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THE  
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1871.

PART II.—JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
218 AND 220 ST. JAMES STREET.

1871.

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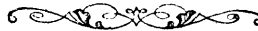
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JULY,

1871.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

# LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED FROM THE

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

January, 1871.

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NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

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## CONTENTS:

Come, oh, Come, my Brother.  
Lady Moon.  
More like Jesus.  
Mother, Watch the Little Feet.  
No Crown without the Cross.  
Now I Lay me down to Sleep.  
Out in the Cold.  
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Supplication.  
The Bridge.  
The German Fatherland.  
The New Best Name.  
The Passing Bell.  
The Patter of the Rain.  
The Wandering Refugee.  
The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.  
Welcome, Sweet Spring.  
Who can Tell?



HENRY BERGH.



# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY, 1871.

## THE CHALLONERS :

THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER III.

The foregoing scene is not, I confess, a very agreeable one; but the fault lies with the actors, not with the mere chronicler of their acts. It is no doubt a very painful and distressing thing when a brother and sister indulge in mutual recriminations, threats on one side, and either defiance or forced submission on the other. But such things do occur sometimes; and when they do, he who professes to relate their true history must of course record them.

Miss Challoner was somewhat surprised the next morning to find that her brother had gone out to breakfast. "To Mr. Moore's," the servant said; and as she knew the intimacy which existed between the two young men, she concluded that Allan had made a visit to his friend the pretext for avoiding an immediate meeting with herself; a meeting which certainly could not have been very pleasant to either of them: She was rather glad than otherwise, as it left her free to follow unobserved and unquestioned, her meditated plans.

The first of these was to order the carriage when she rose from table, and to drive into Stormington. She had procured from her maid before starting the address she required, and she went at once to the house of the mason John Ford.

Early as she considered the visit to be, it was already the middle of the working day. Under Rachel Ford's management, there was no idling, and all traces of the

morning meal and the subsequent household tasks had long since been put away. Mrs. Ford was ironing lace, her attention divided between her delicate work and her fretful sick boy; and in the window, engaged with her needle, sat Elsie, the object of Miss Challoner's visit to the humble home.

Strange as it may appear to some, it was the first time she had ever been in such an abode. A passing glimpse caught from the carriage, of the interior of a laborer's cottage or the workroom of an artisan, was all she knew of the homes in which the poor passed their lives from the cradle to the grave. She subscribed to charities; she gave largely from her own purse to those who needed it, and was always willing to relieve any distress that came to her knowledge, as far as money, or any other material help, could go; but to visit the poor—that she could not do. She did not understand them, or they her; she should be sure to do or say just the wrong thing if she went among them; and so she kept away. She glanced now round the small room which served the Fords as kitchen and parlor in one. The bare floor, the whitewashed walls, on which were fastened the shelves which held both the scanty supply of books and the family stock of crockery and earthenware; the curtainless windows, whose muslin blinds scarcely excluded the gaze of the passers-by in the street; the broad black fireplace where the kettle hung, and Mrs. Ford's

irons heated at the coals—all formed a whole which was a new world to Miss Challoner, and she thought with bitterness and anger, "And it is from this place that he would bring a mistress to Donningdean!"

She looked at Elsie with some surprise as she entered, and after the first greeting, said, "I understood you were working in Mr. Barton's factory."

"My daughter was employed there," said Mrs. Ford, "but she is not strong enough for the work, and is not going there again."

"Why did you leave Mrs. Martin's?"

"I was only one of some extra assistants she required because she had several large orders at the same time. When those were finished I was dismissed like others."

"Then you were not in her employment when she recommended you to me?"

"No, madam. I was living at home then."

"And how long have you been in the factory?"

"Since last November, madam."

It struck Miss Challoner for a moment that less surprise was evinced at her visit than she would have expected; but she did not dwell on the idea. She proceeded now to her main object; and turning again to Elsie, said, "I wish to speak to your mother alone, young woman; will you leave us for a time?"

Elsie went; but though left alone with Mrs. Ford, Miss Challoner seemed at a loss how to begin what she had to say. She hesitated, commenced, and stopped again, and at last said, "Your daughter looks very delicate."

"She is not strong," was Mrs. Ford's reply.

"She is very pretty," said Charlotte, with what she meant to be most affable kindness. "I suppose you know that."

"I have heard some people say so," said Mrs. Ford, quietly.

"You are very careful of her, no doubt?"

"She is a good girl. She gives me little trouble."

Miss Challoner saw that she must come to the point without help, and plunged into the subject at once. "Do you know, Mrs. Ford, or am I the first to tell you, that my brother, Mr. Allan Challoner, has taken a

foolish fancy to your daughter's pretty face."

Mrs. Ford smiled, a peculiar smile. "I have lately heard that Mr. Challoner has honored Elsie with his notice and attentions."

Charlotte could not tell whether the words were intended to be sarcastic or not. Mrs. Ford's tone annoyed her, but she did not show it, and said, "I was not aware that you knew, and therefore thought it right to put you on your guard."

"On my guard?" repeated Mrs. Ford, in seeming surprise.

"You must be conscious, Mrs. Ford, that a marriage between your daughter and my brother is entirely out of the question. I have no doubt she is as good as she is pretty; but the difference in station would render a marriage impossible."

"I am quite aware that Mr. Challoner has no intention of marrying Elsie;" and again came the strange smile.

"Then I am sure you must see how desirable it is that she should see no more of him. He has admitted to me that his only object is a little harmless amusement. Young men do not think much of these things, but girls look on them in a different light, and her feelings might be interested in a way which by being disappointed might cause her sorrow."

"I am much obliged for your care of her." Again Charlotte could not decide whether the words were meant to be respectful or impudent. "But there is no more fear that Elsie will give her heart in the wrong place than if she was a lady born. She is quite contented with her lot, and has no desire to rise above her present station." Mrs. Ford spoke quietly, but there was a flush on her cheek and a gleam in her dark eyes which told a different story.

"I am glad to hear she is so sensible," said Miss Challoner, drawing her shawl round her as she prepared to depart. "I shall always be willing to do anything for her that lies in my power."

She bent her head, and left the room. "I am safe," she thought. "That woman is as proud as Lucifer. She would have inveigled Allan into a marriage if it had been possible; now she knows that cannot be, there will be nothing more between them. Insolent!

to speak to me as she did! But I am glad I came."

And she congratulated herself on the success of her errand and the skill with which she had performed it; she thought she had been most considerate and kind in manner and speech both to mother and daughter; with her mind or her motives they had nothing whatever to do. But as it happened, they knew more of both than she at all expected. She was in happy ignorance that half an hour before she entered the mason's house Allan had quitted it, leaving behind him happiness on Elsie's part, delight and gratified pride on her mother's, and on both resentment against her. What reception she and her news might have met with three hours before, cannot now be known; but assuredly, as regarded the impression she wished to make on Mrs. Ford, she was those three hours too late.

When she was gone Mrs. Ford went to look for Elsie. "There is no fear, my child; clever as she thinks herself, and proud as she is, she is deceived, and her pride shall have a fall some day."

"Oh, mother, do not speak so. Remember who she is and what we are."

The mother smoothed the bright dark hair, and putting her hand under the round chin, lifted up the blushing face and looked admiringly. "Remember what we are." Ay, child, I do remember what we are,—one of us at least. Don't be afraid, my child, I was quite respectful; but upon my word I had hardly patience to stand and listen to her, knowing what I know."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Very different from the humble dwelling of the Fords, was the house to which Miss Challoner, her business in the town concluded, took her way. Old and venerable brick-work, trailing ivy and clinging creepers, moss and lichen, rows of small latticed windows, a lawn like velvet, on which a splendid cedar cast broad shade. Any one would have said, "What a noble old house!" Alas! the beautiful lawn was enclosed with high brick walls, which, lofty as they were, could not yet shut out the tall chimneys and the rows of windows and roofs of the

mill buildings that rose above them; for Mr. Lawrence lived in the mill. He might not have chosen to do so; but years before, his father, who had amassed the fortune requisite to purchase the fine old house and erect the spacious factory, had not been a man of sufficient refinement and cultivation to be ashamed of the means by which he had acquired his wealth. The stream which ran swiftly through the park would be extremely useful in the mill works; so the lawn and fine old trees were surrounded by a wall of defence, and the long range of unsightly wooden buildings, and brick chimneys all day vomiting clouds of coal smoke, were built upon the space outside.

Bitter had been Charlotte Challoner's mortification when, five years before, her beautiful sister, the youngest and the pet of the family, had set her heart on marrying a manufacturer. Not even a pretence to family, his father had been a self-made man, who had actually worked in the mill. To be sure nothing could be said against the son; he was in every respect a gentleman, by education, by association, by refined tastes and feelings. But—he was the son of John Lawrence, who had begun life in the rag-room of a paper mill, and as such, whatever he might be now, no fit match for Anne Challoner, who, with beauty enough to aspire to a duke's eldest son, and no despicable dower (the Challoners, though not of boundless wealth, had plenty and to spare), might have had her choice among the first of three counties. But with the contrariety of girls' nature, the beautiful Anne had, at eighteen, given her heart to John Lawrence, and turned a deaf ear to other suitors. Great was the opposition made. Many were the lectures poor Anne received; her father at first entirely refused his consent to the marriage, and Anne dismissed her lover. Neither changed—both lived in hope. Mr. Challoner was relentless for a long time; but Anne was his darling, his pet. He saw her bearing her grief in silence, declining day by day. "After all, Charlotte," he said to his other daughter, "it is not as if she were a son, or even my eldest girl. Better to have her marry somewhat beneath her than to fill a grave." So he gave way,

subdued by the pleading of drooping health, pale cheeks and tearful eyes.

And Miss Challoner was forced to overcome her horror of the factory, and to visit her sister within its walls. Time, the universal soother, had made even this affliction seem less dreadful, and Charlotte could now drive down the lane of sheds and out-buildings, where wagons stood loaded, and glimpses of factory girls were snatched through open doors, without a shudder.

On this spring morning, Mrs. Lawrence was out upon the lawn, engaged in giving some directions to the gardener, and watching her child as he ran to and fro upon the grass. She looked so youthful, in her light dress, and with bright curls blown about her face by the wind, that you could scarcely have imagined her to have been five years a wife, and the mother of the rosy boy who was enjoying equestrian exercise astride upon a walking-stick pilfered from the hall. There was nothing of the Challoners about Mrs. Lawrence; her hair was brown and curly, her eyes were brown, her complexion more rose than lily, and she possessed a plumpness of figure altogether different from her slender brother and sister. She had been a lovely girl, and was a very pretty woman; not a beauty that would last perhaps, but very agreeable to look on while there.

She came to the carriage and greeted her sister affectionately. "I did not know you were coming into Stormington to-day," she said.

"I had some business in the town," said Charlotte, "and something to tell you besides. I have finished all I had to do, and will stay to lunch with you if you like."

"I am sure I shall be very glad. Johnny, you naughty boy, keep your hat on, or you shall go back to nurse."

The two ladies entered the house together, Mrs. Lawrence leading the way through the old oak wall and the low panelled passages to a small cheerful room looking to the south. It had modern windows, opening to the ground, through which you could reach a green lawn and a flower garden. The ground sloped up from the house, and at the top of the rise lay the mill pond, a still, smooth lake surrounded with drooping

shrubs, now blue and rippled in the morning sun, but in summer afternoons placid and white with lilies.

"I always sit here in the morning," said Anne; "I like the sun."

"Charlotte agreed, and added mentally, "Yes, on this side it is possible to forget the mill."

"What was it you had to tell me?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, after communicating the important news that Johnny had had his first reading lesson, and that Charlie, the baby, had cut two new teeth.

"Only what I suppose you will not be surprised to hear. Mr. Falconer was at Donningdean yesterday afternoon."

"There is nothing very surprising in that, certainly,"

"No, but we arranged—we settled——"  
"Oh, did you? I am glad. And when is it to be?"

"On the 12th of next month. It is short notice this time, but Mr. Falconer does not wish it put off any longer; and besides we want to stay a month abroad, and yet be home 'before the season is over in town."

Mrs. Lawrence smiled.

"Why do you laugh, Anne?"

"I was only thinking how much more foolish John and I were than you will ever be. I should never have thought of the London season when I was married."

"Ah, you were romantic; and made a love match besides."

"I wish I could think you were doing the same, dear."

"I am quite content, Anne. You cannot expect much romance in a girl of twenty-eight and a man of thirty-five." But a sigh came with the words.

"I am sure Mr. Falconer is very fond of you."

"Oh yes, and I of him. I would not marry him if I were not. We shall be very happy together, I only mean that we do not pretend to the romantic ideas and feelings of a boy and girl. It is an advantageous marriage for both, and I think we are well suited to each other."

Mrs. Lawrence shook her head. "I may be very silly, but I am afraid that is an insecure foundation for married happiness."

"Safer than the effervescence of great love, I should think."

"The 12th," mused Anne. She always if possible declined a discussion with her sister. "That is three weeks from to-morrow; you have no time to lose. How can I help you?"

"Not at all, thank you, in the way you mean. I went to Mrs. Martin's to-day, and other arrangements are all made. But there is one thing you can do for me, and though the subject is anything but pleasant, I had better tell you now."

"Dear me, what is coming?" said Mrs. Lawrence; "I don't like disagreeable things. Must you tell me this, Charlotte?"

"Yes, because I do not know who else to ask to assist me; otherwise I would not annoy you. Do you remember a girl who did some work for me last year, when I was to have been married in October?"

"No; who was she?"

"Mrs. Martin recommended her to me. Her name was Alice Ford?"

"I recollect now. A very pretty girl with brown eyes."

"Yes, she is very pretty. Little as I like her, I must allow that."

"What has she done to incur your displeasure?"

"How should you like her for a sister-in-law? What do you think of Allan's having fallen in love with her, and declaring he will marry her?"

Mrs. Lawrence opened her own brown eyes in amazement. "You must be joking, my dear Charlotte; the idea is too absurd."

"Absurd or not it is true. I suspected it some time ago, at least that he had a fancy for her pretty face; but I had no proof. Yesterday, however, he was walking about with her half the afternoon. I talked to him very seriously in the evening, and he confessed that he had promised to marry the girl, and meant to keep his word."

"And do you suppose he will really do such a ridiculous thing as marry a dress-maker's apprentice?"

"Not only that. She has been working the whole winter in Barton's paper-mill. Now if there is one set of people—oh! I have not patience to think of it. I do not

now think he will do it; I showed him the folly, the madness of it, and he promised me he would not; but in an equivocal manner. I know there is no dependence to be placed on Allan; he may marry her in the hope that Papa will forgive him. They could scarcely be married here, and I want you to watch that this girl does not leave Stormington while I am abroad. I should be glad if you would take her into your service."

"But what can I do? I know nothing about the people, and as for Allan, I would no more interfere with him——"

"Very little can be done," said Miss Challoner, who, it will be seen, chose to give her sister her own version of the preceding night's conversation. She was tolerably sure that Allan would not now marry Elsie, but she could not give Mrs. Lawrence her reasons for the assurance, and was therefore obliged to deviate somewhat from the facts. "There would be no need to do anything, if we could depend on Allan. I learned from Mrs. Martin, to whom I was speaking about the girl, that she is a cousin of your under-nurse, so, you see, through your own servant, you may know something of Alice Ford. Have her here to work for you; say I recommended her. I should like to know what has passed between her and Allan, and you might find out."

"What sort of girl is she?"

"As nice a girl as a factory girl can be, I believe; Mrs. Martin speaks highly of her; but that is nothing. Whatever she may be she is not a fit wife for Allan. Of course she would be very glad to draw him into a marriage; if Allan were disinherited, and had only his own £200 a year, it would be a splendid match for her."

"We must prevent Allan's doing anything so excessively foolish."

This was strong language from the gentle Anne, and Miss Challoner felt glad to think she had an ally. "Then you will do all for me that you can, Anne? Thank you. You have only to let me know while I am abroad; as long as the girl is here we are safe. Her mother is as proud as a fallen angel, and Allan would scarcely dare to marry her here, under our very eyes."

"How long has this gone on? When did Allan take this fancy?"

"I don't think he had ever seen her before she came to Donningdean last September. There, do not let us say any more about it, Anne; I have told you what I fear, and what we must try to prevent, and I will trust to you to do all you can."

"I am very glad to have done with so unpleasant a subject," said Anne with a sigh of relief.

"You will not let Allan know I have told you this?"

"Oh no, I should not dream of speaking to him on the subject, and it is not likely he would mention it. Will you come and see baby before lunch?"

And at the nursery door we will leave them.

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#### CHAPTER V.

Perhaps few people besides Mrs. Lawrence would have been satisfied with such very meagre information as her sister had afforded her, or have evinced so little curiosity on a subject which might certainly be supposed to be one of considerable interest to her; but it is equally certain that had Miss Challoner known her to be of a very energetic nature, and one likely to embarrass her with troublesome questions, she would not have confided to her anything at all. She was very far from desiring that even her sister should share the dreadful secret through knowledge of which she possessed her influence over Allan; but she knew that Anne was not one to interest herself much in the affairs of others; her husband and children absorbed most of her attention, and it was not probable she would seek to know more than it suited Charlotte to tell her. The latter had hardly expected so strong an acquiescence in her own opinions and ideas as Anne had expressed, and was satisfied that what help Mrs. Lawrence could render her she should receive.

What that was to be it was not easy to decide, nor did anything at present seem to demand much anxiety. Allan remained very gloomy for two or three days, and at the end of that time went to London for a fortnight, only to return just in time for

the wedding. And as the period for that event drew nearer, Charlotte had enough to do in preparing for the important change it must make in her life.

She had spoken truly when she said it was an advantageous match. Even for a Challoner, Mr. Falconer was a desirable alliance. He had birth, wealth, and position; and talents and abilities to do credit to all. As his wife, Charlotte would take her place as mistress of one of the first establishments, and head of one of the first families in the county; and she knew it and was proud and gratified at being the choice of one whose choice was an honor, and being able to sustain the prestige of her own family in so marked a way.

Seven years ago, when she first awoke to the knowledge of her own heart, and became conscious that she returned Edgar Leighton's unspoken love, very different feelings had been hers. She would have thought little then of the advantages that marriage might bring or take away. But Mr. Leighton was, or thought himself at that time in no position to marry; he believed that he was secure of her affection, and waited three years, until fortune favored him so far that he hoped the perfect independence of his means and the home he could offer her, would atone for his being but the partner in a country bank, and of no pretensions to family. But his caution had overreached itself. Charlotte's affection had never waned; she had loved him all through with the strength and constancy of which her firm nature was capable; but in those three years she had advanced much in worldly knowledge. Anne's marriage had taken place, and she had been deeply mortified by it; so would others be by this of her's. One sister had already sunk into the second grade of society; should she do the same? or by keeping her place not only remain firm herself but sustain Anne also? The struggle between love and pride was sharp and fierce; each fought bravely, but love at last went down. Charlotte Challoner surrendered her heart to the rule of pride; she refused her lover, she heard him reproach her with coquetry in holding out hopes she never meant to fulfil; and as he departed she felt the dream of her life was over.

All this, however, had happened four years ago, and we all know that nowadays hearts do not break as in the dear old romantic times. Neither Charlotte nor her disappointed suitor gave much sign of what they felt; the little that had been known regarding the affair was soon forgotten; nor in the congratulations offered to Charlotte by her friends, was there one thought of the past. Was it likely that the chosen of Percival Falconer, the prospective mistress of Charlote Hall and £6000 a year, could bestow a regret on Edgar Leighton, whose income might be reckoned by hundreds, and who lived in a cottage villa on the outskirts of the town? No; that page of the past had been folded over long ago.

The wedding was, as befitted the union of two members of two such families, very grand and very dull. There was a procession of carriages to the village church, where as many cottagers as could gain admittance to the churchyard marvelled at the glimpse thus obtained of the mysteries of high life, dress and manners, admired the stately bride in her white robes, thought Mr. Falconer a fortunate man, gave them both hearty cheers and blessings,

and departed through the somewhat chilly air (the day was cold though the month was May,) to their respective homes. Fifty years ago, perhaps, they might have been feasted and otherwise entertained on the occasion of the marriage of their squire's daughter; but such things are rather out of fashion now. The usual wedding breakfast, the usual speeches, responses, tears, and preparations for departure, came to an end at last; and Mr. and Mrs. Falconer started on the first stage of their journey. "We shall only be away a month, Anne," were Charlotte's last words to her sister. "Remember your promise till I return." And poor Mrs. Lawrence felt the responsibility of her charge sink like lead into her heart. "I shall do no good, and Charlotte will only be angry with me when she comes home. How in the world am I to keep watch over a girl I know nothing about, or control Allan, when I might as well try to control the sea?" And she came at last to the conclusion that she must let things take their course; perhaps the wisest at which she could have arrived. If she had only known how useless now were all plans and reflections, and how little good remained to do!

(To be continued.)

## SYMPATHY.

BY C. E. C., AMHERST ISLAND.

An old elm stood by my childhood's home,  
With chirrup of birds each glad some hour,  
With a moan of boughs, when wild winds roam,  
When our hearts are sad and dark clouds lower.

My father's hall owns the stranger's sway,  
And the spot seems lone, so lone to me;  
No sigh when I'm sad, no song when gay,—  
From the lawn is gone the grand old tree.

A touch of love cheer'd my old-time moan;  
My joy was lit by a face so fair,  
An angel's sigh in her silver tone,  
A wealth of glee in her golden hair.

That tone is now heard in angel song,  
That golden hair never turned to gray;  
In sorrow or joy my soul still longs  
For voice and gold that have passed away.

Oh man! Oh men! in a changing world  
Are sorrows to lighten, joys to share;  
Our fellows may droop e'er flag be furled,  
The hero be crowned 'mid trumpets' blare;

Then hands be reached to the friends who fall,  
With hearty cheers greet the victor's palm;  
So live and love, that missed by all,  
You may sink to rest in endless calm.

## NAPOLEON THE SECOND.

BY JOHN READE.

The posthumous, inferential predecessor of the Third Napoleon was born in Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. He was the son of the Emperor Napoleon the First, by Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis the Second, Emperor of Austria. At his baptism he received the name of Napoleon Francis, being "called after" his imperial father and his imperial grandsire. In him the Emperor Napoleon saw the accomplishment of his cherished scheme: that of uniting Eastern and Western Europe in the closest bonds—France, of course, being the supreme arbiter of nations. To effect this object, to obtain an alliance with Austria, he had divorced his wife Josephine, just as he had previously, with the cruelty of selfish ambition, annulled his brother Jerome's marriage with Elizabeth Patterson.

In the short-lived, unhappy life of the son of Maria Louisa, and the success and influence and high connection with the greatest courts in Europe which fell to the lot of Josephine's descendants, there is one of the most remarkable instances of retributive justice to be found in all history.

We need scarcely say that it was the grandson of Josephine who, by disregarding his oath of allegiance to the constitution of 1848, and by yielding to the temptation presented by the control of a large army and the prestige attached to his name, raised himself in December, 1851, to the Throne of France. Napoleon III. is the son of Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, and Louis, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was for some time King of Holland.

The death of the Queen Consort of Charles XV. of Sweden, on the 31st of March last, was that which suggested to us the comparison between the destinies of the offspring of the faithful, cruelly-treated Josephine, and the feeble child of

the cold, though dutiful, Maria Louisa. The deceased queen was the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, brother of the late King of Holland, by his wife Princess Louisa, sister of the present Emperor-King of Germany. The royal widower is the son of Oscar the First by Josephine de Beauharnais, eldest daughter of Eugene de Beauharnais and granddaughter of the Empress Josephine, and grandson of Bernadotte (whose wife was a sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, some time King of Spain), who, by the strong support of the Emperor, ascended the throne of Sweden. The daughter of the present King of Sweden is married to the Crown Prince of Denmark. When it is recollected that Eugene de Beauharnais himself married a daughter of the King of Bavaria, and that his two sons and three of his remaining daughters contracted alliances with the ruling families of Russia, Portugal, Brazil, Hohenzollern and Wurtemberg, it will be seen that the family of Josephine is connected and intermingled with almost all the great Royal Houses of the civilized world.

We hope our readers will pardon this digression (which, however, is not an aimless one) from the main object which we have in view—to give a brief sketch of the lonely life of the son of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Napoleon conferred on his infant son the high-sounding title of "King of Rome," but he did not long enjoy that empty dignity. Scarcely three years after the booming of Parisian cannons had announced his birth, the Allied armies entered the French capital, (March 31st, 1814). On the 4th of April following the Emperor abdicated the throne. For ten months he dwelt a prisoner in the Island of Elba. But the forced rest did not agree with him. He pined for action and power. At the very



time when diplomatic Europe was engaged in reducing the confusion which he had left behind him to something like order, the rumor went abroad that he had escaped. It was quite true. But he had escaped to little purpose as far as the accomplishment of his own projects was concerned. His ambition received its deathblow soon after on the field of Waterloo, and his next residence was more isolated and better guarded.

In the beginning of the year 1814, when he set out from Paris on his disastrous campaign, the Emperor saw his wife, Maria Louisa, and his son, Napoleon François, for the last time.

On the 2nd of May in the same year the King of Rome and heir by *Senatus Consultum* to the Crown of his father, parted with France forever. The decision at which the Allies had arrived with regard to him and his mother was, that they should know Napoleon no more, and that they should live under the protection of Austria. The terms were hard, but the ex-Empress does not seem to have had any difficulty in complying with them. The duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla were given to her, and her son, resigning his prouder title, became prince of these duchies.

The beautiful Summer Palace of the Imperial family of Austria was the assigned future residence of Maria Louisa and the little Napoleon. It was a place which possessed associations for both mother and son. Here the former had spent her infant years; here the father of the latter had dictated humiliating terms to the defeated Emperor of Austria.

Before they had been long settled in this delightful retirement the news reached them of Napoleon's escape from Elba, but his letters to his wife, asking her to return at once to France, remained, at the instigation of her family, unanswered.

A little after, all hopes of reunion were forever crushed at Waterloo. When Napoleon signed his second abdication, immediately after that famous battle, it was made in favor of his son—"Napoleon the Second;" but the Allied Powers found another successor—Louis the Eighteenth.

There is very little to say about the life of the poor little son of the great captain

of the armies of France. His life was a most uneventful one, and, if we regard biography as important only when the subject occupies some high public position, of very little interest. But his isolation from those around him, his wild, seldom-uttered dreams of perpetuating the renown of the name he bore, his ardent desire for distinction, and his constant yearning after the land of his birth, where his appearance on this world's stage was welcomed with blare of trumpet and thunder of cannon; his discontent at his forced insignificance, his little vanities even, his delight in martial uniform, his weakness and quiet suffering and hoping against hope even in the face of inevitable death—all this appeals to our warmest sympathies.

How touching was that request of his to a French officer about to return from Austria to Paris: "I know no one in France, but salute for me the statue in the Place Vendome!" How especially affecting now when that proudest trophy of France or any country lies, by the madness of French-born people, prostrate and broken!

In appearance Napoleon François was more a Hapsburg, it is said, than a Bonaparte. His training, too, made him, as far as he could be made so, an Austrian. His very name was taken from him, and as Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, people were taught not to recognize in him the son of the great usurper. We have already said that the duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla had been conferred on Maria Louisa, with the reversion to her son. But of this provision he was soon deprived in favor of the Bourbon, Prince Charles Louis. A property in Bohemia, with a revenue of about £20,000, was his compensation for the loss of his Italian dignities and possessions. Very little, however, did he care for one or other of these Imperial gifts. His heart and his eyes were ever turned to that point in the horizon where lay the land of his birth, the land of his dreams, the land of his father's glory, that land which he was never again to behold. All the kindnesses which were lavished on the gentle, affectionate, shy, feeble, ambitious boy, could not divert his brooding thoughts from the fact that he was like his father, an exile and a captive.

He was ten years old when he heard of that father's death. Though he could only have had the most misty memories of him, he seems to have ever loved him with a passionate love. On hearing the sad news he burst into tears, and his lonely grief was most pitiable. He could not, of course, at that age understand why, as they told him, his father, whom he had heard of as so great a conqueror, should live on a little rocky island in the midst of the ocean. The mystery was too great for his feeble frame. He suffered from an inexplicable sorrow and there was none to comfort him. And now the father, whose wondrous face he knew by portraits, of whose deeds he had heard those around him speak in subdued whispers, lest they should again rouse the spirit of the destroyer, was dead! Ever afterwards he thought of him as an object of veneration almost to be worshipped. Nothing gave him more sincere pleasure than to read over and over the books his father had most liked—such as Tasso and Ossian. He studied his military lessons from his father's campaigns and despatches. Before he had reached his seventeenth year he had read all that had been written respecting him, and had learned all the particulars of his career from his birth to his death. He could repeat the names of his generals, knew the circumstances, position and results of all his battles, and brooded over the story of his final defeat.

Perhaps not final. Might not he continue or resume the great work of renovating Europe which his father had begun? He had the prestige of a name which was but humble enough when his father began his career. He could claim, besides that prestige, the honor of belonging to one of the oldest royal houses in the world. Surely he was destined to act an important part in the development of the history of his time! And France, his cherished, glorious France, bequeathed to him by his father, would he not return honored and welcomed to her bosom?

Alas, poor young dreamer! His hopes were but as the mirage of the desert, which draws the poor pilgrim, in the very ecstasy of expectation, into the jaws of cruel death. The young Napoleon's dreams soon ended.

The seeds of disease inherent in his constitution soon began to manifest themselves with dangerous fruitfulness. Consumption marked him as its victim, and the well-known symptoms of that fearful malady soon made it evident that he had not long to live. For military duty—one of his greatest delights—he had never been fitted. His voice had never been strong, and the exertion of commanding was far too much. Still, poor fellow, with the haunting idea that something extraordinary was required of him, and that the son of Napoleon ought to be a good soldier, he persevered, hoping that, if he were to be denied all other glory, he would at least rise to distinction in his grandfather's army.

In July, 1832, Maria Louisa, who had, in 1828, contracted a second marriage with the Count Neipperg, was summoned from Italy to see her sick son. She barely reached his bedside in time to see him alive. On the 22nd of that month his protracted sufferings came to an end. He died in the room which had been occupied by his father when he visited Schoenbrunn. In the Imperial vaults of Vienna he sleeps with his fathers—the Hapsburgs.

It is, of course, impossible to say what this poor boy might have become had he had opportunities, backed by the prestige of his name, of winning power or renown. But we are inclined to think that his life, in any case, would have been a failure. His career was constitutionally destined to be short, although the fretting about impossible attainments may have tended to shorten it. He seems to have had Napoleonic aspiration enough; but whenever it was hinted that he should take any decided action he shrank back appalled. He seems to have possessed all his mother's *dutifulness* to the house of Austria: "Ever strongest on the strongest side." And this dutifulness kept him from engaging in any schemes which might, in any way, compromise his Imperial guardian. But if duty inclined him to Austria, we have seen that all his love and hearty loyalty were given to France.

There is nothing so difficult to judge of as the moral or intellectual worth of those who die young. There are, of course,

remarkable exceptions; and we speak with no reference to religious state. Some who in youth were considered "soft" and stupid have lived to shew the world how much force of character was latent beneath the dull, unpromising exterior; while, on the other hand, "bright" boys and "talented" young men have often surprised us by becoming intellectual bankrupts. Had the cousin of Napoleon François—he who placed him by cunning, selfish inference on the throne of France—died at the age of twenty-one, very few would ever have known of his existence. Had he died even at any time previous to the establishment of the Republic of '48, he would now be almost wholly forgotten. As for his literary labors, taken apart from his career, they are of exceedingly small merit. But viewed in connection with the second Empire, the *Idées Napoléoniennes* acquire no little importance and significance.

There was a time when, if the son of Napoleon had been presented to the French people, they would have chosen him Emperor by acclamation. Many a fair lady and gallant soldier were fain to kiss his hand, as the hand of their Sovereign during his life-long exile. But whether from

fear of the Austrian Court, or from natural timidity, the Duke of Reichstadt ever shrank from these loyal approaches. He seemed to have, with all his self-consciousness as the heir of Napoleon, with all his wild dreams of future eminence, an instinctive conviction that his hopes would never end in attainment. What a Hamlet struggle his whole life was!

Are we wrong in seeing in the fate of this poor boy a continuance of Napoleon's divinely-inflicted punishment. His seed was not to inherit the earth, however meek and mild and affectionate it might be. The son of the daughter of Austria's Emperor, for whom he had put away from him his lawful wife, was to be a lackland and a prisoner, a prey to ambition which had no energy, and agitated by aspirations which were denied achievement; while the children and descendants of her whom he so cruelly rejected were destined to occupy the very positions among the nations of Europe which in his eyes constituted the highest happiness. Justice of this kind is to be met with in fact as well as in fiction; and it is not limited in its operations to the aspirants after thrones.

But, perhaps, we had better leave our readers to dogmatize for themselves.

## RECORD OF AN EXTINCT RACE.

BY REV. A. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N. F.

### THE RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

That incomparable humorist, Artemus Ward, informs us that "the Red Man of the forest was formily a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboory-gine warrants me in saying that origernerly he was a majestic cuss. At the time Chris arrove on these chores (I allude to Chris. Columbus) the Savijis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They had no Congress, faro-banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits were consequently good."

This luminous and comprehensive account of the Red Men holds good, in every

particular, regarding that branch of the family which constituted the aborigines of Newfoundland. When the country was first discovered they appear, from the accounts of the early voyagers, to have been a gentle, peaceable race, and entirely free from the long catalogue of vices so graphically enumerated by A. Ward. Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, saw them "dressed in skins and painted with red ochre." Jacques Cartier in 1534, describes them as "of good size, wearing their hair in a bunch on the top of their heads and adorned with feathers." Hayes, who was second in command to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, about 1583, and whose narrative has been pre-

served in the Hakluyt collection, says, "the savages are altogether harmless." Captain Richard Whitbourne, in his "Westward Ho, for Avalon!" in 1622, tells us that "the natural inhabitants of the country, as they are but few in number, so are they something rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners they resemble Indians of the continent." He further describes them as "ingenious and tractable, full of quick and lively apprehensions," willing to assist the fishermen in curing their fish, for a small hire, and only troublesome from their proclivities to annex "sails, lines, hatchets, knives and such like." To them, doubtless, these were treasures of inestimable value; and the desire to appropriate such riches was irrepressible, as in most savage tribes. Whitbourne's account shows that in their habits they resembled the Canadian Indians, as they constructed canoes with the bark of pine trees, which they "paid" with gum and turpentine. Their cooking utensils were made of the bark of the fir and the spruce, which were so well constructed as to bear the heat of boiling water. They dressed the skins of deer, beavers, otters, bears and seals in excellent style, and always possessed a large store of them and of red ochre, with which they painted themselves and their canoes and utensils.

#### RED MEN AND WHITE—WAR TO THE KNIFE.

Peaceable relations did not long continue between the white invader and the Red Man. The rude fishermen, hunters and furriers of those early days were not the men to try the savages with the arts of civilization. So soon as the latter became troublesome, by appropriating the white man's goods, the strong arm was lifted against them; and for two hundred years they were considered fair game for the rough settlers. The Red Man's vengeance was aroused, and "war to the knife," was the rule between the two races. The savages, at first mild and tractable, and capable of being won by kindness and justice, became the fierce, implacable foe of the white man. Deeds of wrong and cruelty were perpetrated by the invader,

and were followed by vengeful retaliation on the part of the savages. But what could bows, arrows and clubs avail against the muskets of the white man? The poor Red men were hunted and shot like beasts of prey. No attempts were made to conciliate and establish friendly relations till it was too late. The entire race was gradually exterminated; and now there is not a single representative of the Red men of Newfoundland known to be in existence. Their haunts in the interior of the Island have been explored in the hope of discovering some remnants of the ill-used race, but in vain. Only their graves and the mouldering remains of their huts and deer-fences have been found; their fires have been extinguished forever, and the record of their fate fills another dark page in the history of the white man's progress in the New World. Some believe that a small band of them escaped, and took refuge in the interior of Labrador, where they are still to be found. Various rumors regarding the existence of this remnant have been heard from time to time, but no tangible proof is forthcoming. It is quite certain that in Newfoundland not a single individual of the race now exists. They are gone—

"Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn."

#### MICMAC AND BÆOTHIC.

The whites were not the only enemies with whom the Red men had to contend here. One hundred and seventy years ago, the Micmacs, an Indian tribe from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, invaded their territory, being armed and incited by the French. A savage war ensued between the two tribes; but the Micmacs having learned the use of fire-arms from the Europeans, had a decided advantage; and the Bæothics, as the others called themselves, after severe losses, retired to the interior, hunted like beasts of prey, both by Micmacs and whites. It is not wonderful that, driven to despair, they ever afterwards manifested the most determined abhorrence of their white destroyers, and, unlike the continental Indians, refused to hold any intercourse with them. Their hatred and distrust of the whites are almost unparalleled

elsewhere, and, prompting them to deeds of treachery and blood, hastened their own destruction.

#### EFFORTS TO SAVE THE ABORIGINAL RACE.

The Government of this Colony made many humane but fruitless attempts to arrest the war of extermination against this devoted race; but owing to the scattered nature of the settlements, and the rude, lawless habits of the early trappers and hunters who came into contact with the Bœothics, their efforts were in vain. The earliest official notice of the aborigines is in the form of a proclamation by the Governor, and bears date 1769, and seems to have been repeated on the accession of each new administrator. This document sets forth that His Majesty had been informed that his subjects in Newfoundland "do treat the savages with the greatest inhumanity, and frequently destroy them without the least provocation or remorse. In order, therefore, to put a stop to such inhuman barbarity, and that the perpetrators of such atrocious crimes might be brought to due punishment, His Majesty enjoined and required all his subjects to live in amity and brotherly kindness with the native savages; and further enjoined all magistrates to apprehend persons guilty of murdering the native Indians, and send them to England for trial."

#### "MARY MARCH AND SHANANDITHIT."

Not content with such a mere negative measure, the Government engaged in zealous efforts to establish friendly relations with the Bœothics. A reward was offered for the capture of a Red Indian, and in 1804, a female was taken by a fisherman and brought to St. John's, where she was kindly treated and sent back with presents to her tribe; but no result followed. In 1810, Lieutenant Buchan, of the Royal Navy, was sent to the River of Exploits, with orders to winter there and open a communication with the Indians. He succeeded in finding a party of them; and taking two of their number as hostages, and leaving two marines with them as hostages, he returned to his depot for presents. During his absence, the fears of the Red men were aroused lest he had gone for reinforcements; and, having murdered

their hostages, they fled to the interior. In 1819 another female was taken by a party of furriers on Red Indian Lake, and brought to St. John's. She was named Mary March, from the month in which she was taken. She was treated with great kindness and sent back with presents, but died on the voyage. Her body was placed in a coffin and left on the margin of a lake, where it was found by her people, and conveyed to their burial-place on Red Indian Lake, far in the interior, where it was afterwards found by the adventurous traveller Cormack lying beside the body of her husband. Another female was taken at a later date, and was known by her Indian name of Shanandithit. She lived six years in St. John's and died of consumption, the fatal disease of her tribe, as she stated, and the same that carried off Mary March. Thus all hopes of atoning by kindness for past cruelties were frustrated.

#### RED INDIAN LAKE—THE LAST OF THE BŒOTHICS.

A final effort was made in 1827 by "the Bœothic Society for the Civilization of the Native Savages." This society organized an expedition and despatched Mr. Cormack, with three Micmac Indians, to discover the retreat of the Red men. After a perilous journey through swamp and forest never before trodden by the foot of a white man, the party reached Indian Lake, which had been for centuries the chosen and undisturbed home of the Bœothics. This magnificent central lake presented to the daring leader of the expedition a view grand, solemn and majestic, as he descended the hills that bound its northern extremity. An unbroken sheet of water met his view, reaching far beyond the limits of vision, and perfectly placid, with not a canoe to ruffle its surface. Eagerly their eyes searched the shores for some vestiges of the mysterious race; but no smoke from hut or wigwam rose into the air; no sound indicative of the presence of man reached their ears. The stillness of death had settled down on a scene that once swarmed with busy life—that witnessed the great war councils of a powerful tribe, and saw their "braves" returning in triumph from the battle or the chase, and re-echoed for generations with their war-songs and

shouts of victory. Now all was silent and deserted. The wild Mountaineer Indians with Cormack, though of a hostile tribe, sank down overcome with grief at the sad and solemn sight; and the enthusiastic traveller, whose hopes of a successful issue to his journey were thus blighted, was no less disheartened and saddened.

#### SEPULCHRES OF A TRIBE.

For several melancholy days the party continued to traverse the shores of the lake, meeting everywhere evidences that this had long been the central domain of the Bœothics. They found, along the margin of the lake, whole villages of summer and winter wigwams, all in ruins. They saw the beds dug in the earth round the fire-places and in the sides of the wigwams, and a wooden building for drying and smoking venison still perfect. At one spot they found a large and handsome canoe, twenty-two feet long, rent by the violence of a storm—the people in it having possibly perished, as it contained some of their valuables quite undisturbed. Most interesting of all were the burying-places. These were variously constructed, according to the rank of the persons entombed. One of them was shaped like a cottage, ten feet by eight, and five feet high in the ridge, and was floored with squared poles, the roof covered with bark, and every part well secured against the weather and the attacks of wild beasts. Here it was that the remains of Mary March were found in a coffin, neatly shrouded in white muslin, having been conveyed by the tribe many years before by a long and painful journey from the seaside, where it had been left. Bows, arrows, axes, and other property of the deceased, were found deposited near the bodies. Another way of disposing of the dead was the same as that of the Indians of the sources of the Mississippi. The body was wrapped in birch bark, and, with the property, placed on a scaffold about four feet and a half from the ground. In other instances the body was bent or doubled up, wrapped in birch bark and enclosed in a strong box made of square posts laid on each other horizontally. The most common mode of interment was by placing the body in a

wrapping of birch bark, and covering it well with a pile of stones, or where the ground was soft, a grave was dug, and no stones placed over it.

#### DEER FENCES.

What most arrested the attention of Mr. Cormack was the extent of the Indian fences to entrap deer. These were constructed with infinite labor to lead the deer, in their periodical migrations, into the narrow end of the lake, where, on taking the water, they were easily pursued and killed with spears. Cormack observed these fences extending for forty miles along the Exploits River which runs from the lake, in a noble stream, for seventy miles to the sea. It required a people many thousand strong to erect and maintain such fences. "It was melancholy," says Cormack in his diary, "to contemplate the gigantic, yet rude efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay." The deer are there in as great numbers as ever; but the Red Man has vanished "like the snowflake on the river."

#### ARE THERE ANY SURVIVORS?

Such is the sad history of the Red Indians of Newfoundland. Does a remnant of the lost race still survive in some secluded valley of the unexplored interior or amid the rugged hills of Labrador? It may be so, but as yet no trace of them has been found; and with Cormack's expedition the last hope of finding them was abandoned. Either they were gradually thinned in numbers by war and disease, till at length, on the banks of Red Indian Lake, the last Red Man looked despairingly on the ruins of his race and the graves of his fathers, and then, wrapping himself in his deerskin robes, followed his ancestors to the happier hunting-grounds of the hereafter—or, it may be, a little band, the relics of a once numerous nation, took a last mournful look at the desolated scene, and departed for some unknown retreat, where the murderous arm of the white man could not reach them, but where, with the fatality that follows their doomed race, extinction gradually overtook them.

THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

BY T. S. M. Q.

Genius produces a work which an intuitive knowledge tells us is incomparable in excellence. Talent stops where genius takes its boldest leap, and by a clearness and power of conception, by a vividness of graphic painting, and withal the utmost simplicity of speech, executes a task which receives the encomiums of all classes, and becomes popular, from its comparative perfection as a work of genius. Its strongest characteristic is that we are speedy in catching the spirit, and delighted in so easily comprehending its lights and shades, its loveliness of landscape, and perfect adaptedness of language; but of the most learned productions of genius this must be widely qualified. None but a scholar can appreciate, especially in its allusions, the full beauty of "Paradise Lost;" but where the bard is most sublime, and where he takes his highest flights in song, he is most simple and unaffected in expression. Even a child could then read him. Where he is most classical he becomes most tiresome. Where he sings in strong hearty English that wonderfully pathetic strain on the return of spring in the Third Book, or where he tells us of the angels before the throne, he soars away on the highest wing of his imagination, and yet with such clearness does he sing that all can follow him, delighted. If there are two works of the English nation, written in its own tongue, and composed by its own sons, which of all others stand forth with prominence from the library, or the more modest book-shelf, and are every year being more widely read with the wider spread of education, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are surely they. It is our purpose to treat exclusively of the latter work, which in religious literature holds a place next only to the Bible.

It is a wonderful book—a book which every age stamps with unqualified approval and reads with dreamy delight. It is found in the nursery and the drawing-room. It can be purchased for a penny, or in superb gilt morocco binding for some indefinable amount. It can be read on any day of the week, with as much delight on Monday as on the Sunday. Children have thrown aside their fairy books to read it, and the sombre student has found recreation in its pages. To the poet it possesses an allegorical beauty which requires genius to grasp, and which is as uncommon, as it is fitted to any understanding. And this charm for its readers is owing to that suggestiveness of the allegory, which flatters the reader by presuming on his learning, or at least on his understanding.

In one sense it was no common man that wrote it, and yet the author was a tinker. It sounds strange in some ears, and pleasing in others. To the narrow-minded it affords wonder; to the educated, pleasure, but to the poor delight. It will certainly not lose with them because it was written by one of their own class, nor with the higher, because it was not written by one of theirs.

"Water will find its own level." Tinkering, persecution, and imprisonment conspired to crush the spontaneous genius of a Bunyan, but failed. "'Tis the mind that makes the man." He led an inner life, a holy existence, which buoyed him up on the billows of circumstances. His Bible was his healing salve, an antidote for all his sicknesses of body and of mind, and had he not more than the common share? It is fortunate that genius in its severest trials can lift itself above the level of common men, and despise or overcome the force of circumstances. That Bunyan composed sixty works shows the energy of

the man; that he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," the genius of the writer. Like Homer and Milton he became blind, which has curiously given to blindness a species of poetic significance. Like Milton, he was a pamphleteer. Like both Homer and Milton, he wrote two works of transcendent merit; and, as in their case, the balance of opinion is in favor of the first productions of each—perhaps because the one being read before the other wearies the mind, in its efforts to appreciate the former, so unfitting it to fully enter into the spirit of the latter. However it is, the "Illiad" is read rather than the "Odyssey;" "Paradise Lost" rather than "Paradise Regained," and the "Pilgrim's Progress" rather than the "Holy War."

In the case of so well-sustained an allegory as the "Pilgrim's Progress," one might suppose that a tinker would be excusable in committing many incongruities. But, with the exception of one in the second part, we know of none worth noting, and that is too trivial for remark. An allegory is a continuous simile, which requires much foresight to successfully sustain, and Bunyan in this species of composition well deserves the title of Prince of Allegorists. Horace ventured on an allegory when he likened the Roman State to a ship drifting with the waves, and is said to have aroused by his beautiful ode the city to a true sense of its danger. So an allegory of our own times has given rise to a very widely-spread discussion.\* But our author had a nobler purpose on hand. His was a divine commission to the souls of men. He was to relate the journeying of Christian to the Celestial City, and arouse his fellow travellers in the Valley of the Shadow of Death to a manifold sense of their destiny—to quicken into life the faint-hearted, and to sustain the feeble knees. It was a happy moment for the world when the idea of writing such a work flashed with its fortuitous revelation on his mind, and all the happier that he has done so, for who can tell the souls it has directed Zionward, or the spirits it has cheered in the Valley of Humiliation? He chooses for his tale words from "the well of English un-

defiled," such hearty Anglo-Saxon monosyllables as hit home like iron knuckles; no learned mouthings or classical polysyllables in long and stiff parade, no mythological personages, but light and shadow happily mingled, and all breathing the simplicity of genuine sublimity.

Next to the Bible, there is no repository of purer Anglo-Saxon than the "Pilgrim's Progress," and though the style is too homely for our age of artificial, polished, and classical stateliness of expression, we must admire a style so eminently free from the fetters of Johnsonian pomposity or the over-polished periods of a Macaulay. We are at home in reading it. We have not to go out of ourselves to appreciate it, so familiar and yet compressed and forcible are the sentiments.

Bunyan was not a poet. He had a strong imagination but little fancy: the one creates, the other clothes. There are those who have lauded him as a poet, but they have done so in ignorance. His "Apology" is tolerable prose in stilted verse, and almost totally deficient of the true essentials of poetry, which is to verse what fiction is to plain prose, an ornament, a beautifier: what painting is to a pencil engraving, an attraction, a coating of many colors. This cannot be said of either Bunyan's verse or prose. No doubt his trials and the persecution for his beliefs crushed much of his fancy, which is too delicate a thing, of too butterfly a nature, to be beaten about the air without suffering. But, if not poetry, his work approaches so near the dividing line that to draw a distinction would be invidious, if not difficult. We are content to call it an allegory, and the author the first of allegorists.

The plan of the story is not entirely novel; Bayley, Bernard and Patrick had handled similar themes before him. The idea of the dream, if suggested by any of them, was probably by the second; but there is a romantic interest woven into the woof of Bunyan's story, an interest ingrafted into even the second part, though it wears so much an air of repetition, that the Bedford tinker may well claim to have outshone all his predecessors by witing a work which leaves them in oblivion, and makes

\* Dame Europa's School.



Bedford tinker, and speaks of his work as "illuminated by a heavenly influence."

The first part is novel and wears away the interest which would be felt in reading the second. The one has a more heroic aspect and more fascinating adventure. We prefer to follow the fortunes of a man who fights his battles, and who, if he gets into trouble, fights his way out of it, rather than of a woman and children who depend on Great Heart to bring them through. We love the boldness of Christian, and feel little interest in the helplessness of Christiana. But if the lustre of one portion is bright, the brilliance of the other is only less so by comparison, and from a sense of repetition not uninviting, but still perceptible. In the latter part the personification of Mercy is a character beautifully conceived and of feminine delicacy. There is the

softness of woman thrown around her, the loveliness of forbearance in her language, and the glow of Christianity visible through her whole pilgrimage. Nowhere is Bunyan so successful as in this creation; nowhere to be more lauded for the unity of his portraiture. No writer has ever painted woman in livelier or more faithful coloring, so true to life, or more ingeniously idealized.

Let the Christian make this work his chart and guide; let the poet read it to find images for his fancy; the artist to find subjects for his pencil; the young and old to find delight in its pages; and all to perfect their style from its contents.

Nor must it be forgotten that Milton and Bunyan are the two Puritan representatives of the highest order of English literature.

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## PICKING WILD FRUIT IN ONTARIO.

BY P. K. CLYNE, WALSINGHAM.

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There are certain localities in Ontario that can scarcely be surpassed in the production of wild fruit; and it is a fact worthy of note that these localities are situated where the fruit is most needed. In regions that are hard to clear, among giant pines and trunks of trees scattered thickly over the ground, where many years have to pass by before the settler can regale his appetite with apples, plums and pears, grow spontaneously berries of the most delicious flavor.

Among the first blossoms that greet the eyes of the backwoods settler in spring, and which indicate the production of the earliest fruit of the season, are those of the wild strawberry. This plant is found growing in meadows, along fences, and in much neglected slashings. The fruit ripens in June, and although it is now superseded in many places by that grown in gardens, yet it possesses properties that will ever

constitute it a great favorite. As a general thing wild strawberries contain a honey-like flavor not usually found in the tame. This makes them a dish that the daintiest invalid can seldom refuse. The picking and marketing of these berries are now chiefly confined to new settlements. It is the first fruit of the season that is picked by busy hands and carefully prepared to cheer the hardy hay-maker at his meals.

Another season of strawberries with its festivities has come and gone. In some backwoods places, where the sound of the axe has been heard only a few years, the enjoyments over the luscious fruit has been complete. Young and old, with cheerful looks, and without any attempts at ostentation, have assembled in pleasant groves, and been merry over their bowls of strawberries and cream. If the poor who obtain a scanty livelihood in cities and towns, with scarcely any recreation, could but

witness one such gathering in the wilderness, surely there would be a general emigration thither.

In many sections during the month of July may be seen bending over logs, or half-concealed among underbrush, bushes red with wholesome raspberries. A berry-patch often covers an area of several hundred acres, affording excellent picking for all who choose to engage. A great quantity of this fruit is not allowed to waste on the bushes or to be eaten by the birds, but hundreds of people yearly improve the opportunity a bountiful Providence has given them of securing it. Beneath the burning rays of the summer's sun, sheltered by their broad-rimmed hats, the stout-hearted pickers go forth. Scrambling over logs piled high upon each other, or crawling upon all-fours beneath those suspended just high enough above ground, they work their way from bush to bush gathering the finest of samples, those growing on the open ground being generally shrivelled by the heat of the sun. After enduring a considerable amount of fatigue, they come from the patch usually well-loaded with the fruit; but their work does not always end here. The Dutch, who undoubtedly are the best pickers in Ontario, supply our markets with large quantities of these berries. Sturdy men and women, with equally robust-looking boys and girls, who have just commenced life in the backwoods, and who know more about hardships than we at first may imagine, may be seen trudging along towards the nearest market. The load that each one carries is often enormous. Large pails filled with this ponderous fruit are carried, one on each arm, while a third is generally borne upon the head. We can see them in town making bargains with their Canadian neighbors. Some can only speak a few words of broken English; enough, however, to make known that the fruit is of the choicest quality—"as goot as the pest they have seen since they left their fadderland."

Notwithstanding the eagerness of these needy people to obtain fair prices for their fruit, it is often taken from them, we are sorry to say, for sums far below its real value; the purchasers being individuals whose hands never felt a brier, and who

care but little for the welfare of the poor.

In July, before the raspberry season is entirely past, other berries, equally prized by many, begin to ripen. These are the well known whortle-berries, vulgarly called "huckleberries," of which there are several varieties; but those found in marshes are now the principal ones sought after. There the bushes are taller and the berries much larger than on the upland. Before the drainage of the marshes, water was a great obstacle in the way of the pickers. This, however, did not keep many who were seized with the berry fever from going there. Even women have been known to wade for hours after the fruit. This of course, had a very deleterious effect upon their constitutions; the penalty that many of them had to pay being an attack of fever and ague, that often kept them within doors for weeks. The drainage of the marshes, which work has been accomplished in many places through the wisdom of municipal authorities, thus rendering the country, around so much healthier, has made the picking of these berries almost a pleasure instead of a task. Above, the picker beholds the conically shaped top of the verdant tamarack, screening him from the heat of the sun; while beneath he treads upon a mossy carpet of the softest kind. Most of the berries on the bushes are breast-high to a person, and as they grow in clusters an experienced hand can gather a large quantity in a day. Some of the pickers become so engaged that they often forget the venomous reptiles that at this season of the year come above the moss to show themselves. Most of the marshes are infested with rattlesnakes, but, strange to say, very few people have ever been bitten. The hideous snakes, though, often cause considerable excitement in a marsh. A picker hears a noise as if shells were being rubbed together down by his feet. He looks, and finds himself in close proximity to one of those monsters. He immediately gives a shriek and a spring, but somehow, in his excitement, he loses his balance, and down he tumbles, the big blue berries from his basket rolling over the moss in every direction. The first thing he thinks about is

the distance he has made from the snake; and, happily, he finds that he has landed several feet away. But lo! there is a scratch on his hand. Has not the reptile pierced him with its fangs? It is altogether probable. He shouts for his companions, and soon relatives, acquaintances, and strangers assemble around him. Many antidotes, such as indigo, ash, whiskey, etc., are spoken of, but, unfortunately, not one is at hand. A bandage is placed tightly around the wrist, and a move is made for home. Before leaving, however, some of the more venturesome ones take a look for the snake; but his snakeship has crawled under the turf, and is safe. Rattlesnakes seem to fill the minds of all, and berries lose their charm for that day. As they quietly walk over the mossy carpet on their way homeward, many a chill creeps over the more timid ones; and when they finally bid adieu to the marsh some resolve never to return again; but, alas, for such resolutions, in a few days some of the same party are again in the marsh. What has become of the adventurer with the snake? His hand not beginning to swell or change in color, they finally conclude that it is simply a scratch, and not a bite of a poisonous reptile. Boys are sometimes rash enough to go into marshes barefooted, Parents, if they have any regard for their children, should put a stop to this practice. People from a great distance visit marshes to obtain whortleberries. They are esteemed very highly on account of their medicinal properties. Cranberries, also, grow in marshes, but not in sufficient quantity of late to pay for the picking. The time may come when the vine will be cultivated in the rich soil, and large quantities of this valuable fruit grown for our markets.

By the time the marshes are free of pickers, blackberries begin to ripen in the woods, and cause a general sensation everywhere. The season of these berries is protracted until cold weather by the great fruitfulness of the bushes, which are found bearing ripe and green berries with blossoms at the same time. The fires that rage in the woods during the summer and autumn months annually destroy a great many patches through the country; still

the number of people that usually engage as pickers is astonishing. A journey of ten, twenty and even thirty miles to some rare patch is often made in carriages by the wealthy, while many of all classes go in on foot from the country around. Those from a distance generally make arrangements to pick for several days, during which period they calculate to secure large quantities of the fruit, as well as have a general good time. They commonly carry with them many kinds of provisions, and some do not forget to lay in a supply of wine and often stronger drink. Even members of churches, to their great shame, have been known to partake of intoxicating liquor in a berry-patch. Those who care for themselves, and for the cause of temperance, take in a good supply of cold water from some sparkling spring by the way, and they find that it allays their thirst and refreshes them for their work, which strong drink would not do. The gathering of these berries is very unpleasant business. The brushes grow on the roughest ground, and bear large, sharp briars that cause many interjections to fall from the lips of the pickers; and not unfrequently individuals make their presence very disagreeable to others by using profane language. The clothes that are worn while picking are generally spoiled, and the hands of the pickers carry marks for several days. Some wear gloves for protection, which answer well for the purpose, but somewhat retard the picking.

To be lost in a blackberry patch at night, wandering alone among logs, bushes, briars and trees, expecting every moment to fall upon Mr. Bruin—who is, indeed, very fond of the fruit, and who frequently takes up his residence in some unfrequented portion of a patch—is anything but agreeable. The best thing that can be done in such a case is to remain quiet until morning, when the shouts of some picker, who has wandered away from his company, may lead to a friend that can point out the way homeward.

The aged as well as the young and middle aged, in new settlements, often engage in the picking of wild fruit. "There are beautiful berries on the bushes," they think, "and unless we pick them they may go to

waste." Another stimulant to the picking of wild fruit is the disposition of many to gather more than their neighbors. They seem to take great pride, and well they may, in making known to each other the quantities they have preserved. What greatly enhances the berry-patch to some, is the fine opportunity it gives them for hearing and dispatching news. In the berry-patch may be learned all the news of the neighborhood. Births, deaths and marriages are commented upon. The school-master is spoken of by Mrs. P— as a tyrant and a fool; while Mrs. H— commends him in the highest terms. Some portions of the minister's last sermon are discoursed upon, and certain individuals are mentioned to whom the advice given is exactly applicable—the injunction, "Speak not evil one of another," being, at the same time, shamefully disregarded.

In the berry-patch politics are discussed, and, in the heat of excitement, many a fine berry is unknowingly swallowed by would-be-patriots. Here acquaintances are formed, friendships are renewed, and sometimes sacred engagements are entered into; and when winter approaches and wild fruit is no longer found growing upon bushes, but is freely dealt out on many a family board, the minds of some are filled with happy reminiscences of berry-picking. Even the "old bachelor," in his dreary cabin in the woods, forgets the loneliness of his situation while luxuriating on a bowl of berries and cream.

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## MARVELS OF MODERN MISSIONS.

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### THE FAITHFUL MISSIONARY.

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#### FOUR MEMORABLE YEARS AT HILO.

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#### THE PARISH AND THE PEOPLE.

A strip of island sea-coast from one to three miles wide, and a hundred long, dotted with groves, and seamed across by the deep chasms of mountain torrents: behind this, for twenty-five miles, a belt of impervious jungle, fencing in, since the days of Vancouver, numberless herds

of wild cattle; beyond, in the interior, a rough, volcanic wilderness, culminating in a summit 14,000 feet in height—a chaos of craters, some on the peaks of mountains, and some yawning suddenly before you in the forest, some long idle, some ceaselessly active, making the night lurid with their flames, and still building at the unfinished island; one, a vast, fiery hollow, three miles across, the grandest lava caldron on the globe: 15,900 natives scattered up and down the sea belt, grouped in villages of from 100 to 300 persons, a vicious, sensual, shameless and yet tractable people, slaves to the chiefs, and herding together almost like animals—to this parish, a strange mingling of crags and valleys, of torrents and volcanoes, of beauty and barrenness, and to this people, a race of thieves, drunkards and adulterers, thirty-five years ago, was called the young missionary, Rev. Titus Coan. And here, for four memorable years, went on a work of grace scarcely paralleled elsewhere since the Day of Pentecost.

This parish, long and narrow, occupies the eastern third of the shore belt of Hawaii. It comprises two districts,—Puna, stretching off toward the south in black lava fields, with here and there a patch of verdure, and a cluster of cabins, and Hilo, on the north, a fertile tract, but exceedingly rough. The central point is Hilo Bay, which opens out to the Pacific toward the east and north. Some leaven of the gospel had already been cast into this lump of heathenism. Different missionaries had resided here for brief periods. Several schools had been established, and about one-fourth of the natives could read. Rev. D. B. Lyman and wife, most efficient co-laborers with Mr. Coan, were already on the ground. There had been a marked change in the mental and social condition of the natives. A little knowledge of divine truth—about as much, perhaps, as our street Arabs possess—was had by most of the people. There were a few hopeful converts, and a little church of thirty-six members had been formed.

#### A BEGINNING.

After a voyage of just six months around Cape Horn, Mr. Coan reached the islands June 6th, 1835, and at once engaged in the work.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lyman came the charge of a boarding-school, and much other labor at the home station, while to Mr. Coan, robust in health, and fervid as a speaker, the preaching and the touring naturally fell. His mental force and abounding physical life revealed themselves at the outset. In three months

time he began to speak in the native tongue, and before the year closed he had made the circuit of the island, a canoe and foot trip of 300 miles. On this first tour, occupying 30 days, he nearly suffered shipwreck, or rather canoe-wreck, as also twice afterward; he preached forty-three times in eight days, ten of them in two days, examined twenty schools and more than 1,200 scholars, conversed personally with multitudes, and ministered to many sick persons, for he was, in a mild way, a physician withal. A letter of his, written at that time, says also: "I have a daily school of ninety teachers, and Mrs. C. one of 140 children, beside a large class of more advanced pupils."

This vigorous beginning, however, was but the prelude to the more incessant labor and to the marvellous scenes of the years following.

#### PROVIDENTIAL TRAININGS.

When God has a great work for his servants, he usually gives them some special training for it. Mr. Coan was a townsman and cousin of Nettleton. In his early ministry he was a co-laborer with Finney. He had seen God's word in the hands of these men be as a fire and a hammer. He had learned what truths to use, and how to press men to immediate repentance, and he had witnessed many conversions. Before he went to the islands his spiritual nature was charged with the divine electricity of a revival atmosphere. An exploring tour in Patagonia, where he had been sent by the Board, and where he lived for several months on horseback with savage nomads, had compacted his frame and inured him to hardship. Who shall say that the natives were not also in some sort trained for what was to follow? May it not be that there was an educating power in the volcanoes near which they lived? They were the frequent witnesses of grand and terrible sights—the shudder of earthquakes, the inflowing of great tidal waves, the dull, red glow of lava streams, the leaping of fire cataracts into deep lying pools, sending off the water in steam, and burning them dry in a night time. There was no day when the smoke-breath of subterranean furnaces was out of their sight. Once they traced a river of lava burrowing its way to the sea, 1,500 feet below the surface, and saw it break over the shore cliff and leap into the hissing waves. Once, from their loftiest mountain, a pillar of fire 200 feet through lifted itself, for three weeks, 1,000 feet into the air, making darkness day for a hundred miles around, and leaving as its monument a vast cone a mile in circumference.

The people who were familiar with such scenes could understand at least what Sinai meant, and what are "the terrors of the Lord."

#### A SOUND OF GOING IN THE MULBERRY TREES.

There were signs of unusual attention to the truth on Mr. Coan's first tour, the latter part of 1835.

"Multitudes flocked to hear,"—we quote from our pencillings of a recent interview, and from his letters to the Board "many seemed pricked in their hearts." "I had literally no leisure, so much as to eat." One morning I found myself constrained to preach three times before breakfast, which I took at ten o'clock." He could not move out of doors without being thronged by people from all quarters. They stationed themselves in small companies by the way-side, and some followed him for days from village to village to hear the gospel. Much of this, doubtless, was surface excitement or the mere curiosity of an idle people. But some of it, as the event proved, was the working of a divine heaven.

The tours of 1836—he was accustomed to make four or five a year—revealed that the work was deepening. "I began to see tokens of interest that I did not talk about, that I scarcely understood myself. I would say to my wife on returning, 'The people turned out wonderfully.' More and more came to the meetings and crowded around me afterwards to inquire the way." "I preached just as hard as I could. There was a fire in my bones. I felt like bursting. I must preach to this people."

#### A TWO YEARS' CAMP-MEETING.

In 1837 the great interest broke out openly. It was the time of a wonderful stir through all the islands. Nearly the whole population of Hilo and Puna turned out to hear the word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men, and the infirm often crawled to the trail where the missionary was to pass, that they might catch from his lips some word of life. And now began a movement to which the history of the church furnishes no parallel since its first revival. The exigencies of the case demand unusual measures. 15,000 people scattered up and down the coast for a hundred miles, hungry for the divine bread,—what is one preacher, or at most two, among so many? He needs the *wing* as well as the tongue of an angel to preach to them the everlasting gospel. But he is mortal. The preacher cannot go to them. They must come to him. And so whole villages gather from many miles away, and make their homes near the mission house. Two-thirds of the entire population come in. Within the radius of

a mile the little cabins clustered thick as they could stand. Hilo, the village of ten hundred, saw its population suddenly swelled to ten thousand, and here was held, literally, a camp-meeting of two years. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the bell would bring together a congregation of from 3,000 to 6,000. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. But it was not all this. The entrance of the word gave light in every way. The people wrought with a new industry at their little taro patches. The sea also gave them food. Schools for old and young went on. "Our wives held meetings for the children, to teach them to attend to their persons, to braid mats, to make their tapas, hats and bonnets." "Numerous and special meetings were held for all classes of the people, for the church, for parents, mothers, the inquiring, and for church candidates." There was no disorder. A Sabbath quiet reigned through the crowded hamlet, and from every booth at dawn and at nightfall was heard the voice of prayer and praise.

#### THE GREAT CONGREGATION.

Let us look in upon one of the great congregations. A protracted meeting is going on. The old church, 85 feet wide by 165 long, is packed with a sweltering and restless mass of 6,000 souls. A new church near by takes the overflow of 3,000 more, while hundreds press about the doors, crowding every opening with their eager faces. What a sight is there to look upon. The people sit upon the ground so close that no one, once fixed, can leave his place. You might walk over them, but to walk among them is impossible. It is a sea of heads with eyes like stars. They are far from being still. There is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a caldron. An effort to sing a hymn is then made. The rude, inharmonious song would shock our ears, but the attempt is honest, and God accepts it as praise. Prayer is offered and then the sermon comes. The view is most affecting, and calls for all the power of the reaper to thrust in the sickle. The great theme is, You are sinners, great sinners, dead in trespasses and sins: Christ died to save you. Submit your hearts to God. Believe in Christ and you shall live. And multitudes do submit. Under the pungent setting home of the truth, the whole congregation tremble and weep, and many cry aloud for mercy.

#### THE PREACHER AND THE PREACHING.

It must have required rare gifts to control such meetings, in order to secure good results. But Mr. Coan seems to have had the tact and nerve to do it. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd and begin.

It wasn't long before I felt that I had got hold of them. There seemed to be a chord of electricity binding them to me. I knew that I had them, that they would not go away. The Spirit would hush them by the truth till they would sob and cry, 'What shall we do?' and the noise of the weeping would be so great I could not go on."

The themes preached were the simple old standard doctrines. "It has been an object of deep and uniform attention to keep the holy law of God constantly blazing before the minds of all the people, and to hold the claims and sanctions of the gospel in near and warm contact with their frigid hearts." "I preached just as plain and simple as I could; applied the text by illustrations until the whole congregation would be in a quiver; did not try to excite them; did not call on them to rise to show interest." It was God's truth set home by the Spirit that seemed to do the work.

And there were not wanting those

#### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS

which have usually accompanied the mightier works of grace—especially among ruder peoples. Under the pressure of the truth there would be weeping, sighing and outcries. "When we rose for prayer some would fall down in a swoon. There were hundreds of such cases. I did not think much of it. On one occasion I preached from, 'Madness is in their hearts.' I can see them now, it was such a scene! The truth seemed to have an intense power. A woman rose—she was a beautiful woman—and cried, 'Oh! I'm the one; madness is in my heart!' She became a noble Christian. A man cried out: 'There's a two-edged sword cutting me in pieces; my flesh is all flying in the air!' There was a back-woods native, wicked, stout, who had come in to make fun. When we rose to pray he nudged those about him with his elbows to make them laugh. All at once he dropped like a log—fell suddenly. When he came to, he said, 'God has struck me.' He was subdued, and gave evidence of being a true Christian. Once, on a tour, I was preaching in the fields at a protracted meeting. There were perhaps 2,000 present. In the midst of the sermon a man cried out: 'Alas! what shall I do to be saved!' and he prayed, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the whole congregation did the same,—joined in with ejaculations. It was a thrilling scene. I could get no chance to speak for half an hour, but stood still to see the salvation of God. There were many such scenes.

"But men would come and say,

'WHY DON'T YOU PUT THIS DOWN?'

My answer was, 'I didn't get it up.' I didn't believe the devil would set men to

praying, confessing and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen. Lost things reappeared and quarrels were reconciled. The lazy became industrious. Thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco. Drunkards stopped drinking. Adulteries ceased and murderers confessed their crimes. Neither the devil nor all the men of the world could have got this up. Why should I put it down? In the Old Testament church there were times when the weeping of the people was heard afar. I always told the natives that such demonstrations were of no account, no evidence of conversion. I advised to quietness. I said, if they were sorry for their sins, God knew it; if they were forgiven they need not continue to weep. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy."

#### THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

In this work God's providences wrought with his Spirit. Notwithstanding the great interest, many opposed it and hardened themselves. But God had a sermon for them more pungent than human lips could utter. It was Nov. 7, 1837. The revival was at its height, and a protracted meeting was going forward. The crescent sand beach, the most beautiful in the world, dotted all over its mile and a half of length with the native booths, and reaching up into the charming groves behind, smiled in security. A British whaler swung idly at its moorings in the harbor, and the great ocean slept in peace. The day opened as usual, with the natives out *en masse* for the daybreak prayer-meeting, and the customary routine went on,—a scattering for breakfast, a flocking together for the nine o'clock sermon—there were four preached each day—with the accustomed crush of 6,000 inside the old church, and the swarms pressing about the doors and windows, then the usual surging of inquirers and the crowds following the missionaries to their homes, and then again the sermon at twelve and a half, and so on through the day. There must have been a funeral that day, for the natives tell, although the preacher does not remember it, that the text was, "Be ye also ready." At seven o'clock in the evening, just as Mr. Coan was calling his family together for prayers, a heavy sound was heard, as of a falling mountain upon the beach. Immediately a great cry and wailing arose, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. "The sea, by an unseen hand, had all on a sudden, risen in a gigantic wave, and, rushing in with the rapidity of a race horse, had fallen upon the shore, sweeping everything into indiscriminate ruin. Men, women, child-

ren, houses, canoes, food, clothing, everything floated wild upon the flood." "So sudden, so unexpected, was the catastrophe, that the people were literally 'eating and drinking,' and they 'knew not till the flood came and swept them all away.' The wave fell upon them like the bolt of heaven, and no man had time to flee, or save his garment. In a moment hundreds of people were struggling with the raging billows and in the midst of their earthly all. Some were dashed upon the shore, some were drawn out by friends who came to their relief, some were carried out to sea by the retiring current, and some sunk to rise no more till the noise of the judgment wakes them." Through the great mercy of God only thirteen were drowned. But the loud roar of the ocean, the cries of distress, the shrieks of the perishing, the frantic rush of hundreds to the shore, and the desolation there presented, combined to make it a scene of thrilling and awful interest. There was no sleep that night. "To the people it seemed to be as the voice of Almighty God when he speaketh." The next day the meetings went on with renewed power, and through all the week, as the sea gave up, one after another, its dead, and the people with funeral rite bore them to their resting places, the Spirit set home this new sermon with divine effect.

#### A SANDWICH ISLAND CHORAZIN.

The scenes of the Bible seemed to repeat themselves with an almost startling likeness in some of the incidents of this work. We will speak of but one. In a secluded valley of Puna there was a village—a small one—peculiarly wicked. It was a depth below the deep of the heathenism around. The missionary took special pains with them for two or three years with no good results. The people hardened themselves, and with a "superfluity of naughtiness," denied food to those who came to them with the gospel. "One time I went there with a number of native Christians to hold a meeting. 'Haven't you any food?' I said, 'not even a potato?' 'No, not half a potato.' Night came on and my men lay down, hungry as bears. When the villagers thought we were asleep, we heard them go to the foot of a tree, uncover their food and eat. In the morning I said to them, 'I have come time after time preaching, and you never gave me so much as a cocoanut. I do not care for myself, but here are these hungry men. I shake off the dust of my feet against you. I will never come again till called.' In a short time, although they were forty miles from port, the small-pox singled them out, and nearly every person died. There were only three or four survivors. And in 1840 a lava flood came down upon them, scathing every tree, burning every house,

obliterating the very site of the village, and leaving only a black lava field."

But this was the Lord's "strange work." To multitudes he was the merciful God. The case of

#### THE HIGH PRIEST AND PRIESTESS OF PELE

is of peculiar interest. He was a man of majestic presence, six feet five inches in height, and his sister, co-ordinate with him in power, was nearly as tall. As great high priest of the volcano thirty miles away, his business was to keep the dreadful Pele appeased. He lived upon the shore, but went up often with sacrifices to the fiery home of their deity. If a human victim was needed, he only had to look, and point, and the poor native was immediately strangled. He was not only the embodiment of heathen piety, but of heathen crimes. So fierce and tyrannical was his temper that no native dared tread on his shadow. Robbery was his pastime. More than once he had struck a man dead for his food and garment—the whole of it not worth fifty cents. At last he crept into one of the meetings, and the truth laid hold of him. He came again and again, and would sit on the ground by the preacher, weeping and confessing his crimes. "I have been deceived," he said. "I have lived in darkness and did not know the true God. I worshipped what was no God. I renounce it all. The true God has come. He speaks. I bow down to him. I want to be his child." His sister came soon after, and they stayed months to be taught. The change in them was most wonderful. They became quiet and docile, and after due probation were received to the church. They were then about seventy years old, and a few years afterward they died in peace, witnessing to the marvellous grace of God.

#### THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.

In the year 1838 the waves of salvation rolled deep and broad over the whole field, and the converts were numbered by thousands. To us who seldom see above a hundred accessions to a church from a revival, this appears almost incredible. And how such a work could have been managed and made to stand in permanent results seems a mystery. There were but two missionaries, a lay preacher, and their wives. The extremes of the parish were a hundred miles apart. Portions of it were reached only at the peril, almost, of life and limb. It is true that thousands came in to the central station from the far-off villages, and stayed many months. But this could not last. By what aids and means were such results wrought and secured in

permanency? There was a marvellous outpouring of the Spirit. This was first and highest. The battle cry was "The sword of the Lord." But it was also "The sword of Gideon." The human means used were adapted to produce the results. Mr. Coan was greatly assisted by his associates. Mr. Lyman was a true yoke-fellow, alternating with him, in addition to his school labor, in preaching at the protracted meetings. The missionaries' wives, surrounded by the brood of their own little children, held daily meetings with the women, the audiences sometimes numbering thousands. But to the method, energy and zeal of Mr. Coan the chief place must be given.

#### ITINERATING.

As we turn over his letters, written at that time, the wisdom to plan and the strength to execute, which were given him of the Lord, seem marvellous. Often on his trips he preached twenty or thirty sermons a week, and this was but part of the labor. "On these tours," he says, "I usually spend from two to five weeks visiting all the church members in their respective villages, calling all their names, holding personal interviews with them, inquiring into their states, their hearts, prayers, and manner of living; counselling, reproving, and encouraging, as the case may require; and often 'breaking bread' from place to place." The physical labor of these tours was not small. The northern part of his parish was crossed by sixty-three ravines—we see his method by the exact count of them he has recorded—from twenty to a thousand feet in depth. "In many of them the banks are perpendicular, and can only be ascended by climbing with the utmost care, or descended only by letting one's self down from crag to crag by the hands. In times of rain these precipices are very slippery and dangerous, and in many places the traveller is obliged to wind his way along the sides of a giddy steep, where one step of four inches from the track would plunge him to a fearful depth below. And then the rivers, leaping and foaming along the old fire channels, "dashing down innumerable precipices, and urging their noisy way to the ocean," how shall they be crossed? "Some of them I succeeded in fording, some I swam by the help of a rope, to prevent me from being swept away, and over some I was carried passively on the broad shoulders of a native, while a company of strong men locked hands and stretched themselves across the stream, just below me and just above a near cataract, to save me from going over it, if my bearer should fall." This experience would often be repeated three or four times a day. "My least weekly number of sermons is six or seven,



and the greatest twenty-five or thirty, often travelling in drenching rains, crossing rapid and dangerous streams, climbing slippery and beetling precipices, preaching in the open air, and sometimes in wind and rain, with every garment saturated with water."

#### THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.

But it was only by an exact and steadily-worked system that Mr. Coan could "overtake" his parish of 15,000 souls. Not Dr. Chalmers nor Pastor Harms knew their people better than he. When his church numbered more than 5,000 he could say, "My knowledge of the religious experiences and daily habits of the individuals of my flock, at the present time, is more minute and thorough than it was when the church numbered only fifty or a hundred members." "By drawing lines in my parish; by dividing the people into sections and classes; by attending to each class separately, systematically, and at a given time, and by a careful examination and a frequent review of every individual in each respective class; by keeping a note-book always in my pocket to refresh my memory; by the help of many faithful church members, and by various other collateral helps, I am enabled, through the grace of God, to gain tenfold more knowledge of the individuals of my flock, and of the candidates for church membership, than I once thought it possible to obtain in such circumstances."

#### FEED MY LAMBS.

The children did not escape his care. From his earliest ministry he had believed in childhood conversions. When in this country a few weeks since—now venerable with his seventy years—a woman in Baltimore said to him: "When I was eight years old, you took me on your lap and talked to me of Christ. I was converted then." This practical faith in the conversion of children led him to give them special and constant care. Beside Sabbath-school instruction, a regular weekly lecture was maintained for them through the year. There were also numerous occasional meetings for different classes of children, — for those in church-fellowship, for baptized children and for the anxious. During the protracted meetings there was usually a sermon each day for them at eight o'clock in the morning. As the result of this faithfulness there were in 1838 about 400 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, connected with his church.

#### SEEKING THE LOST.

It was a settled plan that there should be no living person in all Puna or Hilo who had not had the claims of the gospel repeatedly pressed upon him. There was

no village so remote, insignificant or inaccessible, that it did not receive frequent visits. If a native family, through freak of temper or stress of fortune, had hid itself away in some fastness of the mountain, it was tracked out and plied with the invitations of mercy.

#### NATIVE HELPERS.

To do this required the active co-operation of the church. "Many of the more discreet, prayerful and intelligent of the members were stationed at important posts, with instructions to hold conference and prayer meetings, conduct Sabbath-schools, and watch over the people. Some of these native helpers were men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and they succeeded admirably." Other active members were selected and sent forth, two and two, into every village and place of the people. They went everywhere preaching the word. They visited the villages, climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the glens in search of the wandering and the dying sons of Hawaii. On one occasion Mr. Coan sent out about forty church members to visit from house to house, and in all the "highways and hedges," within five miles of the station. "They were instructed to pray in every house, to look after all the sick, the wretched and the friendless, to stir up the minds of the converts, and to gather the children. Two days were spent in this way. Every cottage was entered, every fastness of Satan scoured. The immediate result was, that several back-loads of tobacco, awa and pipes were brought in and burnt, and about 500 hitherto careless and hardened ones were gathered into the house of God to hear the words of life. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon them, and it is believed that many of them were born again."

Many of these natives were wonderfully grieved in prayer. "They take God at his word," says Mr. Coan, "and with a simple and child-like faith, unspoiled by tradition or vain philosophy, they go with boldness to the throne of grace." "How often have I blushed, and felt like hiding my face in the dust, when I have witnessed their earnest wrestlings, and have seen how like princes they have had power with God and have prevailed." "With tears, with soul-melting fervor, and with that earnest importunity which takes no denial, they often plead the promises, and receive what appear to be the most direct and unequivocal answers to their prayers."

#### AN INGATHERING.

The great harvest years were 1838 and 1839. Seven or eight thousand natives had professed conversion, but very few

had thus far been received to the church. The utmost care was taken in selecting, examining, watching and teaching the candidates. The ever faithful note-book was constantly in hand. Those from the distant villages came in and spent several months at the station previous to their union to the church. Day by day they were watched over and instructed with unceasing labor. Together with those on the ground they were examined and re-examined personally many times, sifted and re-sifted, with scrutiny and with every effort to take forth the precious from the vile. Many of them were converts of two years' standing. A still larger class had been on the list for more than one year, and a smaller number for a less period. The accepted ones stood propounded for several weeks, and the church and the world, friends and enemies, were called upon, and solemnly charged to testify if they knew ought against any of the candidates.

The communion seasons were held quarterly, and at these times the converts, thus carefully sifted, were added to the church. The first Sabbath of January, 1838, 104 were received. Afterward, at different times, 502, 450, 786, 357, and on one occasion a much larger number. The station report for the mission year ending June, 1839, gives the number of accessions for that twelve months at 5,244.

A large number of these never came to the central station. The sick, the aged, and the infirm were baptized and received into fellowship at their own villages. Some believers were thus accepted who could neither walk nor be carried, and who lived far up in the mountains, where the only water for baptism that could be found was the few drops trickling from the roof of caves.

#### A MEMORABLE COMMUNION.

The first Sabbath of July, 1838, was a memorable one, not only in this church, but in the history of Missions. It was the day of the greatest accession. On that afternoon 1705 men, women and children, who aforesaid had been heathen, were baptized, and took upon them the vows of God; and about 2,400 communicants sat down together at the table of their Lord. We look in upon that scene with wonder and awe. The great crush of people at the morning sermon has been dismissed, and the house is cleared. Down through the middle, as is fitting, are seated first the original members of the church, perhaps fifty in number. The missionary then calls upon the head man of each village to bring forward his people. With note-book in hand, he carefully selects the converts who have been previously accepted. They have been for many weeks at the station. No

pains have been spared, no test left unused with each individual, to ascertain if he be truly a child of God. The multitude of candidates is then seated upon the earth floor, in close rows, with space enough between for one to walk. There is prayer and singing, and an explanation—made many times before, lest any shall trust in the external rite—is given of the baptism they are now to receive. Then with a basin of water in his hand, rapidly, reverently he passes back and forth along the silent rows, and every head receives the sealing ordinance. When all have been baptized, he advances to the front, and raising his hands, pronounces the hallowed words, "I baptize you all in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." "I never witnessed such a scene before," said he, looking back through the lapse of thirty years. "There was a hush upon the vast crowd without, who pressed about the doors and windows. The candidates and the church were all in tears, and the overshadowing presence of God was felt in every heart."

Then followed the sacrament. And who are these that take into their hands the emblems of the Lord's death? Let him tell who broke the bread and gave the cup.

"The old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parents' former lusts, with features distorted and figures the most depraved and loathsome, these come hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends, and sit down at the table of the Lord. Among this throng you will see the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently, as it were, washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the sodomite, the sorcerer, the highway robber, the blood-stained murderer, and the mother—no, the monster!—whose hands have reeked in the blood of her own children. All these meet together before the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain, and themselves washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Has Jesus come again? Is this one of the crowds which he has gathered, and upon whom he has pronounced the words of healing? Surely it is. In very deed he is there. These are the lost whom the Son of Man came to seek and to save. And the rejoicing angels are there. They leave behind the pomp of cathedrals, and fly with eager wing to this lowly island tabernacle. With holy wonder, with celestial delight, they hover over the bowed heads of these weeping, redeemed sinners. And heaven catches the joy. "The

bright seraphims in burning row," ring out anew the praises of the Highest as they hear recounted these marvellous triumphs of Almighty grace.

#### DO THESE RESULTS ABIDE?

This is a natural question, and it has been abundantly asked. It is the dictate of prudence, but in part, we fear, of a want of faith. "If there were only a few hundreds, we could believe; but there are so many, it spoils it all." This was the frank confession of one, herself a missionary. Just as if it were not possible for God to convert a thousand as easily as ten.

Tried by any proper standard, the results do abide. There were reactions. But what revival in America—where the people garner into themselves the growth, culture, moral stamina of a thousand Christian years—is not followed by reaction? There were apostacies. But did there not appear one in Christ's Twelve, and many in the apostles' churches? On examining the matter with some care, we are constrained to say that the permanence of the results seems to us almost as marvellous as the revival itself. During the five years ending in June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received to the church at Hilo. This embraced about three-fourths of the entire adult population of the parish. The proportion of those under discipline was about one in sixty,—a discipline stricter than ours at home, and that among mere babes in Christ. The greater part of these were restored, and the finally excommunicated were few. The accessions from that day to this have been constant. "I never administered the quarterly sacrament without receiving from ten to twenty persons. No year has the number gone below fifty. It did not prove a great excitement to die out. When I left, in April, 1870, I had received into the church, and myself baptized, 11,960 persons, and had also baptized about 4,000 infants.

It was the great work of Mr. Coan's life to watch over his immense flock. "Year after year I called the roll of the church, from village to village, looking after each one personally. The Lord was better than my fears. They held on wonderfully. There were almost no real apostacies. I would suspend and work with the faltering and the fallen, and they would come back."

Mr. Coan not only fought as a soldier, but planned as a general. Some of the best and most reliable natives were called to his help. At stated times they were gathered into an Institute for several days, and then scattered to occupy the more than twenty preaching places of the field. During the last days of 1842 a hundred helpers were thus collected at Hilo. Some of the subjects they discussed were these: Popery;

Intemperance; The Sabbath; Marriage; Debts: Attention to means of grace; Personal Industry; Care of Children; Care of Person; What shall we do to save the Impenitent? What shall we do for the aged, the poor, the sick? Monthly Concert; Order in religious assemblies.

Under this training the people became more and more settled in faith and morals. An irruption of Catholic priests, backed up by French cannon and brandy, drew away almost none of them. There never was a grog shop in the entire parish. It is probable that there are to-day more people, in proportion, in Illinois who cannot read and write, than in Hilo and Puna. Not in New England is the Sabbath better observed; and the industries of civilization have now largely taken the place of the old savage indolence.—*Advance.*

#### SKETCHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. W. ARNOT.

My opportunities of observing rural life in the States were few and far between. Perhaps on that very account those specimens that I saw impressed themselves more vividly on my memory. On one occasion we enjoyed the hospitality of a Virginian proprietor in the neighborhood of Richmond. If this family be a fair specimen of Southern society, I do not wonder that many visitors have been fascinated, and from admiration of the social virtues of the slave-holders, have learned to look with favor on the system of slavery itself. There is, at least, one romantic stage in the recent history of this estate. The property had been in the hands of the lady's family for four generations. Difficulties overtook her father when she was twenty years of age. The estate was exposed for sale. A worthy Scotch gentleman, who had carried on a prosperous trade in tobacco—the great staple of the State—came to buy. He saw the property and the daughter of the proprietor, and, liking both, made both his own,—gaining either prize in the manner appropriate to his own nature, the land by money and the lady by love. They lived happily, the heads of a numerous and brilliant family, till the Civil War overtook them. In the process of the struggle they suffered much. On one occasion the gentleman ran a narrow risk of his life through a misunderstanding between him and a company of troops that were quartered on his premises. The house was situated in the midst of extensive woods and pleasure-grounds, near the spot where the elevated plateau sinks suddenly into a lower valley. On the brink of

the steep, breaking up his lawn and regardless of his shrubberies, the semicircular embankments, with each its embrasure, still stood untouched, marking the spot as a fortified earthwork of the Confederate army. Interesting monuments these half-moon mounds will be, when they are overgrown with underwood and shown to the next generation as relics of the gigantic strife.

The cottages of the colored people were all standing, strewn around the mansion, and the people for the most part still occupying their old homes. When emancipation came they were allowed to remain, and as far as possible employed. I can bear witness that in this case the most familiar and kindly relations subsisted between the negroes and the family of their former owner. From one of the cottages an infant, a few days old, was brought in for our inspection. I observed that the ladies of the family fondled it freely; but the ladies of our party, I must confess, fought shy of it. It need not be denied that the little animal, as it lay wriggling in its nurse's lap, was, according to our æsthetical notions, anything but a beauty.

After all that they had suffered, we had cause greatly to admire the noble, submissive, cheerful bearing of the whole house. There was no sourness of temper; no manifestation of resentment. Their hospitality was easy and unconstrained. They seemed happy, and they made us happy. The lady might have adorned any society. With great powers of conversation, and lively, graceful manners, she held us fascinated. Forty-eight years of age, she wore a profusion of borrowed ringlets, half hiding her face; and proclaiming herself, with girlish glee, both her age and the falsity of her ringlets.

We obtained a glimpse of what Southern chivalry was in the time of its glory. We got some insight into the secret causes of the ascendance which society in the Southern States long exercised over the policy of the Union. For my part, I would willingly concede the claim of their partizans that, as a rule, the owners of the negroes were kind and generous to their dependents. Legitimate opposition to slavery does not need to sustain as its basis a charge of monstrous cruelty against the masters. The advocates of emancipation can afford to concede all that is demanded in favor of the personal character of the proprietors, and fall back upon the position that man should not be the property of even the best of men. This ground is strong enough to bear the whole weight of the case. Man is made owner of the beasts of the field; but God only is the owner of man.

We took leave of our kind entertainers

with respect and gratitude. On the way to Richmond, a distance of about five miles, we saw much fine land but partially cultivated. The flow of emigration from Europe has not yet effected an equilibrium between the two continents. Still, in the West, land is plentiful and men scarce; in the East, men are plentiful and land scarce. There is ground, however, to hope that a new and better era is opening for Virginia and the other Southern States; when an immigration of free citizens into the South brings capital and labor to its fertile soil, the latter end will be better than the beginning.

It may not be unsuitable here to submit a specimen of rural life from a different latitude and a different condition of society. I had occasion to turn aside from the main thoroughfare, and pay a visit in a sparsely-peopled region near the centre of the State of Ohio. We arrived at a side station of a subordinate cross railroad between nine and ten on a sweet summer evening. It was with some difficulty that we procured a boy with a horse and frail primitive waggon to carry us and our traps about four miles into the interior, to the residence of the family whom we desired to visit. When at length the journey began, it proved to be a rough one. The roads for the most part run in straight lines, but not much can be said of them as to other qualities. The soil is a stiff white clay. We must not suppose, although the same English word is employed to designate it, that a road in the States is similar to that which is so named at home. The rule in making a road seems to be—draw a straight line over a level country; dig two shallow parallel ditches about sixty feet apart, let the inside edges slope towards each other, and throw the clay which is dug from these trenches into the middle, so that it may be a little elevated. Your road is made. At least, in most cases, that is all the making it will get. Stones are not easily obtained, and men cannot be found to break them. Even if they had men and money to lay out on a road, the Americans prefer to make it at once a railway. Hence there are few grand, well-made roads in that country, like the king's highways through the length and breadth of our own island. But you will say—on these conditions travelling in a wet season will become impossible. Yes, impossible for us, our horses and our vehicles; but not impossible for American men and horses, and especially American wheels. The wheels are generally made very slim. At first you are afraid to trust yourself to the frail apparatus. But soon you begin to discover that, though they bend like a willow, they spring back like a willow, and never break. There is no people equal to the American people for accommodating

themselves to circumstances, and getting along with the least possible outlay.

When we complained of jolting on the dry roads, our friends good-humoredly told us to be content with our lot, adding that it was sometimes a shade more disagreeable to travel on the same track in a wet season. On one occasion, they said, a gentleman driving his buggy with one horse, and observing a suspicious place right ahead, called out to a countryman before encountering the risk,—“I say, friend, is there bottom at that swampy spot in front?” “Yes,” replied the man. On drove the traveller, dashing boldly into the lip of danger, on the faith of the information he had just received. Before he reached the middle, however, horse and man and buggy began to sink bodily down, down, slowly in the mire. “Holloa!” shouted the traveller to his informant, “you told me that there was bottom here.” “Yes,” answered his informant; “and so there is, but you have not reached it yet.”

At length, between ten and eleven, we reached our destination, roused the family, and got into comfortable quarters for the night. Our hostess was a Scotch lady, nurtured in affluence at home, who had married a minister of one of the smaller and sterner sects of Presbyterians in America. He was a man of the highest character, and thoroughly educated. Although his flock, in the circumstances, is necessarily limited, he lives in comfort and competence. A new, well-finished house, pleasantly situated, received his bride when he brought her home a few years ago. A seminary for higher education was situated in the village. All things were competent and comfortable; but one sorrow marred the lot of this loving pair—they could not, for love or money, obtain a servant. A single maid, partially colored, and of most excellent character, had recently left her service without giving a reason; and for some days this noble-hearted young lady cooked the dinner and cleaned the house, and took charge of her two children—did all cheerfully, and did not whimper over her changed lot. But she found that this state of things could not possibly last. She discovered, first of all, from the brother of her late servant, a student in the seminary, the reason why she had left her place. She had no fault to find with her mistress, her work, or her food. Her grievances were two—*first*, she was not introduced to the visitors of the family; and, *second*, she was not invited to sit at the table with the minister and his wife. Upon making this discovery, the lady, with true Scotch good sense, resolved to agree unconditionally to the terms of the sable maiden. She had tried the method of being mistress, mother, and maid all in one, and it did not succeed. She will adopt thankfully the

the only other alternative. The treaty was duly concluded, and the young woman had been reinstalled in her place at an early hour of the same day on which we arrived.

The circumstances were explained to us; and we learned our part. Soon after we entered the parlor, a well-formed, intelligent, and modest-looking young woman came in, bearing our breakfast on a tray. “My friends from Scotland, Miss M—,” said our hostess, glancing toward us, and then bowing gently to the maid. The maid responded by a bow and a smile to us as she placed the loaded tray on the table. It was easily done. The conditions of the treaty were fulfilled, and all parties were satisfied. The other condition, of sitting at table with her mistress, the young woman waived for the time, on the sensible ground that, as the company was large, all her time was required in serving. I am bound to confess that the victor was generous. She did not triumph over the vanquished. She went about her work with manifest contentment. She was obedient to her mistress, kind to the children; and obliging to us who were strangers.

Such a scene could not, of course, be enacted in the “old country;” and yet it does not follow that our land is all a paradise and America a desert. A good many substantial compensations go to balance the inconveniences of the situation. If this picture, which is simply and severely true, shows that a matron may sometimes be put to her shifts, it shows also that a man is a man in that country, and a woman a woman. It is not a bad feature of society in any land that all the people may maintain their independence and cherish self-respect. The circumstances present one interesting and hopeful side to the patriot and the economist.

In the same neighborhood we enjoyed the hospitality of an agricultural proprietor; and the circumstances of his family gave us further insight into rural life in the Northern States. The head of the house was a tall, hardy, active sexagenarian. With his wife, three sons, one daughter, and one maid-servant, he lived in his own house, and cultivated his own estate. When his children were young he had sold his property on the banks of the Ohio, and bought this farm in the interior, for the sake of the seminary that had been erected there by the section of Presbyterians to which he adhered. The education of his children was permitted to decide absolutely his occupation and his place of abode. It was the time of sheep-shearing. When dinner was announced the three young men appeared with hands and faces clean, with blouses thrown over their clothes to hide whatever ailment might have been caused by handling the greasy fleeces. There they were, a group of educated

gentlemen, turned aside for a little from honorable labor with a grand appetite for an ample meal. Father and mother presided. The daughter, who had acted as cook, had the advantage of her brothers in the completeness of her toilet, for her work was now over for the day. I observe that even common toil has no perceptible effect in stiffening the gait or vulgarizing the manners when it is to toil in the family, for the family, and by a member of the family. This young lady would not have appeared to disadvantage, either in intellectual furniture or ease of demeanor, in presence of a group of her own sex here whose hands had never come in contact with a cooking utensil. I do not propose that well-educated young ladies in comfortable circumstances at home should undertake the work that is ordinarily done by servants; but I venture to express a very decided opinion that they have no right to hold their heads higher than their sisters in the interior of the American States on the ground of being exempted from such toil. One habit may be suitable in one country, and another in another. It is short-sighted and foolish to condemn as shocking and vulgar whatever is contrary to our own usages. Neither on the Continent of Europe, nor on the Continent of America, is ladyhood made so dependent on doing nothing as in these British Isles.

In this proprietor's family I observed that the single servant of the house, a fair young woman of about seventeen, sat at table by her master's side, ready to make herself useful on every side, but taking her meal with the family. The repast was affluent as to variety and excellence of materials, and was respectable even on the side of culinary art. The family feared the Lord, loved each other, and went out and in with honor among the children of their people.

Agriculture in the States is in some of its features very different from our own. For one thing, there are no hedges. The hawthorn, it appears, cannot be successfully cultivated, and they have found no efficient substitute. Stone walls as fences are almost as rare. The universal substitute is timber, not erected into a paling, but laid on edge in a zigzag line to maintain its equilibrium. A Scotchman, moreover, painfully misses the minute cultivation of the corners to which he is accustomed at home. Ends and corners are freely left in a state of nature. It won't pay to till and sow and keep clear every little strip and patch on the edges of a field. Land is plenty here, and ploughmen scarce. You may sometimes see one unbroken field of wheat of greater extent than the largest of our Lothian farms;—and such wheat! The sight of it would be a feast to the eyes of some of our northern

agriculturists, who, by a great deal of coaxing, persuade the bleak hill-side to bring forth as much half-ripe oats and barley as will hold soul and body together till next year.

The fields of Indian corn, too, constitute a feature of the landscape that is new and strange to our eyes. This grain grows in some of the Western States in such quantities that they are obliged to use it as fuel.

I had often heard a prairie described, and had formed for myself some conception of its appearance, but I had a great desire actually to see a real prairie. Like the Pyramids in human art, and Niagara among natural phenomena, the American prairie is a thing that must be seen ere it can be rightly conceived, even after the most accurate description by eye-witnesses. In passing through Northern Indiana, and entering the State of Illinois near the shore of Lake of Michigan, the traveller already feels himself gliding along a land level like the sea. For many miles along the shore the country leads a sort of amphibious life, half land half water. Vast areas of reeds intervene between the water and the solid bank; and many a still lagoon the railway must overleap on trellis-work, scaring the water-fowl with the intrusion of its noise and fire.

It was on a journey by the Illinois Central Railway from Chicago to St. Louis that I gained my first practical knowledge of the prairie on a large scale. Indeed, it is the largeness of the scale that constitutes the essence of the thing. We have level stretches of land at home, but as they are of limited extent, you can never abandon yourself completely to the spirit of the scene. You cannot escape from the sight of wood-crowned heights, It is like a voyage in a narrow channel, where you get a view of the one shore before you bid farewell to the other. It is when you get beyond sight of land that you really enjoy in full the sensation of being at sea. In like manner, you do not properly realize the prairie until you are out of sight of land—that is, of land that rises above the level. You are carried on the rail southward from Chicago more than two hundred miles without a curve and without a gradient. The horizon surrounds all, as at sea, a straight line separating earth from sky. After you have driven along for some time without observing any object, your attention is arrested by a speck in the sky where it meets the ground. Forward a few miles, and lo, it is a haystack or a farm-house, looming larger as you approach it, precisely like a ship at sea. You have launched upon what seems an infinite meadow—a green grass sea, without a visible shore.

Large portions of the ground are cultivated. The construction of railways in

America proceeds upon a method the reverse of that which obtains at home. Instead of saying, Here are two large cities a hundred miles apart; let us connect them by rail for the convenience of the population; they say, Here is a desert three hundred miles long, without inhabitants; let us run a line of rails through it from end to end, in order to supply it with a population. The thing is done, and done after the manner following:—A company is formed. They apply to the legislature of the State for liberty to construct the line. The terms proposed are: Mark off a strip of land five miles broad on either side of the line; survey and divide it into sections of one mile square. We, the railway company, shall take each alternate lot, and each alternate lot will remain the property of the State. The bargain is closed; the line is made. The company are repaid by the sale of their own half of the ground; and the State gets more money for the half of the ground with a railway running through it than they could have obtained for the whole of it before. Both parties make a profit, population flows in, and the grass of the prairie yields to gigantic fields of wheat.

A very interesting and useful kind of traffic springs up on these long lines that run north and south. They supply the great populations of northern cities with the perishable products of a semi-tropical clime. The delta near the point of junction between the Mississippi and the Ohio, constituting the southern portion of the State of Illinois, is called Egypt, on account of its great fertility. It is especially celebrated for luscious fruits. In the way-bills of the railways you see prominent notices of express trains at certain seasons to run from Cairo at night and to reach Chicago in the morning, not for passengers, but for ripe peaches. The fruit is gathered in the orchards of the south in the afternoon, and displayed in the market of Chicago at the dawning.

That immense city is distinguished for a bold and ingenious engineering work, executed a few years ago for supplying the inhabitants with cool and clear water. It was found, as the city increased, that the supply of water from the margin of the lake was anything but agreeable. They constructed a tunnel under the bottom, running out two miles into the lake, with a tower at its extremity. From that distance, and from the bottom, the supply is brought to the shore, and pumped up for distribution by gravitation. Another grand hydraulic work, for sanitary purposes, is now in process of construction. The city grew, within the memory of this generation, from a few fishing-huts that were perched, for convenience of boating upon the margin of a shallow lagoon that ran into the level

land at right angles to the shore-line of the lake. That lagoon, deepened and lined with wharves, and traversed by huge drawbridges, penetrates in several branches the principal portions of the city. The drainage has been led into it. The water, as the population increased, was becoming more and more offensive. The city is at the head of the Lake Michigan. The water is discharged five or six hundred miles away, at the extremity of Huron. But a canal from the lagoon on which the city stands, rising by locks, carries navigation in a south-westerly direction by the Illinois river to the Mississippi. The summit level is forty feet above the lake. The inhabitants for one year pumped the water from the lagoon into the canal, so as to carry it by gravitation into the Mississippi. But this was a tedious process. They have now determined to cut the canal through on the level, and compel the mighty Michigan to discharge itself in part from its upper extremity. Thus a river, with a constant flow, will make its way by the great valley of the west into the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans, to that extent diminishing the volume of Niagara and the St. Lawrence, and increasing the already vast stream of the Father of Waters. The Americans had built their city, and discovered, when too late, that it was built at the wrong end of the lake. It should, for sanitary purposes, have stood where the water flows out of the lake, and not on the marshy flat where the water flows in. Energetic and enterprising though they be, they did not attempt to remove their city to that end of the lake where the river flows out; but they have adopted the other alternative: they have made the river flow out where their city stands, and so have immensely improved its hygienic conditions.

Chicago has risen from the same cause that raised Alexandria in the heyday of the Roman Empire; it is the port of exportation for the grain of the prairies; and a greater than Egypt is here. As the Western States constitute the modern and larger Egypt, so the Atlantic is the modern and larger Mediterranean. Chicago gathers the corn of the West, and sends it, by inland and ocean waters, to the chief market of the Old World—our own teeming and manufacturing island. Another bond of union; both grow richer by reciprocal exchange.

I crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis—another vast city of rapid growth in the past, and great expectations in the future. A railway bridge across the river is in the course of construction there. The steamers moored on the bank at once arrest the attention of a traveller. They are literally what they have often been described to be—huge floating hotels. They are fitted up in the most gorgeous style. The length of

the voyage is something that almost baffles one's power of conception. From that city in the heart of the continent the river navigation extends downward 1200 miles to New Orleans, and upwards 1800 miles on the Missouri branch to the north-west. A river navigation by steam in one stretch extending 3000 miles; about the same as the distance between Liverpool and New York!

To the west of the State of Missouri lies Kansas, a region of fabulous fertility. In Washington and in Philadelphia we were visited by a gentleman connected with a land company in Kansas, and urged to pay a visit to the State, at the expense of the directors. When we asked in what form the proprietors could expect to be reimbursed for the heavy charge of carrying our party "out West" so far, entertaining us there, and bringing us back, he replied that they asked nothing of us except to keep our eyes open, and tell what we saw when we returned to Scotland. They have a strong appetite for Scottish settlers; and so confident are they of the extraordinary fertility of the land, that they think nothing more is wanted to send a stream of emigration in that direction than a witness who, when interrogated, will simply state what he saw.

The railways are constructed at less expense than those of our country; perhaps in some respects they are less solid; but they seem to do their work well. I travelled several thousand miles by them, and never received even a jolt. One thing which must go far to reduce the cost of construction is, that all country roads are crossed on a level. This does not seem to be attended with inconvenience or danger. The sleeping-carriages have often been described. There is perhaps an excess of apparatus about them; and they are costly, but they serve their purpose well. There is more need of them in America than here, on account of the length of the lines. They contrive, by a series of springs, to make the sleeping-cars run very smoothly. I left Chicago at night, enjoyed a sound sleep, rose and dressed as we approached Detroit in the morning, shaved comfortably and safely while the train was running at express speed, and was ready for breakfast on board the steamer that carried us across the St. Clair, the glorious blue water outlet between Huron and Erie, and landed us on the Dominion of Canada among our own countrymen.

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## KINDERGARTENS.

BY A. G. W.

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A Kindergarten is an institution of which people in general hear much and know but

little. That the word means literally children's garden, and signifies some strange, foreign method of instructing children by turning study into play, is the utmost that the public gather concerning it from the literature of the day. Some prejudice even attaches to the new system where it is but vaguely understood; it is supposed to be a pleasant substitute for real work, delightful to the childish temperament, but questionable as a means of instilling into it the learning of the schools. People who entertain the notion that a childhood, to be profitably spent, must be subjected to daily repression under the eye of the teacher, and take its revenges in lawless hilarities when once out of doors, distrust the new-fangled ideas that would seek only to develop and not to oppose the natural tastes. They recall with satisfaction their own early school days, when they passed their time mostly in dull inaction upon hard seats, enlivened now and then by a recitation, which consisted in standing at the teacher's knee in great discomfort of mind and body, and drawing out the names of certain printed figures called letters, to which an awful pen-knife directed their eye. School appeared to them then as a place of penance from which their souls revolted, but to which they were driven merely because it seemed the thing most contrary to their wishes; and this is the aspect which they believe it should ever wear to the infantine mind.

But a pedagogue has risen in these latter days who insists that this process is wholly wrong; that it aims to train only one portion of our nature, and does that but poorly, and that its methods are calculated to disgust a child with learning at the very start. Rousseau, indeed, had uttered the same protest long before, vehemently, and with many fierce denunciations of the follies of his age. The world listened, admitted that he was more than half right, but laughed at his glorious chimeras, and still kept its tender youth bent over their primers and pothooks. Pestalozzi listened, and following his bold lead reduced to successful practice many of the principles thus declared. But there was much for him to perform; he could confine himself to no one period of life. Friedrich Froebel, a younger man than he, and at one time his pupil, realizing that the bent of the mind and character is given in the earlier years, set himself the task of evolving a course of training for the youngest minds. He spent a lifetime in studying the natures of children and the best means of training their varied faculties, and when he died, in 1852, he had perfected a system full and harmonious, and had thoroughly tested its efficiency. It is this which is now claiming the attention of parents and instructors under the name of Kindergarten.



The first stage of education is all that it aims to affect; with later work it has nothing to do. It must not, therefore, be confounded with object lessons, which are deservedly gaining a place in all schools, even the highest. The latter are an outgrowth of the same principles upon which the Kindergarten is founded, but they are disjointed exercises that can be grafted on any process of study at the pleasure of the instructor; the former is a system complete in itself, that makes no compromise with the old practices, but sets them utterly at naught, and assumes the entire control of the pupil's mind during the first years at school.

That it is entirely unlike our present method of teaching the elements of education will be evident from a few statements. And first, while our public schools are commonly forbidden by law to receive pupils younger than four years of age, and those of Boston younger than five, the Kindergarten system makes it desirable, and almost necessary, that pupils should be entered at the age of three years, and often they are admitted even younger than that. At the age of seven they have completed the instruction of the Kindergarten proper, and are ready to pass on to higher schools.

2nd. Although the child is supposed to be at the Kindergarten for four consecutive years, he is not taught his letters there, and has no need to use them, as he never sees a printed book in the hands of teachers or scholars during the time. As a special favor to parents he may sometimes be allowed to learn the alphabet and simple reading just before he leaves, to prepare him for the education that awaits him elsewhere, but this forms no part of the Kindergarten system itself.

3rd. In the place of text-books he has a great variety of materials given him to work with, and from these, used with care and method under the eye of the teacher, he learns not only the elements of many branches of study now taught in our schools, but also the first steps in several trades and artistic pursuits. Of these materials and the mode of their use we shall speak more fully hereafter.

4th. Our present schools seek to repress all activity in young children during school hours, keeping them to desk and chair during the whole session, except at recess, and forbidding freedom of movement as detrimental to their progress; but this system recognizes the natural love of activity in children as good, and essential to their health and well-being. Instead of repressing, it endeavors to turn it into proper channels, and to make of it one of the chief agents for their instruction.

5th. In all its exercises it aims especially to train the eye, as a means of informing the brain, and to endow it early in life with

the power and habit of close observation upon objects that come before it; for it holds this to be the principal source from which knowledge is obtained, whether it be from the life around us, or from an accurate study of the printed page.

6th. While the eye is trained to nice discrimination, the hand is practised in many dexterous employments, that it may be fitted to manipulate different materials with accuracy and ease. The Kindergarten recognizes the dignity of labor, insists that its pupils shall not only know but do, that not only their receptive but their constructive faculties shall be taught and developed. It holds that the present mode of conveying instruction tends to enervate and to undervalue the physical powers, to induce laziness of body and to disjoin two things which should always be united—thinking and acting.

7th. It encourages children to investigate for themselves, and to see and verify whatever the teacher tells them to be true. When a statement is made concerning any object, the object, if it be possible, is placed before them, that they may fully comprehend and believe. The mere memorizing of facts which other people have discovered is regarded as tending toward servility of mind and a lack of self-reliance, and is contrary to the spirit of its teaching. The time has not yet arrived for the student to acquaint himself with the past labors and the accumulated thought of mankind.

8th. It believes a love of beauty to be native to all, and a source of great happiness and culture if rightly trained, and in all its occupations the development of this is made one of its chief purposes. The harmony of colors and the charm of their contrasts, the symmetry and grace of form, about which so many adults are now lamentably ignorant, are taught in a way never to be forgotten.

These, as far as we understand and can state them in brief, are the striking peculiarities of this new system. We might speak of many other features, but these are sufficient to prove that there is something original, at least, in its conception, and striking at the very root of all our old processes of inducting children into knowledge by means of the A B C's and the spelling-book.

Let us consider more minutely the means and the materials by which its lessons are conveyed. We will enter one of its school rooms and observe the pupils at their work. And first we may remark that a Kindergarten is not commonly a garden at all, though Froebel would make this a part of his plan, but a large room, one portion of which is filled with small desks and the other left empty for plays. We find the little scholars at their desks with a square piece of white paper lying before

them. They are beginning their lesson in Geometry, though they probably do not know the meaning of that word, and only call it folding paper. The teacher, standing before them, questions them about the shape of this square, about its lines and its angles, and afterward directs them to place it with a side toward them, parallel to the edge of the desk, and to fold, it may be, the right lower corner over the left upper corner. She watches to see that each one does this exactly and without direct assistance. Then they are asked about the triangle they have thus formed, the number of its sides and angles, and what kinds of angles are found in its different corners. They open the papers again, and observe how many triangles were made by the creased line, and how this line divided the whole space and two of the angles. The square is folded also with side against side, making two oblongs, and the changes thus made are noted. Other foldings into smaller squares succeed, giving rise to repeated questions and answers. Finally the children are allowed to make of the paper, now creased in many regular lines, any fanciful object they choose, and each one constructs for himself a table, a box, a bird or a house. This finishes the exercise, and they rise for a play. There are many of these plays, pretty little inventions, such as only a German mind could conceive, and in them the pupils usually sing together, either in German or English, tossing a ball, perhaps, and counting, or they run and skip, or depart on imaginary travels and return to relate their adventures.

This over, they begin another exercise at the desk. If it is arithmetic, the announcement is hailed with great glee, for it is their favorite study. They count tiny wooden sticks, that are given them tied up in bundles of ten, and from their experiments with them they learn the four elementary rules. Boxes of cubes, divided in various ways, form part of their materials and show them the relations of solids. With two squares of colored paper cut into fine slits they weave many beautiful patterns; on perforated card-board with bright worsteds, both boys and girls learn to sew and to embroider; they draw simple lines, and prick the outlines of pictures in blank paper, and in clay they model simple forms. But space would fail us to describe the varied means by which the eyes and minds of the children are kept alert and interested, and their bodies unweary and active, while they are learning the elements of so many pursuits. All seem happy in their work and courteous to each other, and in their games full of fun and spirit, properly controlled. There is no unnecessary noise; no one speaks without permission, but all inquiries are encouraged and

patiently answered. It is only the forenoon that is thus spent; in the afternoon they are free at home. School is a pleasure to these pupils and not a curse, and great and unusual must be the attraction which can induce them to stay away.

Thus it will be seen that the Kindergarten adapts all its processes to the nature of the child. He lives and delights in the concrete—it is new and unexplained; the abstract is as yet beyond his comprehension. The letters of the printed page are only representations and not the real things; he cannot yet understand their value, and turns to them with indifference. Learning, to attract him, must address itself to his perceptions, for while his reasoning powers are still dormant, his senses are all alive, and the actual objects that surround him are viewed by him with the keenest interest. He must see first, afterward he will think.

The advocates of this new system claim for it extraordinary merits, and we believe they are not exaggerated. A long and practical acquaintance with schools leads us to be wary of many of the changes so freely proposed on every hand, but this stands the test of close study and examination. We have read its literature, heard lectures from its expounders, conversed with its teachers, and visited its schools, and the result has been to convince us that it is a true and efficient method of starting children in life with a zest for knowledge, a body active and serviceable, and senses quickened and trained. When in later years the pupil will have to submit to much laborious study as a discipline for his mental powers, and to grapple alone with many problems of thought, he will find himself well equipped for the work by that early awaking and wise direction of his powers which the Kindergarten gave.

New ideas make slow progress among masses of men, but when we consider that it is not yet twenty years since the founder of the Kindergarten died, that he was without station or influence, and took but slight pains to spread abroad his system, that he himself wrote but little concerning it, and that most works on the subject are still untranslated from the German, the progress which these schools have already made is most encouraging. In Prussia they abound in all the larger cities, and many of them are supported there by the municipal governments for the benefit of their poorest classes. In France and Switzerland they are found, and the Italian Minister of Instruction has lately called public attention to the great merits of "this new evangel of work," as he terms it. Even Hungary has just set apart a sum for the purpose of sending young ladies to Germany to perfect themselves in the system of Froebel. America, with the great stake

she has in the right education of her people, will not be far behind in inaugurating such a reform. When once she has acquainted herself with their worth, it must be that she will give Kindergartens a hearty endorsement and proceed to incorporate them as a part of her system of infant schools. They are already taking strong foothold among us, and winning many able converts. Private institutions, more or less in conformity with the true Froebel idea, succeed in all our principal cities, and Boston supports three or four,

Our prisons, houses of correction and reform schools are but the acknowledgments in brick and stone of our past blunders in educating our youth. It were better to give the small urchins of our worst quarters a right start in life, compelling them to attend a school such as this, and filling them there with a love of study and work, than to allow them to drift about among the haunts of wickedness, to learn sin and practice vice, and then to pour out our money, after they are grown, in trying them for misdemeanors before our courts and in guarding their useless lives in prison for the greater part of their days. Kindergartens must in time be recognized as the first step in this great work of bending all the faculties of all our youth toward virtue, toward productive labor, and toward unselfish devotion to the general good. When we are wise enough to train the twigs aright, we shall not need to wrench back and straighten the crooked trees.—*Boston Paper.*

### A LITERARY GLUTTON.

"Of making many books, there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Thus spoke Solomon the Wise more than twenty-eight centuries ago, when books were comparatively rare, and learning confined to a narrow class. What would he have said had he lived in Florence during the seventeenth century, when literature was plentiful, and when Magliabechi, that eccentric bookworm, flourished, of whom we read lately (though where we cannot call to mind)—"Magliabechi, that most rational of bibliomanes, for he read everything he bought"? When we are informed that this man's library consisted of upward of one hundred and forty thousand printed books and pamphlets, and ten thousand manuscripts, we are, indeed, awestruck; and the more so, as we are also told that this marvel not only read; but, what is more wonderful still, remembered. His power of mental retention must have been truly astounding. Innumerable anecdotes are told about his memory, not a few of which sound almost incredible.

Thus it is related of him that he could not only quote at pleasure entire passages, but could tell from what page of a specified edition, what chapter, and even from what paragraph it was excerpted, the date and place of publication, publisher, printer, size, and number of editions. It was not without great truth that Pater Angelo Finardi anagrammated his name, Antonius Magliabechi, into "*Is unus bibliotheca magna.*"

Immense as his store of information must necessarily have been, he never wrote a line himself, yet, notwithstanding, the republic of letters owes much to him. It was through his mediation that some valuable books were republished and amended, and the origin of several contemporary works are due to his valuable aid. Isaac D'Israeli says that Magliabechi ought to have composed the *Curiosities of Literature.*

Nor did he selfishly keep his vast knowledge to himself. He was always ready to aid others in the acquirement of learning, and his willingness and amiability in such matters knew no bounds. From far and near, his assistance was called in requisition; he was looked upon as a perfect oracle, a walking encyclopædia, and he was never known to refuse aid to an applicant at his storehouse of erudition. The treasures of his library, and, later, that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which was entrusted to him, were at the disposal of every searcher after knowledge. The only condition he imposed upon inquirers was that they should not disturb him during the hours of the day when he was busy at work. In the evening his doors, which he kept jealously locked all day, were thrown open to his friends, and he was ready to meet querists. But in order that he might not be uselessly kept from his books, he had had a hole made in his door, through which he could observe all approaching visitors, and if he did not choose to see them, he would refuse admittance.

He always wore a garment till it dropped from him; nor would he on any account undress for his night's rest—considering this a sheer waste of time, life being so short and books so plentiful. For this reason, also, he fought against sleep until it conquered him, and even when it did so, he would not lay himself on his bed, but, spreading an old rug over any books that were on the floor, would stretch himself upon them. Only if it were very cold, he would throw himself, completely dressed, into his unmade bed, which was filled full of books, taking a basin of coals with him. Several times, by these means, he caused a fire to break out, which was, however, fortunately quenched by the other inmates of the house. In his study, instead of a stove, he habitually employed this little basin of

coals, which he would sometimes attach to his elbows, and was so absent that his clothes, and even his face and hands, were often scorched without his becoming aware of it. His manner of living was extremely simple, and so irregular that it is astonishing he should have lived to an advanced age. He subsisted almost entirely on eggs, bread, and water. He liked good wine, but partook of little, and never of any iced drinks. One of his peculiarities was, that he always kept his head closely covered, and, in truth, his whole personal appearance was such that the Grand Duke was almost forced to dispense with his appearance at court, a state of things which entirely accorded with Magliabechi's feelings, who would have considered attendance there a great waste of time. Indeed, Cosmo had such consideration for his librarian's eccentricities, that he always wrote his orders to him, instead of having them conveyed by word of mouth, so that the learned man might be less disturbed.

Magliabechi, with all his faults and irregularities, was the kindest and truest of friends, and the most accurate of correspondents. The latter is no mean matter to say, when we remember that he corresponded with nearly all the German, French, and Dutch *literati*. His first morning hours were entirely devoted to answering letters and visiting any strangers who might be staying in Florence; then he would repair to the Grand-Ducal library, returning within his own four walls as soon as the prescribed hours were over.

Thus he spent his life among his books, only quitting Florence twice during his life, and then not from choice. Notwithstanding the eccentric arrangement of his library, where books were piled in seeming confusion about the floor and sides of his apartment—of which the Dutch Professor Heymeun has left so graphic an account—Magliabechi was never at a loss to find any work he required. He could lay his hands on any volume at any moment, apparently inextricable and unfathomable as was the disorder in which they were heaped. He also knew the place of every book in the library entrusted to him, and was most anxious to know the contents of all other libraries as well. In fact, he succeeded so far that he knew some of them much better than their owners. It is told of him that, Cosmo having asked for a book that was extremely rare, he replied:

"Signor, there is but one copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Seigneur's library at Constantinople, and is the eleventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

As might be expected, Magliabechi never married—his mind, life, heart, and soul

were too entirely bound up in his books, and in them only. The sole creatures that shared his affectionate interest with his literary treasures were spiders, an affection which it is curious to observe as having been manifested by many great men.

He thought of nothing but learning, and his desire to read every thing was so great that he forgot the bare necessities of life. About his accounts he was extremely negligent, and often for more than a year would not demand his salary, nor the revenues that Cardinal de Medicis had settled upon him. The Pope, and even the Emperor Leopold, repeatedly invited him away, offering him all manner of inducements to leave his post and enter their services. But he was not ambitious, and was content to remain where and as he was.—*All the Year Round.*

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### THE RETURN.

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The bright sea washed across her feet,  
As it had done of yore;  
The well-remembered odors sweet  
Came through her open door.

Again the grass his ripened head  
Bowed where her raiment swept;  
Again the fog-bell told of dread,  
And all the landscape wept.

Again beside the woodland bars  
She found the wilding rose,  
With petals five and heart of stars,—  
The flower our childhood knows.

And there, before that blossom small,  
By its young face beguiled,  
The woman saw her burden fall,  
And stood a little child.

She knew no more the weight of love,  
No more the weight of grief;  
She could the simple wild rose move,  
And bring her heart relief.

She asked not where her love was gone,  
Nor where her grief was fled,  
But stood, as at the great white Throne,  
Unmindful of things dead.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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It may be suspected that scientists sometimes overrun their game, as when it is estimated by Dr. Burke that an average brain is capable of holding 3,155,760,000 thoughts, and by Baillogue estimated that the cerebral convolutions contain 134,000,000 cells.

## Young Folks.

### THE HIGHWAY TO HONOR;

OR, THE SECRET OF LINDSAY ATWOOD'S SUCCESS.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

"Let us then be up and doing;  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labor and to wait."

—*Longfellow.*

'Twas a sunshiny afternoon in the early autumn, or one of the days in America called Indian Summer, in which Lindsay Atwood shouldered his small bundle of clothing and left his native town to push his way, as he said, "to fame and fortune." Poor boy! he was very unlike fortune just now in his shabby suit, with a patch here and there telling of thrift and poverty. Lindsay was a tall, thin lad about fourteen, with deep blue eyes that, to a close observer, marked him shrewd and intelligent. Let me tell my readers a little of Lindsay's previous history, then they will be the better acquainted with him. Lindsay's father was a lawyer in the town of D—; a man of very superior abilities, that might have risen to a position of honor and wealth, but possessed of a too kindly nature that was apt to lead him to deeds of generosity not always deserved, and beyond what he could yet afford. Mr. Atwood although having a pretty extensive practice, had so far laid past little or no money; better for him now, he has "treasure laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through nor steal." Shortly after Lindsay was born, a bad kind of fever broke out in the town. Mr. Atwood, ever first in all times of need to do good, visited the sick, and while doing so, caught the fever; in less than a month Mrs. Atwood was left to mourn a kind husband, and to struggle on to support herself and son. Fortunately for Mrs. Atwood she was a good seamstress;

and in this way, although they were sometimes pinched, she made enough to support herself and boy. When Lindsay was old enough to go to school, his mother had to work harder, for she was anxious to give her son a good education. For some years Mrs. Atwood toiled early and late to keep Lindsay at school; then her health began to fail; she could not work so hard or so long as she formerly did; by-and-by, they felt the pinchings of hunger, and often during the cold winter months they sat without a fire.

Many a cold night Lindsay sat by the one candle in their room, studying grammar or reading history, of which he was very fond. For himself, the brave boy could have borne with these hardships; but to know that his dear mother was ill and suffering, and could not get the comforts she needed, was a sore trial. Mrs. Atwood wished to get well for her boy's sake, but it was not so to be; her work was done on earth, Jesus needed her above, and day after day brought her nearer the heavenly home. When Mrs. Atwood at last sent for a doctor, and the neighbors knew she was ill, they were very kind, bringing comforts for herself and food for Lindsay. Now Lindsay did not like to live on charity. He would seek work; nearly fourteen—there were many things he could do. When asked what he would do, he replied, "anything, from holding a gentleman's horse to carrying wood for the people in the village." So far from being humbled by his work, Lindsay felt an honest pride as every night he counted out the sums he had earned. Mrs. Atwood grieved that Lindsay was losing so much precious time from his studies; but Lindsay made such good use of his

spare hours that he was not far behind other boys who had the advantage of good teachers.

The time came at last when Mrs. Atwood must say good-bye to her much-loved son. A sad farewell it was to Lindsay, to know that soon he would see no more the gentle face of his mother, and that, young as he was, he must go out into the world alone. Almost the last words she uttered were, "Remember your father's oft-repeated saying, 'always keep on the highway to honor;' seek your Heavenly Father's guidance in all that you undertake, and I am sure your life in this world will be an honorable one, and by-and-by we will all meet again in Heaven."

A few days after his mother's funeral, Lindsay sold off their furniture. With the proceeds of the sale, and a small bundle of clothing, we see him trudging along the road to a large town some ten miles distant from his native village. When about a mile from the town, he came to a high, narrow foot-path off the main road. This path looked so pleasant and shady, such a nice place to rest, that Lindsay thought he would enjoy a half hour's view of the beautiful scenery. Climbing to an over-hanging ledge of rock, Lindsay was just about to seat himself, when from near the foot of a tree close by, a gentleman rose up, saying, "Where are you"—going? he was about to add, but Lindsay, full of his own thoughts, interrupted him with—

"On the highway to honor, sir."

"Then you seek distinction as an agile climber; is that it?"

"Oh no, sir, I beg your pardon, I was thinking of my own affairs."

A few questions brought out the whole of Lindsay's history. When he had finished, the gentleman merely remarked.

"Well, boy, if you are speaking the truth, you'll get on; no fear."

Lindsay's honest face flushed at the gentleman's insinuation, but he only lifted his hat as the former said "Good evening."

Tired and lonely, Lindsay got supper and bed in a quiet street, and next morning set out to look for work. "What kind of work," was asked? "Oh anything; to be errand boy; anything rather than to be idle." One objected to his thinness; he

did not look able to carry heavy parcels; another must have a better dressed boy; one and all had some objection, and so days went by and Lindsay's small stock of money was fast growing less; and Lindsay's brave heart was feeling rather down-cast. The gentleman whom Lindsay met on his way to the town was a Lawyer Spence, a rather eccentric but very clever and kind-hearted man. Mr. Spence was rather taken with Lindsay's reply to his question. "Strange," thought he; "guess there's something in that boy. He has wonderful eyes, and in spite of his patched clothing there is an air of refinement about him; I must seek him out. There is no saying what evil company he may fall in with." As good as his word, Lawyer Spence found out Lindsay's lodgings and wrote him a note to come to his office.

Lindsay appeared punctual to the hour (a circumstance that pleased the lawyer), when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Lindsay Atwood, you hav'nt got any work yet?"

"No, sir," replied Lindsay.

"Then I need a boy to sweep and keep clean the offices, put on fires, &c. What say you to starting on this road, and see if it leads to honor?"

Lindsay blushed, the more that he knew the young men in the office were laughing at his idea; but he answered respectfully, "I will be very glad to accept your offer, sir, until I can do better."

"Very well, Lindsay, if you do well, you may be high enough yet; you can come tomorrow at eight, and one of my men will show you your duties."

Punctual to a minute, Lindsay was at his post, did his duties thoroughly, and afterwards one of the clerks, seeing he wrote a fair hand, gave him some copying to do. This was just what Lindsay liked, so, whenever Lawyer Spence was out, Lindsay was set to copying title-deeds or law-papers of some kind, in this way improving his writing, and at the same time getting a little insight into law business.

Lindsay was much teased and tormented by the young men in the office; one especially, from the very first day Lindsay entered, never ceased to torment him. He

seemed to take the greatest delight in wounding the boy's feelings; taunting him about his high ideas, and even his poverty, until Lindsay was angry enough to have thrown the ruler at his head. Sometimes some of the others would say, "Why don't you close his mouth with a ruler, Lindsay?" and the boy when roused was passionate and could scarce restrain his anger.

One day he ventured to say that "no gentleman or Christian should use his hands to strike, except in self-defence—" an unlucky speech for Lindsay. The young man who tormented him so much, remarked "that it was all very well for a coward to say that." A coward! how Lindsay's cheeks burned at the taunt; but he remembered the Bible words, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Oh, it was hard to do right in a case such as this; but Lindsay thought of his gentle mother, and the thought strengthened him.

Perhaps Lindsay was most helped by a little girl in the same house with him—the little lame daughter of his landlady, poor wee Ella Thornton, so weak and suffering, always confined to the house; yet few do as much good as she did. Ella, who was generally shy of strangers, took to Lindsay the first day he came to her mother's house. Ella had neither brother nor sister, and Lindsay was so kind to the little lame girl that she could not help loving her big brother, (as she styled him.) Ella was the lad's confidant, although but twelve years of age. She was so wise and thoughtful that one could say as much to her as to a grown woman. When Lindsay told Ella of Nicol Whitehouse's taunting words, Ella fully sympathized. "I know it's hard to bear, dear Lindsay," she would say; "but then Jesus bore taunting and shame patiently, and if the Lord of glory bore all this without a murmur, surely you will try to do the same."

"Oh, yes, Ella, I know all that; but it is hard for a fellow to be called a coward, and to know that one isn't afraid of anything but doing wrong."

"But if you pray that you may not get angry, you'll get the victory," persisted Ella. "Old Clare says, 'the Lord is ever a present help in times of trouble.'"

Thus did Ella help her adopted brother.

Often when almost in despair, and when he thought he must leave the office, Lindsay would have a vision of Ella's white face and hear her parting words, "Don't be cross to-day, Lindsay; you'll prove to Nicol some day who's the bravest." The time came very soon.

Lawyer Spence gave his young men a holiday every year, taking them to the country somewhere for the day. This year he took them to a beautiful lake, in the centre of which is an island about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. On the island was a house kept open during the summer months for the accommodation of pleasure parties; in the way of amusement there were fishing and rowing and any other games they liked. All went well until daylight was beginning to fade into dusk; then the sky began to overcloud, the wind to rise, and every appearance of a thunder-storm was seen. Lawyer Spence was anxious to get to the other side of the lake before the storm came on, so he called to his party to get the boats ready. All were soon in readiness, when Nicol Whitehouse was missed. Looking eagerly up the lake Nicol was seen nearly a mile off. What was to be done; Nicol appeared neither to see or hear their signals, and the sky was growing darker, and every minute the thunder-storm was expected to break forth. Delay was dangerous; already the waves were wild and angry-looking. In half an hour they would likely have to remain all night. The case was vexing. Lawyer Spence did not like to leave Nicol alone on the island all night, and yet to delay longer, would prevent the whole getting over. Seeing the extremity of the case, Lindsay volunteered to wait for Nicol, and as both were strong, he thought they could manage to row over, even after this hour. The young men wondered that Lindsay would do this for one who had done so much to annoy him. It was a little sacrifice at first; but Lindsay thought he would try to conquer Nicol with kindness. How pretty the receding boat looked in the darkening twilight; how it dashed up and down on the now rough waves, while the black clouds, piled one above another, were quite in keeping with the angry waters! Lindsay was too anxious to enjoy long the pretty pic-

ture. Nicol's boat had somehow drifted out of sight. The boat with Lawyer Spence and the other young men was safely landed on the other side; but still no sign of Nicol. At last, in the distance, Lindsay saw the boat; but oh how it rocked on the foaming waves! Every moment he expected to see it engulfed. Would it ever reach land? Anxiously he watched it; but the dancing boat seems to come no nearer shore. Thank God there is a lull in the wind, and Lindsay prays that Nicol may work hard and make the most of this little time of calm. Yes, thank God, here he comes—not the eighth of a mile to make to reach land. "Pull hard," Lindsay shouts; but he does not need—Nicol sees and knows the danger; he strains every nerve, and really the boat comes fast in. Suddenly the gale rises. Nicol seems thoroughly exhausted. Will he, after all, be lost? "Oh, Heavenly Father, save him," cries Lindsay, as the boat disappears in the hollow of the waves. "There it is again, all right," and Lindsay breathes more freely—only for a moment though, for a terrific blast sends the boat in an instant bottom upwards, and poor Nicol struggles in the water. Lindsay, a few minutes before, had taken off boots and coat in case of help being wanted, and now, without a moment's hesitation, he dashes into the lake. Nicol cannot swim, but Lindsay can, and he hopes to bring Nicol safe to shore. Now he nears him and grasps the neck of Nicol's coat; but Nicol, in his terror, clutches Lindsay so tight that he is likely to drown both. Seeing that he could not make Nicol understand what to do, Lindsay freed himself by a strong pull, swam round him, and again got hold. This time he managed better, possibly because Nicol was nearly insensible. The wind helped Lindsay a good deal, and with his one free arm he wrought as hard as possible. Still the shore seemed a good bit distant, and Lindsay was well nigh worn out. Will they both die, after all? With a cry to God for help, Lindsay tried to hold on to Nicol. A strong effort he makes, a rope is grasped, and how they are drawn ashore, Lindsay knows not, for he is unconscious. The old man and woman who lived on the island during summer managed to carry first one and then another of

the young men to the house, where they were wrapt in blankets, well rubbed, and given a warm drink. Lindsay soon recovered, but Nicol was a long time in coming about, and when he did recover consciousness it was only to relapse into a fever, which kept him a prisoner on the island for several weeks.

The man who kept the house had thought the whole party safe on the other side of the lake, until he had heard Lindsay cry for help; then he and his wife hastened to the shore with the rope which proved such a help to the young man.

Next morning after the accident, Nicol thanked Lindsay very gratefully for saving his life; but the lad was too weak and ill to say much, so bidding him keep up his heart, Lindsay said he would return to town and bring out a doctor. What a contrast this beautiful sunshiny morning was to the stormy night before; Lindsay could scarce believe it the same—the water clear and sparkling, with scarce a ripple to tell of last night's emotion. How Lindsay's heart beat with thankfulness as he looked upon the scene of his struggle for life!

Lindsay was a constant visitor to the island while Nicol lay there, bringing with him now some delicacy to tempt his appetite, then a book; but best of all were the quiet talks they had. Nicol was much struck with Lindsay's noble conduct—returning good for evil—and he felt that there must be something in a religion that could make any one act thus, and the reason Nicol got to understand was, because Lindsay loved Jesus, and strove to be in some measure like his Master.

Nicol rose from his sick-bed a wiser and a better lad. The first thing he did the morning of his return to the office was to give the other young men a description of the storm, of his rescue by Lindsay, and Lindsay's kindness since.

"Now, boys," he said, "you have all heard how I used to tease and torment Lindsay, so it is right that I should ask him to forgive me before you. I beg to say that Lindsay is the very opposite of coward. How few would have risked their own lives to save that of another, and that other, one who had tried in every way to annoy him! Before I finish I will just ask you to give three cheers for brave Lindsay."

(To be continued.)



## MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

The considerations which had occupied Mrs. Morley's mind on the evening of her grand party, did not vanish with the morning light. She was still looking about for some young man who should be in her eyes an eligible match for poor Miss Helen, who, for her part, asked nothing better than to be let alone. Mrs. Morley had taken pains to procure for her daughter careful instruction in music, dancing, and French. It is true, that in other branches of education, competent judges would have pronounced the young girl deficient. But what mattered it that her ideas of geography were desperately confused; that grammar and history had been so carelessly studied as now to be quite forgotten; that her arithmetic scarcely sufficed for her own shopping. Helen could sing, dance, and play on the piano. Her songs were limited, and she did not keep good time; but her dancing, and especially her waltzing, were enchanting; and she had read *Télémaque*! What more could Mrs. Morley desire? There remained but one thing further for Helen to do,—she must get married. How Mrs. Morley longed to have a wedding in the family!

Fortune favored this admirable mother; and she found the very young man she had been looking for. He was illiterate, he drank a little, he swore a little, he gamed a little,—not very much of either; and Mrs. Morley had those ancient sayings on her tongue, "You cannot expect old heads on young shoulders;" and, "Young men must sow their wild oats."

As a set-off to his little sins, this happy young man had high virtues. He drove a fine carriage, and a pair of beautifully-matched horses; he dressed elegantly; he was the only child of a very wealthy man; and, crowning glory of all, his father had been to Congress!

No one will be surprised to hear, that, when Mrs. Morley singled out this youth for special attention, smiled on him, and asked him to her house, he speedily began to admire Helen; for Helen had a most amiable disposition, a pretty face, very beautiful dresses, and a rich father. Mrs. Morley's little suppers, and social card-parties, and family picnics, and select excursions, became very numerous. She

had but one idea; that was to get her daughter married. Ralph had but one idea; and that was to make money faster and faster.

There were people in Alden, however, who had other thoughts, and whose minds were occupied with higher themes: these were of those who bore the welfare of the Church in their hearts; who longed that the power of God should be shown in that Church; that its coldness and deadness might pass away like the winter snows, and flowers of hope and love and faith might bloom, and make it the garden of the Lord. These were the praying people of the Church; they knew how to work as well as pray; going abroad in the congregation, and speaking to one here and another there, they believed the hour of especial effort had come.

Many of the Alden people knew Luke Rogers; they knew also that his ministry had been greatly blessed in many places; and they resolved to invite him to pass some weeks among them, to hold a series of meetings. When this measure was discussed by the pastor, the church-officers, and some more zealous members of the congregation, the fact was adverted to, that Luke was a friend of the Morleys, and might be expected to have much influence over them. That the Morleys were in a desperately cold and hardened state, every one recognized; and the pastor believed that church-discipline had been too long delayed over the flagrant violation of the Sabbath in which Ralph persisted. They had hoped that patience and expostulation would have their effect; and now they hoped that the preaching of Luke Rogers, a personal friend of Ralph's, as they believed, would be God's instrument to bring this backslider to a sense of sin and to hearty repentance. Said the pastor, "We can hope little for the young people as long as their parents persist in their present course. Mr. and Mrs. Morley are stumbling-blocks over which their son and daughter are likely to fall, and never to rise."

That Ralph might not be set against the meetings by any appearance of neglect, his pastor called at the bank to converse with him on the subject. He mentioned a "religious interest that seemed to pervade the community." To this Ralph replied indifferently, "Ah, he hoped so! Glad to hear it. Did not know any thing of it himself. He was very much occupied. Had so many cares."

"We think it advisable to send for some earnest-minded man to labor among us for a while," said the pastor.

Ralph foresaw a call for money to recompense this new worker in the vineyard, and curtly replied, "Where I was brought up, the pastor was expected to take charge of all his meetings himself. I never call

anyone to aid me in my business. It would be a detriment to me to do so. What we want well done we must do ourselves."

To this fling the pastor made no reply, but said, "We have spoken of inviting Mr. Luke Rogers. He is a friend of yours, I think; and we hope his ministrations will be acceptable to you and your family."

"We have no objections to Mr. Rogers. He is a good man enough, for all I know," replied Ralph stiffly; "but, as I have just remarked, such exertions and such measures seem unnecessary to me. I do not believe in religious excitements (he believed in commercial excitements when he could make any money by them). These new-fangled ways grate on my feelings. If we believe the work is the Lord's, why don't we let Him do it? To me it seems very presumptuous to interfere."

"Well, Mr. Morley, I am sorry the plan does not at first sight please you," said his pastor. "But I am sure if you attend the meetings you will become reconciled to it, and get a blessing to your soul."

"I may drop in occasionally," said Ralph, eager to get rid of his visitor. "But I am very busy, never more so. I cannot command my time. I must be at my work. You need not depend upon my being out often."

"Mr. Morley," said the pastor, "you may be destroying yourself by this course. Dear brother, I am greatly pained on your account. I fear you have got far from God. Now may be the hour—the last hour—for return. Oh, as you value your soul, cease this wild pursuit of wealth, and seek the favor of the Lord. Do not, I beg you, receive all your consolation in this world. What says the Scripture? 'Woe unto you that be rich, for you have received your consolation.' And oh my dear friend, what a poor consolation is that which will desert you at the hour of death, and will not meet you on the other side the grave!"

"Really," said Ralph, his face darkening, but his tongue preserving its usual smooth tones, "I cannot understand why you hold such language to me. I supposed these meetings—these revival meetings—were intended for the unconverted, for those who were not church-members."

"I sincerely think," was the reply, "that the hour has come when judgment must begin at the house of the Lord. Let us begin the revival where it ought to begin, in the hearts of church-members. Let us begin to let our lights shine, and exhibit good works, that the power of our Lord and Master may be confessed in us."

"Oh, well!" replied Ralph hastily, "I certainly hope good will be done. People have different ways of thinking. And it is uncharitable to condemn men as all wrong,

because they do not think and act as we do."

"As Mr. Rogers is a friend of your family, do you wish to invite him to pass part of his time while in Alden at your house? It might be a benefit to your children."

"No," burst out Ralph hastily. "I don't want religion thrust down my children's throats in that manner. It will be sure to make them hate it. Let those entertain Mr. Rogers who sent for him. I like him well enough; but, as I told you, I don't approve of this way of forcing matters, and shall not be made a party to it. My house would not be congenial to Mr. Rogers. My young people see a good deal of company, and I do not wish them to be interfered with. It will be a hindrance to them."

Now, the honest truth would have been, had Ralph spoken it, that he did not want Luke at his house, by words or example, to waken up his slumbering conscience, and make him dissatisfied with himself. Ralph wanted to be let alone. At home, Ralph mentioned the projected meetings. He spoke fretfully, sneeringly, called them "unwise and new-fashioned nonsense," and prophesied that they would "prove a dead failure."

Mrs. Morley, in reply, said, "that she was very much disappointed in their pastor. He was not the man she expected him to be,—not the man for the position. She wished there might be a change. He was inquisitive, he was pharisaical, he was meddlesome, he was censorious. She did not like his preaching; and, indeed, she had never liked Mr. Rogers's preaching. It seemed very hard that one could never get a preacher to suit them!"

To these remarks, Fred, seated on one side the dinner-table, and Helen, seated on the other, listened, with what advantage and edification may be imagined. We wonder if parents realize what harm they do their children by such conversation about preachers and preaching, how they harden the young hearts, and bring the word of God into contempt, making its preaching too often of none effect.

Fred, putting his cigar in his mouth, and strolling down to the office at the furnace after dinner, coolly made up his mind to keep out of Luke Rogers's way. Fred had kept to the resolutions he formed when he had "turned over a new leaf" as he called it. Fred was very well satisfied with himself. He considered himself an exemplary young person; and, as to his needing religion or piety, Fred curled his lip in contempt, and privately remarked to himself, that he did "not see what good his father's and mother's piety had ever done, except to make them ridiculous and inconsistent."

To Alden came Luke Rogers. The churches of the town cordially united as

churches should; the pastors jointly taking part in the religious exercises, and the services being held in the churches in turn. It was a good time to Christians. There was a spirit of brotherly love, of humility, and God-serving abroad. It was not a good time to Ralph Morley and his wife. Every prayer-meeting was a reproach to them, every conversation a refutation of their arguments; every warm, working heart was a tacit condemnation. Among his first calls in Alden, Luke Rogers went to see the Morleys. He timed himself judiciously, and found them all at home. He spoke of the meetings and the awakenings, but they were irresponsive. Mrs. Morley was silent and uncomfortable; and Mr. Morley said, "Oh," and "Ah," and "Yes," several times over. Luke asked Fred if they should not see him out to service that evening.

Fred replied that he "meant to keep clear of the meetings." He didn't believe in them; and, if Luke would excuse him, he was going out. He had an engagement at once.

Luke excused him and he went to play billiards. That was all the engagement he had. Luke then turned to Mrs. Morley, "As a help heavenward to herself, and to set a good example in the church to which she belonged, was she not going to attend these meetings?"

Mrs. Morley responded that she was getting very fleshy, and was asthmatic. Evening air was bad for her health. She could not go out after tea.

Luke suggested that there were morning meetings and noon-day prayer-meetings.

Mrs. Morley politely and falsely wished she might attend. But housekeepers had many duties. Servants were not to be trusted. Charity began at home; and maybe Mrs. Morley might find time to go occasionally.

"Helen? Did not Mrs. Morley want Helen to go?"

Mrs. Morley nodded and smiled importantly. "Young ladies had company so often,—guests they could not leave. Helen had visitors every evening. Very popular was Helen,—quite a belle," said this foolish, fussy, absurd woman. "And she had her practising, and was learning to keep house, as all young ladies should. And Helen was delicate, and her fond mother did not wish her to become fatigued by sitting long in church. When Mrs. Morley was a young lady, if people went to service Sunday it was all that was expected of them."

"Mrs. Morley," said Luke Rogers, fixing his eyes steadily upon her, "I see—I am pained to see—that you are opposed to this work of grace."

Mrs. Morley would not have admitted the truth for any consideration. She was

determined to defend herself from this accusation, and cried out, "Opposed! Why, Mr. Rogers, how can you say so? Here I have put off house-cleaning for a fortnight, entirely that there might be a little chance for us to get to church on week-days!"

She saw a smile curling her husband's lips, and caught Helen's gaze of astonishment, and recollected that the new carpets were waited for, that must come from the city before house-cleaning; and she said, "Well, yes, for that and other reasons. How can you call me opposed?"

"Well!" cried Ralph, whose wickedness was of a type less mean than his wife's, "I am opposed,—conscientiously opposed, Mr. Rogers. I may be wrong; and, if so, I hope to see it. For the present, the matter does not meet my views, nor possess my sympathy. It is new-fangled, as I may have said before."

He had said it before, more than twenty times.

The interest of the religious meetings at Alden daily increased. People came from adjacent towns to be present at sermon, morning conference, or noonday prayer-meeting. Those who had no spiritual appreciation of this work of grace went frequently to the churches from curiosity. Not a few scoffers, who went to ridicule or interrupt, remained to be benefited. Fred Morley held fast to his first determination, and would not be persuaded to enter a single meeting. He intermitted his usual Sabbath-evening attendance at church, saying, that "when the excitement was over he would make up for past deficiencies by going twice a day."

To this son, thus setting his face against salvation, his parents had not a word to say. Their own lives had shut their mouths. Religious instruction would have been absurdly at variance with their daily practices.

To Christian friends who spoke to her about her son, Mrs. Morley would sigh, and remark she "wished some one could do something with Fred, he was so singular."

To Helen, and to young Harkness, Helen's lover, Mrs. Morley would exclaim with a laugh that "Fred was the most obstinate creature in the world. It was impossible to turn him when once he had made up his mind, and he had made up his mind against these meetings."

"And so have I made up my mind!" cried young Harkness. "I don't see why these preachers should stir up such a fuss, and want to cheat us out of all the pleasure of our lives. It takes all kinds of people to make a world,—saints and sinners; and I'm content to be one of the sinners!"

"Oh, for shame, Mr. Harkness!" said Mrs. Morley, her tones insinuating what a

very witty and uncommonly lively young man Mr. Harkness was. "Come, now, I am sure you go to church, and behave like all other respectable folks. Of course, all you object to is carrying matters too far."

"Yes: that is it,—too far. I like to see people moderately good. And going to church Sunday evening is a fine way to pass one's time. But all this fuss and worry about our being in such a desperate condition just because we don't do as they do. Why, if they had their way, we'd never touch a glass of wine, nor a card, nor dance, nor go to the theatre! There, now, I won't have any thing to do with such fanatics."

Having heard Mr. Harkness thus plainly express his opinion, Mrs. Morley thought it more than ever expedient that Helen should not get "excited or carried away by her feelings."

Helen, however, had some friends among the young converts, and the church-members who had been stirred to a new sense of duty; and these set themselves to bring her to the meetings. For a time they were thwarted by evening company, and fears of evening air, about which Mrs. Morley had suddenly become nervous. At last, not to be singular nor to excite remark, Mr. Morley took his wife and Helen to church on two evenings. He professed himself greatly displeased by the way the meetings were conducted. The services were twice too long. The room was crowded, and the air was bad. And, worse than all, very young people—lads of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen—were encouraged to rise and tell their experiences, or exhort. Mr. Morley thought these young people had better hold their tongues until they obtained age and experience (like himself, probably, and got where they were unable and unwilling to say a word for their Master). When Mr. Morley was a young man they had no such doings (Mr. Morley's growth in grace had not been such as to establish the excellence of his early training). If Mr. Morley must go to church to be instructed by youths not as old as his own youngest, why, he would beg leave to stay at home. This strain of remark, indulged in immediately after the meeting, prevented any impression being made upon Helen; but, taking a morning walk with a young friend, she was persuaded to enter the conference meeting. She was much interested, and promised next morning to call for her friend and go again. The third day she ventured to the noon prayer-meeting, and the next day at conference again. She was greatly touched by an address to the young, and wept, as one and another of her acquaintances spoke of having entered into a new life.

Mrs. Morley had noticed a shade of

seriousness growing over Helen's usually placidly-smiling face. It made her uneasy. She had no objections to Helen's uniting with the church, in a formal sort of way; but she did not want her stirred up to the energy and entire consecration common to the converts in this revival. Seeing Helen's attention and tears, a good member of the church, much more interested in the girl's conversion than her mother was, and not quick enough to apprehend Mrs. Morley's views, called on Mrs. Morley that afternoon to talk with her about her daughter. Helen had withdrawn to her own room to meditate on what she had heard lately, and to discuss the question whether or not she should yield her heart to God. A Christian mother's prayers, instructions, and entreaties, might now have turned the scale in this wavering heart,—for God, or for the world, for earth or heaven. Helen's soul trembled in the balance; and it was the mother's hand that should touch the scale, and decide it one way or the other. Mrs. Morley's friend began her conversation by stating that "she was glad to notice Helen's attendance at the meetings; that she thought her emotion gave proof that her heart was not indifferent to the subject of religion. She hoped that nothing would occur to distract her attention, and that, knowing the present state of her feelings, her mother might be able to speak to her a word in season."

"Of course I should be pleased to see my daughter a member of the Church," said Mrs. Morley; "but I do not think young people should be urged or over-influenced. It may do harm. Helen is sensitive and excitable; she might be pushed to a step now which she would regret by-and-by. When the time comes, I have no doubt she will make a profession of religion. Helen is a very good girl. She is delicate, and must not be excited. I hope people will appreciate that."

After tea, Helen said she was going to church. Her mother advised her to stay at home; "somebody might come."

"I do not care," said Helen. "I want to go to church."

"But you cannot go alone," said her mother. "Fred won't go; your father is busy; and my asthma is bad to-night,—I cannot go."

"Aunt Stacey will go with me," said Helen; "and it is not far."

To church went Helen, and her mother was left alone, undecided what to do. She was not alone very long. Young Harkness came in.

"Oh, bother it!" he cried, when informed that Helen was gone to church. "Don't you let them make a fanatic of Helen, Mrs. Morley. She's been as mute and as dull as can be all this week. A little piety is pretty enough in a woman;

but the way that these new converts go on, —and their strictness is enough to give one the horrors! Why, they won't take a ride or a walk on Sunday; and, as to a waltz, it is not to be heard of!"

"Oh! never mind," said Mrs. Morley. "Helen is just curious to see and hear; and her young friends persuaded her to go. She'll be home to-morrow night."

Harkness did not stay long; he said he would "go play billiards a while."

Helen came home with Stacey. "Dere nebber was such a meetin'," said Stacey: "it jist like de berry gates of heben! Wa'n't it, honey?"

Helen made no reply: her eyes filled with tears. She sat looking at the fire, which was yet lit in the cool spring evenings. Stacey went to her room, humming a hymn in her feeble, cracked voice. There was a weight on Helen's heart. Oh, if her mother would only say a good word to her about her soul! Did any body care?

He mother said presently, "Helen I'm sorry you went to-night. Tom was here; and he felt lonesome, and went off to play billiards."

Helen did not answer: she only sighed. Her mother assumed the pathetic. "If there's any harm in these billiards, young men ought not to be driven to them for want of quiet company in the house. Go to bed, my dear: you're all worn out, and will get sick. Poor Tom, he was so blue and lonesome!"

Next morning, Helen felt discouraged, and did not mean to go to the meeting; but a friend came and coaxed her to attend. Luke Rogers walked home with her after the conference was out. Helen admitted that she knew she ought to be a Christian; that she felt uneasy and dissatisfied; that she envied the peace and joy of her young friends who had found a present Saviour: but, she said, her family would not help her any; did not sympathize with her; would think her feelings all nonsense.

"We must not be ashamed of Jesus," said Luke; "but must take up our cross daily, and follow him. Do right, and leave the event to God. Jesus cares for you, and can sympathize with you. Will you not resolve to leave all and follow him. Give yourself to Christ to-day."

"I ought—I'll think of it—I do not know," faltered Helen. They were at the gate. She ran up to her room, and did not want any dinner.

All night and all the morning, Mrs. Morley had thought about her daughter. Not with tender sympathy in her spiritual struggles, and prayerful longings for her conversion; but wishing, yet hardly daring, to draw her back to the world. If Helen was converted, if she came out heartily and bravely for Jesus, as others had done, Tom Harkness would be disgust-

ed. He would not marry a sincerely pious woman. If Helen ceased to follow worldliness, Tom Harkness would find somebody better suited to him than Helen; and Mrs. Morley had made up her mind for this marriage.

After dinner, Tom came running in. "They're just spoiling Helen," he said fretfully. "They are gabbling about her, and that Parson Rogers was walking home with her. I say, Mrs. Morley, you're going to let them make a fanatic of her. Why can't you get up something jolly, to put an end to this moping?"

Tom Harkness, standing behind Mrs. Morley's chair, tempted thus, and a devil in the woman's heart tempted stronger even than he. Her mind was made up. The die was cast. She chose this world for her daughter's portion.

"Yes, Tom," she said: "they'll mope Helen into a consumption like her brothers. We won't allow it. Go and get up a riding-party. Get Fred and your Cousin Nell, and two or three more. I'll have an early tea: and there will be ices and so on for you, after you get home. I'll make Helen go. And we'll give a croquet-party Monday afternoon, and get up a card-party for Tuesday evening. There, run along and see to your company and the horses; and I'll see to Helen." Mrs. Morley bustled into the kitchen, and prepared a salver of the dainties that were Helen's chief favorites: she then carried it up to her child's room, Helen sat moodily by the window.

"Helen," said the mother, "here is your dinner, and I insist upon your eating it. You will mope yourself sick; and what a fright you are making of yourself! Tom has invited a party to go riding, and you are to go too. Come now, eat your dinner, and we will go out and buy that long blue plume for your riding-hat, and some new riding-gloves."

Helen delighted in horseback exercise. She had a very elegant habit, and looked well in it. As she began to pick listlessly at the delicacies her mother had placed before her, Mrs. Morley brought in the blue velvet jacket and long skirt—the very shade of blue that most became Helen. She laid the floating veil upon Helen's pillow, and displayed the gold-handled whip, —Tom's last present. "There isn't such a habit, nor such a horse, whip, nor rider, in town," she cried. "I've heard a thousand compliments about your appearance on horseback; and the roads are excellent, and the air delightful. I told Tom the party should all come in when you got back, and I'd have a pyramid of ice-cream and some fruit for you. Strawberries, the first of the season,—and they're eighty cents a quart, by the way. Did you tell me that plume was fifteen dollars?"

Helen began to be interested, and believed that this was the price.

"I don't begrudge it," said her mother, "you will look so lovely in it." So she went out shopping with her daughter, ordered the fruit and cream, got the gloves, and looked so forbiddingly at all the church people she met, that no one dared approach Helen.

I don't know that Tom Harkness was very complimentary; but he remarked to his dashing Cousin Nell, that "Mrs. Morley was a regular brick!"

Mrs. Morley's eager eyes watched Helen as she came with her friends from her ride, and she saw that the shade of seriousness was gone from her face. It might return; but Mrs. Morley had discovered that society and amusements were a spell to chase it away. The trap of the card-party she sprung upon her unsuspecting daughter, by inviting all the young people who were eating strawberries and ice-cream after the ride, to come on Monday for croquet, and on Tuesday for cards.

"That's right, Mrs. Morley!" cried Harkness, quite elated. "You give just the jolliest card-parties of any one in town."

The following day was Sabbath, and Mrs. Morley's schemes were nearly defeated.

Perhaps Helen would not have gone to church, the gayety of the previous evening having jarred her newly-awakened feelings; but some of her friends stopped for her, and she went. Ralph had the headache, Mrs. Morley the asthma, and Fred was in bed reading a novel.

Early on Monday, Mrs. Morley produced a fashion plate, saying, "Here's something quite new, Helen! a suit for playing croquet. We must get it up for you. I dare say the seamstress could have it ready for this afternoon, if I helped her. No one here has any thing like it."

"I don't feel like croquet," replied Helen, tears springing to her eyes. "I wish the girls were not coming: I am unhappy."

"You're moody, and have spring-fever," replied Mrs. Morley. "Croquet is just what you need. It is a healthful exercise."

So it was, but the best of things can be ill-timed.

Mrs. Morley sent Helen to bake some cake, and herself sat down to work at the new dress. Looking up, she saw Luke Rogers entering the gate. She went to the hall, motioned the servant, and told her to inform Mr. Rogers that the ladies were both busy, and could not be seen. Mrs. Morley could hardly have been more careful to guard her Helen from small-pox than from the contagion of religion.

"Helen," said Mrs. Morley, "run in and ask Miss Tracy to our card-party to-morrow."

"She won't come," said Helen. "She thinks it's wrong; and indeed, mother, I

believe you had better not have it. People will talk; and — and — I don't want it, mother!"

"Nonsense! Why, Miss Tracy has been here to cards a dozen times!" cried Mrs. Morley.

"Yes; but she thinks it inconsistent, and is sorry for it. She told me yesterday that she had set me a bad example; and she did not think church-members should play cards, and she never should again."

"There, Helen!" exclaimed Mrs. Morley angrily, "That is sufficient. I am a member of the church, and very likely as good a guide for you as Miss Tracy, if I am not fanatical. Go up stairs, and take off the puffed trimming from your blue silk. I shall have white lace put on instead for to-morrow night."

Helen obeyed: she always obeyed; and, as she began to rip her dress, she mused what use it was to contend against her mother's stronger spirit. Mother said all would come right; and Helen could join the church at some suitable time, when she was settled in life. Why should she not be happy now, and have all these amusements which were offered her. Ought she to condemn her parents, her brother, and Tom Harkness, just on Mr. Rogers's say-so? These were new doings in Alden, and people had got on very well without them these many years. Then the thought of Stacey, of grandma, and of Cousin Stella came to her: but she argued to herself that Stacey was an ignorant colored woman, and the same rules would not apply to her and to Helen Morley; grandma was very old, and old people, who had nothing to do but die, were different from a young girl; and finally Cousin Stella was said to be odd and queer and strong-minded. Here the maid brought Helen a bouquet from Tom Harkness's hot-house, and then she ran down to her mother with the blue dress. She was very merry at the croquet-party; and, when the card-party came, she was quite herself, her mother said,—lively and trifling, and without a shade of seriousness.

Yes, Helen had cast aside penitence and prayer, and yearning after holiness. She had resolved to follow after the world, as her mother desired. Some other time the convenient season might come to hear the voice of the Spirit; but she would not listen now. No more to the revival meetings went Helen Morley. Her days were filled up with fashion and amusement; and she spent next Sabbath laughing and chatting with Fred and Tom. The harvest of souls was gathered in. God's reapers had reaped the white fields; but Helen's love and faith had not been laid up in the heavenly garner. Whether ever again a season of awakening shall come to her, when earthly tempters are put away, and she shall yield

to the Holy One, long resisted, we cannot tell. She may drop suddenly out of life, unprepared to meet her God. She may live to old age, and die a careless sinner; and her soul's blood be required at the hands of that infatuated, that most criminal mother, who chose for her child a portion in this life, and cast away the offer of the life to come. Oh, for this mother! had not Richard's hardness and cynicism, had not Frank's remorse and anguish, and Fred's obduracy been enough, that she must deliberately deny her daughter a part in Christ?

Luke Rogers had gone his way. Extra meetings at the church came to an end; but the churches were full of a new life and power. For that particular church which Ralph Morley so greatly honored and blessed by his membership, it had doubled in strength and numbers. Its services were well attended; and the heart of the pastor was made glad by the zeal of his people.

The case of Ralph Morley, who kept his furnace running on Sunday, was discussed; and the church authorities in solemn assembly declared to him, that, unless he put an end to this violation of Christian duty, he must be cut off from the church. They were dealing with a smart man when they took Ralph Morley in hand. Ralph declared that he was not responsible for the Sunday work. He had, when he bought the furnace, entered into a ten years' compact with Mr. Trot, the iron-maker, who had the whole management. And Mr. Trot said it hurt the furnace and the business to let the fires cool off on Sunday; and Mr. Trot's interest and pay were mixed up with the work, so that it would not be according to the compact to interfere with him. When Mr. Trot's time had expired, the furnace should go out on Sunday. Ralph professed himself deeply hurt, by the suspicions and remarks of his brethren in the church. Mr. Trot, when visited, took the whole responsibility of the Sunday work; was very bluff; said it was nobody's business; he wasn't under the parson's thumb. Mr. Morley had nothing to say about it. *He* (Trot) run that machine; and visitors weren't allowed, except on business,—iron business too. Then Mr. Trot leered after his departing visitors, and put his tongue in his cheek, and thought of a certain sum set to his credit in the First Alden Bank; and, in his inmost heart, he was forced to respect these

men who respected the Sabbath, and despise, as a miserable hypocrite, the owner of the furnace and President of the First Alden Bank.

To the Alden Bank came, one day, a tall, whiskered, sun-browned raftsmen, whose cordial grip almost crushed Ralph Morley's hand; and who asked after Fred in tones that shook the ceiling. It was Peter Perkins, junior. And as Ralph believed bland civility never thrown away, and would have shaken hands and bowed low to the Devil himself if he had met him in the street,—and, perhaps, this is not saying much more than has been said already, since he so often met and shook hands with him in his heart,—Mr. Ralph, we say, welcomed Peter Perkins kindly; and, to do him justice, he remembered that Peter had drawn Fred out of the river, and he felt kindly. Perkins had much to tell of Dodson's. There was a church there now, and a minister, and a school-house. And they had prayer-meetings, and were flourishing. Stella and Luke Rogers and the man (a *pious* man) who bought the mill of Ralph, all had helped work the change. "Why, sir," cries Peter, "if you had but put your shoulder to the wheel, and tried to make Christians of us when you came there, what a work you might have done! No offence, sir. You were busy, I know; but you might have lost nothing by lending a hand to the Lord's work. You mind what the Scripture says, that those that turn many to righteousness shall shine like the stars forever and ever. Land, Sir! you might have gathered a big sheaf there among us, if you had thought of it."

Yes, Ralph might have done this. When Peter Perkins was gone, the banker thought what might have been. His thinking had no good result, however, in making him work in Alden.

Summer came, the year after the revival. And, as the pastor was weary and overworked, the congregation resolved to raise him a purse, and send him and his family to Mackinaw for the hot weather. They came to Ralph for a contribution; and, by pressing the matter, got something from him. But how Ralph writhed over it! It seemed like giving his very life to give that money for which he had perilled his soul. O poor, wretched, self-destroyed Ralph!

*To be continued.*)

**"I AM THE DOOR."**

Words and Music by REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

1. I am the door, come in, come in, And leave with - out thy

load of sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, O

ven - ture in thou stranger child, O ven - ture in thou stranger child.

2. "I am the door,"  
Come gently knock,  
And I will loose the heavy lock  
That guards my Father's precious fold;  
Come in from darkness and from cold.

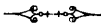
3. "I am the door,"  
No longer roam,  
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;  
I purchased them for thee and thine,  
And paid the price in blood divine.

4. "I am the door,"  
My Father waits  
To make thee heir of rich estates;  
Come, dwell with him, and dwell with me,  
And thou my Father's child shall be.

5. "I am the door,"  
Come in, come in,  
And everlasting treasures win;  
My Father's house was built for thee,  
And thou shalt share his home with me



## The Home.



G A I N.

BY AGNES O'DRISCOLL.

"Well, if I don't please you I can very easily leave you, and that's all," said Martha the cook, and a flirt of her dish-cloth seemed to indicate she thought Mrs. Gurnell had been quite long enough in the kitchen.

Mrs. Gurnell thought so too, and went back to her little nursery with a heavy heart. She was naturally sensitive, and the rude, defiant words hurt her like a blow. The reproof which had occasioned them had been gentle enough — too gentle, perhaps — and the more exasperating on that very account, for girls are mostly accustomed to quick, firm voices at home, and like them best.

If she could only think; but baby would keep worrying. Surely it would be best to send Martha away and look for a successor at once. Martha had been there some time, and was fond of the baby, which is a great matter where there is no nurse. She had borne many rude speeches already, but what was to become of her house-keeping if she could not find fault when necessary? Hard, even hateful duty; but without it where would house-keeping be?

"I will take the cars to town this afternoon," she resolved, "and find a girl if possible, and tell Martha of course she could not stay after what she said this morning; I don't believe she wants to go though. Freddy dear, see how nice the blocks look this way. Don't you think you could build them yourself for a minute? mamma's tired." But Freddy pulled her dress, and cried when she leaned her head upon her hand, trying to think. She was not quite satisfied with the resolution she had come to, for a rather singular text kept singing in her head, "Go and tell him his fault

between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, then thou hast gained thy brother."

"But Martha is so disagreeable and I should be glad, I think, to get rid of her, even if I get one less efficient instead. And if I say anything kindly to her she will think I am asking her to stay and be saucier than ever. She professes to be a Christian; I wish she had any idea of the grace of meekness." Then came sundry thoughts of her own failures in that very grace, and little voiceless prayers that she might do just right in everything and neglect no opportunity of helping a fellow Christian, however sorely she might need help herself, and all the time Freddy did not know but mamma's whole heart was in the castles she was building.

Some hours later, when Martha's temper had had time to cool, and her work was over, she came in as usual for little Freddy, and found Mrs. Gurnell dressed for going out.

"I suppose from what you said this morning, Martha, that you want to leave me, and I am going to town to look for another cook; but before—"

"I didn't mean that," interrupted Martha: "I never said that at all."

"But if you stay, Martha, you must be willing to try to please me. You know the Bible says, servants should try to please their masters well in all things. Perhaps you think it is an agreeable thing for me to find fault. It is the hardest work I have to do. But if I were not to tell you when the work is done wrong, how could I manage the house properly? And you ought to make it easy for me by showing that you like to know when things are

wrong, and not take every reproof as an insult. If you kept house and had a woman to help you with your work, you would like her to do it your way, would you not?"

"I think," continued Mrs. Gurnell, softening her voice as she saw Martha was in tears, "we are both Christians, and both love the dear Saviour, and there is no reason why we should not get on well together."

American servants are not easily moved to tears, but the evident effort with which Mrs. Gurnell spoke, and the truth in her words, which was one Martha had never considered before, together with the remembrance of her harsh words to one so little able to repay her in kind, brought the tears which lie at the bottom of the roughest natures.

"Forgive me for what I said this morning," she whispered, taking the baby in her arms; "and let me stay."

Well, a long habit of speaking one's mind freely is not changed in a day, nor is the grace of meekness apt to be suddenly attained; but from that day Mrs. Gurnell gained a hold on her servant's affections and intellect which she never lost; and which, by degrees, bore such good fruit that she never thought without a feeling of humble thankfulness of that dark day in the nursery and the troublesome text, "If he shall hear thee, then thou hast gained thy brother."

#### SELF-DEPRECIATION.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

"Well, I declare! I will never venture to ask Mrs. D. to dine or sup in my house again—never!"

"Why not? We always supposed you and Mrs. D. the best of friends."

"And so we are, to be sure. It is certainly from no lack of the most sincere affection that I made that remark—"

"Which, of course, you did not mean?"

"No, I suppose not. I spoke carelessly, I acknowledge; but when I visit there, everything is so nice, so enticing, that, for very shame, I think I can never invite her to sit at my poor table again. I don't see why it should be so. I am sure she cannot try more earnestly than I do to provide the best of everything, and have the whole arrangement of the table attractive. Unfortunately for my credit, it cannot be

charged to the difference in our servants, for, during my short experience in house-keeping I have been favored with better servants than my friend has had; at least, I am sure I should not expect to have an eatable thing in my house with such help as I know Mrs. D. has often been compelled to endure; but alas! I never succeed, and she never fails. She has the 'knack' of doing everything well; I have not. She is a most excellent cook, and I a very poor one, I think—but why are you laughing, when I feel so desperately disheartened?"

"To see how skillful you are in self-torture. Your lamentations remind us of a little incident that at the time afforded us much amusement, and may be of some service to you, if only to dispel, for a few moments, the clouds from your face.

"A young clergyman, while on a visit to his brother, also a clergyman, agreed to preach for him in the evening. Neither had been long in the ministry, and they had never heard each other preach. The Pastor preached in the morning, and on returning from church his brother said to his wife, 'Kate, I cannot preach this evening. While listening to my brother I felt that I had mistaken my calling. I ought never to preach anywhere. I cannot preach here to-night.'

"His wife tried to cheer and comfort him; but all through the afternoon he was much depressed, and, grieving over her husband's distress, she made known the cause to her sister. Rising above this dependency, however, in the evening he delivered a most excellent discourse—all the better, doubtless, for his sojourn in 'the valley of humiliation' during the afternoon. But on the way home, after the evening service was ended, the host, who had listened, in his turn, to his brother, was evidently suffering from a severe attack of ministerial blues—and it takes a young clergyman to have the genuine article. At last, unable to remain silent longer, he said to his wife, 'Mary, I think I must give up preaching altogether, and go off somewhere into the backwoods out of sight, and become a farmer. After hearing my brother preach this evening I don't think I can open my mouth in public again as a teacher.' Can you wonder that his wife, who had heard the other side, responded to her husband's *Jeremiad* with a merry laugh instead of the sympathy he had a right to expect. Even a woman, with all her proverbial reticence, could not be expected to enjoy so rich a treat alone. She repeated the story at the supper-table, and for that time, at least, banished the blues from both parties."

"Very amusing, doubtless, if I was in the proper mood to enjoy it; but I cannot see how it is applicable to my case."

"You cannot? We will tell you, then

We called at Mrs. D's some weeks since, not long after she had dined at your table, and while with her we listened to compliments, almost word for word, like those you have so ruefully uttered. She was sure she should never dare ask you to her house to take a meal again—never! Everything was so good; so perfect, and your table was so elegantly arranged, everything in such good taste; and hers—oh! so poor, always, when compared with yours!"

"Is this possible?"

"Yes, every word true; and we must be allowed to say we think you both, dear, good, silly women. We will tell you why, if you will be reasonable, and look at the matter honestly. Your own heart tells you that you do 'set a good table,' as good as most people. By a *good table*, we refer only to home and informal entertainments—with those stylish affairs, ordered from some fashionable restaurant, all for show, over which you exercise no authority, and have no responsibility till the *bills* are sent in, we have nothing to do. We mean the genuine, social, friendly repast, which skillful hands present as friendship's offering."

"But you surely do not think that I was not sincere in what I said?"

"No; be at ease. We are very sure that you spoke just as you really felt at the time, and so did Mrs. D. Many causes combine to produce that state of mind. Nothing ever looks as well, or tastes as pleasantly, over which we have spent time and thought, sufficient to cause fatigue. At a friend's you pass to the table, not having the least idea of what you may find there; you have not thought about it, planned for it, and labored over it for hours, until the sight wearies you; but all has the great charm of novelty.

"Then, perhaps, a little unconscious pride—affectionate pride—mingles with all your plans to entertain your friends. If it arose from any spirit of *rivalry*, the consciousness of your own ability in such matters would never permit you to undervalue yourself, when compared with another. But, through the love you bear your friend, you are led to think nothing too good—no effort too great, to express your affection, or to do her honor—and she, in her turn, reciprocates the feeling. Through your affection, you magnify the beauty and excellence of all she does to entertain you—and depreciate your own efforts—and she, likewise, does the same.

"Then again, do you not realize that if desirous of preparing an unusually fine entertainment, this very anxiety leads you to see all that you accomplish 'as through a glass, darkly'? and if obliged, as is often the case, to perform most of the labor with your own hands, you become fatigued and incapable of judging of your own work

sensibly—and the weariness brings, also, something very like disgust for it all.

"Now these things ought not so to be. We see and hear a great deal of this and are sorry for it, because it destroys much of the pleasure which should come from friendly intercourse. Real friends do not meet together from no higher motive than to be pampered with the choicest and most appetizing dainties. Good food, neatly and skillfully prepared and arranged, is not to be despised—but it is to be hoped friends do not come to our tables having that for their chief object.

"It is irksome to provide for those who make you feel that they will go away to cavil and to criticise. There is little pleasure to be gleaned from such visits, and much discomfort and heart-burning spring from them. But when sure of the kindness and the integrity of your guests, it is the most foolish of all self-torture to allow yourself to depreciate your own efforts and magnify your friends'. Why think about it to draw comparisons at all? Do the best that your time, strength and purse will allow, and rest content. By being over anxious about that which, though worth doing well, is not of paramount importance, you not only deprive yourself of much pleasure, but by and by make your friends uncomfortable. Appreciate and enjoy to the fullest extent the excellency of the bounties your friend sets before you; but do not neutralize the pleasure you should receive by mentally drawing comparisons between her entertainment and that which you may be able to provide in return."—*Christian Union*.

## PRESSING SEA-WEEDS.

All along the eastern coast of North America, from Labrador to Florida, at every available point, comes floating landward, on each inward-bound wave, the wonderful vegetation of the sea. In size, these interesting plants vary from the merest atoms to gigantic structures, and in coloring they show the most delicate and the most brilliant tints. There are many localities where it is claimed that sea-weeds are more beautiful than elsewhere; but at every sea-side haunt where there are beaches for billows to roll in upon, and hollows of rocks to hold little pools from the retreating waves, these fairy-like things may be found in greater or less abundance. Summer, and particularly the month of August, is the most convenient time for seeking them, and beautiful ones reward the search. As those most vividly colored come from distant points, dislodged in tropic seas from their chosen places of growth, their arrival at any particular locality on our coast is, as one may say, a

matter of chance, depending very much on "wind and weather;" and I have been told by sea-side dwellers that at any season—even in winter—after strong south-easterly gales, they are to be found along the New-England coast. But summer sea-side visitors are the ones who are drawn more or less into the beguiling business of collecting them for pressing, though many are deterred by the idea that it is difficult if not impossible for them to succeed in doing them nicely. There is no difficulty about it that may not be overcome by patient painstaking. Perhaps a few simple hints may be of use to beginners.

In the first place, the enchantment of the employment must be experienced to be appreciated; and the lady who takes a bunch of sea-weeds from another, and does not wade into the water as far as she dares and catch the floating wanderers with her own hands, cannot understand the wild charm of the pursuit. To enjoy it entirely, one should be equipped in bathing or other dress which is not too nice to be exposed to salt-water dashing; India-rubber boots are also desirable; and thus arrayed, the true sea-weed-seeker will find the time between breakfast and dinner all too short. When the tide is coming in, of course the sea-weeds are driven shoreward; but there is generally such a commotion at that time, and such strong retreating waves, that they carry everything out to sea again; and the writer has had more success when the tide was on the ebb, making it safe to wade out and meet the comparatively gentle swell, and capture the tinted treasures on the crest of the wave.

At all times of tide, something may be done in this branch of business. Adventurous hands and feet may brave the rising, less adventurous improve the falling, and at dead low tide, when the great ocean has drawn itself away far down the sands, the broad expanse of hard white beach is often thickly strewn with those interesting little tangles, bunched up confusedly, but which the experienced eye sees at a glance can be manipulated into forms of ethereal grace. Of course, all who seek wish to find the beauties—the glowing reds, the pearly grays, the silvery whites, the soft browns, and, if possible, the delicate greens—though greens are very rare, and the fortunate finder of a really fine specimen of branching green is the envied of all sea-weed-seeking sisters. In the beginning of matters, mistakes are of course made, and a novice is often found trying to press the obdurate *chondus crispus* (Irish moss), which resists all entreaties to become a graceful picture.

But the routine is soon learned, and one speedily becomes aware of what is most desirable. Among the prime favorites, the elegant sea-ferns take the lead, those en-

chanting structures spreading out in delicate ramifications, like ferns of the richest rosy red, and these are so exquisite when expanded under water that no language can do them justice. Then there are the feathers—charming little feathery forms, silvery-grayish white and pearl-tinted, and most bewitching in their precise and graceful shapes. The sea-clouds are also very handsome, though generally too large for pressing; the small ones, however, are desirable varieties in a collection. These clouds are from two to six inches in diameter—delicate, gauzy-looking things, like transparent pieces of shiny satin floating on the waters; they are sometimes of milky whiteness, or the most lovely chocolate-brown, or tinted purple, or beautiful green. Then there are handsome brown and olive-green sea-weeds, of charming shades and most delicate formation, which press excellently; and a jet-black species of exceeding fineness, which is lovely. A vivid scarlet is often found, looking so splendid that the heart dances with delight; but alas! this beauty does not press very well—it fades to a dingy red. Many others might be specified, but they will be found by the seeker.

In pressing sea-weeds, a few implements are necessary—the most important being two pieces of smooth board; a good-sized stone or weight of any kind, not too heavy to move easily; a quantity of blotting-paper; a quantity of white paper upon which to press the specimens; some old muslin or linen; a small pair of sharp scissors, and a teaspoon. The boards may be of any size desired—a convenient one being about two feet long and twelve inches wide. The blotting-paper should be white, if possible, as the color sometimes comes out of the red kind. A paper is sold at the city stores prepared for pressing sea-weeds upon. It comes in large sheets, is somewhat thick, and answers the purpose well; but they can be pressed on any white paper of good quality, avoiding that which is ruled.

With the materials named, the writer has pursued the following method with entire success in making small collections: Place the specimens to be pressed in a good-sized wash-bowl of fresh water—take but a few at a time. (And here I may as well remark that sea-weeds from which the salt water has not been washed may be dried and kept for any length of time. The writer has kept them for years, and they came out lovely after that.) Rinse these carefully from sand and impurities; lay them in a heap on a small plate, and selecting one to begin with, drop it into a shallow dish, such as a large saucer or deep plate, filled with fresh water, where it will float and expand beautifully; slip under it the piece of white paper on which

you intend to press it. The size of this paper must depend upon the size of your specimen, and the degree of margin you wish to leave around the edge. When you have arranged the paper in the right place, lift it out carefully with the sea-weed upon it, and place it on a table or flat surface of any kind. The specimen, as soon as taken from the water, will look somewhat limp, matted, and entangled; but by dropping water from a teaspoon directly upon it, the little fibres will easily expand; then taking a large needle or pin, every delicate branch and thread-like little filament must be carefully spread out upon the paper, dropping water freely upon it whenever it needs separating. By this process, with sufficient patient persevering, the most fragile specimen may be beautifully prepared. Do not be afraid to cut away with the scissors every spray and branch that will not lie smoothly and without overlapping, as the most beautiful pressed sea-weeds are those which lie perfectly flat and with precise distinctness upon the paper. Upon one of the pieces of board lay a couple of thicknesses of blotting-paper, and upon these place the prepared specimens. When the board is filled, cover smoothly with soft muslin, placing this directly upon the sea-weeds. A sheet of blotting-paper must be placed over the muslin, and upon this another layer of specimens may be similarly arranged; and so on, as many as you choose, always covering the upper layer of all with blotting-paper before placing the top board upon the parcel; this placed, the weight is then laid upon the top. After several hours (five or six), they should be examined, and if any of the specimens are large, they may require dry muslin coverings; but small, delicate specimens seldom require changing of covers; in fine weather, many will be quite dry enough to place in a book in forty-eight hours. A very pretty collection may be prepared on small cards.●

It is said by Professor Harvey, who has published a book upon the Algæ of North America, that hot water changes the color of sea-weeds to green, and if heat be applied during the drying process, an artificial green may be imparted; also that fresh water has a great effect upon sea-weeds, seeming to be a strong poison to some, quickly decomposing the delicate tissues, while upon others it increases the brilliancy of coloring; and some which are a dull, dingy brown when they go in, come out a vivid crimson. Of course, those who go into sea-weed pressing must take note of these matters, and find out which are benefited and which injured by fresh water, and if heat has the power of bestowing the much-desired green color. The writer has not obtained any remarkable results from either experiment (per-

haps because not very faithfully tried); the only noticeable thing being that some specimens looked somewhat faded out, if left soaking for several hours in fresh water, while others seemed unaffected by it. —*Hearth and Home.*

## THE RIGHT TRAINING OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

Are we training our daughters up to usefulness, or are we giving them only a superficial education, and allowing them to acquire habits of idleness, extravagance, and selfishness? It is natural that every mother should wish, and even hope, for her daughter an exceptional future, in which everything shall be smooth and bright, with no rough places to tread and no storms to terrify her; yet every reasonable mother should know that such a lot is only within the possibilities—not at all within the probabilities. A life thus launched, prepared only for fair-weather sailing, is almost sure to be shipwrecked. Or if all things remain fair to outward seeming, the young girl brought up with only a thought of herself, soon develops into the worldly-wise woman, who lives only for fashion and society, and who knows nothing and cares nothing about the serious responsibilities of life.

A writer in a recent number of the *Revolution*, in an article entitled "Parlor Ornaments," gives an illustration from her own experience of the useless young lady of to-day. We make an extract:—

' "What is the matter now?" inquired Mary, sympathetically. 'Oh, nothing more than usual,' returned Mrs. Hinton, in a tone of enforced resignation; 'only Bell has been invited to another large party, and she says she must have a new dress. I shouldn't mind the expense of the material so much, for Bell is willing, this time, to put up with some thip stuff like illusion or tarletane; but it is the trouble of making. Such a costume don't look like anything unless it is covered with ruches and puffs; and I shall have all that to do myself. Miss Betts, the dressmaker we usually employ, can give us only one day next week, and it does seem as though the task was too great for my strength. That kind of work, you know, requires no end of patience, and just now we have only the most miserable apology for a girl in the kitchen, so that I am obliged to attend a great deal to household matters. Bell is dreadfully particular, and I get so nervous over ripping out and tussing, that I dream about it at night. This slavery to dress, and the changes to the fashions, take away my peace of mind. But one has got to conform to society—there's no use contending

against it. A girl's fortune may be made or ruined by little things. \* \* \* I can own to you that Bell's chances in life depend very much on her keeping in the set to which she now belongs, and of course I am obliged to make some sacrifices.'

"That may be," said Mary, trying to speak calmly; 'but to my mind it offers no good reason for allowing girls to wear out their mothers' lives, that they may float around entirely free from care. Why don't Bell attend to her own wardrobe? She is young, and as strong as you are, certainly; for I often see her go out early and come in late, and the round of parties she attends in a single month must be a great tax on physical vigor.'

"Bell lives on excitement," returned Mrs. Hinton, with a sigh. 'She can dance longer than any girl I ever saw; but when she takes a needle in her hand and sits down to sew, it brings on a nervous headache directly, and then all she can do is to lie on the sofa and direct how things shall be done. I do believe Bell could keep a dozen women busy, she has such a genius for planning. There's another thing about it: a girl has to be dressed to receive company, you know; and if she attempts to do anything, it is the same as labor lost. I often think it is better and easier for me to do all the work myself than to attempt to have Bell's help.'

"I have old-fashioned notions, perhaps," said Mary, with a little asperity in her kind voice, 'but it seems to me altogether out of place for a girl to be dressed up, receiving her friends in the parlor, while her mother is toiling over her finery up stairs. I was brought up to think that mother must be considered before any other member of the family; that a mother's place was, in fact, at the head of the household; and the present fashion of allowing the young daughter to push the mother aside and usurp her station at the very time there ought to be some dignity and repose in the mother's life, is pernicious. She is made the slave of all the caprices of frivolous and absurd dressing that a thoughtless girl's fancy can invent; and I am determined Grace shall not be brought up in this way, if she lives to be an old maid fifty times over.'

"I know it is wrong, sighed Mrs. Hinton, helplessly, 'but what can one do? A girl like Bell would have her prospects in life ruined if it was suspected that she worked. Girls have got to be useless, idle, good-for-nothing creatures, to go in the best society, and secure a husband in that station. Bell is stylish, and much admired; and if the young men were not such mercenary creatures, always on the watch to marry money, I should have some hope for her getting settled to her mind. She has a

great taste for elegance. I used to have when a girl, but it has been beaten out of me. All I ask now is to get into some corner and rest.'

"When Mrs. Hinton had left, Mary sighed, and said: 'That woman is the most hopeless case I ever saw. You may preach to her a year, and she will agree to everything you say, and then go on in exactly the old way. I should get out of patience with her, if there wasn't something so pathetic in the sight of a young creature like Bell nagging an old one like Mrs. Hinton, especially when the old one happens to be her mother.'

Does this sketch seem overdrawn? Pause for a moment, and run over the list of your acquaintances, and see if you cannot find its counterpart in real life. We can recall a mother and daughter who might have sat for these portraits, so faithfully are they represented. The daughter is persuaded she "cannot live" without the most expensive of French kid gloves, no matter if the mother goes shoeless that they may be bought. She "cannot live" if her hat is not of the very latest mode, and varied as often as the whim seizes her. She "cannot live" if she cannot every now and then have an expensive dress, of which perhaps she becomes tired almost as soon as it is made, and either abuses and misuses it so that it is spoiled and worn out long before it ought to have been, or else is thrown away altogether. She "cannot live" if she is not allowed to stuff herself with confectionery until her health is really breaking from it. She "cannot live" if she does not have excitement, and when most under its influence she is a fretful, peevish, discontented creature, making everybody miserable about her. She requires her mother to perform the duties of waiting-maid for her, and not only permits her but expects her to wear herself out over the making of finery for her, if the exigencies of party or ball demand it, though the mother is a confirmed invalid. "But," sighs the woman, when remonstrated with as to her daughter's conduct: "She must have her chances in life;" while the girl unblushingly acknowledges that she is looking for a husband, and cannot afford to relax a single effort towards securing one.

Such things disgust us. Yet there is only one way to avoid a tendency towards conduct like this in our girls. Let them be educated to feel that their chances in life do not depend solely upon getting married. Let them feel that there are other aims possible and even desirable, other ambitions legitimate. Teach them early to bear the responsibilities of life, and then, wherever their station and whatever their duties, they will be fully prepared for them.—*Home Magazine.*

## HINTS FROM A HOUSEWIFE.

Perhaps some of your housekeeping readers do not know of certain economical expedients in domestic management that have somehow crept into our practice. Brooms are so generally used and abused, that, their freshness worn off, they are too soon discarded. When a broom begins to succumb to wear and tear, place it into a pan of boiling water for a few seconds, shaking it well, and drying it quickly in the sun or near the fire. If the bottom edge is wearing unevenly, tie a string around it until it is dry, and trim off the uneven edge carefully. Whisk brooms should be treated in the same way.

Clothes-pins boiled a few moments and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more flexible and durable. Clothes-lines will last longer and keep in better order for wash-day service if occasionally treated in the same way.

We have discovered a first-rate home-made cement for filling up cracks in an old stove or range. The ingredients are wood-ashes and salt, equal proportion in bulk of each, a little less of salt; reduce to a soft paste with cold water, and fill cracks when the range or stove is cool. The cement will soon become perfectly hard. We keep an iron spoon in an old tin pan on hand, ready for duty whenever a crack appears. Fire- clay (obtained at the stove-dealers) will sometimes answer; but our home-made cement is always at command.

Never discard the old lids of the worn-out cooking-stove when the ironmonger takes it away. They can be heated so quickly, and when wrapped in cloths and placed around or upon the body in cases of severe pain, will be found invaluable. Many a time have we been able to soothe the suffering by these warm lids always being at hand. Flat and light as they are, they can be easily placed anywhere upon the body. Keep them in a convenient place, where they can be had at a moment's notice.—*Hearth and Home.*

## ON HEALTHFUL FAMILY BREAD.

BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

The more vigorous health that marks the immigrants from Europe, in contrast to that of our own native-born population, is a subject of frequent remark. This is especially the case in reference to immigrants from those northern nations which have a climate similar to our own, and whose ordinary food has been the coarse bread made of unbolted flour.

Our medical men who visit those countries state that poor teeth are rare, so that

but few dentists earn a living, while with us that profession is very large and lucrative. Moreover, the diseases and infirmities consequent on a feeble constitution, so common with us, especially among American women, are met with but rarely in those countries.

Though there are other causes leading to this result, there is little doubt that the use of fine flour as the staple of food for all classes in this country has a decided influence in producing such a contrast. For in the northern countries of Europe, coarse bread, containing all the elements that nourish the body, is the common and almost exclusive food of the laboring classes, and extensively so of the more wealthy. On the contrary, with us, all classes use the flour which is deprived of its most important elements of nourishment.

One consequence of this practice affects not only health, but economy. For it is found that, when certain elements are lacking in our food, the appetite will continue to demand more, until the deficient element is supplied. The consequence is, that the system is burdened with an excess of useless aliment of one sort in order to gain the requisite quantity of another sort. And so the vital powers are needlessly taxed to throw off the excess, and the strength of the constitution is thus impaired.

It therefore is very important that accurate scientific knowledge on this subject should be put in a popular form, and widely circulated among all classes. This is more requisite from the fact that some of our most popular works on hygiene and dietetics exhibit an unreasonable ultraism on this subject, and also a remarkable want of accuracy as to the scientific facts on which their statements and advice are based.

For example, in a work by a physician and professor of chemistry, entitled, "The Philosophy of Eating," we find (page 44) that the carbonic acid by which yeast bread is made light is "poisonous;" and that Professor Hosford's method of raising bread introduces phosphorus in a form that is "one of the strongest and most poisonous combinations," and "has a poisonous effect analogous to arsenic." Of these assertions any well-informed chemist will say that the first is false, and the last cannot be proved to be true.

Again, in another work, entitled, "What to Eat, and How to Cook it," we find it stated, and on the authority of Professor Silliman and a learned French chemist, that yeast is "living rotteness," being *living animalcula*, which "carry on, and are themselves the process of, fermentation," and that "they eat, propagate, and die in the dough." This is as absurdly

false as to the fact stated as it is in regard to the opinions of the gentlemen mentioned.

In a former article it was shown that a kernel of wheat contains not only all the elements that nourish the body, but also that the *proportions* of these elements are nearly the same as in the human body, while the process of bolting takes out most of the elements that nourish the bones, the muscles, the brain, nerves, teeth, and the hair.

It is the aim of this article to present other modes in which common family bread is injured, as it respects economy of money as well as of health. The most prominent are those employed in raising bread.

The object in raising bread is to divide it in such a way that the gastric juice, by which food is digested, can gain ready access to every part. This is done by diffusing through the flour some article which warmth expands into small bubbles, or cells, around which the gluten of the flour hardens by baking, forming a porous instead of a solid compound. This is accomplished by the following different methods:

The simplest, and a perfectly healthy mode, is to use only water for wetting, introducing air at the same time by quick stirring. A strong heat causes a sudden outer crust, confining the air and water within. The air expands with the heat, and the water expands into steam, making small cells, which the gluten of the flour holds till the cooking is complete; and thus the bread is made porous, or light.

Another mode is by mechanical pressure—forcing carbonic acid into the flour as it is being mixed with water; and this is called aerated bread.

In these two methods nothing is added that is foreign or injurious, nor is any portion of the nutriment lost or altered in its qualities.

The most common method is to use yeast, by the aid of which a portion of the starch of the flour is changed by heat to alcohol and to carbonic acid, forming cells, around which the gluten hardens. The alcohol passes off in baking, and the carbonic acid soon after. The only objection to this method is the loss of that portion of the nutrition employed to raise the bread, which is stated to be eight per cent. Thus it is a matter of economy to raise bread by these other methods instead of by yeast.

Another very common method is to mix cream of tartar with the flour, and then add soda in the wetting. The cream of tartar is super-tartrate of potash, which is potash united with two proportions of tartaric acid, or the acid of grapes. The soda used is a supercarbonate, which is soda united with two parts of carbonic acid. When these two articles meet, as diffused in the dough, the tartaric acid, having the strong-

er attraction, withdraws one portion of the soda from its carbonic acid, which remains as a gas, forming cells, around which the flour hardens in baking. The objection to this method is, that the articles used are foreign, medicinal, not useful to nourish, and often injurious taken in daily food. Bread thus raised contains tartrate of potash, tartrate of soda, and carbonate of soda, some one of which tends to act chemically and injuriously on the digestive fluids.

Professor Hosford's method is to substitute liquid phosphoric acid instead of cream of tartar. This he recommends as supplying the phosphorus taken from fine flour, though he leaves unsupplied the other important elements lost by bolting.

Another method is to use muriatic acid instead of cream of tartar or phosphoric acid. The muriatic acid, in this case, unites with the soda, forming muriate of soda (which is common salt), and the carbonic acid left by the soda raises the bread as in the other cases. The advantage of this method is, that no useless or foreign matter is taken with the bread, while the salt needed is supplied by the two articles that raise the bread.

There is another method, common in Paris, by which a ferment is made that at once raises the bread, restores the elements lost by bolting, makes the bread white, and introduces no injurious article. But the flavor of pure wheat is lost, and another substituted not so agreeable.

Most persons prefer hop-yeast bread, because the flavor is more agreeable than that of any other kind.

The following is the best recipe for unfermented bread of unbolted flour, as most economical and most healthful. Success in making it depends much on the right proportion of water, and still more on the right mode of baking:

#### UNFERMENTED BREAD OF UNBOLTED WHEAT.

One quart of unbolted wheat, one pint and a half of water, one spoonful of molasses, and a pinch of salt. Stir the molasses and salt into warm water till dissolved and mixed. Stir in the flour very quickly. Put this into small patties or cups, heated very hot. Set in the oven as quick as possible, which must be as hot as it can be without burning. As soon as crust is formed cover the bread with paper, to prevent burning, or reduce the heat by opening the oven door or diminishing the fire.

The quantity of water required varies with the character of the flour, and must be made a matter of trial. There are brown earthen cups, and also iron patties, made for baking this kind of bread. Ovens differ so much that the length of time for baking must also be a matter of experiment, though from twenty to thirty minutes is the usual time required.—*Bazar*.



## PICKLES.

India pickle of cucumbers, which is the most excellent of all the high-flavored condiments, one spoonful going a great way, is made by *sun-drying* thirty old, full-grown cucumbers, which have first been pared and split, had the seed taken out, been salted, and let stand twenty-four hours. The sun should be permitted to *dry*, not simply drain them. When they are moderately dry—*i. e.*, reduced to a state between that of a dried apple and a chip—wash them with vinegar, and place them in layers in a jar, alternating them with a layer of horse-radish, mustard-seed, garlic, and onions for each layer of cucumbers. Boil in one quart of vinegar, one ounce of race-ginger, half an ounce of allspice, and the same of turmeric. When cool, pour this over the cucumbers, tie up tightly, and set away. This pickle requires several months to mature it, but is delicious when old, keeps admirably, and goes a great way.

*Tomatoes* are, after cucumbers, the best foundation for a pickle. An excellent *Green Tomato Pickle* is made from a peck of green tomatoes sliced and laid in salt for two days, when they are to be drained and put into the kettle, in combination with half a dozen onions similarly sliced, the tomatoes and onions put in layers alternately with layers of a mixture of the following spices:—One quarter of a pound of mustard, same of white mustard seed, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce ground pepper, same of allspice, all well mixed together. Pour over all enough vinegar to cover well, boil till clear, cool, put into a jar, add a pint of salad oil, and cover well.

*French Pickle* is another formula for the above. It demands, of green tomatoes, one half peck; six large onions; one cabbage: six peppers (of the bull-nose variety); two table-spoonfuls of allspice; the same of cloves and of salt; a few blades of mace; half a pound of white mustard-seed, and four table-spoonfuls of brown sugar. The spices must all be ground, mix them together with the sliced tomatoes and onions, cover with vinegar in a preserving kettle, and boil three hours.

*Green Tomato sweet Pickle* has been much approved. It demands: Tomatoes, 1 peck; onions, 1 dozen; brown sugar, 2 pounds; mustard-seed, half a pound; and 1 ounce each of allspice, cloves, ground pepper, and ground ginger. Slice the tomatoes and onions, add half a pint of salt, let stand twenty-four hours, drain well, put in a preserving kettle in layers alternate with the mixed spices, and boil slowly until clear.

*Universal Pickles, Chow-chows, or Piccolillys* are appetizers in which the mixture of

vinegar and spices is more important than the green basis of vegetables, which, indeed, may embrace almost any kind of small and succulent vegetable, and even fruit. There are many recipes for these, but the ones I give will be found all of them moderate in cost, easy of preparation, and adequate to the wants of any small family.

*Hot-pot*.—Boil with six quarts of vinegar one pound of salt, one-fourth of a pound of cloves, the same of ginger; one ounce each of mace, cayenne pepper, white pepper, and long pepper; two ounces of mustard-seed, and half a pound of eschalots. To this mixture in your jar add any kind of fruit or vegetables that may suit your fancy, from cauliflower to radish pods. The proportion of ingredients here is excellent, and imparts a very fine flavor to the pickle.

*Yellow Pickle*.—Take 1 pound grated horse-radish; 2 pounds white mustard-seed; 2 ounces each of mace, nutmegs, cloves, allspice, and ground white pepper; 4 ounces of turmeric; a large tea-cupful of ground mustard; 4 table-spoonfuls of celery-seed; 8 cloves of garlic; half a pound ground ginger, and 4 pounds brown sugar. These ingredients are to be put into a six-gallon jar, with four gallons of vinegar. Any kind of green vegetables may be added, after they have been first scalded, then dried in the sun for one or two days. This mixture cannot be surpassed. A jar of it is very convenient in one's pantry, as during the whole vegetable and fruit season, something may be continually contributed to its contents, until they are as various as the contents of a "grab bag" at a fair.

*Chow-chow*.—Cut fine one large head of cabbage, one dozen bull peppers, and one dozen white onions. Put these, with three roots of horse-radish, grated, into a kettle, cover with strong salt-water, boil till the cabbage is tender, and then drain through a hair sieve. Boil in three pints of vinegar, half an ounce of turmeric, and one-fourth pound of white mustard-seed. Pour this hot over the vegetables. When cold, add a tea-cupful of salad oil, and the same quantity of mustard mixed as for the table. Cauliflower may be advantageously substituted for the cabbage in this recipe, taking care to break up the cauliflower instead of cutting it.

*Sweet Pickles*.—There are many recipes for making a sweet pickle of fruit, all of which are complicated and tedious. The following, which will answer equally for damsons, plums, cherries, apricots, and peaches, serves every purpose of a fine-flavored, handsome pickle, of good keeping qualities, and has the advantage of giving but little trouble:—Prepare your fruit as for preserving, stoning it, and to seven pounds of fruit take three and one-half pounds clean brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one ounce each of cinnamon

in sticks, sprig mace, and cloves. Put the fruit into a jar, boil the vinegar and spices together, and pour it over the fruit, letting it stand for two days; then pour the vinegar off again, put it on to boil, and when hot pour in the fruit and boil all together until they are clear and transparent. This does just as well as the repeated scaldings usually recommended.

*Peaches.*—To pickle peaches, the simplest is the best way. Take the large Georgia peaches, wipe them with a coarse cloth, fill a jar with them, drop in a small handful of black peppers, cover all with vinegar, cold, and your pickle is made.

*Grapes.*—Fill a jar with ripe grapes; to each gallon of fruit add one pound of white sugar. Cover with cold vinegar.

*Walnuts.*—Take a peck of walnuts or butternuts, tender enough to be easily punctured by a pin; put them in a jar and pour over them a very strong brine, boiling hot. In a fortnight they will have begun to brown considerably, when they should be taken out, drained, and laid in the sun until they turn black. Restore them to the clean jar, and, having boiled two gallons of vinegar with two ounces each of all-spice, cloves, and whole grains of black pepper, and a little mace, pour this spiced vinegar hot over them. After six months an excellent catsup may be made of this pickle, by mashing the walnuts (which have become soft), boiling them in the vinegar, and straining all through a sieve. This will keep many years, and is very fine for eating with fish.

*Catsup.*—For ordinary purposes, the most useful catsup is that made from tomatoes. There are many recipes, but most of them do not teach how to make a catsup that will resist the natural tendency of a watery vegetable like the tomato to ferment, sour, and grow mouldy. The following recipe is for a *Tomato Soy* that is fine flavored, and will keep: Take one peck ripe tomatoes, free from dust, etc; eight table-spoonfuls mixed mustard, four table-spoonfuls of salt, two table-spoonfuls of ground black pepper, one-half a table-spoonful of allspice, four pods red pepper: simmer the ingredients three hours, strain through a sieve, add one quart of vinegar, simmer ten minutes longer; then pour it in small bottles, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place.

*Oysters.*—Picked oysters can scarcely be classed among pickles, since the vinegar is added to preserve the oysters, not the oysters to preserve the vinegar. I subjoin the following, however, as an incomparable way of preparing the incomparable bivalve. It comes from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where the canvasback duck, the soft crab, and the terrapin have their homes; where the salt-water is full of oysters, and there is salt-water at every man's front-door: Take of oysters six quarts; salt,

four table-spoonfuls; vinegar, half a pint; of black pepper, whole, allspice, and mace, each two table-spoonfuls; of cloves, two dozen. Drain all the liquor from the oysters, add the spices to it, boil fifteen minutes, skimming carefully, then put in the oysters and boil till they are done, which will be when they are nicely plumped.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**NURSERY SOUP—TO BE PREPARED THE DAY BEFORE NEEDING IT.**—Two pounds of scrag of mutton, or of the knuckle, put into two quarts of cold water—add two or three sliced turnips—or two spoonfuls rice, or pearl barley, or star tapioca, whichever best suits the taste. Simmer slowly an hour and a half, then take out the meat, and set aside; pour the soup into a large bowl, and leave to cool till next day. In the morning skim off all the fat that has risen on the stock. An hour before needed, turn the stock into a saucepan, and bring it to a boil—cut the meat from the bones, in fine mouthfuls. Mince very fine a small onion, a little parsley and celery. Add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg—one table-spoonful browned flour; burn an *even* table-spoonful of sugar in an iron spoon; pour a little boiling water over it into the flour, and stir it into the browned flour, then stir it into the soup, add the other articles, and boil all together twenty minutes, serve hot, with small bits of carefully toasted bread. This is called *nursery* soup, but it is not to be scorned by the old folks.

**BEEF CROQUETTS.**—Chop cold roast beef or veal with one onion, very fine; add a little sweet marjoram, half a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, and as much salt and pepper as will be palatable. Moisten with a rich beef gravy, from which all the fat has cooled and been removed. Dip into balls—dip in beaten eggs, roll in flour, or bread or cracker crumbs—and fry in good, sweet lard.

**BAKED BEANS.**—I put a tin cupful of beans in a crock of warm water the night before, and let them soak until the next day at ten o'clock. Then I wash them and put them on to boil, and let them cook about twenty-five minutes, when I pour the water off and put on fresh water. I don't let them cook all to pieces, but just as done as they can be and retain their form. I let them cook until there is not water enough to quite cover them. Then I put in a big lump of butter, pepper, and salt, and in a minute or two I set them on top of the stove, and pour in nearly a pint of cream, being careful not to let them boil after it is

added. Then toast a slice of bread, butter it well on both sides, and lay it in a tureen and pour the beans out on it.

By soaking all night and pouring off the boiling water, they lose all that strong rooty flavor that they would else have, and then they are none too strong to eat occasionally in warm weather; and we know they are safer food, and more wholesome than are new summer-time beans, eaten pods and all.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Soak over night three cups of nice dried apples; in the morning chop fine; add two cups of molasses and cook slowly one hour; when done, let it cool, then add one cup of sugar, one cup of stoned raisins, one of thick, sour cream, or good buttermilk; three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one tea-spoonful of soda; season with cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and lemon, if agreeable. Bake in a moderate oven.

**BAKED OMELET.**—Boil half a pint of milk; beat six eggs thoroughly—yolks and whites separately; put half a teaspoonful of salt and a piece of butter half as large as an egg to the boiling milk: stir it into the beaten eggs; pour all instantly into a deep dish, and bake. If the oven is hot, five minutes will bake it; not quite so hot an oven, and a little longer time, will be better—say ten minutes. It should be of a delicate brown on top, and eaten right from the oven.

**TO MAKE STALE BREAD FRESH.**—Put the loaf into a clean tin, and cover closely to exclude all water, and set into a steamer, or a kettle of boiling water, for half an hour; then remove from the tin, and it will look like fresh bread, and be really almost equal to a new loaf.

**RICE OR HOMINY CAKES.**—Warm one quart of sweet milk, and rub into it two cups of boiled rice or hominy; throw in a little salt, and add enough wheat flour to bind the rice, or to make the batter as thick as waffles. Beat two eggs, and add to the batter, and half a teaspoonful of soda, unless you use the prepared flour. If you do, there will be no salt or soda needed.

**MORNING BISCUITS.**—One quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonful of yeast, and one pint of sour milk, with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Work this into a dough; then rub into the dough half a cup of butter. Knead well; cut off small bits: shape them into biscuits; lay them in the bake pan, cover closely with a bread-cloth, and let them stand over night, in a warm place in winter and a cool place in summer. Bake in the morning for breakfast.

**CREAM.**—Take a gallon of milk fresh from the cow, strain into a pan, and set it over the fire. When the cream begins to rise on top, take the pan off the stove or range, skim off all the cream and put it on a dish, then set the pan or dish over the fire again; repeat the skimming as the cream rises, till the dish is full of cream, then flavor with orange flower if agreeable, or any other flavor. Sweeten and serve.

**CURRANT JAM.**—Mash slightly one pound of currants, add three quarters of a pound of sugar to them, and boil for half an hour, stirring frequently.

**TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.**—Weigh your strawberries, and to each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf sugar. Strew half the sugar over the berries, and let them stand in a cool place for two or three hours; then pour them into a preserving-kettle, place them over a slow fire, and by degrees add the remainder of the sugar. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, and skim them well.

**GRAPE JELLY.**—Stew your grapes in a small portion of water and keep them closely covered. Then strain them, and to one pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil it until it is thick.

**CURRANT JELLY.**—To one pint of currant-juice add one pound of sugar. Boil and skim it till it jellies, and just before taking it off the fire add the white of an egg beaten up with a little water. Strain through a jelly-bag.

**FOX-GRAPE JELLY.**—Split the grapes and take out the seeds. Weigh them and use the same quantity of sugar dissolved in some water. Boil the sugar and water well and skim it, after which add the grapes and boil until they become green then, if the syrup jellies, the grapes are cooked enough.

**BLACKBERRY JELLY.**—Procure your blackberries before they are quite ripe—when turned red. Pick them, put them into a pot of water and let them stand on the fire until reduced to a pulp. Strain them, and to a pint of juice put one pound of powdered sugar. Boil till it jellies.

**RASPBERRY JAM.**—Mash and boil three pounds of raspberries for ten minutes, and add to them one pint of red currant juice. After they have been coddled in the same manner as for jelly, add three-fourths of a pound of double-refined sugar to each pound of raspberry and currant juice. Boil it half an hour longer, till you think it will jelly, and then put it into jars.

## Literary Notices.



LITTLE MEN: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," &c. Boston: Robert Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The great popularity of Miss Alcott's books is sufficient testimony to their merit. The numerous readers of "Little Women" will remember that when Jo became Mrs. Bhaer, she proposed to establish a school for boys at a place called Plumfield. This school is the scene of the incidents recorded in the present volume, in which the writer shows herself as familiar with boy nature as she formerly did with that of girls. To illustrate the style of the book, and of the school, we give the scene which met the astonished eyes of a new boy on Saturday evening.

### THE PILLOW FIGHT.

A momentary lull in the aquatic exercises was followed by the sudden appearance of pillows flying in all directions, hurled by white goblins, who came rioting out of their beds. The battle raged in several rooms, all down the upper hall, and even surged at intervals into the nursery, when some hard-pressed warrior took refuge there. No one seemed to mind this explosion in the least; no one forbade it, or even looked surprised. Nurse went on hanging up towels, and Mrs. Bhaer looked out clean clothes, as calmly as if the most perfect order reigned. Nay, she even chased one daring boy out of the room, and fired after him the pillow he had slyly thrown at her.

"Won't they hurt 'em?" asked Nat, who lay laughing with all his might.

"Oh dear, no! we always allow one pillow-fight Saturday night. The cases are changed to-morrow; and it gets up a glow after the boys' baths; so I rather like it myself," said Mrs. Bhaer, busy again among her dozen pairs of socks.

"What a very nice school this is!" observed Nat, in a burst of admiration.

"It's an odd one," laughed Mrs. Bhaer; "but you see we don't believe in making children miserable by too many rules, and

too much study. I forbade night-gown parties at first; but, bless you, it was of no use. I could no more keep those boys in their beds, than so many jacks in the box. So I made an agreement with them: I was to allow a fifteen-minute pillow-fight every Saturday night; and they promised to go properly to bed, every other night. I tried it, and it worked well. If they don't keep their word, no frolic; if they do, I just turn the glasses round, put the lamps in safe places, and let them rampage as much as they like."

"It's a beautiful plan," said Nat, feeling that he should like to join in the fray, but not venturing to propose it the first night. So he lay enjoying the spectacle, which certainly was a lively one.

"Tommy Bangs led the assailing party, and Demi defended his own room with a dogged courage, fine to see, collecting pillows behind him as fast as they were thrown, till the besiegers were out of ammunition, when they would charge upon him in a body, and recover their arms. A few slight accidents occurred, but nobody minded, and gave and took sounding thwacks with perfect good humor, while pillows flew like big snowflakes, till Mrs. Bhaer looked at her watch, and called out—

"Time is up, boys. Into bed, every man Jack, or pay the forfeit!"

"What is the forfeit?" asked Nat, sitting up in his eagerness to know what happened to those wretches who disobeyed this most peculiar but public-spirited school-ma'am.

"Lose their fun next time," answered Mrs. Bhaer. "I give them five minutes to settle down, then put out the lights, and expect order. They are honorable lads, and they keep their word."

That was evident, for the battle ended as abruptly as it began—a parting shot or two, a final cheer, as Demi fired the seventh pillow at the retiring foe, a few challenges for next time, then order prevailed; and nothing but an occasional giggle, or a suppressed whisper, broke the quiet which followed the Saturday-night frolic, as Mother Bhaer kissed her new boy, and left him to happy dreams of life at Plumfield.

The odd ideas which come into the minds of children, and influence their actions in a way so mysterious to those

who are not in the secret. is well illustrated in the story of

## THE SACKERRYFICE.

Daisy and Demi were full of these whims, and lived in a world of their own, peopled with lovely or grotesque creatures, to whom they gave the queerest names, and with whom they played the queerest games. One of these nursery inventions was an invisible sprite called "The Naughty Kitty-Mouse," whom the children had believed in, feared, and served for a long time. They seldom spoke of it to anyone else, kept their rites as private as possible; and, as they never tried to describe it even to themselves, this being had a vague mysterious charm very agreeable to Demi, who delighted in elves and goblins. A most whimsical and tyrannical imp was the Naughty Kitty-mouse, and Daisy found a fearful pleasure in its service, blindly obeying its most absurd demands, which were usually proclaimed from the lips of Demi, whose powers of invention were great. Rob and Teddy sometimes joined in these ceremonies, and considered them excellent fun, although they did not understand half that went on.

One day after school Demi whispered to his sister, with an ominous wag of the head—

"The Kitty-mouse wants us this afternoon."

"What for?" asked Daisy, anxiously.

"A *sackerryfice*," answered Demi, solemnly. "There must be a fire behind the big rock at two o'clock, and we must all bring the things we like best, and burn them!" he added, with an awful emphasis on the last words.

"Oh, dear! I love the new paper dollies Aunt Amy painted for me best of anything, must I burn them up?" cried Daisy, who never thought of denying the unseen tyrant anything it demanded.

"Every one. I shall burn my boat, my best scrap-book, and *all* my soldiers," said Demi, firmly.

"Well, I will; but it's too bad of Kitty-mouse to want our very nicest things," sighed Daisy.

"A *sackerryfice* means to give up what you are fond of, so we *must*," explained Demi, to whom the new idea had been suggested by hearing Uncle Fritz describe the customs of the Greeks to the big boys who were reading about them in school.

"Is Rob coming too?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, and he is going to bring his toy village; it is all made of wood, you know, and will burn nicely. We'll have a grand bonfire, and see them blaze up, won't we?"

This brilliant prospect consoled Daisy, and she ate her dinner with a row of paper

dolls before her, as a sort of farewell banquet.

At the appointed hour the sacrificial train set forth, each child bearing the treasures demanded by the insatiable Kitty-mouse. Teddy insisted on going also, and seeing that all the others had toys, he tucked a squeaking lamb under one arm, and old Anabella under the other, little dreaming what anguish the latter idol was to give him.

"Where are you going, my chickens?" asked Mrs. Jo, as the flock passed her door.

"To play by the big rock; can't we?"

"Yes, only don't go near the pond, and take good care of baby."

"I always do," said Daisy, leading forth her charge with a capable air.

"Now, you must all sit round, and not move till I tell you. This flat stone is an altar, and I am going to make a fire on it."

Demi then proceeded to kindle up a small blaze, as he had seen the boys do at picnics. When the flame burned well, he ordered the company to march round it three times and then stand in a circle.

"I shall begin, and as fast as my things are burnt, you must bring yours."

With that he solemnly laid on a little paper book full of pictures, pasted in by himself; this was followed by a dilapidated boat, and then one by one the unhappy leaden soldiers marched to death. Not one faltered or hung back, from the splendid red and yellow captain, to the small drummer who had lost his legs; all vanished in the flames and mingled in one common pool of melted lead.

"Now, Daisy!" called the high priest of Kitty-mouse, when his rich offerings had been consumed, to the great satisfaction of the children.

"My dear dollies, how can I let them go?" moaned Daisy, hugging the entire dozen with a face full of maternal woe.

"You must," commanded Demi; and with a farewell kiss to each, Daisy laid her blooming dolls upon the coals.

"Let me keep one, the dear blue thing, she is so sweet," besought the poor little mamma, clutching her last in despair.

"More! more!" growled an awful voice, and Demi cried, "That's the Kitty-mouse! she must have every one, quick or she will scratch us!"

In went the precious blue belle, flounces, rosy hat, and all, and nothing but a few black flakes remained of that bright band.

"Stand the houses and trees round, and let them catch themselves; it will be like a real fire then," said Demi, who liked variety even in his "sackerryfices."

Charmed by this suggestion, the children arranged the doomed village, laid a line of coals along the main street, and then sat down to watch the conflagration. It was somewhat slow to kindle owing to the

paint, but at last one ambitious little cottage blazed up, fired a tree of the palm species, which fell on to the roof of a large family mansion, and in a few minutes the entire town was burning merrily. The wooden population stood and stared at the destruction like blockheads, as they were, till they also caught and blazed away without a cry. It took some time to reduce the town to ashes, and the lookers-on enjoyed the spectacle immensely, cheering as each house fell, dancing like wild Indians when the steeple flamed aloft, and actually casting one wretched little churn-shaped lady, who had escaped to the suburbs, into the very heart of the fire.

The superb success of this last offering excited Teddy to such a degree, that he first threw his lamb into the conflagration, and before it had time even to roast, he planted poor dear Anabella on the funeral pyre. Of course she did not like it, and expressed her anguish and resentment in a way that terrified her infant destroyer. Being covered with kid, she did not blaze, but did what was worse, she *squirmed*. First one leg curled up, then the other, in a very awful and lifelike manner; next she flung her arms over her head as if in great agony; her head itself turned on her shoulders, her glass eyes fell out, and with one final writhe of her whole body, she sank down a blackened mass on the ruins of the town. This unexpected demonstration startled every one and frightened Teddy half out of his little wits. He looked, then screamed and fled toward the house, roaring "Marmar," at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Bhaer heard the outcry and ran to the rescue, but Teddy could only cling to her and pour out in his broken way something about, "poor Bella hurted," "a dreat fire," and "all the dollies dorn." Fearing some dire mishap, his mother caught him up and hurried to the scene of action, where she found the blind worshippers of Kitty-mouse mourning over the charred remains of the lost darling.

"What have you been at? Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Jo, composing herself to listen patiently, for the culprits looked so penitent, she forgave them beforehand.

With some reluctance Demi explained their play, and Aunt Jo laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, the children were so solemn, and the play was so absurd.

"I thought you were too sensible to play such a silly game as this. If I had any Kitty-mouse I'd have a good one who liked you to play in safe pleasant ways, and not destroy and frighten. Just see what a ruin you have made; all Daisy's pretty dolls, Demi's soldiers, and Rob's new village, besides poor Teddy's pet lamb, and dear old Anabella. I shall have to write up in

the nursery the verse that used to come in the boxes of toys—

'The children of Holland take pleasure in making,  
What the children of Boston take pleasure in breaking.'

Only I shall put Plumfield instead of Boston."

"We never will again, truly, truly!" cried the repentant little sinners, much abashed at this reproof.

"Demi told us to," said Rob.

"Well, I heard Uncle tell about the Greece people, who had altars and things, and so I wanted to be like them, only I hadn't any live creatures to sackeryfice, so we burnt up our toys."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER.

By Peter Bayne, M.A., author of "The Christian Life," &c. In two volumes. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

These long-expected volumes are at last completed. Mr. Bayne has been fitfully engaged on this task for the last ten years, often interrupted in the work and forced to go again and again over the same ground. Of this process he says: "The delay may have been in some respects inconvenient; but it has had the advantage of making me live all these years in constant converse with Hugh Miller. Nothing, I believe, of considerable importance, which he did, said, thought, or felt, has escaped me, although, of course, it was only a portion of these materials which could be used in this book. The better I have known him, the more deeply have I revered, the more entirely have I loved him. A man of priceless worth, fine gold purified sevenfold, delicate splendor of humor, sensitive and proud, perfect sincerity and faithfulness in heart and mind." We have, however, in these volumes not the indiscriminate praise of an enthusiastic admirer. Mr. Bayne is a careful critic, and his praise, when bestowed, is worth something. He is in a position to appreciate the full value of Hugh Miller as a man of science and an editor, and there is, perhaps, no one better able to write his biography. He tells how he was impressed by the first full view of Mr. Miller:—"The spell of his personality fell upon me at once. The large shaggy head, the massive bust, the modest grandeur of demeanor, the unmistakable impress of power on calm

lip and steadfast eye, the look of originality and rugged strength about the whole man, arrested and enchanted me. There breathed around him also a certain undefinable influence of gentleness and noble affection. You felt that he was honest and good. The mood of admiring indifference with which I had regarded him gave place to ardent interest. His language—clear, idiomatic, melodious—derived zest from his provincial accent; and I shall never forget the moment when he concluded a classically picturesque and beautiful passage, descriptive of an ancient Scottish forest, with the words, ‘The axe had been busy in its glads’—that is, the axe had been busy in its glades.’

The first of the two volumes treats of Miller in three books, entitled respectively, “The Boy,” “The Apprentice,” and “The Journeyman.” With the ground covered by these epochs we have already been made familiar by his own pen in “My Schools and Schoolmasters,” although its history from an altogether different point of view is not without its peculiar interest. Miller’s life as a public man, which we find described in the second volume under the titles, “The Bank Accountant,” “The Editor,” and “The Man of Science,” is not so well known to the public. All who have read his scientific works are familiar with the position which he occupied as a geologist; but the history of his literary life and editorial career will be new to most readers. With regard to this portion of his life, Mr. Bayne says: “If we wish to have a correct appreciation of Hugh Miller, and not to substitute an image of our fancy for the living man, we must clearly apprehend and perfectly admit two propositions—first, that he was in the deepest foundations of his character a religious man; secondly, that he was distinctively, and with his whole heart, a Scotchman.” Mr. Bayne carefully analyzes the religious history of Scotland during the important time that Hugh Miller occupied the editorial chair of the *Witness*, and shows the wonderful power with which he influenced the whole nation, and, in fact, led the movement which issued in the Disruption. Indeed, according to the biographer, the very name “Free Church of Scotland” owes its origin to Hugh Miller. He made use of it in articles in the *Witness* months before the Disruption, when, calmly foreseeing that event, he meditated profoundly on the position which the protesting church would occupy, and the course which she ought to pursue. Through the whole course of the movement Miller felt with a depth and solemnity of conviction,

which converted the feeling into a sentiment of duty, that the *Witness* was to be the organ of no clerical party, the sounding board of no church or court, but was to represent the movement in all the breadth and independence of its national characteristics.

Hugh Miller conducted the *Witness* for sixteen years, and he cannot have written for the paper fewer than a thousand articles. By far the larger portion of which he wrote, however, is gone forever. “Admirable disquisitions on social and ethical questions,” says his biographer, “felicities of humor and sportive though trenchant satire, delicate illustration and racy anecdote from an inexhaustible literary erudition, and crystal jets of the purest poetry, such things will repay the careful student of the *Witness* file, but will never be known to the general public.”

Mr. Bayne says, but it is difficult to believe the fact of such a successful editor, that Miller had no particle of enthusiasm for the press, no confidence in the newspaper as an education agency; that he looked with fixed distrust upon journalistic writing, both as culture for a man’s own mind and as a means of influencing his fellows, and regarded science as a counteractive to the deteriorating effects of this kind of work upon his mental powers. He says that the mechanics of his acquaintance whose culture consisted in life-long familiarity with newspapers, were uniformly shallow and frivolous, and speaks of himself “as doomed to cast off shaving after shaving from his mind to be caught by the winds and after whirling lightly for a little time to be blown into the gulf of oblivion.” Forgetting, as Mr. Bayne finely remarks, that “inasmuch as a powerful newspaper writer lodges his thoughts in the minds of men engaged in affairs, and has them thus woven into the web of events and the fabric of institutions, it might be argued that he, least of all, toils without result of his labors.”

Miller had a wonderful command of language. His style had been laboriously perfected by twenty years of study and practice, assiduous reading, and careful self-correction. Everything he wrote possessed a singular *interest*, of which it was not always easy to grasp the secret. He drew his inspiration from a close acquaintance with nature. “Books came to Miller at the right moment, when he had already so filled his mind with nature’s imagery that they would do no more than genially assist him to use it. To read him is like taking a walk with him; we are never far from the crags and the waters, the dewy branch and the purple heather.”

These volumes are well worthy of careful perusal. It is not a work which may be

glanced over and then laid aside, nor one which can be disposed of in a few hours' reading. There is no better way of studying history than by giving earnest attention to the biographies of any particular period; and this life of Hugh Miller care-

fully studied, will be valuable to the student as presenting a trustworthy picture of the religious history of Scotland, and the development of science during his time, besides presenting to the young a beautiful character well worthy of imitation.

## Notices.

### HENRY BERGH.

We copy the following sketch of Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York City, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number of our magazine:—

A few months ago, as the writer was passing up Broadway, opposite Union Square, he saw a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in dark-blue military costume, pass quickly into the street and seize an omnibus-horse by the head, at the same time commanding the driver to descend from his box. The man grumblingly obeyed. Bidding him unharness the horses, the gentleman told the passengers that the coach would go no farther, and directed them to alight and take another. They too obeyed. A crowd had by this time gathered. The writer stepped to the gentleman who acted with so much authority, and asked his reason for this strange proceeding. "Look," he said, with indignation, "at that horse's foot." The cause was apparent enough. The hoof was swollen, had burst open, and was an offensive running sore. "May I ask, sir, who you are?" He handed his card, and on it was the well-known name, Henry Bergh. The horse was sent to the stable. The coach remained in the street till another team arrived. The driver was arrested and fined. We all felt it was a just act. Five years ago this could not have been done. No laws were then enacted to reach the case. Beasts were left to the mercies of owners and drivers. They had no rights which men were required to respect. Mr. Bergh, a gentleman of fine culture and benevolence, impelled by a tender regard for helpless dumb creatures, inaugurated measures for preventing cruelty to animals. A society was incorporated in New York, April, 1866, and has extended its influence until now nineteen States and the Dominion of Canada have incorporated societies of similar character. Its object may be inferred from section 1 of the statute under which it operates:

"If any person shall over-drive, overload, torture, torment, deprive of necessary sustenance, or unnecessarily or cruelly beat, or needlessly mutilate or kill, or cause or procure to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, tormented, or deprived of necessary sustenance, or to be unnecessarily or cruelly beaten, or needlessly mutilated or killed, as aforesaid, any living creature, every such offender shall for every such offence be guilty of a misdemeanor."

To carry out this law, which his efforts have secured, Mr. Bergh has given his undivided time and energies. He receives no salary, nor has ever received any. His only compensation is to "see the compassionate instincts of man's nature manifested toward the helpless and unoffending, be it man or beast. Upon the success so far achieved he looks with satisfaction, and says, "I may be pardoned for believing that I have not lived for nothing." Especial attention is given to the treatment of horses; the transportation of cattle, sheep, calves, poultry, etc., used for food; careful inspection of their condition before killing, that no diseased meat may be sent to the market; examining the state of milch cows, kept in the city for public supply of "*pure Orange county milk*;" stopping brutal sports; breaking up dog and rat pits; enforcing a degree of privacy in the slaughter of animals, that children may not be made familiar with scenes of blood; providing facilities for supplying cattle with abundance of fresh water; and doing everything possible to develop kindness and prohibit all forms and tendencies to cruelty.

Mr. Bergh succeeded in breaking up Kit Burns' famous dog and rat pit, in Water street. With a strong police force, he entered the den, and arrested thirty-four of the choice spirits in the very height of their refined sport.

Fountains, so combined as to supply pure fresh water to men, horses, and dogs, have been erected in various parts of the city under the Society's direction.

Thanks to Mr. Bergh the community is more and more responsive to appeals of humanity. He is in the prime of life, and we trust that years of useful labor are yet before him.—*Christian Weekly*.



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