve.

MONDAY, July 15.—S. took me to the central fire station, where I had quite a talk with the Chief about the respective merits of the fire arrangements of Montreal and Glasgow. He allowed our telegraph system to be the best, but very expensive. Their central station is a very large one, and though their water power is not as strong as ours, they have several steam engines. The Museum, the next point of interest, was not so to me; as with the exception of a collection of bullets from the Franco-Prussian war, I had seen better specimens of the same objects in London. We went rapidly through the Law Courts, in one of which Sheriff Bell, a poet, was sitting in state, the Exchange, Argyle street, and Arcade. About eight o'clock my mouth began to water for some strawberries, and I sallied forth. Saturday, today, and to-morrow are fair days in Glasgow—that is, a sort of general holiday season, and as I walked along Argyle street, the strawberries passed out of my mind, and I began to watch the sights. The streets on all sides were full of people, standing and walking, talking and jabbering, and evidently having nothing in particular to do. Ninety-nine out of a hundred had evidently been drinking during the day, and nine-tenths were the worse of it. As my walk led towards the Trongate, the poor part of the city, the crowds became denser, and drunkenness, squalidness and misery could be seen, or rather could not help being seen, on every side. Ruminating on how many policemen, and how much jail-room would be required to keep the law as laid down in Montreal, where every one the worse of liquor is locked up, and how much need there was for temperance reform and the *Daily Witness*, I mechanically turned up High street, which, like the Canongate of Edinburgh, has long narrow closes or lanes on either side. In a lane on

one side two men were pommelling each other. I scarcely knew whether if I called "police!" I would not have been arrested myself, or been obliged to use leg-bail, and was speculating when from a close on the other side, terrible shrieks resounded. There I at once made my way, but as the crowd remarked it was only a couple of women "having it out," and as such events are common here, I respected their claws and watched a couple of tall, stalwart policemen tackle the Amazons. One of them submitted quietly enough, being too drunk to do anything else; but not so the other; she assailed both policemen, and despite their united efforts held her own—animated, no doubt, by a friendly throng of female sympathizers who surrounded the combatants, and howled frantically, occasionally assisted by men and boys. I watched, buttoned my coat, pulled up my sleeves and prepared the maces for offensive or defensive warfare. It was becoming evident the policemen were unequal to their task in the face of an unfriendly, yelling mob. About this time a window overhead shoved up, and a man and woman appeared thereat, the one with a bottle of soda water, the other with a glass full of something. They united with the crowd in swearing for a minute or two then, and down came first the contents then the articles themselves on the heads of Her Majesty's keepers of the peace. I don't know what would have happened next, for at this juncture some more policemen appeared; the crowd was dispersed, and the raving, tearing, unsubdued cause of the disturbance taken to the lock-up. I made my way home as fast as possible, seeing men quarrelling, boys fighting, parents giving young children, almost babes, beer to drink; and I don't want to see any more of the so-called prosperous manufacturing cities of Great Britain, for I have seen in every one the same thing, even on Sundays—though, perhaps, not always to such an extent, probably because I went not to the usual places.

TUESDAY, July 16.—The H.'s, K. and I went to the Cathedral, a fine old building whose windows are filled with most beautiful glass by various private gentlemen and the corporation, all illustrating Scripture subjects. We saw the Chapel Crypt, &c.,

and walked through the Necropolis, or cemetery, where is a fine monument to John Knox, and many others not of public character. Sandy then drove us to Messrs. Robertson & Sons' large cotton-spinning factory, where over 3,000 hands are employed. Mr. Robertson shewed us through. The process is very similar to the Dunfermline linen manufactory.

JULY 17.—K. woke me at 7 a. m., and at 7.15 a. m. we were in the train on our way to Lanark, to see the Falls of the Clyde. We saw first the Cora Linn and Wallace's Cave, then the Bonnington and Stonebyres; also Cartland Crag, over which we climbed for an hour or more, and another Cave of Wallace's. I will speak only of Cora Linn, as the first we saw, the prettiest name, and the largest fall. Here the river takes three distinct leaps, and falls altogether about 84 ft. I sat on a crag just at its base for about half-an-hour. The scene was grand; the water as it dashed from rock to rock became milky white, and as I gazed into it, the whole mass seemed a block of purest marble, carved, fretted, chiselled into most lovely fantastic forms, constantly changing, and of a beauty beyond the reach of the imagination. At times the wavy, mazy folds seemed to have been perforated, and the eye caught a sudden glimpse of what appeared to be a back ground or slab of polished black, or light yellow stones, or amber, meant only to bear more distinctly before the eye the dazzling whiteness of the snowy folds. The picture too, was set in a becoming frame; on either side the green forest trees, moved and swayed by an ever-present breeze, seemed to be doing homage to a queenly superior, while the deep blue sky and shining sun above, and the boiling, gurgling, foaming field below, on which danced never-ceasing rainbows, harmonized perfectly with a picture which, when once seen, can never be forgotten. But our guide called; so, rising from my pleasant reverie, I hurried away, cutting castles as I went in the mountains of soft frothing foam collected in the quiet pools by the way. At Lanark we visited the ruins of an old Roman church, also St. Mary's new Roman Catholic church, a very neat structure; and taking the train to Motherwell, we went across the Clyde, walked round the Duke of Hamilton's

grounds, square palace, round mausoleum, &c., through the town of Hamilton, past the ruins of Bothwell Castle, along a beautiful road, across the Clyde again to Uddingston, where we again took the train, reaching Glasgow at 10 o'clock.

STIRLING, July 18.—We left Glasgow, that great mercantile city in the midst of a large mining and manufacturing country, for Linlithgow, at half-past eleven this morning, and on our arrival procured admission to Linlithgow Palace, a large, square and rather bare-looking brown stone building, beautifully situated on a high point of land jutting into Linlithgow Loch. Inside the palace a beautiful old fountain stands in the centre of a court, and halls, passages and windows open into the court all around. We scrambled from passage to hall, from dungeon to tower as fast as possible, as they were very numerous, and our time was limited, and came to the conclusion that the Palace of the Stuarts was about the largest and finest we have seen. In one room Mary Queen of Scots was born, in a vault James III. hid himself to escape assassination by his subjects. The Parliament Hall is majestic, even in its ruins. Part of the palace was once a fort, and was taken by King Robert Bruce from the English, by the well-known stratagem of the load of hay driven under the gate, and in which a number of men were concealed. When under the portcullis, Binnet, the driver, stopped, the men sprang out and the portcullis could not fall, for the hay cart was under it; other men came to the assistance of the first, and the place was captured. The portcullis is not there now. Having seen the palace, we took the next train to Stirling, and upon reaching it at 3.30 p. m., at once set out for the Castle. On our way we entered the Greyfriars or Franciscan Church, erected in 1494 by James IV. in the Norman-Scotch style of architecture. Here the Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland, abjured Romanism in 1543, and James VI. was crowned in the choir in July, 1567, when John Knox preached the coronation sermon. Near this church is Cowan's Hospital, where the pulpit—in which we sat—is preserved, and lower down the street is the U. P. church, where Ebenezer Erskine, the first dissenting minister,

officiated, and in front of which a circular monument is erected over his remains; he was the founder of what was then called the Secession Church. We walked up through the Greyfriars Cemetery, a picturesque place with one or two beautiful monuments, the finest being in memory of two girls who were tied to stakes below high water mark on the sands of Solway Frith, and thus drowned as heretics. From the upper end of the cemetery, a road leads up to the Castle of Stirling; we followed it, and were conducted through the castle by a soldier guide who, among other things, shewed us Roderick Dhu's cell, the beautiful palace built by one of the Stuarts, in which is a lion's den, used as such by James VI.; the Parliament House, Queen Victoria's look-out, from which a fine view of the Highland mountains can be had; also the battle fields of Stirling Bridge and Sheriffmuir, the Heading Hill,

The sad and fatal mound

That oft has heard the dead axe sound;

and in the distance, near Blair Drummond Castle, a large white stone, the centre point of Scotland. On the other side of the walk, at a place called Queen Mary's look-out, is a stone seat and a hole through the battlements, where Mary Queen of Scots is said to have sat and watched the tournaments in the plain below, not being then allowed to appear in public. From here another good view may be had of the Grampian Hills, Gillie's Hill, and the battle-fields of Bannockburn and Sauchie Hill. A woman next conducted us to the Douglas Room, where William Earl of Douglas was slain by James V. and his body thrown out of a window into the garden, now the Douglas Garden. A secret passage runs from the room to the fields beyond the Forth, through which James V. used to pass, dressed as a beggar, on his law and love expeditions. Adjoining the Douglas Room is the Chapel Royal, now used as an armory, where we saw a Lochaber axe, James VI.'s tilting lance, a light one, which I held in rest,

and could have splintered quite easily; an arquebus, a suit of armor of one of the Knights of Malta; also another of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the first Scotch Communion Table used in Scotland, and by John Knox. Passing from the Castle over the Esplanade, I was speaking of Roderick Dhu, when some one overtook us with the observation that "the whole thing was romance; there never was a Roderick Dhu, and he never lived in that cell; he, the speaker, had lived in the castle 30 years, and was one day talking with some soldiers, when one of them suggested the idea of naming that dungeon as a means of making money from tourists, and the plan succeeded. Queen Mary's look-out had been made by an officer of the garrison to shoot jackdaws on the rocks, and the letters M. R., 1567, over the hole, were made by himself in 1859. The Lion's Den never contained the animal in question, as any one who knew anything of history well knew that King James VI. was afraid of a mouse, and would not likely look at a lion; the room had been so named because lions were carved on the paneling." Fortunately, for the remaining stories of the castle, perhaps, the man here reached his destination, and left us musingly ruminating on the fictitiousness of things in general, and romance in particular. We strayed to Cambuskenneth Abbey, of which very little is left but the tower, a Norman structure, and from there up the steep sides of the Abbey Crag, a curious rock rising 560 feet above the plain, and on the summit of which Wallace's Monument, up which we also climbed, rises 220 feet more; then retracing our steps, as we were more than two miles from c we crossed the Forth on the celebrated "Brig o' Stirling," walked through the principal streets of the town, where are the ancient houses of the nobility of past generations, and retired at 10 p. m. Twilight here lasts until nearly ten o'clock. Weather very fine and warm. Miles 4.456.

(To be continued.)

NILE LETTERS.

(Continued.)

ATHENS.

"VENICE, May 13, 1873.

"DEAR W—, —Pardon my silence. I have been absorbing pleasant impressions, and my natural indolence has grasped at every excuse for delaying the time for squeezing them out for the benefit of my friends. I now avail myself—I won't say eagerly—of an hour or two at my disposal while all Venice is indulging in music and ice cream on St. Mark's Square, to tell you what I thought of what I saw at Athens. You and I received at school just enough of classical knowledge to make us wish for more, and though circumstances have prevented us from continuing the study, the desire still lingers, and gives an interest to every association connected with Greece. In approaching Athens from Syra the first object which attracted our attention was 'Sunium's marbled steep,' surmounted by the ruins of a temple of Minerva, of which only twelve columns and the architrave now remain. Of course we could have but an unsatisfactory view of them from the steamer. Passing Sunium we observed several tall chimneys and two or three vessels, which indicated the locality of the Laurium Mines, about which we have heard so much lately. These mines were once worked by the Government of Athens, and were so profitable that it was proposed to divide the surplus among the citizens. After the battle of Marathon the project was strongly and successfully opposed by Themistocles, who persuaded his countrymen to invest the money in ships of war. Athens thus became a maritime power, and the wisdom of Themistocles was ere long made fully manifest when the fleet of Xerxes was destroyed in the Bay of Salamis. Let Englishmen ponder this.

"Piræus was soon in view, and then our eager eyes were gratified with a sight of the still distant Acropolis. The harbor

of Piræus is commodious and well enclosed. It is distant about five miles from Athens, and communicates with it by a railway as well as by a very good road bordered with olive trees. We were nearly an hour in driving from the landing place in Piræus to the Hotel d'Angleterre in Athens, where, after the first night, we were very comfortably housed. Arriving in the evening, we saw nothing of the city until the following morning. Our first drive terminated at the Acropolis, designed by Nature, one would think, to support the buildings which the Athenians, with a skill and genius approaching to inspiration, erected upon it. The views in all directions must surely surpass the dreams of the most enthusiastic student. I could not help applying to Athens the exultant expression used in Holy Writ respecting Jerusalem—'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.' Setting aside altogether its glorious associations, I think Athens is the most beautifully placed city that I know. It has its Arthur's Seat in Lycabettus, about a thousand feet high; and though I am not insensible to the merits of the Calton Hill, I must place it second to the Acropolis, if indeed the Acropolis has any second.

"The valley or plain in which Athens is situated must be about 18 or 20 miles long, and perhaps eight wide, open towards the sea on the south. It is enclosed on either sides by Mounts Hymettus, famed to-day, as of yore, for its honey; Pentelicus, a mass of marble; Parnes, Corydallus, and Ægaleus. These hills rise to the height of 3,500 feet. Among the lesser elevations, Lycabettus is the most prominent, and then the Acropolis, which is the more striking on account of the ruins upon it, visible from a great distance. Modern Athens lies between the last two hills. The Acropolis is a mass of rock about 350 yards long and from 100 to 150 wide, the sides rising almost vertically to a height of about 300

feet above the town. Being a production of nature its form is of course irregular, but it may be compared to that of an oval table. The only approach to it is by a winding road from the west end. The Propylæa, or Doric portico, through which visitors passed, and still pass, was a building of extraordinary beauty and effect. You ascend a flight of about 60 white marble steps, upwards of 70 feet long, and then pass between Doric columns most admirably arranged. Many of the columns still stand, but the pediment has totally disappeared. On either side of the portico were Doric temples, which indeed formed a portion of the grand entrance. The singular genius of the ancient Greeks is manifested in the arrangement of the buildings on the Acropolis. They made no attempt to level the rock. It is now as Nature left it, a bare rock without soil. In England, of course, we should have spent a mint of money in doing that which would only spoil the effect of our buildings. Emerging from the Propylæa, the first object that attracts attention is the Parthenon—a Temple of Minerva. not immediately opposite, as I fear most Englishmen would have placed it, but on one side and at some little distance, where one could see the *whole* of the west front and north side. The rock is higher there, too, so that we look a little upwards and see every part of the buildings that human eyes can see from one point. I may say further that there is no finer site in any city, and possibly—here I speak with deference—no finer building—certainly no building better adapted to its site. There were statues and monuments on the Acropolis, the principal being that of Minerva, higher than even the Parthenon, but these monuments were not ranged in straight lines or placed *vis-à-vis*. The Erectheum, or Doric and Ionic Temple, stood on the opposite side from the Parthenon, and on the lower level. The ornamental details of this building surpass anything of the kind I have ever seen. There is carving on the marble capitals, and round one especially of the doorways, so beautiful in design and so delicate in execution that even now many bits might be almost used as ornaments to hang on a lady's neck. The Parthenon has a remarkable peculiarity, showing the

wonderful observation and skill of the architect. It has no straight line. The stylobate, or floor on which the columns rest, is slightly convex. The vertical lines of the columns themselves also curve slightly outward. The columns are not perfectly upright, but lean a little inwards. And yet the result is perfect symmetry. These devices were adopted to avoid the optical illusion which straight lines would have created. Have you not often observed that a straight lintel over a large doorway often appears to bend under the superincumbent weight? We spent altogether between twelve and fifteen hours on the Acropolis, making good use of our time, and succeeded in obtaining a tolerable idea of its present condition. What it once was would take a much longer time fairly to comprehend. I did see persons and parties 'do' the Acropolis in twenty minutes, but they were 'up to the times.' I am a slow-coach, a man behind the age.

"There are other ruins in Athens—the Temple of Theseus, said to be the least injured 'ruin' of ancient buildings known; the stately Corinthian columns which indicate the site of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the Dionysiac Theatre, the so-called Tower of the Winds, &c.; but the glories of the Acropolis eclipse them all. Near the Acropolis is the Pnyx—a large, elevated rock, indeed a mount—on which the Athenians assembled to hear their orators. The space occupied by the people is semi-circular, gradually rising from the circle to the chord, which is a wall of rock nearly 400 feet long, above which is another large space. In the centre of this wall the rock is cut into a projecting cube of six or eight feet on each side, resting on a small platform, which is two or three steps above the ground. An orator standing on the platform could make himself heard by the vast crowd before him. Four of our party stationed themselves at remote distances, and could hear distinctly the words of a gentleman who spoke from the platform. Here stood Demosthenes and many others whose names will live until learning shall cease. I felt like a schoolboy at Athens, and half wished I were at school again. Looking westward from the Acropolis, the course of the Cephissus is marked by the

continuous grove of aged olive trees which it waters. Near it is shown the site of Plato's Academy. I do not know what the Cephissus may be like at other seasons, but just now it is a very small stream indeed. As for the Ilyssus, it is smaller still. One would like to have seen something more than a streamlet.

"Pentelicus is about thirteen miles from Athens. The summit is not reached without much labor, but the labor is abundantly repaid. What a glorious view it commands! By simply turning round on one spot you can see Athens, Piræus, Salamis, the Morean hills, the promontory of Sunium, Egina, Eubœa, Marathon, and the snow-clad range of Parnassus. Indeed I suppose we see nearly the whole of Attica and something more. We were accompanied to the foot of the mountain by four mounted policemen, and ten armed soldiers went with us to the top. The precaution is, I believe, unnecessary now; but the Greek Government is willing to incur the trouble, in order that travellers may feel secure. I believe that there is not now a brigand in Greece; yet I would certainly not travel far from the cities without availing myself of the protection which the Government offers.

"The Athens of to-day is one of the most modern of cities. The city was totally destroyed during the revolutionary war fifty years ago, and has been rebuilt almost within a generation. Upwards of forty years ago, two years before Otho became King, there came to Athens from America an Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Hill and his wife, missionaries to the Greeks. They sought the ancient city, and took up their abode in the only edifice then standing, a Turkish tower, which afforded them three rooms. The population did not reach five hundred, who sheltered among the ruins as best they could. The strangers endeavored to collect the children together,

and were guided in seeking them by the smoke which issued here and there from the *debris* of the fallen buildings. They were successful, for the poorest Greeks value education. Athens began to revive. Means were furnished by the United States Episcopal Church to build a schoolhouse, and when Otho left Nauplia and adopted Athens as the capital in 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Hill had 300 scholars to show him. I don't know that they have ever had fewer, but they have now 500, many of them the grandchildren of their first pupils. The influence for good of this worthy old couple must have been immense. They have had the confidence of the people and the Government. Mrs. Hill has another school of about 60 taught in her own house. The daughter of the Prime Minister and of other influential people attend it. I am glad to say that the old lady and gentleman are in excellent health. He is 83 and she is 72 years old.

"The population of Athens is upwards of 50,000. I heard it stated at 65,000. The city is well-built and well-kept. The Greeks have not deteriorated in intellect. They are proud of their history and are patriotic. But they are untruthful, and no one man has any confidence in any other man, so that until very recently no enterprise could be undertaken which required many associates. In this respect there are some evidences of a change for the better. Some Greeks who have made fortunes abroad have come to spend their money in Greece, and others have sent large sums to found institutions in Athens. The population of Greece is only about a million and a half, but the country can support a much larger number, and it is to be hoped that with a free government and the sympathy of the world, the Greeks will now remain at home and cultivate the rich soil, now to a large extent a waste."

THE BLIND ORGANIST'S STORY:

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ELECTRA.

Before I began my pilgrimage through "this vale of tears," my father had decided that, if a boy, I was to be a musician. Unlike Betsey Trotwood in "David Copperfield," he was not disappointed in his hopes—I was a boy, and I must be a musician. My father's parents were Quakers, of the strict, old-fashioned kind, and as Nature, with the perversity she sometimes shows in such matters, had slighted their tastes by giving them a son with a natural talent and love for music, they set themselves to work to crush his musical tastes and tendencies; and succeeded so well in their endeavors, that he grew up without any knowledge of, or skill in, "the divine art;" so he was determined to make matters even by giving his son the advantages that had been denied to himself, and his decision was strengthened by the inclination I manifested from babyhood to turn all available objects into drums.

Once having arrived at a decision, my father seldom swerved therefrom; and when I was ten years of age, he bought me a small church organ, had it put up in the largest room of the rambling old farmhouse, bought me the necessary books, engaged a teacher to give me lessons, hung a small riding-whip at one end of the organ,—for in those days they did not believe in moral suasion as applied to children—and set me to work. My teacher was surly and disagreeable; he stormed and scowled, and struck my fingers till they smarted, if I did not play to suit him. I had four hours a day of the steady practice of hateful exercises and dreary technical studies, and if I was recreant to my practice, I received a liberal application of the slender, tingling riding-whip across my back and shoulders. Under this order of things I grew to hate the organ, my teacher, and everything connected with my long tasks. Sometimes braving even my father's anger, no small

thing when roused, I absented myself at lesson hours, hid in some secret place till the dread hour had passed, and then sneaked home to receive the punishment which never failed to come. I used to wish that the house would burn down, so that the organ might be destroyed; that my teacher would break his leg, or that my hands would get so lame I could not use them,—but of course nothing of the kind ever happened; and things went on in the same dismal fashion, till I was thirteen years old, when my crabbed old teacher announced his intention of going to America, which intention he fulfilled to my great joy. I played a stormy and jubilant voluntary on the organ the day he went away,—the first time I enjoyed the satisfaction of expressing my feelings through the medium of music. After my teacher's exodus, my father made arrangements with the blind organist of the parish church to give me lessons, and I was to go to the church to take them, as my teacher knew the way there himself.

I well remember the first lesson I took from my dear master. I had never seen him before (for we always attended chapel, and lived several miles from the village), and young as I was, I was struck with the wonderful beauty of his face. The features were fine, clear cut and classical; but the great charm of his countenance lay in its expression of perfect purity and peace. He was a large, strong man, but he looked gentle as a child,—not the gentleness born of indolence and weakness of character, but the result of self-control and the patient endurance of suffering and sorrow. The solemnity and stillness of the old church—old in the days of the Stuarts; the glorified light from the stained windows, falling on the majestic figure and the sightless uplifted face of my master; and the few sweet and solemn strains with which he prefaced my first lesson, are still fresh in my me-

mory. From this time a great change came over me. My teacher was the only being who ever spoke to me as if he loved me, as I believe he did from the first, time he heard my voice. My mother was dead; I had neither brother nor sister, and my father was stern and cold. Though a wild and wayward lad, I had a warm heart, and would do for a word or look of kindness what harsh words and blows would have made me determined not to do. Instead of looking forward to my semi-weekly lessons as I had formerly done, with dread and dislike, they became the brightest hours of my life; anticipated with pleasure, and passed too soon. In loving my master, I grew to love the noble art he loved so well; my ear and musical taste were both naturally good; my lessons, for my teacher's sake, were always carefully studied and well prepared; and I made rapid progress,—even my stern father expressed his satisfaction in my improvement in very moderate and carefully worded terms. Sometimes when I had done unusually well, or when my master felt like it, when the lesson was over he would play for me, generally beginning with some selection from the "grand old masters," a sonata of Clementi's, sweet and calm and lofty as the sky of his own sunny Italy; some tender *morceau* from the wonderful melodies of Beethoven, or a selection from the stately and intricate music of Handel the magnificent; but he often finished by an improvisation of his own, which, to my partial ears, suffered nothing in comparison with what had preceded it.

One day—I remember it distinctly yet, though it was years ago—I had played my lesson, Handel's "Water Piece," to his entire satisfaction; and when I had finished, after a few words of praise and encouragement, he sat down at the organ and played one of John Sebastian Bach's masterly fugues, and then with only the sweetest and softest stops of the fine old organ drawn, he began a voluntary of his own. A few tender strains, like the first faint streaks of light that brighten the eastern sky, swelling to a flood of pure and perfect music, as dawn changes to the fulness of day; each measure growing louder, deeper, and more jubilant, as the mellow

diapasons and pealing hautbois answered with melodious voices the beckoning hand of the master, till the full major harmonies melted into a sweet and plaintive minor movement, growing sweeter and sadder with every bar, till after a few sinking, quivering notes it died in silence, as day fades to the shadowy evening, that is lost in the darker shades of night. As well as I could in my awkward, boyish way, I spoke my admiration of my master's music. My pleasure pleased him, and hand in hand we left the organ-loft together, and sitting down on one of the seats in the porch of the old church, my teacher, more communicative than usual, told me, in homely and forcible phrase, the story of his life, which I shall repeat to my readers as well as I can, believing that the faithful history of any human being holds for the great heart of humanity a sacred interest.

"I was born," said my master, "in that little house I am sure you have often seen, next door but one to the 'Green Man Inn,' down yonder in the village. My father was a shoemaker and a natural musician, who sung and whistled at his work on weekdays, and played the base viol in the Methodist chapel on Sundays. There were five boys of us—about like other boys, noisy and rough. I was the quietest of them, and my mother's darling; and the only one who, like my father, was fond of music. I always went with him to the weekly practices that the choir held, and often on Sunday strayed off to the church here, to hear the organ play. One Saturday morning about twenty-five years ago—ah! my lad, how well I remember it!—two of my brothers and I wandered into the churchyard here to play; climb the old yew trees, and hide among the grave-stones. My brother Tom had finished a bow and arrow that morning, and was trying his skill as a marksman on anything that came in his way; he had been shooting at me from behind a grave-stone, and I screaming and laughing, ran into this very porch, and shutting the door, peeped through the keyhole, and called out, 'Here I am, Tom; you can't shoot me here.' Tom said, 'I don't believe I can shoot you through that keyhole, but I'll try.' He strung his bow, took aim, and discharged the arrow. I watched it coming

with my eye at the keyhole, but the thought of it hurting me never entered my mind. Suddenly it entered the keyhole, piercing my right eye. Wild with pain, I screamed, and tried to open the door, but before I could do so I fainted. When I came to myself I was lying with my head on poor Tom's lap, he watching me with a face as white as flour. A little stream of blood trickled down my cheek, and my eye hurt me so that I could not open it. As Tom looked at me, he began to cry; I joined my lamentations with his, and in this state, he took me on his back and carried me home, both of us crying all the way there. When we entered the house, Tom was so tired and frightened that he could not say a word, and I told my mother as well as I could the story of the accident. She, poor woman, was almost as frightened as Tom, but she sent somebody for the doctor, and took me in her arms and rocked me till he came; for I was only a lad of seven, and small for my age. When the doctor came, he examined my eye, looked very grave did what he could for me, said I must be kept in a darkened room with a bandage over both eyes, and promising to come again soon, with a few words to my mother that I did not hear, but which caused her to turn pale and burst into tears, he went away.

"From that sorrowful morning I never saw anything plainly. My right eye grew rapidly worse; inflammation set in, and in a short time I lost the sight of it; then sympathetic inflammation attacked the left eye, and I became quite blind. I believe my poor brother Tom suffered more through my affliction than I did. The thought that he had not intended to harm me was no consolation to him; he scarcely ever left me; when I was able to go out into the darkened world again, he carried me on his back, or led me by the hand wherever he went. I was too young to know all that I had lost; but it seemed very strange and sad to be always in the dark, and sometimes I thought that I should have been willing to die afterwards, if I could have seen for a little while.

"I remember so well how the village looked as I saw it last, on the day the accident befell me. It was a lovely happy morning, in the middle of May; the hay in the mea-

dows yonder was nearly ready for the scythe; the river ran shining in the sun, with the willows and alders on its banks dipping their thirsty branches into its clear waters; the little Methodist chapel with its graveyard, and white gravestones here and there on the green mounds. I never smell clover but the scene all comes back to me just as I saw it that morning; for though but a young lad, I thought a good deal, and took more notice of the outside world than most boys of my age. But as I grew older my strong desire to see grew less, and I was as happy and contented as most boys that see, and when I became a man, I was happier and more contented than most men that see."

My master stopped for a moment, as if thinking, and I, looking at the tranquil, pleasant face I had learned to love, felt that what he said was true. He sat thinking for a minute or two, and continued his story: "When I was twelve years old, I went to the Asylum for the Blind, at the city of York. After I had been there a short time, I began to learn the trade of a shoemaker, but I did not do well at it. Occasionally the master took some of us boys to the minster, and the music I heard there so filled my mind, that I seemed to have no room left for anything else. You liked my playing this morning; but, my boy, I wish thou couldst have heard the music I used to hear in those days. The choir and organist of York Cathedral were the best out of London or Canterbury. I could not sing, but I used to whistle everything I heard, from the chants to the voluntaries and offertories. One day as I sat with my work on my lapstone, but my hands idle, whistling a voluntary I had heard the organist play the preceding Sunday, the Professor of Music in the Asylum passed through the workshop, and stopped to ask me what I was whistling and where I had heard it. I told him, and he said 'h'm,' after his manner, and nothing more; but a few days afterwards the Principal of the Asylum came to me and asked me if I should like to learn music. I was so delighted with the question that I could scarcely find breath or words to answer, but my smiles and nods were enough,—it was settled that I should begin my lessons on the organ, un-

der Professor White, the next Monday. And so you see they spoiled a poor shoemaker to make an organist. For eight years I remained at the Asylum, studying and receiving instruction.

"I never tired of music. Sometimes I practiced nine or ten hours a day; it fed my mind with the food that my eyes failed to convey to it, and made me much happier than I should otherwise have been. And now, my little lad," said my master in his gentle tones. "I am going to tell thee something I would tell to very few beside thee.

"One morning as I was just turned of twenty, I went, as was my custom when I could, to the minster. The beautiful service went on as usual, till in the "Te Deum" I noticed a voice I had not heard before, singing in the quartette; the same voice sang the solos as I had never heard them sung before, and never have since, except when the same voice sings them. It was a woman's voice, a pure contralto—not very powerful, but wonderfully rich and pure, and sweet. I almost held my breath to listen. It seemed to me that I could have listened to it forever, but it ceased too soon. I listened patiently, hoping to hear it again, but it sang no more that day. That night I dreamed I heard it again; all through the week following it was with me; and the next Sunday morning, in the same parts, I heard it once more—purer, sweeter, and more pathetic than before. I felt that the owner of the wondrous voice, though young, had suffered, and was full of sympathy for all who bore the cross of suffering.

"As I went out of the minster that day, in going down the steps I stumbled, and should have fallen had not a kind hand caught my arm and helped me to regain my footing. Before a word was spoken I felt, I do not know why, that the hand stretched out to help me belonged to the voice that had so thrilled me with its beauty. Directly it spoke, I was not mistaken. I should have recognized that voice among a thousand others. 'Allow me,' it said, 'to help you down the steps; the rain has made them slippery.' I thanked her as best I could, and gladly accepted her help, wishing that instead of ten there had been ten hundred steps. With a pleasant 'good morning' she left me, blind and helpless

as I was, in love with her. A young lady I was sure she was, by the small soft hand she stretched out to help me, her composed manner, and the clear cultivated tones of her beautiful voice. 'I'll not tell you,' said my master, laying his hand upon my head, "all I suffered, nor all I enjoyed during the next three months. Sometime I suppose, when your time comes, you'll know all about it better than I can tell you. I attended the Cathedral services regularly; happy it I but heard her voice; going slowly out of the Cathedral, and lingering as I went down the steps, in the hope that she might see me and wish me 'good morning,' as she had done once before; that alone would have made me happy for weeks. I am afraid my music suffered a good deal through my divided affections. My thoughts would wander, even when I tried the hardest to restrain them, and the time from Sunday to Sunday seemed longer than a month had formerly been; but when Sabbath after Sabbath I went to the minster and heard her voice no more, I grew hopeless, and turned to my music for consolation. I could find out nothing concerning the owner of the voice that charmed me so, excepting that her name was Agnes Vernon, that she was the daughter of a country gentleman, had come to York to take lessons in vocal music from the leader of the Cathedral choir, had fallen ill, and gone home.

"Shortly after her departure, I went home to pay a visit; hoping that a change of place and people would help to lift from my mind the burden of my hopeless love. While there I was invited to play the organ in this church, and the people were so well pleased with my playing that they offered me the post of organist, about to become vacant by the resignation of the gentleman who held the position. I accepted the offer gladly, and have played the organ ever since. I cannot tell you how glad and thankful my good fortune made me. I had feared that my infirmity would cause me to be partly dependent on my family for support, and they were ill able to do anything besides help themselves; but now, so long as I kept the position, I was sure of a living; for £25 a year would keep me, and provide me with the

few clothes I needed,—besides I might be able to find a few pupils, and perhaps be a help to my parents instead of a burden. I looked forward to the first Sunday I was to enter on my duties with a good deal of nervousness; at last it came.

“My mother brushed my hair more carefully than usual, tied my new neck-tie with loving fingers, kissed me and bade me not fear, I was sure to succeed, and my youngest brother led me to church. When I drew the stops for the opening voluntary, my fingers trembled so that I feared I should fail; but by a great effort I became much calmer, and went through the service, from beginning to end, without any mistake. At its close, the rector, and several leading members of the congregation, came and congratulated me warmly on my success, and I went home happier than I had been for years, forgetting in my joy the name and voice of Agnes Vernon. I had been at home a year when poor Tom, my favorite brother, died, with his hand in mine, and my name the last upon his lips. His death was a heavy blow to us all, but it fell the heaviest on me, for I think I loved him best.

“After this sad event Agnes Vernon and her beautiful voice became only a tender memory, for grief for my lost brother left no room in my mind for any light or unreal sorrow.

“One day, shortly after my brother's death, I was sitting in the sunshine outside my father's door, feeling the sadness in the autumn air, and listening to the rustling of death and falling leaves, when a carriage rolled up, and some one descending from it asked me if John Harvey, the organist of Heathly Church, lived there. I answered that I was the man. Then I heard the carriage door open, some one alight and come towards me, and immediately a gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Vernon of Drayton Hall, who wished to hold a conversation with me for a few minutes, if I was not otherwise engaged. I led him in, and in a few words he explained his errand. His only daughter had taken a fancy to learn to play the organ; he had just bought a fine one, and had had it put up at the Hall. He had heard me highly spoken of, had been pleased with

my playing at church, and desired me to give his daughter lessons. The Hall was only four miles away, he would send his carriage to take me there and back, and if I would name my terms he thought we could settle the matter at once. I meanwhile sat trembling inwardly, and perhaps outwardly. What if this stately gentleman was Agnes Vernon's father, and the daughter he mentioned the young lady herself? My heart leaped at the thought. I could scarcely bethink myself in time to answer the gentleman, and the sum I asked for my services was so small that Mr. Vernon laughed heartily, and asked me if I thought I was going to work for the work-house officials. ‘He must have noticed my disturbed manner, but I suppose he laid it to the charge of bashfulness. In his kindly tones he told me at what hour he would send for me on the next Monday, and shaking hands cordially, bade me ‘good afternoon,’ and drove away.

“That was Thursday, and I won't try to tell you how the time passed till the following Monday. At the appointed hour, the carriage drove up to our door, and I with my best clothes on and a very white face and wildly beating heart, was soon on my way. On my arrival at the Hall a servant met me and led me to a room where refreshments were set before me. I could eat nothing.

“In a few minutes Mr. Vernon came in, shook hands with me kindly, and taking me by the arm, led me to the organ, which stood in the spacious hall on the second floor, and desired me to try it. The instrument was a good one—not so rich and soft as it would be when mellowed by time, but powerful and sweet.

“Mr. Vernon seemed pleased with both my playing and the organ, and said he must go and bring his daughter, and I must play the piece again. I told him that I could not; that I composed it as I played, but I would do the best I could. He left the room and in a few minutes returned with a light step at his side, and coming toward me said: ‘Mr. Harvey, this my daughter, and your future pupil, Miss Agnes Vernon.’ I bowed, and turned to the organ to hide my face. I think I could not have spoken calmly if my life had de-

pended on it, as the voice I had so longed to hear again, spoke the common words of courtesy. She asked me to play; and that organ has never spoken since as it spoke then. Strains as glad and tender as the emotion of my beating heart expressed the joy I was compelled to hide. My playing did me good. When it was over I was myself again, except for the great joy that filled my being.

"Mr. Vernon left us, and I striving to remember Miss Vernon only as my pupil, depending on me for instruction, succeeded better than I expected. I requested her to take her seat on the organ bench. She read music well; was quick in musical apprehension, and made rapid progress; did almost as well as you have done, my dear lad," said my master, with a caressing movement of his hand and arm, that lay across my shoulders.

"The lessons were to me both a pleasure and a pain. It was the delight of my lonely life to be so near the woman I almost worshipped; for every time I met her, I found something new in her to love and admire; but it was pain to be compelled to hide every sign of my great love, and to speak with cool politeness to the woman I longed to address in words of the most sacred tenderness.

"Sometimes in my more hopeful moods, I fancied that in speaking to me, her voice took on a tenderer tone; and then, blaming myself for the hope, I told my foolish heart it was only because I was blind.

"Occasionally, when there were guests at the Hall, Mr. Vernon sent for me to play, and on such occasions Miss Vernon always treated me with the most marked kindness,—indeed she always showed me more favor when in the presence of others than she did when we were alone. Although we often conversed together, I strove to keep my secret faithfully; yet, with her quick instincts I am sure she must have guessed it.

"I had been giving her lessons for a year, when, one day, a note came for me instead of the carriage, saying, that as Mr. Vernon was ill, Miss Vernon would be unable to take any more lessons till his recovery, and enclosing a £5 note in payment for the last quarter's lessons. A week from that day Mr. Vernon died, and the

following Sunday I played his *requiem*, which he had chosen himself before his death. I heard nothing of his daughter during this sad time, excepting from a group of women standing talking together by the church gates, on the day of the funeral. 'Poor dear,' said one 'they say she takes it very hard,—as well she may; she's but young to be alone in the world, with neither father nor mother, brother nor sister;' and another voice said, 'They say she's going to shut up the Hall, and go and live with her aunt, Lady Granger, in Lincolnshire.' These last words filled me with a wild, unbearable fear. The feeling of my blind helplessness came over me with wild anger and bitterness of soul I had never felt before. If I had been as other men, though poor, I might have gained distinction in my art, and hoped to win; but as I was, I could only suffer and despair. I went home sad enough. My dear patient mother, whose love I was always sure of, noticed my gloom. I felt that I could hide my trouble from her no longer, and I told her all. She listened quietly, and when I had done, strove to solace me with loving words of counsel and comfort, for she was a Christian in deed and in truth, and had gained peace through suffering; but I refused to be comforted, and days and nights of bitter anguish and rebellion of spirit made my life darker than it had ever been before.

"One morning, more depressed than usual, I had strayed off to the church, and hiring a little boy to blow for me, I sat down at the organ to play; relieving my mind with the wildest and saddest strains my fingers could find. At last I stopped, and leaning my head upon the organ keys I groaned aloud in my uncontrollable misery, whispering aloud the one word always in my mind 'Agnes.' Suddenly, I heard a light step near me, and the rustle of a woman's garments, and *her* voice whispered, 'John, I am here.' She reached out her hands to me, her slender soft hands, and I took them in my own. I'll not tell you all we said just then, but I found out that, blind and poor as I was, she loved me.

"She had called at my father's house to bid me good-bye, and hearing the organ play as she passed the church, had stepped in. I was so absorbed in my playing that I had

not heard her ascend the stairs, had not heard her till she spoke." My master ceased speaking,—a listening look came into his face; I looked out and saw a lady I had oftenseen and admired in my boyish fashion coming towards the church. My teacher's face had grown suddenly bright, "That is my wife's footstep; before she married me, her name was Agnes Vernon; she has grown lonely, and has come to look for her husband," he said, as the lady entered the porch, and walking up to her husband took him gently by the hand, saying, 'John, you were away so long that I grew uneasy, and came to look for you. Are you ready to go home now?' 'Yes, my darling,' my master said, with unutterable love in his voice; "I've been telling my lad a bit of a story, but it's finished now and we'll all go home," and we went out of the church together—my master and his lovely and gentle wife to their happy home, and I across the fields, to my father's home, quieter and more thoughtful than usual, thinking as I walked of the story of the Blind Organist.

EN RAPPORT ON THE RAILS.

"Is this seat engaged?"

As I am one of that minority of the travelling public which does not put body on one seat, feet on another, and bag on a third, I replied, "No, sir."

If the "no" was abrupt, the "sir" was courteous, echoing the satisfaction with which I judged that my companion on the railroad was a desirable one. In a moment more we heard the last of that song with its suggested accompaniment of polite fraud, "Plen-n-n-ty of room in the palace car, gents," and a dozen of the American public, who could not find the seats they had paid for in the ordinary cars, were trooping after the smooth, fat, yellow fellow—*host* of the *palace car*, to pay fifty cents or one dollar more for the transportation they had already purchased. "We poor subjects of an unlimited monarchy!" And my companion turned to me with the joint exclamation and interrogation set to a satirical smile.

"Supporting how many royal families, Vanderbilts, Fisks, Tweeds, Goulds, and Pullmans?" I added.

"Yes, yes; but I introduced an unpleasant subject; excuse me."

And my fellow passenger gravely bent head as one might ask a blessing.

With long, hoarse whistles and quick

shrill blasts we curve into the avenue, and rumbling through a mile of bakeries, produce stores, soap factories, dirty children, coal yards, swill carts, and scores of grogeries, we quicken our pace past unfilled lots with green pools busy with the cheap shipping of many bare-legged young merchants, past squatter settlements of crowded shanties. Faster; briefer, more screaming whistles. Steamboats strive to keep up with us, sloops and schooners scud and tack, a club boat-house and its jaunty loungers wave salutes; a long wharf piled with coal—One Hundred and Forty-second street!

That left behind, we were fairly away from New York. All those features of the outskirts panorama were too familiar to interest me, so I politely studied him in the seat with me—to the general observer only a good-looking man of society, a gentleman of fine size and build, simply clothed in the fashion, returning apparently to his country seat for a Sabbath's rest from the suits he was conducting in court, or from the duties of a counting-room. His manner and first words had pleased me. I have always prided myself on an ability to read and place, with but brief observation and study, those who amuse or profit me in the occasional currents of travel, or in the continuous vast stream that hurries and whirls us all along, a motley, jostling crowd, from the cradle to the grave. Immediately there was that consciousness of *en rapport* that one sometimes finds introducing and uniting him to an utter stranger, no longer so from the first flash or circuit of invisible sympathy, and I suddenly conceived a strange interest or curiosity in my near neighbor.

After the few words we had exchanged, and he had arranged his few traps and glanced over a book in hand, he settled himself to a comfortable repose; not to sleep, but merely, I suppose, to enjoy a little rest and quiet of mind, after a hard day's business and a July afternoon's walk. One hand rested in the bosom of his vest, the other lay holding the book on his knees. I marked the breadth and unevenness of his forehead, how his chestnut hair and side-whiskers had the beginning of gray in them, how large and curved were the nostrils of a strong nose. I discovered, as I thought, energy and enthusiasm in the lines of jaw and side face, in the clear, sanguine, but dark complexion, traced with veins and nerves. At the glance accompanying his first words to me, I was struck by the fiery nobleness, as I read it, of his eyes, a searching power and strange beguiling tenderness in them. This dignity and this passion of the eyes were confirmed to me by his low, firm, sweet voice.

So sharply was I impressed by my companion's appearance, manner, conversation

and by—the more than those—a certain aroma of magnetic halo which I fancied his personality to exhale, that my imagination constructed a romantic theory of his probable life—an influence and an example as wholesome breezes in every close quarter they might chance. No artisan was he in his profession, I mused, but artist in that and the life broader than profession.

As we crossed the Spuyten Duyvel my companion aroused himself from his open-eye nap, and gave attention to the book in hand, but soon turned from that to the scenery. My offer to him of the seat by the window led to some desultory remarks, and those passed into a conversation which before we passed the opposite Palisades, had grown as warm and earnest as the talk of old friends.

In a moment we plunge from light, breeze, and freedom into the damp obscurity of a short tunnel, then rush with clanging reverberations past the high, shadowed, white walls pierced with hundreds of narrow, grated window slits. You put your face close to the car side, and peer up with sad curiosity at the prison sides; perhaps catch a flash-like picture in one of those iron-barred frames of a face—merely a bare face seen but for an instant—but perhaps you fancy it a hard, desperate countenance marked by misery and revenge. But few seconds for your gloom. It travels not beyond the massive, dreary walls and the last sentry-box. A harsh, prolonged whistle of the engine, and we are by the pleasant open shore again. Some faint pink lines over the Rockland hills, the river cheerfully rippled, a few sails, away ahead a steamboat just passing Croton Point. With increasing speed we flash by Sing Sing, screaming as though our monster locomotive craved some victim to wet its rails. We cross the draw-bridge of the Croton—the beautiful river flowing out of a but partially revealed valley, and spreading into a bay that looks the picture spot for punts and flocks of ducks.

Just there, near the south shore of Croton Point, and about a quarter of a mile from the rails, was a sloop swinging on a new tack as we saw it. In the softening light, a little in the shadow of the land, gently touched by a reflection of the western sky, and caught but for a glance as she turned to a new course, and we ran between the gravel banks that open with a dry yawn right at the base of the Point, she seemed as a shape seen in the clouds, as a fading mirage—a mysterious unreality and faintness encompassing her as the atmosphere of some phantom craft.

"What a pretty illusion!" exclaimed my companion with a sigh, as if the sight was too quickly shut out.

"Yes," I answered, "like a brief dream,

a shadow in the water, a reflection from some river of the spirit world;" and I gave a half laugh as a sort of apology for my romance.

(Heretofore in this narrative I have not given our conversation, but only suggested its character and fervor. Now, however, I write the words exactly as spoken.)

Then my companion, turning himself to me and throwing his arm along the back of the seat behind me — an unconscious gesture that seemed to take me into his mind's embrace—said with a sweet, nervous smile, and a tone of some hesitancy, lowering his voice and slowly, carefully uttering his words:

"That little picture impresses you exactly as it does me—your words are just what mine would be. But much more than this something so strangely sympathetic between you, good sir, and me, strangers, it would seem, ever before this afternoon, moves me to narrate an incident which the sight of that phantom-like boat recalls. The—epi—yes, I will call it episode—remains with me an ineffaceable impression, and yet this is the first time I have mentioned it. Some doubt—some instinctive sentiment that I cannot analyze—some involuntary check that has come upon me whenever I have been on the point of uttering it—has hitherto prevented me from repeating the facts I was a witness to, actor in, I may say. However, to give you my little story: I was invited a year ago this summer—by the way, in this same month of July—to join a young friend of mine, my nephew, in a coasting voyage in his yacht. I gladly accepted, and became one of a small but very pleasant party for a fortnight's cruise. We ran down to the Chesapeake, had some charming trips in its waters, stopped at Fortress Monroe, entirely escaped bad weather, and in every way enjoyed ourselves fully. Our sailing-master, though paid by the month, and one of the best yacht sailors in New York harbor, was a gentleman equal socially to the best of us. He comes of one of the first families in the country, but is poor, and crazy on everything marine. To sailing many yachts in summer he joins boat-building in winter, and sea-painting at all times. He is a gentlemanly original, and overflows with the best kind of dry humor in action and talk. With all appreciation of my nephew and his guests, I must say that I most enjoyed our sailing-master. On that trip, often beside him, helm in hand and pipe in mouth, I learned some valuable lessons in life from him, my junior, and the fun he seasoned them with was a cure for heart-ache or dyspepsia.

"This Archie C—, our sailing-master, had a brother, his elder, a captain in the merchant service. If ever one man was

proud of and devoted to another, it was Archie and his brother. He spun yarns of him through many a night's watch, and I grew to know the merchant captain so well that I believe I should have recognized him anywhere in a crowd, at sea or on shore.

"And now I am brought to the real story, as I may say.

"Our pleasure trip nearly finished, we lazily dipped and rolled one moonlight night off Barnegat. All had turned in except Archibald by the helm, the watch forward, and I, who, as was my custom, enjoyed an *ante-somnum* stroll and smoke on deck. I had planned for a chat with our master, but could not get many words from him that night. From sleepiness or other cause he was in his shell. In the turnings of my pacing astern, I threw out numerous baits for him to rise to, but at length discovered that my friend was napping by the idle helm.

"In a reverie of pleasant thought I enjoyed the quiet lonely rocking of our yacht, the golden mistiness of the moonlight, the lazy splashing of the water on our sides, and the low indolent flapping now and then of our canvas. A dim broken line and a hazy ray of light in the west were the Jersey shore and lighthouse. Sometimes my ear caught very low the hum of the distant surf. Nowhere seaward was there a sail in sight, until suddenly, and greatly to my astonishment, as I wheeled in my march, I discovered close on our larboard, and not four hundred yards off, a large brig, her sails hanging, and she as idle in the calm as we. She was not there a minute before; of that I was sure. As I gazed in utter bewilderment I heard a voice come clear from a figure on her deck:

"Ahoy! yacht ahoy! Is Archie— aboard? Tell him—"

"At that instant our master sprang from his doze, crying out, 'Who called me? Was it you, Mr. —?'"

"My attention distracted, I turned again quickly to the brig. *There was nothing in sight!*—not a mast nor sail on the whole clearly lighted expanse.

"'Did you call me?' continued Archibald, repeating his question, and then with a little surprise, added, 'No, it was not a bit like your voice.'

"'No,' I answered in amazement; 'I have not spoke a word; but—' I hesitated whether to say more, when he continued with a short laugh, but some surprise or concern:

"'What a dream—vivid as life! Right off there,' pointing to the spot where the brig had seemed to me to ride, 'right there I thought was a brig as lazy as our own little craft, and a fellow on deck, whom I saw as plain as I see you now, Mr. —, hailed us exactly in brother Ben's voice, but husky a bit—'Ahoy! yacht ahoy! Is Archie—"

aboard? Tell him—'" and then I wake up, and find it all gammon. Well, what's the use of being awake, if that's a dream?"

"'Oho!' answered I, trying to hide my uncomfortable amazement under a light speech—'Oho! a skipper asleep and with nightmare!'"

"He laughed and loaded a fresh pipe, while I stepped forward and asked of the watch, 'Any sails in sight to-night?'"

"'Nary a one, sir, to bless my eyes. Generally they is most plentiful off here. Only seen a steamer's smoke away off starboard an hour or better ago; that's all this watch, so far.'

"The captain called up a fresh man to relieve him at the wheel, and he and I descended to the cabin. I said nothing to him of my mysterious delusion (as much so to him as to me), and we soon turned in. I lay awake some time that night, turning the matter over in my mind. It puzzled me greatly, and many times since have I tried to study it out to some practical solution; but—oh, I made an entry of it in my diary the next morning—here it is now."

From an inside pocket he drew out a small note-book, and turning over its pages for a few seconds, he handed it to me at this item:

"21st July, 1870.—About 11:45 p. m., off Barnegat, hailed by . . .!"

Merely a memorandum, of significance to no one but its writer.

"Twelve hours afterward," he continued, as I returned the note-book, "we were landed in New York. Returned to my usual work and these almost daily trips by rail, I sometimes recalled that incident of the yacht trip; but, as I have said, I never repeated its experience to any one. It was a nut for leisure cracking. I wanted to keep it all to myself until I might pick out its meaning. And now to a chance companion I hand it for his consideration. Is it an intuition or mere chance that brings us so *en rapport*?"

"However, to resume the story,"—I had bowed my head and smiled a recognition of his implied compliment, but, much absorbed in the narrative, and supposing it unfinished, had spoken no words to delay its continuance—"to resume the story. One morning, early in September, as I ran down in the seven o'clock train to New York, I bought the *Times* as usual, and my eyes happening accidentally on 'Marine Intelligence,' I read at the close of its column this paragraph." Here he again handed me his diary, marking a page with his finger. On this page there was pasted a printed slip under the written date of Sept. 5th. It read: "The brig *Racer*,—master, lost at sea July 21st, in command of Rollinson, first mate, from Singapore and Padang, arrived 2nd and anchored on the bar; came up this a. m., and reports passed Cape of Good

Hope, June 27, and crossed the equator, July 18; then had light winds from S. E. to N. W. to lat. 26. On afternoon of 21st took a hurricane from W. S. W., veering continually until near midnight, when it struck us fiercely from E. W. E. Shipped heavy seas that stove bulwarks, sails, and bow and stern. The rolling broke loose a top spar that struck the captain and knocked him into the sea. The blinding spray immediately shut him from sight, but no boat could have been lowered in the sea then running, and probably the captain was instantly killed by the blow."

Forcibly impressed, I looked up from the book to my companion's face, mutely asking him to proceed.

"Do you notice the coincidence of dates in this and in my former entry?" he asked, and stretched out his hand for the diary.

"Yes," I said, "go on."

"Well, what remains is meagre and gives no clue to the unravelment we desire. Soon after I called on Archibald in Tenth street. He was settled for the winter at his studio. His brother's death had wounded him deeply. He gave me all the particulars that he had obtained from Rollinson, the mate. They were but little more complete than the newspaper paragraph. What surprised me was that he had forgotten his dream on the yacht, or had failed to notice the identity of dates. At any rate he said not a word of those—seemed not to connect the two events in his mind; and I did not wish to call his attention to them. So the matter remains to this day."

When a few moments of silence had followed my companion's story, I asked, drawing a long breath, "And, sir, what conclusions do you draw from that remarkable experience?"

"None satisfactory. And you, my friend, how think you of it? But first, is it not a little singular that I should lay open this subject for the first and only time to you? Entire stranger until a while ago I took this seat beside you, and now we are so closely drawn together that I have exposed a very secret drawer of my mental possessions. Well, perhaps you may be able to see through it after we part. *I can't explain it.*" He looked at his watch as he spoke. We were but a few miles from Peekskill by this time. I asked another question: "Are you a believer in spiritualism?"

"I can't answer you, sir, as I do not really understand what spiritualism is. I know of deceptions, excitements, superstitions, idle tales, delusive exhibitions, and—and—*sleights of hand*, entitled spiritualism, *magnetic attractions*, and proved humbugs. At the same time I cannot doubt the evidence of some very wise, very good, and very honest people who have reported, as I have just done, experiences of some of the mysteries labelled in that way. Seized as

a religious system, it seems to me a feeble plank. Personally I have never known of any other *spiritual* (if that is the term) communication than that I have narrated. By the way"—here he paused for a moment in thought—"by the way, I wonder if my interest a while ago in the first chapter of the book I have in hand may not have induced—that and the picture we saw just south of Croton Point—my confidential relations. The first chapter of Argyll's 'Reign of Law' is on the supernatural—what it is. Let me read one portion of it.

I gladly assented.

"The Reign of Law in nature is, indeed, so far as we can observe it, universal. But the common idea of the supernatural is that which is at variance with natural law, above it, or in violation of it."

"Excuse my interruption," I said just there, "but of course the Duke means—does he not, sir?—at variance with, above, or in violation of that little, comparatively, which we *know* of natural law. What an infinite amount of God's law may be above and modify the small part we know!"

"Thank you, my friend; that is very well put," he replied, and continued his reading. "'Nothing, however wonderful, which happens according to natural law, would be considered by any one as supernatural. The law in obedience to which a wonderful thing happens *may not be known*; but this would not give it a supernatural character, so long as we assuredly believe that it did happen according to *some* law. Hence, it would appear to follow that a man thoroughly possessed of the idea of natural law as universal, never could admit anything to be supernatural; because on seeing any fact, however new, marvellous, or incomprehensible, he would escape into the conclusion that it was the result of some natural law of which he had before been ignorant. . . . This is not the conclusion of pride, but of humility of mind. Seeing the boundless extent of our ignorance of the natural laws which regulate so many of the phenomena around us, and still more of the phenomena within us, nothing can be more reasonable than to conclude, when we see something which is to us a wonder, that somehow, if we only knew how, it is "*all right*"—all according to the constitution and course of nature."

He closed his book, and hurriedly getting together his few traps, swinging his duster on an arm, and buttoning his gloves, he said: "And so, my friend, these facts in my own experience I cannot explain any more than I can doubt them. I construct no theory for them. As they *were*, I believe there must be some law for them. But here we are."

"What, sir, do you get out *here*?" I had thought his ticket said "Poughkeepsie."

"Yes, yes—a sudden thought—but a

good evening to you. I am indebted to your company for a——"

"Good evening, sir," and with real fervor I added from the warmth of my heart, "I trust we shall meet again."

That he answered with a peculiar smile, fitting, but rather incomprehensible, and he was gone.

"What a man!" I thought; "what dignity and quietude of manners! so embracing in his sympathies. What intelligence! Marvellous narrative that. It absorbed me, as indeed did all he said. Ah! how I shall enjoy telling of this fortunate ride to the company I am to dine with to-morrow. It might make a sketch for a magazine." And so I pleasantly soliloquized for several miles beyond Peekskill. But why had I not asked his name? Certainly his ticket was for Poughkeepsie, I seemed sure of that; what then could have suddenly changed his plans to leave the train at Peekskill?

However, what matter to me, except the premature loss of his charming society, that he did or did not change his travelling plans? The interview had left me in a very pleasant state of mind, as when one closes some enrapturing romance and sits looking over it at nothing—an interlude of sensation between the romance lost and the reality to be quickly undertaken. I was conscious, in a remote kind of way, of the soft night settling down on the river gorges of the Highlands. I saw the twinkling tiers of lights in Cozzen's, Garrison's depot, the blaze and glare of the Kemble foundry; and the short, rattling tunnel under Breakneck brought me out of reverie to the open piece of road opposite Cornwall, and a shaking up of my senses to a traveller's preparation to leave the cars. We were nearing Fishkill. "In time for the ferry-boat? Let me see."

"But my watch. Where is it? Could I have left it on my bureau at the hotel? Stupid! stupid! Could it be possible?"

I tried to recal events—my dressing, where I had last looked at my watch, etc., but they were all in revolving maze. Miserable confusion. There was nothing to do

on the moment but to telegraph from Fishkill to the hotel proprietor.

"Fishkill! fer-r-y to Newburgh!"

I rushed from the cars before they were fairly at a standstill, ran into the depot, scribbled off a message for the operator.

"How much?"

"My pocket-book!"

This pocket, that pocket, vest pockets, inside, outside—nowhere. I felt as if all my blood, in drops like lead, had gone through the pores of my feet into the ground beneath. I jerked off my hat, peered into it, answered not the waiting, perplexed operator, but hurried into the depot room, hat in hand, with the wild, wavering look, and scurrying, uncertain steps of a lunatic. I stopped somewhere, my head uncovered, my limbs all flimsy. My fingers felt again for the accustomed vestchain; they clutched something, a couple of links, a piece of metal. I grasped the little broken bits of jewellery and studied them intently. What did it mean? I looked up; probably the eyes of all that travelling throng were fixed on me with wonder, perhaps amusement. Suddenly a faint, sneering whisper in my brain seemed to say again and again, louder and quicker with each repetition, and then with a whirl of laughter, "Argyll's 'Reign of Law.' Ha, ha-a-a!" Alas I saw it. I stumbled to a bench and sat down on my—my hat! A crackling, crumpling report, then a burst of laughter. I came to my senses and rushed for the ferry. Without accident I reached my family that summer night. My wife never knew me more quiet. I had no interesting anecdote to tell at next day's dinner party. My loss that July afternoon on the rails was a gold hunting watch, value, \$250; a pocket-book, containing \$93.75; my conceit of ability to read people, value .0000.

P. S.—Mortification prevented me from attempting to have my *en-rapport* scoundrel arrested; but now, more than two years after, I learn that he died lately in Auburn prison, where he was filling out a sentence for forgery.

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

Young Folks.

KATY.

CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE CARRS.

Katy's name was Katie Carr. She lived in the town of Burnet, which wasn't a very big town, but was growing as fast as it knew how. The house she lived in stood on the edge of the town. It was a large square house, white, with green blinds, and had a porch in front, over which roses and clematis made a thick bower. Four tall locust trees shaded the gravel path which led to the front gate. On one side of the house was an orchard; on the other side were wood piles and barns, and an ice-house. Behind was a kitchen garden sloping to the south; and behind that a pasture with a brook in it, and butternut trees, and four cows—two red ones, a yellow one with sharp horns tipped with tin, and a dear little white one named Daisy.

There were six of the Carr children—four girls and two boys. Katy, the oldest was twelve years old; little Phil, the youngest, was four, and the rest fitted in between.

Dr. Carr, their papa, was a dear, kind, busy man, who was away from home all day, and sometimes all night, too, taking care of sick people. The children hadn't any mamma. She had died when Phil was a baby, four years before my story began. Katy could remember her pretty well; to the rest she was but a sad, sweet name, spoken on Sunday, and at prayer-times, or when papa was specially gentle and solemn.

In place of this mamma, whom they recollected so dimly, there was Aunt Izzie, papa's sister, who came to take care of them when mamma went away on that long journey, from which, for so many months, the little ones kept hoping she might return. Aunt Izzie was a small woman, sharp-faced and thin, rather old-looking, and very neat and particular about everything. She meant to be kind to the children, but they puzzled her much, because they were not a bit like herself when she was a child.

Then Dr. Carr was another person who worried her. He wished to have the children hardy and bold, and encouraged climbing and rough plays, in spite of the bumps and ragged clothes which resulted.

In fact, there was just one half hour of the day when Aunt Izzie was really satisfied about her charges, when she had made a law that they were all to sit in their little chairs and learn the Bible verse for the day. At this time she looked at them with pleased eyes, they were all so spick and span, with such nicely-brushed jackets and such neatly-combed hair. But the moment the bell rang her comfort was over. From that time on, they were what she called "not fit to be seen." The neighbors pitied her very much. They used to count the sixty stiff white pantalette legs hung out to dry every Monday morning, and say to each other what a sight of washing those children made, and what a chore it must be for poor Miss Carr to keep them so nice. But poor Miss Carr didn't think them at all nice; that was the worst of it.

"Clover, go up stairs and wash your hands! Dorry, pick your hat off the floor and hang it on the nail! Not that nail—the third nail from the corner!" These were the kind of things Aunt Izzie was saying all day long. The children minded her pretty well, but they didn't exactly love her, I fear. They called her "Aunt Izzie" always, never "Aunty." Boys and girls will know what *that* meant.

I want to show you the little Carrs, and I don't know that I could ever have a better chance than one day when five out of the six were perched on top of the ice-house, like chickens on a roost. This ice-house was one of their favorite places. It was only a low roof set over a hole in the ground, and, as it stood in the middle of the side-yard, it always seemed to the children that the shortest road to every place was up one of its slopes and down the other. They also liked to mount to the ridge-pole, and then, still keeping the sitting position, to let go, and scrape slowly down over the warm shingles to the ground. It was bad for their shoes and trousers, of course, but what of that? Shoes and trousers, and clothes generally, were Aunt Izzie's affair; theirs was to slide and enjoy themselves.

Clover, next in age to Katy, sat in the middle. She was a fair, sweet dumpling of a girl, with thick pig-tails of light brown hair, and short-sighted blue eyes, which seemed to hold tears, just ready to fall from under the blue. Really, Clover was the jolliest little thing in the world; but these eyes, and her soft cooing voice, al-

ways made people feel like petting her and taking her part.

Pretty little Phil sat next on the roof to Clover, and she held him tight with her arm. Then came Elsie, a thin, brown child of eight, with beautiful dark eyes, and crisp, short curls covering the whole of her small head. Poor little Elsie was the "odd one" among the Carrs. She didn't seem to belong exactly to either the older or the younger children. The great desire and ambition of her heart was to be allowed to go about with Katy and Clover and Cecy Hall, and to know their secrets, and be permitted to put notes into the little post-offices they were forever establishing in all sorts of hidden places. But they didn't want Elsie, and used to tell her to "run away and play with the children," which hurt her feelings very much. When she wouldn't run away, I am sorry to say they ran away from her, which, as their legs were longest, it was easy to do.

Dorry and Joanna sat on the two ends of the ridge pole. Dorry was six years old; a pale, podgy boy, with rather a solemn face, and smears of molasses on the sleeve of his jacket. Joanna, whom the children called "John," and "Johnnie," was a square, splendid child, a year younger than Dorry; she had big brave eyes, and a wide rosy mouth, which always looked ready to laugh. These two were great friends, though Dorry seemed like a girl who had got into boy's clothes by mistake, and Johnnie like a boy who, in a fit of fun, had borrowed his sister's frock. And now, as they all sat there chattering and giggling, the window above opened, a glad shriek was heard, and Katy's head appeared. In her hand she held a heap of stockings, which she waved triumphantly.

"Hurry!" she cried, "all done, and Aunt Izzie says we may go, Are you tired out waiting? I couldn't help it, the holes were so big, and took so long. Hurry up, Clover, and get the things! Cecy and I will be down in a minute."

The children jumped up gladly, and slid down the roof. Clover fetched a couple of baskets from the wood-shed. Elsie ran for her kitten. Dorry and John loaded themselves with two great fagots of green boughs. Just as they were ready, the side-door banged, and Katy and Cecy Hall came into the yard.

I must tell you about Cecy. She was a great friend of the children's, and lived in a house next door. The yards of the houses were only separated by a green hedge, with no gate, so that Cecy spent two-thirds of her time at Dr. Carr's, and was exactly like one of the family. She was a neat, dapper, pink-and-white-girl, modest and prim in manner, with light shiny hair, which always kept smooth, and slim hands,

which never looked dirty. How different from my poor Katy! Katy's hair was forever in a snarl; her gowns were always catching on nails and "tearing themselves;" and, in spite of her age and size, she was as heedless and innocent as a child of six. Katy was the *longest* girl that was ever seen. What she did to make herself grow so, nobody could tell; but she was—up above papa's ear, and half a head taller than poor Aunt Izzie. Whenever she stopped to think about her height she became very awkward, and felt as if she were all legs and elbows, and angles and joints. Happily, her head was so full of other things, of plans and schemes, and fancies of all sorts, that she didn't often take time to remember how tall she was. She was a dear, loving child, for all her careless habits, and made bushels of good resolutions every week of her life, only unluckily she never kept any of them. She had fits of responsibility about the other children, and longed to set them a good example, but when the chance came, she generally forgot to do so. Katy's days flew like the wind; for when she was not studying lessons, or sewing and darning with Aunt Izzie, which she hated extremely, there were always so many delightful schemes rioting in her brains, that all she wished for was ten pairs of hands to carry them out. These same active brains got her into perpetual scrapes. She was fond of building castles in the air, and dreaming of the time when something she had done would make her famous, so that everybody would hear of her, and want to know her. I don't think she had made up her mind what this wonderful thing was to be; but while thinking about it she often forgot to learn a lesson, or to lace her boots, and then she had a bad mark, or a scolding from Aunt Izzie. At such times she consoled herself with planning how, by and by, she would be beautiful and beloved, and amiable as an angel. A great deal was to happen to Katy before that time came. Her eyes, which were black, were to turn blue; her nose was to lengthen and straighten, and her mouth, quite too large at present to suit the part of a heroine, was to be made over into a sort of rosy button. Meantime, and until these charming changes should take place, Katy forgot her features as much as she could, though still, I think, the person on earth whom she most envied was that lady on the outside of the Tricopherous bottles with the wonderful hair which sweeps the ground.

CHAPTER II.

PARADISE.

The place to which the children were going was a sort of marshy thicket at the

bottom of a field near the house. It wasn't a big thicket, but it looked big, because the trees and bushes grew so closely that you could not see just where it ended. In winter the ground was damp and boggy, so that nobody went there, excepting cows, who don't mind getting their feet wet; but in summer the water dried away, and then it was all fresh and green, and full of delightful things—wild roses, and sassafras, and birds' nests. Narrow, winding paths ran here and there, made by the cattle as they wandered to and fro. This place the children called "Paradise," and to them it seemed as wide and endless and full of adventure as any forest of fairy land.

The way to Paradise was through some wooden bars. Katy and Cecy climbed these with a hop, skip and jump, while the smaller ones scrambled underneath. Once past the bars they were fairly in the field, and, with one consent, they all began to run till they reached the entrance of the wood. Then they halted, with a queer look of hesitation on their faces. It was always an exciting occasion to go to Paradise for the first time after the long winter. Who knew what the fairies might not have done since any of them had been there to see?

"Which path shall we go in by?" asked Clover at last.

"Suppose we vote," said Katy. "I say by the Pilgrim's Path and the Hill of Difficulty."

"So do I," chimed in Clover, who always agreed with Katy.

"The Path of Peace is nice," suggested Cecy.

"No, no! We want to go by Sassafras Path!" cried John and Dorry.

However, Katy, as usual, had her way. It was agreed that they should first try Pilgrim's Path, and afterward make a thorough exploration of the whole of their little kingdom, and see all that had happened since last they were there. So in they marched, Katy and Cecy heading the procession, and Dorry, with his great trailing bunch of boughs, bringing up the rear.

"Oh, there is the dear Rosary, all safe!" cried the children, as they reached the top of the Hill of Difficulty and came upon a tall stump, out of the middle of which waved a wild rose-bush, budded over with fresh green leaves. This "Rosary" was a fascinating thing to their minds. They were always inventing stories about it, and were in constant terror lest some hungry cow should take a fancy to the rose-bush and eat it up.

The Path of Peace got its name because of its darkness and coolness. High bushes almost met over it, and trees kept it shady, even in the middle of the day. A sort of white flower grew there, which the children called Polypous, because they didn't know the real name. They stayed a long while

picking bunches of these flowers, and then John and Dorry had to grub up an armful of sassafras roots; so that before they had fairly gone through Toadstool Avenue, Rabbit Hollow, and the rest, the sun was just over their heads, and it was noon.

"I'm getting hungry," said Dorry.

"Oh, no, Dorry, you mustn't be hungry till the bower is ready!" cried the little girls, alarmed, for Dorry was apt to be disconsolate if he was kept waiting for his meals. So they made haste to build the bower. It did not take long, being composed of boughs hung over skipping-ropes, which were tied to the very poplar tree where the fairy lived who had recommended sassafras tea to the Fairy of the Rose.

When it was done they all cuddled in underneath. It was a very small bower—just big enough to hold them, and the baskets, and the kitten. I don't think there would have been room for anybody else, not even another kitten. Katy, who sat in the middle, untied and lifted the lid of the largest basket, while all the rest peeped eagerly to see what was inside.

First came a great many ginger cakes. These were carefully laid on the grass to keep till wanted; buttered biscuit came next—three a piece, with slices of cold lamb laid in between; and last of all were a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and a layer of thick bread and butter sandwiched with corned-beef. Aunt Izzie had put up lunches for Paradise before, you see, and knew pretty well what to expect in the way of appetite.

Oh, how good everything tasted in that bower, with the fresh wind rustling the poplar leaves, sunshine and sweet wood-smells about them, and birds singing overhead! No grown-up dinner party ever had half so much fun. Each mouthful was a pleasure; and when the last crumb had vanished, Katy produced the second basket, and there, oh, delightful surprise! were seven little pies—molasses pies, baked in saucers—each with a brown top and crisp candified edge, which tasted like toffy and lemon peel, and all sorts of good things mixed up together.

There was a general shout. Even demure Cecy was pleased, and Dorry and John kicked their heels on the ground in a tumult of joy. Seven pairs of hands were held out at once toward the basket; seven sets of teeth went to work without a moment's delay. In an incredibly short time every vestige of pie had disappeared, and a blissful stickiness pervaded the party.

"What shall we do now?" asked Clover, while little Phil tipped the baskets upside down, as if to make sure there was nothing left that could possibly be eaten.

"I don't know replied Katy, dreamily. She had left her seat, and was half sitting, half-lying on the low, crooked bough of a

butternut tree, which hung almost over the children's heads,

"Let's play we're grown up," said Cecy, "and tell what we mean to do."

"Well," said Clover, "you begin. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to have a black silk dress, and pink roses in my bonnet, and a white muslin long-shawl," said Cecy; "and I mean to look *exactly* like Minerva Clark! I shall be very good, too; as good as Mrs. Bedell, only a great deal prettier. All the young gentlemen will want me to go and ride, but I sha'n't notice them at all, because you know I shall always be teaching in Sunday-school, and visiting the poor. And some day, when I am bending over an old woman and feeding her with currant jelly, a poet will come along and see me, and he'll go home and write a poem about me," concluded Cecy, triumphantly.

"Pooh!" said Clover. "I don't think that would be nice at all. *I'm* going to be a beautiful lady—the most beautiful lady in the world! And I'm going to live in a yellow castle, with yellow pillars to the portico, and a square thing on top, like Mr. Sawyer's. My children are going to have a play-house up there. There's going to be a spy-glass in the window, to look out of. I shall wear gold dresses and silver dresses every day, and diamond rings, and have white satin aprons to tie on when I'm dusting, or doing anything dirty. In the middle of my back-yard there will be a pond-full of Lubin's Extracts, and whenever I want any I shall go just out and dip a bottle in. And I sha'n't teach in Sunday-schools, like Cecy, because I don't want to; but every Sunday I'll go and stand by the gate, and when her scholars go by on their way home, I'll put Lubin's Extracts on their handkerchiefs."

"I mean to have just same," cried Elsie, whose imagination was fired by this gorgeous vision, "only my pond will be the biggest. I shall be a great deal beatifuller, too," she added.

"You can't," said Katie from overhead. "Clover is going to be the most beautiful lady in the world."

"But I'll be *more* beautiful than the most beautiful," persisted poor little Elsie; "and I'll be big, too, and know everybody's secrets. And everybody'll be kind, then, and never run away and hide; and there won't be any post-offices, or anything disagreeable."

"What'll you be, Johnnie?" asked Clover, anxious to change the subject, for Elsie's voice was growing plaintive.

But Johnnie had no clear ideas as to her future. She laughed a great deal, and squeezed Dorry's arm very tight, but that was all. Dorry was more explicit.

"I mean to have turkey every day," he declared, "and batter-puddings; not boil-

ed ones, you know, but little baked ones, with brown shiny tops, and a great deal of pudding sauce to eat on them. And I shall be so big then that nobody will say, 'Three helps is quite enough for a little boy.'"

"Oh, Dorry, you pig!" cried Katy, while the others screamed with laughter. Dorry was much affronted.

"I shall just go and tell Aunt Izzie what you called me," he said, getting up in a great pet.

But Clover, who was a born peacemaker, caught hold of his arm, and her coaxings and entreaties consoled him so much that he finally said he would stay; especially as the others were quite grave now, and promised that they wouldn't laugh any more.

"And now, Katy, it's your turn," said Cecy; "tell us what you're going to be when you grow up."

"I'm not sure about what I'll be," replied Katie, from overhead; "beautiful, of course, and good if I can, only not so good as you, Cecy, because it would be nice to go and ride with the young gentlemen *sometimes*. And I'd like to have a large house and splendiferous garden, and then you could all come and live with me, and we would play in the garden, and Dorry should have turkey five times a day if he liked. And we'd have a machine to darn the stockings, and another machine to put the bureau drawers in order, and we'd never sew or knit garters, or do anything we didn't want to. That's what I'd like to be. But now I'll tell you what I mean to *do*."

"Isn't it the same thing?" asked Cecy.

"Oh, no!" replied Katy, "quite different; for you see I mean to *do* something grand. I don't know what, yet; but when I'm grown up I shall find out." (Poor Katy always said "when I'm grown up," forgetting how very much she had grown already.) "Perhaps," she went on, "it will be rowing out in boats, and saving people's lives, like that girl in the book. Or perhaps I shall go and nurse in the hospital, like Miss Nightingale. Or else I'll head a crusade and ride on a white horse, with armor and a helmet on my head, and carry a sacred flag. Or if I don't do that, I'll paint pictures, or sing, or scalp—sculp,—what is it? you know—make figures in marble. Anyhow it shall be *something*. And when Aunt Izzie sees it, and reads about me in the newspapers, she will say, 'The dear child! I always knew she would turn out an ornament to the family.' People very often say, afterward, that they 'always knew,'" concluded Katy, sagaciously.

"Oh, Katy! how beautiful it will be!" said Clover, clasping her hands. Clover believed in Katy as she did in the Bible.

"I don't believe the newspapers would be so silly as to print things about *you*, Katy Carr," put in Elsie, vindictively.

"Yes they will!" said Clover; and gave Elsie a push.

By and by John and Dorry trotted away on mysterious errands of their own.

"Wasn't Dorry funny with his turkey?" remarked Cecy; and they all laughed again.

"If you won't tell," said Katy, "I'll let you see Dorry's journal. He kept it once for almost two weeks, and then gave it up. I found the book, this morning, in the nursery closet."

All of them promised, and Katy produced it from her pocket. It began thus:

"*March 12.*—Have resolved to keep a journal.

March 13.—Had rost befe for diner, and cabbage, and potato and appel sawse, and rice puding. I do not like rice puding when it is like ours. Charley Slack's kind is rele good. Mush and sirup for tea.

March 19.—Forgit what did. John and me saved our pie to take to schule.

March 21.—Forgit what did. Gridel cakes for brekfast. Debby didn't fry enuff.

March 24.—This is Sunday. Corn befe for dinnir. Studded my Bibel leson. Aunt Issy said I was greddy. Have resollved not to think so much about things to ete. Wish I was a beter boy. Nothing pertikeler for tea.

March 25.—Forgit what did

March 27.—Forgit what did.

March 29.—Played.

March 31.—Forgit what did.

April 1.—Have dissided not to kepe a jurnal enny more."

Here ended the extracts; and it seemed as if only a minute had passed since they stopped laughing over them, before the long shadows began to fall, and Mary came to say that all of them must come in to get ready for tea. It was dreadful to have to pick up the empty baskets and go home, feeling that the long, delightful Saturday was over, and that there wouldn't be another for a week.

(To be continued.)

HANNAH'S FIRST TEMPTATION.

BY MARY E. WILLARD.

Hannah was a brown-eyed child of eight years old, just the age to be made *feet* for every body, and receive no thanks for it. Her *big brother*, as she called him, was very sick all one long winter, and the little only sister was kept at home from school to save steps for her mother. She wore slippers when in doors, and learned to move about with a step like a cat, for fear of disturbing her sick brother's sensitive head.

Her especial duty was to bring from a closet in the next room a small portion of the delicacies, many of them gifts of sym-

pathizing friends, that the doctor permitted him to enjoy. He had been too ill to eat for a long time, and was very thin, and weak and hungry. Once in about an hour or so, she would hear, "Hannah, bring me a few grapes, or a cracker, and a spoonful of jelly."

Hannah would go on tip-toe and bring it, and hold the plate while her sick brother ate it, then bathe his thin, pale fingers, and dry them with a soft, gentle motion, and sit down by the window and watch him till her mamma came to relieve her.

Sometimes she would be sent for an orange that had been peeled, and divided into small pieces by the mother, and placed where Hannah could bring a little at a time to the sick bed, for it was unsafe to over-indulge the new appetite and weak stomach.

The little nurse did her work well, and became so used to the quiet, sick room and still house, that she quite forgot her want to go to school, and play with other children. She read her bound volume of the "Youth's Friend," the only child's paper of her time, over and over again before the nursing days expired.

One day she went to the closet to bring a cracker and some jelly, &c. Young as she was, the *devil* met her. Don't be startled! He is always hanging about little children as soon as they are old enough to understand him. She had been arranging the shelf that was under her care, and stood thinking: "There are twelve oranges, and ever so many cups of jelly, and lots of ginger preserves, and three kinds of crackers. How nice they look! Oh, dear! I almost wish I had the inflammatory rheumatism so as to have some of these good things."

You see her *big brother*, like most sick folks, was too much taken up with himself to think how tempting the juicy oranges, crimson jelly, white grapes, and sponge cake were to his little nurse, and had neglected to offer her a share.

As she stood looking at the half-consumed glass of jelly, holding in her hand a spoon, *something* seemed to whisper,

"*Help yourself, Hannah!* Take a little jelly and a cracker. No one will miss it."

She pushed her hand into a half-open paper, and took one out. It seemed to her guilty conscience to rattle like a powder cracker! She looked all about her, and listened tremblingly. As the spoon went into the jelly, the same voice said:

"*What are you afraid of?* Your mother is down stairs, your brother in bed, the family all out, *no one will see you.* Beside, if your mother knew how your little mouth waters for something good, she'd give it to you. You have earned a share for your nursing, and brother Tom is very selfish not to have offered to you long ago."

Thus consoled by her new adviser, she

spread the jelly on the cracker. It did look good! It made her mouth water worse than ever.

"Now put a handful of white grapes in your pocket to eat in the room when Tom is asleep," said the same indulgent voice.

She stood and looked at the fruit dish piled with large white grapes. The voice went on:

"Take some. You know that half of the last grapes spoiled, and had to be thrown away. Tom can't eat all of them. You had better eat them than see them wasted."

This apparently kind, economical, sensible advice was from the same *devil* that whispered to Eve, and persuaded her to eat forbidden fruit, and brought death and woe into the world. Hannah stood a few minutes looking longingly. The voice continued:

"You've trotted back and forth from the closet to the bed for a month, and haven't tasted one of these good things, and you never will if you don't help yourself. Didn't the doctor say, yesterday, that you deserved to be well petted for the rest of the year."

Just then *another voice* spoke to her soul, and brought to mind a verse that she had been writing in her copy book the last day that she was at school. It was, "*Thou God see'st me.*" She had been taught by an old-fashioned Bible-reading mother to fear *sin*. At this, Hannah threw down the spoon and pushed the cracker away, and said aloud:

"I know I hav'n't had any, and *won't* touch a bit unless mamma gives it to me herself. *I just won't. It's stealing to eat Tom's things,*" and slamming the closet door with a bang that re-echoed through the rooms, she hurried back to the sick room, and did not feel safe from the tempter's power until she was seated in her little chair at the window by her book case.

Her brother's sick voice saying "What keeps you so long, Hannah?" roused her to her neglected duty. As she carried the cracker she had spread for herself to him, and stood waiting while he ate it, he little knew the struggle that his young sister had endured in resisting the *devil*.

The contents of the closet never tempted her again. God's promise, "*Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,*" was fulfilled in her case. Several weeks passed before Tom thought to offer his little nurse a share of his luxuries. When he did they were joyfully received, with no memory of *sin* to give them a bitter taste!

Hannah is now a grey-haired woman, with a little brown-haired girl of her own, just the age that she was when she passed through her *first temptation*. Though possessing her share of faults, from that day she had hardly been tempted to *dishonesty*. She believes that if she had yielded to the

devil on that far-off day, she might have been led into deception and dishonesty all through her life.

She thinks it has been easier for her to be saving and self-denying, and regardless of the rights of others, careful not to spend beyond her means, reluctant to borrow, because the blessed Saviour helped her to say "*no*" to the *devil*, when he assailed her in the sweetmeat closet.

The "Father of lies" is meeting boys and girls now just as he did little Hannah. He tells you to keep back part of the change which your mother forgot to ask you for, when you came in from the store and found her busy with company. He tells you to put a cookie in each pocket, beside that one in your hand when you are trusted to go to the cake-box, and other things of the same sort.

By and by he will try you on a larger scale, and if you manage to keep clear of disgrace, and jail, you will not avoid the stain of dishonesty upon your soul, and the wrath of God, if you yield to his suggestions.

Say, "*No, I won't!*" to the *devil*, now while you are a little curly-headed child, before any earthly friend knows that you are tempted, and he will flee from you. The Saviour who said, "*Suffer little children to come unto me,*" will give you strength to do right if you ask Him, and trust in Him.

Hannah never told this true story of her first temptation before. Her mother and brother have gone to Heaven. She might not now be so happy in the hope of meeting them there if she had not said "*I won't!*" to the *devil* when he urged her to help herself in the sweetmeat closet.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Loving Jesus, wilt Thou listen
To an infant's feeble prayer?
I would praise Thee for thy goodness—
For thy constant tender care;

For the blessings Thou hast given,
As each hour has passed away;
Thou hast never me forgotten—
But dost keep me day by day.

I would thank Thee for each mercy,
That thy loving hand doth give;
For my friends, my food and clothing,
And the home in which I live.

Guard me ever, blessed Jesus,
'Till the angel voices sweet
Call me to my home in heaven,
Joyful my dear Lord to meet.

FROM SORROW TO JOY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MARY B. LEE.

"Mother, just see how Ned has left the room I just dusted," exclaimed Jennie Warburton, angrily, as her brother was leaving the sitting-room. "Boys are such a trouble in the house."

"And girls are *so fussy*," retorted Ned turning back. "What's the matter with the room?"

"Why just look where you've left that book, and you've got that chair out from the wall."

"Well, what harm is the book doing on the sofa? I'll want it again when I come in, and the chair, too; you wouldn't have me put a book away every time I read a few pages, would you?"

"Of course I would," answered Jennie, crossly. "I want the place tidy, and it never *is* tidy when *you're* home; so I wish your vacation was over, and you were back at school. You keep me busy putting things to rights after you all the day; I never have a minute to spare."

"Pshaw! Jennie, you'll turn into an *old maid* if you're not careful. Particular, prim, just so, little girls always turn into old maids."

Jennie flushed with anger, and was about to reply in no amiable tone, when Mrs. Warburton came in, saying: "Children, do stop quarrelling; you can't stay five minutes together without disputing about something. I was just getting baby asleep; but now it will take me half an hour to quiet him again."

"It's all Ned's fault," said Jennie, hastily; "he never leaves things tidy."

"Mother, need Jennie be so fussy?" said Ned; "what comfort can a fellow have if he can't move a chair, or touch a book without getting a lecture?"

"I don't know why you and Jennie cannot get along together," sighed Mrs. Warburton. "I must ask your father what I am to do."

"Never mind, mother, I'll try to keep things in order; but it's so hard for a fellow to think of a chair, or a book, or a paper, every time he leaves a room."

Ned went off to amuse himself out of doors for a time, and it is to be hoped that Jennie was able to keep the house and her temper in order during his absence.

Mrs. Warburton carried the baby back to her sleeping apartment, and spent a wearisome half-hour before the fretful baby condescended to fall into the arms of Morpheus.

Then Mrs. Warburton was obliged to lie down and rest before she could attend to her other domestic duties. She was a very

delicate woman, always ailing, never equal to the many demands on her time and strength, so Jennie took on herself the care of the rooms. The child liked to be busy and important, and perhaps thought it necessary to supplement her labor with crossness and fault-finding.

She made every one in the house unhappy while Ned was home for the holidays. The boy was good-natured; but Jennie scolded so much, that he didn't care to think about pleasing her, and so preventing a dispute, which always gave Mrs. Warburton a headache.

No part of the house was free from Jennie's circumspection. If Ned left a towel, comb, or brush, out of its exact position, Jennie called him untidy. Then he would say he might be allowed to use his own room as he pleased. When he came in from fishing, ball-playing, or other amusement, and threw his fishing-tackle, bat and ball on the bed, till he felt like putting them away, Jennie would fly into the room, seize the offending playthings, put them in the closet, shut the closet door with a bang, and exclaim in loud, cross tones: "I wish boys had something useful to do like girls."

Now, Ned's father was captain of a sailing vessel engaged in trade with Central America. He was seldom home, or perhaps he might have found some way of making Jennie more amiable and Ned more thoughtful.

Captain Warburton soon returned from his morning walk. He sat down in the cool parlor to read the morning paper. By-and-by, angry voices reached his ears. He had never heard Ned and Jennie quarrel, as respect for their father induced them to control themselves in his presence. He was astonished and annoyed by what he heard.

"Why, Ned," Jennie's voice was loud and shrill; "you promised mother you would be good, and now, here you have the nice, clean piazza all over chips."

"Well, I'll pick them up when I'm through."

"You shouldn't have them here at all. What's the good of cutting that piece of wood?"

"I'm making a boat for baby."

"Baby don't want it. He don't know the difference between a boat and a plain piece of wood. I wish you would stay away from the house till dinner-time. Mother's asleep, and baby; if you stay home, you'll waken them both in a few minutes."

"You will, you mean. You make all the noise and trouble. I can't do a thing except you scold and make a fuss. Just go in now, and let me alone, and I won't disturb any one."

"I'll get the broom and sweep all that trash away. What would any visitor think of such a piazza?"

"Nothing at all. Only you're such an

old maid, you wouldn't either. I'm going to finish this boat for baby, I tell you, and I won't go away till I'm ready."

"Well, wait till father comes in. Mother's going to speak to him about you. He'll make you behave while you're home. All vacation, and every Saturday, it's the same thing, cutting sticks over the place, and leaving things every way. You're the plague of my life."

"And you're the plague of mine; so we're equal there, anyway. Now you've said enough, so just go in, and let me alone."

"I won't go in till you go away, then I'll have to get a broom and sweep the piazza. I'm always cleaning up after you."

"You'll have to stay a long time, then."

"I wish father would come in. I'd tell him how you act."

"What about yourself?"

The voices of the brother and sister had grown louder and more angry as the dispute proceeded. Mrs. Warburton had heard the angry tones through the open windows of her room, and, rising, leaned out of the window to address her quarrelsome children, just as Captain Warburton, unable to listen quietly any longer, slipped out of the parlor.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the captain, sternly.

"I wish you would tell me what to do with those children," sighed Mrs. Warburton from the window.

"They are always disputing about some trifle."

"You don't mean to say that Ned and Jennie quarrel like this often?"

"Yes; whenever Ned is in the house, Jennie finds fault about something. I wish she would let him alone, and let Susan or me fix up afterward."

"Susan has enough to do in the kitchen, and you are not strong enough to walk after Ned all day," said Jennie, perty.

"Come, Jennie, silence; you have talked rather too much for a child of your age. You are a useful little girl, but you spoil your usefulness by scolding about trifles. I had no idea a daughter of mine would talk as you have done to-day. Go to your room for half an hour, and think about your conduct; and Ned, I am going out again, come with me, I want to talk to you."

Captain Warburton spoke to his son on the necessity of avoiding disputes, on his mother's account. Ned said he tried to do so, but do what he would, Jennie was sure to grumble.

Jennie did not seem sorry for her share of the trouble, but came to the dinner-table, looking sulky and ill-used.

"Well, I've been thinking it all over," said the captain that evening at the tea-table. "I'll take Ned with me to Central America. We'll be back about the time school commences."

"Oh! no; Ned is only twelve—too young to leave home for a sea voyage," answered Mrs. Warburton quickly.

"He is rather young, but it is the only way to let you have peace for the summer. I cannot go away for two or three months, and leave you to be worried by the quarrels of those children. So have Ned ready by Monday."

"He will get that dreadful fever down there."

"No; I'll guard against that. Anything is better than to have you made ill every day. Say no more, for Ned is coming with me. Perhaps while we are away Jennie will learn to be useful without being annoying."

Captain Warburton kept to his resolution, and on the following Monday took Ned with him on board the "Jennie Warburton," named after Mrs. Warburton.

Ned was delighted with the idea of sailing with his father. Mrs. Warburton wept, and declared she knew something would happen to Ned. Jennie was so glad that Ned was not going to be round the house for two months or so, that she made a pincushion and needle-book for him, and kissed him affectionately at his departure.

Mrs. Warburton fretted more than usual, as son as well as husband had gone to sea. Her fears magnified every peril, till she made herself really ill. The baby pined and fretted, till the physician lectured the mother on her want of faith and hope, and pointed out to her the necessity of self-control, on the baby's account, if not on her own.

The house was now orderly enough for Jennie. Nobody disturbed the books, and the friends who called to enquire after Mrs. Warburton seldom moved the chairs from their proper places.

After some weeks Mrs. Warburton was cheered by a letter, telling of the "Jennie Warburton's" safe arrival in port, and that Ned was quite well, and enjoyed his trip. He was much interested in the strange-looking people of the port—the creoles, Indians, and negroes—and he had gathered various curiosities for his friends at home. Another letter came to say, that the "Jennie Warburton" had taken in her cargo of cochineal and indigo, and was ready to sail on her homeward trip.

The weeks passed by till August was over, and September's storms caused anxious hearts among the families of our sailors.

The New England town where the Warburtons lived was composed principally of sailors and their families. While daylight lasted, anxious relatives were looking seaward for the first glimpse of the many-expected vessels.

Jennie Warburton was on the lookout many hours a day. An undefinable sensation of fear weighed her down. In spite of

the strict order which prevailed in-doors, she was not happy. The sight of Ned putting his feet on a chair or throwing a book carelessly on the sofa, would have pleased her.

It was full time for the "Jennie Warburton" to be at her moorings, and still the little vessel did not gratify the watchers by making her appearance. Alas! the brave little vessel's career was over. She had taken in her last cargo and sailed her last voyage. From the newspaper, the Warburtons first learned the disaster. Mrs. Warburton's eager eyes quickly discovered the following paragraph:

"During the gale on the 16th inst. the bark 'Jennie Warburton' went ashore off Cape Hatteras. The vessel is a complete wreck, but the captain and crew escaped with their lives, and were taken on board a passing vessel. The captain's son had not been seen since the wreck, but hopes are entertained that he was saved by a boat from the shore."

The grief of Mrs. Warburton and Jennie need not be described. If Jennie's conscience never smote her before, it did now. She felt that if her brother was lost, it was owing to her wicked fault-finding.

The next day brought the captain. He was worn and haggard—and *alone*. He had searched long and carefully for his boy, but without success. In one particular the newspaper paragraph was incorrect; he had not gone on board the passing vessel with his crew, but had remained two days longer, searching along the shore for his son.

The captain had abandoned all hope. The boy could not be alive and escape his vigilant search, it was a hard blow to the strong man, who loved his wife and children with a passion few suspected. He tried to bear up bravely and comfort his wife and daughter, but exposure and anxiety had affected his health, and the day after his return he succumbed to the combined effects of anxiety and fatigue.

Mrs. Warburton controlled her own grief nobly. Now that real trouble had come, she forgot herself in her devotion to her suffering husband.

And Jennie? She suffered more intensely than her parents. Through the day, tending the baby, helping to wait on her father, and answering friends who came to enquire after the captain, kept her from yielding to the bitter sorrow which had fallen on her. But at night, when she was sent to bed to sleep, she was tortured by visions of the "Jennie Warburton" going to pieces, and the waves washing Ned away. If she dozed, the screams and shouts of the crew awakened her, and she would start up frightened and crying. Sometimes she could not bear the solitude of her own room, and would rush wildly into her

mother's, hide her face in the sofa cushion and moan bitterly.

Even in the day, if she was quiet for a few moments, she would see Ned clinging to a fragment of the wreck and calling, "Jennie, Jennie, save me!"

At last, the girl was so miserable from want of sleep and grief, that the physician had to prescribe for her.

October passed away, and Captain Warburton, restored to health, was making arrangements for going to sea again. His wife was very unwilling to let him go; but he said he had followed the sea all his life, and could not make a living on land. The loss of his vessel had made him a poor man. He was no longer captain of his own vessel, but must offer his services where they were needed, for a compensation.

Some weeks elapsed before the captain found an opening. The bark "Henrietta" would leave Boston the day after Thanksgiving, and the captain would not be able to spend all the holiday with his family. He would remain with them till twelve o'clock noon, and then ride to the station to take the train for Boston.

There had been some debate about keeping Thanksgiving at all. No one felt like entering into the spirit of that great national holiday. Still, Mrs. Warburton remembered with a shudder, that she had reason for thanksgiving in the preservation of her husband's life, and the captain said the day was not appointed so much for private thanksgivings as for those public blessings of peace and plenty.

So it was settled, that in a very quiet way the day should be celebrated.

Thanksgiving-day dawned bright and clear. The Warburtons were up very early, as they intended to have the turkey and mince-pie for breakfast, as the captain wished to attend the service in the church, and would be obliged to start at twelve.

Breakfast was nearly ready. Jennie was holding the baby on the piazza. The captain was carrying down his valise. Mrs. Warburton was cutting a mince pie; her eyes full of tears while doing it, and Susan was taking the turkey out of the oven when a loud scream brought the captain, Mrs. Warburton, and Susan in haste to the piazza. All feared the same thing, that something had happened to the baby.

It would be hard to describe their sensations on seeing Ned clasping Jennie and baby in his arms, and kissing them as if he could never kiss them enough.

What a thanksgiving it was after all; Jennie hugged Ned every five minutes to make sure he was there, and then cried from intensity of joy.

In the intervals between eating, Ned told them how he had been washed on shore a long distance from the wreck; how he had seen a light and made his way towards it.

The light proved to be a fire, and there were several persons around it. They were looking at articles which Ned thought belonged to his father. They gave Ned some liquor to drink, and when he awoke from the long sleep which followed, he was in a different place, not close to the sea. He was quite ill; not able to keep his head up. When he recovered, he wanted to be sent home; but the old woman who looked after him, said there was no way just then. So Ned remained there working about the place, till a missionary came one day, and the old woman gave the boy to him to take to the nearest port, from which she supposed he could make his way home.

The missionary took Ned to Beaufort, where some kind ladies took care of him, gave him new clothes, paid his passage on a steamer bound for New York, and gave him means to travel from New York to his home.

Ned did not know where he had been, nor why the men had carried him off and left him so long with the old woman in the farm-house. The captain surmised that the men were wreckers, and that a feeling of humanity had led them to save the boy instead of leaving him on the sandy island. Perhaps fear of Ned's informing on them induced them to keep him so long from his friends. Perhaps they went away to gather more spoils and lost sight of the boy.

At any rate, Ned was safe, and the captain and his wife knelt in church, and returned thanks with their hearts for the restoration of their son.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

Is heaven a long way off, mother?
I watch through all the day,
To see my father coming back,
And meet him on the way.

And when the night comes on, I stand
Where once I used to wait,
To see him coming from the gelds,
And meet him at the gate.

Then I used to put my hand in his,
And cared not more to play;
But I never meet him coming now,
However long I stay.

And you tell me he's in heaven, and far,
Far happier than we,
And loves us still the same—but how,
Dear mother, can that be?

For he never left us for a day
To market or to fair,
But the best of all that father saw
He brought for us to share.

He cared for nothing then but us;
I have heard father say
That coming back made worth his while
Sometimes to go away.

He used to say he liked our house
Far better than the hall;
He would not change it for the best,
The grandest place of all:

And if where he is now, mother,
All is so good and fair,
He would have come back long ago,
To take us with him there.

He never would be missed in heaven;
I have heard father say
How many angels God has there,
To praise Him night and day.

He never would be missed in heaven
From all that blessed throng;
And we, oh, we have missed him here
So sadly and so long!

But if he came to fetch us, then
I would hold his hand so fast!
I would not let it go again
Till all the way was passed.

He'd tell me all that he has seen;
But I would never say
How dull and lonely we have been
Since he went far away.

When you raised me to the bed, mother,
And I kissed him on the cheek,
His cheek was pale and very cold,
And his voice was low and weak.

And yet I can remember well
Each word that he spoke then,
For he said I must be a dear, good girl,
And we should meet again!

And, oh, but I have tried since then
To be good through all the day;
I have done whate'er you bid me, mother,
Yet father stays away!

Is it because God loves him so?
I know that in His love,
He takes the good away from earth,
To live with Him above!

Oh, that God had not loved him so!
For then he might have stayed,
And kissed me as he used at nights,
When by his knee I played.

Oh, that he had not been so good,
So patient or so kind!
Oh, had but we been more like him,
And not been left behind!

The Home.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

A HOMELY TALE.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather, and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly-rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save *her* life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her precept unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning, Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome, and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her pre-conceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of touring it in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsens for generations. Dreams and reality are so different, you see.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully: she had not been brought up with high notions by any means; and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems

to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as the years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept; and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save perhaps the very roughest of the labor. In place of lounging in elegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household. Quite a contrast, as must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much: could she have had nice carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had not noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years went on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice: Robert never thought about it. And what though he had?—it is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. In time Mrs. Robert Thompson began to ask that some renovation should take place, at which Robert only stared: the house that had done without painting so long, could do yet; and the old things in it were good enough for them. She did not venture to urge the point; but she did press for some flowers. There was a strip of ground under the south parlor windows where a shrub of sweet-brier grew, and pinks, sweet-williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were old-fashioned, common flowers; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. The garden, like himself, was all practical, filled with cabbages, onions, potatoes, and sweet herbs. And so went on her unlovely existence, in which dissatisfaction was becoming a very nightmare. Now and again, on those somewhat rare occasions when she went out to visit her neighbors, and saw how pretty many of them had things, she came home more than ever out of heart. The worst was (or the

best) there was no real reason why a little money should not be spent in making the home prettier and happier, for Robert Thompson was doing well, and putting fairly by. But understanding had not come into the man, and his wife was too meek, perhaps too constitutionally timid, to make trouble over it.

The matter to-day—which had put her so very much out—was this. A sewing-club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress amidst the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it—Mrs. Thompson amidst others; they met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation, dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock, and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider ways and means; for they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing—tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later when the stitching was over.

What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf, that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted some new white ware; she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely set for sale—white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuchsias, looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?" asked he.

"Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I daresay the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Robert! Look at *this*. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"'Twas good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes. But she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle: do give me the money."

"Grover'll have to keep 'em for ns; I've got no money to waste on fine china," returned the farmer. "By the way"—looking back from the door—"Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day if I can, it's a famous heavy crop: so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh, and the Hubbards want six pounds of butter to-night; don't forget to have it ready."

With these words, Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings! It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she *might* have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife does not have to *beg* for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought rebelliously.

And then, in her spirit of aggrivement, she mentally went over the other things she needed, and that Robert knew *were* needed. Why was life to be all toil and bare ugliness? There was no reason: he had plenty of money. A new carpet for the best parlor; paper for the walls, so stained with time; whitewash; paint; some fresh chintz, she remembered it all, as she toiled through the long sultry forenoon with an aching head and discouraged heart. It happened to be washing-day: and on those days she took all the work, that Molly might not be disturbed in her help at the tubs.

What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrists beating away at the butter for the Hubbards; for in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Robert Thompson looked at things to-day, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burn-

ham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own: two hundred a year at least, and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not: likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the whole of poor, under-sized Joe. Squire Burnham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson, this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-club too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry ware and the home generally. The butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man: only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being softened with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations: the weekly market; gossip with his brother farmers; politics: she had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home *told* upon her; that she needed more brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life. And so as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish: the intensely unlovely prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again, when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered: she who used to be so sweet tempered.

(To be continued.)

GOING OUT-OF-DOORS.

Until one gets in the habit of going out for a walk every day, it seems a rather stupid thing to bundle up and go out with no ostensible errand. With many of us it seems a selfish thing (not looking deeply at the matter) to tear ourselves away from the innumerable affairs that seem to demand our constant attention in the house, and go out-of-doors simply for the sake of our own health. Rather silly, too, it seems, to go out of doors for exercise, when we are ready to drop down in consequence of too much exercise in-doors.

Many a woman freely acknowledges that everybody ought to get out-of-doors a little while each day, but how in the world can some of us accomplish this?

When I say that everybody ought to get out-of-doors each day, I mean it much in the same way as I should say that every human being ought to have a good clean bed and plenty of wholesome food; and I hope I do not sit in the seat of the Phari-

sees while uttering such rules, binding upon the conscience of my fellow-creatures burdens grievous to be borne, while I lift no finger to help them. If I know my own heart, these "oughts" of mine are mainly a prayer for the reign of peace and goodwill on earth, and an expression of my faith that Christianity, enlightened by science, will yet give wholesome conditions to every human child. But I know too well in what a wretched state thousands of our neighbors live, how poverty binds and grinds them down, and what a mockery the rules of hygiene seem to them if thundered from a Sinai instead of whispered as a blessed gospel of promise.

Persons who have near neighbors, or who live near shops or stores, can find errands in all seasons; but my nearest neighbor is half a mile away, and often the road between is very difficult of passage. All winter the snow has been so deep and the air so cold, there has been no temptation to go out, and walks have been very easily put off from hour to hour and from day to day. The other day my home critics gave me a good berating for staying so closely in the house. One talked to me most earnestly because she really thought that my health was suffering from lack of out-door air. She thought I ought to make my walk one of the chief duties of each day, and that I was sinning greatly against my light in neglecting it so much. I showed *how* it got crowded out, and she insisted that it ought to be put foremost among duties, and let something else get the crowding out. For I live like many other mothers, with a constant accumulation of things pressing to be done as soon as possible, and with scarcely ability to get through each daily round of work. Another critic took up the subject, and "laid on" unsparingly, because he imagined that I was preaching hygiene vigorously in these columns, and the burden of his talk was "practice what you preach." I got considerable satisfaction out of it all, for now I feel at liberty to go for a walk as soon as I clear off the breakfast-table, before dish-washing and sweeping and all the little things that come pressing after, use up my energy, and make the lounge look more attractive than a walk. Before this talk, I thought I must have the house in decent order for the comfort of its inmates before I turned my back upon it. And now I hope I shall not seem to critic number two so very notional as he has supposed if I let a little out-door air into the rooms where I am obliged to spend my time.

Now I have tried it, I think it an excellent plan to go out for a walk, or for garden exercise, when that is in season, before the strength is all used up by house-work. Where there are horses at leisure, and gentlemen at leisure—indeed, where there is

leisure at all—the problem of how to get out of doors is made easier. I write now for busy women with many household cares. Fresh air is what such women want more than they do exercise—fresh air and rest. In warm weather—but I will speak of that another time. If the pies and doughnuts get crowded out by the housekeeper's walk or ride she must learn how to make more simple (and healthful) dishes.—*Faith Rochester.*

WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

Dear mothers and sisters, let us get it well into our heads and hearts that home-making is far, far above mere housekeeping. Good housekeeping is of very great importance, almost essential; but the real value of the house-work is as it makes home sweet and dear. Love is the essential thing, and it will indeed cover a multitude of sins—that is, it will lead to mutual forbearance and a desire to make others happy.

In the home-making business, these long winter evenings are both seed-time and harvest. During the day the children may have been at school, the husband and father absent at his business, and other members of the family scattered here and there, variously employed. Twilight brings the homesick hour for all who love and miss their home. If all the home-hearths were glowing then, if all the home-lamps were trimmed and burning, if all the home-makers (the mothers and sisters and daughters in particular—for home-making is woman's especial art) were fresh and loving and cheery and tidy, and free from engrossing toil at that hour, what a little heaven on earth might every home become, and where, then, would be the need of asylums and reform-schools?

It is of the greatest importance that the little ones should go to bed happy—important for their healths and for their dispositions. And if we can all say “good-night,” and sink to sleep with hearts kindly affectioned one toward another, it will help our souls' growth wonderfully. Then let us have pleasant, social evenings. Let us get the work all done up on the busiest days, if possible, before night comes; and if we have a clean frock and collar and a bright ribbon, let us put them on for the sake of the dear ones, whose happiness is surely affected by all these little things.

Now, who will read aloud? Yes, I do know how almost, and often entirely impossible this is if baby is awake. Selfish little babies! But it is the nature of a baby to be selfish, and we must conform ourselves to it more or less until it gets a little older. Games, then, or puzzles, or light work around the lamp.

Pray, tell me why should a woman's fingers be busy with knitting or sewing, and a man's or a boy's be idle or at play? Teach the boys to knit and sew, and when there is need they can employ themselves right usefully so. If they learn to employ their time while young, if they learn to love work, they will be carving out frames or brackets or napkin-rings or children's toys while the story is read aloud. If potatoes are to be prepared at night for the breakfast, why can not some masculine fingers do it?

About the reading—don't be too prosy if there are children among the listeners. It is best to read something that interests all, at least a part of the evening. Every parent who deserves the joy and honor of parentage, has a young spot in the heart, and can not fail to be interested in any well-written children's book or story.—*Faith Rochester.*

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

BY RUBY CARL.

On these bright autumn days, leaves and mosses should be gathered for winter. Children enjoy going for them, and always come home laden, but they need the co-operation of mother or sister in the care of them.

After cold weather comes, and all the flowers and leaves are gone, we may give quite a summer-like aspect to our rooms even without a house-plant. The children will delight in helping us to arrange the brilliant bouquets made from their collection, and fastening clusters of leaves over the doors, and under pictures and brackets. We must gather sumac and maple leaves in abundance for their brilliancy. But our bouquets will be sadly wanting unless we have delicate, graceful ferns and locust leaves to mix with them. The locust is particularly desirable, as it retains its bright shade of green more perfectly than any leaf we know.

Some persons think the color of leaves is better preserved by pressing them with a warm iron, while others prefer placing them under heavy weights. Either way will prove satisfactory. The leaves look well with a glossy coat of varnish, and the color and shape of the leaf is retained longer by this process. Still to us they look prettier, because more natural, as they are taken from the book or portfolio, or perhaps with a little oil rubbed over them. To be sure the leaves will curl in a few weeks unless varnished, but we can burn them, and resort for more to the old ledger in which we keep our store.

The mosses we can use in various ways. We should always keep some kinds damp

in a pretty dish, to which we can add a fresh flower occasionally. One of the most tasteful rustic arrangements we ever saw comes within the reach of all. It was made in this way. A pan about two feet and a half long and two broad, was filled and piled up with leaf-mold and rocks. This pan was placed on a small table under a window. The surface formed a miniature mountain. On this was arranged a variety of mosses, with ferns in all stages of growth, and here and there a smilax and ivy, together with a few scarlet berries. There was no glass over this, and yet everything flourished.

We should encourage the boys, too, in making brackets, crosses, and wreaths, to be covered with the dry mosses. These should be fastened on with glue. Arrange them as we may, the effect will delight us. The bright autumn berries we must not overlook. We need them to mix with our evergreens in making wreaths for winter, as well as in our other trimmings. The scarlet, crimson, and orange berries are almost indispensable for Christmas decorations. The clematis too, with its beautiful feathery seedflower, if picked before it is too ripe, is lovely to festoon around pictures.

We should encourage by every means in our power everything to make attractive homes. Money is a great aid we admit. Still some of the most tasteful, comfortable, home-like homes we have ever seen, have been those where very little money has been used. The lack of elegant furniture, curtains, and mirrors was made up in neatness, simplicity, flowers, and sunshine. We may not be able to purchase brackets elaborately carved, but we may make them of stiff pasteboard or thin wood, covering them with feathery, fern-like mosses, and scarlet and the numerous sombre shades of lichens.

APPLES FOR FOOD.

Apples are now considered to contain far more brain food than any other fruit or vegetable, and to be much more nutritious than potatoes, which enter so largely into the component parts of every meal. At present, apples are principally used in the form of puddings, pies, tarts, and sauce, and are also eaten raw, in which state they are more wholesome than when mingled with butter, eggs and flour. But they are very delicious when simply baked, and served at every meal; and substituted for pickles and such condiments, they would surely be found beneficial. Sweet baked apples are a most desirable addition at the breakfast and tea table, and are far more healthful, appropriate and sustaining than half the dishes usually esteemed essential at such times. Served with milk and bread they

make the best diet that young children can partake of, and are very satisfying in their nature.

Baked apples without meat, are far more substantial food than potatoes can possibly be made, and to us the delicious aroma and flavor are always most appetizing. We would rather go without our daily bread than our daily baked sweet apples. Yet, although there is such an abundant crop of apples this season, we presume there are many families who will not use a barrel of them for the table this season, but will devour at least six barrels of potatoes. Let us beg of them to equalize the two a little more, and purchase at least three barrels of apples to five of potatoes. They will find that less flour, eggs, sugar and butter, will be consumed in a family when a plentiful supply of apples is stored in the cellar. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia eats two raw apples every evening before he retires to rest, and thinks that they not only supply food to his brain, but keep the whole system in a healthy condition. For years I have followed his advice, and am confident that the fruit has been of great service to me.

There are dozens of recipes for preparing apples for the table, but almost all of them require the addition of butter, eggs, &c., but to us either baking, boiling or steaming them, make the most palatable dishes. Our family favorite is prepared thus: Wipe the apples perfectly clean, dipping them first into boiling water; then with a "corer" remove all the seeds and stem, by punching it through the apple. Place the fruit into a deep baking dish, put a tablespoonful of white sugar into the middle of each apple, turn a teacup of boiling water with three tablespoonfuls of sugar dissolved in it. Bake in a slow oven until quite soft, taking care not to burn the skins. Take out into a dish and serve with cream; milk will do, but it is a poor substitute for the richer article; concentrated milk, however, is equally good.

The apples can also be pared, cored, and sweetened, and placed in a deep dish on the upper part of the stove; a large teacup of boiling water poured over them, and a plate laid over the dish. Boil them until soft, and there is no trouble about removing the skins when eating them. Sweet apples can be treated in this way, using molasses instead of sugar, if preferred; and they will be delicious in flavor.

Pickled apples are almost as appetizing as pickled peaches, and are easily prepared. Take one pound of coffee crushed sugar, No. 1, and dissolve it in one quart of cider vinegar; add to it one tablespoonful of whole cloves, two of allspice berries, and two of stick cinnamon, broken fine. Boil and skim it for twenty minutes. Put into the syrup small sweet apples, let them cook

until a broom corn will run through them, but do not let the skins break badly. Skim out into a jar, and turn over the boiling liquor. Small sour apples can be used, if desired, and the Siberian crab apple makes a delicious relish if thus prepared.

The ingenious housewife can invent ways of cooking apples; if the skilful French cooks have discovered three hundred and sixty-five ways of cooking an egg, surely our inventive brains can discover two hundred ways of cooking apples.

Apple short-cake is a "dainty dish to set before one's king;" and most husbands appreciate it. Fair friends, let us cultivate the use of apples for food, and not let them decay in our cellars for want of appreciation.—*Country Gentleman.*

FEED THE COWS WELL.

A lady correspondent sends us the following bit of experience, which may be of advantage to other housewives who find their supply of milk decreasing with the advance of cold weather:

"Why, Corny, what have you done to that cow? She has certainly shrunk a quart at a milking since the snow fell. You don't feed her well."

"Such was our exclamation as we looked into the milk-pail on November 1st.

"Indade, ma'am, an' I do. It's just the way with these craters. If they can't have grass, they won't have anything. Now, ma'am, I've fed that cow just as nice as I could," was the reply of our Milesian assistant.

"Well, I can't have this; butter at fifty cents per pound, and Juno makes a pound to every seven quarts of milk. If she loses two quarts a day, there's two pounds less of butter per week. You must feed her differently. Give one pail of warm water, slightly salted, morning, noon, and night. Then keep her well supplied with hay; and, Corny, I know that if you should stir two quarts of wheat bran and corn-meal, mixed together, into the pail of hot water, morning and night, that she would give more milk than she did before she left the pasture. Now, try it and see."

"Indade, ma'am, and you be the curious lady I ever met. What'll the master be afther saying at that?"

"When he sees a nice platterful of butter-cakes, then we'll hear what he has to say. Meanwhile, you do as I tell you."

"Fortunately, Corny possessed one great virtue—he could obey. So Juno was fed as we desired, with the addition of half a peck of potatoes night and morning.

"The milk-pail soon showed the results. Instead of decrease, there was a steady increase, and now nearly three quarts more

of very rich, buttery milk are obtained, and nearly three pounds of butter added to our weekly store.—*Exchange.*

WINTER WORK.

Can it be there are women in civilized life who actually are enquiring for something to do, not for want of what it might bring, but for the work itself? What a luxury it would be to overtaken housekeepers if for one hour of their whole year they could feel that they were at a loss what to do, and not what could be safely left undone of the duties which crowd upon them! Yet there are happy women in pleasant homes who lift idle fingers and beseech the ladies' papers for some sort of work to chase their shining hours. Mothers, too, want something to keep busy boys and girls out of mischief. There are not a few who prefer handicraft to more ambitious art and literary effort, and they are worthy all honor for the choice of work at which they may become skilful, instead of professions where they could at best reach success only by long struggle and painful effort.

The first secret we mean to teach is that of keeping children still in the house. To do this see that they romp daily out of doors. Rain or shine, snow or sun, turn them out to run and fling, shout and scream, to their hearts' content. Children have just so much nervous activity, which must be worked off or they suffer the tortures of hysteria in trying to control their restlessness. Let them play out three hours a day, in water-proof and rubber boots, paddling in the water, if it rains; in blue navy flannel suits and snow-stockings in winter; with a wet handkerchief inside their broad leaved hats under the hot sun of May. They are glad to keep still if they are tired a little, and then is the time to bring on employments which they can be busy at sitting in the house. Nor need boys feel themselves degraded by learning feminine work. I have book-marks in perforated card and decalcomanie boxes done by a tall boy who is one of the manliest fellows, regular at his gymnasium, capital shot, sailman, and skater; and I have seen more than one specimen of worsted work kept with motherly pride as the work of a favorite son. French and Prussian boys are taught to embroider and sew, as well as to fence and break horses, and they lose no force of muscle or mind in doing such things. It refines their manners to be brought in company with their mothers and sisters in domestic arts, and more than once in later life their gifts acquired in this way are found beyond price.

The easiest work for young children is raveling entirely all scraps of linen and

silk that are fit for nothing else. Old English ladies used to busy themselves with this work when their eyes were tired; and these ravelings, hoarded for a year or two, were valuable material for filling quilts and petticoats instead of eider down. The ravelings must be kept in a clean bag, separate from everything else, till enough is collected for use. Woollen scraps, ravelled or cut fine, everybody knows are the best stuff to fill pincushions with; but everybody does not know they are nearly as good to fill pillows for sick people and babies, and will not heat the head like feathers.

The royal ladies of England and Prussia busied themselves during the war in making compresses of old linen, with every third thread drawn out both ways of the cloth. These open-work compresses allow wounds to suppurate through them instead of clogging the linen. Each household should have these bandages prepared in case of accident.

Scrap-books are always welcome gifts for hospitals and children's asylums, and give happier people entertainment in getting them up. The books which come on purpose are nice, but people think more of things which are their own manufacture as far as possible. So the scrapbook is to grow page by page from a quire of printing-paper, both white and tinted, of quality costing not over fifty cents a quire at any printer's. The sheets may be folded in four or not, but they are to be used only a page at a time, as the pictures are ready to go in. Wide margins set off pictures, and so a larger book may be made, and more pleasure really given, with a smaller number of prints well dispersed than with a crowd of them. Space gives the eye leisure to appreciate each, and as children hurry through the first sight of what pleases them, they get more entertainment out of a hundred pages with a picture apiece than from fifty filled to the edge. Prints over four inches either way should have a whole page; smaller ones, of course, go together, but each should have three inches of margin to itself, and more between it and the next. Fill up sheet by sheet, using rye paste or gum-tragacanth, and iron each picture while damp, with a thin cloth over it, to make it smooth. Nothing that is pictorial or bright-colored comes amiss for a scrap-book. Wood engravings are so good nowadays that a grown person may take much pleasure in looking over the pretty figures and marvellous heads of hair from English magazines. Publishers' catalogues for holidays always have some very good specimens of the sort, from the designs of first-class artists. A collection of caricatures is a great aid to sociability in a drawing-room. These and other scrap-books, may be bound like the Japanese picture-books, in flexible pasteboard, covered with dark red

pongee, held together by ribbons drawn through eyelets at the back, and tied in bows. This mode of binding has advantages over all others. It is movable, and allows additional leaves to any extent; the pictures can be taken out when there is a large circle to be entertained; pages are not defaced by handling till they receive the pictures; and, besides, it has a foreign ornamental air which is very graceful in parlor manufactures. Lines or borders drawn about the pictures with India ink greatly enhance the effect if tastefully done.

Screen-work is popular now, and very useful. Round screens of peacock feathers to hold between the face and the fire are pretty, and only cost the feathers, which are sewed on a foundation of stiff net thirteen inches across. The handle is best made of large quills joined by rolls of white paper slid inside two at a joint, and well covered with strong gum. This makes a light handle; but rattan covered with ribbon is sometimes more available. It is convenient often to divide large rooms where two ladies are sleeping together, or where there are draughts, as in old country houses. A large screen comes into use then, shutting out the cold from the doors and giving the circle round the fire a delicious feeling of snugness and privacy. In bedrooms how much more delicacy is preserved by shutting off the wash-stand and bath-tub from sight of chance comers! Indeed, one hardly wants the sight of one's own paraphernalia all the time. Two uprights of wood two by two inches, five feet high, set in long feet that will not tip over, form the frame, or gas-pipe the same height, set in solid feet, will answer even better to support the screen. The curtain or tapestry may be hung from a cord fastened to these uprights—a better plan than to have it framed all round, as the posts can be brought together and set away in small space; or the screen may be fastened at both sides firmly to the uprights and rolled round one of them to set away. Coarse glazed linen, such as comes at forty cents a yard, is convenient material for cheap screens. Grey or black is best for scrap screens, which are made of bright figures from chintz and silk pasted in groups on the dark ground. The linen is stretched tightly in a frame, or may be tacked to an old table or wall, and sized with melted gelatine or white glue two or three times, letting it dry between each sizing. Cutting out the figures will be great fun for children old enough to handle scissors skilfully, and will occupy an invalid pleasantly at times. A clear mucilage is made of one ounce of gum arabic or tragacanth, half an ounce of white sugar, and as much starch, rolled fine, moistened, and stirred into a quart of boiling water, adding a few drops of carbonic acid to keep it from spoiling if

left. Brush the back of the figures and lay them in groups on the screen, finishing with a coat of spirit varnish.

A window border in stained glass is a very pretty memento of a week's work, and the side lights in a bay-window may be colored with good effect thus: Draw the design on paper the size required, cut it out and color it, gum it on the outside of the window, and paint the inside with colors mixed in varnish. A lozenge pattern in lake, ultramarine, and gold is the easiest and most effective, considering the work in it.

China ornaments, such as door handles, finger plates, card-baskets, etc., may be painted beautifully, and will last a great many years without loss of color, even if washed. The colors must be mixed in clear varnish, or oil colors used, thinned with turpentine till they flow freely. A border of bright color, with a dash of gold-leaf here and there, will make a plain dinner set even elegant, and no vases are likely to be so prized as those the owner has decorated with her own hands.

Modelling becomes a passion wherever practiced, and a surprising amount of skill is developed in form which never showed itself in outline. Casts of living subjects are taken in this way: The subject is laid on his back, the head raised even with the shoulders by a pillow of bran or sand; the face and neck are oiled with almond or olive oil, put on with a feather or bit of cotton; the ears are closed with cotton, and a quill put in each nostril to breathe through, and the space between carefully filled with cotton. When all is ready mix the plaster of Paris in powder with warm water till it is thick as cream. It sets, or hardens, in a moment, and must not be mixed till it is to be applied. The subject should close the eyes firmly, but not squeeze them, as that would spoil the likeness. Cover the face with plaster from the forehead down to the lower edge of the face. Then cover the neck with plaster to join the first work. Let the subject gently roll on his side, and remove the cast carefully. Season for casting by brushing with linseed-oil in which litharge is boiled. The mould is sometimes taken in half a dozen pieces. To cast the back of the head, oil the hair and skin well, and lower the head into a vessel partly filled with liquid plaster. To model the face, oil the hollow casts which result from this operation, and tie the back and front together firmly, pouring in the plaster, which must be quite fluid. When the outside is nearly set, scoop out the soft centre with a spoon to reduce the weight of the bust, and let the whole dry. Untie the strings and take off the mould, smoothing the edges of the joints with a sharp penknife, and carve out the eyes, or they will appear shut. Wax mod-

els may be made from the plaster mould in the same way, leaving the wax to set about a quarter of an inch and pouring out the rest. Fill the cavity with cotton, remove the mould and trim the seams, and color with powdered paints. A skilful person may turn a little knowledge of this sort to account at a fancy fair by having an atelier provided with the necessaries of a dressing-room, and modelling those who wish it. The operation is short and inexpensive.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOME HINTS.

If old butter* has a strong flavor cut it up into little bits and put it in a churn with a few quarts of new milk or fresh buttermilk, from which you have just separated the butter; let it stand awhile, then churn it gently—let it alone awhile longer, then churn again thoroughly—work it well so as to get every drop of milk out of it, and for every ten pounds add an even teaspoonful of finely pulverized saltpetre, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and sufficient salt. Work all together well, and pack solid in a fresh jar and cover with salt or brine.—*Home Magazine.*

AMMONIA AS A SOLVENT.—A little water of ammonia or spirits of hartshorn added to the water used for cleaning paint, will save time and strength in scrubbing. Spots which hard rubbing and strong soap fail to remove, often yield easily to diluted ammonia. For other cleansing purposes it is very valuable. A black silk which has given us good service in the past, is just freshened by a good sponging with ammonia and water in about the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint. It is so rejuvenated by the process, and by the aid of a deft dress-maker who disdains not to remodel old dresses, it will pass with our neighbors for a new one. The drug is very cheap, and it is so useful in the domestic economy that no one should fail to keep it in the house. The stopper to the bottle should fit closely and be glass, not cork. A little judgment must be exercised in regulating the quantity used, as the strength when purchased is not always the same. Begin with a little and increase as needed.

MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN.—The surest and easiest way to keep children, and grown folks too for that matter, out of mischief, is to keep them busy. Require a certain amount of work, and provide an abundance of recreation. The trouble is, that babies begin to throw out the hands and feet before the things within reach, and we begin by saying "No!" and holding them back, and by-and-by, when the little ones get out of our arms and we say "No, no!" they turn

faster than we can follow them to something else, only to be again reprov'd, until they are glad to get out of our sight, and find vent for their activity in liberty.

Begun rather by supplying the outreaching fingers, and as the desires develop and enlarge, keep the busy brain and body interested in harmless ways, and there will be little cause to fear that they will go far astray. Does the task seem irksome? It can be made so, but even then is it not better to be wearied in seeking employment than to be broken-hearted over a ruined son or daughter? And it need not be so irksome. Let mothers and fathers interest themselves in their children's tasks and sports, and the elders will keep young and the children will keep happy.

How to keep the feet warm in cold weather is a problem not easily solved. There are some fortunate persons whose circulation is vigorous, who never suffer with cold feet; but many live during the cold season in perpetual discomfort from this cause. Often the feet are not sufficiently protected. We do not consider how exposed they are to wet and snow out-of-doors, nor that in-doors the air near the floor is several degrees colder than that about our heads. Consequently the feet should be warmly clothed; and often, when sitting for a long while writing or studying, a warm soap-stone, or something of the kind, is both comfortable and useful. Tight shoes, tight elastic bands at the top of the stockings, or any stricture which interferes with the free circulation of the blood, will increase the tendency to cold feet. In general, those whose employment is of a sedentary nature suffer most from this habit of cold feet; hence it is evident that plenty of exercise tends to prevent the difficulty.

GLOSSY SHIRTS.—The following recipe to make glossy shirts is highly recommended: Put a little common white wax in your starch, say two ounces to a pound; then, if you use any thin, patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise it will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold. Now, then, about polishing shirts: starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirts in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good polish; don't lift the plaits. Your shirt is now ready for the polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirt board.

FLOWERS IN A SITTING-ROOM.—I saw a single petunia in a lady's sitting-room that was perfectly lovely. It was

placed in a hanging basket and suspended in front of the window. Some of the long stems fell over the sides of the basket, some were looped half way, and some were tied up straight. All were covered with blossoms. It was a purple and white variegated variety. On one side of the room was a Madera vine, covering nearly all the wall and festooned over the door; on another side an English ivy; in one corner a Wandering Jew; and these, with a few pretty but cheap plants, made a room fit for a queen in its rustic beauty, and the whole not costing over fifty cents. Very pretty hanging-pots can be made of the tops of goblets or the half of a cocoanut shell, by crocheting a net of some bright worsted to hang them in.

WHERE TO SET THE BREAD TO RISE.—I suspect that a good many of my failures and partial failures in bread-making during the first half-year of my housekeeping, arose from the fact that the dough had not the right degree of heat when set to rise. My stove had no hearth worth speaking of, and if I set the sponge in the oven, it was pretty sure to get too hot, and so scald the yeast and kill its life. The fire was in the upper and middle part of the stove, and did not heat the floor underneath enough to keep the bread warm there. I used to open the oven-door and set the bread-pan on a stool close to the oven, covering it with a cloth. But how slow it would be in rising all that winter! In vain did I try different kinds of yeast, all well recommended.

I have never had a stove with a warming closet, and the reservoir is not large enough to set the bread-pan upon it, though I regularly set the kneaded loaves there to rise before putting them to bake. On cold days I dare not risk setting the dough in the oven to rise.

But I have learned a way which serves my purpose very well. I set an empty kettle upon the stove, put a short and narrow board across the top, not covering the kettle with it, and set my bread sponge atop of that, moving the kettle from the hot to the cooler parts of the stove, as the fire is fast or slow, or as the dough requires. A friend of mine has a rack hung from the ceiling, above her stove, where she dries fruit, etc., in the drying season, and she finds this convenient for raising bread.

I fancy that bread is more likely to be light and tender if it goes through each rising rapidly. A slow baking and a thorough one is best. Cultivate your judgment in this matter, by close watching, until you can bake the bread without its running over in the oven, or getting a very thick crust. I have been told that an hour is the proper time of baking, but my loaves seldom come out right in so short a time. Something depends on the size of the loaf, of course.

SELECTED RECIPES.

WHITE SAUCE.—The proportions for this sauce are, two ounces of butter, one table-spoonful of flour, a yolk of egg, salt, and white pepper. It is made in this way: When the flour is cooked, as directed, with the butter, and as soon as it turns yellowish, pour into the pan about a pint of boiling water, little by little, stirring briskly the while with a wooden spoon; take from the fire when it is getting thick; beat a yolk of egg with half a table-spoonful of cold water, put it into the pan with salt and white pepper, mix it well with the rest, and you have an excellent sauce. A little grated nutmeg and vinegar, or lemon juice, if liked. Lemon juice is better than vinegar when the sauce is used with fish. The cooking of the flour is done on a rather sharp fire, which is had by removing the cover of the stove or range; and by putting the cover back to its place a good or moderate fire is obtained, and by placing the pan on the corner of the range you have a slow fire.

POTATO PUFF.—Take cold roast meat—beef or mutton, or veal and ham together—clear from gristle, cut small, and season with pepper and salt, and cut pickles, if liked; boil and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with an egg, and roll out, dredging with flour. Cut round with a saucer, put some of the seasoned meat with one half, and fold it over like a puff; pinch or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is a good method of cooking meat which has been cooked before.

SALLY LUNN CAKES.—One pint of boiling milk, half a tumbler of yeast, sufficient flour to form a stiff batter, two eggs, two ounces of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter. Put a pint of boiling milk into a pan, and when it has become lukewarm, pour half a tumbler of yeast upon it, stir it well, and add as much flour as will form a stiff batter. Cover the pan with a cloth, and place it before the fire for two hours; beat up the eggs with the powdered sugar. After the dough has stood to rise the time specified, mix the butter with the sugar and eggs; add it to the dough, knead it, and let it remain in the pan for half an hour; then divide it into cakes, put them on a baking-tin, and bake them twenty minutes in a well-heated oven.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a tea-cup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise; when light, butter your muffin rings or cups, turn in the mixture and bake the muffins to a light brown.

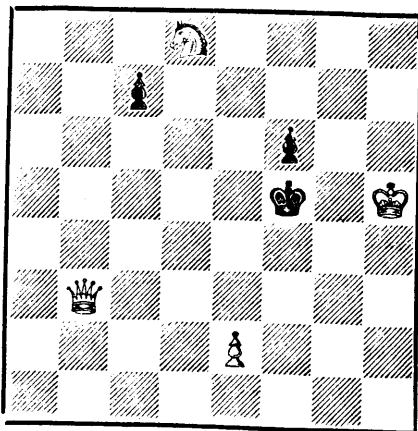
FRIED OYSTERS.—Select fine, large oysters, dry them out of their own liquor. Have ready a plate of egg and a plate of bread-crumbs. Let them lie in the egg a few minutes and then roll them in the bread-crumbs, allowing them to remain in these also for a minute or two. This will make them adhere, and not come off as a skin in the pan, Fry in half butter and half lard, in order to give them a rich brown. Make it very hot before putting the oysters in.

ORANGE JELLY.—Peel of two Seville and two China oranges, two lemons, the juice of three of each, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pint of water and two ounces of isinglass. Grate the rinds of the oranges and lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each; strain it, add the juice to the sugar and the water, and boil until it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass jelly made with two ounces of isinglass, put it to the syrup, and boil it once up. Strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 7.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

White.—K. at K. R. 5th. Q. at Q. Kt. 3rd. Kt. at Q. 8th. P. at K. 2nd.

Black. K. at K. B. 4th. Ps. at K. B. 3rd. and Q. B. 2nd.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 6.

White.

Black.

1. R. to K. 4th.

1. Any move.

2. B. mates accordingly.