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COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

# New Dominion Monthly.

OCTOBER, 1876.

## PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AND ROMANCE.

BY THOMAS J. OLIVER.

Further and further, year by year, the woodcock and partridge grounds recede from the city of Quebec. Some years ago many a brace were bagged in the Gomin bush, and even yet a stray bird may be brought down; but its glory has departed,—nay, one of its glories only, for the glories of the Gomin bush are inexhaustible. In that bush, situate but a mile from the city, are botanical treasures captivating the naturalist and enchanting the florist. A stroll through its shaded paths is preferable to a promenade in the most highly cultivated garden. In its leafy recesses one may shut himself out from all the world, and not a sound or a sign of humanity ventures to intrude. Close to the haunts of men, it revels in the wildest beauty of the untrodden forest; lofty trees reach up to heaven, and their wide-spreading branches entwine themselves with lesser trees in endless mad confusion; ivies and creepers climb up vast trunks, and hang in graceful festoons over pathways almost hidden by shrubs and plants, beautified by wild flowerets and blossoms of every hue and color; the most delicious and intoxicating odors are wafted through the untutored grove, while the songs of the birds cease not from the first streak of

dawn till darkness falls upon it, and even then the Canadian nightingale answers the glances of stars peeping down through the tree-tops. But the sportsman no longer seeks that dear old bush. Away to the swampy woods of Ancienne Lorette, of Stoneham, of many far-off places, he must go if he wishes to find sport. About three or four years ago, I put up at a farmhouse on the shores of Lake St. Augustin, sometimes called Lake Calvere, about twelve miles from the city. Lake Calvere is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hills, and on the south side the meadows stretch from the water's edge far up the higher ground. Around this lake are many farmhouses, where a good number of the inhabitants of the city pass the summer months, and while away the time in paddling over the quiet bosom of the lake. There being no trout in it, fishermen do not resort there; it is rather a place for pic-nics and pleasure parties. But in autumn, when the mornings and evenings have a slight feeling of winter, and when the pools during the night cover themselves with a coating of ice, and when the green leaves array themselves in the colors of the rainbow, then the sportsman, with his gun and dog, strides

through the deserted woods seeking for woodcock and partridge, and the report of fowling-pieces and the barking of dogs break their silence. The house at which I put up was that of a farmer, where it was usual for sportsmen to make their headquarters, and I soon was made comfortable for the night. In early morning I started, and after a short walk reached where birds were said to be plentiful. The day before had been bright and clear, but I noticed that the wind was east, and I was not surprised in the morning to find the sky overclouded, and a threatening appearance of rain; but, so far, it had kept off, and I continued my walk through the woods for a few hours, and was so far successful that I bagged one brace of partridges when the rain began to descend. Seeing that it was likely to continue, I determined to return to the farmhouse. On my way thither, I noticed about a dozen men all engaged in digging round a house, and as it was rather unusual to see such a large number so engaged at that time of the year, and in such close proximity to a house, my curiosity was excited, and I made my way to enquire the cause of such unwonted industry and in such a downfall of rain. As I approached I saw that they were not farmers, and on closer inspection I judged them to be of the lowest class of men from the purlieu of the city—in fact, vagabonds from the Five Points of St. Rochs and St. Sauveur. A more forbidding crew I hardly ever met. However, I was determined to find out the nature of their work. The house had evidently been long deserted; the shutters had been blown off, and most of the window panes broken. There was no door, and the chimney was in ruins. The grass had grown on the pathway leading to the house, and an outbuilding had been blown down by the wind. What had been a bit of vegetable garden was choked up by weeds. There was not the sign of a fence round the lot. Not-

withstanding the rain, the men worked on, and desisted only to drink something out of a black bottle. Most of them were smoking. When I approached, I noticed that I was eyed suspiciously. They were digging holes and trenches all round the house. Looking about me I discovered that similar holes and trenches had been dug at other places than where they were then working. I could in no way account for these extraordinary proceedings, and enquired of the man nearest me, what they were working at. I had to repeat my question before he vouchsafed a reply.

"Digging for potatoes," he answered.

I knew, of course, that was a subterfuge, and heard at the same time ~~sputtered~~ words from the others.

"Surely," said I, "you do not expect to find potatoes there, and you do not require so many men at such work."

With a surly, defiant look, he replied, "It is none of your business; you had better clear off."

Satisfied that I could get no information from such a crew, and not feeling safe with them, I quietly withdrew, and went back to the farmhouse. My first enquiry was of the farmer as to the nature of the unusual incident. He said,

"I will tell you the story after you have changed your clothes and had something to eat," after which very necessary operations he related the following tale:

"Many years ago, there lived in the house you are enquiring about a man named Louis Berthiaume, with his two sisters, Sarah and Adèle. Between Louis and Sarah there was but little difference in the ages, and good looks had not been bequeathed to either of them; while Adèle was a blooming country lass of seventeen, twelve years the junior of Sarah. Louis was a hard-working and thrifty sort of man, without any of the genial and social traits which distinguish the Lower Canadian habitant. He lived for one sole object—



to make money, and in this he was seconded by his sister Sarah. These worked both day and night, hoarding up their gains, and avoiding all communication with their neighbors. This sort of life did not suit Adèle, who was full of life, and longed for companionship with the outer world. She was neither allowed to visit nor to entertain visitors; either would have been a waste of money and a shameful loss of time. Each day, she was allotted certain duties to perform,—household work or labor in the fields. Minutes were looked upon as so much grist to the mill, and idleness as a robbery of the family till. All through the summer Adèle worked and sang, but with a heavy heart; and all through the long, long winter she sat at her wheel spinning, till the very sound of it racked her pretty head with throbbing pains. But the spirit of youth is strong, and still she sang in spite of aches and sadness. Never yet had she been to visit the city. Louis or Sarah alone attended to the sale of the products of the farm, one of them always remaining at home to see that Adèle performed her work. The city was a *terra incognita* to her, for never a word escaped the lips of Louis or Sarah as to the wonders to be seen there. With the exception of consultations (to which she was never admitted) as to the economy of the farm, few words were spoken in that house, and its silence was broken but by the sweet voice of Adèle when she warbled some old French ditty. Often, while working in the fields, would she look towards the far-off city, and an intense longing to know something of its world would rise up within her, and for a time suspend the fulfilment of her task. One day alone in the week was Adèle at freedom—Sunday. Then, in the early morning, accompanied by either Louis or Sarah, she was wont to go to mass; but among the large numbers who flocked to attend the service of the Church of St. Augustin she could not

count a friend, not even an acquaintance. Thither she went, and thence she returned, guarded by her lynx-eyed Cerberus; but her young heart was full of the love of life, and then, unknown to her, the life of love. Timidly she sat in the narrow pew, and with ever down-cast eyes followed the words of the curé. At the church door she heard the merry laughter and innocent banter of village girls and village beaux, but they were not for her ears, and homewards, guarded, she passed.

“It happened in the summer that Louis was ill; he had taken cold, and was suffering from a low fever. He was attended to by Sarah, who professed a knowledge of herbs. When the Sunday came, Adèle asked permission to attend mass, which, after much discussion and strict injunctions not to loiter by the way or speak to anyone, was given. With joy in her heart and a bounding step she walked to the church. Never before had she felt so free, so happy. Her life had been one, as it were, of confinement, a prison existence. How little sufficed to bring happiness to Adèle. A couple of hours freedom seemed to her elysium, although she knew that at the expiration of these two hours her prison life recommenced. Her great joy and happiness added to her devotion, and more zealously than ever did she follow the words of the curé. Once only did she venture to look up, and in that look she encountered two eyes intently fixed upon her. Instantly she returned to her missal. But, they say that women are so quick. In that quick glance Adèle saw that it was a young man who thus intently watched her; that he had black hair, well oiled and brushed, dark brown eyes, regular features, and wore a blue coat, light-colored vest, and a red tie. It does not take a woman long to make an inventory of a person’s apparel,—a glance is sufficient. It must be an intuition of women, for Adèle was not accustomed to mingle in crowds, or observe the fashions, even

of a country parish. It is said that a famous Parisian conjurer used to accustom himself to glance at the shop windows, and afterwards mark down each article that he saw. By the constant practice of this, he was in time able to enumerate every article exhibited in any shop by a moment's glance. But with women it is intuition; so Adèle catagorized him who so intently watched her. Knowing no one, and remembering the strict injunctions she was under, Adèle, as soon as the service was over, hurried homewards. 'Home, what home? Had she a home?' She had not proceeded far before she heard a quick footstep behind her, and shortly afterwards a voice called,

"Mademoiselle, you have lost your handkerchief.'

"She turned, and received a handkerchief from the young man whom she had seen in church. The etiquette of country is not that of town, and Adèle did not object when young Paul Sansfaçon continued on with her. Saving her brother, Adèle had never spoken to any one of the opposite sex, and she naively told him what sort of a life she led at home,—not that she thought it a hard one, or even different from that of any other girl, but simply as a matter of conversation.

"Paul Sansfaçon, understanding the sort of people Adèle had to deal with, discreetly bade her adieu before coming in sight of the house, leaving it to good fortune when he might see her again. The world had already entered into Adèle's mind. She said nothing of her meeting with Paul, and in this she showed the tact of a woman. Louis was still unwell on the following Sunday, and again Adèle went to church, but with different feelings from those she experienced on the previous Sunday. Then she was overjoyed by a sense of freedom; now there was an ill-defined hope, an unformed doubt. 'Shall I see him, will he speak to me?' All week long this hope and this doubt

had been present with her, making her happy, torturing her.

"And Paul, the village wheelwright, what had been his thoughts about innocent, untutored Adèle? While in his shop, often would a day-dream interrupt his work, and the form of Adèle, full of natural grace, would flit before him, and the simple words she had spoken to him would again whisper in his ear. By the end of the week he was head and ears in love, and on the Sunday morning he was especially careful in the arrangement of his toilet. He made no excuse of a dropped handkerchief, but joined her at the church door, much to the chagrin of many a village maiden, who had set their caps at the well-to-do Paul Sansfaçon. The unsophisticated Adèle met him gladly; her heart was pure and innocent, and very impressible. Paul told her what had been his thoughts since he last met her, and confessed his love, and asked her to become his wife, and she, in her childlike manner, also confessed to him her love; but she said:

"I must tell my brother and sister.'

"What if they object?' he asked.

"Then, alas!' she said, 'what can I do?'

"I will tell you,' he said, for Paul was a determined young man, not easily thwarted, and of quick action; 'I will have the banns published, and I then will go and claim you from your brother.'

"Paul,' she asked, 'can you do that? and will it be right?'

"Perfectly right, dear Adèle,' he answered.

"Furious was the storm and wicked the invectives poured upon the head of poor Adèle, when she told her brother and sister what had happened. What right had she, a child, to get married when her sister Sarah was content to live single? Was she not well enough? had she not enough to eat? ungrateful girl!

"Two Sundays passed, and Adèle

was not permitted to go to church—two weeks passed in hard toil and misery, but alleviated by fond hope and true love. On the Monday morning Paul Sansfaçon drove up to the door, which was opened by Adèle. She was alone, but Louis and Sarah were not far off, and they saw the smart country cart drawn up before their house, where never before a stranger's cart had been, and they hurried home, shrewdly guessing what was up. But Paul was too quick for them. Adèle, by his advice, hastily dressed herself, and taking up her small wardrobe and tying it in a bundle, she jumped up beside Paul, and the smart Canadian pony was whirling them out by the gate, at the moment Louis and Sarah arrived. Loud and deep were the imprecations uttered by Louis; bitter and cruel were the words screamed after them by Sarah. But words do not kill. Adèle was wild with excitement, and wept and laughed by turns; but reassured by Paul, and fanned by the cool breeze as they dashed along the country road, she gradually became quiet, and when they arrived at the church door all her self-possession had returned. It was a simple ceremony which made Paul and Adèle man and wife. No bridesmaids attended. The bride herself, save in the sweet look of love and dependence, did not look a bride; no garland of orange flowers wreathed her hair, no snowy veil drooped from her shoulders; but in her neat peasant dress she vowed before God to take him for better, for worse. Proud and supremely happy, Paul and Adèle left the church and went towards their home. On their way they met Louis and Sarah, in a tumble-down cart drawn by a shaky Rozinante, going to forbid the marriage. Their meanness in the acquisition of horseflesh had frustrated their design. The marriage, after the publication of the bans, had been the gossip of the village, but the hermit life led by Louis prevented him hearing of it.

“For some six or seven years fortune favored Paul and Adèle, and their little boy and girl grew into fine chubby children. Then Paul died of inflammation of the lungs, and the wheelwright business passed into other hands. But he had been a careful man, and had saved money, and on this Adèle lived; but it was burning the candle at both ends, and at last it gave out, and Adèle had to work to gain bread for herself and children. Louis and Sarah had never seen her since her bridal day, and they had become more recluse than ever, working day and night, hoarding money day and night, starving day and night. At last Adèle's strength gave way, and she was laid beside Paul in the village churchyard, and the two little orphans were left alone in the wide, wide world.

“Oh it was pitiful!

Near a whole city full,  
Home they had none!

“The curé was a kind-hearted man. He went to Louis Berthiaume and told him of Adèle's death and the destitution of her children; but this did not move the heart of the miserly Louis, and he said not a word. Then the curé spoke with authority. He told him his duty, and he, the curé, would see that he performed that duty, and notified him to be prepared to receive the children within an hour. Little Paul was nine and little Adèle was eight years of age. If their mother had received hard treatment, her poor children received much worse. The slightest fault committed by them ensured a beating from either Louis or Sarah, and the two children grew up in continual fear of punishment. For six years they worked, and were beaten and starved. Little Adèle was even more beautiful than her mother, and one day she was missing. She had been most severely beaten by Louis for plucking a cucumber, and sharing it with her brother. She had wandered to the roadside and sat down by the gate weeping as if her heart would

break. Many vehicles from the city, full of pleasure-seeking men and women, had passed that day, and nothing more was known of little Adèle. The following week Paul had disappeared. He had gone to look for his sister, to search for her in the great city. And Louis and Sarah were again left alone, to work, to hoard and to starve.

"For three or four years Paul worked in the city, ever looking out and seeking for his sister, and at last he found her. But we draw the veil over her history. Spiritless, and with a heart like lead he worked on; but hope was dead within him, and when work was scarce he fell in with bad companions, a set of thieves and robbers. After that he worked no more. He also became a thief and a robber, and for a long time lived thus unlawfully. At last he was taken in a burglarious act, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penitentiary. When his term was finished, he returned to Quebec and re-joined the gang, and being a distinguished criminal, was elected captain of the gang. Their depredations and robberies were extensive, but they always managed to elude the police, and lived riotously on their ill-gotten gains.

"In the country Sarah at last died of starvation and exposure, and her body lay in the house one week before any knew of her death, for Louis would not incur the expense of burial, and was in the act of digging a hole in the cellar, when a neighbor called to purchase some vegetables, and saw the dead body. The curé was informed of it, and compelled Louis to bury his sister. And Louis was left alone to work, to hoard, to starve.

"Ten years passed away, and it was winter. It was noticed that no smoke issued from the chimney of Berthiaume's house, that the doors and windows were always shut, and that the snow was piled up on the doorway and remained un-

shovelled. The neighbors collected and burst into the house. The frozen corpse of Louis Berthiaume was found on the floor, where he had fallen from a chair. The fire had burnt out in the stove, and not a morsel of food was to be found. He had been dead a fortnight, and had, like his sister, died of starvation and cold. The house was searched, but not a penny could be found, and Louis Berthiaume was buried at the expense of the parish.

"During these ten years Paul, in town, had again been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary, and returned again to Quebec last summer. By some chance he lately heard of the death of his uncle and aunt, and imparted to his gang the information that his uncle was in the habit of burying money in the garden and in the ground about the house, and they immediately decided on making a search. For this purpose they purchased pick-axes and shovels, and prior to starting they indulged in an excess of intoxication. So much did Paul go to extremes that he died the following day of congestion of the brain. But this did not prevent the other members of the gang from making the search, and they are now at work searching for the buried gold of the miser, Louis Berthiaume."

It was a sad and sickening story, and in the morning, seeing that it was unlikely for the weather to fair, I left for the city. As I passed the house of the miser I saw the gang of thieves still at work, digging holes and trenches to find the hidden treasure. I never had the curiosity to enquire whether they succeeded. Poor fools! what good would gold be to them? For a week they would revel in the lowest debauchery, and become again the starved, miserable wretches they appeared to me, working in mud and drenched by a pitiless storm. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

## THE TRACK OF HER FEET.

BY EROL GERVASE.

The weary, suffering feet of one who walked up and down, seeking peace and finding it not, for long, long years. When Mary's heart began to be very heavy, she first began that ceaseless walk. Let it remain there now—the bare, unpainted track,—a memorial of her. I will never cover it over, never make it fresh and bright and new. Her feet have worn it as it is.

I need not detail here the steps by which I was brought at last, reluctantly, oh, how reluctantly, to yield again, in opposition to my fixed resolve and wishes, to the pressure brought to bear upon me, and to consent to Mary's renewing her engagement to Mr. Monteith.

The consent was wrung from me, or perhaps, if I say, drained from me, as one's heart's blood is sometimes drained by a slow, exhausting process, it will better convey what I mean to express.

I saw that my child was dying by inches, and I could not hold out against the spectacle of her wasting form, her pallid face, her mute distress; and constantly Mr. Monteith renewed his entreaties. So once again, with a sore heart, I weakly yielded.

The time was fixed for their marriage. It wanted but three weeks of the wedding day; Mary's cheek had recovered its youthful bloom, her eye its brightness, her lip its smiles. She went about the house, singing softly to herself in the gladness of her heart, or sat and worked at her wedding clothes in happy reverie, when she was not conversing with me. No doubt for the future seemed to trouble her; she was trusting

fully in the man she had promised to marry.

Mr. Monteith had taken a house in St. Hilaire, and was furnishing it. I had been anxious that my daughter should continue to live with me after her marriage, and I had made a proposal to Mr. Monteith to this effect, offering to give up a certain portion of the house to his and Mary's exclusive use. I was aware that, in most cases, it is wiser and better for young people to begin their married life alone, but I thought that here there was a reason why a contrary course should be expedient. Not to speak of my own loneliness, for I put that out of the question, I thought that as Mr. Monteith, from the nature of some business transactions into which he had entered, was likely to be often from home during the summer, it would be lonely for Mary in his absence. True, she might come to me from her own house, but that would involve the temporary shutting up of the latter, or the expensive alternative of keeping a servant there in her absence. But the strongest reason of all was that my confidence in Mr. Monteith's complete reformation was not firmly established. Terrible doubts and fears on this point still assailed me, and I longed to keep my child with me, to watch over her still, and to be with her if trouble should come.

I thought also, that for him it would be a preventive measure; that he would be less likely to yield to temptation, if it should assail him, under my roof than under his own, and away from the restraints of my presence.

But I could not obtain his consent to

the plan, and Mary, when she saw that he was opposed to it, ceased to add her solicitations to mine. I can only describe as infatuation the manner in which she had accustomed herself to yield to him in everything.

He was not to my mind a particularly attractive man. There was a weakness of character, and frequently of purpose, that shewed itself in his countenance when you carefully studied it, and Mary had always hitherto revered strength. Then, too, though ordinarily his manners were strikingly gentlemanly, I had known him, when thrown off his guard, to make use of language quite the reverse, and even to take the name of God in vain, though for this he always expressed himself penitent, saying he had acquired the evil habit from bad companions in his wild days, and that it was a difficult one to overcome.

And Mary, by instinct and education, was reverent in all things. But she was not singular in her admiration of him. With most of the people of the neighborhood he was a favorite, and when I had broken off the engagement between him and Mary, the sympathies of the majority of our acquaintances had been with him, not with me.

He had a certain frank and friendly manner, which went a great way with most people, and he had, for a young man, seen a great deal of the world, and could talk readily, if not eloquently, on almost any subject. And these are qualities which, united to what would ordinarily be pronounced a handsome person, were enough to justify public admiration. I often asked myself if it was prejudice that made me see his faults in the preponderance rather than his virtues, and I tried to be just to him, and to strain myself through a mental alembic that I might rigidly separate what was unfair, ungenerous, unchristian in my estimate of him, from what was just, generous and merciful. But it always ended where it had begun

—I had no confidence in the man.

Well, as I have said, it wanted but three weeks of the wedding day, and outwardly, in the eyes of the world and of Mary, there was no cause for fear.

It was a pretty little home that was preparing for my child, with our own glorious mountain full in view, and the magnificent Richelieu not far distant.

But what prospect of happiness, what consciousness of all that is dependent upon his abstinence, can stay the cravings of the drunkard's appetite? What but God's mighty Spirit can make him permanently a sober man?

Let me not be understood to decry any effort that has for its object even the moral reform of the victim of strong drink. I believe with one in our own day and Province, who has done much for the temperance cause, that if you make a man sober you take the first steps towards making him religious. If you can induce him to abandon the saloon and the tavern, you can, in nine cases out of ten, induce him to come to church; and then, when you have him there, you can preach to him the Gospel which shall convert his soul forever. But it is this Gospel alone, savingly believed and followed—in other words, the power of God in the soul—that alone can place your moral reform on a solid basis. When the drunkard has become the Christian you may have faith that his pledge will be inviolate, but not till then.

It was the last day of April. I had agreed to meet Mr. Monteith at the new house to superintend the arrangement of some furniture which was to arrive during the afternoon, and I set out alone at the time appointed, Mary remaining behind with a girl who had been called in to help with the sewing. When I arrived at the door I found it open, and on entering, to my surprise, ascertained that the house was empty.

The furniture had arrived, and apparently had been set down hap-hazard in the nearest vacant spot; but there

was no sign of Mr. Monteith, nor of any one else, about the premises.

While I waited for some one to come, I walked through the house inspecting it; and thinking of her who was so soon to occupy it. I was thus engaged when the sound of footsteps reached my ear, and, in another moment, of voices, raised in angry altercation.

I ran to the window and looked out. In the yard below I saw Mr. Monteith and another man. They were both talking loudly, and as I looked at them and observed their angry gestures, and heard their violent language, for the window was partially open, I perceived that they were both intoxicated. Yes, once more Mr. Monteith had broken his pledge.

Again the engagement was broken off. Again I said, and this time with a bitterness which written words cannot describe, that no power on earth should ever again induce me to permit Mary to see or speak to Mr. Monteith, except it was by accident, or unavoidably; that henceforth he and she were parted forever.

I said this, and three months from that day she became his wife.

Yes, in the quiet morning, when the dew lay thick upon the grass and flowers, and the light mists were rolling away from the mountain's slopes, she left me with a kiss upon my lips and a yearning tenderness in her parting look as she went from the room, which afterwards I remembered, oh, how sorrowfully, how mournfully, upbraiding myself, refusing to forgive myself, that I had not read it aright, and snatched her from herself and saved her from her fate.

When I found that Mary had left me, and was actually gone to be married, I was at first like one deprived of reason. She had been gone some hours before I was aware of the fact.

It had always been her custom to rise early, but of late she had been still earlier, and had often left her bed before the first streak of dawn.

On this particular morning I had

heard her moving about in her room before it was daylight, but I had thought nothing of it more than usual, as I knew that the restlessness of her mind drove sleep from her pillow; and in silence I breathed a prayer that God might comfort her in His own good time and way.

When she came into my room and kissed me softly in the pale, uncertain light, and told me that she was going to the village to see a woman who had promised to come to work for us, and that if she felt the walk long she would rest awhile, so that I must not expect her back for some little time, I felt no uneasiness. I knew that the woman was to come, and that she had disappointed us; and her work was waiting for her, and I was glad that Mary should go to fetch her; glad, because there was a necessity for her coming, and glad because I thought the walk and errand might divert Mary's own mind from the sorrow upon which it was constantly dwelling. I should not have felt comfortable at her going so far alone, and at so early an hour, had I not believed that Mr. Monteith was, absent from the neighborhood.

Some one had told me only the day before, that he had gone away, and would not be back for a week. This report, as I afterwards concluded, he had caused to be conveyed to me to avert suspicion, and to facilitate Mary's meeting him. They had met at the house of the woman whom she had agreed to visit, and who, as I afterwards found, was in the secret of what was to happen. He had had a carriage in waiting, and they had driven off together to the nearest Protestant church, where, in the presence of witnesses ready provided, they were married.

I had a slight headache that morning, and did not rise at my usual hour. When I came downstairs the clock was striking eight. Peter was in the kitchen. He looked up as I entered, with a curious, inquisitive look on his face.

"What is it Peter?" I asked, for the look struck me; but he only answered. "Nothing ma'am," and went on with his work. I waited breakfast for Mary until nine o'clock, an unheard of hour in our early household, and not till then did I begin to grow uneasy.

Nine o'clock passed, and ten, and still she did not come. Then my fears were aroused. Then I announced to Peter my intention of setting out to see what had detained her.

Again Peter looked at me with his peculiar look, and this time he drew from his pocket a letter, and handed it to me, saying as he did so:

"I think, ma'am, this will explain. I was to give it to you after ten o'clock."

It was a letter from Mary herself, telling me what she was resolved to do, and imploring my forgiveness for it.

There was no attempt to justify her conduct. She condemned herself utterly. She heaped reproaches on her guilty head; but she stated that to live without him was simply impossible; and that for her to cast him off was to consign him to utter ruin. With her and for her sake he could be strong and redeem the past; without her he was lost forever.

They remained away a fortnight. During that time I had several letters from her, and one from him. He wrote well and eloquently; but I put the letter in the flames, and would have cut off my hand rather than answer it.

I did not answer hers either. I could not. So she came back, not knowing if I would open my doors to her or speak a word of forgiveness. I saw her coming up the road in the evening alone.

O! my heart, my heart! Can I ever forget that hour?

I ran down stairs; I opened the door quickly; I folded her to my breast. Not a word did either of us speak; only our bursting sobs were heard.

They moved into their own house, and began life together as man and wife. Once for all, I had told him what

I thought of the part he had acted, then for her sake, outwardly, there was peace between us. I say outwardly, for in my heart I found it hard to forgive him; and I do not think he had ever cordially liked me, and far less now, when he had so grievously wronged me through my best beloved.

He seemed resolved to keep steady, and I believe that he sincerely loved and valued his wife, and desired to make her happy. For a time he kept to his good resolutions; then he broke out again, then again, then constantly, with only short intervals of abstinence between. A little child had been born to them during the first year,—a little tender flower, to whom both parents were passionately attached. It was not strong, and its delicate health caused them both, but particularly the mother, much anxiety. She tended it night and day with unwearied devotion. Her own health had suffered seriously in what she had undergone, both before and after her marriage, but she was never one to make much ado about herself, and less than ever now when her child required her unceasing care.

I saw her cheek growing paler and thinner day by day, and latterly a little hacking cough had begun to alarm me. But the child must be cared for, come what would. So she deprived herself of needed rest and attention in spite of all I could say or do. But it was not in human love to save the treasure early destined for the skies. God took it to Himself before it had learned to lisp the name of those who had loved it so fondly while on earth.

Are you a mother reader, or a father? Then I need not attempt to describe to you what Mary suffered, what even he, the drunken father, suffered! Alas, with him his grief but drove him to renewed excess. He drank for whole days and nights, even while his child was lying unburied in its coffin.

Oh, the anguish of those days and nights. Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow!



Hitherto Mary had been able partially to restrain him, even when intoxicated, and when to others he was wholly unmanageable, but now even she was powerless. He was a raving madman, not responsible and not to be restrained.

I pass over three years—three years which had changed my once bright and happy child into a care-worn woman. There were times even during this period when Mr. Monteith was sober for whole weeks or months, and when happiness smiled upon Mary's house; but on the whole hers was a wearing and anxious existence.

She was never secure, never quite certain that at any moment her husband might not give way to his besetting sin; and this uncertainty was fearfully trying to her health and spirits.

Then, too, his temper had become variable. When not under the influence of stimulants he gave way to frequent fits of depression or sullenness, out of which it seemed impossible to rouse him. When sober he was not intentionally unkind, but his moroseness and irritability were as hard to bear as actual unkindness.

On the whole, Mary bore with him very patiently, but there were times when even her patience was exhausted, and when bitter words passed between her and her husband.

I know that she was always humbled, always penitent, always mercilessly severe with herself after such, but that did not prevent the occasional recurrence of scenes which even now I cannot bear to think of.

Still, as I have said, there were times when happiness smiled upon the house in St. Hilaire. Times when Mr. Monteith was again the loving, lover-husband, and when Mary's sky seemed again bright with promise.

She still mourned the loss of her first-born babe; but when at the end of three years another infant came to soften the sense of loss, and to call

forth once more the mother's tender love for a helpless little one, the living child in a manner took the place of the dead.

This second child, unlike the first, was robust and healthy in an unusual degree. It was a boy, large, strong and vigorous, and full of grace and beauty.

In quite a short time it had learned to notice those about it, to laugh, to crow, to frolic in its pretty baby way. Its form might have served for the model of an infant Apollo, so perfect were its proportions, so faultless the firm, fair, rounded limbs. Mary literally idolized it, and I could not blame her. I was foolish over it myself; so was its father—so was everyone. On all sides it was pronounced an uncommonly lovely, noble boy; and as its character developed with its physical growth, it seemed to promise a mind of no ordinary calibre, accompanied by a disposition of much sweetness and a nature large and generous.

Its birth had for a time the happiest effect upon Mr. Monteith. He abandoned his bad habits altogether, and for nearly a year was not only a sober, but a prosperous and happy man. His business had constantly fluctuated with his habits. When he was intemperate and negligent, it had suffered materially, and when he was sober and diligent it had again revived.

I had spoken to Mary repeatedly, and of late to himself, to induce him to abandon a certain line of business into which he had entered, and which involved the necessity of his frequent absence from home. I believed it to be attended with danger to himself, apart from the discomfort to her; for it would lead him directly into company and places where it would be hard to resist this peculiar temptation. But neither I nor Mary could prevail upon him to give it up. He did not see the danger of it; or perhaps he did, but with the infatuation which I have often noticed in men of his stamp, he im-

aged himself, after repeated proofs to the contrary, to be morally strong enough to resist it when he chose.

"It was a paying business," he said, "and he would be a fool to abandon it."

So he went and came, and for a time it was all right. Then, as I had foreseen, there was fresh trouble.

It was a trying winter. Almost always Mr. Monteith was wholly or partially intoxicated, and his conduct was at times so violent that Mary positively trembled for the safety of herself and her child. One night, in the bitter cold, he turned them both into the street, and but for the shelter afforded by a neighbor, they must have perished; for they could not have walked from St. Hilaire to my cottage at the mountain, partially clad as they were, at that hour of the night, and in midwinter, in safety, even had Mary's strength permitted it. After this I took them both home to me for a time, Mary consenting to come because she actually trembled for her infant's life. For herself, if her husband had asked her to walk into the flames with him, I believe she would have consented. He prevailed upon her to return after a few weeks, and made as usual all sorts of promises to behave better for the future; promises in which I had not the slightest confidence, as I told her.

She went, however, and in a few weeks he had broken out again—this time with fearful consequences. It had been storming violently, and the roads were almost impassable. I had not heard from St. Hilaire for three days, and I was feeling very anxious; but owing to the roads and weather I could neither go nor send. At length the storm subsided, and I was preparing to send off Peter to inquire, when a horse labored slowly up to our door through the drifts, and one of Mr. Monteith's workmen alighted. He handed me a note. It was from Mr. Monteith, and contained but a single line: "Baby is badly hurt; come at once." I flew

rather than ran upstairs, put on my bonnet and cloak, and set off with the messenger. He could not give me any particulars. Mr. Monteith had been drinking hard, and it was said that he had struck or ill-used the child or injured it—that was the most he knew. Mr. Monteith was sober when he had given him the note, and had told him to drive for his life.

The time seemed interminable. The roads were so blocked up with snow that it was impossible to travel quickly, and to my impatient and anxious mind it appeared as if hours instead of minutes were passing. There was a terrible silence in the house when we reached it; a silence broken only by low cries and moans of pain as I drew near the baby's nursery.

I took off my things quietly and went in. Mary was seated in a low rocking chair with the child in her arms. Her face was as white as the baby's, and it was ashy pale.

Mr. Monteith was there too, and the doctor, and they were talking together in low tones. There was a look of horror and remorse on Mr. Monteith's face, and the doctor's was grave to severity.

What did it all mean? What was the extent of the horrible catastrophe?

I learned soon enough.

In a paroxysm of drunken rage the unhappy father, irritated at some supposed neglect of himself on the mother's part, had snatched the babe from her arms, and rudely attempting to carry it to its cradle, had stumbled and let it fall, and injured its spine beyond the hope of recovery.

For a time even the life of the child was despaired of, but after some months the doctors decided that though it must always remain a sufferer, it might live for many years, or even to manhood.

Early in spring the house in St. Hilaire was given up, and Mary and her little one came to reside permanently with me. My mind had been made up

from the first moment of the accident on this point. I would temporise no longer with a madman ; but I would move heaven and earth to have my child and her afflicted infant removed from him and placed in my own care.

I was prepared to go to the utmost limit of the law to effect this object, but it was not necessary. Mr. Monteith made no longer any objection. He seemed to consider that opposition on his part was no longer possible, and he consented without any demur. Indeed, I think so terrible was his remorse for the deed he had done, that he was anxious to have the barrier of my presence set up between him and his injured wife and child.

Since the event Mary had scarcely spoken to him. At first she had upbraided him wildly, bitterly, mercilessly ; and he had listened dumb with remorse, and self-convicted. Then she had settled into the cold calm of despair. She no longer reproached him with passionate words, but she shrank from him as one shrinks from a murderer. The sweetness of her nature seemed turned to gall and bitterness for him. I have seen her look at him, and then turn away with a shudder, as if the sight made her blood run cold.

I set aside a portion of the house for her use and the child's, and for Mr. Monteith's when he chose to occupy it ; for it was not my intention to shut my doors against him. Bitterly as I condemned him, I had brought myself, by wrestling for days and nights in prayer with my natural instincts, to think with a degree of forbearance of him. I could not yet forgive him. God help me, poor sinner as I was, when I looked at the child my heart seemed still to turn to stone against the father. But I wished, I earnestly endeavored to think of him more mercifully ; and I told him that as long as he was a sane man, and his wife and child were under my roof, he might, if he chose, and if Mary wished it, make his home with them when he came to

the neighborhood. For he was going away for an indefinite period.

He had decided upon this, feeling, as he said, that his presence was intolerable to his wife, and that his absence would be a relief. So he went, and Mary and her child came home to me.

The rooms I had allotted to them were upstairs, and on the other side of the passage or lobby into which my bedroom and dressing-room opened. The doctors had recommended that the child should lie as much as possible on his back, but it was difficult, nay, impracticable, to carry out this advice effectively in the case of an infant not yet two years old. The little sufferer was restless and could not keep still, and the only thing that seemed to give him comparative relief was for his mother to walk with him up and down, holding him in her arms, and soothing him as best she could.

This she did for hours by night and day in the long passage I have described.

The doctors had provided him with a support for his back, and as he constantly wore this, it added to the inconvenience of whoever carried him.

I used to wonder how Mary's weary feet bore her on ; up and down, up and down, those long, long weary days and nights for years.

The child scarcely seemed to grow at all. When I remonstrated with the mother on the habit she was giving him, she said, with a look in her face I shall never forget. "What does it matter ! It is what he likes ; and for me, he is no weight at all. I scarcely feel him in my arms."

And it was true ; but the task was none the less wearisome.

Mr. Monteith had given up his factory, given up all business operations which required his presence in the neighborhood. We had seen nothing of him since he first left. He wrote to Mary at intervals, and sent her money for her own and the child's use.

At first she had declined to accept it,

but afterwards I had persuaded her to do so. With his absence she had grown to think of him with a degree of compassion, at times almost of tenderness.

Her love for him had been put to the most cruel tests, but its original strength had preserved it from vital extinction, even in this fearful ordeal through which it had been called to pass.

It was likely now, I saw, as time in some degree was making the terrible result of her husband's madness more familiar to her mind, more a thing to be received from God as a chastisement of her own sin and folly,—for so she had come to regard it,—it was likely, I saw, that this love so cruelly tested should revive, if in a faint degree.

Mr. Monteith had gone away in the spring. Summer, autumn, and a part of the winter had passed. His letters

and remittances had continued to arrive regularly, but he had not once hinted at his own return as probable.

I could not help feeling glad of this. Unnatural as it seemed that husband and wife should continue to live apart, the peculiar circumstances of the case seemed here to make it rather to be desired than otherwise. If he returned there might be fresh trouble. Towards the close of the winter, he wrote to say that he was making preparations to go to Scotland, to visit an uncle who was unmarried and very wealthy, and who had written asking him to come, and stating that if upon a personal acquaintance he liked his nephew, it was not impossible that eventually he might remember him in his will. At the time appointed, Mr. Monteith sailed, and in due time apprised us by letter of his arrival.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE RECOLLETS AND THE JESUITS.—EARLY MISSION WORK IN ONTARIO.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

It is highly probable that when estimating the influences—secular and religious—which have contributed to our national prosperity, we are inclined to give undue credit to the more modern events, recognized as agencies of this nature. Even the comparatively recent date of the settlement of this part of Canada—scarcely a century back—represents a period seemingly so remote that the characters foremost in its history, and the deeds they enacted, are allowed to rest in thoughtless oblivion. We are too much concerned in the actual experience of the present, and in anticipating the probable results of the future, to give even a transient thought to the buried past. The world is now so filled with exciting episodes, and there exists such a feverish anxiety to gain notoriety of some kind, we easily become jealous of competition, even though the subject is exhumed from what we call our antiquity. Perhaps this predilection of character is pardonable in view of the urgent necessity for action, and the absence of wealth and leisure among the common people. There is still so much to be accomplished before we can reasonably take our place among the older nations of the earth as possessing institutions characteristic of mature thought, that we are content to “let the dead past bury its dead,” and live for the future only. The time will come, however, when we shall turn with reverential regard to the interesting history of our fathers, and of what they accomplished during the eventful period of their lives. Then, if we are honest in our conclusions, we

will find that much which we arrogated to ourselves was only borrowed honor, and that the pioneers, of whatever part they served, are entitled to more than we once thought possible. The first missionaries, who came with the Loyalists, and even preceded that noble band, were, for the most part, men of heroic minds and unflinching devotion to duty. Nothing could frighten them from the prosecution of their mission, so long as health and strength were graciously given them by the God whom they served. But the spiritual and temporal concerns of the settlers were carefully looked after, and with the Puritanical firmness and severity every violation of the moral law was withstood and reprimanded. Extreme isolation, and the effects of a kind of irresponsible life, caused many brave, strong men to swerve from the strict line of virtue and honesty, and the iron will of the devoted missionaries not unfrequently stood in the way of their ruin, and turned them again into wiser and safer paths. With a desire to do something, however trivial, towards the reclamation of a time and a people so inseparably connected with everything we have been taught to venerate with filial regard, as pertaining to our beloved country, the following has been collated from reliable resources.

It is well-known that the French, who were first in the field of American exploration and colonization, made religion a prominent object of all their efforts in this direction. It was a common saying among them, and one especially sanctioned by the Sovereign and his counsellors, that “the salvation of

one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire." Acting with cautious fidelity upon this popular belief, they zealously guarded the interests of their religious faith at every stage of conquest, and made the cross the emblem of Christianity, but the emblem also of their national domination. The natives were first made acquainted with the power and supremacy of France, but almost simultaneously they were taught the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith. Not unfrequently did it happen that the faithful priest even paved the way for the successful carrying out of important treaty stipulations; and by means of the wonderful influence exerted over the minds of the Indians by his fearless practice of (to them) mysterious rites, he greatly facilitated the designs of ambitious politicians and traders.

When Samuel Champlain was induced by the King of France to visit Canada a second time in 1615, he was accompanied thither by four priests of the Recollet order, who voluntarily offered their services for the purpose of converting to christianity the natives of the New World. This order was of Spanish origin, and made practices of self-denial and the abnegation of all worldly considerations the rule of action. Such information as we possess would lead us to the conclusion that the savages were very favorably impressed with the simple and holy example set them by these good men, and with few exceptions yielded readily to their teachings. Champlain and his successors, conscious of the great influence they exerted over the Indians, made them the *avant-courriers* of every attempt to advance the interests of France in America. In this way we can account for the extraordinary progress made by the early French colonization schemes, and the pacific termination of almost every conference with the aborigines.

The Pope granted exclusive control of all mission work in America to the

Recollets of Paris in 1618, and for several years subsequently these missionaries labored successfully among the Indians and Colonists. About 1625, the Society of Jesus sent representatives to the New World, and a marked rivalry almost immediately sprang up between the two orders. There was a wide difference in the manifest aim and pretensions of these bodies of the same church. The Recollets, as before mentioned, sought no remuneration for their labors, but were content if only their more urgent wants were supplied. In carrying out this resolution they were often exposed to extreme privations; but with a fortitude and devotion which gave them almost unlimited influence in the exercise of their spiritual functions they pushed forward to a final triumph. The Jesuits, on the other hand, were exceedingly avaricious and worldly minded. While zealously prosecuting their mission labors, they permitted no opportunity to pass unimproved that promised an increase to their temporal powers. In this way they soon became possessed of considerable property; and so strong was the opposition they exerted towards the more humble Recollets, that the latter were forced to withdraw from the country after nearly half a century of successful labor. It is stated, however, that they returned in 1670, and were welcomed by the natives with manifestations of great favor. During the remainder of French rule in Canada, there was an almost unceasing strife between the Recollets and Jesuits, and the scenes of agitation and excitement were in strange contrast with the professed object of their mission. The ruling authorities, it seems, were inclined to propitiate the favor of the more influential party, irrespective of any principle involved. Such vacillating action was, perhaps, excusable in view of the exigencies of the times. The Indians were naturally hostile to any interference by Europeans, and could not be relied upon with any degree

of safety in treaty stipulations. The Recollets, however, steadily declined in influence, owing no doubt, to the more aggressive policy pursued by their rivals the Jesuits, and were, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, excluded from the councils of state entirely.

Francis de Laval, of the distinguished house of Montmorency, was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Canada, being so constituted about 1670. Under his able, and some say unscrupulous, direction, the Jesuits rapidly advanced their interests and influence, although a large proportion of the people were adverse to their usurpation of temporal power and imposition of tithes. As early as 1665, they had so far assumed the control of secular as well as religious affairs as to cause the recall of the Governor, whose policy was obnoxious to them. From that date, or a short time afterwards, the bishops and priests of this order made it imperative that their interests should be consulted whenever any project of public concern was under consideration, and never failed to make the most of the chances offered for improving their condition. But, notwithstanding the selfish purposes and ambitious projects thus disclosed, it must be conceded that to these early Catholic missionaries we are indebted for the most reliable and interesting information relating to the primitive history of Canada. That they were mostly men of an indomitable will, and with an intelligence eminently fitting them for the great work entrusted to their care, is abundantly evident from records left for our inspection. They shrank not from the most perilous undertakings, and were foremost in every attempt to unveil the secrets of a vast wilderness world. Often exposed to the treachery and vindictiveness of the Indians, without any protection whatever but the symbol of their holy calling, they resolutely faced the danger and fell a sacrifice to savage passion. Their sufferings, during long and exceedingly

wearisome journeys through a wild and unknown country, cannot be recounted at this remote date; but we can appreciate the spirit that actuated such heroic examples and the beneficial results that ensued. When Champlain undertook his wonderful feat (wonderful when time and circumstances are considered) of ascending the Ottawa river from its confluence with the St. Lawrence to the region of its source in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing and the Georgian Bay, he was accompanied by two of the Recollet priests, who came with him from France a short time previous. It is impossible at this time to gauge with sufficient accuracy the beneficial results of that journey, or how much we owe to the heroism and example of those priests. Certain it is that almost immediately afterwards an extended and active scheme for evangelizing the natives, and introducing among them an enlightened policy, was adopted.

Champlain and his retinue returned by way of the river Trent and Bay of Quinté, and so favorably impressed were himself and followers with the country, and the people they found inhabiting it, that a mission was at once determined upon. It is even claimed by some writers that one of the priests remained with the Indians of the Bay, and was thus instrumental in founding that "antient mission," subsequently mentioned by Father Picquet. Communications were at once established with this and even more western stations, and a systematized plan for converting the natives was definitely arranged. This brings us to the Upper Canada missions of the Roman Catholic Church, properly so called, the rather circumlocutory introduction being necessary, owing to the way history was made in those early days of French rule.

When M. de Courcelles ascended the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Cataract, in 1571, (he being the first European to do so,) he was received at the

latter place by thousands of Indians, who had assembled to welcome him; and, we are told "sent messages to the few missionaries residing among the Indians." This was more than fifty years after the first visit made by Champlain, and during the interval missions had been established not only in the vicinity of the Bay, but at other points much further west. A "chappel" of some importance is frequently mentioned in records relating to that time, and there has been considerable speculation about the exact locality where it was situated. It was not at Catarauqui, for La Salle, in his petition for a grant of Fort Frontenac and adjacent seigniory, in 1674, agreed to build a church "when there will be one hundred persons." The "chappel" referred to was in existence some time previous to this event, and must have been built exclusively for the Indians converted to Christianity. More recent discoveries at a place known as the "Indians' Burying Ground," near the Carrying Place, at the head of the Bay of Quinté, induced many to believe that it was somewhere in that vicinity. Several curiosities in the shape of crosses and other emblems of Christianity have been unearthed at different times, and the fact that a burying-ground of very remote date existed near by strengthened this belief. Father Picquet, in his *Memoirs* of the time referred to, speaks of the site as being very beautiful, but that the soil was not good. The distance across the isthmus, or "Carrying Place," as the Indians named it, from the Bay to Lake Ontario, is only one mile and a half; and at that early date, when the primeval forest waved in almost unbroken grandeur, the scene must have been highly picturesque and enticing. The soil, however, is not fertile, being shallow and filled with limestone. All these circumstances would seem to confirm the belief that the "antient mission," with its interesting "chappel," was

located at or near the Carrying Place. The first regular missionaries to the Bay of Quinté, subsequent to Champlain's visit, of whom we have any account, were D'Kleus and D'Urfe. It was the latter, with the "Captains of the Five Nations," and an immense retinue of friendly Indians, who met Courcelles at Catarauqui, in 1571.

Far in advance of settlement, or any attempt at a systematic exploration of the country, the zealous missionaries pushed forward their work of evangelization, and encountered untold hardships among a savage and often hostile people. Within a few years from the time of the establishment of a mission at the Bay of Quinté, similar and equally as successful attempts were made at Penetanguishene, Detroit, Michilimacnac, and even at Duquesne and the very borders of the English possessions of the Atlantic coast.

The discovery of the great Mississippi river, by Europeans, was made by priests in the interest of their religious projects, in 1673. The ambitious and energetic La Salle, with the devoted Father Hennepin, soon afterwards traced this mighty river to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, and formally took possession of the whole country through which it flowed in the name of France. Perseveringly, and with a sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of their work, these resolute Jesuit priests continued to advance, until a chain of mission posts stretched from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and their influence throughout this vast region was almost unlimited.

It was in 1748, when the noted Francis Picquet, of whom we have before spoken, began the work of founding a mission near the river Oswegotchie, and where the city of Ogdensburgh now stands. The main object of this mission—aside from the general purposes of all such efforts—is said to have been the alienation of the Iroquois from the English, and an alli-



ance of their interests with those of the French. How far the wily priest succeeded in his political schemes history fully attests: but it may be questioned whether the native perfidy of the Iroquois, even after their professed conversion, did not prove more injurious than helpful to the cause of French domination in the New World. At any rate, we know that the mission of "La Presentation," under the able management of Father Picquet, continued with variable success for many years, and was, doubtless, the direct means of strengthening the hands of Gov. Vaudreuil in 1751. The priests, with their accustomed forethought and cunning, were not slow in recognizing the superior intelligence, as well as less reliability of character, of the Iroquois, and the major portion of their time was devoted to well-devised plans for gaining their confidence and conciliating them in favor of French rule. When the final struggle for supremacy between England and France began in 1755, the influence of Father Picquet and his mission work served no inconsiderable part in staying the downfall of the latter. It is true that many of the most powerful Iroquois Chiefs, whose aid was confidently relied on by France when emergencies arose, were found allied with the enemy, and using the important information they had been favored with for furthering the English cause. But many remained faithful to the priests, and followed with avidity the fortunes of the French to the bitter end. Father Picquet was the most active of all the agents to sustain France, and when the last resource proved unavailing, he left his beloved mission, ascended the Bay of Quinté, and by gradual progress from one station to another, succeeded in reaching New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississippi, in 1760. He finally returned to France, and died on the 15th July, 1781, and is known in French ecclesiastical history as the "Apostle of the Iroquois."



## TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," ETC.

(Continued).

"Myrtle, look, will I send Tom's red ball away or keep it to help me?"

"Send it away by all means. If you miss, he plays that ball next."

"Keep it, Kitten. I will always help you along," and Tom meant it. But she sent it spinning across the ground.

"Don't refuse a good offer, ma'am," he said with a droll laugh, as he strode after the distant ball.

As fortune would have it, Tom had a holiday that afternoon. The people were obliging enough to do without his skill, so they croqueted away the bright hours until Philip was seen coming up through the meadow with Mr. Trevor. They parted at the stile, and across the wilderness of buttercups and daisies, came the sound of Henry's cheerful whistle as he tramped on to be met and hugged and kissed at the garden-gate by the little heirs and heiresses.

Myrtle watched Philip with different eyes (Kitten had opened them) as he came through the side-way, and towards the young people on the lawn. He looked tired to-night, and the old frown was on his brow; but he smiled when Kitten danced toward him saying, "Oh, I'm glad you are come. We two girls have been playing against Tom and he is dreadfully beaten. Let us have a four-hand game!"

"I am willing. Myrtle and I against you and Tom."

"Well," said Kitten reluctantly; "but Tom and I always fight."

"You must teach him to be more agreeable, Kitten. Will you start, Myrtle, please?"

The game went on, Philip and Myrtle playing harmoniously, and Tom

and Kitten squabbling over every trifle. When they finished Tom said, "Will you come and see Billy and Fannie." He had his old love for pets, and two wild deer had been added to his stock. They were kept in a little park fenced in near the river, close by the chair in the maple.

"Very well." Kitten ran away, and Tom followed leisurely, leaving Myrtle and Philip alone.

"Are you going in?" he asked.

"Yes, Aunt wants me to write out some more labels for her preserves. I had better do it before tea."

"They can wait," he replied quietly, with that undertone of firmness which made people obey.

Myrtle felt awkward. She had always been so perfectly at ease, so frank and friendly with her guardian.

"Just a few words, Myrtle," he continued gravely. "Aunt Theresa could have told you, but now that I have an opportunity I may tell you." What was he going to say? What had she done?

Myrtle grasped the mallet which she still held tighter, and finally sat plump down on one of the many seats scattered about. Mr. Douglass was silent a few moments, and then leaning against a rustic flower-stand, he idly examined a faded rose, which he took from the button-hole where Chickie Trevor had put it in the morning.

"Guy Irving came to the office to-day: I suppose you know why?" Myrtle did not answer. He waited a few moments and then said:

"Of course you please yourself. Aunt and I have no business to interfere in a matter of this kind." Although Philip did not like Guy, still there was

nothing known unfavorable to him. If Myrtle chose him, very well.

"I told Guy so; only, Myrtle," and his voice, that firm, melodious voice, was earnest with feeling, "you are like one of ourselves now. We cannot let you go without knowing how very pleasant you have made your stay with us. As a sincere friend, I want you to consider well. It is rather a serious undertaking, and there *ought* to be an attachment that will stand the test of everything."

Myrtle glanced up, wanting to say something and not knowing what to say, for the kind, handsome eyes were gazing down at hers with a mixture of regret and pity.

"Mr. Douglass," she said with an effort, "I did not say yes to Guy. He had no right to say I had."

"Perhaps he thought so, Myrtle. Aunt and I have believed it would be so. Guy has never made a secret of his preference."

At this moment Kitten and Tom came racing over the grass.

"As light-hearted as children," thought Philip, going in and down the hall to his "den." It was not quite tea hour yet, and he opened the desk in which he thought he had placed Myrtle's papers, and which he judged would soon pass from his keeping. He turned them over in haste. "Marion's letters!" he ejaculated softly. "I had forgotten about them." He smoothed them out with a kind, tender touch and placed them in the desk. Then got up and walked backwards and forwards until the bell rang. Just as he was leaving the room, he noticed a portrait which had fallen on the floor. He stooped, and took it up gently, and looked compassionately on the fair face of a bright-eyed girl with rosy lips and long fair hair. "I looked to a frail human being for perfections which humanity does not possess—made her an idol, and was punished."

The tea bell rang again louder. Without waiting to close the desk, Mr.

Douglass hurried away to his room before joining the rest.

"What keeps Mr. Douglass, I wonder?" said Kitten to Tom, as she pranced behind her chair.

"He is busy in his printing-room; I heard the papers rustling," said Tom.

"I will go and call him," and Kitten darted down into the deserted room.

"Gone, eh? I guess he is upstairs combing his hair. What piles of books! and oh there is a picture! Oh what a lovely girl! Looks a little like Olive Irving; I must run and ask Tom who it is."

Off she flew.

"Who is this beauty?" she cried bursting in, as Tom, Myrtle and Miss Douglass were sitting down. She held it up high, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"It's Marion," said Tom glancing at Myrtle.

"Where did you get that, my dear?" asked Miss Douglass, with a tremor in her voice.

"On Mr. Douglass's table. Isn't she lovely? Is she his sister?"

"No dear. Put it where you found it. It is Marion Rayburn's picture, Tom's sister."

"Dear! dear! I've done wrong now," said blundering Kitten as she went to replace the picture. "Tom's sister! How queer, I thought he had no friends. Perhaps she was a sweetness of Mr. Douglass. Perhaps she is dead, who knows? Tom said once that he would never marry; but surely, surely I'm not mistaken,—he does care for Myrtle."

"Come for a sail, girls. It's a splendid evening, and it's not often you have me for company," said Tom.

"I'm ready," said Kitten. "Come, Myrtle, do," persuaded she as they left the table after a quiet meal. Mr. Douglass had not made his appearance.

"I will go down on the shore, I'm not in a humor for a sail," said Myrtle in a constrained tone.

"Very well," said Tom in a disappointed voice. "I wish Myrtle was like herself," he whispered to Kitten as they went down the orchard.

"You float round and I will sit here until you come back," said Myrtle, selecting a mossy bank and seating herself.

"Heaps of trouble on the old lady's mind," said Kitten when they were out of hearing.

"I wish Guy was in the Cannibal Islands," was Tom's kindly remark. "You see Aunt and Philip both think only of Myrtle's happiness. We all are so fond of her. I wish some one would put a stop to it."

"Will I let out the line now?" asked Kitten.

"Yes, steady, not so fast. Look! Who is that coming down the path by the deer park?"

"Its Guy! true as I'm here! Won't Myrtle be sorry she stayed! I only hope he won't wheedle her into saying yes. He can put on such melancholy airs."

"Tom."

"Yes."

"Did you ever stay at the Irvings'?"

"Yes, why? When Gerald was home."

"Well, hasn't Guy two sets of manners? He wears one at home and one when he goes out, like his Sunday-coat."

"Just so. How do you find out about people?"

"Oh, I know Guy right off straight. Doesn't he scold Olive, and twit the rest? He is clever and he knows it well. Thinks he has a pile of judgment, and has perfect liberty at home to make them fly round. Is very deferential to ladies abroad—that is, if they are swells. He would not be polite to a wash-woman, the way Mr. Douglass is. Is lazy in the morning, and would not mind coming to breakfast without his collar, providing there was no company. Keeps a topsy-turvy room, and yet expects everything to be spandy

nice. Likes people to wait on him. Thinks a woman's mind should be inferior to a man's. Likes to be flattered, wheedled, and have compliments. Is always watching people to see who is clever and who is not. Thinks he is a power. The powers are those who esteem themselves of little or no value, like Mr. Douglass for instance. He *is* a power—a majesty of mind—a perfect man, nobly made—a fit work for the indwelling of an earnest, grand heart."

"Bravo! three cheers for Kitten," cried Tom, clapping his hands; "why you are a witch. You have him all off. Still we must not be too hard on the poor beggar. He *will* be a great man, there is no doubt, for his talents are something wonderful. Have you a bite? Haul in then."

Between them they pulled in a large perch, and after a while floated towards shore.

"There! they see us, and are going away," said Kitten.

"I hope he won't stay all the evening," grumbled Tom.

When they reached the sidewalk by the rose bushes they heard a murmur of voices on the verandah.

"Come, we will take this fish to Rosalie and hunt up Aunt," said Tom.

They found Miss Douglass in the cellar, storing away preserves.

"That little tin dish on the third shelf, Tom," said his aunt, laughing.

"I never thought of that, Aunt. I had almost forgotten the old practice. You remember, Rosalie?" he asked, turning laughingly to the French girl, who was assisting Miss Douglass.

"Yes, I'm vary sure. You spoil good many deshes of cream dere."

"That was last summer," said Tom to Kitten, "when I was at home. Maud, Arthur, Myrtle and I used to go sailing. Then when we came back we used to come down here and eat bread and cream. Man! those were the palmy days. Are you coming soon, Aunt?"

"In a little while, Tom. Don't wait for me."

"Why, where do you suppose they are?" said Tom, as they reached the front.

"There is Guy riding away on horseback. Oh, I bet three crooked pins he's got the mitten."

"Your bets are heavy," but Kitten was gone, and, rushing up to Myrtle's room, she found her sitting by the window watching the sunset."

"Oh! Myrtle," cried Kitten.

"He's gone!" was the short reply.

"For good?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Myrtle!" and Kitten heaved a sigh of relief, then sat down, and like a soft-hearted girl that she was, scolded herself, cried for very gladness, got up and hugged her friend, and finally, unable to contain her jubilant feelings, she flew to impart the news to Tom, who, as in olden times, was seated at the piano whistling and accompanying himself to "Paddle Your Own Canoe."

"Tom! Tom!"

"Yes! Yes!"

"It's all gone sky high. I told you so."

"No!" Tom stopped playing and looked excited.

"Honest, I guess he is gone to break his neck or shoot himself. Ain't I glad!"

"Glad for her and sorry for him," said Tom with a sudden compassion unknown to him in those affairs.

"I don't know what to do, I feel so light. Let me play a jig, Tom, and you get your bones."

Tom produced them from his pocket, and kept rattling time to "Pop goes the weasel."

"How merry you are, children!" said Miss Douglass, coming in to beam on the happy pair, who were still rejoicing.

"We are having an 'oh be joyful,' Aunt. Rest your dear heart, Myrtle has concluded that she is o'er young to marry yet. Guy has got the mitten, poor old fellow."

Miss Douglass's face lighted up, and she walked hastily to the window, saying,

"Tom, are you sure? Where is Philip?"

"One of the booms broken, Aunt, so Martineau says; Philip has gone with Henry. What is it, Rosalie?"

"Its Mess Kitten, if she's not going for to walk on de fresh air ainy now, will she come for de kitchen?" asked Rosalie eagerly, as she stood outside in the hall.

"There, Kitten! Now for some more love and lunacy," whispered Tom as Rosalie vanished.

"She is in a great way to get another letter written, Kitten. I'm afraid the last had no effect," explained Miss Douglass.

"It was only last week that I wrote one," said Kitten, laughing. The poor man hasn't had time to answer her. Myrtle is in no humor for a moonlight prow, so I guess I will go and ease Rosalie's soul instead of walking on the fresh air."

Kitten ran away. Tom sobered down and had a long conversation with his Aunt, and then sauntered down to his lodgings in the village, wishing with all his heart that people would not grow up, and pass into other worlds of thought and will, instead of the old comfortable boy-and-girl region.

Meanwhile, Kitten sat in the kitchen with a lengthened visage, gravely writing at Rosalie's dictation to her (Rosalie's) garçon, for Frenchmen are boys until they marry.

"I'll pile on the agony," thought Kitten, so she began:

"Fairest and dearest under the sun, (this delighted Rosalie.)

"I am vairy lonesoam for to see you once again. I tink of you all de day and dream purty oftain in de night. Pierre Martineau he's come sometimes for to spark me, but I tell him I marry you bien-by; he say you hav anoder girl. Dat's one big lie I tinks. He say you laugh to de shanty last winter and you

say, 'Ough, Rosalie Minette! me no care for her.' If you want for to laugh you can laugh. Martineau he say he want me to marry him. Martineau he's one good boy. I like Martineau. If you yet stick to your promise, well, write one letter to de care of 'Cumseth Hall.' If you don't, well, you can take your oder girl,—I don't want you I'm purty sure. Good-bye till the next time. Write soon to your

"Ever adorable

"ROSALIE."

This last was added by Kitten, and Rosalie gazed on the letter as if it were a master-piece of epistolary composition.

"Dat will bring him to here in one jerk," giggled the French girl with a wideawake look. "Me don't like Martineau, Ough no. He's only chore-boy. Me like dat boy I write to best, but he's vairy slow for to speak his mind. When he's read this, he's tink, Mon Dieu! she's go take the oder fellow, den dat'll give him some speart, you see, Miss Kitten."

"I see," said Kitten; "if all comes square, you must ask me to your wedding and treat me to pea-soup, eh, Rosalie?" and she laughed heartily as she tripped away to tell Miss Douglass of Rosalie's method of bringing a young gentleman to the point; for to use Tom's words, "he had been hanging around the kitchen and glancing shyly at the divinity therein for above two years."

"What a funny old world it is! After all, it's just as well I ain't the loving kind. They want some one to keep cool," laughed Kitten to herself, as she rolled into bed and fell fast asleep, after conquering a strong inclination to moan and weep a little because the hard, lonely days were fast coming.

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

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"Miss Kitten."

"Yes, Percy, what is it?"

"My Ma wants you to visit a little while this morning."

"All right, Percy." And Kitten laid aside "David Copperfield," and with her thoughts full of "Aunt Betsy Trotwood" challenged Percy for a race, and chased imaginary "donkeys" to the gates, which she, fleet-footed girl, reached first.

"That is healthy exercise, Miss Kitten," said Mr. Trevor, who was going down toward the short cut to the office.

"Yes, indeed. Come Percy, you will be a man before me, so don't feel so bad," she added as the discomfited lad came panting to her side.

After a look at the rabbits to comfort the vanquished young man, Kitten entered the house.

"Come up here, Kitten, will you, please," called Mrs. Trevor's blythe voice. The young girl ran nimbly up to the pleasant front-room, a kind of home sitting-room, where the books and papers were kept. Mrs. Trevor was sitting by the window darning stockings. Just as Kitten reached her side she saw Mr. Trevor away over in the fields waving his handkerchief. Mrs. Trevor, who was watching, laughed, and shook hers briskly.

"What do you do that for, Mrs. Trevor? I see you every morning."

"It's just a way we have, Kitten, of saying good-bye. We are as foolish as the day we were married." Mrs. Trevor blushed and looked so girlish and blooming that Kitten gave her a warm little peck on the cheek, saying,

"I guess you are different from most people then; all the married folks I know get over that kind of thing. They spat, and say sharp things. I like your way best."

"It's the way you will do, eh, Kitten?" teasingly.

"I!" innocently said Kitten. "My way! I guess I won't get married. I can't bear those people who get married to have homes, and I'm not the loving

kind. Still I don't think old maids are sweet, like Miss Baxter or what my Aunt Betty used to be. Oh, I forgot, there is Miss Gamble, she is nice. Oh well," she added with the old independent spirit, "I can paddle my own canoe, as Tom says; but do you know, Mrs. Trevor, I never like to hear girls say, 'Oh I'm going to be an old maid,' when in their heart they mean not to be if they can help it. I suppose if I liked any one—but I never did yet,—and he liked me best, I'd be stupid; but if I didn't I'd have Kitten Airlie only on my tombstone. Let me help you to darn."

Mrs. Trevor laughed indulgently, and Kitten cried, "What heaps of little fellows. Goody! how do you ever manage them all?" She grabbed a needle and set to work with energy.

"Do you like darning, Mrs. Trevor?"

"Not much, Kitten. It has to be done you know. Those rebels wear out heels and toes in no time."

"Percy said you wanted me," said Kitten. "I hope it's to take the children for a walk. I won't have many more with them." She winked hard over Daisy's little striped stocking, and tried hard to check "that lump," and those "hot-aches" coming in her eyes. It all seemed so hard to leave Heathfield with its kind friends and pleasant associations."

"You like the little rebels then, Kitten."

"Love them from my heart, Mrs. Trevor," and in an ecstasy of fervor she kissed the holey little stocking.

"I knew you did, Kitten. Bless their little hearts!"

"Bless them all over, every inch of them," cried Kitten. "Did you ever hear a piece called 'The Children,?'"

"No dear. Do you know it?"

"Yes. I'll say it for you. Its just what I like," and Kitten in her touching way began the lines:

"When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,

And the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good night, and be kissed;  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace;  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

'And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood too lovely to last—  
Of love that my heart will remember,  
When it wakes to the pulse of the past—  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin,  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

"Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them;  
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;  
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child.

"They are idols of heart and of household—  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still glows in their eyes.  
Oh, those truants from home and from Heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know how Jesus could liken  
The Kingdom of God to a child.

"I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the light of the sun.  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayers would bound back to myself.  
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

"The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge—  
They have taught me the goodness of God.  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness  
When I shut them from breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient protection,  
My love is the law of the school.

"I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,  
That meet me each noon at the door!

I shall miss the 'good night' and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me,

"I shall miss them at noon, and at eve,  
Their song in the school and the street ;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And Death says, 'The school is dismissed,'  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good night, and be kissed."

When she ceased, with a little quiver  
in her voice at the last, she bent still  
more tenderly over the work in her  
hand, thinking of the past summer and  
how often the "tramp of their delicate  
feet" had accompanied her in the  
pleasant rambles through the hay and  
forest.

"Those are beautiful thoughts,  
Kitten," said Edith Trevor softly, "and  
I can echo with all my heart.

"I ask not a life for the dear ones  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun."

"I remember the words now.  
Gerard wrote them in my scrap-book.  
He said they would just go to the heart  
of a motherly old hen like Edith.  
Thank you, Kitten, you have recited  
them so sweetly that I shall not forget  
them quickly. Why, what is it, child?"  
Stony-hearted Kitten was actually in a  
melting mood, and was bedewing  
Daisy's stocking and a ball of yarn  
with her pearly drops.

"There, I'm a goose," said she,  
stiffening herself up and wiping her  
eyes with a corner of her muslin apron.  
"A regular cry-baby. I'm going back to  
Hayton next week, Mrs. Trevor, and  
its kind of lonesome, when one has no  
people of their own; and I went and fell  
in love with all you, down here, espe-  
cially the little fellers. I always liked  
youngsters, better most than big folks.  
Uncle Joe had such cunning, nice  
children. They were all I had to like  
and to like me when Grandpa lived.

Now I like yours. Children are more  
honest than big people. They don't  
pretend to love a body unless they do."

"Rather too honest for some people's  
taste," said Mrs. Trevor with a sparkle in  
her violet eyes. "I heard Tessie tell-  
ing Miss Baxter yesterday that she was  
not pretty enough to have any nice  
little babies, and that was why her  
Mamma had a heap of them, and Miss  
Baxter had none."

"Oh, did she though? What did  
Miss Baxter say?"

"As Tom would say 'she sniffed,'  
and replied that it was a blessed thing  
to be ugly."

"The old sinner!" said Kitten; "I  
wonder if she has a heart."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Trevor, with a  
sudden shadow on her bright, sweet  
face. "Ask Tom if she has or not.  
He knows more of Miss Baxter than  
any one does. She is always gentle to  
Daisy, but Tessie annoys her. Now,  
Kitten dear, I want to talk of something  
else and somebody else. Perhaps Mr.  
Douglass told you that we had had a  
very kind remembrance from Henry's  
uncle."

"Tom told us. Isn't it jolly, Mrs.  
Trevor? He was just old peaches and  
cream to die and leave you his money,"  
was the enthusiastic reply.

"Gently, dear. The poor old gentle-  
man had a lonely life. I wish he had  
enjoyed his money more while he lived.  
As it is, I don't know as it is best for  
my little boys and girls to grow up with  
a prospect of being rich."

Kitten opened her big brown eyes in  
marked surprise as she ejaculated,

"Mrs. Trevor!"

"Money is all very well, Kitten," was  
the gentle reply. "Only it is only  
given to us as stewards, and unless  
Henry and I train the boys and girls to  
use it faithfully, perhaps it will be a  
curse instead of a blessing."

"Why you wouldn't have them  
give all away, Mrs. Trevor?"

"No dear, but I would have them



put it to the best use. Besides, I think it is not better for boys especially to have money laid up for them. The boys who have to work their own way up in life, and who are not petted in the lap of luxury, on the whole, make the best men. Those poor boys with right impulses and sturdy energy, who climb bravely up, make the solid men. I always think too of what your friend Miss Gamble said to us once when she spent a vacation with Myrtle,—not that it had anything to do with money strictly speaking, but it struck me at the time and I've thought of it since. It referred to one of the duties of those who have young minds under their guidance. Arthur Fletcher had just returned from England, full of English ideas, and much in love with its exquisite beauty. One day he spoke slightly of Canada in comparison, and of how very miserable it looked to him after his sojourn abroad. I saw the color rising in Miss Gamble's face; but she was still a little while, and then she said in that easy way of hers:

“Mr. Fletcher, I was trained in a conservative school, and of course my feelings tend that way; but I don't like to hear our country disparagingly mentioned, more especially by one who was born here. It depends on the men in this country to make it a noble land. If every little boy was trained to think that he had something to do with its future, and if he grew up to practise faithfully the teaching, then Canada would soon rank high. It depends on ourselves, Mr. Fletcher.”

“That is just like Miss Gamble,” said Kitten. “Saysome more, Mrs. Trevor; I like your speeches.”

Mrs. Trevor laughed, and nodded to the boys—Percy and Harry—who were walking on the fence.

“There, then, Kitten, are two men in the embryo. You see they must go

under training, and Henry and I want to do it wisely. Before we knew about the money we had made our plans. We began with them when they were but babies. That is one reason why I have the nursery as it is. Growing up as they are doing, surrounded by pretty pictures, and everything right and proper, we thought we could early mould their natures and soften them for a love of everything beautiful. I want to have their home so charming, so thoroughly a home, that it will be a safe harbor for them. When I think of the world before them, the boys especially, ‘the paths steep and stony,’ then the awful responsibility of my charge comes up before me. Henry is away a great deal, but I am with them all the time. They look to us for examples, but I must not talk so old-fashionedly to you. All I want now is to know if you will come and live with us and teach the girls and boys.”

“I!! Mrs. Trevor, I teach your children!”

“Yes, dear, wouldn't you like it?”

“Oh, Mrs. Trevor—like it! You are not fooling, are you, only? I'm not dreaming, am I?” Kitten rubbed her eyes and looked bewildered.

“No. You are wide awake,” said Mrs. Trevor, beaming at her, but her words were cut short, for impulsive, loving Kitten cried and kissed her, danced round, and laughed little jerky laughs with more heart than music.

“Kitten! Kitten! You must be dignified, if you are going to be school marm,” said Edith merrily, as she smoothed her bonnie brown hair, which the tear-away Kitten had tossed with her raptures.

“Yes, yes; but just to think! Hurrah! I'm not going back to Hayton! Let me shout, will you?”

“No, you will wake the baby. You can shout to your heart's content when you go home to the Hall.”

## IRON MINING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY J. W. SPENCER, B.A.SC., MINING ENG.

Iron Mining on Lake Superior dates back only to 1844, to which date may be assigned five years later, the real discovery of iron ore, and the formation of the Jackson Iron Mining Company. Henceforth there was an impetus given to explorations. The whole Upper Peninsula of Michigan was surveyed and laid out into townships. Many companies were organized for the opening up of the mines, which, isolated as they were from the east, was necessarily a slow operation. The nearest mines to the lake were twelve miles distant, with an almost inaccessible country intervening, consisting of rocky hills, destitute of vegetation, and of densely wooded valleys, and having the ground strewn with boulders. Again, this region was a long way from the market, with the navigation impeded by the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie. However, three or four small sailing vessels were put on Lake Superior, and a tram-road was built to transfer the merchandise past the rapids between Lakes Huron and Superior. A road was built from Marquette to Negaunee and Ishpaning, but it was not till 1854 that it was covered with planks, and large docks constructed at Marquette. In 1857 this road was superseded by the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon Railroad, running along the iron range westward, being built as far as L'Anse, sixty-five miles from Marquette, and along which there are now nearly forty mines. When the Sault Ste. Marie canal was completed in 1855, and henceforth there was uninterrupted navigation of the Upper Lakes, then this great isolation ceased, and the mining indus-

tries grew rapidly. In 1865 the Chicago and Northwestern Railway extended a branch from Escanaba, on Green Bay, Lake Michigan, to connect with the railway to Marquette, thus binding to the civilized world, by means of the iron tie, the richest iron mines known. Now, in place of the three or four sailing vessels of a quarter of a century ago, there are large fleets of vessels and scores of steam barges, some of these carrying 1,200 to 1,600 tons burden, all engaged in the iron ore traffic alone, besides which there are several lines of propellers carrying the general merchandise of the country.

The iron industry has grown to an enormous extent, employing many thousand men, directly, besides the large number who live indirectly by the mines. In 1874 there were thirty-six mines and seventeen blast furnaces which produced 934,490 tons of ore valued at \$5,058,979, besides 90,496 tons of pig iron valued at \$2,533,822, half of which was shipped from Marquette and the remainder from Escanaba, on Green Bay, and from L'Anse on Keweenaw Bay.

The principal iron mines of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan are situated along a range of hills running nearly parallel with the shore of Lake Superior from Marquette Bay to Keweenaw Bay (Keewainonaw), being a few miles south. The geological age of the iron-bearing rocks has been determined to be that of the *Huronian Series*. The ores are in beds, but these are contorted, faulted and broken, and to the casual observer it is almost impossible to see any definite structure; and indeed

the geologist has often much difficulty, the whole sometimes appearing almost as if the mass in a plastic condition had been imperfectly mixed in some gigantic basin. The ores are of various kinds and textures, as *magnetite*, *micaceous*, *lamellar*, *granular*, and *massive hematite*; and various *limonites* are found.

As to the mode of mining it is scarcely mining at all, being rather a sort of quarrying. The mines are nearly all at the surface, or perhaps on the side of a hill, and the ore is simply quarried out and shipped directly on the cars. Going among the mines, the visitor sees here an occasional engine house, near which he finds a great yawning abyss, with men like pigmies, moving to and fro at the bottom. In opening up these mines originally there was no necessity for applying the art of true mining; the ore was there at the surface and need only be taken away. But as time went on with the workings, great quantities of overhanging rocks were under-cut without leaving supports more than a *pilar*. The consequence was that sometimes thousands of tons of useless rock fell into the workings, and had to be removed at great expense, even if the lives of the miners were not taken. Also in winter the miners are obliged to work unsheltered from the rigors of the cold climate, and in summer there is little protection from storms.

The water which accumulates in the mines from the various sources requires to be taken out by large pumps, which seldom cease to work. One of the sources of the water could be avoided if they were underground—that from the snows and rains.

The ore is raised from the pits on inclined railroads, in *skips* similar to those used in the copper regions. Some companies are beginning to work their deposits in a proper mining fashion, and as the day of quarrying is fast passing, there will be of necessity a rich field for the scientific engineer.

Turning now from the mine to the mining community, we find that there is nearly as great a variety of nationalities represented here as in the copper regions. Wave after wave of people have succeeded each other, the earlier being of a decidedly low type. The owner of one mine made a statement that about fifteen years ago the village adjacent to his property had, shortly after it was opened, eighty-five houses, of which seventy-five were important saloons, having subsidiary boarding houses. The men were almost all unmarried, and numbered 1,100, while as parasites around them, there were no less than four hundred abandoned women, who had followed in the van of adventure.

At the end of a year or two, the advance of civilization drove the first wave to lave another shore, yet the next wave was but little better. Again the second and third waves passed, leaving some reformed men, and now there is scarcely a man who has not a home of his own, and the population has become settled.

Ishpaning, fifteen miles from Marquette, and Negaunee, twelve miles from the same port, are towns of four or five thousand people each—these two places being the chief centres of the iron industry, around each there being several large mines. These places though much improved are burdened with saloons, as in certain of the copper mining towns. I was informed that in Ishpaning there was a saloon for every sixty or sixty-five persons, and here many of the miners spend all their money and time. Time will probably reform much of these evils, and as the population now is not floating, and with the good schools for the children, public opinion will change; yet there is but little unity of action where there is such a mixed population, each nationality retaining its own habits. Among the larger mines around these towns may be mentioned the Cleveland, Lake

Superior, Champion, New York, Bar-num, Jackson and others. Some of these ship from 50,000 to 100,000 tons of ore per annum.

To close the subject of the iron regions, I will notice Marquette. This city is situated on a bay of the same name, which had been given in honor of the Jesuit missionary Marquette, who founded the mission of Sault Ste. Marie as early as 1668. The bay is very beautiful, and is a body of water of considerable size and of crescent shape, with hills rising above hills surrounding it, covered with a varied foliage. The city is built on three steps or terraces, with the irregular hills rising about it and commanding a fine view. Few places of the size can boast of as many fine buildings, while the population does not exceed 7,000 souls. The city boasts of water works and is lighted with gas. Marquette is the most important town on Lake Superior, and has become quite a favorite resort in summer. Just east of the city is a blast furnace, whose lofty flames can be seen far sea-ward, beautifully illuminating the waters of the bay. Two very large docks have been built here for the iron trade, the cars emptying the ore into bins, which again are emptied direct into the vessels. One of these ore-docks is about a quarter of a mile long. The ore is shipped from here principally to Cleveland, and is smelted with the coal of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the empty vessels are loaded with coal or limestone which is brought back as ballast. Of the seventeen furnaces in the iron regions the larger number reduce the ore by charcoal, making a finer quality of iron, but which is most destructive to the forests. Owing to the purity of the charcoal-iron of Lake Superior, it is quite equal in quality to the Swedish iron.

The silver interests of the south shore of Lake Superior, have during the past season received a fresh impetus in Ontonagon County. Several veins of *silver glance* have been discovered, yield-

ing from thirty to forty dollars worth of silver per ton. One mine has been opened, and it is probable that still more will be opened shortly.

Native silver in connection with the native copper must not be overlooked. In many of the copper mines considerable quantities of silver are obtained in the shape of grains or small nuggets, usually attached to the copper, having been deposited on it and not alloyed with it, the line of demarcation remaining perfectly distinct.

Accidents resulting fatally are not common owing to great care, and usually not more than one or two men are killed at a time, these generally being caused by the falling of a rock, or by a false step in a dangerous place. However, some accidents have occurred where, perhaps, ten men or more have been killed at once, by the breaking of a rope, by the falling of a large amount of the roof of the mine, or by the exploding of the blasting materials. In 1872 one break occurred and nine men were caught, of whom only three were saved. This was at Copper Falls mine, when, in the bed workings, a slide took place and like an earthquake a large area of roof giving way, about 570,000 tons of rock fell. Most of the men had received warning and had escaped. About many of the abandoned mines are to be seen large deserted villages, with, perhaps, not a human habitant to tell of former greatness. The people have come and gone, and their dwellings are fast passing to decay.

Crossing to the north side of Lake Superior, the mining interests there are more interesting to us who are of the Canadian nation. The only mine that as yet can be considered a great success is that of Silver Islet, just off Thunder Cape. The size of the island is increasing, and now has an area of a few acres, although originally smaller. The increase has been due to the building of crib-work and filling in with rocks. The silver is in the state of *silver glance*,

and native metal ore was shipped to Wyandotte, near Detroit, where it was smelted at the extremely high figure of eighty dollars a ton. Now, however, the company has erected a fifty-head stamp mill, and is only shipping the concentrated ores. Quite a number of silver mines have been opened about Thunder Bay; the principal among them being the Duncan and Thunder Bay mines, each only a few miles from Prince Arthur's Landing, and a mine on Pic Island, and several on the main shore opposite. Though little is now doing, yet there is a general confidence, owing to the fact that as a stamp mill has been erected at Prince Arthur's Landing, it has been found that many of the old waste heaps are worth working. When the small mines were shipping to Wyandotte, it cost about \$120 a ton to transport and smelt the ore, whereas it can be crushed and amalgamated on the ground for less than one-fourth of that sum.

This (still high) figure will be greatly reduced by-and-by. Want of success is owing in part to the want of proper skill. Although skill cannot make mineral deposits, yet it requires the highest technical knowledge in order to reduce the cost of mining to the lowest point. Another cause of want of success can be attributed to lack of capital, and the mines not being thoroughly opened. The mills must be built as near as possible to the mines, and must have the most economical appliances, all of which entails a large outlay. The means of transportation from the mines to the mills must be such that the cost is reduced to the minimum; all this means not \$20,000 but \$200,000 or more. "Practical men" whose only knowledge

is experience, though they may gain great skill locally, must not be brought from the mines of one kind to those of a totally different class.

In 1870 gold was discovered to the west of Lake Shebandowan, and considerable numbers of explorations have been made. Other discoveries have been subsequently made in the same direction. East of Heron Cove, near the Pic River, there have been some workings for gold and silver. Recently a valuable deposit of argentiferous galena has been reported near Sault Ste. Marie. The rock is said to contain \$40 of silver to the ton. Another valuable discovery of silver has been made near Little Pic River; also near Little Pic there are thick beds of iron ore, but none have been worked. The Enterprise Mine (formerly the Lead Hills on Black Bay, Minn.,) was very promising at the surface. Those persons who are interested in this region can get very much information from the reports of Professor R. Bell, who has made more extensive explorations of this region than any other geologist.

Very large quantities of the most promising mineral land have been taken up to hold till others shall have developed the adjoining properties. This is a great drawback to explorations, and I would gladly see the laws of Ontario referring to mines so altered that companies cannot hold mineral land without making improvements; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the Dominion Government will legislate on this subject before opening up the valuable country east of Lake Winnipeg, and also that on this side of the Rocky Mountains.

## AN OLD MAID'S REFLECTIONS.

BY CORINNE.

How cosy we are here to-night, mother and I. How brightly the fire burns in our little stove, and how merrily the kettle sings. The wind blows very cold out of doors, and the snow is blown about in clouds, but our tiny parlor is very snug and warm, and we bid defiance to the wintry weather outside. Our little tea-table is set, and the tea is put to draw, and, by-and-by, we shall pull the blinds down, light our lamp, and draw our chairs to the table for our evening meal, and after that, perhaps, resume our books and work, now laid aside. And what a pleasant little time this is, when one is in the mood to enjoy it—this fire-light rest; and what a good time to think about old times. My thoughts are busy to-night, as they often are, with old scenes in the old land. Some scenes of childhood, but more of the later period, when the child was gradually being lost in the woman. Not all bright,—far from it; but with the darker shades softened by the distance, until the blackest clouds—as they appeared then—turn out to be but soft purple mist. How well I can recall, on such an evening as this, the time I was reading Bleak House. How gladly I offered to stay up until midnight on the night I finished it, to call my brothers up on some important matter or other about the farm, and undertook to keep the fire up and make some coffee for them. What a delightful time it was, in the old-fashioned parlor, with the blue-and-white damask curtains drawn over the low, wide window, and the great leather covered easy-chair pulled up on the rug, to divide my attention between the fire, and the supper, and Esther's journey in search of her mother; and when my night-watch was ended, to go up to my little room and white-curtained bed, to lie down with a light and careless heart, and sleep as long as I pleased. And scarcely less vividly come before my mind other pleasures, other memorable days and nights—memorable for their freedom from care and thought. There was the day I went to a nutting party, and then in the evening, walked ever so far to meet, at another party, a gentleman who has come to hold a prominent part in my recollections. And there were the trips to the sea-side, one in particular I remember, because four out of the wagonette-full are now dead; the rides on the pony; the frolics in the hay-field; the rambles in search of violets; these last possessing such a charm that one of them committed the crime of attempting to immortalize it in verses, in which there was not enough fire to kindle a bundle of sticks. And then there were the star-light winter walks, and the twilight summer walks, with some one who gave a charm to both, and made me forget to compare one with another, to find out which gave me the most pleasure. The memory of them is like no other memory I have. I can vividly recall, even now, the keen, passionate enjoyment, mingled with the feeling of excitement at its being something secret, and with a little dread of being found out, while everyone knew it all the time. And there were the thousand delights about the old house, once the abode of smugglers, and con-

taining some mysterious cellars, and subterranean passages, running under the garden, which, having been long ago shut up, were only discovered by accident. There were the low-ceiled, comfortable rooms, upstairs and down, with roses climbing round and into the windows, and one with sweet-water grapes hanging temptingly within reach.

But there are some scenes in which the darker shades predominate. There is the one in which I see myself, a womanly girl of sixteen, left one evening smarting with a deep sense of the wrong done me, while my heart was breaking with love for the one who had wronged me. That evening he had undeceived me as to the matter of his intentions; or rather, he had confessed to having no intentions of a serious character. That he was truly very fond of me, he said, but he had no idea of marrying; not that he said it in so many words—he had not the skill to cut sharply and do the work with one swift blow—but he kept wounding and cutting until every nerve in my body was “set on edge.” When I think of it, I call myself a poor ignorant child, but then I thought myself a deeply wronged woman. I have often wondered how he—whom I thought a very hero, while others only looked on him, with amusement as a shallow, good-natured, foppish fellow, whose conceit and egotism were more laughable than annoying—could have had will or power to awaken the slumbering heart within me, only to set it grieving with pain and shame. But the worst wrong he did me was the attempt to win me back, before I had learned to despise him, and after I had learned not to trust him. I knew then that he was not my hero, my ideal, because that individual had never existed but in my fancy; but he bore an outward likeness to that being of my imagination, and I had many a hard struggle to go through before I could repulse him calmly.

That is one darkly tinted scene, and another was the day the first blow was struck at the foundations of our old home. When the news came of the first of those misfortunes which ended in our leaving the dear land of our birth, to seek a new home among strangers. But, before that in order comes my first confession of faith—the time when I knelt down beside my dearest girlfriend—then humbly beginning to walk in the narrow path herself—and told her, with bursting tears, that I would set out with her. And then came my imperfect longings, and first faint struggles after religion. I know now that what I wanted was a passport to Heaven, a refuge from destruction, and that, for many years was *all* I wanted.

Then came the packing up, and the sad, sad partings, and the journey, all of it much brightened to me by hopes of I knew not what good fortune awaiting us in the new land. Alas! for my expectations, how far they are from being realized to this day. It was common to our family to be very sanguine; it has been a misfortune in some cases; but our temperament has helped us over many a rough step. Only once can I remember hope entirely forsaking me; that was the night of our fire. Anyone who has watched a building, the work of years, the fruit of much money, thought and toil, a place just brought to that stage of perfection that only trial and experience can bring it to, and—to put the finishing touch on—in-sufficiently insured, destroyed in a few hours, can understand my feeling then. For one moment hope died out, but it was soon rekindled. Death and changes have come, and taken away all but the two who now sit in the fire-light, but they have no power to touch the hope that lights my pathway. “On the shady side of thirty,” they say I am; but I know better. My shady side of thirty was the other side; the time when I knew no light that could triumph over even the dark “valley of the shadow of

death ;" when I was beset on all sides with doubt and fear ;—doubt of the love and mercy, and fear of the judgment and wrath. When I trembled at Dr. Cumming's prophecies, at any wonder that was seen in Heaven or earth, at the lightning that flashed, and the wind that moaned ; at the news of war and earthquake ; and when the festivals of the church were to me only days on which the Lord I feared, and could not trust or love, might return to the earth to judge and to condemn it.

That darkness lasted until I read a book that showed me something of the "beauty of holiness," and that taught me to long—not merely for a passport to Heaven, but for grace, and love, and humility, and self-consecration to Christ. (That book was Mrs. Prentiss' "Stepping Heavenward.") And I heard the whisper to my heart, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." And now to look back over my past life, I ask myself, "Have I lost most, or gained most?" and I can answer unhesitatingly, "Gained most." The best of what I've lost I hope to find again, hereafter ; and the rest can have no weight against the solid happiness and contentment of the present. Not contentment nor satisfaction with myself : God forbid that I should ever feel

that until "I awake with this likeness!" Nor contentment with my circumstances in so far as I can improve them ; but contentment with such things as I cannot control, and more thankfulness for the everyday mercies and the occasional joys of the present, than I ever felt for the constant *pleasures* of the past.

I remember once thinking of Solomon's desire, and asking myself what I would most like to have if I could choose, and I decided on beauty, intellect, and that mysterious thing the Bible calls a new birth. I have set them down in the order in which I then placed them, and I placed them in the order in which I desired them. Not long ago I recalled this to my mind, and thought it over, and the conclusion I arrived at was, that, with regard to my first wish I could thank God for not granting it. I could rejoice that He had made me neither very handsome, nor very ugly, either one of which must be a misfortune, the first to one's self, the second, to one's friends. For my second wish, I can thank Him that He has given me enough of it to give me a keen enjoyment of the productions of other intellects.

And my third wish God has promised to grant. Promised it centuries ago, and I believe that, "He is faithful that promised." So, in conclusion, I think I can set myself down as a rich and happy old maid.



## A SPRAY OF WILD ROSES.

BY "HOPE."

Only a sweet, young face, with wild roses twined in the luxuriant hair, and wild roses clustering in the basket held in one hand, while with the other she vainly endeavored to hold back a fine Scotch colley eager to escape from the leash, and yet the picture was a pretty one, and one that Guy Lennox was not likely to forget, as he looked up from a sketch he was taking of the quaint old church.

"I am so sorry, Guy," said Helen Stanley merrily, "but Robin is so anxious to get to you that I cannot hold him in any longer; and please come to tea,—we want to settle about tomorrow's excursion to H—— Sands."

"Am I likely to be forgiven, Helen, for keeping the mother waiting?"—exclaimed Guy, springing to his feet. "I shall take this as a peace-offering," he continued, holding out a carefully finished drawing of the church.

"That would purchase forgiveness for a graver crime than merely keeping tea," answered Helen.

"Has your sister returned?" asked Guy, as he walked back through the shady lane, his hands and face flushing slightly.

"Oh yes, and very hot and tired; one of the school children refused to say his multiplication table.—I don't blame the child in such weather as this, when sums must be wearing; but the dear Maggie thought it her duty to wait till the end."

"Did the child give in?"

"Of course none except myself ever thinks of not giving in to Maggie."

While Helen, Guy and Robin are wending their way home, I must tell you a little about them:

Helen's mother, Mrs. Stanley, was

the widow of the former vicar of M——, a village situated in one of the southern counties, about three miles from the sea; she was very well off and able to send her two sons one to Oxford and the other into the Navy, and give her daughters every advantage. Always rather delicate, she shrunk more than ever from general society, after her husband's death, and the children were only too glad to live on in the same place where their father had been loved and valued. Guy Lennox was a college friend of Edward Stanley's, and had been spending part of the long vacation with his friend, and rapidly losing his heart to "Meenie," otherwise Margaret Stanley, whilst pretty Helen had apparently no thought beyond her own people and village friends, and the beloved Robin, the gift of her Scotch godmother, Lady Janet Gordon. Just now all the family were at home, as Charlie Stanley had a few weeks' leave before rejoining his ship at Malta.

"We thought Helen and Robin had missed you, Lennox," said Edward Stanley, as the trio crossed the lawn, "and we're nearly desperate, having waited."

"Just ten minutes," said Maggie, in her low, rich voice.

"I'm so sorry," Guy exclaimed in penitent tones; "but I wanted to finish this," and he handed Mrs. Stanley his drawing.

The latter occupied her own peculiar corner, and to this corner came each of her children in turns with their joys or sorrows, and each found so sympathetic a listener, that "the little mother" was idolized by her children.

Everyone clustered round to examine the really beautiful sketch, except

"Meenie," who continued to pour out tea with her color somewhat heightened.

"See, Maggie," said Helen, "you practical old darling; do take away your thoughts from bread and butter, and look at this."

Guy listened eagerly for "Meenie's" reply, and had the poor satisfaction usually awarded to listeners in the quiet.

"I will look by-and-by dear; the mother wants her tea; she has not been very well this afternoon."

Poor Guy! his heart sank as he meekly accepted a cup of tea from the fair lady who held (as yet to her) unconscious sway in his heart; moreover, the lover must indeed be miserable who does not find consolation in strawberries and cream, and the rest of the party were so noisy that his own and Margaret's silence passed unnoticed for some time until the discussion about the projected expedition was in full swing, when Charlie exclaimed,

"Maggie and Guy don't say whether they wish to come or not; and considering it's Nell's birthday treat, they might show some interest."

Poor Guy! he hastily swallowed some hot tea and murmured a very *mal-à-propos* remark to the effect, that it was time to speak of his leaving them.

"What a stupid fellow you are!" was Edward's quiet rejoinder. "You came for a month and you have only been a fortnight; are you tired of us already?"

"Oh dear no! But I think—"

"Have you heard anything from home?" interposed Mrs. Stanley.

"No, no," said Guy hastily.

"At any rate you will spend my birthday here, Guy?" said Helen eagerly.

"Don't be a goose, Nell; of course he'll finish his month here," remarked Edward; "it's only a sudden freak, I cannot make out the reason of it."

Margaret had said nothing, but her face had grown paler, and as they all rose from the table she said in a somewhat hurried tone,

"I hope you have no particular reason for wishing to leave us, Mr. Lennox?"

"Oh no;" stammered the luckless Guy, "only I thought some of you might be tired of me."

"Please stay, then," said the sweet voice cordially, and Guy immediately brightened up and became as usual the life of the party, and joined in all the songs to which Margaret played the accompaniments.

After that Mrs. Stanley retired to rest; Meenie to her own room, taking the sketch with her; Edward and Guy went for a walk; Charlie and Helen had their usual *before-going-to-bed* chat.

"Do you know, Nell, I'm sure Guy is in love with Margaret," said Charlie in a somewhat solemn way.

"With Maggie!" ejaculated the astonished recipient of this outburst. "Why, he is not pale or thin, and she goes about as usual."

"Well, what would you have them do, you small simpleton?" replied Charlie, loftily.

"I thought people when in love always refused to eat, and made themselves disagreeable; and both Guy and Maggie are as nice as ever."

"They are not like most, it's true," was the oracular response, "but you wait and see."

"They don't talk to each other half as much as *we* do."

"That's another proof," was the rejoinder.

"Then I don't think being in love at all funny; but I'm too sleepy to talk more. I only hope they will be nice to-morrow."

"Good-night, little one, and don't look too *wise* to-morrow,—it may be only my fancy," was the brother's parting counsel.

The following day proved clear and bright, and many were the presents and loving wishes that greeted the household pet. One of the prettiest gifts was a locket from Guy with a tiny spray of wild roses enamelled on the back, and inside a likeness of Robin. Mrs. Stanley

remonstrated rather with him for thinking of anything so costly; but Helen's delight was too great to allow of much being said.

"What made you think of it, Guy?" asked young Stanley.

"When I first saw Helen last summer, she had wild roses round her hat and about Robin's neck, and looked so like a briar-rose herself that I thought of having this, and you know what a pet she has always been of mine."

As Mrs. Stanley was not equal to such long expeditions as the much-talked-of-one to H—— Sands, Miss Medland, an old governess and much valued friend who had lived with the Stanleys for many years, was to act as chaperone to the merry party, composed of the Stanleys, Marstons, Carringtons and other friends. Helen's white donkey, Nina, bore her young mistress; the other girls were to share ponies, Miss Medland driving a basket-carriage with the luncheon, while the young men walked. On through the shadowy lanes bright with dog-roses and honeysuckle, went the gay young people, until they came upon the open downs which stretched before them to the Sands.

They spread the tablecloth amongst the rocks, and then dispersed in search of the sea-anemones and other *treasures* for the aquarium that had been one of Helen's birthday gifts.

The day was perfect; the tiny wavelets shimmered and sparkled in the sunshine, and broke on the sandy beach with a low, soft murmuring sound. Helen alone mounted her steed, as she declared Nina would feel neglected if left alone; and besides she was rather exhausted with the pleasures and excitement of the day; and also, the petted girl went on, "her friends were to work while she directed."

All assented and were soon scattered far and wide. Helen in some way rather separated herself from the others. Merry and thoughtless as she usually

was, the last night's talk with Charlie had somewhat impressed her; she could not help seeing Guy's devotion and how eagerly he strove to gratify her sister's slightest wish, while Maggie—well, she looked very happy. What would home be without their "Meenie?" thought the girl as she went on close to the sea; the soft swish of the water lulling her into a quiet, dreamy state.

However, she remembered how many would be left, and with a sudden return from the dream-land of the future, to the happy *real* present, she gave Nina a gentle pat and prepared to join the others, and be as usual the blithest and merriest of all.

Nina shook her pretty head and trotted off in the direction of Guy and Maggie, who were coming in search of Helen, when suddenly, a loud scream for help roused them from their pleasant thoughts, and looking up they beheld to their dismay that Nina was sinking up to the girths, and Helen's foot being entangled in the stirrup, she was unable to free herself.

"The quicksand!" exclaimed Maggie. "O, Guy, save her! She will never get loose in time."

Before she could speak almost, Guy had rushed to the rescue, and laying the alpine-stock he carried across the treacherous tide, made Helen grasp the support thus given, and almost before she could realize how deadly her peril had been, she lay in her sister's arms, with Nina quivering and shaking standing by her; for with the help of the others, who had also heard the cry for help, Guy had managed to save the girl's pet.

Edward reproached himself bitterly for having forgotten the quicksands, which at certain tides made this part of the H—— Sands so dangerous, and there was deep gratitude in his hearty shake of Guy's hand; while Charlie forgot his boyish pride and sobbed, as he thought how nearly his bonnie sister had perished in the very bloom of youth.

Helen soon roused herself, and looked more charming than ever as she thanked Guy for saving her pet's life as well as her own.

As everyone's nerves had been sadly shaken, it was resolved to return at once, Helen sharing the carriage with Miss Medland while Charlie took charge of Nina.

Most of the party had reached their respective homes, and Helen had been wept and rejoiced over by her mother, before it was discovered that Guy and Meenie were missing; before anyone had time to be alarmed they appeared, Maggie looking lovelier than ever and Guy quite radiant.

"Why he has done it!" exclaimed outspoken Charlie.

"Done what?" answered Helen; "not hurt himself I hope, for I'm not a light weight?"

"No, popped the question," said Charlie in a somewhat disgusted tone, sentiment not being his forte; and so it was. Meenie had been so very sweet and touching in her blushing thanks to Guy, that the young man determined she should afford him a practical proof of gratitude and give him her heart and hand in exchange for her sister's life.

It appeared, however, her heart had been his for some time. The two young people were likely to have "the course of their true love" made very smooth, as Guy was an only son and she a great favorite with his parents, who were old family friends. Edward

was charmed that his own particular friend should become one of them, and Mrs. Stanley, while she dreaded the blank, rejoiced in her daughter's happiness.

"I am so glad it's not you, Helen," grumbled Charlie with a somewhat rueful face a few days after the events we have just described. "Meenie making a goose of herself is bad enough, but it would be worse if it were you."

"You silly boy," laughed Helen, "why, you are head-over-ears in love yourself, with—"

"Nobody!" shouted Charlie.

"Yes, with H. M. S. 'Sprite,'" said Helen.

"Oh! there is some sense in that," acknowledged the sailor, "she is such a beauty, one of the fastest ships in the service, obeys the helm like—"

"A duck," said saucy Nell, her eyes filling, however, as she remembered how soon her pet brother would join his ship; and it was true that unselfish as Guy and Maggie endeavored to be, they naturally liked to be together. In spite of all Helen's efforts to be brave, she had not quite recovered from the effects of her H—— Sands adventure, and Mrs. Stanley resolved when Charlie left, that Helen should be sent off to Lady Janet's for a few weeks, in the hope that Highland air and change of scene would bring back the bright looks and buoyant spirits that recent events had somewhat quelled.

# Young Folks.

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## POPINJAY.

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### A FAIRY TALE.

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BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

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Popinjay was a little dumpy girl of five, and very much given to stumbling over things, and running over at the heels of her shoes, and bursting the buttons off her apron bands, and deporting herself in an awkward manner generally; and, moreover, there was a spirit of mischief rampant in Popinjay's youthful bosom. She was always spilling the *cau de cologne* over her mamma's dressing table, or cutting holes in the pin-cushion and strewing the bran all about, or giving her mamma's switch to her favorite kitten to play with, or meddling in some way with something she had received orders not to touch. Now Popinjay's mamma, whose name was Madame Rupee, had a valuable gold watch which was beautifully chased and set in brilliants, and to which there was attached a long gold chain which was clasped at intervals with clusters of emeralds and pearls, starred with the tiniest specks of diamonds. Madame Rupee laid great store by this watch, as it had been given to her as a wedding present by a valued friend; and as she knew from experience that there was very little use in ordering Popinjay not to touch anything that excited her curiosity, she always took care to put it out of her reach. But in an evil hour she forgot her usual precaution; going down to breakfast one morning in a hurry, she left it lying on the dressing-table, and as ill-luck would have it, a short time afterwards Popinjay came skipping into the room. In an instant the watch caught her quick eye, with the chain lying in a glittering heap beside it. Here was the golden opportunity for which she had long waited, and running over to the table, she began to twist the chain about her little fat fingers and to examine the watch, first on one side and then on the other. She pressed the spring as she had seen her mamma do, and the case flew open, and she held it up to her ear to hear how loudly and distinctly it ticked. The sound of a footstep coming up stairs caused her to start and jerk the watch from beneath her drooping yellow curls; she made a hasty effort to shut it, but it would not shut. She pressed the case together with all the strength in her small fingers, but it was of no avail. What was she to do? The footstep was approaching. Suddenly an idea struck her, and snatching up a pearl-backed hair brush she laid the watch on the table and dealt it a sharp blow, which was followed by a shattering noise, and in another instant Popinjay was in the nursery which opened off the dressing-room. She peeped through the crack of the door with a beating heart. The step had reached the dressing-room door; but, instead of turning in, it passed on up the hall, and she knew it

was neither her mamma nor her maid Lulu—the only ones likely to enter the dressing-room at that hour. She stole back to the dressing-table on tiptoe and took the watch in her hand; the case was dented, but she did not pause to note what further injury it had sustained. What should she do with it?—her mamma would be upstairs in a few moments. There was a dress turned wrong side out lying over the end of a couch on the other side of the room, and as Popinjay's sharp little eyes travelled about they fell upon the pocket of this dress, which was trailing down over the carpet. Here was an idea: she would hide the watch in the pocket, and the idea was no sooner conceived than executed. A few moments afterwards Madame Rupee entered the room, and Popinjay heard her fumbling about among the articles on the dressing-table, and then opening the drawers one after the other. Presently she walked into the nursery, where she found her little daughter sewing some lace on her dolly's apron.

"Did you see anything of my watch, Popinjay?" she said, looking her straight in the face; but Popinjay looked up with the most innocent air imaginable, and answered that she knew nothing of it whatever.

Madame Rupee retraced her steps into the dressing-room with a dissatisfied air, and Popinjay heard her ringing Lulu's bell, and Lulu put in an appearance forthwith.

"Did you see anything of my watch?" Madame Rupee asked, but of course Lulu knew nothing about it.

"What is that lying there, Lulu?" asked Madame Rupee, as her eyes fell upon the article for the first time.

"Please, Madam, it is my dress; I got it torn on the nursery fender before breakfast, and I took it off and was just sewing up the rent when Miss Popinjay's breakfast bell rang, and she is always so impatient to go down that I threw it

just where I was standing, thinking I would be back in time to take it out before anyone came in," said Lulu, essaying to pick up the dress.

"Well, never mind it now,—leave it where it is; it is of no consequence, only I wondered what it was. Come and help me to search for my watch," said Madame Rupee, a little impatiently, as she hung the purple velvet watch pocket embroidered with gold beads in which she was in the habit of keeping her watch, in its usual place over the mirror, she having knocked it down in her search. The dressing-room and Madame Rupee's bedroom were both thoroughly searched, but to very little purpose.

"Really, it is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," said Madame Rupee, as she lifted Lulu's dress off the couch and threw it on a stand that stood by, preparatory to seating herself on the couch to consider what was next to be done. The watch knocked against the stand with a jingling sound, and she immediately snatched up the dress and shook it, when her eye fell upon the pocket, through which the contour of the watch could be distinctly seen. To extract the watch from the pocket and hold it up before Lulu's astonished eyes was the work of a second. Her look of blank amazement for a moment disarmed the suspicion that the circumstances had instantly given rise to, but it was only for a moment.

"She is a practised thief and consequently a clever dissembler," were the thoughts that flashed through Madame Rupee's mind as Lulu's eyes wandered from the watch to her face as if in expectation of some explanation of the matter.

"Now, Lulu, you may as well confess your crime, for the evidence is so strong against you that there is no use in your trying to get out of it."

"Confess, Madame! Do you think I stole the watch?" said Lulu in a startled tone.

“What duplicity!” thought Madame Rupee.

On being again accused of stealing the watch, Lulu burst into tears and protested her innocence again and again.

Here Madame Rupee noticed for the first time the injury that had been done to the watch, and a new idea seemed to occur to her.

“Lulu, if you were meddling with the watch and broke it by accident and then hid it away for fear of being found out, I will forgive you,” she said in a softened tone.

But Lulu only kept on weeping and protesting that she never touched the watch, and knew nothing at all about it.

Madame Rupee gave her two or three more chances to confess, but as she did not think proper to avail herself of them, she dismissed her from her service with the greatest ignominy. Popinjay’s conscience smote her when she heard Lulu going sobbing out of the house, but she stitched away on her dolly’s apron and kept her own counsel.

It had been snowing heavily all the morning, and in the afternoon her mamma put on Popinjay’s scarlet jacket and her scarlet hood trimmed with white swansdown and hung her swansdown muff about her neck and sent her out into the garden for her accustomed walk. As she had not been in the habit of walking without her maid, her mamma directed her to walk up and down the broad path that had been shovelled through the garden until she became tired, and then come into the house, but on no account to step into the snow, as it was very deep and wetting.

It was a lovely afternoon; the sun shone brightly, and the sky was a spotless dome of azure. The snow covered the trees and shrubs like a downy foliage, and the chickadees hopped about among the snowy boughs and sang their pretty winter song.

“How odd it would be if instead of being green all the leaves and grass and

things were white!” thought Popinjay, as she walked beneath the spreading snow-laden boughs, which ever and again sent down little silent showers of snow upon her scarlet hood. By-and-by Popinjay grew tired walking up and down, and, heedless of her mamma’s orders, she thought she would venture into the snow just a little way to get a better view of an arbor which was covered with vine tendrils, and over which the snow formed a beautiful fret-work. The arbor was no sooner reached than something more attractive met her view; the snow had formed a ridge of steep banks along the inside of the fence, and she thought she had never seen anything so lovely in their softness and purity; they were full of soft swells and graceful curves, some of them looking like great sea-shells carved in marble, while others wreathed over at the summit in soft snowy waves, forming what looked like the mouth of the cave. Presently the dead silence which reigned over the pure snowy world, and which struck a sort of awe into Popinjay’s heart, was broken by a sound like the rippling of water over a bed of pebbles. Nearer and nearer it came. Popinjay fixed her eyes in wonderment upon the snow bank from which the sound proceeded, when out trooped a whole band of tiny men and women, all dressed in jaunty garments of white fur, which were strung all over with silver bells, and all appearing to be in such hilarious humor that they did not know what to do with themselves.

“Who are you, you funny little creatures?” said Popinjay as they began to frisk and tumble about in the snow and to slide down the bank in little tobogans, which were also covered with silver bells.

“Who are we! Why we are the snow-fairies; did you never hear of us before, you little noodle?” said a saucy elf, running up to her and dealing a playful kick on the toe of her boot with its mite of a foot.

"I have heard of fairies, but never of snow-fairies," answered Popinjay.

"Well you are so much wiser than you ever were before," said another fairy in a saucy tone, as it skipped nimbly up the bank, jerking its jingling tobogan after it.

"Who are you, you funny-looking robin-redbreast?" called out half a dozen of the fairies.

"I am Popinjay," she answered quickly, for though they were so tiny she felt afraid of them.

"Popinjay! ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, such a name!" laughed the fairies, and shouts of "Pop! pop, Popinjay!" resounded on all sides, mingled with shouts of jeering, elfish laughter.

Popinjay felt so hot and angry that she could scarcely stand still, and if she had dared, she would have boxed their little ears for them.

"Ha, ha, ha, if they had known how fond you would be of poking your nose into what did not concern you, they would have called you Peepinjay," jeered the first fairy, as it again ran towards her and flirted a little cloud of snow over her boot with its tiny foot.

The attention of the fairies was here attracted by a cavalcade which came streaming out from beneath a snowy wreath, bringing with it the chiming of a thousand silver bells. First came a chariot of ivory, drawn by six snow-white horses, in which sat the queen of the snow-fairies, surrounded by her ladies in waiting. Then came another carriage with the chief of the nobility, and another with the gentry, and so on; the rear being brought up by a couple of dozen equestrians. The whole cavalcade was wreathed about with snow flowers, and all aglitter with a frosting of diamonds, which covered everything, even to the harness on the horses. The sporting fairies stopped their gambols and forming into procession went chiming and jingling after the cavalcade as it wound about the snow bank, some of them turning to nod and

thrust out their tongues at Popinjay as they went. Popinjay's curiosity overcame her anger at such treatment, and she ran up over the bank behind which the fairies were disappearing.

"Come along, Popinjay!" shouted her old friends from the rear of the procession, and she walked after them, charmed on by the music of the bells and the glitter of the cavalcade. Suddenly she became conscious of a balminess in the air which made the heat of her winter clothing quite oppressive, and pausing for a moment she pulled off her jacket and hung it over her arm; in the meantime the sound of the fairy bells had ceased, and she looked up in alarm.

"Where were the fairies?—they could not have vanished into air," she thought. She looked about, but her vision was intercepted on all sides by a glamor of golden light which filled the air, and then she became conscious that her feet were pressing beds of lovely flowers, instead of a smooth white surface of snow. She walked along for some distance, and then sat down on a stone which was all covered with drooping scarlet blossoms, for she felt quite dazed.

"Hoo, ho!" yawned a sleepy voice at her side; she started and looked about, and there lay a little old man with a long white beard, in the deep shadow of a tall cactus; he sat up and rubbed his eyes, and seeing Popinjay looking curiously at him, he said:

"I suppose, mortal, you wonder who I am."

"Yes, if you please, I would like to know," said Popinjay timidly, for she was afraid she had excited the ire of the snow-fairies by asking them who they were.

"Well, my name is Conscience. I sleep a great deal. Sometimes I take such long naps that people think I am dead, but there always comes a time when they find they are mistaken. I will live as long as grass grows and



water runs," said the ancient fairy grimly, as he proceeded to fill the cup of a bluebell which he held in his hand with thorns off the cactus leaves. Popinjay wondered what he was going to do with them, but she did not like to ask. As she became accustomed to the glamor about her, she could see silver streams winding through banks of gay flowers, on which numberless elves were disporting themselves, and the air was filled with the sound of babbling water, mingled with fairy laughter and the rippling music of the tiny feathered songsters, which flashed like jewels in and out among the flowers. The fairies pelted each other with flowers, and romped and gambolled about till it made Popinjay dizzy to look at them. Now and again a silvery chime of laughter would announce that some adroit elf had thrown an unwary brother into the stream; the luckless elf would splash for a moment among the sparkling wavelets and then come scrambling up the flowery bank all glittering with silvery drops, his advent being hailed by fresh peals of laughter. When the fairy Conscience had filled his bluebell cup with thorns, he plucked a honey-suckle from an overhanging vine and handed it to Popinjay, saying:

"This is a fairy telescope; look through it and see if you can see any of your absent friends." She did as she was desired. At first she could see nothing but a dark blur; but gradually a picture arose before her—a picture of an aged woman seated beside a smouldering fire in a poor comfortless room with Lulu, kneeling beside her, weeping as if her heart would break.

"My poor child, I know not what is to become of us in this winter weather. You are the sole support of your aged grandmother, and now you are branded as a thief, it will indeed be hard for you to get into respectable service," said the aged woman as she placed her trembling hand on her grand-daughter's bowed head.

Popinjay started and dashed the honeysuckle from her; but she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of fairies, each one armed with a thorn from Conscience's bluebell cup.

"Ha, ha, ha," they jeered as they sprang up on her arms and shoulders, and began to thrust the thorns into her delicate flesh; some of them swung out of her hair, and some hung from her ears. She struck frantically at them, but that only made matters worse, each blow having the effect of driving the thorns deeper into her flesh.

"You horrid, wicked fairy! how can you be so cruel?" said Popinjay, as Conscience rubbed his little wrinkled hands together with an air of satisfaction and nodded approvingly at the fairies, shaking the bluebell cup to let them know that it contained a fresh supply of thorns.

"Oh! it was nothing for you to expose Lulu and her poor old grandmother to cold and starvation in this winter weather, was it? Oh no! nothing at all!" said Conscience with a malicious chuckle, as he gave the bluebell cup a fresh shake.

"Conscience, I shall confess all about the watch, indeed I shall, if you will only make these wicked fairies let me alone and stop tormenting me," said Popinjay in an agonized tone.

"Very well, I shall trust to your honor," said Conscience, and the next moment Popinjay found herself standing at the base of a tall snow bank on the outside of the garden fence. She ran up the snow bank and scrambled over the fence, and in a few moments she had retraced her steps to that stately mansion she called home.

Popinjay's first impulse on entering the house was to run to her mamma and say,

"Mamma, Lulu is innocent, and I am the guilty one; it was I who broke the watch and hid it in Lulu's pocket!" but the great hall door had no sooner swung after her with a bang than a feeling of security came over her.

“The fairies cannot get in here, and mamma would punish me very severely,” was her second thought. For an instant the smouldering fire, the aged woman, and the weeping Lulu flitted before her mind’s eye, but she put the vision away with a resolute hand as she sprang lightly upstairs to dress her dolly for tea. She found a new maid installed in Lulu’s place in the nursery, and all thoughts of the malicious fairies were driven from her mind by the sight of a pyramid of flowers which stood beside a little cloud of white gauze on the dressing-table. The fact of the matter was, Popinjay was going to a children’s fancy ball that evening, and her dress had just come home. She clapped her hands and skipped about the room with delight. She was to go dressed as a flower-girl, and the new maid, whose name was Rosetta, was even now engaged in fastening moss rosebuds on the toes of her dainty little white satin slippers, while her Mamma filled a fancy basket which she was to carry in her hand, with blue-bells and wood violets, mingled with clusters of apple blossoms and drooping sprays of feathery grasses, which were all flecked with dew-drops. Nine o’clock found Popinjay a living, breathing bouquet wandering among shepherdesses and water-sprites, fairies, fish girls, and Mary Stuarts. A bevy of happy faces surrounded her on all sides; but alas! her heart was like lead, for by her side marched the fairy Conscience with a scarlet trumpet-flower filled with brier thorns tied on his back with a vine tendril. No person else appeared to be conscious of his presence, but every little while he would give Popinjay a wink that said plainly:

“You may well quail, my little lady! Woe betide you! for you will get no quarter this time,” and every moment she thought she heard the jibes of the fairies in the distance.

“Dear good, Conscience, if you will only go away I shall confess about the

watch and make it all right, indeed I shall,” repeated Popinjay in a beseeching tone, but Conscience only gave her a knowing nod and rattled his thorns.

“Popinjay, why don’t you act your part and pretend to sell your flowers,” said a water-sprite as it went tripping by. But Popinjay was in no humor for playing flower-girl, and she began to imagine that every person in the room was as miserable at heart as herself and were only feigning being merry.

She thought the evening never would come to an end,—the minutes seemed of drag like hours.

“Why, Miss Popinjay, you look sober enough for a funeral,” said Rosetta, as she divested her of her pretty fancy dress and put on her wraps in the dressing-room, when the guests were taking their departure, but Popinjay answered not a word.

A short time afterwards Madame Rupee was surprised to see Popinjay, enter her dressing-room with her yellow curls falling over her pale cheeks and her wraps falling about her feet.

“Oh Mamma! it was all my fault; I broke the watch and hid it in Lulu’s pocket!” she exclaimed bursting into tears and running toward her Mamma. Madame Rupee stared at her in amazement and did not comprehend for a few moments, but the whole story came out before very long. Finding that the fairy Conscience had punished her little daughter so severely for her fault, Madame Rupee spoke to her gently and soothingly, and promised to send for Lulu as soon as possible in the morning, and Popinjay went to bed feeling happier than she had done since the luckless moment that she laid hands upon the watch.

Lulu was reinstated in her old place after due explanations and apologies, and after her kind mistress had made all the reparation in her power for the suspicion cast upon her.

Popinjay insisted on accompanying her in her visits to her grandmother

after this, and she often spent her pocket money in buying some delicacy for the old lady; and whenever she felt tempted to meddle with what did not belong to her, she thought of the fairy Conscience, and the temptation melted like rime before the morning sun.

## DRAWING LESSON.



From Sir Edwin Landseer's Painting. In outline by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a drawing lesson for the young.

—*Infant's Magazine.*

## OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

Why should he not do it? It was everybody's duty, as well as everybody's best interest, to do it some time, and the sooner the better. He had never thought of it in just that light before.

In beginning an imitation of Christ there would be of course some sacrifices to make, some obstacles to overcome, some trials to bear; but what true man fears sacrifices, obstacles and trials? And was not Dan's great wish and aim to be truly manly, noble and Christ-like?

Surely, then, the sooner he put his feet in the straight and narrow way where Christ's feet led for him to follow, and started heavenward, the better.

After Dan had reached that point in his thinking, after making so much of a conclusion, he stood still for awhile; or, rather, he thought he stood still, forgetting that no one can stand still on the road that leads towards heaven or the road that leads away from it, but must every moment be moving nearer or farther off.

He thought he was standing still because he did not know how to move. His inclinations were right. He said, in every morning and evening prayer he offered, something about his wish and hope to lead a useful Christian life. He told God very humbly as he knelt and prayed, that he looked back with shame on his wasted years, on the temptations he had given many to sin, on the foolish, harmful things that he had done. He owned his weakness, and he asked for godly strength and daring.

All the while he watched his ways. He was careful of his words. He tried to make no mistakes. He looked out

for temptations to conquer, and for little chances for him to give up his own way to make other people's ways pleasanter.

And every day the strange new feeling which had crept into his heart and settled there grew strong. It was a feeling of safety. It seemed connected in some way with the life he was to live after the life he was now living. It was a feeling which opened his eyes to look far forward, which made him like to think of the mysteries he used to fear. This way that he had chosen seemed to be a path, standing in which he could look towards those things which have been for ever, and will always be, without dread. It gave him a hold on heaven which made him feel at home with it, almost as much at home with it as with the little parsonage where he was born. It was a quiet security, very pleasant to have abiding in one's heart.

And yet Dan was wondering how to be converted, and troubling himself about not having gone through some mysterious, process, which he imagined was necessary to make him a Christian.

One night as he lay awake, the verse which mamma had taught Joey kept saying itself over in his head: "If any man serve me, let him follow me." "If any man serve me, let him follow me." What was he doing but trying his best to follow Christ? Why then was he not serving Him? And to be Christ's servant was to be a Christian. Then why wasn't he a Christian?

And then he knew that he was, knew it beyond a doubt in one blessed, happy moment. Thenceforth there were no clouds in Dan's mind. His future stretched before him bright and clear, a narrow path, but one in which

the Lord of heaven had walked, and one in which his eager feet were glad to go.

He knew how happy the knowledge of his secret would make his father and mother, but he was shy about revealing it, and he kept it deep in his heart, where people like to keep new joys.

The days went on as usual. Dan was kind at home, unselfish in little ways; but so he had always been. He was very faithful at school, working with all his might at bookkeeping; but that he might have been if only to hurry on his business career. The great change within him made no great outward change to the eyes of those who saw him daily; but it was working towards an end; it was preparing him for the trials and obstacles sure to come in time. It was getting him ready for the emergencies which come suddenly and test people's real value.

Now, sitting there in the cellar, he had only to face his obstacle and know himself able to master it. He knew his trial and his strength.

Cousin Louisa looked at him questioningly as he came up into the kitchen. She saw a look in his face that told the truth as to his intentions, and she was satisfied.

Dan hurried through his dinner, and was excused before Jack had half finished—to study as usual, papa and mamma thought.

But he slipped quietly out the front-door and went down to Mr. Murdock's. He knew that Mr. Murdock was at home from twelve to one, and expected to find him just up from the dinner-table, when men are said to be best-natured, and in the proper state to grant favors.

Dan rang the bell, and Freddy came to the door and took him into the parlor, trembling very much in his small shoes, for he *had* told his father how Dan behaved at writing-school, and he thought Dan was there for a settlement.

"Don't be scared, Freddy," said Dan. "It was mean of you to tell, but I shan't touch you. Ask your father if I can see him a moment."

Mr. Murdock came softly into the

room, using his handkerchief to brush his coat sleeve, for the sake of having something instead of Dan's eyes to look at.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Murdock," said Dan rising.

Mr. Murdock looked up, a twist on his mouth, a glimmer in his eye. "I know you young man," said the twist. "Your words won't go down with me," said the glimmer.

Dan had it on the tip of his tongue to make up some other errand than the real one. If he had been the old Dan, he could not have conquered the pride that was swelling in his bosom, and compelling his tongue to speak the words which it loathed. Neither could he have changed the expression on his face which, proud and defiant as it must have been, would have utterly gone against him with Mr. Murdock.

He had not believed, in his first fresh courage, that an obstacle in his new path could look so unconquerable when he came close to it. He had not known what a faint-hearted fellow he could be in actual danger.

But he did conquer his pride. He did compel his tongue to speak the words it loathed; and his face took care of its own expressions, which were not at all disagreeable to Mr. Murdock.

"I have come to ask you to take me on trial," said Dan, "and not to pay me until you are satisfied that my influence won't be bad, which I promise you it won't, Mr. Murdock. I'm ashamed of the way I acted at writing-school that night; but I didn't mean any harm in the first of it; and it has taught me a good lesson. I'd like to have you try me, Mr. Murdock."

Dan had a "way with him," everybody said, which was as much his pleasant voice as his pleasant smile, but which did take with people. Mr. Murdock felt his heart warming; but he could not surely be expected to engage a young man's services with so few words on the subject. So he asked Dan a few questions; learned that he could neither smoke, chew, drink, nor swear, that he was good at figures

quick at counting cash; and at last said, "Well, come and try; and I hope it's a case of true penitence. If so, it is our duty to help our fellow-men. Come on trial; ten days' trial."

"Thank you, sir," said Dan. "Shall I come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow morning. Seven, sharp," said Mr. Murdock, giving him his hand, which Dan shook.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

When he went to his father after school to tell him of his success with Mr. Murdock, he found it necessary to tell more than he had at first intended, in explanation; and from telling one thing he went on to telling another, until he had not one secret from his father, not even the secret of the great change that had come into his heart.

Never had papa and mamma thanked God so much for anything as they thanked him for his goodness to their eldest boy that night.

When Dan went in the dingy store on Muddy lane the next morning, he was met by the "Boss," as the two clerks called Mr. Murdock, and led to the desk which was set apart for the cashier and bookkeeper.

The store was a double store, one half being a bakery, and the other half containing drygoods, crockery, and shoes. Dan's desk was set in the wall between the two. There was one clerk for each half of the store. Mr. Murdock was always flitting about on one side or the other, and Dan soon learned that part of his business was to keep his eyes open in search for customers without attendants, and then to hop from his stool and sell them drygoods, crockery, shoes, bread, pies, cake, or candy, whichever it might happen to be.

He never went unwillingly, for his duties as bookkeeper were so light as to be soon discharged in the morning, leaving him with time hanging heavy on his hands; and his duties as cashier only required him to make occasional change and to count the cash at night.

His ten days' trial gave Mr. Murdock such satisfaction that he engaged him permanently.

Dan did not even object to selling candy by the stick, nor pie by the piece, nor peanuts by the penny's worth. He quite enjoyed measuring off calico by the little brass nails in the counter, and pulling down and trying on shoes until he found a fit.

But when in course of time it came to manufacturing the cake, pies, and candy, Dan felt that Mr. Murdock was trespassing on his rights as bookkeeper and cashier.

There was a little shed back of the store, with an immense oven in it, where the baking went on; and one dark day when few customers were in Mr. Murdock called Dan to come out there.

Freddy Murdock sat in one corner of the shed, shelling peanuts, and his father stood over a huge kettle on the fire, stirring.

"Take the spoon, Daniel," said Mr. Murdock, giving up his place to him.

"Pa's making peanut-candy, Dan," said Freddy. "A'n't you glad?"

"That depends on whether I get any of it," said Dan.

He talked little as he stirred, for he was not pleased with his new business, and was considering what course to pursue in regard to it. Mr. Murdock did not come back to give Dan a chance to express his opinion if he had wished. But after awhile one of the clerks came in.

"I'm sent to boss the job," he said.

"You'd better take a hand in it," said Dan, offering him the spoon.

"It's time to put the peanuts in," said the clerk. "Bring them along Freddy."

Freddy came with his peanuts, and stood on tiptoe to get a sniff at the kettle; then went into the store for more peanuts.

"You won't have the spoon?" said Dan to the clerk.

"That's your business, not mine," the clerk answered.

"I'd like to know how it's mine,"

said Dan. "I believe I'm bookkeeper in this establishment."

"Ha, ha!" said the clerk. "That's a mistake the last fellow that was in your place labored under, and Boss dismissed him for it. Our bookkeepers look after our wood-pile if requested, and handle a broom to order, and stir cake, and even take an interest in the pies when times are dull."

"They do!"

said Dan.

"We'll see."

"There's this much about it," said the clerk, tapping him on the shoulder and speaking low, "you'll do what you're asked, or leave. If you don't care much for your place, all right. If you can afford to throw it up, I advise you to, for Boss is not fair, that's a fact."

"Not fair!" said Dan. "I should think so! Why did he not tell me when he engaged me, what he ex-

pected me to do? He didn't mention anything but cash and books."

"That's his way," said the clerk.

"He'd have a hard time getting any one if he told him what he'd got to do beforehand. It's Boss's way to get 'em here, and let 'em find out for themselves. Hush! Here comes Freddy. You'll lose your place if you raise objections. Mark my words."

Dan went on stirring, dropping in

the peanuts slowly. He could not afford to throw up his place: that he knew very well. His thoughts went longingly back to his books, to those days at school when he was doing the things that he liked best, and found it so easy to be good-natured.

He found it very hard to keep up even the appearance of good nature as he stood over the fire, his face burn-

ing, and his arm tired from stirring. If he had been making candy at home in the kitchen for fun, he would not have thought of minding the heat and a small ache in his arm. But this was another thing. He was being imposed on now. What he cared about was not having his rights regarded in a matter of business.

Mr. Murdock was taking a mean advantage of him. He knew Dan was anxious

to keep his place, so anxious that it would be safe for him to take advantage. He dared impose on him because he had him in his power.

"Well," thought Dan, "there seem to be only two ways for me. One of them is to leave, the other to make the best of everything. I can't leave, so I might as well begin to make the best of things."

He plunged the spoon to the bottom



of the kettle and stirred furiously. "Glorious fun this!" said he to Freddy. "What better could a man ask than to spend his days in making peanut-candy? Oh, happy boy am I!"

"Eating it's better'n making it," said Freddy.

"Oh, impossible!" said Dan. "I tell you, Freddy, this is jolly?" Saying which, he sent the syrup going so violently as to make a whirlpool in the middle of the kettle.

Mr. Murdock, coming softly in, was surprised to see Dan in such good spirits.

"Your little brother wants to speak to you," said he; "and I told him, as you were busy, to come right out here."

"How are you, Joey?" said Dan, spying Joey's head back of Mr. Murdock's elbow.

"First-rate," answered Joey. "Hallo, Freddy Murdock."

"Hallo!" said Freddy.

"What's going on?" asked Joey, making himself at home by turning an empty kettle bottom side up, and taking a seat on it.

"Peanut-candy's going on, my friend," said Dan.

"You can't make it!" said Joey. "Pooh, Dan Sheppard, just as if you could make peanut-candy!"

"You can't eat it" said Dan. "Pooh, Joey Sheppard, just as if you could eat peanut-candy!"

"Try me!" said Joey.

"Not unless you keep a sharp lookout on your manners, young man. But what's your business?"

"Visiting," said Joey. "I'm visiting."

"Oh, you are!" said Dan. "And you just slid out the front door on tip-toe without thinking to ask permission, didn't you? and mother's frightened to death about you by this time. It would be a good idea for you to go home and relieve her mind."

"S'pose I can be visiting in this candy-shed, and have business in that store, too, can't I?" said Joey. "S'pose my mother could have sent me on errands, couldn't she?"

Saying which, Joey drew out a small purse belonging to himself, from the

depths of his pantaloons pocket, and opening it took a penny from within and laid it on his knee, then another and another, until the purse was emptied, and there were eleven pennies lying in a row on his leg.

"They're all mine," said Joey, "and I'm agoing to buy."

"I suppose you're not particular as to what you buy, so long as you get rid of the money," said Dan. "We've got some mouldy pies in there we'll sell cheap."

"Look out," said Joey, "how you talk, or I'll take my trade to Smith & Brothers. When their pies mould they give 'em to pigs."

"Just what I was trying to do," said Dan, "but 'this little pig' won't take 'em."

"Guess I must be going," said Joey, sweeping the pennies into his purse and rising. "It's quite a walk to Smith & Brothers. Good morning, Freddy."

With not a look at Dan he stepped out of the shed.

"Brother, forgive and forget," said Dan, pursuing and lifting him on his shoulder.

"What's your business?"

"Macaroons and kisses," answered Joey, satisfied with Dan's apology. "You didn't know I was going to have company to tea, did you Dan? My own, own company; my intimate-est friend. Mamma said I might; and she's making cake now, and she said I could spend the pennies I've been saving up for kisses and macaroons."

"Is Tommy coming, too?" said Dan.

"Tommy? Do you mean Tommy Cady?" said Joey. "Did you think Mamie was my company? She's a good little girl, but I don't know her *very* much, the way I do some one else. Don't you know who I go to see 'most every day, Dan, and who likes me best of everybody, and who I like best of everybody?"

"Mr. Alabaster," said Dan. "But he can't be coming to tea."

"He is, too," said Joey. "Mamma let me ask him, and he promised to come."



"That'll be jolly," said Dan. "Stir a moment, will you, Barber, while I sell this boy something."

The clerk obligingly went into the shed and took the spoon, while Dan put in a little paper bag eleven cents' worth of macaroons and kisses for Joey.

Joey had said "Good-by" to Dan, when he came running back from the door to remark that Mamie Cady was a very nice child, and he would like to have her to tea with Mr. Alabaster, if mamma wouldn't care.

"She won't," said Dan. "You ask her, and I'll make it all right with mamma."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

So when Joey came to Mr. Cady's, he hopped up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Mamie in?" he asked the servant who opened the door.

"That she is," was the answer. "Mamie, here's a gentleman come calling on you."

"Oh, it's Joey," said Mamie, running up to meet him.

Joey laid the little Scotch cap which cousin Louisa had made him carefully on the hall-table, and the bag of cakes beside it, then marched towards the parlor.

But Mamie lingered behind to reach up and touch the bag gently, and to lay her nose on the paper and take a little smell.

"Oh!" said Joey, turning and catching her at it.

"I was only wondering," said Mamie.

"That is not polite," said Joey, looking her gravely in the eye.

"Then you ought to tell me what you keep in your little bags," said Mamie.

"It's not of any consequence, Mamie," said Joey, thinking it best that his company should not know all they were to have for tea. "Why don't you come into the parlor?"

"I will," said Mamie; but she had hardly followed Joey as far as

grandma's corner, where grandma sat knitting, when she skipped back again and tore a tiny hole in the bag, at which she put her eye and then her nose.

But she could not see nor smell the secret in the bag through such a little hole as that; and oh, how dearly Mamie loved to find out secrets! She puckered up her lips to cry, for she wanted dreadfully to know this secret, and she did not dare to make a bigger hole in Joey's bag.

"Scuse me a minute, grandma," said Joey, missing Mamie, and knowing where to find her.

There she stood, her chest drawn almost up to her chin, her cheeks puffed out, her mouth down at the corners and her finger in it, going to cry.

Joey had meant to be very stern when he came out of the parlor; but the first thing he knew he had gone right to Mamie and patted the two little puffed cheeks with his two hands.

"There, there," he said, "don't cry. I never did see such a little girl for a secret, Mamie. How you love 'em, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Mamie, "I love 'em dearly."

And she was not going to cry any more. She was going to smile very brightly, for she thought Joey had come to open the bag.

"You want to get a peek into that little bag awfully, don't you, Mamie?" said Joey.

Mamie nodded prettily, showing all her shining little teeth.

"Well, Mamie," said Joey "don't you think you can wait just till to-night—just till six o'clock to-night, Mamie? That isn't such a great while, and then you're coming to my house to tea, and then you'll know."

"Oh, it's somefin' for tea! It's somefin' for tea!" cried Mamie.

"What a guessing girl you are!" said Joey. "You find everything out from me. Well, now you know, I might as well show you."

He took off the string and let her look in.

"Oh-h-h!" said Mamie, her eyes opening just as wide as they possibly could.

"What a little girl you are!" said Joey. "Now you've seen, you want to taste. I know it from your looks."

Mamie put her finger in the corner of her mouth and blushed and hung down her head, but did not say No.

"You shall have one—just one," said Joey, "because you're so cunning. Open your little mouth."

Mamie parted her lips and teeth, and Joey put a macaroon between them. Then she took hold of Joey's hand and they went in to grandma.

"I can't stay long," said Joey; "and I want to ask your mamma if you can come to tea. So you'd better find her, Mamie."

Mamie ran away, and Joey took the chair that was nearest grandma.

"You haven't been to call in a long time. Why not?" said grandma.

"I forgot it," said Joey.

"Didn't you want to see us?" asked grandma.

"No ma'am," said Joey. "If I did, I'd come."

"Joey," called Mamie, over the banisters, "shall I ask mamma if Tommy can go, too?"

"No," said Joey, "I don't invite him. I haven't got macaroons enough for him. Besides, I don't want him."

"How does Dan get along in the new business?" asked grandma.

"Oh, he gets along," said Joey.

"Does he like it?" said grandma.

Grandma meant no harm with her questions, but she certainly did ask a great many. She was a very old lady, and old ladies sometimes get into the habit of asking questions, because they have not much else to do.

Joey was just going to answer "No!" when he remembered in time to resist the temptation to tell a home-secret. He had picked up a great deal of knowledge about Dan's business affairs, by hearing when nobody thought he was listening.

"What did you say?" asked grandma.

"I haven't spoken," answered Joey.

He was quite used to resisting temptation now. He had often put into practice the rules that mamma gave him on the Sunday morning when he began to reform. Too often he had yielded, and told things he ought not to tell; but he had been penitent every time, with a penitence that made him better.

He was in the habit of planting his heel firmly in the ground, as mamma had recommended, when tempted; and after grandma repeated her question about Dan he rose and set his foot on the carpet with a stamp that made grandma think he was angry. He had to omit making a hole with his heel this time, because he could not stamp on the soft earth without going out doors, and he did not think it polite to be making holes in people's carpets.

"What is the matter, Joey?" said grandma, gently. "Little boys shouldn't let their angry passions rise."

"Grandma," said Joey, "I didn't. Look at me. A'nt I smiling?"

"So you are," said grandma, "but I don't see what you were stamping at."

"Well, never mind," said Joey. "You mustn't try to guess my secrets, grandma, like Mamie does. I guess it goes in the family."

"You little rogue!" said grandma, "I shall have to stick my sharp knitting-needle into you."

She pretended to do it, and then she asked,

"Is Cousin Louisa any pleasanter now-a-days, Joey?"

Joey had once confided in grandma some of cousin Louisa's unfortunate ways and remarks.

He remembered that his mother had advised him to talk of the weather, his lessons, and plays, or to tell a story, when there was no other way out of his temptations; so he raised his voice and almost shouted,

"Fine weather we are having, grandma!"

"It's pretty dark to-day overhead," said grandma. "Looks as if we might have a storm. But you didn't tell me

about cousin Louisa, dear. Grandma hopes she is very pleasant now to the little boys."

"I'm in First Reader!" shouted Joey. "I can do sums. I can write big A, little a; big B, little b; big C, little c; big D, little d; big E, little e; and that is all; but I'm going to learn the rest and make 'em into words. Maybe next time Mr. Fitch comes round, I'll go to his writing-class. I can say some multiplication-table.

"Twice one are two.

"Twice two are four.

"Twice three are six.

"Twice four are eight.

"Twice five are ten."

"Joey, Joey!" said grandma, "you are losing your breath. Stop, dear. You go on like a wild boy."

Joey was very glad of a rest, and he leaned back in the chair and stretched himself.

Grandma knit and knit, then as Joey was her guest she felt called upon to talk to him, and her mouth seemed to have nothing but questions in it to-day.

"Did mamma make your pretty overcoat?" said grandma.

"Grandma," said Joey, starting up and taking in breath for a long, pauseless speech. "Once upon a time there lived a mischievous monkey in a little village far away. He had a bad trick of stealing as cleverly as any pick-pocket, from all those who passed by. It happened one day that a man who wore on his head a huge, black, curly wig, walked down the road; and up sprang the monkey, quickly he overtook him, lightly he jumped, swiftly he snatched, and away he flew."

"Is that all?" asked grandma.

"There's more about the man, who didn't know what to do with his bare head," said Joey. "The name of the story is 'The Mischievous Monkey,' and it tells about all his tricks; but I can't say the rest of it to-day, grandma."

"Joey," said grandma, "I have observed that you haven't answered any of my questions."

"I know it, grandma," said Joey. "Didn't you see me stamp my foot

down? After I do that you can't make me tattle!"

"Did you think I wanted to make you tattle, dear?" said grandma. "I asked you questions because I didn't think of anything else to say at the time. I didn't mean to tempt you to tattle. You are a brave little man. How finely you managed to change the subject every time, Joey. Grandma will remember not to ask you questions any more."

Mamie came back in a few minutes. She had hunted all over the house for her mamma, and then found her at a neighbor's.

"I can come to tea, Joey," she said

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The morning continued dark, and towards noon it began to rain. So few of Mr. Murdock's customers were faithful enough to him to care to pick their way through the mud to his store, when there were stores on clean streets where purchases could be made, that he might have put up his shutters and locked his door on rainy days with very small loss.

But it was wonderful how busy he could manage to keep his clerks even in the wildest weather.

Dan found little rest for his hands that day. It seemed as if Mr. Murdock, surprised by his good-nature, was determined to test its endurance, or to impose on it until he should succeed in driving it away.

When the candy was boiled and lifted from the stove—which Dan did clumsily, and scalded his hands in doing—it had to be poured into pans, cut into sticks, and put away to harden.

When the candy was disposed of, Mr. Murdock took an immense pan, intended for a hotel dish-pan by its maker, threw in lard, brown-sugar, and a little of everything else he could lay hands on, until there was only room left for his fists and a spoon, then called Dan to come and stir.

It was no easy matter to keep in motion such a tough, unwieldy mass of

dough, and Dan's stout arms were glad of a release when Mr. Murdock came back to direct the removal of the cake into small pans, and then into the oven.

"You can tidy the shed up now, Daniel," said Mr. Murdock. "You'll find the broom in the closet under the stairs."

Dan walked off to the closet, not a scowl on his face, not a rebellious word on his lips.

Mr. Murdock wondered how long it would last. He had enough prepared to say to Daniel if he should open his mouth to complain. He could tell him to mind, or quit, one or the other. He wasn't going to take any impudence from the parson's boy. All that he wanted was a chance to tell him that he didn't pay him five dollars a week for loafing, and that he could get plenty of fellows as good as he to work for him.

But the chance did not seem to be coming. The fellow actually whistled as he swung the broom around the little shed, and carefully hunted the

dirt out of the corners. And he cracked jokes with Freddy that threw the child from one convulsion into another, until there seemed danger of rush of blood to the brain.

Freddy's sides ached, his eyes ran little rivers, and his breath was painfully short from laughing; and still he would laugh on. Nothing satisfied him. One joke only made him want another and another—still another. He drew so regardlessly on Dan's resources that his wits soon failed, and his jokes, from getting to be very poor articles, got to be no jokes at all. But Freddy's bursts of merriment were no less long and loud and hearty on that account. He had reached a stage where it was enough for him that Dan opened his mouth and spoke at all.

Dan had a gift for taking life at its best, and getting fun out of all manner of sombre things; so, except for the feeling that his rights were being trifled with, he rather liked the novelty of his business, though not the prospect of its being repeated day after day.

*(To be continued.)*

# IL SANTISSIMO BAMBINO.

BY PHEBE F. MCKEEN.

On the Capitoline Hill, in Rome, stands a church, twelve hundred years old, called Ara Coeli. It is unpromising

ancient church, however, is a wooden doll called Il Santissimo Bambino—The Most Holy Infant. It is dressed



THE BAMBINO.

in its outward appearance, but is rich in marbles and mosaics within. like an Italian baby, and an Italian baby is dressed like a mummy. We

The most precious possession of this often see them in their mothers' arms,

so swathed that they can no more move than a bundle without any baby inside of it. Their little legs must ache for the freedom of kicking. The dress of *the* Bambino is very different from that of *a* bambino after all, for it is cloth of silver, and it sparkles all over with jewels which have been presented to it, and it wears a golden crown upon its head.

This is the history of this remarkable doll, as devout Roman Catholics believe. You must judge for yourselves how much of it is truth and how much fable.

They say this image of the infant Saviour was carved from olive-wood which grew upon the Mount of Olives, by a monk who lived in Palestine; and, as he had no means of painting it with sufficient beauty, his prayers prevailed upon St. Luke to come down from Heaven and color it for him. Then he sent it to Rome to be present at the Christmas festival. It was shipwrecked on the way, but finally came safely to land, and was received with great reverence by the Franciscan monks, who placed it in a shrine at Ara Cœli. It was soon found to have miraculous power to heal the sick, and was so often sent for to visit them, that, at one time, it received more fees than any physician in Rome. It has its own carriage in which it rides abroad, and its own attendants, who guard it with the utmost care.

One woman was so selfish as to think it would be a capital thing if she could get possession of this wonder-working image for herself and her friends.

"She had another doll prepared of the same size and appearance as the 'Santissimo,' and having feigned sickness and obtained permission to have it left with her, she dressed the false image in its clothes, and sent it back to Ara Cœli. The fraud was not discovered till night, when the Franciscan monks were awakened by the most furious ringing of bells and by thunder-

ing knocks at the west door of the church, and hastening thither, could see nothing but a wee, naked, pink foot peeping in from under the door; but when they opened the door, without stood the little naked figure of the true Bambino of Ara Cœli, shivering in the wind and rain. So the false baby was sent back in disgrace, and the real baby restored to its home, never to be trusted away alone any more."

This marvellous escape is duly recorded in the Sacristy of the church where the Bambino safely dwells under lock and key all the year, except the time from Christmas to Epiphany, when it comes out to receive the homage of the people.

We went to see it last Christmas.

As I told you, the church stands on one of the seven Hills of the Eternal City; it is approached by a flight of stone steps as wide as the building itself and as high as the hill. There were many beggars on these steps; some old and blind, others young and bright-eyed. Beside the beggars, there were people with tiny images of the Baby in the Manger, toy sheep, and pictures of the Bambino for sale.

When we went into the church, we found one of the chapels fitted up like a tableau. The chapels are something like large alcoves along the sides of a church. Each is consecrated to some saint, and often belongs to some particular family who have their weddings and funerals there.

It was in the second chapel on the left that we found the scene represented. The Virgin Mary was dressed in a bright blue silk, adorned with various jewels. In her lap lay the Bambino, about the size of a baby six weeks old. I do not believe St. Luke painted its face, for it was not half so well done as most of the wooden dolls we see. An artificial mule had his nose close to the baby's head. Joseph sat near, and in front the shepherds were kneeling. All these people were of life-size, made of

wood, and dressed in real clothes. Beyond them was to be seen a pretty landscape—sheep, covered with real wool, a girl with a pitcher on her head coming down a path to a sparkling fountain of *glass*. In the distance was the town of Bethlehem. In mid-air hovered an angel, hung by a wire in his back, from the ceiling. On pasteboard screens, above the Virgin and Child, were painted a crowd of cherubs looking down, and in their midst God the Father—whom no one hath seen nor can see—was represented in the likeness of a venerable man, spreading his hands in blessing over the group below.

A great many little children were coming with the older people to look at all this, and talking in their pretty Italian tongue, about the “Bambino.”

Epiphany, as perhaps you know, is the day kept in memory of the visit of the Wise Men whom the Star in the East guided to our Saviour’s cradle. On that day, *Il Santissimo Bambino* was to be carried with all ceremony back to the Sacristy; so we went to see that.

We were glad to find the Blessed Virgin had two nice silk dresses; she had changed from blue to red, and the Bambino was standing on her knee. The Shepherds had gone, and the Wise Men had come, all very gorgeous in flowered brocade and cloth of gold, with crowns on their heads, and pages to hold their trains.

It was yet an hour or two before the “Procession of the Holy Cradle” would proceed; so we went out of the side door of the church to stray about the Capitoline Hill in the meanwhile.

We went down the steps where Tiberias Gracchus, the friend of the people, was killed, some two thousand years ago. That brought us into a small square called *Piazza di Campidoglio*. It is surrounded on three sides by public buildings, and in front has a grand stairway leading down to

the street. It was in this very spot that Brutus made his famous speech after the assassination of Julius Cæsar. We crossed the square, went up some steps and through an archway.

A company of little Romans were playing soldier there, and the small drum-major made the walls of the capitol resound with his rattling music. That reminds me to tell you that Santa Claus does not visit Italy; but an old woman, named Navona, comes instead. She may be his wife, for aught I know; in fact, it seems quite likely, for she has a way, just like his, of coming down the chimney, bringing gifts for the good children and switches for the naughty. These must have been very good little boys, for every one of them seemed to have a new sword or gun. Probably Navona has to keep the house while Santa Claus is away about his Christmas business, and that is the reason she does not reach her small people here until the night before Epiphany, the 6th of January.

We went down a lane of poor houses, dodging the clothes which hung drying over our heads, and came to a large green gate in the high stone wall of a garden. We knocked, but no one answered. Presently a black-eyed little boy came running to us, glad to earn two or three sous by going to call the *custode*. While we wait for him to do so, I must tell you why we wished to go through this green door. You have read, either in Latin or English, the story of Tarpeia, the Roman maiden, who consented to show the Latin soldiers the way into the citadel if they would give her what they wore on their left arms, meaning their bracelets, and then the grim joke they played after she had done her part, by throwing upon her their shields, which were also “what they wore on their left arms.”

It was to see the Tarpeian rock, where she led her country’s enemies up, and where, later, traitors were hurled down, that we wished to go through the

gate. Presently the keeper came, a rosy young woman, leading a little girl, who was feeling very rich over a new dolly she was dangling by its arm.

We were admitted to a small garden, where pretty pink roses were in blossom, and the oranges were hanging on the trees, though the icicles were fringing the fountain not far away. On the edge of the garden, along the brow of the cliff, runs a thick wall of brown stone; we leaned over it and looked down the steep rock which one assaulting party after another tried, in old times, to scale.

It was on this side that the Gauls were trying to reach the citadel at the time the geese saved the city. Do you know that for a long time, annually, a dog was crucified on the capitol, and a goose carried in triumph, because, on that occasion, the dogs failed to give the alarm, and the geese did give it!

We looked down on the roofs and into the courts of poor houses which have huddled close about the foot of the hill, but beyond them we could look down into the Forum, where Virginia was stabbed, where Horatius hung up the spoil of the Curiatii, where the body of Julius Cæsar was burned, where the head of Cicero was cruelly exposed on the very rostrum where had often been seen the triumph of his eloquence. Opposite to us stood the Palatine Hill, a mass of crumbling palaces; a little farther off rose the mighty wall of the Coliseum, where the gladiators used to fight, and where so many Christian martyrs were thrown to the wild beasts while tens of thousands of their fellow-men, more cruel than lions, looked on, for sport.

Just at the roots of the Capitoline, close by, though out of sight, was the Mamertine Prison, where St. Paul, of whom the world was not worthy, was once shut up in the dismal darkness of the dungeon.

As we went from the garden back to the Piazza di Capidoglio, we saw some-

thing unusual was going on in the palace on the left of the capitol. In the door stood a guard in resplendent array of crimson and gold lace. Looking through the arched entrance, we could see in the inner court an open carriage with driver and footman in livery of bright scarlet. Something of a crowd was gathering in the corridors. We stopped to learn what it was all about. An Italian woman answered, "La Principessa Margarita!" and an English lady close by explained that the Princess Margaret, wife of the crown prince, had come to distribute prizes to the children of the public schools. Only invited guests could be present, but the people were waiting to see her come down. So we joined the people and waited also.

It was a long time and a pretty cold one. A brass band in the court cheered our spirits now and then. The fine span of the princess looked rather excited, at first, by the trumpets so close to their ears, but they stood their ground bravely. If one of the scarlet footmen tightened a buckle, it raised our hopes that his mistress was coming; the other put a fresh cigar in his mouth, and they sank.

Meantime the guard in the gold-laced crimson coat and yellow stockings paced up and down. At length there was a messenger from above; the royal carriage drove under the arch close to us. There was a rustle, and down came the princely lady, dressed in purple velvet, with mauve feathers in her hat, a white veil drawn over her face, and a large bouquet in her white-gloved hand—rather pretty and very graceful. Before entering her carriage, she turned to shake hands with the ladies and gentlemen, who had accompanied her. She was very complaisant, bowing low to them, and they still lower to her. Then she bowed graciously to the crowd right and left, and they responded gratefully. She smiled upon them,



high and low, but there was a look in her face, as it passed close to me, as if she was tired of smiling for the public. She seated herself in the carriage; the lady-in-waiting took her place beside her, the gentleman-in waiting threw over them the carriage-robe of white ermine lined with light blue velvet and stepped in himself.

Then the equipage rolled off, the scarlet footmen getting up behind as it started. This princess is very good and kind, greatly beloved by the people, and, as there is no queen, she is the first lady in the kingdom. Her husband first and her little son next are heirs to the crown.

This show being over, we hastened back to the church, fearing we had missed the Bambino in our pursuit of the princess. But we were in good time. On the side of the church opposite the tableau was a small, temporary platform. Little boys and girls were placed upon this, one after the other, to speak short pieces or recite verses about the infant Christ. It was a kind of Sunday-school concert in Italian. The language is very sweet in a child's mouth. There were a great many bright, black-eyed children in the church, and most of them seemed to have brought their Christmas presents along with them, as if to show them to the Bambino.

There were ragged men in the crowd, and monks, and country-women with handkerchiefs tied over their heads for bonnets. One of them who stood near me had her first finger covered with rings up to the last joint. That is their great ambition in the way of dress.

At length the organ ceased playing, and the notes of a military band were heard. Then we saw a banner moving

slowly down one of the aisles, followed by a train of lighted tapers. Over the heads of the people we could only see the banner and the lights; they passed down and paused to take the Bambino. Then they marched slowly all round the church—people falling on their knees as they passed by.

Out at the front door they went, and that sacred image was held high aloft, so that all the people on the great stairway and in the square below might get a sight of it, and be blessed. Then up the middle of the church they came, to the high altar. This was our chance to see them perfectly.

First the banner, with an image of the Virgin on it, was borne by a young priest dressed in a long black robe and a white short gown trimmed with lace; next came a long procession of men in ordinary dress, carrying long and large wax candles, which they had a disagreeable habit of dripping as they went along.

"Servants of great houses," remarked a lady behind me.

"They used to come themselves," answered another.

Then followed Franciscan monks in their brown copes, each with a knotted rope for a girdle, and sandals only on his bare feet. After these came the band of musicians, all little boys; and now approached, with measured tread, three priests in rich robes of white brocade, enriched with silver. The middle one, a tall, venerable-looking man, with hoary hair and solemn countenance, held erect in his hands the sacred dolly. As it passed, believers dropped upon their knees. When he reached the high altar, he reverently kissed its feet, and delivered it to its custodian to be carried to the Sacristy!

—*Wide Awake.*

## PRIZE STORY.

We have received twenty-four stories competing for the prizes offered in the July Number. Of these one was mailed on the 22nd of August, and therefore was out of the count. The remaining twenty-three we submitted to a competent Judge whose decision we give below. A great deal of time and labor has evidently been expended on this work by our young friends, and those who have not gained the prize, will have the satisfaction of knowing, that they have gained useful lessons in the study of the English language, and its capabilities. The judge decided that the first prize has been won by a young lady of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, who signs herself "Josie Fletcher." The second prize after some deliberation, as several of the stories appeared to be of nearly equal merit, is awarded to Albert H. Gamble, of Sparta, Ont. The two successful stories we print below. The judge's report says:—

"Amongst other considerations in their favor, the neat hand-writing, correct spelling, and good composition, went far in commending these stories to favorable notice.

We should mention that 'Simon Shorts' Son Samuel' would have taken a high place on the list, had it not been, that it was sent in, both by Samuel V., Vanleek Hill, and also by M. G. M., Campden, which circumstance appears to prove that it was not original with either. Of the stories that remain, many deserve special mention, such as 'Samuel Stanley's Strange Vision,' 'Seth Stirling and Sally Slimpsley,' 'Susan Seagrove,' 'Seaside story,' 'Sensible Sophia and Saucy Susan,' and 'Sarah, Stella, and Susie.'"

## SUSAN SMITH.

BY JOSIE FLETCHER.

Sad, silent, sorrowful, sat Sarah Smith, silently stitching sister Susan's summer sacque. She sighed, stitched steadily several seconds, smiling sadly. Suddenly, sister Susan, suppressing several silly simpers, spoke:

"Sarah," she said, softly, "Stephen Sanders says sentiment seems specially sensible since September."

Sarah started. Seven seasons scarcely seemed six, since Stephen Sanders, seeking strawberries saw Susan similarly situated. Several successive Sundays Stephen sought Sarah's sister. Susan's sylph-like shape, small stature, sharp speeches, soon secured Stephen. Sober Sarah saw several superior senior sons, so she sternly silenced Susan's sentiment.

"Sister," she said; "so Stephen Sanders' silly speeches still seem sweet! Shall Simon Strong's superior station stand scorned? Shall Susan Smith so stoop?"

Susan stamped. "Simon Strong shall soon see!" she said. So seizing Sarah's striped stocking, she set several stitches. Scarcely seventeen seemed Susan—small, slender, simple. Seven scorned suitors stood sullenly seeing Stephen Sander's supremacy. Stephen serenely smiled superior, sending sincere sympathy.

Several signs showed Sarah Susan's sentiments: sometimes she sighed; sometimes sobbed, sometimes scolded, still Susan saw Stephen Sanders. She seemed sad, sullen, sulky.

Suddenly, smelling smoke, she saw

Stephen standing smoking, some seventy steps south. Sarah seemed sleepy, so Susan signalled Stephen—"silence!" Soon Sarah snored. Susan stepped silently southward.

"Say, sweet sylph," said smiling Stephen, "shall sweet strolls, soft speeches, sparkling satire seem silly?"

"So sister Sarah says," Susan sobbed; "she sends Simon Strong seeking Stephen's Susan."

Stephen swore softly.

"So stern Sally seeks shoemaker's society! Stephen Sanders shall surely save sweet Susan."

She still sobbed, seeming sincerely sad, supremely sorrowful. Suddenly Stephen, said, smiling;

"Shall Simon Strong seek sweet Susan's side? Shall Stephen Sanders survive such subtilty. Say, Susan, shall Sanders speedily supplant Smith? Shall Susan sign some softer surname! speak!"

She sighed. "Susan Sanders shall surely supplant Susan Smith," she said.

So, stern Sarah!

Soon Stephen Sanders, Susan Smith, safely spliced, sought Sarah. "Stern sister," said Stephen; "speak softly, scatter smiles, scorn scolding."

Sarah scowled savagely; soon, seeing superior sense, she sobbed slightly, smiled sweetly, saluted Susan.

Seven summers saw sister Sarah sedulously spoiling Stephen's six small sturdy sons.

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## THE RIVALS.

BY ALBERT H. GAMBLE.

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Stella Stanton stepped smartly southward. Silas Smith seeing Stella starting southward said softly,

"Southern sun suits Silas splendidly;" (surely some subtle spell surrounded

Silas Smith,) so saying Silas strolled southward.

Samuel Secord, seeing Silas Smith starting, said, "Surely something's startled Silas." So staring southward, Samuel saw Stella; "So Silas Smith saw Stella Stanton;" sneeringly spoke Samuel Secord. Samuel starts southward suddenly.

Silas Smith stopped Stella, saying, "Such splendid sunset, such sweet, sombre, scarlet shades so seldom seen, seem sublime."

Suddenly Samuel said sarcastically—"Simpletons! Such sentimental stuff suits simple sages."

Stella seeing Samuel so stern, sought Silas' side. Silas seeing Stella, sweet, symmetrically-shaped Stella, so startled, said scornfully: "Samuel Secord shall suffer, Stella; such superciliousness seems so simple."

Samuel straightway struck Silas severely, saying, "Stella Stanton supposed Silas Smith something supernatural. Seems Silas so still? Such silliness Samuel seldom sees."

Stella stood silent, suppressing screams. Shuddering Silas secretly stood, so spoke, saying, "Shame! shame!! scoundrel! Silas Smith shan't see Stella Stanton suffer such scorn." Stella smiled sweetly, seeing safety secure.

Samuel, seeing Silas so staunchly supporting Stella—seeing Stella, supposing Silas some superior—scowled savagely—sighed sadly—stood staring some seconds sullenly—suddenly started, striding savagely south-east.

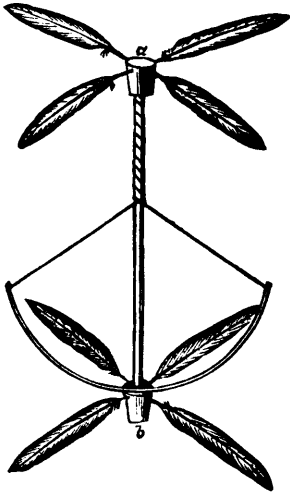
Silas softly soothed Stella; Stella seeing Silas so sensible, so soothing, said sweetly, "Silas stay still."

Silas seeing Stella so submissive, solicited something stirringly significant. Stella seemed satisfied.

So Samuel Secord soon saw Silas smoothly settled, securely spliced.

## A FLYING TOY.

As it may be an amusement to some of my readers to see a machine rise in the air by mechanical means, I will de-



scribe an instrument of this kind, which any one can construct at the expense of ten minutes' labor:

*a* and *b* are two corks, into each of which are inserted four wing-feathers from any bird, so as to be slightly inclined, like the sails of a windmill, but in opposite directions in each set. A round shaft is fixed in the cork *a*, which ends in a sharp point. At the upper part of the cork *b* is fixed a whalebone bow, having a small pivot hole in its centre, to receive the point of the shaft. The bow is then to be strung equally on each side to the upper portion of the shaft, and the little machine is completed. Wind up the string by turning the bow, so that the spring of the bow may unwind the corks, with their anterior edges ascending; then place the cork, with the bow attached to it, upon a table, and with a finger pressed on the upper cork, press strongly enough to prevent the string from unwinding, and taking it away suddenly, the instrument will rise to the ceiling.—*Home Amusements.*

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## THE BOARD AND BALL.

Get the cover of a small cigar box, or any other thin board, about five inches long, and cut it out the shape as represented in Fig. 1, then arrange the

strings and balls as shown in the same engraving.

The trick is, to get the large ball off the string without untying it, or remov-

ing any of the smaller balls. Push the ball close up to the wood, and pull the loop of string down through as much

[Fig. 2.] The two loops will then separate, and the ball can easily be taken off.

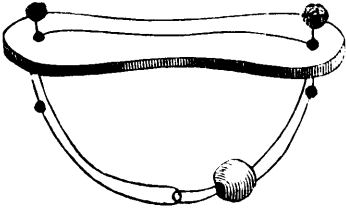


FIG. 1.

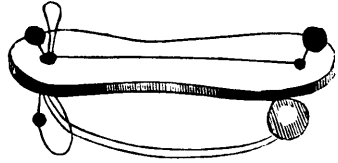


FIG. 2.

as it will come; then pass the end of the loop through the hole in the wood, and over the pellet as here shown.

The knots beneath the wood prevent the loops being pulled through by the pellets.



HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB

# The Home.

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## HINTS ABOUT CHILDREN.

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BY M.

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*Author of "Hints on Housekeeping."*

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"Train up a child in the way he should go," said the wisest of wise men, now more than 2500 years ago, and the fact of the proverb, or "dark saying," (Prov. 1, 6) being as applicable now, as then goes to prove its worth and truthfulness.

I daresay Solomon had only spiritual matters in view when he penned those words, doubtless he troubled himself no more about the every-day management of his children than most fathers do.

"It is their mother's place," they say, and I agree with them, for the very reason that the fathers would make sad work of it, if once they took it in hand: but no matter, Solomon's words were worthy of his great wisdom, even if he had put aside their highest and noblest meaning of spiritual training.

That little children cannot understand, do not know what is being done for them is true, but never forget that from the moment of its birth a baby *feels* and *learns*—and you may find, to your cost, that it is far easier to give a baby a bad habit, than to break it of one. Your child comes to you, fresh, pure, unsullied, like to a sheet of white paper. You may inscribe what you will upon that snow-white sheet, and you may try, but in vain, to thoroughly efface any thing once placed there. All you can do is to cover over, for the marks are there and will always remain there, ready—it may be—to show at any moment.

To begin then at the very beginning, do not spoil your child, and hinder your own rest, by having a light at night, or by talking and playing with it then. A light outside your bed-room is not only convenient, but necessary, for at times it is almost impossible to pay proper attention to your child without one, but pray put it away as soon as you can, do not let baby stare too earnestly at the "pretty light;" it will drive sleep away too effectually, and you will spend many a weary hour, trying to undo the effects of the brightness on the child's eyes.

Do not use a cradle, do not jump your child on your knee, both these things are barbarous, and deserve to be put down by the "society for prevention of cruelty." How would you like being rolled from side to side, from side to side, in the vain endeavor to bring on sleep, when in reality the very motion would have been enough to rouse the seven sleepers of Ephesus. Add to this the continual drone of the nurse, (if she happens to be old,) the high-keyed singing (if young)—would you sleep with this continual hubbub? could you if you would? No; no more than can the poor baby—all you could do would be to lie there till shaken into unconsciousness—but do not confound that forced oblivion, with "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Or how would you like to have some great giantess lay hold of you immediately after a meal,

set you on her knee and trot you up and down, up and down, till you were sick and disgusted. Even the hiccups—one of nature's remonstrances—is either unheeded, or called a "thriving sign;" and if the babe dare to protest against such treatment by crying, some horrid soothing (?) stuff or other is administered to quiet it. A full grown person takes an opiate, and what is her experience next day? A racking headache, dryness in the mouth, an uncomfortable feeling generally—enough to make her cross and irritable. You pity those who have had to take opiates, are well aware that they are suffering, and will let them be as quiet as possible, till they fully recover. Do you do this with your tender baby? I am sorry to say you do not. You make your child sick and restless by your own rockings and jerkings—then you give it an opiate (soothing syrup) to make it sleep. Then when its poor little nerves are all out of tune, all jarring from the ill effects of this, you either worry it into crossness by playing with it, or dose it to sleep with more syrup.

Is it any wonder children die? No; the wonder is that any live. Truly babies must be stronger than we deem.

To waken your baby from sleep is very wrong, it wants all it can get,—and if you only take a little trouble at first, and continue regular afterwards, you can so arrange the sleeping hours of your child as to give you liberty at the time you need it most. Be regular about feeding-time—do not let anything come between you and your child, it will know as well as you when the proper time has arrived, and will fret unless attended to. Bathe a baby from head to foot every day, and let the water be warm, or not, as you find it likes it best. To me it is perfectly barbarous, to see a delicate baby dipped into a bath of cold water, whilst its screams show its fear and perhaps pain. Children generally love water, but it must be a little warm, enough to

feel pleasant to the touch, otherwise they will rebel against it, and the fight to get them in, does away with the good effects of the bath. The better plan is, to begin with warm water, then cool off very gradually, till it can be used cold without distressing the child. Dry thoroughly and carefully, being very particular about those troublesome wrinkles, which are half the beauty of a baby. A soft towel, a little warmed is good to pass over all these little nooks and corners, for the least moisture left there will cause the tender skin to become irritated. The dusting of powder is almost indispensable, and the best kind to be used is wheat starch, powdered and put into a piece of *washed* muslin. I know that this does not look quite as well in the "baby basket," as a nice down puff, but you can hide it away in a pretty receiver, so as not to spoil the appearance of your basket, and trust me, baby will be far more comfortable with starch than with "pearl powder." Be careful when dressing the baby, to press very lightly on the stomach, and move the hand in a circle.

But beyond all, be careful and tender in touching the head, it is the most sensitive part of your child, and cases of idiocy have arisen from its being roughly rubbed, or too tightly bound, by the out-door hood being too tightly fastened.

Children should be made to obey from the very first, yet there is no occasion *ever* to use Solomon's "rod," except in extreme cases. Mamma's warning "ah," or uplifted finger will soon be recognized as a sign of disapproval, and the little one will understand it just as well as it does the invitation to mother's arms, by the holding out of hands. The continual, firm, though gentle control, of the mother first, then as time goes on, of both parents in unison—mingled with judicious approbation is what is most needed, and your child will respond to it, just as the

trained horse responds to the slightest pressure on the rein.

But we will suppose your child to have stepped beyond the bounds of babyhood, indeed to have been succeeded by another—and then comes the time when the poor little dethroned king of the nursery, first knows what is meant by neglect. It cannot always be avoided, at any rate for a time, for it often happens that the serious illness of the mother, interferes greatly with the care of children. My heart bleeds for the poor child, whose nose, according to nursery phraseology, is “out of joint;” and I would ask of all nurses who may have the care of such an one, to be kind and tender with it, forgive its fretfulness, its wearying cries for “mamma;” it feels her absence in a way you cannot understand now, but just as you *fell* in the dim past; and when once more the mother takes her place among her children, let her too be lenient in teaching her child to unlearn the wrong it has learned during her illness.

A child's dress is of great importance, and do try to have it useful as well as ornamental. Never mind fashion, but mind your child's health and do not send it out bare-legged on a day when you gladly put on woollen stockings. During summer, when the temperature is high, put as little as you please on your child, but for the sake of humanity put on enough as the weather gets colder. But after all, it is not so much the scarcity as the size of the wearing apparel that does so much harm. Take any of those poor little shivering creatures, that one sees in the streets during autumn, and if you examine their dress, you will find that over their necks, shoulders, and bodies they have plenty, nay are sometimes incommoded by the very quantity, yet that child comes home cross, fretful, red-nosed, and next day is feverish, and shows symptoms of having “caught cold.”

“My child is so delicate,” says the mother, “I cannot let it go out without

fear of taking cold, only driving will suit it.” So a carter comes each day to enable “Baby,” to take the air, and the father works all the harder to make up for the increased expense.

Now, if a few more inches of flannel had been put into those petticoats, a few more of merino into the dress, a few more of cotton and flannel into the drawers and bloomers—if the stockings and gaiters had been a little longer, if the boots had been half a size larger, and had had no heels, your child would not have taken cold, but would have enjoyed, and benefited by the out-door exercise, far more than by driving in a carriage. Can you not see for yourselves that the only reason why your child does not take cold when driving is, that the carriage rug does for it what its dress cannot—it covers its knees and prevents the cold from reaching other parts of the system. Certainly, there cannot be a prettier, or more engaging sight, than a young child dressed as our children are now—but is it wise, is it right to sacrifice their bodily health to appearance? And yet that is what is being continually done. Surely when God gave you your children, it was for something far higher, far nobler than to make well-dressed dolls of them.

But there is something of far greater importance than even the proper care of the body, in which God has shrouded an immortal soul—that is by no means a light or an insignificant work, and is one which will further the other; still it can only be secondary to the great object of life, mental and moral culture.

As the days pass over, your child begins to notice its surroundings—not very much at first—and then only the brightest, the most clearly marked, but by degrees even small things will prove attractive, and memory will retain these things from day to day. Pleasure or disapproval being clearly shown with regard to them. Then a step or two in advance comes the child's attempts to talk, to walk, to imitate whatever



may be noticed by it. And do parents fully realize that even then, their own lives are shaping the character of their child? And of course the older they grow, the more applicable my words. Children are naturally imitative, they notice more, and remember more than we have any idea of, and I would warn parents against the use of improper words, or the (too frequent) exhibition of peevishness towards each other within hearing of their children. Many amusing stories are told illustrating this, and I will mention one, which though not amusing, yet bears strongly upon what I say, that young children's memories are very retentive.

Mrs.—— and her sister were in the nursery together, and among other subjects of conversation a gentleman's name was mentioned, who was a frequent visitor at the house. The eldest child, a girl of not more than four, was playing with her dolls, and apparently utterly oblivious to the conversation.

"What a pity," said one of the ladies, "that he is so careless about manners at table, he eats with his knife."

"Surely not."

"I have seen it frequently."

Several days passed, when to the surprise of the mother, the child on her return from a walk came to her saying in baby fashion:

"Mamma, it twite tue."

"What is quite true, dear?"

"Mr.—— do eat all his knife."

Astonished at the remark, the mother thought it better to enquire of the nurse, than question the child about it, and she learned that as they passed the residence of Mr.——, his mother happened to see them, and she took the child into the dining-room where her son was at lunch. Whether any remark had been made to him about the knife was never known, the nurse was not in the room, and it was not considered desirable to question the child any further, but an uncomfortable feeling always arises whenever Mrs.—— meets

her friend. This is a simple story, but it is true, and for that reason I give it.

I warn parents against exhibiting anything in their own lives which, being imitated, would be injurious to their child; then how much more may I urge upon them to so conduct themselves as to admit of being copied. "Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you," is utterly inapplicable to children, and parents or guardians should never lose sight of this. A father whose temper is hasty, and who gives way to it, is very much surprised to notice the same trait in his son, and in all sincerity talks to him earnestly, affectionately, about giving way to his "temper." How much better if he would curb his own temper, which his son inherits from him, and so set the child an example which he can understand and follow. Or the father is no christian, and absents himself from public worship; is it any wonder if the child does the same, as soon as he can? Or the parent uses profane language; can the son be made to understand how it is wrong? And here let me say that teachers are often sadly puzzled as to how to teach pupils that such and such things are wrong, and yet not lower the parents in that child's estimation; for children will apply things far more quickly than we think. A case in point—I had a large Sunday-school class, composed chiefly of poor, rough boys: and one Sunday, the fifth commandment being the lesson I spoke earnestly on the duty of obedience of children to their parents. To show how strict the Jews were, I mentioned that "stoning" was with them the punishment for disobedience, and that by law all were considered children till thirty.

Young Canada could not bear this, and one boy who had been listening very intently showed his surprise by crying out, "Oh Lord." The words were no sooner said than repented of, as I could see by the flushed face, but when I spoke of the *sin* of swearing, I

was told "father swears," and when I was obliged to repeat that it was sinful for all, I felt that I had lost with that class nearly all I had hoped to teach; for I overheard that very boy say "can't understand teacher, she says to obey parents, and then comes down on a fellow for talking like them." Truth was, that boy was only beginning to learn that there was another reason why a child should obey, than the fear of the rod—love of parents, which I had tried to set before them as a great motive power, he could only partly understand, though that very love was showing itself in his imitation of his father. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," said our Blessed Saviour, "If you love mamma, do as she tells you," says the mother to her rebellious child, and a dim something with regard to this new idea of love, was struggling in that boy's mind, when he gave as excuse "father swears."

Nor are the fathers the only ones to set the example, either for good or evil, to their children. Mothers have a greater opportunity and consequently a greater responsibility, if they would only see it. "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," said Pharaoh's daughter to the mother of Moses, and so God says to every mother to whom He gives the privilege of nursing an immortal soul for Him. Wages most certainly each mother receives for her work; receives them according to the manner in which she has fulfilled her trust. If faithfully she has striven to bring up her child in "The nurture and admonition of the Lord," He will see that her wages are equivalent; her child will love and reverence her, with the love and reverence that only a Christian mother can command.

If on the contrary, she satisfies herself with caring only for the bodily wants—what wonder if providing for the *bodily* wants of an aged parent, is considered sufficient by the one whom she taught

to consider, that the body was all in all? Elder sisters, too, can do much toward forming the characters of their younger brothers and sisters, thus repaying in part the care which their mothers gave to them.

Perhaps some may think that I lay too much stress upon the influence of the female portion of the family, but to me it seems impossible to do so. Much as a daughter may love and respect her father, and the relation between father and daughter is sometimes most touching) yet where did she imbibe that love first? not surely in the few moments which that hard-worked father could spend in her society when she was a child, but from noticing how her mother loved him and cared for him. The mother impresses her own character, on the minds of her children, at an age when they are entirely hers, before even the husband of her choice comes in between her and them.

Women have a high and holy mission assigned to them if they would only realize it—but unfortunately these are too stirring times for people to look "at home" for work. The despised village was not so very far distant from those who asked "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Nor is the sweet-smelling violet beyond reach, though it is often overlooked for the gaudy peony. And so with women, they will not see the nobility of the work given them, but hunger after that which is immeasurably inferior.

But the time is coming when home influence must put up with a rival; school companions, business—in short, the world, is coming in between it and them. And now is the time when, for boys, the father's example is (so to speak) life or death for them.

A mother can always be her daughter's nearest and dearest friend, but she cannot be that to her son. During his transition state, it must be his father or some other of his own sex. He scorns every thing womanly—the

remains of barbarism come out strong in him then, and he is savage enough to believe that women were only made to minister to his necessities. "Good enough for a woman," is high praise in his estimation, and the boy who once said, "mother's as good as a man," must have loved her dearly.

How can we account for this? Easily it seems to me. The female mind is always the same, though at different stages; and the mother having gone through *all* is capable of sympathising with and guiding her daughter at any moment. But after a time the boy—in one way—outgrows his mother, whilst yet he is destitute of the true manliness which recognizes an *equal* in woman. His father has gone through the same thing, has learned its fallacy, and has patience with his son. Cannot you then see how needful it is that at a certain period of life a boy should have his father to depend upon? "Needful," I say, but thank God, not absolutely necessary. Look through the biographies of celebrated men—how *little* is said of their fathers, how *much* of their mothers.

First then for your daughters, be very careful about the school you choose for them, and no matter how good the teacher may be, do not take it for granted that she will suit *all* your children. More than once I have written upon this subject, for it is one I have near at heart, and I cannot do better than repeat—in substance—what I have said before. Should your daughter be of the prevailing type, self-confident, self-reliant, with a strong idea that she knows "about enough," then the strict, strong-minded teacher, will just suit her; one who will make her obey for her "youth's sake," and who will teach her day by day, that one is "never too old to learn." But your child may not be of that kind, or a younger sister may differ. What is to be done? Are you to send Ida to the same school Ada goes to, just because it suits Ada, or

because Ida wishes to go? Certainly not. A young child always feels shy about going to school, and invariably wants to go—at first with elder sisters; but there is no necessity for your doing more than keeping your child one term at a school, if it does not suit her; and no teacher who has a right conception of her office would ever feel other than satisfaction at the change.

Send then the timid Ida, to a mild, gentle, low-voiced teacher; let her learn confidence among other things, and then the strict disciplinarian will do her good instead of harm. Our poor Eda may be what is termed a dull child. Woe betide her if placed under too energetic a teacher; woe still, if with a careless one. In the one case she will be frightened into stupidity headlong; in the other she will drift into it, imagining that her teacher goes with her. Give her individual teaching if possible. No one can do that as well as yourself, though it may be that your duties to younger ones preclude the possibility—still give as much of your time as you can to her, and do not confine yourself to looks, for the "dull child" advances most with "oral" teaching, and whatever outside teacher she may have, be very careful about the selection, and then—patience—for it will be sorely needed for you both.

Or your "Oda" may be of the precocious kind, and I am not quite sure but what the teacher who knows when to say "don't ask questions," is the right one for her. She wants a little snubbing, it will do her good, but it is not every one who is capable of it. The showy, flashy teacher, who can "hold her own" (even through the ologies), yet do little more, is not the fit guide for her. She requires some one whose education is ripe, whose judgment is mature, whose patience is unlimited, whose time is sufficiently unoccupied to allow of her answering all "Oda's" troublesome questions, out of school, lest that most conceited of beings, the

precocious child, supposes she "does not know."

Above all, choose a Christian teacher, one who is not ashamed of her work, who does not talk of "better days," but who, like St. Paul, while laboring for her "necessities," can still teach her pupils to remember the words of the Lord Jesus."

And for your boys—will not the same "hints" suit for their school days? Yes, only remembering that the mother's influence is now dormant with them, and for a while the father must take her place. And do not let any mother fret over this. The love is still there, though hidden, ready to burst into full power in a year or two—no longer the dependent love of a child for the one who cares for him, but the tender, truthful, protecting love of a manly son for his mother. Happy the boy who during this portion of his life has a loving father to guide him. He is pretty much in the condition of a rudderless vessel, exposed to all the dangers of the deep; he feels it, yet knows not what to do. He cannot yet rise to full companionship with his father, but the father can come down to his level, raising him by degrees throughout those tedious years—and the love which takes root then never dies.

Now is more than ever the time to make home attractive to your family, (I will no longer call them children) and particularly so during the evening. Put aside your business and housekeeping cares; never bring them to the family party assembled in the sitting room. Let all there be bright and joyous—that they may feel more and more as the days pass over, that "the dearest spot on earth is home."

Music, singing, chess, draughts, backgammon, are all useful in passing a pleasant evening—but do not exclude better things. An interesting or instructive book is all the better for being read aloud, and freely commented upon

afterwards. Experiments by the amateur chemist will help pass many an hour instructively, or if any show a taste for literature, a half hour may be devoted to hearing the author read his production, and another half to gentle, loving criticism. Amusements of an innocent nature are almost endless for young people, but though the parents need not always take an active part in these, they should endeavor to show that they do not wish to be under restraint.

Of course I am not advocating rough, noisy amusement, and if the society of the young people is sometimes a little too much for the tired father, let him either vacate the sitting room, and take refuge in the parlor, or let him send them there, but do not make them sit around in enforced silence. Your girls will grow dull, mopish, irritable under such treatment; your boys will absent themselves from home so soon as they can. And whilst caring so tenderly for your own offspring, I would ask you to give a thought to those who have no home. Were your own son away from you, in some strange city, how you would bless those who admitted him to their family circle! and you may gain blessings too if you only will.

One other word upon this part of my subject—never forget family prayer, or the proper observance of the Sabbath.

I might say more, but fear being prosy, for as the years pass on, your children are in a manner drifting away from you—your sons to business, your daughters to marriage; they will never be to you quite what they were in those far off times, when they lay in your arms, regardless of all but you—still, never forget that whatever they are, you have helped to make them so; and as you feel a thrill of pleasure at their success, or deep humiliation at their failure, you are then receiving your "wages" for their care.

## AUTUMN SPOILS.

BY GRACE EDDY.

The warm summer months have passed away, and the cool days, which tempt us to spend long mornings in the woods, have come again. What rich stores we find there, wherewith to beautify our homes, and which cost little beyond the labor of gathering and of preserving until ready for use.

Let us suppose we have returned from one of these rambles, our baskets laden with Autumn leaves, ferns, mosses, acorns, lichens, grains, grasses, curious twigs, birds' nests, and other treasures. What shall we do with this tangled mass? The leaves must be cared for first. There are several methods of preparing them; varnish is good, and wax still better, but, by far the best way to preserve both the color and the natural appearance of the leaf, is to use *paraffine*. Twenty-five cents' worth of this, (which can be procured at any druggist's), will suffice to do as many as you can use: Put the *paraffine* in a cup, which must be placed in a sauce-pan of warm water on the stove; when the water boils, and the *paraffine* is thoroughly dissolved, hold the leaf by the stem and dip it quickly in and out again. It is now ready to be pressed between the pages of a book. Beautiful wreaths may be made of the leaves by winding fine wire around the stems, and attaching these to a thicker wire, the length of the required wreath. In order that these garlands may not have a stiff appearance, group together leaves of different sizes and color. If they are to be used for cornices and the curtains are white, sew the leaves on them with muslin instead of using wire.

Let us next attend to the ferns. In

gathering these, carry with you a portfolio or large blank book, in which, place them as soon as picked, they wither if exposed to the light; procure as great a variety as possible, both in size and color; the white fern is very beautiful, and can be found late in the season. When they are perfectly dry, and carefully pressed, plant them in a pot of sand, and they will look as if growing. An ornamental cover for the pot can be easily made by means of a sheet of drawing paper and a little paint. Select the paper of a delicate tint, pearl or cream is pretty, cut this the width of the pot, and on either edge draw a vine, and in the centre a more elaborate design, birds, flowers, or medallions; sew it up, and draw it over the pot. If you cannot paint, paste pictures on. The dinner table may be tastefully adorned with the ferns for a centre piece. At each place, or at the corners, arrange small solitaire glasses resting upon bright leaves, and holding a delicate bouquet of ferns and leaves. These take the place of flowers in winter, when they are difficult to obtain.

I saw in the drawing-room of a friend, not long ago, a very ingenious corner stand: upon a round table of stained wood, rested a crimson mat of the coral stitch, and upon this, a vase filled with grains and grasses, bitter, sweet, and Autumn leaves; gray Southern moss drooped from this to the floor, and was gracefully confined at the base of the table, with a bird's nest. On closer inspection we discovered the eggs to be made of tallow. Here and there a gay butterfly, or grey moth alighted.

In this same room I saw bright birds perching upon curious twigs, or pecking bitter-sweet berries from a vase on the mantel; there were also brackets made of wood or pasteboard, covered with lichens; on a bracket of this kind, a pot of German ivy looks well, or the "Wandering Jew" which grows rapidly and is a pretty green; the latter must be planted in water. The glass or bottle may be concealed by a cover such as I have described above.

Grains and grasses tied together like sheaves of wheat with bright ribbon, may be used in various ways, and are very effective in looping or fastening back curtains. Smooth, oblong stones,

the size of a brick, painted bright scarlet, with a landscape in the centre, are not only ornamental, but useful for holding doors open. Smaller ones of the same kind answer for paper weights, We have now exhausted the contents of our basket. The hints given above are only intended as a foundation to be enlarged and improved upon.

As a picture is enhanced by a glimpse of nature, whether a stream of water a bit of sky, or only a flower, so our home pictures are enlivened and beautified by an artistic touch here and there, suggestive of woods and fields, and reminding us of bright days past and brighter days to come.

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## NATURAL PENALTIES.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

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In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl, making doll's clothes, disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumbings about "tiresome little things," &c., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a

scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labor of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behaviour (which it may perhaps be, where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued has been bad), then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction con-

sequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be—"The last time you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I cannot do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I cannot let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognized by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct: an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that, by this method, a child is early taught the lesson which cannot be learnt too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed, it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested

to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else be gained: the train is gone; or the steamboat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness cannot be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting

a stick, a thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he cannot afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them. Before going on to exhibit the higher and subtler applications of this principle, let us note its many and great superiorities over the principle, or rather the empirical practice, which prevails in most families.

In the first place, right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete. Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. A child who finds that disorderliness entails the subsequent trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation: both the one and the other being just like those which adult life will bring. Whereas a child, who in such cases receives some reprimand or some factitious penalty, not only experiences a consequence for which it often cares

very little, but lacks that instruction respecting the essential nature of good and evil conduct, which it would else have gathered. It is a vice of the common system of artificial rewards and punishments, long since noticed by the clear-sighted, that by substituting for the natural results of misbehavior certain threatened tasks or castigations, it produces a radically wrong standard of moral guidance. Having throughout infancy and boyhood always regarded parental or tutorial displeasure as the result of a forbidden action, the youth has gained an established association of ideas between such action and such displeasure, as cause and effect; and consequently when parents and tutors have abdicated, and their displeasure is not to be feared, the restraint on a forbidden action is in great measure removed: the true restraints, the natural reactions, having yet to be learned by sad experience. As writes one who has had personal knowledge of this short-sighted system:—"Young men let loose from school, particularly those whose parents have neglected to exert their influence, plunge into every description of extravagance; they know no rule of action—they are ignorant of the reasons for moral conduct—they have no foundation to rest upon—and until they have been severely disciplined by the world are extremely dangerous members of society."

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice, and will be recognised by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehavior, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes—scrambles through hedges without caution, or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed,



he is apt to regard himself as ill-used ; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done—to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not feel that the evil is one of his own producing ? Will he not while paying this penalty be continuously conscious of the connection between it and its cause ? And will he not, spite his irritation, recognise more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement ? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment—if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled—if pursuing this same system of discipline a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed—and if meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and *fête* days, it is manifest that while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to trace the chain of causation, and to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it ; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connection between the transgression and its penalty.

Again, the tempers both of parents and children are much less liable to be ruffled under this system than under the ordinary system. Instead of letting children experience the painful results which naturally follow from wrong conduct, the usual course pursued by parents is to inflict themselves certain other painful results. A double mischief arises from this. Making, as they do, multiplied family laws, and identifying their own supremacy and dignity with the maintenance of these laws, it happens that every transgression comes to be regarded as an offence against themselves, and a cause of anger on

their part. Add to which the further irritations which result from taking upon themselves, in the shape of extra labor or cost, those evil consequences which should have been allowed to fall on the wrong-doers. Similarly with the children. Penalties which the necessary reaction of things brings round upon them—penalties which are inflicted by impersonal agency, produce an irritation that is comparatively slight and transient ; whereas penalties, which are voluntarily inflicted by a parent, and are afterwards remembered as caused by him or her, produce an irritation both greater and more continued. Just consider how disastrous would be the result if this empirical method were pursued from the beginning. Suppose it were possible for parents to take upon themselves the physical sufferings entailed on their children by ignorance and awkwardness ; and that while bearing these evil consequences they visited on their children certain other evil consequences, with the view of teaching them the impropriety of their conduct. Suppose that when a child, who had been forbidden to meddle with the kettle, spilt some boiling water on its foot, the mother vicariously assumed the scald and gave a blow in place of it ; and similarly in all other cases. Would not the daily mishaps be sources of far more anger than now ? Would there not be chronic ill-temper on both sides ? Yet an exactly parallel policy is pursued in after years. A father who punishes his boy for carelessly or wilfully breaking a sister's toy, and then himself pays for a new toy, does substantially this same thing—inflicts an artificial penalty on the transgressor, and takes the natural penalty on himself ; his own feelings and those of the transgressor being alike needlessly irritated. If he simply required restitution to be made, he would produce far less heartburning. If he told the boy that a new toy must be bought at his, the boy's cost, and

that his supply of pocket money must be withheld to the needful extent, there would be much less cause for ebullition of temper on either side; while in the deprivation afterwards felt, the boy would experience the equitable and salutary consequence. In brief, the system of discipline by natural reactions is less injurious to temper, alike because it is perceived on both sides to be nothing more than pure justice, and because it more or less substitutes the impersonal agency of nature for the personal agency of parents.

Whence also follows the manifest corollary, that under this system the parental and filial relation will be a more friendly, and therefore a more influential one. Whether in parent or child, anger, however caused, and to whomsoever directed, is more or less detrimental. But anger in a parent towards a child, and in a child towards a parent, is especially detrimental, because it weakens that bond of sympathy which is essential to a beneficent control. In virtue of the general law of association of ideas, it inevitably results, both in young and old, that dislike is contracted towards things which in our experience are habitually connected with disagreeable feelings. Or where attachment originally existed it is weakened, or destroyed, or turned into repugnance, according to the quantity of painful impressions received. Parental wrath, with its accompanying reprimands and castigations, cannot fail, if often repeated, to produce filial alienation; while the resentment and sulkiness of children cannot fail to weaken the affection felt for them, and may even end in destroying it. Hence the numerous cases in which parents (and especially fathers, who are commonly deputed to express the anger and inflict the punishment) are regarded with indifference, if not with aversion; and hence the equally

numerous cases in which children are looked upon as inflictions. Seeing, then, as all must do, that estrangement of this kind is fatal to a salutary moral culture, it follows that parents cannot be too solicitous in avoiding occasions of direct antagonism with their children—occasions of personal resentment. And therefore they cannot too anxiously avail themselves of this discipline of natural consequences—this system of letting the penalty be inflicted by the laws of things; which, by saving the parent from the function of a penal agent, prevents these mutual exasperations and estrangements.

Thus we see that this method of moral culture by experience of the normal reactions, which is the divinely-ordained method alike for infancy and for adult life, is equally applicable during the intermediate childhood and youth. And among the advantages of this method we see: First.—That it gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct which results from actual experience of the good and bad consequences caused by them. Second.—That the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects brought upon it by its own wrong actions, must recognize more or less clearly the justice of the penalties. Third.—That, recognizing the justice of the penalties, and receiving those penalties through the working of things, rather than at the hands of an individual, its temper will be less disturbed; while the parent occupying the comparatively passive position of taking care that the natural penalties are felt, will preserve a comparative equanimity. And Fourth.—That mutual exasperation being thus in great measure prevented, a much happier, and a more influential state of feeling will exist between parent and child.—From "*Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.*"

## HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

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**HOW TO PRESERVE FRUITS OR FLOWERS.**—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. A friend has roses thus preserved, which have all the beauty of freshly-plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for, if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labor will be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem and all with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread or silk about the stem and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent that you can with difficulty detect its presence except by the touch.

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**BRUSSELS KNITTING WORK.**—Among the latest novelties, and one combining all the recommendations of beauty, utility, and economy, is this new method of making pretty and serviceable rugs out of the ravellings of Brussels or tapestry carpets. Of the two, perhaps, the latter gives the best effect, because the yarn is stamped with a variety of colors, while in the former case each color is supplied by a different thread. Small pieces of carpet will answer the

purpose, and may be ravelled out and then wound loosely into balls, the small bits being tied together first to form a long thread. It is then knitted with large needles, putting the yarn twice around the finger for every stitch, to give a tufted effect. Knit it in strips about eight inches wide, and make them the length required for the rug; then sew them together and line the whole with crash or other strong material, put a fringe around it, and you will have a very pretty and serviceable thing, which, if made of scraps of the carpet on the floor, will match exactly, and wear as long as any thing of the kind you can buy. If you have not any new scraps yourself, they can be had for the veriest trifle at any carpet store, as the bits required for this purpose are of no possible use for any thing else. If the yarn thus obtained from English Brussels carpet be wound on balls with separate colors, borders can be knit around the mixed centres produced by knitting the tapestry yarn, and the effect will be greatly improved. Very pretty covers for chairs and stools are prepared in the same way. In winding the yarn care is to be observed lest by drawing it too tightly the crinkle be taken out, as this adds greatly to the beauty of the work.—*Bazar*.

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**TO PRESERVE FERNS.**—Make books of your old newspapers, by doubling them, pinning them at the back, and then cutting the edges. Don't pick the ferns and bring them home to your "books," but take the books to them, and place each fern as soon as it is plucked between the leaves of the book. Examine them daily for a week or ten days after gathering, and each time that

you look at a fern, take it from its old place and put it in a new dry one. An old music-book is very nice for the purpose. The oftener you change the ferns to dry places in the book, the better they will keep. Place them under a moderate weight all the time they are drying; a couple of flat-irons would be enough for one music-book. Two or three months after gathering the ferns, you can wax them if you choose. To do this, you will need a piece of white wax. Put a folded newspaper on your ironing table, and place your fern upon it; rub a warm (not hot) flat-iron with the wax, pass the iron quickly all over the fern on one side, then turn it and iron the other side. Experience will teach you how much wax to use.—*Agriculturist.*

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NEEDLE WORK IN NEW HANDS.—A radical reformer has come forward recently with the proposition that a new item should be included amongst the subjects taught to boys in elementary schools. He wants them to be instructed in plain needlework. "Nothing," he says, "stands in the way of this admirable movement but a prejudice that a puff of common-sense will blow quite away." It may be objected that needlework is not a manly occupation. Sailors, however, practise it, and no one ever heard that it did them any harm. It won't do, also, to say that there is no time for its being taught. In the London School Boards, girls are taught to work well in two hours a week, and, were the necessity admitted, this time could easily be spared for boys. Our reformer does not propose that boys should be initiated into all the mysteries of the art. He only wants them taught to sew on buttons, darn stockings, and mend and even make their own clothes. That such knowledge would be useful, few whom hard fate has knocked about the world will deny. Every one does not grow up to have a nest of his own, and

woman's kind and willing fingers to work for him.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

BEST FROSTING.—Many cooks are troubled to make good frosting that will adhere to the cake, and not crumble to pieces when cut. To all such I wish to recommend the following simple method. It takes but a few minutes to make the frosting, and it is always good. It is much better than to beat the eggs to a froth: For one large cake use a pound of pulverized sugar, rolled or sifted to free it from lumps, and the whites of two eggs. Sometimes the frosting stiffens so that I do not quite use all the sugar. Stir the sugar gradually into the whites; when nearly stiff enough, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon; when all the sugar is in that is required give it a good stirring; put the frosting in the centre of the cake, dip a broad bladed knife in water, and spread the frosting, dipping the knife in water often enough to prevent sticking; when spread, put the cake on the stove-hearth or under the stove for half an hour, or thereabouts, till it gets firm. The lemon juice gives it a pleasant flavor, while the acid acts upon the frosting, making it whiter and nicer to cut. Let perplexed housewives try this method, and I think they will not again resort to the old method of beating the eggs.—*Cottage Hearth.*

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TO STARCH A SHIRT.—The best vessel to make starch in is a bell-metal skillet, or a wedgewood ware or fire-proof earthen pipkin, as in these it is less liable to scorch or be discolored. Mix the starch with cold water until it is of the consistency of common paste, carefully rubbing all lumps till the whole is perfectly smooth; then pour upon it boiling water to the proportion of a pint to an ounce of starch; add to the boiling water what bluing is necessary before pouring the water over the starch; stir the starch smooth while pouring on the boiling water, then set the

skillet over the fire, stirring constantly until it boils up; always stir the starch with a wooden spoon. After adding the hot water, stir in a tablespoonful of gum arabic water and one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. The gum arabic helps to give a polish; the salt prevents the starch from sticking to the iron. Let the starch boil only a few minutes, then skim and strain while hot; this can only be done by dipping the strainer in cold water while the starch is in the bag, squeezing it out immediately, before the bag gets too hot to handle. Wet the bosom and collars in hot water, wring very dry, then starch them. (The clothes should be dried before starching.) Rub them well that the starch may penetrate, then wring in a dry towel to remove all starch that may remain in lumps on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth and roll tightly; let them lie two or three hours—not longer in warm weather, lest the starch gets sour; in winter they can lie longer, even all night if put where they don't freeze, but it is never safe in summer.

Now the ironing. First, iron the neck binding, after that the back of the shirt, folded in the middle, then the sleeves and remainder of the body; next, cuffs and collar if on the shirt, and lastly the bosom; the bosom, collar and cuffs should first be ironed on the soft or padded side of the bosom-board then, to polish, turn the hard side up, place the bosom on it, pass a damp cloth lightly over it, and iron hard and quickly with a polishing iron, which differs from the others in being rounded instead of flat, and without an edge, and being perfectly smooth it leaves no mark of the iron, as other flat-irons do. It costs no more than others or very little more, and is indispensable in polishing linen in the best style, and exceedingly useful in ironing caps, vests, and many small articles.

We do not know as this is the mode in which linen is polished in the large

laundries, but it is, if the directions are properly followed, very successful.

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DUST CAREFULLY.—Instead of using a feather brush for anything more than to give the last touches, a good house-keeper will take an old silk handkerchief for the finest articles, or a soft dusting towel with a fleecy surface, which comes expressly for the purpose, and *rub* the furniture all over, not simply *wipe* it. If there is a damp spot where the dust has settled, it must be rubbed thoroughly till it disappears; or, if too firmly fixed, washed off in lukewarm suds, and immediately rubbed dry with a chamois skin. Draw one end of the dusting cloth or handkerchief back and forth through all the fine openworked carving; or where the cloth cannot enter, use a clean soft paint-brush, which should be always kept with the dusting articles for that purpose. In this way all the dust that can accumulate, if looked after every day, will be dislodged, and the furniture retain its youth and freshness in a great measure clear down to old age.

This process sounds like something tedious—consuming much time. On the contrary, the daily attention that should be given to dust, which no care can prevent from entering, but which at first rests on the furniture so lightly that it is removed with ease, consumes not half the time that a careless and less methodical mode of working, or pretending to work, will do; for after some delays the day of reckoning for negligence will come, and hard and long-continued work will be the penalty before the furniture can be restored to anything like decency. By neglect, in the end, not only is much time wasted but the articles will be permanently defaced.

There are some small places in the carving of rich furniture which even a paint-brush will not reach; but it can be removed by blowing hard into the

spot and thus *driving* it out. A small pair of bellows is a great convenience to keep on hand for such a purpose, as it easily removes all dust from the most intricate carving.

There are very few things that, to an orderly person, are so annoying as to see dust daily increasing in all of those ornamental parts of furniture which would be a perpetual pleasure if kept clean. Some houses seem made purposely for the dust to hide in, as if to defy careless girls and thoughtless housekeepers.

Near akin to careless dusting is the neglect of doors and door-casings, which if not frequently washed off will in a few days become badly soiled. Servants bringing up coal, with hands begrimed from being over the furnace and other rough work, are apt to leave the marks of their fingers on the sides

of the doors or casings as they pass in and out. Sometimes the whole hand is pressed on the door if one enters with a heavy coal-hod, to steady the steps. It is very natural that any one should do this when carrying a heavy weight; but one can hardly imagine such perfection in our domestics as to feel any surprise that they do not themselves see the damage done or take instant steps to remove the marks without being reminded of it. But whoever has the care of the rooms, whether dining-rooms, parlors, or chambers, should be instructed that it is their work regularly to watch for such marks and remove them speedily. If at once attended to, it is very little trouble. A clean, damp cloth will take off all such marks easily if they are not left on too long.—*Christian Union.*



## S O U P S .

BY MARION HARLAND.

The base of your soup should always be uncooked meat. To this may be added, if you like, cracked bones of cooked game, or of underdone beef or mutton; but for flavor and nourishment, depend upon the juices of the meat which was put in raw. Cut this into small pieces, and beat the bone until it is fractured at every inch of its length. Put them on in cold water, without salt, and heat very slowly. Do not boil fast at any stage of the operation. Keep the pot covered, and do not add the salt until the meat is thoroughly done, as it has a tendency to harden the fibres, and restrain the flow of the juices. Strain—always through a cullender,

after which clear soups should be filtered through a hair sieve or coarse bobbinet lace. The bag should not be squeezed.

It is slovenly to leave rags of meat, husks of vegetables and bits of bone in the tureen. Do not uncover until you are ready to ladle out the soup. Do this neatly and quickly, having your soup-plates heated before hand.

Most soups are better the second day than the first, unless they are warmed over too quickly or left too long upon the fire after they are hot. In the one case they are apt to scorch; in the other they become insipid.

**SPLIT PEA** (*dried*).—1 gallon water, 1 qt. split peas, which have been soaked over night; 1 lb. salt pork, cut into bits an inch square;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. beef, cut into bits an inch square.

Put over the fire, and boil slowly for two hours, or until the quantity of liquor does not exceed two quarts. Pour into a cullender, and press the peas through it with a wooden or silver spoon. Return the soup to the pot, adding a small head of celery, chopped up, a little parsley, or, if preferred, summer savory or sweet marjoram. Have ready three or four slices of bread (stale) which have been fried in butter until they are brown; cut into slices and scatter them upon the surface of the soup after it is poured into the tureen.

**BEAN** (*dried*).—The beans used for this purpose may be the ordinary kidney, the rice or field bean, or, best of all, the French mock-turtle soup bean. Soak a quart of these over night in soft lukewarm water; put them over the fire next morning, with one gallon of cold water and about two pounds of salt pork. Boil slowly for three hours, keeping the pot well covered; shred into it a head of celery, add pepper—cayenne, if preferred—simmer half an hour longer, strain through a cullender, and serve, with slices of lemon passed to each guest.

Mock-turtle beans, treated in this way, yield a very fair substitute for the fine calf's head soup known by the same name.

**TOMATO** (*Winter soup*).—3 lbs. beef, 1 qt. canned tomatoes, 1 gallon water.

Let the meat and water boil for two hours, until the liquid is reduced to little more than two quarts. Then stir in the tomatoes, and stew all slowly for three-quarters of an hour longer. Season to taste, strain, and serve.

**TOMATO** (*Summer soup*).—2  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. veal or lamb, 1 gallon water, 2 qts. fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut up fine.

Boil the meat to shreds, and the water down to two quarts. Strain the liquor, put in the tomatoes, stirring them very hard that they may dissolve thoroughly; boil half an hour. Season with parsley or any other green herb you may prefer, pepper, and salt. Strain again, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, with a teaspoonful of white sugar, before pouring into the tureen.

This soup is more palatable still if made with the broth in which the chickens were boiled for yesterday's dinner.

**POTATO**—A dozen large mealy potatoes, 2 onions, 1 lb. salt pork, 3 quarts water.

Boil the pork in the clear water for an hour and a half, then take it out. Have ready the potatoes, which, after being peeled and sliced, should lie in cold water for half an hour. Throw them into the pot, with the chopped onion. Cover and boil three quarters of an hour, stirring often. Beat in a large tablespoonful of butter, and a cup of cream or milk in which has been mixed a well-beaten egg. Add the latter ingredients carefully, a little at a time; stir when it heats to a final boil, and then serve.

This is a cheap and wholesome dish, and more palatable than one would suppose from reading the receipt.

**GRAHAM SOUP**.—3 onions, 3 carrots, 4 turnips, 1 small cabbage, 1 bunch celery, 1 pt. stewed tomatoes.

Chop all the vegetables, except the tomatoes and cabbage, very finely, and set them over the fire with rather over three quarts of water. They should simmer gently for half an hour, at the end of which time the cabbage must be added, having previously been parboiled

and chopped up. In fifteen minutes more, put in the tomatoes and a bunch of sweet herbs, and give all a lively boil of twenty minutes. Rub through a cullender, return the soup to the fire, stir in a good tablespoonful of butter, pepper, and salt, half a cup of cream if you have it, thickened with corn-starch; let it boil up, and it is ready for the table.

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**BEEF SOUP (*à la Julienne*).**—6 lbs. of lean beef. The shin is a good piece for this purpose. Have the bones well cracked, carefully extracting the marrow, every bit of which should be put into the soup; 6 qts. of water.

The stock must be prepared the day before the soup is needed. Put the beef, bones and all, with the water in a close vessel, and set it where it will heat gradually. Let it boil very slowly for six hours at least, only uncovering the pot once in a great while to see if there is danger of the water sinking too rapidly. Should this be the case, replenish with boiling water, taking care not to put in too much. During the seventh hour, take off the soup and set it away, still closely covered, until next morning. About an hour before dinner, take out the meat, which you can use for mince-meat, if you wish; remove the cake of fat from the surface of the stock, set the soup over the fire, and throw in a little salt to bring up the scum. When this has been skimmed carefully off, put in your vegetables. These should be:—2 carrots, three turnips; half a head of white cabbage; 1 pt. green corn—or dried shaker corn, soaked over night; 1 head celery; 1 qt. tomatoes.

These should be prepared for the soup by slicing them very small, and stewing them in barely enough water to cover them, until they break to pieces. Cook the cabbage by itself in two waters—throwing the first away. The only exception to the general dis-

solution is in the case of a single carrot, which should likewise be cooked alone and whole, until thoroughly done, and set aside to cool, when the rest of the vegetables, with the water in which they were boiled, are added to the soup. Return the pot to the fire with the vegetables and stock, and boil slowly for half an hour from the time ebullition actually begins. Strain without pressing, only shaking and lightly stirring the contents of the cullender. The vegetables having been added with all their juices already cooked, much boiling and squeezing are not needed, and only make the soup cloudy. Cut the reserved carrot into dice and drop into the clear liquor after it is in the tureen—also, if you like, a handful of vermicelli, or macaroni, which has been boiled tender in clear water.

The seasoning of this excellent soup is a matter of taste. Some use only salt and white pepper. Others like, with this, a few blades of mace, and boil in the stock a handful of sweet herbs. Send to table very hot, and have the soup-plates likewise heated.

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**VEAL SOUP WITH MACARONI.**—3 lbs. of veal knuckle or scrag, with the bones broken and meat cut up; 3 qts. water;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Italian macaroni.

Boil the meat alone in the water for nearly three hours, until it is reduced to shreds; and the macaroni until tender, in enough water to cover it, in a vessel by itself. The pieces should not be more than an inch in length. Add a little butter to the macaroni when nearly done. Strain the meat out of the soup, season to your taste, put in the macaroni, and the water in which it was boiled; let it boil up, and serve.

You can make macaroni soup of this by boiling a pound, instead of a quarter of a pound, in the second vessel, and adding the above quantity of veal broth. In this case, send on with a plate of



grated cheese, that those who cannot relish macaroni without this accompaniment may put it into their soup. Take care that the macaroni is of uniform length, not too long, and that it does not break while stewing. Add butter in proportion to the increased quantity of macaroni.

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**BROWN GRAVY SOUP.**—3 lbs. beef, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 head of celery, 6 onions, if small button-unions—2, if large,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  qts. water.

Have ready some nice dripping in a frying-pan. Slice the onions and fry them brown. Take them out and set them by in a covered pan to keep warm. Cut the beef into bits an inch long and half an inch thick, and fry them brown also, turning frequently, lest they should burn. Chop the vegetables and put them with the meat and onions into a covered pot. Pour on the water, and let all stew together for two hours. Then throw in salt and pepper, and boil one hour longer, skimming very carefully. Strain; put back over the fire; boil up once more to make the liquid perfectly clear, skim, and add a handful of vermicelli that has been boiled separately and drained dry. The safest plan is to put in the vermicelli after the soup is poured into the tureen. Do not stir before it goes to table. The contents of the tureen should be clear as amber. This is a fine show soup, and very popular.

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**OX-TAIL SOUP.**—1 ox-tail, 2 lbs. lean beef, 4 carrots, 3 onions, thyme.

Cut the tail into several pieces, and fry brown in butter. Slice the onions and carrots, and when you remove the ox-tail from the frying-pan, put in these, and brown also. When done, tie them in a bag with a bunch of thyme, and

drop into the soup-pot. Lay the pieces of ox-tail in the same; then the meat cut into small slices. Grate over them the two whole carrots, and add four quarts of cold water, with pepper and salt. Boil from four to six hours, in proportion to the size of the tail. Strain fifteen minutes before serving it, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of browned flour. Boil ten minutes longer.

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**MUTTON OR LAMB BROTH.**—Four lbs. mutton or lamb (*lean*) cut into small pieces; 1 gallon water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacupful rice.

Boil the unsalted meat for two hours, slowly, in a covered vessel. Soak the rice in enough warm water to cover it, and at the end of this time add it, water and all, to the boiling soup. Cook an hour longer, stirring watchfully from time to time, lest the rice should settle and adhere to the bottom of the pot. Beat an egg to a froth and stir into a cup of cold milk, into which has been rubbed smoothly a tablespoonful of rice or wheat flour. Mix with this, a little at a time, some of the scalding liquor, until the egg is so far cooked that there is no danger of curdling in the soup. Pour into the pot when you have taken out the meat, season with parsley, thyme, pepper, and salt. Boil up fairly, and serve. If allowed to stand on the fire it is apt to burn.

This soup may be made from the liquor in which a leg of mutton has been boiled, provided too much salt was not put in with it. It is especially good when the stock is chicken broth. For the sick it is palatable and nutritious with the rice left in. When strained, it makes a nice white table soup, and it is usually relished by all.—*From Common Sense in the Household.*

## C H E S S .

*False Move.*—A player is said to be guilty of a “false move” when he plays a piece or a Pawn to a square to which it cannot legally be moved, or captures an adverse man by a move which cannot legally be made.

*Gambit.*—A term derived from the Italian, signifying to “trip up,” and hence applied metaphorically to an opening in which a Pawn is sacrificed for the purpose of obtaining an attack.

*Minor Piece.*—A Bishop or a Knight.

*Opposition.*—A peculiar position of the two Kings in a Pawn end game.

*Passed Pawn.*—A Pawn is said to be “passed” when the adversary has no Pawn on the same file, or either of the adjacent files.

*Perpetual Check.*—A series of recurring checks persisted in by one player, with the object of drawing the game.

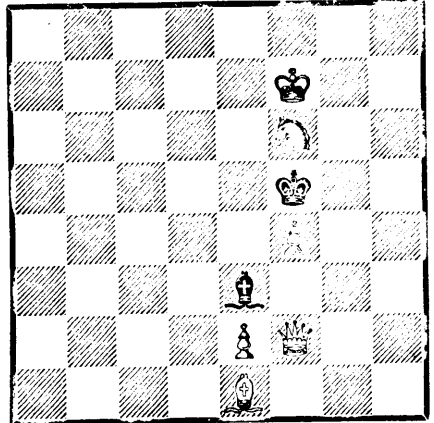
*Stalemate.*—A position in which one player, not being in check at the time, cannot move his King without going into check, and has no other part or piece which is legally movable. The result is a drawn game.

### PROBLEMS.

Below are given two problems, one easy and the other more difficult, selected from the *Westminster Papers*. We will be happy to receive answers from any of our readers who may try to solve them, and also original problems for others to solve.

No. 1.

BLACK.

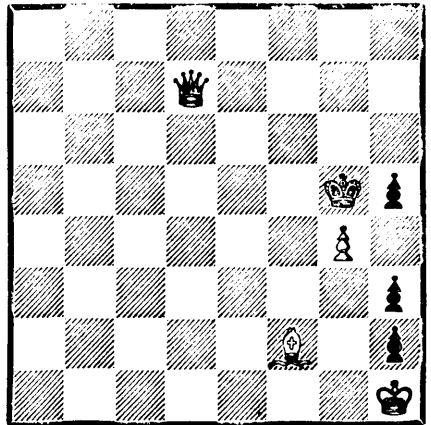


WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## Literary Notices.

MUMMIES AND MOSLEMS. By Charles Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden" &c. Toronto, Belford Bros.

This lively account of an Egyptian tour will be read with interest by many. The descriptions are delightfully vivid, and even the moralising is entertaining. There are few things so well known that we cannot afford to know them better, and our readers will, we think, begin to take a new interest in the stately Sphinx, the mysterious Memnon, and the ancient land of the Pharaohs.

### ALEXANDRIA.

There is not much in Alexandria to look at except the people, and the dirty bazaars. We never before had seen so much nakedness, filth, and dirt, so much poverty and such enjoyment of it, or at least indifference to it. We were forced to strike a new scale of estimating poverty and wretchedness. People are poor in proportion as their wants are not gratified. And here are thousands who have few of the wants that we have, and perhaps less poverty. It is difficult to estimate the poverty of those fortunate children to whom the generous sun gives a warm color for clothing, who have no occupation but to sit in the same, all day, in some noisy and picturesque thoroughfare, and stretch out the hand for the few paras sufficient to buy their food, who drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank at the mosque, sleep in street-corners, and feel sure of their salvation if they know the direction of Mecca. And the Mohammedan religion seems to be a sort of soul-compass, by which the most ignorant believer can always orient himself. The best-dressed Christian may feel certain of one thing, that he is the object of the cool contempt of the most naked, ophthalmic, flea-attended, wretched Moslem he meets. The Oriental conceit is a peg above ours—it is not self-conscious.

In a fifteen minutes' walk in the streets, the stranger finds all the pictures that he remembers in his illustrated books of Eastern life. There is turbaned Ali Baba, seated on the hind-quarters of his sorry donkey, swinging his big feet in a constant effort to urge the beast forward; there is the one eyed calender, who may have arrived last night from Bagdad; there is the

water-carrier, with a cloth about his loins, staggering under a full goat-skin—the skin, legs, head, and all the members of the brute distended, so that the man seems to be carrying a drowned and water-soaked animal; there is the veiled sister of Zobeida riding a grey donkey astride, with her knees drawn up (as all women ride in the East), entirely enveloped in a white garment which covers her head and puffs out about her like a balloon—all that can be seen of the woman are the toes of her pointed yellow slippers, and two black eyes; there is the seller of sherbet, a waterish, feeble, insipid drink, clinking his glasses; and the veiled woman in black, with hungry eyes, is gliding about everywhere. The veil is in two parts, a band about the forehead, and a strip of black which hangs underneath the eyes and terminates in a point at the waist; the two parts are connected by an ornamented cylinder of brass, or silver if the wearer can afford it, two and a half inches long and an inch in diameter. This ugly cylinder between the restless eyes, gives the woman an imprisoned, frightened look. Across the street from the hotel, upon the stone coping of the public square, is squatting hour after hour in the sun, a row of these forlorn creatures in black, impassive and waiting. We are told that they are washerwomen waiting for a job. I never can remove the impression that these women are half stifled behind their veils and the shawls which they draw over the head; when they move their heads, it is like the piteous dumb movement of an uncomplaining animal.

### ABLUTIONS AND PRAYERS.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan was built in the fourteenth century, and differs from most others. Its great, open court has a square recess on each side, over which is a noble arch; the east one is very spacious, and is the place of prayer. Behind this in an attached building, is the tomb of Hassan; lights are always burning over it, and on it lies a large copy of the Koran.

When we enter, there are only a few at their devotions, though there are several groups enjoying the serenity of the court; picturesque groups, all color and rags! In a far corner an old man is saying his prayers, and near him a negro, perhaps a slave, also prostrates himself. At the fountain are three or four men preparing for devotion; and indeed the prayers begin with the washing. The ablution is not a mere form with these soiled laborers—though it does seem a hopeless task for men of the color of these to scrub themselves. They bathe the head, neck, breast, hands and arms, legs and feet; in fact,

they take what might be called a fair bath in any other country. In our sight this is simply a wholesome "wash;" to them it is both cleanliness and religion, as we know, for Mr. Lane has taught us what that brown man in the blue gown is saying. It may help us to understand his acts if we transcribe a few of his ejaculations.

When he washes his face, he says:—"O God whiten my face with thy light, on the day when thou shalt whiten the faces of thy favorites; and do not blacken my face on the day when thou shalt blacken the faces of thine enemies." Washing his right arm, he entreats:—"O God, give me my book in my right hand; and reckon with me with an easy reckoning." Passing his wetted hand over his head under his raised turban, he says: "O God, cover me with thy mercy, and pour down thy blessing upon me; and shade me under the shadow of thy canopy, on the day when there shall be no shade but its shade."

One of the most striking entreaties is the prayer upon washing the right foot:—"O God make firm my feet upon the Sirat, on the day when feet shall slip upon it." "Es Sirat" is the bridge which extends over the midst of Hell, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which all must pass, and from which the wicked shall fall into Hell.

In these mosques order and stillness always reign, and the devotions are conducted with the utmost propriety, whether there are single worshippers, or whether the mosque is filled with lines of gowned and turbaned figures prostrating themselves and bowing with one consent. But, much stress as the Moslems lay upon prayer, they say that they do not expect to reach Paradise by that, or by any merit of their own, but only by faith and forgiveness. This is expressed frequently, both in prayers and in the sermons on Friday. A sermon by an Imam of a Cairo mosque contains these implorings:—"O God! unloose the captivity of the captives, and annul the debts of the debtors; and make this town to be safe and secure, and blessed with wealth and plenty, and all the towns of the Moslems, O Lord of the beings of the whole earth. And decree safety and health to us, and to all travellers, and pilgrims, and warriors, and wanderers, upon thy earth, and upon thy sea, such as are Moslems, O Lord of the beings of the whole world. O Lord we have acted unjustly towards our own souls, and if thou do not forgive us and be merciful unto us, we shall surely be of those who perish. I beg of God, the Great, that he may forgive me and you, and all the people of Mohammed, the servants of God."

#### THE GREAT PYRAMID.

About the Great Pyramid has long waged an archeological war. Years have been spent in studying it, measuring it inside and outside, drilling holes into it, speculating why this stone is in one position and that in another, and constructing theories about the purpose for which it was built. Books have been written on it, diagrams of all its chambers and passages, with

accurate measurements of every stone in them, are printed. If I had control of a restless genius who was dangerous to the peace of society, I would set him at the Great Pyramid, certain that he would have occupation for a lifetime and never come to any useful result. The interior has peculiarities which distinguish it from all other pyramids; and many think that it was not intended for a sepulchre mainly; but that it was erected for astronomical purposes, or as a witness to the true north, east, south, and west, or to serve as a standard of measure; not only has the passage which descends obliquely three hundred and twenty feet from the opening into the bed-rock, and permits a view of the sky from that depth, some connection with the observation of Sirius and the fixing of the Sothic year; not only is the porphyry sarcophagus that is in the King's Chamber secure from fluctuations of temperature, a fixed standard of measure; but the positions of various stones in the passages (stones which certainly are stumbling-blocks to everybody who begins to think why they are there) are full of a mystic and even religious signification. It is most restful, however, to the mind to look upon this pyramid as a tomb, and that it was a sepulchre like all the others is the opinion of most scholars.

Whatever it was, it is a most unpleasant place to go into. But we wanted one idea of Cimmerian darkness, and the sensation of being buried alive, and we didn't like to tell a lie when asked if we had been in, and therefore we went. You will not understand where we went without a diagram, and you never will have any idea of it until you go. We, with a guide for each person, light candles, and slide and stumble down the incline; we crawl up an incline; we shuffle along a level passage that seems interminable, backs and knees bent double till both are apparently broken, and the torture of the position is almost unbearable; we get up the Great Gallery, a passage over a hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-eight high, and seven broad, and about as easy to ascend as a logging-slucice, crawl under three or four porcupines, and emerge, dripping with perspiration and covered with dust, into the king's chamber, a room thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high. It is built of magnificent blocks of syenite, polished and fitted together perfectly, and contains the lidless sarcophagus.

If it were anywhere else and decently lighted, it would be a stylish apartment; but with a dozen torches and candles smoking in it and heating it, a lot of perspiring Arabs shouting and kicking up a dust, and the feeling that the weight of the superincumbent mass was upon us, it seemed to me too small and confined even for a tomb. The Arabs thought they ought to cheer here as they did on top; we had difficulty in driving them all out and sending the candles with them, in order that we might enjoy the quiet and blackness of this retired situation. I suppose we had for once absolute night, a room full of the original Night, brother of Chaos, night bottled up for four or five thousand years, the very night in which old Cheops lay in a frightful isolation,

with all the portcullises down and the passages sealed with massive stones.

Out of this blackness the eye, even by long waiting, couldn't get a ray; a cat's eye would be invisible in it. Some scholars think that Cheops never occupied this sarcophagus. I can understand his feeling if he ever came in here alive. I think he may have gone away and put up "TO LET" on the door.

We scrambled about a good deal in this mountain, visited the so-called Queen's Chamber, entered by another passage, below the King's, lost all sense of time and of direction, and came out, glad to have seen the wonderful interior, but welcoming the burst of white light and the pure air, as if we were being born again. To remain long in that gulf of mortality is to experience something of the mystery of death.

### THE SPHINX.

We had been wondering where the Sphinx was, expecting it to be as conspicuous almost as the pyramids. Suddenly, turning a sand-hill, we came upon it, the rude lion's body struggling out of the sand, the human head lifted up in that stiff majesty which we all know.

So little of the body is now visible, and the features are so much damaged, that it is somewhat difficult to imagine what impression this monstrous union of beast and man once produced, when all the huge proportions stood revealed, and color gave a startling life-likeness to that giant face. It was cut from the rock of the platform; its back was patched with pieces of sandstone to make the *contour*; its head was solid. It was approached by flights of stairs descending, and on the paved platform where it stood were two small temples; between its paws was a sort of sanctuary, with an altar. Now, only the back, head and neck are above the drifting sand. Traces of the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, which crowned the head, are seen on the forehead, but the crown has gone. The kingly beard that hung from the chin has been chipped away. The vast wig—the false mass of hair that encumbered the shaven heads of the Egyptians, living or dead—still stands out on either side of the head, and adds a certain dignity. In spite of the broken condition of the face, with the nose gone, it has not lost its character. There are the heavy eyebrows, the prominent cheek-bones, the full lips, the poetic chin, the blurred but on-looking eyes. I think the first feeling of the visitor is, that the face is marred beyond recognition, but the sweep of the majestic lines soon becomes apparent; it is not difficult to believe that there is a smile on the sweet mouth, and the stony stare of the eyes, once caught, will never be forgotten.

The Sphinx, grossly symbolizing the union of physical and intellectual force, and hinting at one of those recondite mysteries which we still like to believe existed in the twilight of mankind, was called Hor-em-Khoo ("the Sun in his resting place,") and had divine honors paid to it as a deity.

This figure, whatever its purpose, is older

than the Pyramid of Cheops. It has sat facing the east, on the edge of this terrace of tombs, expecting the break of day, since a period that is lost in the dimness of tradition. All the achievements of the race, of which we know anything, have been enacted since that figure was carved. It has seen, if its stony eyes could see, all the procession of history file before it. Viewed now at a little distance, or with evening shadows on it, its features live again, and it has the calmness, the simple majesty, that belong to high art. Old writers say that the face was once sweet and beautiful. How long had that unknown civilization lasted before it produced this art?

Why should the Sphinx face the rising sun? Why does it stand in a necropolis like a sleepy warden of the dead who sleep? Was it indeed the guardian of those many dead, the mighty who slept in pyramids, in rock-hewn tombs, in pits, their bodies ready for any pilgrimage; and does it look to the east expecting the resurrection?

### SCARABÆI.

While we sip our coffee Ali brings forth his antique images and scarabæi. These are all genuine, for Ali has certificates from most of the well-known Egyptologists as to his honesty and knowledge of antiquities. We are looking for genuine ones; those offered to us at the pyramids were suspicious. We say to Ali:—

"We should like to get a few good scarabæi; we are entirely ignorant of them; but we were sent to you as an honest man. You select half a dozen that you consider the best, and we will pay you a fair price; if they do not pass muster in Cairo you shall take them back."

"As you are a friend of Mr. Blank," said Ali, evidently pleased with the confidence reposed in him, "you shall have the best I have, for about what they cost me."

The scarabæus is the black beetle that the traveller will constantly see tumbling about in the sand, and rolling up balls of dirt, as he does in lands where he has not so sounding a name. He was sacred to the old Egyptians as an emblem of immortality, because he was supposed to have the power of self-production. No mummy went away into the shades of the nether world without one on his breast, with spread wings attached to it. Usually many scarabæi were buried with the mummy—several hundreds have been found in one mummy-case. They were cut from all sorts of stones, both precious and common, and made of limestone, or paste, hardened, glazed and baked. Some of them are exquisitely cut, the intaglio on the under side being as clean, true and polished as Greek work. The devices on them are various; the name of a reigning or a famous king, in the royal oval, is not uncommon, and an authentic scarabæus with a royal name is considered of most value. I saw an insignificant one in soft stone and of a grey color, held at a hundred pounds; it is the second one that has ever been found with the name of Cheops on it. The scarabæi were worn in rings, carried as charms,

used as seals; there are large coarse ones of blue pottery which seem to have been invitations to a funeral, by the inscriptions on them.

The scarabæus is at once the most significant and portable *souvenir* of ancient Egypt that the traveller can carry away, and although the supply was large, it could not fill the demand. Consequently antique scarabæi are now manufactured in large quantities at Thebes, and in other places, and distributed very widely over the length of Egypt; the dealers have them with a sprinkling of the genuine; almost every peasant can produce one from his deep pocket; the women wear them in their bosoms. The traveller up the Nile is pretty sure to be attacked with the fever of buying scarabæi; he expects to happen upon one of great value, which he will get for a few piastres. It is his intention to do so. The scarabæus becomes to him the most beautiful and desirable object in the world. He sees something fascinating in its shape, in its hieroglyphics, however ugly it may be to untaught eyes.

Ali selected our scarabæi. They did not seem to us exactly the antique gems that we had expected to see, and they did not give a high idea of the old Egyptian art. But they had a mysterious history and meaning; they had shared the repose of a mummy perhaps before Abraham departed from Ur. We paid for them. We paid in gold. We paid Ali for his services as guide. We gave him backsheesh on account of his kindness and intelligence besides. We said good-bye to his honest face with regret, and hoped to see him again.

It was not long before we earnestly desired to meet him. He was a most accomplished fellow, and honesty was his best policy. There isn't a more agreeable Bedawee at the pyramids; and yet Ali is a modern Egyptian, just like his scarabæi, all the same. The traveller who thinks the Egyptians are not nimble-witted and clever is likely to pay for his knowledge to the contrary. An accumulated experience of five thousand years, in one spot, is not for nothing.

We depart from the pyramids amid a clamor of importunity; prices have fallen to zero; antiquities old as Pharoah will be given away; "backsheesh, backsheesh, O Howadjji;" "I haven't any bread to *mangere*, I have six children; what is a piastre for eight persons?" They run after us, they hang upon the carriage, they follow us a mile, begging, shrieking, howling, dropping off one by one, swept behind by the weight of a copper thrown to them.

The shadows fall to the east; there is a lovely light on the plain; we meet long lines of camels, of donkeys, of fellahen returning from city and field. All the west is rosy; the pyramids stand in a purple light; the Sphinx casts its shade on the yellow sand; its expectant eyes look beyond the Nile into the mysterious East.

#### SLAVES OF TIME.

Whether we go north or south, or wait for some wandering, unemployed wind to take us round the next bend, it is all the same to us.

We have ceased to care much for time, and I think we shall adopt the Assyrian system of reckoning.

The period of the procession of the equinoxes was regarded as *one day* of the life of the universe; and this day equals 43,200 of our years. This day, of 43,200 years, the Assyrians divided into twelve cosmic *hours* or "sars," each one of 3,600 years; each of these hours into six "ners," of 600 years; and the "ner" into ten "sosses" or cosmic *minutes*, of 60 years. And thus, as we reckon sixty seconds to a minute, our ordinary year was a *second* of the great chronological period. What then is the value of a mere second of time? What if we do lie half a day at this bank, in the sun, waiting for a lazy breeze? There certainly is time enough, for we seem to have lived a cosmic hour since we landed in Egypt.

One sees here what an exaggerated importance we are accustomed to attach to the exact measurement of time. We constantly compare our watches, and are anxious that they should not gain or lose a second. A person feels his own importance somehow increased if he owns an accurate watch. There is nothing that a man resents more than the disparagement of his watch. (It occurs to me, by the way, that the superior attractiveness of women, that quality of repose and rest which the world finds in them, springs from the same amiable *laissez aller* that suffers their watches never to be correct. When the day comes that women's watches keep time, there will be no peace in this world.) When two men meet, one of the most frequent interchanges of courtesies is to compare watches; certainly, if the question of time is raised, as it is sure to be shortly among a knot of men with us, every one pulls out his watch, and comparison is made.

We are in fact, the slaves of time and of fixed times. We think it a great loss and misfortune to be without the correct time; and if we are away from the town-clock and the noon gun, in some country place, we importune the city stranger, who appears to have a good watch, for the time; or we lie in wait for the magnificent conductor of the railway express, who always has the air of getting the promptest time from headquarters.

Here in Egypt we see how unnatural and unnecessary this anxiety is. Why should we care to know the exact time? It is twelve o'clock, Arab time, at sunset, and that shifts every evening, in order to wean us from the rigidity of iron habits. Time is flexible, it waits on our moods and we are not slaves to its accuracy. Watches here never agree, and no one cares whether they do or not. My own, which was formerly as punctual as the stars in their courses, loses on the Nile a half hour or three quarters of an hour a day (speaking in our arbitrary, artificial manner); so that, if I were good at figures, I could cipher out the length of time which would suffice, by the *loss* of time by my watch, to set me back into the age of Thothmes III.—a very good age to be in. We are living now by great cosmic periods and have little care for minute divisions of time.

## RAMESES II.

The Memnonium, or more properly Rameseum, since it was built by Rameses II., and covered with his deeds, writ in stone, gives you even in its ruins a very good idea of one of the most symmetrical of Egyptian temples; the vast columns of its great hall attest its magnificence, while the elaboration of its sculpture, wanting the classic purity of the earlier work found in the tombs of Geezeh and Sakkara, speak of a time when art was greatly stimulated by royal patronage.

It was the practice of the Pharaohs when they came to the throne to make one or more military expeditions of conquest and plunder, slay as many enemies as possible (all people being considered "enemies" who did not pay tribute) cut as wide a swath of desolation over the earth as they were able, loot the cities, drag into captivity the pleasing women, and return laden with treasure and slaves and the evidences of enlarged dominion. Then they spent the remainder of their virtuous days in erecting huge temples and chiselling their exploits on them. This is, in a word, the history of the Pharaohs.

But I think that Rameses II., who was the handsomest and most conceited swell of them all, was not so particular about doing the deeds as he was about recording them. He could not have done much else in his long reign than erect the temples, carve the hieroglyphics, and set up the statues of himself, which proclaim his fame. He literally spread himself all over Egypt, and must have kept the whole country busy, quarrying, and building, and carving for his glorification. That he did a tenth of the deeds he is represented performing, no one believes now; and I take a vindictive pleasure in abusing him. By some historic fatality he got the name of the Great Sesostris, and was by tradition credited with the exploits of Thothmes III., the greatest of the Pharaohs, a real hero and statesman, during whose reign it was no boast to say that Egypt "placed her frontier where it pleased herself," and with those of his father Sethi I., a usurper in the line, but a great soldier.

However, this Rameses did not have good luck with his gigantic statues; I do not know one that is not shattered, defaced, or thrown down. This one at the Rameseum is only a wreck of gigantic fragments. It was a monolith of syenite, and if it was the largest statue in Egypt, as it is said, it must have been over sixty feet high. The arithmeticians say that it weighed about eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, having a solid content of three times the largest obelisk in the world, that at Karnak. These figures convey no idea to my mind. When a stone man is as big as a four-story house, I cease to grasp him. I climbed upon the arm of this Rameses, and found his name cut deeply in the hard granite, the cutting polished to the very bottom like the finest intaglio. The polishing alone of this great mass must have been an incredible labor. How was it moved from its quarry in Assouan, a hundred and thirty miles distant? And how was it broken into the thou-

sand fragments in which it lies? An earthquake would not do it. There are no marks of drilling or the use of an explosive material. But if Cambyses broke it—and Cambyses must have been remembered in Egypt as Napoleon I. is in Italy, the one for smashing, the other for stealing—he had something as destructive as nitro-glycerine.

## THE MEMNON.

We climbed afterwards, by means of a heap of rubbish, into a room similar to this one, in the other tower, where we saw remains of the same sculpture. It was like the Egyptians to repeat that picture five hundred times in the same palace.

The two Colossi stand half a mile east of the temple of Medeenes Haboo, and perhaps are the survivors of like figures which lined an avenue to another temple. One of them is better known to fame than any other ancient statue, and rests its reputation on the most shadowy basis. In a line with these statues are the remains of other colossi of nearly the same size, buried in the alluvial deposit. These figures both represent Amunoph III. (about 1500 or 1600 B. C.); they are seated; and on either side of the legs of the king, and attached to the throne, are the statues of his mother and daughter, little women, eighteen feet high. The colossi are fifty feet high without the bases, and must have stood sixty feet in the air before the Nile soil covered the desert on which they were erected. The pedestal is a solid stone thirty-three feet long.

Both were monoliths. The southern one is still one piece, but shockingly mutilated. The northern one is the famous Vocal Statue of Memnon; though why it is called Memnon and why "vocal" is not easily explained. It was broken into fragments either by some marauder, or by an earthquake at the beginning of our era, and built up from the waist by blocks of stone, in the time of the Roman occupation, during the reign of Septimius Severus.

There was a tradition—perhaps it was only the tradition of a tradition—that it used to sing every morning at sunrise. No mention is made of this singing property, however, until after it was overthrown; and its singing ceased to be heard after the Roman Emperor put it into the state in which we now see it. It has been assumed that it used to sing, and many theories have been invented to explain its vocal method. Very likely the original report of this prodigy was a Greek or Roman fable; and the noise may have been produced by a trick for Hadrian's benefit (who is said to have heard it) in order to keep up the reputation of the statue.

Amunoph III. (or Amenophis, or Amenhotep—he never knew how to spell his name) was a tremendous slasher-about over the territories of other people; there is an inscription down at Samneh (above the second cataract) which says that he brought, in one expedition, out of Soudan, seven hundred and forty negro prisoners, half of whom were women and

children. On the records which this modest man made, he is "Lord of both worlds, absolute master, Son of the Sun." He is Horus, the strong bull. "He marches and victory is gained, like Horus, son of Isis, like the Sun in heaven." He also built almost as extensively as Rameses II.; he covered both banks of the Nile with splendid monuments; his structures are found from Ethiopia to the Sinaitic peninsula. He set up his image in this Colossus, the statue which the Greeks and Romans called Memnon, the fame of which took such possession of the imagination of poets and historians. They heard, or said they heard, Memnon, the Ethiopian, one of the defenders of Troy, each morning saluting his mother, Aurora.

If this sound was heard, scientists think it was produced by the action of the sun's rays upon dew fallen in the crevices of the broken figure. Others think the sound was produced by a priest who sat concealed in the lap of the figure and struck a metallic stone. And the cavity and the metallic stone exist there now. Of course the stone was put in there and the cavity left, when the statue was repaired, it having been a monolith. And as the sound was never heard before the statue was broken nor after it was repaired, the noise was not produced by the metallic stone. And if I am required to believe that the statue sang with his head off, I begin to doubt altogether. I incline to think that we have here only one of those beautiful myths in which the Greeks and Romans loved to clothe the distant and the gigantic.

One of the means of accounting for a sound which may never have been heard is that the priests produced it in order to strike with awe the people. Now, the Egyptian priests never cared anything about the people, and wouldn't have taken the trouble; indeed in the old times "people" wouldn't have been allowed anywhere within such a sacred inclosure as this in which the Colossus stood. And, besides, the priest could not have got into the cavity mentioned. When the statue was a monolith, it would puzzle him to get in; and there is no stairway or steps by which he could ascend now. We sent an Arab up, who scaled the broken fragments with extreme difficulty, and struck the stone. The noise produced was like that made by striking the metallic stones we find in the desert,—not a resonance to be heard far.

So that I doubt that there was any singing at sunrise by the so-called Memnon (which was Amunoph), and I doubt that it was a priestly device.

#### MOURNING.

Having put ourselves thus on friendly relations with this village, one of the inhabitants brought down to the boat a letter for the dragoman to interpret. It had been received two weeks before from Alexandria, but no one had been able to read it, until our boat stopped here. Fortunately we had the above little difficulty here. The contents of the letter gave the village employment for a month. It brought news of the

death of two inhabitants of the place, who were living as servants in Alexandria, one of them a man eighty years old, and his son, aged sixty.

I never saw grief spread so fast and so suddenly as it did with the uncorking of this vial of bad news. Instantly a lamentation and wild mourning began in all the settlement. It wasn't ten minutes before the village was buried in grief. And, in an incredibly short space of time, the news had spread up and down the river, and the grief-stricken began to arrive from other places. Where they came from, I have no idea; it did not seem that we had passed so many women in a week as we saw now. They poured in from along the shore, long strings of them, striding over the sand, throwing up their garments, casting dust on their heads (and all of it stuck), howling, flocking like wild geese to a rendezvous, and filling the air with their clang. They were arriving for an hour or two.

The men took no part in this active demonstration. They were seated gravely before the house in which the bereaved relatives gathered; and there I found *Abd-el-Atti*, seated also, and holding forth upon the inevitable coming of death, and saying that there was nothing to be regretted in this case, for the time of these men had come. If it hadn't come, they wouldn't have died. Not so?

The women crowded into the enclosure and began mourning in a vigorous manner. The chief ones grouping themselves in an irregular ring, cried aloud: "O that he had died here!" "O that I had seen his face when he died;" repeating these lamentations over and over again, throwing up the arms and then the legs in a kind of barbaric dance as they lamented, and uttering long and shrill ululations at the end of each sentence.

To-day they kill a calf and feast, and to-morrow the lamentations and the African dance will go on, and continue for a week. These people are all feeling. It is a heathen and not a Moslem custom however; and whether it is of negro origin or of ancient Egyptian I do not know, but probably the latter. The ancient Egyptian women are depicted in the tombs mourning in this manner; and no doubt the Jews also so bewailed, when they "lifted up their voices" and cast dust on their heads, as we saw these Nubians do. It is an unselfish pleasure to an Eastern woman to "lift up the voice." The heavy part of the mourning comes upon the women, who appear to enjoy it. It is their chief occupation, after the carrying of water and the grinding of doora, and probably was so with the old race; these people certainly keep the ancient customs; they dress the hair, for one thing, very much as the Egyptians did, even to the castor-oil.

#### CAMEL RIDING.

For his size and knotty appearance the camel is the most disappointing of beasts. He is a sheep as to endurance. As to temper, he is vindictive.

Authorities differ in regard to the distinction between the camel and the dromedary. Some say



that there are no camels in Egypt, that they are all dromedaries, having one hump; and that the true camel is the Bactrian, which has two humps. It is customary, here, however, to call those camels which are beasts of burden, and those dromedaries which are trained to ride; the distinction being that between the cart-horse and the saddle-horse.

The camel-drivers, who are as wild Arabs as you will meet anywhere, select a promising beast and drag him to the tent. He is reluctant to come; he rebels against the saddle; he roars all the time it is being secured on him, and when he is forced to kneel, not seldom he breaks away from his keepers and shambles off into the desert. The camel does this always; and every morning on a march he receives his load only after a struggle. The noise of the drivers is little less than the roar of the beasts, and with their long hair, shaggy breasts and bare legs, they are not less barbarous in appearance.

Mounting the camel is not difficult, but it has some sweet surprises for the novice. The camel lies upon the ground with all his legs shut up under him like a jackknife. You seat yourself in the broad saddle, and cross your legs in front of the pommel. Before you are ready, something like a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hindquarters suddenly, and throws you over upon his neck; and, before you recover from that, he straightens up his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail; and, while you are not at all certain what has happened, he begins to move off with that dislocated walk which sets you into a see-saw motion, a weaving backwards and forwards in the capacious saddle. Not having a hinged back fit for this movement, you lash the beast with your koorbash to make him change his gait. He is nothing loth to do it, and at once starts into a high trot which sends you a foot into the air at every step, bobs you from side to side, drives your backbone into your brain, and make castanets of your teeth. Capital exercise. When you have enough of it, you pull up, and humbly enquire what is the heathen method of riding a dromedary.

It is simple enough. Shake the loose halter-ropes (he has neither bridle nor bit) against his neck as you swing the whip, and the animal at once swings into an easy pace; that is, a pretty easy pace, like that of a rocking-horse. But everything depends upon the camel. I happened to mount one that it was a pleasure to ride, after I brought him to the proper gait. We sailed along over the smooth sand, with level keel, and (though the expression is not nautical) on cushioned feet. But it is hard work for the camel, this constant planting of his spongy feet in the yielding sand.

#### TAXES.

At Soohag a steamboat passed down towing four barges, packed with motley loads of boys and men, impressed to work in the Khedive's sugar-factory at Rhodes. They are seized, so many from a village, like the recruits for the army. They receive from two to two and a

half piastres (ten to twelve and a half cents a day wages, and a couple of pounds of bread each.

I suspect the reason the Khedive's agricultural operations and his sugar-factories are unprofitable, is to be sought in the dishonest agents and middle-men—a kind of dishonesty that seems to be ingrained in the Eastern economy. The Khedive loses both ways:—that which he attempts to expend on a certain improvement is greatly diminished before it reaches its object; and the returns from the investment, on their way back to his Highness, are rubbed away, passing through so many hands, to the vanishing point. It is the same with the taxes; the fellah pays four times as much as he ought, and the Khedive receives not the government due. The abuse is worse than it was in France with the farmer-general in the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. The tax apportioned to a province is required of its governor. He adds a lumping per cent. to the total, and divides the increased amount among his sub-governors for collection; they add a third to their levy and divide it among the tax-gatherers of sections of the district; these again swell their quota before apportioning it among the Sheykhs or actual collectors, and the latter take the very life-blood out of the fellah.

As we sail down the river in this approaching harvest-season, we are in continual wonder at the fertility of the land; a fertility on the slightest cultivation, the shallowest ploughing, and without fertilization. It is customary to say that the soil is inexhaustible, that crop after crop of the same kind can be depended on, and the mud (*limon*) of the overflowing Nile will repair all wastes.

And yet, I somehow get an impression of degeneracy, of exhaustion, both in Upper and Lower Egypt, in the soil; and it extends to men and to animals; horses, cattle, donkeys, camels, domestic fowls look impoverished—we have had occasion to say before that the hens lay ridiculously small eggs—they put the contents of one egg into three shells. (They might not take this trouble if eggs were sold by weight, as they should be.) The food of the country does not sufficiently nourish man or beast. Its quality is deficient. The Egyptian wheat does not make wholesome bread; most of it has an unpleasant odor—it tends to speedy corruption, it lacks certain elements, phosphorus probably. The bread that we eat on the dahabéeh, is made from foreign wheat. The Egyptian wheat is at a large discount in European markets. One reason of this inferiority is supposed to be the succession of a wheat crop year after year upon the same field; another is the absolute want of any fertilizer except the Nile mud; and another the use of the same seed forever. Its virtue has departed from it, and the most hopeless thing in the situation is the unwillingness of the fellah to try anything new, in his contented ignorance. The Khedive has made extraordinary efforts to introduce improved machinery and processes, and he has set the example on his own plantations. It has no effect on the fellah. He will

have none of the new inventions or new ways. It seems as hopeless to attempt to change him as it would be to convert a pyramid into a Congregational meeting-house.

For the political economist and the humanitarian, Egypt is the most interesting and the saddest study of this age ; its agriculture and its people are alike unique. For the ordinary traveller the country has not less interest, and I suppose he may be pardoned if he sometimes loses sight of the misery in the strangeness, the antique barbarity, the romance by which he is surrounded.

#### SCHOOLS.

Letting our dahabèeh drift on in the morning, we spend the day at Assiout, intending to overtake it by a short cut across the oxbow which the river makes here. We saw in the city two examples, very unlike, of the new activity in Egypt. One related to education, the other to the physical development of the country and to conquest.

After paying our respects to the consul, we were conducted by his two sons to the Presbyterian Mission-school. These young men were educated at the American College in Beyrout. Nearly everywhere we have been in the East, we have found a graduate of this school, that is as much as to say, a person intelligent and anxious and able to aid in the regeneration of his country. It would not be easy to overestimate the services that this one liberal institution of learning is doing in the Orient.

The mission-school was under the charge of the Rev. Dr. John Hogg and his wife (both Scotch), with two women-teachers and several native assistants. We were surprised to find an establishment of about one hundred and twenty scholars, of whom over twenty were girls. Of course the majority of the students were in the primary studies, and some were very young ; but there were classes in advanced mathematics, in logic, history, English, etc. The Arab young men have a fondness for logic and metaphysics, and develop easily an inherited subtlety in such studies. The text-books in use are Arabic, and that is the medium of teaching.

The students come from all parts of upper Egypt, and are almost all the children of Protestant parents, and they are, with an occasional exception, supported by their parents, who pay at least their board while they are at school. There were few Moslems among them, I think only one Moslem girl. I am bound to say that the boys and young men in their close rooms did not present an attractive appearance ; an ill-assorted assembly, with the stamp of physical inferiority and dullness—an effect partially due to their scant and shabby apparel, for some of them had bright, intelligent faces.

The school for girls, small as it is, impressed us as one of the most hopeful things in Egypt. I have no confidence in any scheme for the regeneration of the country, in any development of agriculture, or extension of territory, or even in education, that does not reach woman and

radically change her and her position. It is not enough to say that the harem system is a curse to the East ; woman herself is everywhere degraded. Until she becomes totally different from what she now is, I am not sure but the Arab is right in saying that the harem is a necessity ; the woman is secluded in it (and in the vast majority of harems there is only one wife) and has a watch set over her, because she cannot be trusted. One hears that Cairo is full of intrigue, in spite of locked doors and eunuchs. The large towns are worse than the country ; but I have heard it said that woman is the evil and plague of Egypt—though I don't know how the country could go on without her. Sweeping generalizations are dangerous, but it is said that the sole education of most Egyptian women is in arts to stimulate the passion of men. In the idleness of the most luxurious harem, in the grim poverty of the lowest cabin, woman is simply an animal.

What can you expect of her ? She is literally uneducated, untrained in every respect. She knows no more of domestic economy than she does of books, and she is no more fitted to make a house attractive or a room tidy than she is to hold an intelligent conversation. Married when she is yet a child, to a person she may have never seen, and a mother at an age when she should be in school, there is no opportunity for her to become anything better than she is.

A primary intention in this school is to fit the girls to become good wives, who can set an example of tidy homes economically managed, in which there shall be something of social life and intelligent companionship between husband and wife. The girls are taught the common branches, sewing, cooking, and housekeeping—as there is opportunity for learning it in the family of the missionaries. This house of Dr. Hogg's with its books, music, civilized *ménage*, is a school in itself, and the girl who has access to it for three or four years will not be content with the inconvenience, the barren squalor of her parental hovel ; for it is quite as much ignorance as poverty that produces miserable homes. Some of the girls now here expect to become teachers ; some will marry young men who are also at this school. Such an institution would be of incalculable service if it did nothing else than postpone the marriage of women a few years. This school is a small seed in Egypt, but it is, I believe, the germ of a social revolution. It is, I think, the only one in Upper Egypt. There is a mission school of similar character in Cairo, and the Khedive also has undertaken schools for the education of girls.

In the last room we came to the highest class, a dozen girls, some of them mere children in appearance, but all of marriageable age. I asked the age of one pretty child, who showed uncommon brightness in her exercises.

"She is twelve," said the superintendent. "and no doubt would be married, if she were not here. The girls become marriageable from eleven years, and occasionally they marry younger ; if one is not married at fifteen she is in danger of remaining single."

"Do the Moslems oppose your school?"

"The heads of the religion endeavor to prevent Moslem children coming to it; we have had considerable trouble; but generally the mothers would like to have their girls taught here, they become better daughters and more useful at home."

"Can you see that you gain here?"

"Little by little. The mission has been a wonderful success. I have been in Egypt eighteen years; since the ten years that we have been at Assiout, we have planted, in various towns in Upper Egypt, ten churches."

"What do you think is your greatest difficulty?"

"Well, perhaps the Arabic language."

"The labor of mastering it?"

"Not that exactly, although it is an unending study. Arabic is an exceedingly rich language, as you know—a tongue that has often a hundred words for one simple object and almost infinite capabilities for expressing shades of meaning. To know Arabic grammatically is the work of a lifetime. A man says, when he has given a long life to it that he knows a little Arabic. My Moslem teacher here, who was as learned an Arab as I ever knew, never would hear me in a grammatical lesson upon any passage he had not carefully studied beforehand. He begged me to excuse him, one morning, from hearing me (I think we were reading from the Koran) because he had not had time to go over the portion to be read. Still, the difficulty of which I speak, is that Arabic and the Moslem religion are one and the same thing, in the minds of the faithful. To know Arabic is to learn the Koran, and that is the learning of a learned Arab. He never gets to the end of the deep religious meaning hidden in the grammatical intricacies. Religion and grammar thus become one."

"I suppose that is what our dragoman means, when he is reading me something out of the Koran, and comes to a passage that he calls too deep."

"Yes. There is room for endless differences of opinion in the rendering of almost any passage, and the disagreement is important, because it becomes a religious difference. I had an example of the unity of the language and the religion in the Moslem mind. When I came here the learned thought I must be a Moslem because I knew the grammatical Arabic; they could not conceive how else I should know it."

#### CONDITION OF WOMEN.

On our return to the river, we passed the new railway station building, which is to be a handsome edifice of white limestone. Men, women, and children are impressed to labor on it, and, an intelligent Copt told us, without pay. Very young girls were the mortar-carriers, and as they walked too and fro, with small boxes on their heads, they sang, the precocious children, an Arab love-song:—

"He passed by my door, he did not speak to me."

We have seen little girls, quite as small as these, forced to load coal upon the steamers,

and beaten and cuffed by the overseers. It is a hard country for women. They have only a year or two of time, in which all-powerful nature and the wooing sun sing within them the songs of love, then a few years of married slavery, and then ugliness, old age, and hard work.

I do not know a more melancholy subject of reflection than the condition, the lives of these women we have been seeing for three months. They have neither any social nor any religious life. If there were nothing else to condemn the system of Mohammed, this is sufficient. I know what splendors of art it has produced, what achievements in war, what benefits to literature and science in the dark ages of Europe. But all the culture of a race that in its men has borne accomplished scholars, warriors, and artists, has never touched the women. The condition of woman in the Orient is the conclusive verdict against the religion of the Prophet.

I will not contrast that condition with the highest; I will not compare a collection of Egyptian women assembled for any purpose, a funeral or a wedding, with a society of American ladies in consultation upon some work of charity, nor with an English drawing-room. I chanced once to be present at a representation of Verdi's *Grand Mass*, in Venice, when all the world of fashion, of beauty, of intelligence, assisted. The *coup d'art* was brilliant. Upon the stage, half a hundred of the chorus-singers were ladies. The leading solo-singers were ladies. I remember the freshness, the beauty even, the vivacity, the gay decency of the toilet, of that group of women who contributed their full share in a most intelligent and at times profoundly pathetic rendering of the *Mass*. I recall the sympathetic audience, largely composed of women, the quick response to a noble strain nobly sung, the cheers, the tears even which were not wanting in answer to the solemn appeal; in fine, the highly civilized sensitiveness to the best product of religious art. Think of some such scene as that, and of the women of an European civilization; and then behold the women who are the product of this,—the sad, dark fringe of water-drawers and baby-carriers, for eight hundred miles along the Nile.

#### HAREM RECEPTIONS.

Exaggerated notions are current about harems and harem-receptions, notions born partly of the seclusion of the female portion of the household in the East. Of course the majority of harems in Egypt are simply the apartment of the one wife and her children. The lady who enters one of them pays an ordinary call, and finds no mystery whatever. If there is more than one wife, a privileged visitor, able to converse with the inmates, might find some skeletons behind the screened windows. It is also true that a foreign lady may enter one of the royal harems and be received with scarcely more ceremony than would attend an ordinary call at home. The receptions at which there is great display, at which crowds of beautiful or ugly slaves line the apartments, at which there is music and dancing by almehs, an endless service of sweets and pipes and coffee,

and a dozen changes of dress by the hostess during the ceremony, are not frequent, are for some special occasion, the celebration of a marriage, or the entertainment of a visitor of high rank. One who expects, upon a royal invitation to the harem, to wander into the populous dove-cote of the Khedive, where languish the beauties of Asia, the sisters from the Gardens of Gul, pining for a new robe of the mode from Paris, will be most cruelly disappointed.

But a harem remains a harem, in the imagination. The ladies went one day to the house—I suppose it is a harem—of Hussein, the waiter who has served us with unremitting fidelity and cleverness. The house was one of the ordinary sort of unburnt brick, very humble, but perfectly tidy and bright. The secret of its cheerfulness was in a nice, cheery, happy little wife, who made a home for Hussein such as it was a pleasure to see in Egypt. They had four children, the eldest a daughter, twelve years old and very good-mannered and pretty. As she was of marriageable age, her parents were beginning to think of settling her in life.

"What a nice girl she is, Hussein," says Madame. "Yes'm," says Hussein, waving his hands in his usual struggle with the English language, and uttering the longest speech ever heard from him in that tongue, but still speaking as if about something at table, "yes'm; good man have it; bad man, drinkin' man, smokin' man, eatin' man not have it."

I will describe briefly two royal presentations, one to the favorite wife of the Khedive, the other to the wife of Mohammed Tufik Pasha, the eldest son and heir-apparent, according to the late revolution in the rules of descent. French, the court language, is spoken not only by the Khedive, but by all the ladies of his family who receive foreigners. The lady who was presented to the Khedive's wife, after pass-

ing the usual guard of eunuchs in the palace, was escorted through a long suite of showy apartments. In each one she was introduced to a maid of honor, who escorted her to the next, each lady-in-waiting being more richly attired than her predecessor, and the lady was always thinking that *now* this one must be the princess herself. Female slaves were in every room, and a great number of them waited in the hall where the princess received her visitor. She was a strikingly handsome woman, dressed in pink satin and encrusted with diamonds. The conversation consisted chiefly of the most exaggerated and barefaced compliments on both sides, both as to articles of apparel and personal appearance. Coffee, cigarettes, and sweets without end, in cups of gold set with precious stones, were served by the female slaves. The wife was evidently delighted with the impression made by her beauty, her jewels, and her rich dress.

The wife of Tufik Pasha received at one of the palaces in the suburbs. At the door eunuchs were in waiting to conduct the visitors up the flight of marble steps, and to deliver them to female slaves in waiting. Passing up several broad stairways, they were ushered into a grand reception-hall furnished in European style, except the divans. Only a few servants were in attendance, and they were white female slaves. The princess is *petite*, pretty, intelligent, and attractive. She received her visitors with entire simplicity, and without ceremony, as a lady would receive callers in America. The conversation ran on the opera, the travel on the Nile, and topics of the town. Coffee and cigarettes were offered, and the sensible interview ended like an accidental visit. It is a little disenchanting, all this adoption of European customs; but the wife of Tufik Pasha should ask him to go a little further, and send all the eunuchs out of the palace.



# Notice.

## COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

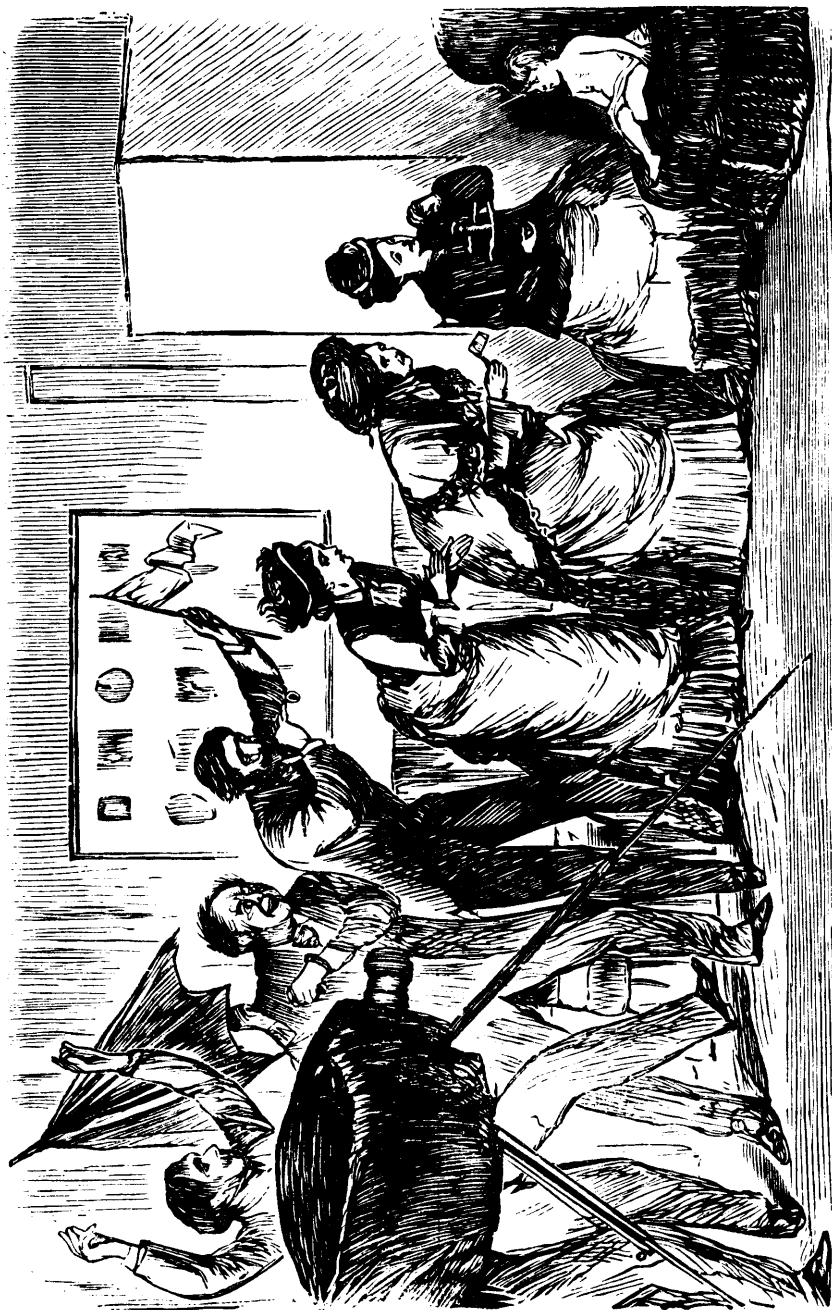
There has been no name so long and prominently connected with American financial operations as that of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is a man of great natural powers of mind and body, and for over thirty years has fought in that most terrible and exacting arena, the stock market of New York. His, now, is almost the only name that crops up from amongst that phalanx which a few years ago was supposed to rule the fortunes of a large section of the western world. Fisk, Woodward, Drew, and many others, once the kings of the market, are now hardly ever mentioned, but the "Commodore," although on his dying bed, still holds in his grasp the power to raise or lower the value of millions of property, and the state of his health is looked upon by stock gamblers, in a monetary point of view, with almost as much interest as the Stock Market quotations.

He was born on Staten Island, May 1794. He had no love for school education, his whole thoughts being devoted to owning boats and managing them. His first purchase was at the age of sixteen; he owned two boats at age of eighteen, and was captain of a third. He married a year later, and removed to New York, where he continued his ventures with such success that at the age of twenty-three he was free from debt, and worth \$9,000. In 1817, he, in connection with Thomas Gibbons, built the first boat which ran between New York and New Brunswick. Of this he was captain. This line increased till, in 1824, it brought in a revenue of \$40,000 a year, and was then entirely under Vanderbilt's control. He afterwards superintended and in-

augurated several new lines of steam ships, from simple ferries to one running between New York and San Francisco.

At the outbreak of the civil war, he presented the American Government with the steamer "Vanderbilt," costing \$800,000. In 1864 he gave up his "operations" on the water and took exclusively to the land. Up to that time he had owned twenty-one steamships, and forty-five steamboats, and his accumulations were estimated at \$40,000,000. His commercial transactions in railways were principally in connection with the New York & New Haven Railroad, the Harlem, Erie, Hudson River and New York Central roads. Since 1873 the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern has been run in conjunction with the New York Central and Hudson River roads, as one continuous route, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles in length, and together with the other roads under his control makes in all an aggregate of over two thousand miles, representing a capital of \$149,000,000, of which half is said to belong to Vanderbilt and his family.

He has taken a deep interest in the education of the South, and three years ago gave \$500,000 to the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., to which amount he has since added \$200,000. This institution is a chartered university of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has Theological, Law and Medical departments, and also departments for the study of Philosophy, Science and Literature. Tuition is free to all in the Theological Department, and in the Scientific and Literary departments to all studying for the ministry.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST BORN.

ERRATUM.

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— “BREAKERS AHEAD!”—In sixth line, read “be honest; honest,” instead of “to harvest; harvest.”

# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

## BREAKERS AHEAD!!

Rev. Mr. Hepworth, the author of "Starboard and Port," when lecturing a few days ago to the young men in St. John, N.B., said that it was within the power of every one before him to have a fortune twenty years hence by following one rule. The rule given was to harvest; harvest towards God, towards their neighbors, and to themselves. In enforcing this principle, he in tender words of warning and admonition implored of them to be careful of their companionships, for on them in a very great measure depended their future career.

This matter is of the utmost importance. As the chameleon takes its color from the objects that surround it, so is a man's character tinged by his associates. There are fashions in conversation, in general bearing, in books and in thought, as well as in dress, and no young man or woman likes to be peculiar in any one of these respects more than in another. The thought controls the act, manner, conversation and dress, and the change of life through companionship, or for any other cause, is a pretty clear indicator of a change in mind and thought. It is generally found that the likes and dislikes of any "set," "ring" or "circle" are very much the same, only differing as do the dresses of followers of fashion in the way the garments are adapted to the peculiar taste of the wearer; being alike in style and material, and almost literally "cut from the same cloth."

Of all companions none exercise such an influence as those which amuse, admonish, instruct, guide either for good or evil, and quicken or deaden man's conscience of things not of this world alone, in those quiet, lonely hours when the mind is the most susceptible to outward influences, and the imagination is allowed to run riot. They are called books, magazines or newspapers—different varieties of the same commodity. Dull and prosy looking they may be, but their influence is as wide as the world itself. If their tendency is evil they may convey thoughts which the reader would not allow to be communicated through the medium of speech. Like every other habit, that of reading feeds on the food put before it, and if the food is not

adapted to the appetite, the appetite must become suited to the food. A certain class of reading may be so trashy as to be indigestible to a healthy mind, but after a little indulgence it becomes tasteful, and the mind is prepared for something worse, and, like the opium eater's appetite, demands constantly increasing quantities of that which is causing the injury. In the same manner, by reading healthy works, the mind becomes formed to grasp large ideas and grand thoughts, and feeding on them, grows strong as the athlete's muscles by continued use and exercise. The real, lasting enjoyment which the student finds in reading books whose tendency is in the direction last indicated cannot perhaps be understood by the man who reads merely for excitement or pastime; neither can the scoffer, whose pleasure turns to ashes in his mouth, ever imagine the satisfaction and comfort the Christian has in his religious exercises. But no infidel ever died for his determination to believe nothing of religious truth—it is easier for him to lie than die, but the records of religious martyrs cover the earth.

In the United States Mr. Anthony Comstock is waging a legal warfare against injurious publications, and from recent revelations it is evident that into hundreds of families supposed to have been almost absolutely separated from all outward evil influences the insidious enemy, injurious literature, has found an entrance, and has been quietly and secretly defiling the souls of many members thereof. Like the evil of intemperance, the course was a gradual one. Exciting stories and covert meanings set the imagination at work, and then apparently harmless advertisements have been the way for the admission of the more hideous form of the destroyer. The same story is often told in a different manner. A child but takes the sugar in the bottom of the wineglass, then the glass of wine; beer next and whiskey; then disgrace, and brandy and gin to drown the knowledge of disgrace; and last, death and eternal ruin, if the ruin for eternity as well as for life has not preceded death.

This being true, there is a plain, personal and national duty before all readers. This duty is to endeavor to prevent the spread of vicious literature. This can be very effectively done as



far as they themselves are concerned by examining every paper they subscribe for and every book they buy, and, if found injurious, stopping the subscription of the first at once, and burning the latter, not giving them away, and thus doing injury to others in a friendly guise. There is no sympathy due the publishers of such papers or books; they care not a cent for their readers; their only aim is to gain money, and in making this money they fatten as parasites on the life they destroy.

If a book or article which is harmless seems dull and prosy, then let the reader examine himself. He should read Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Bacon, Carlyle, Gladstone, Tennyson, any of the writers of first class reputation, and if they are dull to him he can then determine that the fault is probably in himself, and not in the book he called dull. Perhaps the authors above mentioned are not to his taste, and there are some excellent men who cannot enjoy some, and certainly there are many opinions held about each of them. But there is one book in regard to which all agree that it is worthy of study. Those who call it a romance consider it a most wonderful romance; these who believe it is merely a collection of moral maxims, also believe that the closer those maxims are adhered to the better for mankind; and those who know it is God's word hold its principles as of greater value than life, a book for which, if it was necessary, they would die. There is no need to name the book. No one has yet died for Shakespeare, or Homer, but many for the Bible, and if it is dull to any one there is the authority of all classes, from highest to lowest, from the most ignorant in the world's eye to the most brilliant intellects, to say that the fault is not in the book, but in the reader who finds it dull, and nowhere else.

In such a case it is possible that all good books may seem dull, because of the reader's inability to grasp their meaning, and it is fortunate that there is a cure. It is simply the old one of "total abstinence;" total abstinence from unhealthy literature, and the reading that only which is good. It is not best to begin at once with the highest class of reading, any more than it is advisable for the inebriate, with his diseased, worn-out stomach, to attempt, when giving up the use of intoxicants, to live on lumbermen's fare. The diseased brain as well as the diseased stomach must, step by step, be strengthened, till able to obtain the position it

long before should have had. By perseverance the pleasure and profit from reading good books will be found to be more enjoyable than that obtained from the excitement induced by reading trash, and the reader having learned this should find out—if it has not come to his or her knowledge before—that the joy of serving God is incomparably greater than that of following the goddess pleasure, whose bubbles are grasped only to burst in the outstretched hand.

#### A STEP IN ADVANCE.

The wonderful interest now being taken by numerous friends throughout the country in the more solid establishment of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** shows very clearly that the recent efforts made to increase its value have been fully appreciated. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the hope was expressed that the increase in receipts for the magazine would soon reach a hundred per cent. The increase for the first twenty-two days of the month of August last was exactly **TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY** per cent. greater than for the corresponding period of 1875. It is possible that this percentage may yet increase, but we will be satisfied if it continues at this point for a year, which would give the magazine a circulation of over nine thousand copies in less than a year from now. Seven thousand was asked for, but ten thousand would be better. It is said that when a young man saves \$1000 his fortune is as good as made; when the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** is in the position to pay its expenses all profits will be put into improvements, until Canada has as good a magazine as is possible in England or the United States. This may not be considered possible by many, but such is the case nevertheless. Canada's manufactures, scientific specimens, and selection of school requisites, all took prominent if not first prizes at the world's competitive examination at Philadelphia, and the same quality of brain which gives her rank amongst the foremost there will also, if given opportunity, make her literature as well known. Canada's muscular development, as shown in the rowing competitions, was acknowledged to equal, if not surpass, that of any or all the nations there assembled, and the national spirit which caused the whole Dominion to rejoice in the success in that respect will yet place her writers and scholars in the world's first rank.

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