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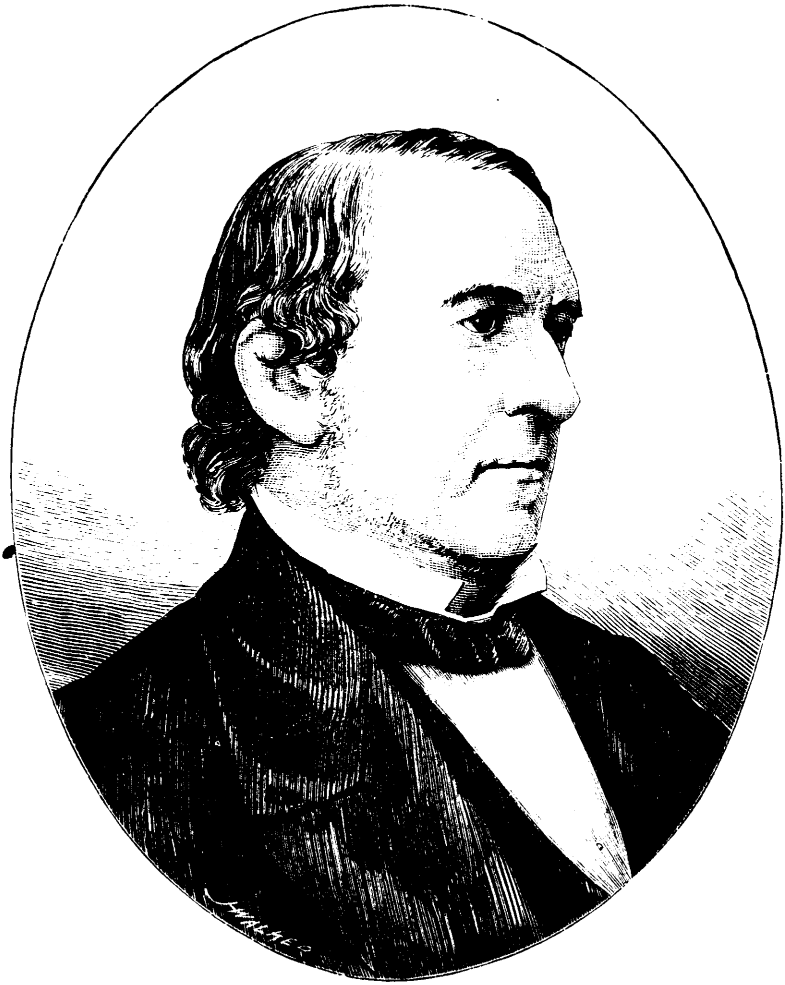

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1873.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

LEAFING OUT.

We often think that somehow the seasons, and the very clouds and storms and skies, are different from those of old; but we are wrong. Here in the beginning of March, as I look at the snow—becoming honey-combed and granulated; at the return to life of minute insects found in the woods and among the snow; at the effects of the sun at noon; and at the listlessness induced among animals by the first warmth of the spring sun—it is only old times back again! Whether maple sugar will ever go out of fashion, or whether the early settlers in New England ever forgave themselves for living in America a hundred years without finding it out, I don't know—the first I leave to the future; the last to the antiquaries. But in just such a spring as this, it was one of the supreme delights of farm-life to get out sugar-making. Nothing ever obtained elsewhere, or bought, could equal in sweetness the product of our own "bush," in all its forms of syrup, *taffy*, and hot sugar. Nor did we grudge the portion a neighbor got, who had as sweet a tooth as ourselves, when dropping in upon our woodland sugar-works. With the buds on the maples, the sap ceased to be valuable—in fact ceased running. The little wind-flowers disappeared in the woods; the birds began to take up their pre-emption claims in the trees; and about the first week of May the leaves were so well-developed that the former wide view over a good many acres of "bush" at a time, began to be shut out. I cannot see any difference now. Nature is ever renewing herself.

Perhaps no farmer's boy exists but has at some time wonderful schemes for the future. The very employment of his waking hours favors the building of airy castles. The old "Number Four" plough would stand alone, when in motion, much better than the long-stilted narrow-footed kind now in use; and when you had got past the big pine stump on your round, you had very little to do till you got to the headland but *think*. I wish I could advise some of the boys to think in *one groove*, more than I did. The thought a farmer's boy may expend during one season, on any one subject, ought to yield him a great harvest somewhere in the future! But it is very easy to fritter it away upon a multiplicity of visionary schemes. My acquaintance with literature was of the general rather than of the special kind. And so my early field-studies did not fit me for a professorship in science, but only to be a lover of books in general.

A little man, who wore a very short coat, had started the first newspaper ever attempted in the village of Gorton. He met—it must be confessed—with somewhat of discouragement, in "feeling his way" around Gorton. One old farmer, who was a kind of an oracle in the neighborhood, put in a vigorous protest: "No, no!" said he, "you have quarrels enough already, and divisions into two parties over everything that comes up. What will you be with a *newspaper* among you?" However, the paper was launched; and certainly was meek enough to disarm the forebodings and criticisms of the old rural oracle. The original articles (in small pica) were neither long nor obscure, however wanting in vigor; and the "story" on the first page was generally some American western adventure, which might very properly be suspected to have first graced the classic pages of some comic almanac. The whole was printed with type that tried my young eyes, and puzzled my young brain so much, that I did not know what to make of it, till the successor of this worthy editor told me, some years after, that "the type was old rubbish; had been in use ever since the war of 1812!" Nevertheless, to "contribute" to this paper was a matter of secret ambition with me. On the sly, a piece of "poetry" was laboriously hammered out. On the sly, it was copied, and duly sent by post to Gorton; postage, 4½ d., properly smoked on at Skendle, and marked "paid" in red ink. And it came out! Someway, the unreality about it; the world-weary air, so clumsily put on; and the secret conviction forcing itself upon me that "there was *nothing in it*," would, in after days, have set me against ever doing such a thing again. It is well for us when we are young that we don't know as much as afterward! And so, like the falls and accidents of childhood, we don't mind these little mishaps and mistrusts of ourselves, but try again. The only confidant I made was a young friend who had been trying his fortune in another local paper, in the heroic prose line. He began a "story" for a paper in the county-town. First chapter, pretty good—many characters introduced—era, the Ages of Chivalry. Second week, great preparations for action—not much really done. Third week, obvious falling off—author "tired of it." Fourth and last week, desperate endeavor to bring the thing to a close—could only be managed by "getting rid" of the hero of the tale, which is done by having him fall from his horse and break his neck! I was a little consoled by this exchange of confidences, and continued to write at intervals for this, that and the other paper.

No one in youth will ever write well till he falls in love. Perhaps that is one reason why such an experience is so general—it is a great help to literature! It seems to me now, in looking back, that the strange and never-properly-defined part of the whole matter is, how all the dreams and fancies of ardent youth centre round some object, and invest that object—often so plain and uninteresting in other's sight—with all the charms and virtues that we have ever imagined. I suppose much of the infelicities of married life result from a disappearing of these fictitious attributes. Like many others, I was saved from a great many absurdities by fancy veering about to a number of objects in succession. In those days, the country "singing school" was a favorite institution with the young people. Mr. Steggins, Professor of Vocal Music, would go round among the farmers, to see how many "scholars" he could get. If a sufficient number, 25 or 30, could be obtained, he "opened." Sometimes a "committee," consisting of three or four young men, would guarantee the requisite amount of "support;" and then the school was opened—generally with a free lesson. Never was anything ever invented better calculated to suit farmers' boys and girls. I can truly say that I approved of singing schools, and several times "supported" them, and never thought the uniform dollar wasted,—yet I never got much music. Most of us went for the *company*—though we *paid* for the *music*.

The rural choirs that resulted sometimes from these singing schools were primitive concerns. It was my privilege once to be at a Temperance tea in the township of Beverly, when the grace before meat was sung, not said. The words were,

> "Be present at our table, Lord," etc.,

in long metre, and the choir struck up homely common-metre—"Ortonville!" Nor did they stop to refit after the first couplet, but went heroically through it—snapping off a syllable or two here and there, to make the words fit the tune, exactly on the principle of the old fiddler in the County of Bruce, who told a young friend of mine, "Jack, whenever you are afraid that you are going to stick, just think of the *words*, and lay on the bow promiscuously!"

Another institution, and well patronized in those days, was the country "store." Stores are now used for the sale and purchase of goods; thirty years ago, each store was the rendezvous for the neighborhood as well. Skendle was not behind other villages in this respect. One of our neighbors would have it that we pronounced the name wrong—it should be "Scandal." It is quite certain that at any hour of the day or evening, a row of men would be found sitting on the counter; and one or two of the colder ones on the vinegar-barrel—the iron hoops of which were worn perfectly bright—behind the stove. Here all kinds of news and rumors were discussed: and when the horses hitched to the opposite fence were headed off for home, the same purpose was gained as now by means of the daily papers—news was scattered. I cannot say that the "store" had no fascinations for me: but fortunately I never became one of its *habitues*. Some of the boys who graduated there are round the place still—and fond of "loafing" yet!

One of the constant frequenters of the place was Brother Drayton. I thought at first it was a title they gave him; but I found it was the name his mother had given him, and he had no other. No more restless man ever lived. His mother, an active old herb-doctoring lady of eighty, said it all came of rocking *Brother* lengthwise in his cradle, when he was a child—and "she would never rock another boy that way." He always lived two years and no more on a farm; and then would sell out, or "trade" farms with someone: so that the old herb-doctoring mother never got her separate room fairly arranged to her mind, but she had to move again. No wonder she reflected on the longitudinal rocking! The Brother, after giving the benefit of his constant attendance round. Skendle for twenty years, emigrated to Iowa. I have no doubt he did well. He needed a big sphere where he could roll round without hurting anybody. The old mother had been lying peacefully in the churchyard for some years before this emigration.

Another *habitue* was Pete Swail. His little farm of fifty acres was never more than half-tilled; and his little brown ponies with the flat-strap style of harness, ought to have been very sleek and fat; which they were not. Pete was slow—slow in his gait, in his speech, in his decisions. If happiness comes with an unruffled temper, Pete should have been happy; for he had not energy enough to get angry. He had eight or nine little boys running about—every one with a little whip in his hand and a flannel night-cap on his head! The boys did not seem to be specially mischievous; but all summer (and how far into the winter I know not) they would be seen scampering round, barefooted, "*playin' hoss.*" Pete did the right thing at last—he moved off to Lake Erie; and I don't doubt that before this there are half a township of Swails, perhaps as fond of whips and as careful of shoe-leather as ever. Now, one of these boys, playing some monkey tricks in the barn, fell and broke his arm. "Don't cry!" said Pete, "I'll go and fetch the doctor, and he'll fix your arm all right. And if you don't cry when the Doctor's fixing it, I'll buy you a *white cotton shirt.*" The bargain was made—the boy was "good stuff"—so the doctor said; and the gift was bought. Pete's weakness was in stretching out the truth till it looked like falsehood. A very small amount of danger or strange adventure would furnish (or suggest) materials for a most wonderful story. Such men probably have their uses in a neighborhood, as the Roman nobles were accustomed to warn their sons against drunkenness by making a slave drunk.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

BY JOHN READE.

(*Concluded.*)

I have characterized this description of God's appearance as "awful"; and it just occurs to me how "awfully" feeble that adjective has become by constant and ridiculous use in speaking, of which use my employment of the adverb is an example. Happily the noun has escaped this intercourse with frivolity, and I know of no word so expressive in the highest sense of things divine as the word "awe." The use of the adverb and adjective which I condemn must be comparatively modern. In Tate and Brady's version of the Hundredth Psalm occur the words "awful mirth" as descriptive of the feelings with which the singing of God's praises should be accompanied, and this "awful mirth" (though the former word is not found in the original nor in our English translation)—this highest gladness or happiness, united with highest reverence—this union of love and veneration gives us as correct an idea, perhaps, as we can gain of those sentiments which were felt by Moses as he "hastened and bowed himself and fell upon his face and worshipped."

A still more beautiful account of the manifestation of the Most High, one which seems a plain foreshadowing of His coming whom children worship as "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," is that in which God made His presence known to the weary and despondent Elijah:

"And lo! Jehovah passed before him!
A great and violent tempest,
That rent the mountains and the rocks,
Went forth before Jehovah,
But Jehovah was not in the tempest
And after the tempest came an earthquake:
But Jehovah was not in the earthquake.
And after the earthquake a fire:
But Jehovah was not in the fire.
But after the fire *a still, small voice.*
And when Elijah heard the voice,
He wrapt his face in his mantle,
And went and stood in the door of the cave.
And lo! there came a voice unto him
And said "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

In the whole range of sublime poetry, ancient or modern, in Homer, Virgil, Dante or Milton, there is nothing to be compared with the grand simplicity of these words. It is inimitable in its awe-inspiring, heart-melting power and beauty.

The vision of God in Ezekiel, heralded by the whirlwind from the north, as also that of Zechariah, are too terrible for thought—it is impossible adequately to speak of them. Of the same nature is the answer of the Most High to Job and his friends—all mistaken in the estimate of their own position and of God's wisdom and power. Of this answer Job himself had an anticipation long before. I can well recollect that when I first ventured to write an essay on the "Poetry of the Bible," I was strangely affected by this earlier vision. Being engaged during the whole day, I had to study and write till a late hour. One night I came, in the course of my work, to a consideration of the Book of Job. I reached the latter part of the fourth chapter, "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling which made all my bones to shake." A strange, indescribable feeling came over me, which increased as I continued to read, till at last I felt an awe which rendered me powerless. What could I say of such a phenomenon? I threw aside my pen and tried to think, to analyze, to criticise. Vain attempt! After some time passed in awestruck reverie, I retired to rest; but, till I fell asleep, the words haunted me. About the middle of the night I awoke. A vision passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. *It* stood still but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes and I heard a still voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" I state a fact. The whole drama of the patriarch's vision was enacted. The indescribable form was near the window, at my bedside; the voice was in my ears, and it was many days before I ceased to hear it.

This was, of course, the result of imagination, but it has had on me ever since (and that was many years ago) the effect of making me very slow to pass my erring human judgment on any portion of the Word of God. Other descriptions of divine manifestations have recurred to me in dreams, but never any which impressed me as this did. I can make no further comment.

I have called attention to these appearances, or manifestations of God to man, because I think they give us the key to the disputed question of the inspiration of the Biblical writers. They were, though men of like passions and infirmities with their fellows, persons to whom Jehovah made himself known as He has been pleased to do to none of those heroes of song of other times and places, whom we venerate and love as our greater and elder brethren. We cannot compare Job with Sophocles, Isaiah with Homer, Jeremiah with Tasso, or Milton with Ezekiel. The ordinary poet, however lofty his genius, hears the voice of God only through His works, in sea and tempest and riven cloud, and heart of man and child; the prophet-bard of the Bible

"Catches on the inward ear
The awful and unutterable meanings
Of a divine soliloquy."

That there is a good deal of poetic thought poetically expressed in the five books of Moses cannot be denied. It would seem as if here and there the sacred historian had introduced into his narrative quotations from the poetic *fasti* of the ancient world, whenever they were suited to his great plan. A great modern writer has been blamed for speaking of the initial chapter of Genesis as the "Poem of Creation;" as though it were less true if its form were poetic. Its form is not poetic according to the established rules for discriminating between Hebrew prose and Hebrew poetry, but certainly its spirit is. And, if we consider it as an unveiling of the world so that the eyes of Him who was the leader of His own and the teacher of all future generations might see it at its beginning and in its various stages, from the day in which it issued from the mind of God and was "wrapt in swaddling-clothes," till it rose to light and life and beauty, perfect and ready for man's reception, what is more probable, more consistent with God's character, as made known to us, than that He would supply His servant not only with the wisdom to perceive and meditate, but with the very words—poetry in the highest sense—to describe the pictures presented to his view?

However this be, it is certain that many commentators have found in the recorded words of Lamech the oldest poem, or a fragment of the oldest poem, that was ever composed. It has certainly the poetic mark of parallelism and something like metre. Herder, who considers it a kind of triumphant song on the invention of the sword by Tubalcain, thus renders the passage:

"Ye wives of Lamech, hear my voice
And hearken unto my speech,
I slew a man who wounded me,
A young man who smote me with a blow.
If Cain shall be seven times avenged,
Then Lamech, seventy-times seven."

As an amendment on this I would suggest the potential instead of the indicative mood and say:

"I would slay a man who wounded me,
A young man who smote me with a blow,"

by which words may be meant the superiority of the sword over other weapons.

It is strange to find in this one family so many sons of genius—Lamech, the poet; Tubal, the musician; Tubalcain (valcain, *vulcan?*) the subduer of brass and iron, and Jabal, the owner of countless herds. It is strange, also, that in this genealogy of the Cainites we have the only guide to the knowledge of art and nature possessed by the fathers of the antediluvian world. All the inventive power, all that tended to material progress, seems to have been entailed on the descendants of wicked Cain, while, if we may judge from Genesis v., 29, the descendants of Seth had days of toil—toil which, however, proved, in God's providence, to be a blessing. The battle in the end is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. The contrast obviously suggested reminds me of Cowper's beautiful lines:

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

The words seem a paraphrase of the thoughts of Lamech (of Seth) as he called his son "Noah," *comfort*, the *comforter*.

I must now pass over those many "broken echoes and memorial fragments of earliest times" which meet us almost at every step in our progress through the pre-Mosaic history. The blessings of the patriarchs, especially those of Israel, are undoubtedly of a poetic character, however wanting they may be in the outer accessories of verse. Indeed, the call of Abraham, with his subsequent wanderings, God's promises to him, the birth of Ishmael and Isaac, his faith, who is still the Father of the faithful to Christian, to Jew, and to Mohammedan, God's manifestations to him, his prosperity and hope; the patriarchate of Isaac, his strangely different sons, and their strange careers; the love of Jacob for Rachel, his service and hope in the face of cruel disappointment; his sons; Joseph, his integrity, his dreams of coming greatness, his brothers' envy and treachery, his rise to power and meeting, after long years, with his penitent brethren; the death of Jacob and the history of his descendants till the appearance of the Deliverer—all this book of Genesis is so romantic, so poetic, so full of the highest interest to so many classes of readers, stranger in its events and their issues than the most surprising fictions, that, if not poetry *in one sense*, it is certainly pregnant with poetic thought and suggestions of thought, in its grand yet simple unfoldings of God's providence and love and unfailing care for all those who love Him and put their trust in Him. At the same time, as was before remarked, it is, in its general style, quite distinct from what is conventionally and in literature known as poetry.

With the exodus begins a new era in Biblical history—henceforth to be the history of the chosen people, of the Israelitish nation and the Jewish Church. Abraham was the common father of many nations. Jacob, or Israel, was the great ancestor of the Twelve Tribes. It was through him and his sons, and his sons' sons, that the promise made to Abraham was to have its fulfilment. In his seed all the families of the earth were to be blessed.

It would be vain in an essay like this to enter into any inquiry as to what effect their residence in Egypt had upon the sons of Israel, their modes of thinking and speaking, their language itself, and their poetry. Moses, we know, "was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt;" but this was only the providential training of him who was to be "mighty in words and in deeds," who was to "deilver his people from the house of bondage" and lead them into the Land of Promise. Aaron, too, was in some respects even superior to Moses, and Miriam was a "prophetess." Some of the inferior leaders and rulers were, also, persons of intellectual distinction. Was this fitness for so great a career the result, in any marked respect, of intercourse with Egypt? Or had the Israelites as a nation, or, at least, the better class of them, preserved so faithfully the memory of the patriarchs and the knowledge of the high destiny which awaited them, as to follow naturally in the footsteps of Moses, and to enter with intelligent enthusiasm into his work? Our answer is, that no doubt they were influenced by Egyptian learning and civilization, as well as by their own sacred traditions or writings; that this influence was two-fold, partly good, partly bad; that we find it in their faithless longing for return, in the shameless scene of the golden calf, and in their numerous backslidings. But may we not also see it in the triumphant hymns, so emotional and yet so elegant, in the style and tone of the Mosaic utterances; in the strategic skill which encountered and defeated so many enemies, and in the discipline and delay which God employed to purify the people of His choice from all trace of contact with their former haughty and luxurious masters? It matters not what answer is given to the question, but it is certainly not inconsistent with God's dealings, as recorded for us, to suppose that Egypt was the training school, for those who were to teach as well as for those who were to be taught, of that vast multitude that went forth so mysteriously. I think the hero and the people, the heroine and the women, who with timbrels and with dances sang that song which celebrated the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host, must have profited considerably by their sojourn in what was then the most civilized country in the world. What a noble outpouring of joyous and grateful feelings, what a striking portraiture of the majesty of Jehovah is that song:

> "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed
> gloriously;
> The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the
> sea."

Of all the translations and paraphrases which have been written I prefer that of our own English Bible. Others there may be as fine. Certainly Moore's metrical version is a triumph of poetic art, and Dr. Milman and Dr. Stanley have both rendered it very effectively. But none of them can supply the *something* of wonder and delight and awe with which the stately march of ordered periods first struck upon my ear, read by one who was at heart a thorough poet. I am mistaken and disappointed if there are many who will welcome a new translation of the Bible.

On the subject of this song, I cannot forbear quoting in full the remarks of Dean Stanley:

"Whatever were the means employed by the Almighty—whatever the path which He made for Himself in the great waters, it was to Him and not to themselves that the Israelites were compelled to look as the source of their escape. '*Stand still* and see the salvation of Jehovah' was their only duty. 'Jehovah hath triumphed gloriously!' was their only song of victory. It was a victory into which no feelings of pride or self-exaltation could enter. It was a fit opening of a history and of a character which was to be especially distinguished from that of other races by its constant and direct dependence on the Supreme Judge and Ruler of the world. Greece and Rome could look back with triumph to the glorious days when they had repulsed their invaders, had risen on their tyrants or driven out their kings; but the birthday of Israel—the birthday of the religion, of the liberty, of the nation of Israel—was the Passage of the Red Sea,—the likeness in this, as in so many other respects, of the yet greater events in the beginnings of the Christian Church, of which it has been long considered the anticipation and the emblem. It was the commemoration, not of what man has wrought for God, but of what God has wrought for man. No baser thoughts, no disturbing influences, could mar the overwhelming sense of thankfulness with which, as if after a hard-won battle, the nation found its voice in the first Hebrew melody, in the first burst of national poetry, when Moses and the children of Israel met on the Arabian shore, met 'Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron,' the third member, the eldest born, of that noble family, whose name now first appears in the history of the Church, afterwards to become so renowned through its Grecian and European form of *Maria* or *Mary*. She came forth, as was the wont of the Hebrew women after some great victory, to meet the triumphant host, with her Egyptian timbrels, and with dances of her country women,—Miriam, who had watched her infant brother by the river side, and now greeted him as the deliverer of her people, or rather, if we may with reverence say so, greeted the Divine Deliverer by the new and awful name now first clearly proclaimed to her family and nation."

It would be impossible in any consideration of the poetry of the Pentateuch to pass over the sublime conceptions of the false prophet Balaam, but time does not permit me to do more than refer to his bold and lofty effusions, which are certainly as inspired as any in the Bible, being, indeed, uttered against his will.

> "How can I curse whom God has not cursed?
> How denounce whom God has not denounced?"

The song and blessing of Moses before his death form a glowing epitome, not only of his own career, but also of the destinies of the people whom he had redeemed from Egyptian slavery. All that was grand and divine in that deliverance, the flaming mountain, the fiery and cloudy pillars, the rock which was to them the beginning of nationhood, emblem of the Rock Eternal, the desert land, the waste howling wilderness, the wisdom, the indignation, the mercy of Him to whom belongeth vengeance and recompence,—all the wonders of that generation of wandering are present before him as he appeals to heaven and earth to hear the words of his mouth—of these lips that were soon so mysteriously to close. How beautiful is the following portraiture of God's goodness to Israel:

"He took him in his arms and taught him;
He guarded him as the apple of his eye.
As the eagle covers her nest around,
And hovers over her young,
Spreads her wings, takes them thereon,
And bears them aloft upon her wings;
So did Jehovah lead him, himself alone,
There was no strange God with him.
He bore him to the mountain heights,
And fed him with the fruits of the earth:
He made him to suck honey from the rock,
And oil out of the flinty rock,
Butter of kine and milk of sheep,
The fat of lambs and of the rams of Bashan;
The fat kidneys of goats and bread of wheat,
And thou didst drink the blood of the grape."

Another composition of Moses is the 90th Psalm, so familiar to the members of Protestant churches as being generally selected, for the lessons which it gives on the shortness of life, to be read at funeral services, in conjunction with the hopes and consolations of the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians. This also would seem to have been one of his last efforts before he "went up from the plains of Moab" to die.

And what a death! God took him as He had taken Enoch—took him, soul and body, into His own charge, took him in the prime of his mental and bodily strength, before his eye had become dim or his natural force abated, his work accomplished, his last words of warning and comfort uttered, his last song sung, his last prayer said:

"Ere the pilgrim soul go forth,
  On its journey, dark and lone,
Who is he that yet on earth
  All his needful work has done?"

So, no doubt, it may have seemed to Moses. His career was as yet incomplete, the prize for which he had labored as yet unwon. But it was not God's will that he should go further. There, in sight of Canaan, he was to be "delivered from the burden of the flesh" and be "in joy and felicity," in a far brighter land, whence he might still, perhaps, watch over those whom he had led like a flock. Thus did he leave the scenes of earth, who is universally regarded as the most ancient and the greatest of law-givers and benefactors of the human race. To him the world owes more than to all the heroes in word or act, of ancient Greece or Rome; yet God, in His wisdom, left not his remains among those who had most reason to love and venerate his memory. The heathen nations made gods and demigods of their illustrious men, of those who had rescued them from peril or had blessed them by useful inventions, discoveries or laws. But it was in direct opposition to God's purpose in His choice of Israel as the matrix of that truth which was in the fulness of time to be the heritage of Gentile as well as Jew, that He should have any rival in the hearts of His people. Hence the strange summons by which Moses was withdrawn from the victorious tribes,—strange as his birth and life. Hence "no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day." No worshipping crowds gather around the spot where all that earth claims of the great legislator and poet and warrior reposes. Night and day and day and night go by and generation succeeds generation, but the bones of the Prophet are watched over by God alone; they have returned to the ground from which they were taken, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." And still Moses liveth in the highest sense. Through the long ages between his death and the Prophet whom he foretold with such meekness, yet with holy pride, he, in his writings and in his memory, continued to be the leader, the companion, the teacher and the comforter of the children of Israel. Nay more, his influence has a wider range since His coming of whom he, in person, and his successor, in name, were types and promises. Not only in the tents of Shem, but among the multitudes of enlarged Japheth, and even among the dark descendants of degenerate Ham, has he whose dust rests in the lonely Moabite valley, a local habitation and a name, an influence for good, which is only second to that of Christ Himself. The law delivered amid such solemn, awe-inspiring surroundings on the Mount of God, is still the basis of the laws of the civilized world; and the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are placed side by side in the divine code of Christian morality. If the latter was uttered by the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake," so were the former "written by the finger of God."

The most conspicuous instance of Hebrew poetry which we meet from the date of the entrance into Canaan till the arrival of King David, "the Royal Psalmist," on the scene of Israelitish history, is found in the song of Deborah, in the Book of Judges, after the battle of Megiddo. No one can read it without discovering that in this wild time, when "every man did what was right in his own eyes," and which has been called the heroic age of Israel, poetry, especially of the lyric order, was successfully cultivated. Many fine translations of the passage have been written, of which perhaps the finest in the English language is that of the late Dr. Milman. His "History of the Jews," in which it is found, is not at hand as I write, and even, if it were, the whole poem is too long for transcription; and, besides, the translation of the Bible is simply grand. Dr. Stanley devides it, after the manner of some of the Greek choruses, into parts—the prelude, the exodus, the gathering, &c. The battle and the flight he renders as follows:

"Zebulon is a people throwing away its soul to death,
And Naphtali on the high places of the field.
There came kings and fought;
Then fought kings of Canaan—
At Taanach, on the waters of Megiddo;
Gain of silver took they not
From heaven they fought (against them)—
The stars in their courses
Fought with Sisera.
The torrent of Kishon swept them away,
The ancient torrent, the torrent Kishon.
Trample down, Oh my soul, their strength.
Then stamped the hoofs of the horses
From the plungings and plungings of the mighty ones."

The following is Herder's (Marsh's) version:

("Gilead beyond Jordan stayed unmoved,
Dan also, or why should he dwell in ships;
Asher was safe by the shore of the sea,
And lingered by his bays and creeks.)
Only Zebulon jeoparded their lives,
And Naphtali on the mountain heights,
But the kings, they came and fought,—
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
At Taanach by the waters of Megiddo.
But money their desire, they received not.
From heaven they fought against them,
The stars from their courses fought with Sisera.
The river Kishon swept them away,
Thy winding river, the river Kishon.
March on, my soul, in thy might!
Then stamped the hoofs of the horses
In the fleeing, in the fleeing of heroes."

During the subsequent generations, till the time of the Kings, perhaps, even then, till David's more practised harp produced nobler lyrics, this song of Deborah and Barak may have held its ground as "the National Anthem" of Israel. It could hardly, however, have been sung with much pride or pleasure by the recreant tribes whom it blames and despises.

The reader may compare with the 68th Psalm, in which David describes the triumph of the God of Israel,—His march against His foes, the effect of His presence, His justice and mercy, His care for His people, and the defeat and utter dispersion of those who hate Him.

"Let God arise,
And His enemies be scattered;
Let them that hate Him flee before Him."

From these words, which give at a glance the key to the whole psalm, the writer goes on to depict God's ways and means of dealing with His sinful foes, inserting at proper intervals, by way of contrast, His never-tiring goodness to the righteous who trust in Him. It is also to be noted, in studying the literature of the Hebrews, as of all other nations, that the ideas of its pioneers are seized and turned to account by those who succeed them. In this very psalm there are traces of study both of the songs of Moses and of Deborah. The same assertion may be made with regard to the prophets, some passages in the later books closely resembling passages in the earlier ones.

There is one book of the Bible whose style is quite *sui generis*, and which stands apart, at a considerable distance, in interests, ideas and language, from any of them—the Book of Job. I do not intend just now to meddle with the various opinions which have been expressed as to the date of its authorship, the scene of its events, or the language in which it was originally written. Its object seems, undoubtedly, to be the same as that which Milton had in view in writing his great epic—"to justify the ways of God to man." In the two introductory chapters, in the 29th chapter and the close of the book, as well as here and there through its progress, we find enough to satisfy us as to Job's position as a *sheik* or ruler in the land of Uz, generally supposed to be the same as Edom or Idumæa. The descriptions of nature, which form its chief poetic charm, sometimes point to other regions; but the air of wonder and awe with which such descriptions are invested rather tend to shew the writer's want of personal familiarity with what he describes. The author or hero was undoubtedly a man of learning, an observer and a thinker, well versed in natural history, but still seeing in all things earthly but types and symbols of a glory that is invisible—a man of consistent piety, of deep humility and strong faith, yet not without perplexity at the apparent inconsistency with divine justice discoverable in much of what he saw around him. In all his indignant complaints he never loses faith in his Almighty Father, nor hope of ultimate redemption. There is a gradual progress throughout the book from Job's despondence, reaching even to the desire for death, in whose domain "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," through his long and impassioned self-defence against unjust accusation, to the sublime climax when Jehovah speaks to him out of the tempest:

" Who is it that darkeneth God's counsels
By words without knowledge?
Gird up thy loins like a man;
I will ask thee; teach thou me.
Where wast thou
When I founded the earth?
Tell me if thou knowest
Who fixed the measure of it? Dost thou know?
Who stretched the line upon it?
Whereon stand its deep foundations?
Who laid the corner stone thereof
When the morning stars sang in chorus,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Who wrapped up the sea in swaddling clothes
When it broke forth from the mother's womb?
I gave it the clouds for garments,
I swathed it in mists and darkness;
I fixed my decrees upon it,
And placed them for gates and bars;
I said, ' thus far shalt thou come and no farther;
Here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' "

In the description of animate nature the imagery is equally grand:

" Hast thou given the horse his strength,
And clothed his neck with *the flowing mane?*
Dost thou make him afraid like the grasshopper?
The noise of his neighing is terrible;
He paweth the earth, rejoicing in his strength
When he goeth againt the weapons of war.
He scoffeth at fear and is not daunted,
Nor turneth he back from facing the sword.
Above him is the rattling of the quiver,
The lightning of the spear and lance.
With vehemence and rage he devoureth the ground
And heedeth not the sound of the trumpet.
The trumpet sounds louder, he cries, aha !
And from far he snuffeth the slaughter,
The war-cry of the captains and the shouts of the battle."

Well might Job reply, taking up God's question:

" Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge?
So have I uttered what I understood not,
Things too wondrous for me, that I knew not."

And well may all who read say " Amen."

This is poetry of the noblest and loftiest kind, by whatever specific name we may call it,—poetry which must find an echo in every soul which has ever contemplated in silent wonder and awe and love the majesty and the goodness of God as mirrored in His created works.

" He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And, indeed, we are taught in this book, and our Saviour himself taught the same lesson, that a deep appreciation of the works of nature, and a kindly regard for the living things around us, often form the avenue by which we attain the consciousness of God's ever-biding presence. The voice of God still speaks to us in the lily and the dew-drop, in the sea and in the stars, in the ant and the bee, in the cattle on a thousand hills, in the monsters of forest and ocean, in the sweet affection of the dumb pets by our fireside, in the lark that soars upward from its lowly bed with its song of praise, in the eagle, mountain-throned, in the lonely, timid ostrich of the desert. This holy and affectionate intercommunion between man and nature, this endowment of the brute with human feelings, and the giving to even inanimate objects a share in our joys and sorrows was one of the essential characteristics of Hebrew poetry, and is one of its chief beauties.

Very gladly would I extend my remarks, such as they are, to the Psalms, the writings of Solomon and the Prophets. But it would be mere presumption and folly to attempt such extension. Every psalm is, in itself, worthy of an essay—of a volume. How many commentaries have been written upon them and yet how much might still be said! They have been the comfort and support of thousands upon thousands of lonely, saddened, suffering hearts, and they are so still. There is hardly a region of the earth which their beauty has not made glad and they have still a long and lofty mission to fulfil. In joy and sorrow, in wealth and poverty, in honor and disgrace, in health and sickness, in youth and age, on the bed of death and in the parting hour,—on all the occasions when the human heart needs solace or warning or promise, they are ever full, ever ready, to supply its wants. And yet they are poetry—but poetry on which the Spirit of God has breathed His blessing, to which He has imparted a vivifying power, on which He has set the seal of His own image. They are as a temple built of precious words and strong, in which His presence dwells, and where we may ever seek and find His face and hear His voice. And they have their foundation in unfailing faith, a faith that could say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy trusty shepherd's staff is my comfort and support."

How beautiful, how sacred, is the confidence in God's watchfulness and constant protection in the 121st Psalm!

"I lift my eyes and look to the hills,
From which cometh my help.
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who hath made the heavens and the earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to slide;
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold! He that keepeth Israel
Will neither slumber nor sleep.
Jehovah will be thy keeper.
Jehovah will be thy shade.
Who goeth (as a friend) at thy side,
That the sun smite thee not by day,
Nor the moon afflict thee by night.
The Lord preserve thee from evil,
The Lord preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall guard thy going out
And thy coming in now and for evermore."

As, in a manner, the completion of this picture of the love and confidence which exist between God and His faithful servants, we find, in Isaiah, a description of perfect peace, of a community of happiness, in which even the brute creation have their share:—

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
The leopard shall lie down with the kid,
The calf, the young lion and the fatling together,
And a little child shall lead them.
The cow and the bear shall feed quietly;
Their young shall lie down together,
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
The suckling shall play on the hole of the asp,
The weaned child on the cockatrice' den;
There shall be none to hurt nor destroy
In all my Holy Mountain,
For the earth is full of the knowledge of Jehovah,
As the waters cover the sea." (Isa. xi. 6-9.)

And this paradise of Isaiah is still more fully described in the vision of the great Christian Prophet:—

"I heard a voice from Heaven, saying,
Lo! the dwelling of God is with men,
And He will dwell with them,
And they shall be His people,
And God himself shall be with them
As their God.
And He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes,
And Death shall be no longer,
Nor sorrow, nor lamentation, nor pain,
For former things have passed away."

And is it not to this consummation that the whole Bible points, whether it be poetry or prose? Is it not to satisfy our yearning for that perfect peace, that fullest light, that complete blessedness, that eternal rest in God's presence, that it was all written? Was it not to set before us the *reality* of that "world to come" for which God has created, as part of us, a longing that can be stilled by nothing else, which is as

"The desire of the north for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion for something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

This is the great aim, the great work of revelation. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him. *But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit*; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Chapter VI.

Prospecting is one of the most exciting occupations in which a man may engage. He often becomes disgusted with his furious attacks upon his unlucky claim, with nothing resulting. Then he lies on his bed and dreams of countless treasures somewhere, ready to be unearthed; the where is the puzzling question—and to solve this, the castle-building diggers periodically visit the neighboring hills, dig desperately for a few hours, get tired out, eat their lunch, and return home to try the old claim once more. If a man has a great bump of hope, he may perhaps dig for two or three days; but the flies suck his spirits low, and he "treks" home sadly in the dumps; his pick droops despondingly over his shoulder; his sieve seeks to get betwixt his legs to trip him up, and it is a merciful Providence if he reaches his tent without using naughty language. But every business has speculators—men who are keen-eyed, and have always their wits at home; and a great many of them are confirmed diamond-diggers. To such men it matters little whether they find one stone in a week or twenty. Of course they like luck; but if it won't come willingly, they drag it along by the heels. If a stranger comes into the camp, and is like a fish out of water, wandering the camp through, the speculator makes himself his intimate friend. If he drinks, he actually gets him "corned" on old brandy, and lets Mr. Greenhorn foot the bill. Any way he always brings him round to his views; shows him a wonderful claim full of big diamonds; lets him see a few that are warranted to be from this magnificent claim; and in the end he buys up the worthless ground, as also a peculiarly rotten tent, which the generous speculator throws in at half price. Here is sharp trade for you, and then it's so honest! I ask a price and you pay it. But business gets slack, and one morning Mr. Speculator looks searchingly out on the vast plain. He scratches his brow in thought. "I have it!" he exclaims. "I'll get a cart, a cask of water, and take my Kafirs out on the 'felt.'* We'll dig a thundering deep hole. I'll drop a little diamond in it by accident; the Kafirs will find it and let everybody know. Everybody will ask me. I'll look knowingly over their heads and say, 'This is a lovely spot; just the right sort of ground,' &c. Then the canteen men will come out—I'll go halves with them—we'll start a lot of holes—mark out a lot of claims—people in the camp get excited—rush out here—no ground to be had, so they'll buy my claims at £10 apiece. Then ———;" and he is so delighted at the scheme that he runs off and get a chariot, bundles in his kit, and that night finds his lonely tent far out on the plain. A square hole near by is the nucleus of our prospector's hopes, and two black diggers form the working force. We'll see the same place to-morrow. "Are you going to the Rush, Jones?" "Yes," answers my burly partner, and as a friend is also starting for this last New Rush, we shoulder our trusty picks and leave amidst the roll of wheels and tramp of feet, as the digging community of the camp haste to the appointed place. Six miles trudge in the dust, over sharp, thorny bushes, under a powerful morning sun, seriously damages a man's picturesque feelings. He don't care one bit whether yonder range of hills looks romantic. or whether that "kannel dorn" tree is a picture. If a purling brook were running down among these stones, he would scramble into it and commence drinking, without once saying, How beautiful! But alas for Jones and me, brooks are very scarce in the Diamond Fields, and when we reached old Spec's tent—lonely no longer—our tongues are puffed out like bladders, our months are wide open, and we make a desperate run into the nearest canteen, where we order a quart each of acidulous ginger beer. This swallowed we mop our red faces with our shirt sleeves, and take a look at things in general. Mr. Speculator is down his square hole, picking away like mad. "Hey, old fellow, how many have you found?" Spec looks up with such a joyful, hard-work countenance, you feel much encouraged. "Well boys," he answers, "its promising. Good green earth, lots of mica. But I'll go deeper. Big ones down there,'' and wiping his brow he applies the pick with renewed vim. Jones is convinced. "That's an honest man. I'll bet he's got some diamonds there," and away he runs to a vacant spot and marks out a claim. Now I confess I was not so sanguine. I knew this style of thing on these "kopjes," and old Spec was working his oar very prudently. My what a crowd! More coming! Yes, they will all have to come to satisfy themselves, and by noon two thousand thirstier, more excited and more profane human beings, you never saw than will be here. Hot and hotter, and cross and crosser get the crowd. "Ah there's a fight, Jones," and away we run and just manage on tip-toe to see inside a struggling circle of diggers, two of them going in on the most approved prize-ring principles. The throng is vastly amused, until with a loud shout, victory is wafted o'er the plain by British throats: "Hurrah!—" and away they go to drink as never yet civilized Christians were able. Two different owners to one worthless thirty feet square of ground caused that row, and it is lucky if all go home without a general free fight, in which pale ale bottles and picks will be common weapons. But the sun is setting, people having affixed their names to their claims are thinking of home and a good tea; old Spec is slightly "topped" on raw brandy, and is talking wildly of "good luck in them claims full of diamonds, at ten pounds apiece," and we must make a start too. The next day saw a larger crowd, more fighting, more drinking, until at night the diggers were utterly demoralized. Jones and I arrived on the ground well prepared for business. With two picks, two shovels, a sieve, table, and two Kafirs, we set to work with a will. We were busy shovelling up the sand, while the two blacks wired in with the picks, when we were interrupted by a tall, gaunt female (a regular Woman's Righter) coming up and seizing Jones by the shirt sleeve,—"Sir," said she, "purtect a lonely female. Yesterday I took out a claim for John, as is too busy to leave the camp, and that sneaking fellow (pointing to a very industrious man a few yards away) has gone and jumped it. Its my claim and—;" but without waiting for any more eloquence from the aggrieved lady, we acted from our chivalrous instinct, and marched over to the "sneaking fellow," and squaring up to him, ordered an immediate evacuation of the lady's claim or hostilities would commence. The gentleman very slowly wiped the point of his pick, and surveying my burly partner, concluded to be prudent; so away he walked, while John's plucky wife brought up three Kafirs and put them to work in right earnest. Her expressions of gratitude were unbounded, and Jones actually blushed—tanned as he was—when she called him, "a dear good old feller. Bring your torn shirts to my tent and I'll have them washed"; and concluded by saying, "he was a reglar brick!" The would-be "jumper" fared very hard, for upon the news of his conduct spreading about, an impromptu rush was made at him by some inebriated gallants. Taking fright at their blood-thirsty appearance he started off like a wild gazelle—pitched his pick and shovel down a hole,—and tore through the thorns and scrub at a prodigious rate. The faster he ran, the harder his pursuers chased. With hoots and cries of, "Coward, run!" the avengers kept on until Mynheer appeared but a speck on the distant plain. This was such a good joke, everybody stopped work, sat down and laughed, and the spirits of the community were flowing high, when they were suddenly brought up to fever heat by a shout of "diamond!" One of the largest canteens on the ground was owned by a bloated old fellow nicknamed Mahogany Nose, from the red appearance of that organ. He had secured a number of claims in common with the prospector, and near his saloon had sunk a little hole, from which, rumor averred, several diamonds had been taken. Mahogany Nose had offered to sell this lucky piece of ground for fifty pounds; but people had their doubts of its worth. Now they must vanish, for there's old Mahogany dancing like mad over his table, holding betwixt his finger and thumb the smallest possible diamond. The crowd surges around the hole in excitement. "Let's see it," "Did it come out of the green?" &c. All he answered was, "It's a good sign," and sitting down at the table, scraped away again frantically. It was a tempting bait, and several men interrupted him to enquire his price. "Nuthin under fifty pounds gents; its too valleyble." "Ha, ha," sneered a cynical old Englishman standing by, "you wish it was worth that. I wouldn't give a sixpence for it. You have planted your finds." This remark arouses the suspicion that old Mahogany has been gulling the public. One says, "That's his canteen over there," and another thinks he has "planted" the diamonds he has been finding so readily. The intoxicated crowd, putting two and two together, conclude the rush is a hoax; and make such unfriendly demonstrations towards old Mahogany, that he leaves his claim, enters his canteen, and gives a free treat to all who come. By this stroke of policy, his popularity is restored among the multitude. Now "he's such a good fellow," everybody must drink his health. As we are parched with thirst let us approach his bar. "Have you any water?" He smiled upon me and shook his head. "What are you washing your glasses in then?" I asked. He stopped business and, smiling still more openly, replied, "Why, that's ginger beer. We sold all the water at sixpence a glass, and now we'll give you a lot of ginger beer for ninepence." Seeing no prospect of any other beverage, unless brandy, we swallowed our allowances, and left the crowded tent, feeling more painfully than ever the torture of thirst. The afternoon wore away, but none found any diamonds except the prospectors, and by sunset the majority of the diggers agreed that their claims were worthless. Old Mahogany, however, was triumphant. His brandy silenced many a bold tongue, and gained for him a host of friends; while, although making nothing from his "valleyble" claim, he pocketed a tidy sum from his canteen. The original getter up of the fizzle had vanished, and it was well for him that he had. People that are sold badly are neither just nor generous, and now they thirsted for revenge. "Ah," said one, "I'd like to bury that diamond 'planter' in his own hole." Fortunately the total absence of anything drinkable but brandy, caused a general departure of the thirsty multitude. Two glum old diggers were shouldering their tools preparatory to an exhausting six miles' walk. "Bill, I'd like to choke off that old weazel as made this here rush. He's sold all his liquor, and to-morrow down comes the tent while he counts our shillings." His partner comfortingly responded, "Let's poonch 'is 'ead." But the prospect of doing this without serious damage to themselves from Mahogany's drunken friends, was small, and they departed sadder and wiser men from Fools' Rush No——. As the sun set, the crowd had gone, nearly all boozy, after wasting two days in quarrelling and fighting, and alternately cursing and praising the kopje and its occupiers. The ensuing morning the canteens depart to some other favored locality, where the same scenes are enacted with no better results.

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* The field or plain.

ELLEN McGREGOR.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

(*Concluded.*)

Mrs. Creighton took her leave, and at the invalid's request Dr. Wilmer resumed his reading. Miss McGregor sat in a corner and studied him as he read.

"Strange-looking man!" she thought. "I wonder I had not noticed him before. A great deal of will, I am sure, from those firm lines about his mouth; but the eyes have the softness of a woman's. He would be positively ugly, now, but for those eyes. How dark they grow when a sentiment pleases him! But how they could flash if he were to get angry!"

He suddenly looked up from his reading with a curious smile lurking about his mouth.

"Well, Miss McGregor?" he said.

She half—only half—understood him, so she said, "What is it, Dr. Wilmer?"

"If I am not mistaken you were taking my measure just now. Will you give me the result?"

"No, I think not."

"I am very curious to know it."

"An unpardonable curiosity, sir. You certainly know yourself, and my opinion cannot affect you."

"But it does affect me. I want to know how I look in a woman's eyes."

He looked full at her, and she was half angry at him.

"I don't think you have a right to ask it."

"Nevertheless, I have asked it, and I think you will answer me. It is only a question of time."

She was convinced now that she had been right in thinking he had a good deal of will.

"Well, if I must"—she stopped.

"Thank you.—My looks first, if you please, just as you would describe them to a stranger."

"Well, sir, I think your face decidedly plain—except perhaps the eyes. They might do well enough if that hard look they have just now were taken out of them."

"Honest, at least," he said, not at all disturbed. "What have you to say to the mind under the face?"

"Not below average, I should think."

"And the heart, Miss McGregor?"

The eyes that had been hard a moment before, now wore a dreamy look—a look that told of the possibility of a heart tender as a woman's, and true as steel, being somewhere in the possession of that Dr. Wilmer.

"Oh! you have a heart, I see. I had thought not," and she leaned back in her chair and surveyed him coolly.

He rose and stood before her, looking down at her, and yet he seemed not to see her, but rather to be communing with his own thoughts. Suddenly he roused himself, and without saying a word, went out.

"What a queer man he is!" said Blanche. "But I like him immensely. I hope Dr. Ransom won't come back for a long time. He said this afternoon he would stay in the village until Dr. Ransom came, so as to see to me."

Her companion was saying to herself,

"I hope Dr. Ransom *will* come back soon. I am afraid of this man."

A week passed and still Dr. Ransom was away, and still Dr. Wilmer continued his daily visits. During one of those visits, Blanche lay looking at him very earnestly, when he said, "Well, Miss. Blanche, what is it?"

"Nothing, only I was wondering—"

"Wondering is strictly forbidden, little girl. You must tell me outright what you were thinking."

"I was trying to decide, sir, whether you were an old man or not."

"You were? What conclusion did you come to?"

"I couldn't tell at all."

"I am strictly opposed to gratifying curiosity usually, but I don't mind telling you that I am just forty. Am I an old man?"

"Yes, I should think so," she said gravely.

A servant came up with a card for Miss McGregor, and she went down to meet Cecil Granby. He offered his hand, and, most unwillingly she gave him hers, which he held closely and led her to a seat, still keeping the hand a prisoner.

"How is Blanche this morning, Ellen?"

It was long since she had heard her name so spoken, and it roused old memories, as he intended it should.

"As well as we could hope."

"Can I see her to-day?"

"She does not know you are in the place, and I had rather you waited until she is stronger—able to be down stairs."

"When will that be?"

"The doctor thinks she can be moved to-morrow"

For a few moments there was silence; then he said,

"Ellen, dear Ellen, you know I loved you once; I come now to tell you, I love you still."

"I know about that *once*. Your love suddenly cooled when my fortune was gone."

"Ellen—"

"Miss McGregor, if you please."

He bit his lip till the blood came.

"Miss McGregor, you do me injustice. Is it not enough that I tell you my love for you still lives? You are not rich now."

Her eyes fairly blazed as she said,

"No, but my ward is."

"Your ward, indeed! What made her your ward? I tell you, I am her guardian, and I *will* have her."

"Cecil Granby, you know something of my will. Cross it, if you dare."

"I afraid of a woman!"

There was bitter sarcasm in her tone as she replied,

"Especially a woman you love!"

"Love! I hate you, curse you!"

"That sounds more truthful. I am happy to say that I return *that* sentiment, most cordially."

He grew white with rage, and she folded her arms and waited for him to speak.

After a few turns across the room, he said,

"I suppose you know she must be left to make an unbiassed choice."

"Come here to-morrow at ten and we will have that settled."

At ten next morning an odd party was gathered in Miss McGregor's parlor.

On a couch, pale and tired-looking, lay Blanche, as yet unconscious of the influence this morning's work was to have on her whole after life. At her side, cold as an iceberg and unflinching as a rock, was Miss McGregor, all her interest centred in that child whose hand lay in hers.

Near by sat Dr. Wilmer, who had, apparently, no interest in the proceedings, save as they were likely to affect the health of his patient.

Seated in an arm-chair near the window old Mr. Black was looking over some papers; while Mr. Creighton, a venerable-looking old man, was slowly pacing up and down the room, casting an occasional glance toward the door, as if expecting some one.

They had not long to wait when Cecil Granby, pale and haughty as ever, entered. His manner was peculiar, between his studied avoidance of Miss McGregor and his desire to conciliate his niece.

"Blanche," said Miss McGregor, "this is your uncle, Mr. Granby."

Blanche uttered a faint little scream and then covered her eyes.

"Auntie," she whispered, "it was he who caught my bridle the day I was hurt."

He was coming towards her, but Miss

McGregor flashed a look at him, and he retreated to Mr. Black's corner.

Mr. Black briefly explained to Blanche why they were there, and without a moment's hesitation she decided in favor of Miss McGregor.

Then Granby's ill-concealed wrath broke all bounds. He swore a fearful oath at Blanche, and was instantly assisted by Dr. Wilmer's strong arm to a seat on the front porch; and not particularly liking solitary meditation, he took himself off.

That evening Miss McGregor received a note that ran like this:—

"Ellen McGregor, I'm played out. My own money all gone, I had hoped for some relief from Blanche; but knowing your cursed will, it's no use to hope now. Probably before this reaches you I shall be dead. When they bring you the news, I hope you will enjoy your work.

"Yours, in bitter hatred,

"CECIL GRANBY.

"P.S.—Have my body sent to Boston for burial. I make this request, hoping it will give you some trouble. C. G."

She sent immediately for Mr. Creighton, her pastor, and he went to Granby's hotel.

The servant said he was sleeping. He insisted on seeing him, and found a bottle of laudanum at his side, evidently lately used. He never woke from that sleep.

CHAPTER III.

A sultry evening in July found Miss McGregor seated at an open window indulging in a fit of melancholy. Blanche was gone away to school; and, for the first time in her life, almost, she felt alone in the world. A dead silence reigned throughout the house. Even without, everything seemed at rest. Not a leaf stirred. The air was terribly oppressive. Nothing broke the dreadful stillness but a katy-did, more bold than his brothers, who feebly tried his voice, but it died away without an echo.

She was just becoming conscious that the night was gathering closer about the house, when a step at her side startled her.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, "I thought your nerves could stand anything."

"Oh! it is you, Dr. Wilmer. Pray find a seat, if you can, while I get a light."

"And now," said he, when the light was brought, "let me look at you. Thin and pale I see. What's the trouble?"

"Nothing at all, unless it be my separation from my child."

"I am afraid you think too much of that child. But I want to tell you what a curious thing has happened to me lately,—may I?"

"Yes, anything would be better than sitting here alone, as I have been."

"Not very complimentary to my story. However, I am very forgiving; so I shall proceed:—

"You must know that I had the good fortune to belong to an old and wealthy family. I say, good fortune, because I believe it to be something worth being grateful for. Well, my father succeeded in marrying all his sons to his liking, except Grant, which means me. Then the worthy old gentleman selected a wife for Grant. But Grant, having a trifle of conscience, declined to propose to a lady he could not love, although she was a very fine person. Finally, the innocent cause of the daily quarrels at Wilmer House saw fit to marry some other fellow, much to Judge Wilmer's disgust. He forthwith ordered me to choose for myself, but choose I must. That was fifteen years ago. Ever since that time I have been searching, and only now have I succeeded in finding a woman I could love."

"What in the world induced you to tell me this story?" she said, wonder pictured in her face.

A curious smile crept into the corners of his mouth as he replied,

"Because I cannot win my queen without your consent."

"Dr. Wilmer! Can it be my Blanche?"

"No, it is not your Blanche, but yourself." He drew nearer to her, and went on in a low tone full of tenderness.

"Ellen McGregor, what answer does your woman's heart make to me when I tell you that of all the women I have met, to you only does my heart give its homage?"

She sat as if she did not comprehend.

"Have I offended you?" he asked, gently.

"No, but—Dr. Wilmer, do you mean just what you say?"

"Ellen, look at me."

One swift look into his eyes, grown dark and eloquent, satisfied her on that point. Her face grew crimson as she said,

"You ought to know—I was once engaged to that man, Cecil Granby."

"I knew that long ago. Did I tell you that the woman my father wished me to marry was Lottie Granby?"

"No! And she was so beautiful."

"Yes, and as good as she was beautiful; but I wanted strength of character in a wife, and she had very little. Besides, she never cared for me. Being yielding she might have been persuaded to marry the old family name; but she could never have loved me as she did George Ford, and that was scarcely all I would like my wife to give me."

"Are you not afraid I may be dazzled by the old family name?"

"Not in the least. To a woman like you that would not weigh a feather against her heart's inclinations."

"But that unfortunate engagement."

"Has nothing whatever to do with this. You did not know the possibilities of your own nature when you made that promise. I give to you my first love, and so you can give to me the first love of the woman you now are."

"Would you take to yourself a life with all the freshness gone out of it?"

"Very gladly. I think I must have loved you if I had met you at any time of your life; but I am very thankful that it is in the ripe beauty of your womanhood, instead of what you call girlish freshness."

Ellen McGregor was obliged to acknowledge to herself that those quietly spoken words went home to her heart as nothing else had ever done.

"I cannot urge you farther, Ellen," he said; "what does your heart say?"

But she stood motionless at his side, looking into her own heart, fearful of making a mistake in a matter so important.

There was a passionate longing in his voice when he spoke again,

"You are the only woman I have ever loved, and if you will not go with me, I must go my way alone. But if you do, I scarcely dare to think of the great joy it brings into my life."

"I will go with you," she said simply.

He drew her closely to him, so closely that she could feel the steady beat of his heart, and an odd sense of being owned by another, entirely new to Ellen McGregor, crept over her. He kissed her forehead and whispered,

"Call me Grant—say, 'I love you.'"

"Grant, I do love you."

A lingering kiss on her lips—a lover's good bye—and she was alone again with the still July night. But how different now! Every pulsation of her heart sent a wild thrill of happiness through her frame. Never again did she have that feeling of being alone in the world until she stood beside Grant Wilmer's open grave, and that was long years after she became his wife.

With a full realization of her happiness, came a sense of gratitude, and she fell on her knees and thanked the Giver of all good for the great blessing of Grant Wilmer's love. Then, in a new light she saw her past life; saw how many blessings had been given to her, for which not a word of thanks had been returned. She had always thought ingratitude one of the basest of crimes. And now, here it was unmistakably fastened upon her. How her heart ached at the sight! She even lost sight of her new joy in the suffering. In miserable self-abasement she spent that night. At last, it came to this: if it cost all her life's happiness, she must know that her sins were forgiven; and, more, she must henceforth be at peace with her Maker. A great longing to be in sympathy with the Infinite One took possession of her. One by one her idols were given up, and she wondered that still she felt burdened; all was yet dark. The very simplicity of the way was a barrier to her. The morning dawned and still no peace. At last she lost sight of her good deeds and her bad deeds, of herself entirely; saw only Christ the crucified, and with that look came the peace into her soul. She knew that Dr. Wilmer had long been a Christian; so when he came she hastened to tell him what she knew would be good news to him. Then he told her that, although ignorant of her feeling, he too had spent that night in prayer that she might be made a child of God. And there, under the blessed sunlight, with clasped hands and bowed heads, they thanked God for this great mercy vouchsafed to them. He urged an early day for their marriage; so a day in September was fixed.

The wedding morning was not clear and bright, as wedding mornings usually are. A mist hung low over the broad fields and the quiet village. Old people shook their heads and said it was a bad omen. But the two most interested gave it no thought. In the village church, Mr. Creighton performed the ceremony which has been so often said under very different circumstances, but which always has so much solemnity in it. Just as he pronounced the words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," the sun broke through the mist and came pouring in, filling the little church with a sudden glory.

The croakers were silenced, and said they might have a happy life after all.

* * * * * * *

Five years have gone by, and again we look in at that dismal little station at Dayton. That one lone lamp still burns, as if it had never been extinguished. Standing at the window, precisely as we saw her first, is Ellen McGregor Wilmer. She is little changed since she stood there fifteen years ago.

But this is a beautiful night. The broad flood of moonlight that comes in at the open window shames the poor little lamp, and shows to advantage the fine intellectual face of Dr. Wilmer, who is at his wife's side. She has been paying a visit to her old friend, Mrs. Creighton, and is now going to welcome Blanche home when her bridal tour is finished. Herbert Creighton has won the beautiful young heiress.

There were not a few who said she might have done better than take a poor clergyman's son; but she followed the dictates of her own heart, with the full consent of her guardian.

"Ellen," said Dr. Wilmer, "I have been thinking, as I stood here, how much we have to be thankful for, you and I."

Tears came into her eyes as she said,

"I know it, Grant—I particularly. I have my Blanche, grown into a noble woman, willing to forego the gayeties of society to become the wife of a clergyman; I have you, Grant; and last, these my blessings led me to seek what is more precious than all the rest, the pearl of great price."

"Do you know, my dear, I think it was a turning-point in your life when you gave Blanche a home."

"I have often since wondered how I came to do it; I never was fond of children; but I have never repented it."

"It has been a real blessing to you in making your life more than it would otherwise have been."

"It certainly brought me a great blessing. But for her I should never have seen you."

"That is one of *my* mercies. Don't trespass on my ground for thankfulness, if you please."

"Train's coming," shouted a boy, who looked as if he might have been the very identical one who was there fifteen years before, only a little smaller and a little more stupid.

They followed the small voice out to the platform, and, in the hurry of getting themselves on board, we lose sight of them forever.

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER VII.

CHANGES.

Graigse Lea was shut up. Maude lost her two best-loved friends, Mrs. Russel and Grahame. Arthur Russel's father had written to him, requesting him to take the management of a branch business the firm was opening in Edinburgh; and so, sadly, Arthur and Nora bade farewell to the quaint old house with its stanchioned windows, to the noisy brook that had prattled so many sweet tales to their listening ears, to the avenue in which they had taken so many lover-like walks, with its venerable elms and beeches, to the woods sacred to their honeymoon, to the chambers that had first listened to the wails and laughter of the little lives that had been given them to lead to heaven, to the cottagers who wept at the departure of their sympathetic, low-voiced benefactress, to all the sunny, loving memories that haunted every nook of its beautiful environs, to the air-castles they had built in its old-fashioned fire-places—to all they gave a sad, Nora a tearful, farewell. Grahame, perhaps, felt the parting more keenly than any one of the others. Adhesiveness was one of the most marked characteristics in the boy's character. The happiest years of his life had been passed at Graigse Lea; the only playmates his boyhood had ever known were in Weston, and in the old churchyard at Graigse Lea was, he knew now, his father's grave. The last night they were in the dear old home, he went alone to visit it. He loved to remember his father as he had seemed to him in the days of his childhood—a frank, chivalrous, daring soldier, a tender, affectionate husband and father. To the boy his fearful degradation had something mysterious in it. He knew he had broken his gentle mother's heart by his desertion; he recollected too well the humiliating scenes of their first residence in London, and Grahame, in his heart, cursed those who had tempted his father, cursed the instrument of his fall. Arthur Russel had told him his father's last words in reference to him, and the boy felt that his father's life and death were endorsers of his warning which he could never forget. It was not without keen pain that the boy could look upon the liquors which sparkled on his cousin's sideboard. He could not understand how any one could, after having seen, as Arthur had done, the fearful effects its use had produced, look upon it with any other feeling than abhorrence, could still dare to tamper with it. It was not only associated in his mind with the shame of that dishonored grave by which he sat, with the breaking of the heart-chords, blasting of the hopes that made his mother's life; but it was also the reminder of the degradation of the family name, the loss of the old ancestral home. Pride of name, of family, was one weakness in the boy's character, if weakness that could be called which excited noble impulses. He gloried in claiming descent from a family whose name was interwoven with Scotia's fierce struggles against despotism, steady resistance to, and heroic enduring of fearful persecutions for truth and liberty, faithful, unwavering devotion to its exiled kings. It was not among the least bitter of the boy's thoughts that this name which his father, he thought, might have so easily ennobled, he had laid in the very dust; had allowed the family inheritance, for a pittance of gold, to pass into the hands of one who, though a member of the family, had no ambition save to be rich, no particular gift save that of hoarding the gold he had not been scrupulous in obtaining, —and for all this alcohol was answerable. "When I am a man what will I not do to stop the progress of the demon whose track is strewn with blighted hopes, broken hearts, desolate homes, and poor miserable wrecks of humanity! I will avenge my father's death on his destroyer, redeem the hall I ought to have inherited, restore the name my father's fall has sullied, live to labor, and labor to live."

Arthur had promised him a collegiate education, and the boy, strong in his purpose, half conscious of awakened talents, looked hopefully to the future, though he thought, with the warm devotedness of first friendship, that the world on which he was about to enter would never contain friends as true, hearts as loving, as those of Robert Hamilton and Maude, his dearest friends.

But the last good-by was taken, the last lingering fond look given, and Maude was left weeping—Graigse Lea was left alone.

An elegant establishment in the "Royal Circus," and a large circle of distinguished friends, almost reconciled Mrs. Russel to the restraints of a city life. Let us enter her parlor one morning about six months after leaving the north-land. Two lady visitors had just called in to see her. They were but mere acquaintances of Nora's, but according to the usage of society she must offer them wine. She also filled her own glass, and as they discussed the latest scandal, gossiped, praised Mrs. Russel's exquisite bouquets (her husband took special care that her passion for flowers should be satisfied), she sipped hers with an enjoyment that was not now feigned. They had but departed when the process was repeated again and again, and once more as Mrs. Russel replaced the decanter in the sideboard. She had a headache, and she thought the wine might cure it. At the dinner table she again partook more freely than usual; her headache was worse, and she felt wearied. She expected company in the evening; the wine might, she thought, refresh her.

Arthur thought his wife excited and feverish-looking that evening, and trembled for her health. He had never heard her so recklessly gay, so talkative, so witty, and yet her conversation lacked the harmony, the melody, which should have been its distinguishing feature. He was alarmed. What could be wrong? She answered him a little pettishly. "She had never felt better," she said. By and by he missed her from the drawing-room. With a painful foreboding of evil he hurried upstairs to her room. She was lying on the bed dressed just as she had left her company. Her heavy breathing and flushed face alarmed him seriously. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. A wine-glass standing on her toilet-table caught his attention. Had she taken any poison or any narcotic by mistake? He raised the glass to his lips,—it was only a little wine. The fearful truth flashed on him. He stooped over his wife; her breath smelt very strongly of wine. It could not be, and yet it must,—she was intoxicated. Still it might not be so, she might be sick.

"Nora, Nora, dear," he called earnestly in her ear. "What is it?" she half muttered, turning over uneasily.

"Wake up, dear. Are you sick? Our guests are below; they will miss you."

But this time he got no answer; she had sunk into profound unconsciousness again. The shame, the agony, the devoted husband felt as he looked on his beautiful young wife, the apple of his eye, the mother of his children, degraded by her appetite, was fearful. Death, he felt, in that hour of shame would have been nothing to this. Then he thought of his guests; they must not know, must not suspect this. He went out, locking the door behind him, lest some prying domestic might discover his wife's shame, a sadder man than ever he had been before.

He excused Mrs. Russel on the plea of indisposition. The guests, feeling more than seeing their host's constrained manner and absent mind, soon after left. He went again to his room, but not to sleep, to think—think of the past, plan for the future. Had this been the first time his wife had indulged to excess? He hoped, believed it was, and perhaps it was only an accident which might never occur again. He well remembered that morning when he had urged, solicited her against her own will to take the wine prescribed for her. He remembered the resolution he had well-nigh made at the time of Fairleigh Drummond's death, thenceforth to banish intoxicating liquors from his table. He thought, or rather like a vision it stood up before him, how his wife had gradually lost her dislike of wine; how she had relished it evidently; how she had grown critical as to the kinds of wines; how she had resorted to the decanter whenever she was weary or indisposed. He wondered now that he had seen no danger in all this,—but how could he? He had had more confidence in his wife's moral strength than in his own. She had always been to him an angel of light, wise and clear seeing, with keen perceptive faculties to detect the finest shades of right and wrong. And now! it could not be that she had fallen even once. He went to stoop over her again while the tears filled his eyes as he looked. One thing he was sure of—she had unconsciously, as far as intention or knowledge had gone, so fallen. She had trifled with her wine till it had seemed to her perfectly harmless; she had taken it frequently with beneficial effect, and so had lost all dread, all fear of danger. What line of conduct should he pursue on her awaking? If she were unconscious how could he tell her; how witness the degradation which she must feel on knowing the truth, of her whose happiness and honor was dearer to him than life. Should he espouse temperance principles?—they were not fashionable in the circle in which he moved, and if he did what reason should he give for the change? He had not heroism, not moral courage enough to face a sneering world, to espouse bravely an unfashionable cause. Death he would not have feared half so much as the taunting enquiries of his dear five hundred friends. No, he could not give up his wines and his liquors. He was treated when he went out, and must of course do so when visited. His business relations now brought him in contact with men of all classes, and how could he tell Smith and Jones and Brown when they had given a large order on the firm and invited him to adjourn to Verne's, that he did not drink? He could not think of that. Perhaps it was not as bad as he thought; Nora might have been sick and fatigued and one glass might have produced this effect. He would not say anything about it this time; but should he ever see any danger again he would warn her, and one warning, he thought, would be enough. So, consoling and trying to blind himself, he went to sleep. The convenient season had not come to him yet.

Nora was still asleep in the morning when her husband arose. He left her without attempting to waken her, thinking it would perhaps be best to prevent questioning to let herself remember how she had come there.

When he returned home at noon she did not meet him as was her wont with loving words of welcome and an embrace. Grahame said Nora had not been down stairs; she had had a severe headache. Hurrying upstairs he anxiously enquired how she was. Her eyes avoided his as she answered that her head ached very much, saying that she had lain down the previous evening and must have fallen asleep, expressing her surprise that he had not woke her that she might have undressed. Arthur was pained, pained beyond expression. Instead of the unconsciousness or frank avowal and sorrow he had expected, it was evident his wife was conscious of wrong, but was not prepared or willing to acknowledge it.

"I tried to wake you, Nora dear, but you would not wake," he said, gently.

"I suppose being sick made me sleep heavily," she answered, hastily, and changed the subject. It was the first cloud that had arisen on their domestic horizon, the first occasion on which there had not been perfect confidence, and Arthur returned to his counting-house that afternoon with a heavy load at his heart. But ere evening came he had reasoned himself into the belief that he was judging her too hardly—suspecting her, his own kind, loving wife, of deceit and drunkenness. Her own story must be the right one—she had been sick, and the little wine she had taken for a medicinal purpose had perhaps affected her. Full of contrition at what he thought were unjust, unkind suspicions, he returned home. Nora had spent a most miserable day, the most miserable she had ever spent in her life. Suspecting the truth, and afraid that her husband also suspected it, that the wine of which she had so freely partaken during the day, had affected her, a false pride and shame would not allow her to speak of it to her husband. If he did not know, did not suspect, why should she injure herself in his eyes? She would be careful in the future and never allude to the past. She would be careful! Ah! there can be no medium. Satan allows none. A sin must be utterly relinquished if we would hope for safety.

The desire to eradicate from her husband's mind all false impressions, had any such existed, made her even overdo herself in tenderness and love on his return and, it was not long—gazing into her beautiful face, listening to the gentle warbling of her nursery songs as she dandled her babes on her knee, or held them to father to be kissed—till he looked on the events of the previous evening as a species of nightmare which had best be forgotten. Grahame had gone to college and gave promise of a successful career if it were not too early to prophecy. He was energetic, studious and ambitious, and had not the slightest doubt himself of his ultimate success. Clear-sighted and acute, with eyes not blinded only sharpened by affection, he had begun to realize his cousin's danger. He had noticed more than once a gleam in her eye, a flush on her cheek, which he had learned to interpret. He had noticed all that had passed that evening, had listened eagerly, suspiciously, to the visitors' comments on Mrs. Russel's unusual gaiety, dreading to hear an echo of his own fears. He had seen Arthur's distress, and longed to go forward to him and, sympathizing with him, advise him to remove the temptation, to banish the decanter from his sideboard to his medicine-chest; but he dared not. Arthur invited no sympathy, was unaware that any but himself suspected the truth; how could he tell him? He thought that Nora herself, seeing once what the free use of even wine had done, would resolutely discontinue its use. He would wait and see. If he saw danger really he should warn Arthur while yet it was time.

And so the demon Distrust took up his abode in that happy family in the train of the demon Alcohol.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE CHANGES.

> "Not in vain the distance beckons forward, forward let us range;
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." —*Tennyson.*

The people of Weston were very much alarmed when it was first rumored definitely that Alfred Hamilton was to leave them. He was tired of the monotony of a country life, longed for more brilliant society than that afforded by the farmers and petty merchants of Weston. His home did not satisfy him now. Everything but reminded him of the treasure he had lost, and, to drown alike his grief and his *ennui*, he resolved in a strange place to seek forgetfulness. He thought that, could he surround himself with agreeable society, find a sufficient sphere for the display of his talents, he should be more easily enabled to curb an appetite which was gaining more power over him by every successive indulgence.

Arthur Russel had been right in regard to the rumors afloat with reference to the teacher's indispositions. James Forbes had circulated them with no certainty of their truth, intending thereby to prepare the way for the further fall of one whom he had marked as a victim.

This might probably have also somewhat to do with his leaving. He had become aware of the village gossip, and, knowing how the minutest actions are magnified to be added to the ever-gathering ball of scandal, in a place where everyone knows more or less of his neighbors' affairs, he thought it best to leave ere these rumors had acquired any definite shape, or had any certain groundwork. Very opportunely, as he thought, the situation as head-master in——st. Academy, Edinburgh, was again vacant, and he was again offered it. And this time he readily accepted it. An arrangement whereby several of the more advanced of his pupils were to accompany him, and board with him while attending or preparing to attend college, gave great satisfaction to both parties. His family also rejoiced at the change. Robert, also, who had grown to be a strong high-spirited, brave boy, because his father had promised him that, after a year or two's preparatory training, he might join his friend Grahame Drummond at college, and during the interim he had at least the prospect of seeing him very frequently.

Maude was glad too. She and she alone in the family knew her father's shame, knew that the insensibility in which he occasionally lay was not that of sickness, but of drunkenness. She had learned to dread his going out to dinner to any festivity, for it was usually but the prelude of debauchery at home. Maude loved her father dearly. She appreciated his noble qualities. She knew that in mind he was much above the level of those with whom he must associate. Most sorrowfully did she feel the weakness that shadowed the glory of his intellect, the want of steadfast firmness to his principles, his word—not to others, for with them he guarded his honor most punctiliously, but to himself. She hoped that in a wider, more congenial sphere, surrounded by his peers, his moral nature might become a more fitting mate to his intellectual.

She had endeavored truly, earnestly, to fulfil her mother's dying wishes. Naturally, as her mother had said, unselfish and patient, she had yet found her task no easy one. She had cheerfully relinquished the enjoyments of her age that she might the better minister to her father and Robert, Hughie and Helen. To these latter she had indeed been a mother. If at times she was tempted to murmur at her lot, to be fretful with the exacting babes over whom she exerted no power but that of love, the memory of her gentle, hopeful mother in her daily life, the recollection of her dying words of counsel and entreaty, were talismans to guide her right again. But her greatest trouble was for her father—the desire to save him the greatest wish she knew. She longed to be able to speak to him, to implore him once and forever to give up, to conquer himself, his appetite. But she knew better than any one else how sensitive he was; how he would resent anything that even savored of reproof from a child. She knew how bitter was his repentance each time, and could guess the resolutions he made, and each time she shared his hopes that this would be the last time. Despite his own cautiousness it required the most constant watchfulness on her part at such seasons to prevent exposure. She would allow no one to enter her father's room but herself. With her own hands she would prepare for him a cup of the strongest tea, and bring it to him; place by his side plenty of water that, as far as possible, with it he might remove all signs of dissipation, carefully remove the bottle and glass and place in their stead a decanter and tumbler full of water. The father saw all this, and it annoyed and humbled him more than the most bitter reproaches would have done; for he felt that the nobler she was, and the more she loved him, the more unworthy was he of her affectionate devotion. Thoughts of her, of her silent, loving stratagems to lure him to his home and from his tempter, were among the most bitter which visited him in his hours of remorse. She was also in his thought when he accepted the situation proffered him. He should send her to the best schools and afford her all the advantages which he could secure for her in the modern Athens.

Fain would we have lingered by Maude in her home duties and trials; have seen her ever striving after the good, ever laboring to fulfil her mother's wishes, till she did indeed grow noble and self-sacrificing, beautiful in spirit beauty as well as wondrously beautiful outwardly.

And so they too left Weston, and another teacher took but did not fill Alfred Hamilton's place. Most of the scholars who were far enough advanced (if their parents by any squeezing or twisting could afford it) followed him. But there were many tears shed. All seemed to feel that they were losing a friend. His influence had been of that magnetic kind which is as inexplicable as it is irresistible. He could not enter a room, however crowded it might be, without drawing attention even from the remotest corner. He could not speak on any matter, however trivial, without being most attentively listened to. His influence over his scholars especially was unbounded. In his most fantastic moods, the least imaginative of his pupils were, as it were, carried out of themselves into the glorious regions of fancy in which he revelled. His scholars now scattered as they are in pulpit, bar and lyceum throughout Scotland, carry the impress of his fervid, glowing, impassioned style, and cling with the strongest tenacity, even against their own judgment, to theories he inculcated.

A pleasant house in Newington received the teacher's family. An aunt of Maude's, a quiet gentle woman who had passed her springtide, and left far behind her the joy and hopes of youth, came and presided over the motherless house by her brother-in-law's earnest request. Conscious of past neglect, he resolved that Maude should now enjoy every advantage which might fit her for the circles into which he wished to introduce her.

Alfred Hamilton was not long in surrounding himself with a choice circle of friends. His society was sought even in circles to which he could scarce have expected an entrance. In his position as teacher he gave unbounded satisfaction. The academy over which he presided, always a fashionable one, was now the rage. He became a well-known, eagerly-read contributor to the magazines, and Fame and he had shaken hands and seemed disposed for further acquaintance.

Maude was full of joy and hope. Her father now surely was saved. The introduction of wines at his own house and table did not alarm her much, for he partook but sparingly of them. But even while she rejoiced, a new source of danger arose. He became a member of several clubs, literary and social, which engrossed all his spare evenings. He by this time affected to treat the subject of total abstinence with contempt. Moderation, he agreed, was excellent; but this binding down a man to a certain set of rules was degrading. If people became drunkards it was their own fault, using to excess what in itself considered was a blessing. He argued that his position was neither more nor less than that of the glutton, who abused the food which God had provided for man by taking it in excess. Like many another, he excused himself by pointing to the weakness of others who were in all other respects famed for their piety and goodness. There was Dr. Brown; he had his toddy every night before he went to bed. There was Professor Jones, who never appeared in his class-room till he had had a glass of brandy. And there was Dr. Stick-to-rights, whose piety and consistency had passed into a proverb, and never undertook to preach a sermon without his wine; and there were a great many more whom it would take too long to name, every one of them pillars of the church—men of erudition and piety, who found alcohol in some form or another necessary to them—and therefore it was perfectly right, proper and becoming that he, Alfred Hamilton, a lesser light (he was a deacon in ——st. church), should use wine or whiskey, or any combination his taste might incline unto, either in the society of his friends or when by himself. If he wanted Scripture approval, had not Paul said, "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake," and if his stomach required a tonic stronger than wine, he considered it perfectly right and proper that he should do so. If Dr. Brown and Professor Jones and Dr. Stick-to-rights had either from a vein of duty or inclination taken a dose of arsenic or walked over a precipice, according to this method of reasoning it would have been perfectly right for him to do so too; for does not the Bible say "There is a time to kill?" Do our ministers, our fathers in the church, our ecclesiastical leaders, ever think of the tenderness of Paul's conscience and his regard for the still more tender consciences of his brethren. "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." There was no offence to Paul's own conscience in using the meat, but lest it should make his brother to offend he would deny himself its use. How much more, think you, he that reasoned of Temperance would have said and would have done if his use of anything whose propriety was questionable should be a stumbling-block to his weaker brother whereby he might fall into a hell of degradation, misery, sin and remorse in this life, and into a deeper one beyond! Away with the Christianity that will not stir its finger, that will not relinquish a taste, an indulgence, an inclination, aye, even a necessity, to save a brother from hell!

(To be continued.)

DR. GUTHRIE AND DR. HANNA.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

PREFATORY.—From private memoranda made at the time, I extract the following, relating to the co-pastors of Free St. John's Church, Edinburgh. The date of the Sabbath in question is 26th October, 1862. The sketch may have some interest at this particular time. I have not changed a single word, as originally written. The friends with whom I was staying in Edinburgh, told me that in consequence of the much larger crowd attending the evening service (when Dr. Guthrie preached), Dr. G. once proposed to Dr. Hanna that "they should one of them preach in the morning, and one in the evening, without any settled order; it was nobody's business which of them preached at any particular hour." "No," said Dr. Hanna, "I am not going to have a crowd come to hear Dr. Guthrie, and have them put off with hearing Dr. Hanna!"

W. W. SMITH.

Once more in Edinburgh, I snatched an opportunity between showers, to cross the railway bridge and ascend a narrow passage to the High street, to go to Dr. Guthrie's church. It was "Sacrament Sabbath" in all the Presbyterian churches. The streets were unusually full of people, and the churches much crowded. In accordance with the Scottish custom of ministers "helping" each other on sacramental occasions, Dr. Guthrie was absent from his own pulpit until evening. Dr. Hanna preached. I expected to hear one kind of eloquence, and I did not, but I heard another. I expected to hear warm gushing thought come pouring out under the inspiration of the hour—and I heard the calm result of the secret prayer and silent study. And now, twenty-four hours after, turning my thoughts back on what I heard in the morning from Dr. Hanna, and in the evening from Dr. Guthrie, I dare not, *cannot* say which was the better. Possibly neither could have preached the other's sermon; and both were well-nigh perfect in their line. Perhaps the perfection of eloquence is where the saving clause "in their line" does not occur to you, but where your verdict is that by no change of style or matter could it have been unimpaired, much less improved. Dr. Hanna, now apparently about fifty, wears spectacles and a gown, and reads his sermons. I should like to read at leisure the sermon I heard him read yesterday. It was an abstruse and difficult subject (and perhaps was the better for being written)—The Atonement of Christ. He read from the words, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord" (II Cor. v. xi), to the end of the 15th verse. He explained the first clause as meaning not "being conscious of the terrible wrath of God," but "knowing (that is feeling or having) the fear and terror of offending God;" and the expression, "The love of Christ constraineth us," as meaning, not our love to Christ, but Christ's love to us. But the Atonement is a deep subject, and the preacher reverently confessed there were mysteries in it which it was not ours here to fathom. One valuable thought he earnestly enforced—that as there were two aspects of Christ's sacrifice—as respected God, and as respected ourselves—a heavenward aspect and an earthward aspect—it was not ours to ask *how* God accepted Christ's sacrifice for us, so much as to have an awakened consciousness of sin, and a sense of the perfect suitableness of Christ's salvation to our case; not so much to enquire *how* the transferred guilt of the Sin-offering was purged away, as to see to it that *our* hand was laid upon that Sin-offering, and *our* guilt confessed over His innocent head. He spoke of Christ's death not as being the cause of God's love to us, but the *effect* of it:—God does not love us because Christ died, but He sent Christ to die *because* He loved us! And then comes up again the mystery of this salvation, in what Dr. Hanna calls "its heavenward aspect." When he took up the 14th verse, "Because we thus judge," etc., he commenced by saying that the expression "then were all dead" means "then all *died*,"—not that Christ died that we might not die, but that we *might* die—that His death might be *our* death—His sacrifice *our* sacrifice.

After the singing of a hymn, the subject was continued for half an hour, as a preparation for the breaking of bread at the Lord's Table. He spoke of giving to God the homage of our hearts;—said "how hideous a thing it would be to see a dead man carried into a feast—to be robed and crowned amid the guests—have the viands pressed to his cold lips, and a cup placed within his pallid hand;—well, just as dreadful a thing would it be for me to come here professing to feed upon the Lord Jesus and have no spiritual relish for that heavenly manna!"

The bread and wine were handed round by the elders; the bread, not as in England and America, on plates, but a slip was given to the person at the end of the pew, who broke off a portion for himself and passed it to the person next him, and so on till the four or five in the pew were supplied. A solemn silence prevailed, until the cup having passed round, the partaking communicants retired, to make room for a "second table."

Between the morning and evening services, I wished to visit some of the Sabbath-schools; but going to four or five of the principal churches, and finding that either worship was not yet concluded, or that, on account of the length of the sacramental services, no session of the Sabbath-school would be held, and having now made it too late to go to one or two places of worship I had formerly visited, where I knew there would be school, I went to my lodgings till the hour of the evening service.

I was at Dr. Guthrie's church early, and it was well, for it was much crowded. Dr. Guthrie is a large man, slightly stooped in the shoulders, prominent features, with more of strength than delicacy in their mould, hair thin and gray, attitudes easy and familiar rather than majestic, hands moving about very much, and with voice never sharp, sometimes low, but, generally full and forcible. He never uses what may be called the *metallic* tones of the voice; it never sharpens to a high note, but, like a deep-toned instrument on a low key, there is a power in reserve which is not always used. In this respect there is a great contrast between the co-pastors. Dr. Hanna's voice is metallic, ringing sharply sonorous; his is eloquence in a steel panoply. Dr. Guthrie's is full, deep, more rugged, with more of the Hercules and his club aspect about his oratorical efforts.

There are few organs in Scotland, and none in Dr. Guthrie's church; but the singing of the congregation was excellent. The Psalm first sung, "Who is this King of Glory?" was exceedingly well sung to beautiful music, which had something of that peculiar melody in it which always delights me, though unable to explain artistically why. The text for the evening was, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," etc., and the subject was our giving and having evidence of our Christianity, bringing up the gift of assurance. The Doctor went over the various kinds of knowledge valued in the world—the knowledge of Nature and her works, of general science, of statesmanship, of business and commerce; but the most valuable of all knowledge is for a man to know himself. But before a man can know himself, he must form a just estimate of God! Job never understood himself till, understanding God as he never understood Him before, he "abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes." And what a miserable thing for a man to know all science, to be able to make all Nature contribute to his researches, and yield him up her secrets; to be able to weigh the sun, and follow the comets in their erratic courses, to have such consummate wisdom, judgment, and experience in public affairs, that in troublous times a whole people will instinctively turn to him as "the pilot that can weather the storm;" how miserable for a man to know all this, and to be all this, and not to know whether he was at peace with God!—if he should die to-night, not to know whether he should go to heaven or hell!

Dr. Guthrie never preaches but he goes *to the sea* for some of his most beautiful similes and illustrations, and on this occasion he brought up the sea-anemone to show that there was a plant with the characteristics of an animal; an animal, presenting leaf and stem, and rooted to the spot like a plant; the difficulty was in which of the two kingdoms to class it. But there is no such difficulty in the case of a man; if he is born again he is on the road to Heaven; if he is not, he belongs to the kingdom of Satan, and he must be one or the other. And then he took up and went over the illustration of the two houses—the one founded on a rock, the other built on the sand; but he threw around it highland scenery, and embellished it with highland adjuncts—the summer's sun, the heath, the green valley, the bleating of the flocks, or distant baying of the shepherd's dog, the gathering storm, the terror of the flocks, the trickling streams, the leaping torrents, the devouring flood, swollen, turgid, angry, overwhelming, and the ruin of the sand-built edifice, whose very foundations were rooted out amid the wild eddies of the resistless flood!

"You may take," said Dr. Guthrie, "your light, and place it under a bushel, but some beams will yet escape between the chinks; you may go into a feast with ointment in your right hand, and, close your fingers as you may, the perfume will betray you. And though I can imagine a man to believe he has talents which he has not, or a woman that she has charms which are denied her, yet I cannot imagine a man to believe he is born again while yet he is at enmity with God, or to believe he has the fruits of the Spirit while he has them not!"

The sermon was discursive, full of anecdote, illustration, and deep pathos. I regretted that I had not come prepared to take more copious notes than the half-dozen sentences I could only jot down. It was not an unprofitable employment for an hour or two afterward to recall the engagements and instructions of the day.

ACCEPTABLE SERVICE.

BY I. FYVIE MAYO.

I longed to bring an offering to my King,
I longed for song that I His name might sing,
I longed for wealth to buy Him incense sweet,
I longed for rank to throw it at His feet.

But I was poor and crippled and alone,
I'd nothing but my trials to call my own;
And whiles I let my heart grow hard and sore,
That some could give so much who loved no more.

The bitterness crept even to my prayer,
Crying, "O Lord, doth not Thy pity care?
Thou givest all, but givest nought to me,
Who crave it but to give it back to Thee!"

One day I slept and dreamed Methought there came
An angel with the loved Apostle's name,
And he looked sadly on me as he said,
"Thine offering before the King is laid.

"Thy poor spoiled offering! Was it meet that such
Be paid to Him whose love gave thee so much,
Gave thee His rarest gold—need's heavy chain;
Gave thee His highest rank—the crown of pain?

"For richest gifts should come from hands like thine,
Since Patience, Faith, and Peace build God's best shrine.
But thou hast wasted all. Thy discontent
To feed itself hath all His bounty spent.

"Put on thy crown of pain; it pricks thee less
The more thou wear it with contentedness;
Lift from the dust and mire thy spirit's chain,
Turn thou thy life—such remnants as remain."

And I awoke with glory in the room,
For day had dawned and chased away the gloom;
And Pain and Need and Loneliness stood round,
Their robes were ragged, but their brows were crowned!

They used to look so hard and cold and wild,
But now they stretched kind hands and sweetly smiled.
Lord, Lord, Thy pity cares so much for me,
Thou makest cheap the gift I offer Thee!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CORRELATION OF MIND AND MUSCLE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

There has been a historic tendency, especially in religious communities, to depreciate the material in order to exalt the spiritual. Hence the ascetic character of the so-called Ages of Faith. The ideal mediæval saint was a cadaverous being—a living skeleton—whose meagre flesh attested, if not the spirituality of his nature, at least that there was little of the *carnal* about him. Most of the early fathers were men of feeble and emaciated frames, frequently the subjects of infirmity induced by ascetic self-denial. They seem, and often with very good reason, to have been ashamed of their " vile bodies." They regarded them as the clogs or fetters which the free spirit longed to break and cast away, instead of the cunningly devised instrument of the soul—as its squalid prison instead of its lordly palace, curiously and wonderfully made. Their general aversion to art, to music, to amusements, to all the fair humanities and gentle charities of life, and above all, to the God-ordained institution of marriage, sprang from the same mistaken view of the innate corruption of matter—perhaps a relic of Manicheism derived in turn from the magi of Persia.

That the highest spirituality of character is not inconsistent with the enjoyments of the blessings thus spurned by the mediæval saints, is evident from the rewards of holiness promised in the Old Testament,—being chiefly those of temporal prosperity—from the teachings of the Divine Master himself, who came not clad in ascetic garb, but sharing the innocent festivities of men, as well as weeping in the chambers of sorrow; and from the example of the gifted and the good of recent times. No cynic or ascetic was the great-hearted, joyous-souled Martin Luther, but a man of strong domestic affections, fond of music and of mirth. The refined, poetic soul of John Milton, severe Puritan as he was, revelled amid sweet sounds, drank inspiration from the lovely scenery of Italy, and regarded it as " treason against Nature " to refuse to enjoy the pageant of beauty she prepares for us. And are not our whole class of poets pre-eminently men of keen susceptibility to skyey influences and exquisite perception of the material beauty of the universe?—men whom

> " The sounding cataract
> Haunts like a passion, and the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood;
> Their colors and their forms are an appetite,
> A feeling and a love?" *

They are at the same time men who see beyond the material into the spiritual relations with the unseen—men who feel

> A presence that disturbs them with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> [A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.]

There is the danger nowadays, in the reaction against the grossness of a former age, of forgetting that we have bodies as well as souls—that we have a stomach as well as a brain, and that unless we attend to the former the action of the latter will become impaired. There is a high degree of morality in Juvenal's admonition concerning the preservation of *mens sana in corpore sano.* We should cultivate a sort of physical conscience as a safeguard against the neglect of health and the violation of its laws.

The body seems rather neglected in these modern times. The utmost attention is given to all that pertains to intellectual culture; schools, colleges, and scientific institutions are multiplied. But of what avail will all this intellectual vigor be if the race degenerate physically? Of what use were it to construct a steam engine, with all its cunningly devised valves and pistons, if the boiler could not generate steam sufficient to keep it at work? It is the strong men, and the races of strong men, that carry the day and will eventually wield the sceptre of the planet. The heroes, demi-gods and kings of old were men of iron brawn and mighty thews. The ancient Greeks, who achieved such intellectual greatness and attained such marvellous perfection in art, were men of magnificent bodily development and fine physical culture. They were glorious animals as well as noble souls. Even mental superiority is of little avail unless supplemented by bodily vigor. The strong but barbarous races of the North erected their dynasty upon the ruins of the effete civilization of the Mediterranean. The vigorous Anglo-Saxon race is becoming the predominant power in the world. It is driving the Indians out of America. It is supplanting the Maoris in New Zealand. It controls the native races of India. It will exterminate the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia.

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*Wordsworth. " Lines written at Tintern Abbey."

As with races so with individuals. Bismarck, who is to-day master of the political situation in Europe, is a man of stalwart frame and indomitable energy. Palmerston, the British Nestor who guided the affairs of state during many stormy years, was a physical as well as a political athlete. According to Motley, "the destiny of Europe would have been different but for the gout of Charles V." To Washington's magnificent physique America doubtless owes the successful issue of the Revolutionary War. The herculean frame of Scott seemed to be his designation by nature for the command of the United States army. Lincoln, the tribune of the people, the emancipator of the slave, acquired in hardy pioneer labor that bodily vigor which sustained, during the nation's agony of bloody sweat, his crushing burden of perplexity and care. The great generals of the army of the Republic were almost invariably men of great bodily vigor as well as of iron will. In such wars of the Titans it is only Titan natures that can bear the battle's brunt. The apparent exceptions are few, and are explained by their immense nervous energy that soon consumes its subject.

The importance of a healthy body is apparent in a purely intellectual sphere as well. Webster was a man of giant mould physically as well as mentally. So also was Clay. Humbolt and Goethe, Russell and Brougham are instances of the vast achievements which may be accomplished during a long and healthy life-time. Luther and Knox, Wesley and Whitfield, Chalmers and Irving, Beecher and Chapin, are salient examples among divines of the intimate correlation of bodily and mental vigor maintained during years of uninterrupted labor that would have crushed feebler men.

On the other hand how many brilliant men die young, and leave no mark upon the age, because they had not bodily strength to carry out their grand designs! How many glorious ideals remain forever unrealized—mere castles in the air—for lack of health to enable the gifted dreamer to become the active doer, to body them forth in an imperishable monument of genius! How much the world has lost by the untimely deaths of its Chattertons, Keats, and Kirke Whites, whose frail bodies the divine fire of genius shrivels up as Jove consumed Semele in his fiery embrace, or in men like Southey, in whom it was smothered by over-work!

Never was there greater need for the culture and conservation of physical strength than now. Never were such heavy draughts made upon the nervous energy of the men who carry on the business of the world. The fastness of the age has passed into a proverb. A millennium of progress is condensed into a single decade. Society moves continually under high pressure. Life rushes in a quick, tumultuous current through the great centres of toil and traffic. The business of our large cities is a tremendous machine, remorselessly grinding on, though human lives be the grist between the upper and the nether millstones. Labor knows no surcease. All night long a thousand trains are panting through the darkness to the dawn. Electric nerves are thrilling all over the land. In the "dead waste and middle of the night," a thousand busy intellects are at work, and thousands of nimble fingers are preparing the daily speculum of the world's progress. In many of the manufactories the clash of machinery resounds through the live-long hours of darkness. Even pleasure banishes the deep sleep wont to fall upon men, and fashionable folly turns midnight into day.

The mental strain that we moderns, who are the true ancients, as Bacon says, undergo is intense. It begins in the school, is continued through the college curriculum, which comprehends all knowledge in its wondrous scope, and is carried into every sphere of life. Many men break down under this pressure. Promising youths leave the college halls, the flush of triumph mingling with the hectic of consumption on their cheeks, loaded with honors but laden also with disease. With weary brain and flaccid muscle they pass from the keen competition of college to the keener competition of professional or commercial life. They run a brief but brilliant career, transmit their sensitive organization and enfeebled bodily constitution to their offspring, and die before their time, and men wonder that dread Atropos should cut short their mortal thread so soon. Not Atropos, says the doctor, but over-work, rash speculation, injudicious diet, producing softening of the brain, paralysis or consumption, and death. Brain work exhausts the nervous energy at its very source; muscular effort only at one of its tributaries. Two hours of the former, it is said, is equal to eight hours of the latter.

Nature will avenge herself for all violations of her inexorable laws. She is a stern usuress, and demands huge interest on all draughts that she discounts. If a man will burn his candle at both ends, it will soon be burnt out, that is all. The sins of one's youth are written against him, and their penalty is rigidly exacted. Yet men are wonderfully prodigal of the priceless capital of health and strength. Before the days of telegraphs and railways, business was a staid and sober thing; merchants were not concerned in the hourly fluctuations in the price of gold, and a battle lost or won did not affect the stock market for a month. We have changed all that now. Our cities are the great *sensoria* of the world. The gold barometer is affected daily by the quotations of corn at Mark Lane, or by the rise or fall in the price of indigo or opium at Calcutta or Shanghai.

Sir Walter Scott, when in the magnificent plenitude of his powers, used to say that no man should tax his brain more than six hours a day, and he accomplished the bulk of his wonderful literary labors in a less daily period than that. But we, in our wisdom, require twice as long mental application of a most exciting character from our boys and girls at school and college. Small wonder that the young men, while full of dash and daring, have not the stamina of their grandsires, and that our girls, beautiful and delicate as their own forest flowers, like them reach an early maturity and fade almost before their beauty is full-blown. We must learn to change this state of things, or it will change our future destiny. The present hath the future in its embrace, as the bud the undeveloped flower. If the bud be diseased the flower will be dwarfed and the fruit blighted. Much of the prosperity of the country depends upon the development of a healthy physique in its citizens.

To secure this desired physical tone, we should take the times easier. We should cultivate more the easy, comfortable temper of our German friends. Their plodding industry sometimes accomplishes more, and that with greater ease, than our intenser energy. The tortoise often overtakes the hare. We need, too, more holidays, more relaxation and recreation. The best tonic for our broken-down men and women, prematurely aged on the very threshold of life, is summer travel, especially on our sea-board and amid our northern lakes, whose bracing breezes and quiet beauty are a sort of mental cataplasm to the jaded nerves and weary brain. An annual return for a month to a state of nature and the primeval instincts of the race; dwelling in tents and living on the spoils of the fishing-rod and gun, would give increased vigor during the remaining eleven months, and would often prolong life for years.

But travel cannot be perennial, nor enjoyed by all, so the next best thing is out-of-door work in the garden or on the farm. Professional men and students, who may not be able to obtain this, would find it of great benefit to have a room fitted up with a carpenter's bench or a turning lathe, where they might divert their minds and exercise their muscles in pleasant and profitable employment. If all the dyspeptic city ministers or hypochondriac lawyers and physicians would only saw their own wood, as old Dr. Lyman Beecher did, they would banish the megrims, or doldrums, or vapors, or evil spirits, by whatever synonyms they are known. A sound hickory,knot,as a permanent *piece de resistance* for a not over-keen axe, would also be highly desirable. They would thus earn a longer lease of life and health and usefulness, the world would be enriched with the mellow fruit of their ripened experience, and the valiant Achilles in action would become the sage Nestor in council to guide the coming generations up the thorny steep of successful achievement.

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THE DEATH OF GEN. BROCK.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

The world has its heroes, so called, though, when gauged by a standard of true patriotism and moral purity, they are often found very deficient in the cardinal virtues which give weight and significance to the title. The majority who have won this honorable distinction from their fellows, were actuated to perform deeds of valor and devotion by some selfish principle, which engrossed their being, and deadened every impulse that would oppose the consummation of a cherished design. They sacrificed honor and conscious that an insane ambition might be gratified, and a thirst for military glory assuaged. An Alexander and a Napoleon, who are written on the pages of history as heroes, with many others ot a similar character, may be pointed out as examples to confirm this assertion.

But there have been exceptions—true heroes, the memory of whose achievements is precious to contemplate, and who live in the grateful recollection of succeeding generations. Our country, though unknown to the traditional romance of olden times, and a stranger to those hereditary conflicts which developed heroic inspiration, may justly lay claim to many worthy candidates for an immortal crowning. The name we have at the head of this article has long since been placed high up in history's hero column, and received the wreath which perpetuates a nation's gratitude and remembrance. We delight to speak of him as "the hero of Upper Canada," attributing the preservation of this fine province under British rule to the wise and unfaltering policy which characterized his brief but glorious administration of public affairs in 1812. Can we not with equal Propriety call him the hero of our New Dominion, for verily the defeat of the enemy on the Niagara frontier, during that memorable campaign, saved all the colonies in North America from being subjugated by an overwhelming Republican army. In view of the successful resistance offered by Quebec and other strongholds, this position may be disputed; but it must be remembered that the best equipped and best disciplined part of the enemies' forces was directed against this quarter, and had Gen. Brock failed in his resistance a foothold would have been secured from which subsequent efforts would have failed to dis-place him. The expectations of success were centred in Hull's expedition from Detroit and Van Rensellaer's at Niagara, and both of these were met and repulsed by the intrepid officer who commanded the comparatively small and irregular army of Canadian patriots and English veterans. Had the former succeeded in overcoming the opposition offered, no available means could have prevented his marching through the country in triumph, and co-operating with the eastern divisions, thus placing even our Gibraltar in imminent peril.

A few months ago we landed,in company with several American fellow-travellers, at the romantic little village of Lewiston, which stands on the United States side, at the mouth of Niagara River, nearly opposite the lofty monument which commemorates our hero's death. Having several hours to spare before making the required connections, they were improved by noting some of the interesting scenery which here, as elsewhere along this celebrated river, commands a share of the tourist's respect. Of course one of the first objects to attract attention was the monument above mentioned, and, its history being novel to some of our company, many questions were asked and answered concerning it. It was somewhat surprising to hear intelligent and experienced gentlemen confess their ignorance of the life and death of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, whose praise we imagined to be in every man's mouth. This was finally satisfactorily accounted for by a reference to their nativity and former associations. It is a fact, nevertheless, that citizens of the United States, who have not familiarized themselves with the affairs of Canada, are remarkably ignorant of even the most recent events in our general history. We need not go far from the very borders to find numerous instances of this kind. They excuse themselves by calling attention to the intricate problem of American politics, which annually recurs for solution, and which, with other private and public concerns, is quite sufficient to occupy what time can be devoted to its investigation.

The above incident recalled many interesting episodes in the life and services of the hero of Queenston Heights, and, thinking that perhaps there might be, among the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, a few unacquainted with the circumstances which in public estimation seem to claim the homage paid the memory of this great and good man, we offer the following in justification of that claim :—

When Major-Gen. Sir Isaac Brock assumed the management of Upper Canadian affairs, in the early part of 1812, the prospects looming up in the future of the infant colony were far from assuring. The United States Congress had taken umbrage at a simple right claimed by Great Britain, to search American vessels for deserted seamen, and declared war. The time seemed most opportune for accomplishing the object in view—the conquest of Canada —as Britain was then engaged in a death struggle with Napoleon, and compelled to put forth every effort in order to dispute the tyrannous and arbitrary measures enunciated in the celebrated Hague Edict. Confident that little or no attention could be given to so distant and isolated a part of the empire, and repudiating any faith in the loyalty and fortitude of the raw Canadian militia, the American authorities calculated upon an easy conquest and rich spoils. How far these calculations were realized, the records of the succeeding struggle will show. Without entering fully into the events that followed the declaration of war, we shall merely remark that the situation was divined by Gen. Brock with rare intuition, and the limited resources for defence collected and distributed without delay. Parliament was convened and measures adopted for meeting the exigencies of the occasion, while the timely proclamation of the Governor created the greatest enthusiasm among all classes, and united them with the most intense attachment to their General and the cause he battled for. With that persuasive eloquence and conciliating influence for which he was so remarkable, he exercised a power that soon placed him at the head of a considerable force of willing followers. The Indians, who seem to have regarded him with enthusiastic affection, flocked to his standard in large numbers, and subsequently proved themselves valuable auxiliaries to their fellow-patriots of the pale face.

The first attempts to cross the frontier was made by the Americans at Detroit, where a large army collected under the command of Major-Gen. Hull, who issued an inflammatory address, inviting the Canadians to join his standard, and promising to such the protection of his troops. The energetic Brock, without waiting for the invader to cross over, pushed forward his small detachment of regulars and Canadian recruits, and, crossing the river a few miles below the fort, "carried the war into Africa" by attacking the American stronghold, and soon effected the surrender of the entire force of the enemy. This timely movement restored the confidence of the timid, and at the same time gave Gen. Brock a prestige which inspired every man to deeds of becoming valor. The enemy, on the other hand, were so much chagrined and dispirited that some time elapsed before they were in a position to renew the attempt on the western border. This circumstance also permitted the Canadians to make better preparation to receive them whenever they concluded to repeat the experiment. In the meantime the General was actively engaged in devising means for the protection of the country, and carefully watching the movements of the wily foe. It soon became evident that the next contest would take place on the Niagara frontier, and thither the main strength of the army was concentrated. This brings us to the last sad act in the brilliant drama played by the heroic chieftain whose death we are about to record.

The afternoon of the 12th day of October, 1812, had been actively spent by the General and his staff, who anticipated an early attack by the enemy from Fort Niagara, where they were collected in much force. Every precaution was taken to guard against surprise, and such a distribution of the force made as would ensure the necessary protection. About midnight the sentries' challenge assured the watchful General that all was quiet, and, wearied with constant care, he sought his couch, to obtain a few hours' sleep, and gain strength for the morrow. But a presentiment of approaching danger prevented his slumbering, and he continued to move uneasily until three o'clock in the morning, when he arose and busied himself with pressing duties. Just before day-break the boom of cannonading aroused him, and he immediately ran to awake Major Glegg, at the same time ordering his favorite horse, "Alfred," which had been presented to him by Sir James Craig, to be saddled. At first he thought the firing a *ruse* to draw the garrison from Fort George, and, for the purpose of ascertaining personally the nature of the attack, he galloped eagerly from the fort in the direction of the firing. accompanied by his two aides-de-camp. The morning light was just beginning to dawn, and soon revealed the actual condition of affairs, which were, at that moment, rather critical. The Americans, under the command of Col. Van Rensellaer, had succeeded in crossing the river in thirteen boats, three of which were so spiritedly assailed by the Canadian militia they were forced to return. The remaining ten, with 225 regulars, besides officers, struck the shore a short distance above the village of Queenston, and, after landing the men, immediately returned for more troops. The opposing force consisted of two companies of the 49th regiment, or "Green Tigers," as the Americans named them, with one hundred Canadian militia, under the command of Capt. Dennis. As soon as their movements were discovered, Capt. Dennis gallantly led forward his brave militia, and, after a severe struggle, drove the enemy, with considerable loss, behind a steep bank close to the water's edge. Here they remained until reinforced by a fresh supply of troops, when they returned the fire of the British, and forced the militia to fall back in some confusion.

It was at this critical moment, and when the issue of the engagement seemed doubtful to the gallant defenders, that the inspiring presence of Gen. Brock was ascertained. The flying soldiers immediately formed, and with cheers for their beloved leader, returned to the charge with redoubled fury. Placing himself at the head of the little band, the General cried, "Follow me!" and led them back to the high ground from which they had been forced to retire, amid the general plaudits of both regulars and militia. There was no withstanding this patriotic charge, and the enemy soon gave way before the onward march of conquering men. Observing how steadily and indifferently a certain division of the militia continued to press against the deadly fire of the enemy, the General rode forward at full gallop, until he reached the very "thick of the fight," and then, raising himself in the stirrups and smiling upon them, he shouted with a stentorian voice, "Push on, brave York volunteers!" This intrepid conduct at once attracted the notice of the enemy, and one of their sharpshooters, advancing, took deliberate aim, shooting him through the right breast. The wound was mortal, and the hero fell from his horse in the agonies of death. He only lived a few moments, but, mindful of the event, he requested that his fall might not be noticed, or prevent the victorious advance of his brave troops. Sinking rapidly, he then turned to his faithful aide-de-camp, and expressed a wish which could not be distinctly understood, but supposed to imply that some token of remembrance should be transmitted to his sister.

> "He bleeds, he falls, his death-bed is the field!
> His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!
> His closing eyes the beam of valor speak;
> The flush of ardor lingers on his cheek:
> Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,
> Then for his country breathes a prayer, and dies!"

The death of Gen. Brock, the idol of the whole army, was an irreparable loss, and made this, indeed, a dear-bought victory. He was mourned by the country with sincere sorrow, and even the enemy expressed an involuntary regret at his untimely fall. Col. Van Rensellaer, in a letter of condolence to Major-Gen. Sheaffe, who succeeded to the command of the British troops, informed him that immediately after the funeral solemnities were over on the Canadian side, a compliment of minute guns would be paid to the hero's memory on theirs, "as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy." Accordingly when the last sad rites on our side ended, the cannon of Fort Niagara took up the refrain in solemn order, and a feeling expression of sorrow for a soldier's death was thereby rendered. The author of the "Life of Major-Gen. Brock," when noticing this event, truthfully remarks:—

> "How much it is to be regretted, then, that we should ever come into collision with those who possess the same origin and the same language as ourselves; and who, by this generous feeling and conduct, proved that they are a liberal, as they undoubtedly are a gallant, people. May the future rivalry of both powers be not for the unnatural destruction of each other, but for the benefit of mankind."

The remains of this brave and generous officer, with those of one of his aides-de-camp, Col. McDonnell, were interred in a grave at Fort George, on the 16th of October, amid the tears of an affectionate soldiery and grateful people. From all parts they came, some travelling many miles through trackless forest, in order to be present at "the grave where our hero was buried," and join their tears with those who knew and loved him so well. The veterans, who fought by his side and helped to lay him beneath the autumn sod, are now few and far between; but their children and grand-children have learned the story they told, and cherish the memory of Brock.

In order to give a more suitable expression to the universal respect that prevailed for the memory of the honored dead, a project was soon inaugurated for erecting a monument on a picturesque elevation, near the spot where his life went out, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. This was acted upon with becoming zeal, and a creditable exhibition of national respect soon rose upon the rocky elevation. But during the disturbances of 1837 some malcontents contrived to injure the structure, by blowing up a part of it with gunpowder. Immediately after order had been restored in the country, attention was publicly called to this disgraceful conduct, and responded to by more than ordinary enthusiasm. Subscriptions were set on foot, and princely donations came forward at a rate plainly showing that, though several years had passed since the memorable event, and many important changes were introduced, the people still venerated the hero's memory. It was soon ascertained that the amount raised would enable the Committee, appointed to superintend the arrangements, to erect an entirely new and improved monument. This proposal was carried out with eminent suceess, and the consequence was, the noble piece of artistic design which now surmounts the lofty summit of Queenston Heights, and so readily attracts the visitor's attention.

Our company determined upon a hurried excursion over the river and up the precipitous, but picturesque elevation, in order that a more favorable view of the situation might be had. The task was soon performed, and, excepting the oppressive heat, much relished by all; but when the summit was reached, the towering monument scaled, and the grand panorama of nature spread out in summer gorgeousness beneath us, all thoughts of what we endured in reaching the spot vanished like a mist before the morning sun. The view from this point is very extensive and of surpassing grandeur. Almost beneath your feet the blue waters of Niagara, scarcely yet recovered from the agitation of the great falls, roll onward towards the broad bosom of Ontario. On both sides bold, precipitous banks, clothed in spots with the rich foliage so peculiar to this section of the country, rise to considerable height, and cast their dark shadows far out upon the turbid stream. In the distance can be seen the broad expanse of rippling waves, which chase each other in successive heaves over the lakes, and all around are the indications of domestic peace and commercial thrift. On one side we gaze upon the emblem of British dominion, proudly floating from the mast-head of the Gunboat "Heron," and shielding by its aegis the same homes that Brock fought and died for. Just opposite is the "Starry Banner," keeping watch above the walls of Fort Niagara, and fluttering in the breeze with no menacing sound. The smiling landscape stretches away, crowned by orchards, lawns, and cultivated fields.

It only remains for us to add, that after the fall of Gen. Brock the command of the British forces devolved upon Major-Gen. Sheaffe, to whom a large share of the honor of this brilliant victory is justly due. He called upon his men to "avenge their General," and placed himself promptly at their head. The response was terribly in earnest, and every show of opposion was borne down with the impetuosity of a tornado. The "heights" were speedily carried, and about one thousand of the invaders were compelled to lay down their arms, among whom was Gen. Wadsworth. The victory was won, though with great loss; "and the day was one of glory to old England's Union Jack." The wild frenzy of the Indians, of whom there was quite a number, unfortunately protracted the struggle and otherwise tarnished the triumph. These excited savages could not be properly restrained for some time after the Americans surrendered, and the consequence was that the sacrifice of many lives followed an honorable termination of the conflict. When the Americans attempted to escape in the woods they were quickly cut off by these exasperated warriors, and, terrified at the ferocity their uncooth habits presented, many of them, finding a return to the main body impossible, threw themselves over the cliffs, and attempted to cling to the bushes that grew upon the edge. In this position they struggled for deliverance, but some, losing their hold, were dashed frightfully on the rocks beneath; while others who reached the river perished in their attempts to swim across it. But such, alas! are too often the dreadful horrors arising from human warfare.

◆

"ONLY AN OLD BONE."

Ages and ages ago this world of ours was not like what it is now. Where we have land, hard, firm, and rocky, there were seas; and again, where we now have seas there was land. In fact, it was all so different that had you lived then, as I did, and survived till now, you could tell strange stories of the changes you had witnessed.

My first introduction to life was in the huge jaws of a megatherium; for I was one of its teeth. I had many brothers and sisters; we were a very united, loving family. Now we are all dispersed. I do not even know whether they are living or dead. You wonder, perhaps, that I can speak so calmy on the subjects. but if you had lived ages, as I have, you would know that one cannot mourn forever.

A wild, merry life we led in those days. I should not like to return to it now, but I enjoyed it then. The world was at that time a muddy, marshy place; even the firm land was not very stable. What else could you expect? Those iron rocks you see now were very young then, and just forming, and a fierce battle they had to wage for their existence, what between the fire and the water. There were no men at that time, nothing but animals, huge trees, and plants; and a fine time they had of it.

My master was a sociable creature. He was the eldest of a large family of Therium; his brothers were called Ano, Anthraso, Paleo, and Dino. They all roamed over the ground together, seeking food, and lots of acquaintances we made in our wanderings. There was the family of Dons—Masto, Smilo, and Glypto; but they were small creatures, and we rather looked down on them, though they were agreeable enough in their way. Much more interesting were the Sauri whom we came to know on the shores of a huge lake. They were called Ichithy, Plesio, Megalo, and Ido. The only objection to them was that they were rather inclined to conceit, for they would insist that their family was older than ours. As if that made them a whit better!

Ah! if you had known all those fine creatures, I am sure you would only pity their puny successors now living in the world. With their nice names, too! It seems to me such a pity those good old cognomens are gone out of fashion.

As I said, it was a curious living world then—giant reptiles trailed their bodies on the sand, hideous winged creatures darkened the sky, and our colossal selves and friends stalked through magnificent forests of pine and ferns.

Well, I suppose, nothing can last forever: I have found it so, at least, in my experience of life. So our free, joyous existence came to an end too.

There was a grand upset of the whole world; the sea rushed over the land, the ground heaved and tottered; in fact, it was a convulsion of the system, and all then living on the globe perished. What became of my master I do not know, for I was dashed out of his mouth. I was tossed hither and thither for a very long time, during which I witnessed several more of these revolutions, being now upheaved, now buried. Wherever I was thrown I met with general contempt. I was named "An Old Bone, and no one paid me the slightest attention.

At first I was inclined to resent this treatment, and to despise all those persons I came in contact with, for the days when my master had stalked the forest were still green in my memory, and I forgot that I was no longer in the same position. A tooth under *his* mighty protection and a solitary tooth cast by itself upon the world are quite different things. So I am afraid I made myself very disagreeable, and if any stone, plant, or insect was kind enough to speak to me, doubtless taking pity on my miserable existence, I would turn from it with contempt, saying that such small creatures were quite beneath my notice. If they had known the days I had, and seen my master and his friends, they would not have dared to address even one of his remains.

No wonder that they soon gave up speaking to me, seeing how I despised them. Ah! I have grown humbler since then—much humbler. I learned many a severe lesson as the centuries rolled on! and if I had my life to live again, I do not say but what I would live very differently. I got my pride taken down, however, as I say; but it was sharp, painful work, and if I had been wise, and recognized my changed position at once, I might have saved myself a world of suffering. Now I know that each state of the world is the best for the time being; but I shut my mind to that truth then.

Meanwhile, as I was changing in character, so also was the earth—for it was consolidating and hardening. The whole mass was becoming packed together, and there was so much material to be disposed of that there were tight squeezes in places—so tight that sometimes fractious rocks broke out in fire and flames, and declared they could and would not stand it, that they *would* have room to expand as they chose. Of course in this general squeezing I got much crushed, and wherever I was pushed I met with insult. Even the little room I took up was grudged me.

Finally, I got thrown in with a company of minerals, who held themselves immeasurably my superiors.

"It's a shame," I often heard them declare, "that that bit of old bone should be in our way."

So they rubbed and knocked against me, pushed and jostled, till they did succeed in fretting me to less than half my original size; and even when every thing had subsided, and I found a tiny corner to rest in, they often cast jealous eyes upon it. They were not pleasant companions; but I bore all their unkindness in silence. I remembered how disagreeable I had made myself to others, and felt that I was paying a just penalty.

If I could have gone away, and left them the space they so unwillingly awarded me, how gladly would I have done so! But there was no possibility of my escaping, buried as I was deep in the earth. So I lived on, sank in my little hole, as far out of sight as I could, quiet and unobtrusive, never speaking unless I were addressed, which did not happen twice in all the ages. My whole existence was a deprecation for my unwelcome presence.

I think they might have been kinder when they saw how humble I was. However, they were not: and perhaps it was as well, for I was only a scrap of old bone, I kept repeating to myself—only a fragment of a once mighty monster; but such a poor fragment that I very inadequately represented him. It was better I should leave it alone than attempt it, for I should only have met with ridicule and incredulity.

Of course I knew nothing of the flight of time; I only knew that it was centuries I lived down there, an old bone, among those aristocratic minerals. And, as the years rolled on, I think they grew to despise me more and more. If I could have done any thing to make them improve their opinion of me, I would have done it. But I could only remain quiet, and think back on the grand old days when he had led such a free, wild life, my master and I.

I dont't know why the minerals thought worse of me as time passed. I think it must have been because they had nothing to do, and it was a little amusement to them to abuse me. Anyway, they often called out to me, in injurious tones, that I had lost my only beauty—my fine white complexion; and they wondered I was not ashamed to show my ugly, changed face in their circle. I bore it all in silence; what should I have gained by replying? And if I had lost my complexion, how could I help it, I thought; we none of us improve by age, I suppose, and if *they* were indestructible and unalterable, I was not conceited enough to think I was.

You see, it was not a happy life I led down there, but it, too, came to an end, as I say I have found all things do in this world, if we only wait long enough.

Great disturbances occurred about us after our long quiet. I, accustomed to such matters, thought they foreboded another convulsion, and, as my position in life could but be improved, I hailed the sounds gladly, rejoicing at the thought of release from my neighbors. I was somewhat mistaken. The disturbances and noises I heard were caused by men, those beings who were at that time strangers to me, though now they are familiar friends.

A shaft was being sunk in the ground; for the place of our abode had been pronounced a valuable mine, likely to produce copper. Daily the intruders came nearer our dwelling. I could hear them hammering, breaking, and rending. My neighbors grew alarmed; they had not wished to be disturbed out of their even, peaceful existence.

At last one day the men penetrated to us With curious eyes I looked upon them. They seemed so tiny to me after the living beings I had been accustomed to, and I thought how one tread of my master's heel would have crushed them to atoms. But they were well-looking, well-formed animals, and I took rather a fancy to them from the first.

How relentlessly they tore away mass after mass of ore! I really felt quite sorry for the minerals, unfriendly though they had been; they seemed to feel the separation so much, and resisted the instruments as long as their strength would allow. The mass in which I had nestled was torn off too, and we were all conveyed into the outer air. Here we were handed over for inspection to a man who divided worthless pieces from valuable, and I was fully prepared when my turn came to be thrown away as a useless piece of old bone. How could I know that time had wrought a transformation in me?

Judge, then, of my intense surprise when, having examined me closely and turned me over and over in his hand, the man called out,

"We have indeed a find here. See this splendid turquoise I have discovered imbedded in a piece of copper. How beautiful it is! what a lovely blue!"

It really took me some moments before I could realise that *I* was the object of these praises.

There was no doubt about it, however, for I was handed from one to another, and ardently admired, till at last the finder, folding me carefully in a piece of soft linen, placed me in his waistcoat pocket, saying he would ask a jeweller about my worth.

I was as curious as he about the verdict. I could not understand what had happened to my poor, humble old self, and how I, so long despised, should suddenly have assumed value in every one's eyes. I did wish the copper could have seen my triumph, and witnessed in what estimation men held me. Then the recollection, that, after all, I was only an old bone, rushed over me; I was perhaps unconsciously acting a delusive part, and when the jeweller saw me I should be found out. For how was it possible that I could have become a costly thing, unless men prized old bones? and that I could hardly imagine.

How glad I was when we arrived at the jeweller's, and I was taken out of my envelope and shown to him!

He was a wizened-looking old man, who wore a pair of spectacles, and seemed to look me through and through.

"A very good turquoise indeed," he said; "very. I shall be glad to buy it of you." And he named a sum for my purchase. It was not immediately agreed to; some little bargaining occurred, but it ended in my becoming his property.

"But do tell me," asked he who had found me, "how came the turquoise among the copper?

"Turquoises," replied the other, "are bits of old bone, nothing more. By contact with the copper they obtain their exquisite cerulean blue. The ore this has lain among has changed it to a jewel. Who knows as what it began life?"

I was grown more astonished than ever. This was too marvellous truly, that the copper, the mineral that had so despised me, whose taunts and insults I had born patiently so long, had been the means of changing my whole being into something most precious. It was too curious! It took me days to recover from my astonishment! I had led a despised life so long, I could not grasp that I was suddenly of importance; but I was; there could be no doubt about it.

The old jeweller polished me lovingly, praising me more and more as I increased in beauty under his hands. Then he set me in a golden ring, and finally exhibited me in his shop window, naming a large sum for my purchase.

"And I have been only an old bone," I kept repeating to myself, again and again.

One thing I determined, that returning prosperity should not make me proud again; I had learned too thorough a lesson for that, and I resolved to love, and to do all in my power to serve, those mortals who had raised me from the lowest depths of degradation to such a height of value and esteem.

I was soon able to become more actively useful in their behalf; for I had not been long in the jeweller's window ere I was purchased. I passed into the hands of a lovely young girl, who presented me as a ***souvenir*** to her lover on his leaving the country for a time. He kissed the slender hand that had slipped me and my golden band upon his finger.

"I shall think of you, and your blue eyes, sweet," he said, "whenever I look on this azure stone."

Then they parted.

We roamed through many a foreign land, my new master and I. We visited the regions of everlasting cold, the zones of perpetual heat. We slept under the palms of the deserts, the hut of the Esquimau, in the junk of the Chinaman, the palaces of Europe, the Indian bungalow. I saw all the changes on the globe with amazement; the world had altered indeed from the place I had known it.

The time at length arrived when my master was able to return home. Why he had been so long absent I know not. He spoke of business and imperative necessity that kept him far from her he loved, and I know it could be no slight cause that detained him from her side.

How joyfully he turned his steps homeward! It was a pleasure to me to see his gleeful, happy face. He would often gaze upon me as a memento of his sweet Isabelle, and once or twice on our homeward journey he exclaimed that I had grown more beautiful than ever.

The last stage of his travelling he undertook on horseback. He was cantering along, singing out of the very joy of his heart.

Suddenly the horse stumbled, and my master was violently thrown.

"He must not be hurt, he can not be killed," I cried, in my agony of heart. Then a sharp pain thrilled through my frame, I became unconscious of what followed.

When next I regained my senses I felt the warm touch of Isabelle; she was clasping my master's hand.

"Oh, George," she sobbed, "what a happy thing that you escaped unhurt! If you had been killed at the last, after all your perilous wanderings were safely over, I could not have borne it."

"Comfort yourself, sweetheart," he said, "I am alive and well. That I escaped is truly a marvel; I cannot comprehend it yet."

"See!" she exclaimed suddenly, as she released her grasp, and her gaze fell upon me. "Why, George, what has happened to your turquoise? You never told me it was cracked."

"Cracked!" he repeated, in astonishment. "That cannot be; only this very morning I was admiring its increased loveliness. But indeed it is," he said, as he examined me more closely. "I must have broken it in my fall. Alas for my beautiful treasured stone, the companion and friend of my wanderings!"

A sudden flash of light passed over the girl's face.

"George, that faithful turquoise has saved your life. I see it all. It took upon itself the consequences of your fall, and has restored you unharmed to me. I read once that turquoises possessed this saving virtue for those they loved."

She was right; it had truly been so. My cry of agony as we fell had wrought his salvation. How happy I was that I had been the means of their joy! how much happier yet I grew in it! What mattered it that my market value had gone from me, for I had obtained increased worth in the eyes of the happy pair.

George wore me upon his finger unto his dying day, and Isabelle, an aged dame, showed me to her great-grand-children but three days ago as the most precious thing in her possession, which she should hand down to them and to their children's children as their most treasured relic and the tenderest memento of their ancestors.—*Selected.*

Young Folks.

A PRESENT FOR MOTHER.

BY M.

"A penny for your thoughts, Ned."

"They're no worth a bawbee,
For I wor thinking o' thee,"

sang a clear boyish voice, with such a ludicrous attempt at a nasal twang that a general laugh followed.

"Now, you needn't laugh, for that's just the very way Donald says it,—only you know his voice is a little rougher than mine."

"Rougher!" exclaimed Harry, the first speaker, "I should think it was. Why, Donald's is just like an old file; it almost sets one's teeth on edge to hear him, whilst yours ———," and here followed an equally ridiculous imitation of Ned's "squeaking treble," as his brother called it.

"Say, Hal, I'll fight you if you don't look sharp."

"All right," was the quick response, and in a trice the boxing gloves were on and the two young pugilists were striking out fair at each other.

"That will do now, boys," called out the father from the easy chair in which he was reading his evening paper; "too much of that exercise is bad for you," and the boxing gloves were laid aside, and in another minute the brothers were seated side by side at the table, but not before the younger one said in an apparently injured tone, "Oh, daddy (his pet name for his father), you should'nt have stopped us then; I was just going in for his nose."

"So I perceived," was the quiet reply, "but I hardly think your mother would have thanked you if you had made your brother's nose bleed."

"I would'nt have done that; poor old Hal, it would be too bad to spoil his dear little nose, wouldn't it?" and once more the jest and laugh went on, not only between the two boys, but also with the mother and two sisters.

Whilst our young friends are thus amusing themselves, let us take a peep at them all, and tell all we know about them. Mr. Cleveland is a man of about fifty years of age, but looking much older on account of his white hair; indeed but few would suppose that there was but little difference between him and his still handsome wife, who certainly looks full ten years younger than her husband. They are strictly religious people, living a life of little show, but great usefulness. Possessed of a large income, people wonder the Clevelands do not "entertain," and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland let them wonder, for they will never be the ones to tell that the money which in many other families goes in champagne suppers, is in their case used to ease the mind of many a poor weary over-worked fellow creature. I don't wish you to suppose they live a secluded life,—that would only be falling into another error; on the contrary, no family had more friends or saw more company, but it was without show or parade.

Clara Cleveland, the eldest daughter, was about twenty; next came Hilda of about fourteen, then the two boys, Hal and Ned, aged respectively twelve and ten.

They were rather a handsome family too, and their manners perfect, with the exception of one thing, and that was slang. They would, any one of them, have been heartily ashamed if caught tripping in the slightest degree on any point of good breeding, as they understood it; but upon this one subject, "slang," they had their own ideas, and no amount of talking could persuade them of its vulgarity.

Long had Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland fought against it, but to no purpose; nothing short of positive command would do, and that they did not care to use.

As on this evening the fun went on fast and furious among the three younger ones, Mr. Cleveland would often raise his eyes from his paper, open his lips as it to speak, then, with a little sigh, resume his reading; but, when Hal said to his sister, "Why did you do it, Hilda," and she replied carelessly, "For a cod," the paper was once more lowered, the keen eyes fixed upon his daughter and he said, "Did I hear aright, Hilda?"

"I am afraid, papa, you heard only too right; I said 'For a cod,' and I know you don't like it. I am very sorry and will never say it again."

"You have told me so dozens of times already. I cannot believe you now, Hilda; and even Clara will say 'you bet,' or 'not for this child,' or some equally unladylike expression."

"I always forget," said Clara, coloring; "you see, papa, so many girls speak so that one falls into the way of it."

"Besides being unladylike, it is such a silly, foolish habit," added Mrs. Cleveland; "I wish I could get you to pass a week without one slang expression,—you would then soon forget all about it."

"Not for Joe," cries out Ned, so unexpectedly, and evidently so unknowingly, that it was with difficulty father and mother could keep from laughing.

"Ned, are you not ashamed?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"Never knew I said it," was the boy's reply. "See! I knew mother would have such a 'jolly sell' at the end of her week that I couldn't help 'oppressin' on me feelinks'."

It was impossible to resist the comical look and tone; it was once more a mild imitation of old Donald, and all joined in a hearty laugh.

Order being once more restored, Mr. Cleveland resumed, "I am greatly disappointed in finding that you have not given up this foolish habit. You all promised before I left for England that on my return I should never hear another slang expression; but I really think you are worse than when I left. What do you say, mother?"

"I am afraid it is only too true," replied Mrs. Cleveland; "not the sort of thing we expected from you, children," she added, turning towards the group.

"Well, mother, we will try once more; and it shall be real trying this time. No more shams. Besides, I think we shall have a better chance, now you are both home to help us." It was Clara said this, and all agreed to it.

"Very well," was Mr. Cleveland's reply, "and in order to really help you, I will draw out a few simple rules which all must follow; and remember there must not be one more slang word without you paying your forfeit."

"Yes, yes, all right," was the hearty response.

"Now listen to my plan—I shall credit each of you with $10, from which you are to pay the forfeit of ten cents the girls, five cents the boys, for each slang word you make use of—mind I say each slang word—therefore, if Clara indulges in her favorite "you bet," it will cost her the sum of twenty cents; or if Hilda says, as I have often heard her, "How is that for high," she will have to forfeit fifty cents.

"Oh, papa, why I shan't have a red cent left at the end of a week."

"No, my dear, you certainly will not if you go on as you have started, for you have already lost ten cents."

Poor Hilda looked excessively foolish. She had not been aware of her mistake, and indeed seldom was, for the habit had become so thoroughly confirmed that the words were said without thought.

"I really did not know I said it, papa. I now begin to see how really foolish it is, and will indeed try to give it up."

"What length of time are they to have to get over the habit, and what is to become of the money?" asked mamma.

"I wish each to report either to you or me every evening, how often during the day they have transgressed. They may also keep a check upon each other. Whatever has been said amiss during the day, shall be written down opposite the name of the offender; then so soon as one month has passed without an entry, I will give the balance of the ten dollars (that is if there is a balance), doubling it if you can claim it before two months are past. As for what is to be done with the money, that is your own affair. I only stipulate that it be applied to no wrong purpose."

"Suppose," said Harry, "we devote the money to buying a present for mother?"

A unanimous consent was given to this, and the remainder of the evening passed much as other evenings, except that an unfinished sentence every now and then gave evidence that the battle against slang was fairly commenced.

Next evening, when all were assembled, Mr. Cleveland took a book and pencil from his pocket, saying,

"Well, Clara, we will commence with you, as you are the eldest."

"I have been very careful all day. Once I commenced to say 'jolly,' but I stopped.

"Very well; then I may leave your first evening a blank. Now, Hilda, it is your turn."

"Oh, papa, I don't know whatever I shall do. First of all, Minnie Hay came in with a new dress, and without thinking I cried out, 'What a swell;' then, suddenly remembering, I made matters worse by saying I had made a 'mull' of it. However, I am not so very sorry after all, for when I told Minnie she said she would ask her father to do the same with her; so you see, papa, some good may come from my forty cents' forfeit after all."

Mr. Cleveland wrote a few words in the book, then turned to Harry, who was anxiously awaiting his turn.

"I only lost ten cents, father, and I shall try to have it the last ten. I called Johnnie Paine a 'muff,' and Bill Akers a 'prig.'"

"Ned."

Ned settled himself back on his chair, heaving a heavy sigh. His forfeiture he knew would be a heavy one. There was no help for it, however, so he began his tale.

"As Hal and I started for school this morning, I told him I was going to take a 'rise' out of Bill Akers, (that's five" said Ned, placing the forefinger of the right hand to the little finger of the left). "Hal said all right, for he was a 'prig,' and then we both remembered about the money. I remembered pretty well till recess, and then, when I got playing, I forgot and said, 'hokey,' then when Rogers fell down I told him he had 'caught a spill.'" Ned's fore-finger had by this time reached the thumb of the left hand, and his commentary was, "twenty five."

"Is that all, Ned?"

"No, that's not all, for I know I said more; but I really cannot remember, perhaps Hal can."

"I heard you call out 'scoot,' twice when we were playing, but I don't remember anything else."

"Well, we will now see. Now our entry of to-day reads:—

Oct 15th. Clara Cleveland—No forfeit,
" " Hilda Cleveland forfeits, 50 cts.
" " Harry Cleveland— " 10 cts.
" " Edward Cleveland— " 35 cts.

"I have kept likewise a list of your sayings, so that when our time of trial is over, you may see the relative value of your cherished sayings."

It is not my intention to follow the Clevelands evening by evening in their account of the day's mishaps. We will pass over two months, for all had decided that they would rather have whatever was owing to them on that day instead of having it at different times.

Behold them, then, all seated as usual round the bright fire; their spirits were as good as ever, the laugh and jest went round as brightly as before the memorable day of their "League," as they called it, but Mr. Cleveland never had to raise a warning voice now against the introduction of slang phrases.

Silence had brooded over the group for the space of perhaps five seconds when Ned remarked,

"Do you know, father, I think we are really much happier now we have left off slang words; a few other fellows are doing the same thing, and we are going to try how many we can get to give up the habit."

"I am much pleased to hear that, Ned. Hilda, could you not do the same at you school?"

"I don't know, papa; I can try,—indeed I have, but it is so difficult to make them believe it to be vulgar. They think it nice, and I used to do the same once."

"Do you now?"

"Oh, mamma, how can you ask? Why, now that I no longer do so myself, I consider it to be positively shocking."

Mamma smiled; she was accustomed to Hilda's strong expressions.

"Clara, what do you think of slang now?"

"Why, I wonder how I could ever have spoken so myself. Only the other day Flo Newton told me she had 'sold' her brother, and that she and May Rivers could not 'hit it off' together; and you cannot think how I disliked hearing her speak so. Two short months ago I should not have noticed any peculiarity in her speech."

"Just so; familiarity with slang deadens the dislike to it. And so it is with other bad habits. Take the smoker, for instance; you cannot persuade him that his breath betrays him; but cut off his supply of tobacco for a few weeks, and he will then perceive the offensive odor from others. But I suppose you have not forgotten this is the 15th of December."

"No, indeed," said Harry, "I have been thinking of it all day, and hoping we may have a good sum left for mother's present."

"Upon looking at my book, I find Clara has forfeited $3.90, or has made use of thirty-nine slang words. Her last entry is Nov. 1st. She is therefore entitled to $12.40, for you remember I promised to double the balance of any who could show a blank month before the present date. Hilda has forfeited $6; and her last entry being Nov. 12th, she receives $8. Hilda, my dear, you will have to be very careful, for you have come very near losing my $4. Harry receives $7.50, having lost $6.25 for the pleasure of saying 390 useless words; whilst Ned has $5 left—but I can not double yours, Ned, your last entry being Dec. 1st. Altogether you have $32.90, and the next question is, what shall be done with it?"

"A present for mother! a present for mother!" was the cry of all.

Many were the suggestions as to what would be most suitable to purchase with the money. Everything possible and impossible was talked over, but they could not decide; at length Mrs. Cleveland said laughingly: "I am quite aware, dears, that it is not quite the thing for a person to choose her own present, but what do you say to my setting the fashion that way?"

"A capital idea," said papa; "you will then be sure to have what you care for." So said all.

"Then, as you are all agreed that I may choose, I wish for a home picture of us all, as we were seated that evening when your plan was first started. I remember well your positions — indeed I took a slight sketch of you all, for I felt sure my children would indeed fight well against *slang* this time."

"All of us, mother?" said Clara, her eyes sparkling, "you and father too? How delightful!"

Hilda and Ned were nearly wild with joy. Harry was the only one who had not spoken. He looked sad and disappointed.

"Do you not care for the likeness, Hal?"

"Care!" Oh, mother, it would be just splendid: but we have not near enough. I was just thinking how much has been lost by our folly."

"That cannot be helped now, dear, so we will try to forget it; but I have a plan by which you can all earn sufficient to pay for the picture. It is this: For each day from this, on which no slang word is uttered, you will receive each ten cents, each day you fail you lose twenty. Papa will order the picture at once. The expense of it will be divided equally among you, and as you pay off your respective shares, your figure shall be uncovered on the picture, for I intend having a tight curtain placed over it with holes cut in it, so as only to show the faces of those who have worked out their share. What do you say, papa? will you advance the money?"

"Willingly, for I am sure all will endeavor to earn their share. I have no fear now for Clara; she, I think, has thoroughly conquered. Hilda will have to be careful, so also Hal and Ned. It is more difficult for them than for their sisters, I know. Nor do I mind so much hearing a slang word from them now and then. Still the habit is a bad one, and I wish to have it given up by all."

"Could we have the picture by Christmas?" asks Ned.

"I think not, my boy; but you could have it all your own, uncovered, by the time mother's birthday comes round."

A happy party went next day to Inglis' studio to sit for their likenesses. Mrs. Cleveland's sketch was left with orders that the grouping should be carefully followed, and a promise was exacted that the picture was to be done "as soon as possible."

"Oh, quicker than that, if you please," said Ned, not noticing the absurdity of his speech, to which the smiling attendant demurely answered. "Certainly, sir."

How slowly the days seemed to pass to them now, and how anxious they all were to have a good entry each evening! Few were the failures, and they were chiefly from the boys. Clara never lost; Hilda rarely.

At length the picture came home, and all pronounced it a success. The grouping was excellent. Mrs. Cleveland, dressed as she was that evening, occupied her easy chair by the fire. Clara was busily engaged with a piece of bright colored woolwork; Harry poring over a picture book; whilst Ned, with one arm thrown around his sister's neck, was listening intently to something she was telling him. Mr. Cleveland was looking up at them from his paper, whilst "Jinks" and "Duchess," the two favorite dogs, lying side by side on the rug, completed the picture.

"Mother, you chose the very time when papa spoke to me for saying 'for a cod.' I hope never to say it again."

"Yes, dear, I considered it best to choose some particular thing which you would all remember. The likenesses are very good, and I shall prize my present when it is once fairly mine; till that time, however, I can only uncover papa's face and mine."

"And dear old 'Jinks'. Neither he nor the 'Duchess' ever were silly enough to say stupid things, and so be obliged to wear veils."

"Right, Ned; 'Jinks' and 'Duchess' shall remain uncovered."

But the veil did not remain long—about a fortnight after the arrival of the picture Clara had the satisfaction of knowing that her debt was paid.

"See, Clara," said her mother, as the sharp scissors cut a hole in the envious covering, and disclosed a sweet face such as any one might love to contemplate, and coming towards her daughter she kissed her fondly, saying, "Many thanks, my darling, for giving up a bad habit."

A similar scene took place not many days after, leaving now only Harry and Ned, who begged to be allowed to help each other so that the picture might be fully uncovered a few days earlier than it could be if they tried separately. Their wish was acceded to, and a few days before Mrs. Cleveland's birthday she had the satisfaction of feeling that the present was really hers, given her by the exertions of her children.

The picture still graces the Clevelands' parlor, though Clara no longer forms one of the home family. She has a happy home of her own now, and has two sweet babes to watch over as carefully as her mother watched over her. Hilda is about following her sister's example, and Hal and Ned are no longer schoolboys. There, however, hangs the picture, and Mrs. Cleveland's eyes (rather dimmer than they were) turn towards it.

"That was a good thought of yours, Clara," says her husband, "making them earn the full price of the picture for you; it strengthened them so in their effort to forget slang that I have never noticed a relapse."

"I was so afraid of their taking to it again, unless thoroughly broken of the habit, that I chose the picture purposely. I knew it would be more than they had, and at the time I really wished it had been double the price, so fearful was I the boys might not really conquer."

"I did not know you were so anxious about them. I must confess I was not so myself—it was the girls I thought of most."

"So did I, yet I was anxious for my boys likewise; for, do you know, John, I think that if slang does not actually lead young men into low company, still the absence of it will keep them from it."

"Right, as you always are, mother dear," said Harry, a fine tall, handsome young man, who had entered the room unperceived; "it was the fact of our not speaking or caring for slang which kept us from the old *school set*."

"And I trust you will never change Harry. Your present associates I know to be steady, well-conducted young men; remain with them and you are safe."

"Never fear, mother; I have not forgotten that evening now so long ago, nor do I ever intend to undo the good which has been wrought by 'mother's present.'"

◆

PHILIPPA.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF ISABEL.

> "O dumb, dumb lips! O crushed, crushed heart!
> O grief, past pride. past shame!"

Mother Joan had arrived at the point closing the last chapter, when the sharp ringing of the Abbess' little bell announced the end of the recreation-time; and convent laws being quite as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians, Philippa was obliged to defer the further gratification of her curiosity. When the next recreation-time came, the blind nun resumed her narrative.

"When Dame Isabelle was lodged at her ease, for she saw first to that, she ordered her prisoners to be brought before the Prince her son. She had the decency not to sit as judge herself; but, in outrage of all womanliness, she sat herself in the court, near the Prince's seat. She would have sat in the seat rather than have missed her end. The Prince was wholly governed by his mother; he knew not her true character; and he was but a lad of fourteen years. So, when the prisoners were brought forth, the tigress rose up in her place, and spake openly to the assembled barons (a shameful thing for a woman to do!) that she and her son would see that law and justice were rendered to them, according to their deeds. She! That was the barons' place, not her's. She should have kept to her distaff.

"Then said my grandfather, bowing his white head, 'Ah, Dame! God grant us an upright judge, and a just sentence; and that if we cannot have it in this world, we may find it in another.'

"The charges laid against them were then read by the Marshal; and the barons gave sentence—of course as Dame Isabelle wished. The Lord of Arundel and Surrey, the premier Earl of England,* and the aged white-haired Earl of Winchester,† were doomed to the death of traitors.

"Saint Denis' Day—child, it gives me a shudder to name it! We were within the castle, and they set up the gibbet before our eyes. Before the eyes of the son of the one man, the wife and son of the other! I remember catching up Isabel and running with her into an inner chamber—anywhither to be out of sight of that awful thing. I remember, too, that the Lady of Arundel, having seen all she could bear, fainted away on the rushes, and I laid her gently down and nursed her back into life. But when she came to herself, she cried—'Is it all over?' O cruel Joan, to have made me live! I might have died with my lord.' At last it was all over: over —for that time. And God had taken no notice. He had not opened the heavens and thundered down His great ire. I suppose that must have been on account of some high festival they had in heaven in honor of St Denis, and God was too busy listening to the angels to have any time for us.

"But that night, ere the dawn, my father softly entered the chamber where we maidens slept. He had been closeted half the night with the King, taking counsel how to escape the cruel jaws of the tigress; and now he roused us, and bade us farewell. He and the King would set forth in a little boat, and endeavor to reach Wales. They thought us, however, safer in the castle. We watched them embark in the grey dawn, ere men were well astir; and they rowed off toward Wales. Would God they had stayed where they were!—but God had not ended the festival of St Denis.

"Twelve days that little boat rode the silver Severn; beaten back, beaten back at every tide, the waves rough, and the wind contrary. And at length Sir Henry Beaumont, the devil whispering to him who were in the boat, set forth in pursuit.‡

"We saw them taken. The Monday after St Luke, Edward of Caernarvon, sometime King of England, and Hugh Le Despenser, sometime Earl of Gloucester, were led captives into Bristol, and delivered to the tigress. But we were not to see them die. Perhaps St Luke had interceded for us, as it was in his octave. The King was sent to Berkeley Castle. My father they set on the smallest and poorest horse they could find in the army, clad in an emblazoned surcoat such as he was used to wear. From the moment that he was taken, he would touch no food. And when they reached Hereford, he was so weak and ill that Dame Isabelle began to fear he would escape her hands by a more merciful death then she designed for him. So she stayed her course at Hereford for the Feast of All Saints, and the morrow after she had him brought forth for trial. They had need to bear him into her presence, he was so nearly insensible. Finding that they could not wake him into life by speaking to him and calling him, they twined a crown of nettles and set it on his head. But he was even then too near death to rouse himself. So, lest he should die on the spot, they hurried him forth to execution. He died the death of a traitor; but may be God was more merciful than they, and snatched his soul away ere he had suffered all they meant he should. I suppose He allowed him to suffer previously, in punishment for his allying himself with the wicked men of Edingdon; but I trust his suffering purified his soul, and that God received him.

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* Edmund Fitzalan was premier Earl as Earl of Surrey, which title he acquired by his marriage with Alesia, sister and heir of John de Warrenne last Earl of Surrey of the original male line.

† Probably owing to the great mortality among the nobles caused by the French war, a man who survived fifty was regarded as very old in the reign of Edward III.

‡ This is Froissart's account of the events, and his dates have been mainly followed. Many writers give a varying narrative, stating that the King and Earl did reach Wales, and were taken there in a wood. Their dates are also about a month later. The inquisitions of the Despensers, as is usual in the case of attainted persons, do not give the date of death.

"Her vengeance thus satiated, Dame Isabelle set out for London. The Castle of Arundel was forfeited, and the Lady and her son Richard were left homeless.* We set forth with them, a journey of many weary days, to join my mother. But when we reached London, we found all changed. Dame Isabelle, on her first coming, had summoned my mother to surrender the Tower; and she, being affrighted, had resigned her charge, and was committed to the custody of the Lord de la Zouche. So we homeless ones bent our steps to Sempringham, where were two of my father's sisters, Joan and Alianora; and we prayed the holy nuns there to grant us shelter in their abode of peace. The Lord of Hereford gave an asylum for young Richard.

"Those were peaceful, quiet days we passed at Sempringham; and they were the last Isabel was to know. Meanwhile, the Friars Predicant, and in especial the men of Edingdon and Ashridge, were spreading themselves throughout the land working well to bring back the King. Working too well; for Dame Isabelle took alarm, and on St Maurice's Day, twelve months after her landing, the King died at Berkeley Castle. God knew how; and I think she knew who had sat by his side on the throne, and who was the mother of his children. We only heard at Sempringham, that on that night shrieks of agony rang through the vale of the Severn, and men woke thoughout the valley, and whispered a requiem for the hapless soul which was departing in such horrible torment.

"But that opened the eyes of the young King (for the Prince of Wales had been made King; aye, and all the hour of his crowning, Dame Isabelle stood by and made believe to weep for her lord): he began to see what a serpent was his mother; and I daresay Brother John de Gaytenby, the Friar Predicant who was his confessor, let not the matter sleep. And no sooner did Edward of Windsor gain his full power, than he shut up the wicked Jezebel his mother in the Castle of Rising. She lived there twenty years: she died there, fourteen years ago.

"So the tide turned. The friends of Dame Isabelle died on the scaffold, four years later, even as *he* had died; and we heard it at Sempringham, and knew that God and the saints and angels had taken up our cause at last. Child, God's mill grindeth slowly, but it grindeth very small.

"Ere this, Hugh, my brother, had been granted his life by the King, but not our father's earldom;* and when my father had been dead only two years, leaving such awful memories — our mother wedded again. Ah, well! she was our mother. But child, I have seen a caterpillar, shaken rudely from the fragrant petals of a rose, crawl to the next weed that grew. She was fair and well-dowered; and against the King's will, she wedded the Lord de la Zouche, in whose custody she was.

"And now for the end of my woful tale, which is the story of Isabel herself. For, one year later, the Castle of Arundel was given back to Richard Fitzalan; and two years thereafter the Lady of Arundel died. Listen a little longer with patience: for the saddest part of the story is that yet to come.

"When Richard and Isabel went back to the Castle of Arundel, I was a young novice just admitted. And considering the second marriage of our mother, and the death of the Lady of Arundel, and the extreme youth of Isabel (who was not yet fourteen), I was permitted to reside very much with her. A woful residence it was; for now began the fourteen terrible years of my darling's passion.

"For no sooner was his mother's gentle hand removed, than, even on the very day of her burial, Earl Richard threw off the mask.

"Before that time, I had wonderingly doubted if he loved her. I knew then that he hated her. And I found one other thing, sadder yet—that she loved him. I confess unto thee, by the blessed ankle-bones of St Denis, that I never could make out why. I never saw in him anything to love; and had I so done, methinks he had soon had that folly out of me. At first I scarcely understood all. I used to see livid blue bruises on her neck and arms, and ask her wherefore they were there; and she would only flush faintly, and say,—‘It is nothing—I struck myself against something.’ I never knew for months against what she struck. But she never complained—not even to me. She was patient as an angel of God.

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* The castle was granted to Edmund Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II.; and there, on his attainder and execution, four years later, his widow and children were arrested.

* The earldom did not return to the Despenser family until 1397, when it was conferred on the great-grandson of the attainted Earl.

“Now and then I used to notice that there came to the castle an aged man, in the garb of the Friars Predicant; unto whom—and to him only—Isabel used to confess. So changed was he from his old self, that I never knew till long after that this was our father's old confessor, Giles de Edingdon. She only said to me that he taught her good things. If he taught her saintly endurance, it was good. But I fear he taught her other things as well: to hold in light esteem that blessed doctrine of grace of condignity, whereby man can and doth merit the favor of God. And what he gave her instead thereof I know not. She used to tell me, but I forget now, Only once, in an awful hour, she said unto me, that but for the knowledge he had given her, she could not have borne her life.

“What was that hour?—Ah! it was the hour when for the first time he threw aside all care, even before me, and struck her senseless on the rushes at my feet. And I never forgave him. She forgave him, poor innocent!—nay, rather, I think she loved him too well to think of forgiveness. I never saw love like hers; it would have borne death itself, and have kissed the murderer's hand in dying. Some women do love so. I never did nor could.

“But when this awful hour came, and she fell at my feet, as if dead, by a blow from his hand in anger,—the spirit of my fathers came upon me, like a prophetess of woe, child, I stood forth and cursed him! I think God spake by me, for words seemed to come from me without my will; and I said that for two generations the heir of his house should die by violence in the flower of his age.* Thou mayest see if it be so; but I never shall.

“And what said he?—He said, bowing his head low,—‘Sister Joan La Despenser is a great flatterer. Pray, accept my thanks. Henceforward she may perhaps find the calm glades of Shaftesbury more pleasant than the bowers of Arundel. At least, I venture to beg that she will make the trial.’ And he went forth, calling to his hounds.

“Aye, went forth, without another word, and left her lying there at my feet—her, to save whom one pang of pain I would have laid down my life. And the portcullis was shut upon me. I was powerless to save her from that man; I was to see her again no more forever. I waited till her sense came back, when she said she was not hurt, and fell to excusing him. I felt as though I could have torn him limb from limb. But that would have pained her.

“And then, when she was restored, I went forth from the Castle of Arundel. I had been dismissed by the master; and dearly as I loved her, I was too proud to be dismissed twice. So we took our farewell. Her soft cheek pressed to mine—for the last time; her dear eyes looking into mine—for the last time; her sweet, low voice blessing me—for the last time.

“And what were her last words, saidst thou? I cannot repeat them tearlessly, even now.

“‘God grant thee the Living Water.’

“Those were they. She had spoken to me oft—though I had not much cared to listen, except to her sweet voice—of something whereof this Giles had told her; some kind of fairy tale, regarding this life as a desert, and of some Well of pure, fresh water, deep down therein. I know not what. I cared nought for what came only through her from Giles de Edingdon. But she said God had given her a draught of that Living Water, and she was at rest. I knew nothing about it. But I am glad if anything gave her rest from that anguish—even a fairy tale.

“Well, after that I saw her no more again. But now and then, when mine hunger for her could no longer be appeased, I used to come to the Convent of Arundel, and send word to Alina, thy nurse, to come to me thither. And so, from time time, I had word of her.

“The years passed on, and with them he grew harder and harder. He had hated her, first, I think, from the fancy that my father had been after some manner the cause of his father's violent end; and after that he hated her for herself. And as time passed, and she had no child, he hated her worse than ever. But at last, after many years, God gave her one—thyself. I thought, perchance, if anything would soften him, thy smiles and babyish ways might do it. But—soften him! It had been easier to soften a rock of stone. When he knew that it was only a girl that was born, he hated her worse than ever. Three years more; then the last blow fell. Earl Henry of Lancaster bade him to his castle. As they talked, quoth the Earl,—‘I would you had not been a wedded man, my Lord of Arundel; I had gladly given you one of my daughters. “Pure foy!”

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* Earl Richard, his son, was beheaded in London, in the spring of 1397; Earl Thomas, his grandson, fell at Agincourt, Oct. 13, 1415.

quoth he, 'but that need be no hindrance, nor shall long.' Nor was it. He sent to our holy Father the Pope—with some lie, I trow—and received a divorce, and a dispensation to wed Alianora, his cousin, the young widow of the Lord de Beaumont, son of that Sir Henry that captured the King and my father. All the while he told Isabel nothing. The meanest of her scullions knew of the coming woe before she knew it. The night ere Earl Richard should be re-wedded, he thought proper to dismiss his discarded wife.

"'Dame,' said he to her, as he rose from the supper-table, 'I pray you give good ear for a moment to what my chaplain is about to read.'

"He was always cruelly courteous before men.

"She stayed and listened. Then she grew faint and white—then she grasped the seat to support her—then she lost hold and sense, and fell down as if dead before him. Poor, miserably-crushed heart! She loved this monster so well!

"He waited till she came to herself. Then he gave the last stroke.

"'I depart now,' said he, 'to fetch home my bride. May I beg that the Lady Isabel La Despenser will quit the castle before she comes. It would be very unpleasant to her otherwise.'

"Unpleasant — to Alianora! And to Isabel, what would it be? Little he recked of that. She had received her dismissal. He had said to her, in effect,—'You are my wife, and Lady of Arundel, no more.'

"She lifted herself up a little, and looked into his face. She knew she was looking upon him for the last time. And once more the fervent, unvalued, long-outraged love broke forth,—once more, for the last time.

"'My lord! my lord!' she wailed. 'Leave me not so, Richard! Give me one kiss for farewell!'

"He did not lift her from the ground; he did not kiss her; but he was not quite silent to that last bitter cry. He held forth his hand—the hand which had been uplifted to strike her so often. She clasped it in hers, and kissed it many times. And that was his farewell.

"When he had drawn his hand from her, and was gone forth, she sat a season like a statue, listening. She hearkened till she heard him ride away—on his way to Alianora. Then, as if some prop that had held her up were suddenly withdrawn, she fell forward, and lay with her face to the rushes. All that awful night she lay there. Alina came to her, and strove to lift her, to give her food, to yield her comfort: but she took no heed of anything. When the dawn came, she arose, and wrapped herself in her mantle. She took no money, no jewels—not an ouche nor a grain of gold.

"Only she wrapped in silk two locks of hair—his and thine. I should have left the first behind. Then, when she was seated on the horse to depart, the page told her who mounted afore, that his Lord had given him command to take her to a certain place which was not to be told beforehand.

"Alina said she shivered a little at this; but she only answered, 'Do my lord's will.' Then she asked for thee. Alina lifted thee up to her, and she clasped thee close underneath her veil, and kissed thee tenderly. And that was thy mother's last kiss."

"Then that is what I remember!" broke in Philippa suddenly.

"It is impossible, child!" answered Joan. "Thou wert but a babe of three years old."

"But I do; I am sure I do!" she repeated.

"Have thy way" said Joan. "If thou so thinkest, I will not gainsay thee. Well, she gave thee back in a few minutes; and then she rode away—never pausing to look back—no man knew whither."

"But what became of her?"

"God wotteth. Sometimes I hope he murdered her. One sin more or less would matter little to the black list of sins on his guilty soul; and the little pain of dying by violence would have saved Isabel the greater pain of living through the desolate woe of the future. But I never knew, as I told thee. Nor shall I ever know, till that last day come when the Great Doom shall be, and he and she shall stand together before the bar of God. There shall be an end to her torment then. It is something to think that there shalt be no end to his."

So, in a tone of bitter, passionate vindictiveness, Joan La Despenser closed her story.

Philippa sat silent, wondering many things: if Guy of Ashridge knew anything of this, if Agnes the lavender had ever found out what became of her revered mistress. And when she knelt down to tell her beads that night, a very strange and terrible prayer lingered on her lips the last and most earnestly of all. It was, that she might never again see her father's face. She felt that had she done so, the spirit of the prophetess might have seized upon her as upon Joan; that, terrified as she had always been of him, she should now have stood up before him and have cursed him to his face.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOPŒNA.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following devise:

To every prince who sought her hand, she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand before I say the words 'I remember,' then am I ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me, without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head and leave the kingdom.

This, however, was an artful strategem, for, according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything, who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, and when they seemed likely to make the trial, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between them, and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog, or hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of other kingdoms, the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little grey man had given him an apple, that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of his apple. So with the scent from it came the warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under any circumstances must thou neither give nor take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which the marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at her's, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most only with his head and feet. Then the princess laughed, and said:

"In this case, we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither?" asked the princess, angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince. "And if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the prince remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle, and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons and trinkets, and finally her bracelet, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, as the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying: "We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it, and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his boot, angrily saying, "I remember."

Thus the year passed away, and the princess said to herself:

"This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."

She said to the prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden said:

"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed in the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that for this one hour you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles.

The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them and exclaimed:

"What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one," and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.—*From the German of Gustav Freytag.*

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ENGLAND'S DARLING—THE BOY-KING.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

Anybody's darling, you might have called him, if you had stood in the streets of Rome one bright day, more than a thousand years ago, as a fair-haired boy was escorted by gaily dressed horsemen to the palace of Pope Leo the Fourth. Four years before this eventful day, his father, the good King Ethelwulf, of England, had sent his youngest boy, Alfred, to Rome, probably that he might be educated at the Saxon school there, which Ethelwulf himself had built. Once during the time his father visited him, and lived in great state for a whole year in Rome. Two years after his return home, King Ethelwulf died; and when the news reached Rome, though there were three sons older than Alfred, the Pope sent for him, that he might be consecrated King of England. All the Saxons in Rome—and there were very many—gathered together at the Pope's palace to witness the ceremony of anointing the fair head of this Saxon boy, who was only nine years old.

But he was a very wonderful boy for those days, and, indeed, for any others. Before he was five years old, his mother, who loved Saxon poetry, held out a book of poems to him and his older brothers, with the promise that whoever should first learn and recite all that it contained, might have the book. Alfred took the book to his teacher, read over the poems, and went back to his mother master of them all. Most singular of all, and quite unlike remarkable boys nowadays, Alfred seems not to have been in the least vain. Even the Pope's anointing, and being set apart as the future King of England, does not appear to have affected his manner of life or his disposition. He was a keen sportsman, and loved the chase, even though so young, and the chase was not in those days what it is now in England—the hunting down in a private park of poor little rabbits, and deer cooped up just to be the sport of noblemen and princes; but it was going out into the forests, which were then as wild as ours are now, and tracking out the fierce wild boar and the savage wolf.

Day and night, however, all through those fun-loving days, he kept in his bosom a little book of psalms and prayers, and often when on the chase, would turn aside alone to some little chapel to pray. One of these times, and one of these prayers, you will find in all the histories of his time, and it was when he was still only a boy. A servant missed him from the chase, and after long searching, found his horse fastened to a stone in a little rocky valley, while from the little chapel close by came Alfred's voice, in earnest prayer that God would keep him from sin.

"Any suffering Thou wilt," prayed this boy-king, "only strengthen me against sin! Any suffering but such as may disable me from serving my people, or make me loathsome in their sight!" And when the prayer was done, he was back again, foremost in the hunt, brave and merry as only those can be who seek their strength and joy where he sought; who *in* the world, are yet not *of* the world.

But after all he was not a bit of a saint; and it is a curious thing that unlike most of the histories of good people who lived and died in those long-ago times, no legends of miracles, or stories of wonderful cures and healings cling to the memory of Alfred.

Before Alfred was quite twenty years old he was married to a beautiful and good princess; and at the wedding-feast, while all the noblemen and women were making merry with song and dance, the bridegroom was seized with a most mysterious illness, and from that day till his death, the disease which then made its appearance, never quite left him. It pleased God thus to answer his boyish prayers; and to make the answer complete, the disease was not one to unfit him for usefulness, or to render him loathsome to those he so much desired to serve.

He was not crowned king until two years after his marriage, when the last of the three elder brothers died, wearied with the quick succession of five bloody battles with the Danes in as many weeks. In all these battles Alfred was King Ethelred's "mighty man of valor;" and an incident in one of them shows Alfred as ready for fighting as praying. Ethelred was also very religious, and at the commencement of the fight at Ashdown left Alfred alone while he retired to a church to pray, and would not be hurried from his devotions, though he knew how greatly his brother needed him. At last, when the battle was over and the Saxons were victorious, some said the victory came through King Ethelred's prayers; others felt that it was through Prince Alfred's prowess, and hailed him as the deliverer of England.

When Alfred became king he had so many plans for the improvement of the country and his people, and his plans required so much hard work and self-denial, that the people rebelled against the high hand with which he carried out his projects. He was very young to be a king in such troublous times; and his heart was so full of devices for the good of all, and he was so ready to do his share, and more, in accomplishing these improvements, that he couldn't stop to think of all the weaker ones, who became very soon murmurers and objections—just such as we have nowa-days. So when the battles ended in defeat, as they did very often, King Alfred was blamed and ridiculed. After one of these defeats, suffering from the ingratitude of his people, Alfred retreated with his family and a small band of those who were still faithful, to the wilderness, and the Danes ravaged the land. In a few weeks he built a fortress in the wilderness, and there he and his steadfast company spent a long and weary winter, creeping out stealthily into the country round for food and supplies. On one of these foraging expeditions, King Alfred strayed into a herdsman's hut and asked leave to warm himself by the herdsman's hearth. The good wife fretted and fumed, for fear he might stay too long, and become a burden upon their poor hospitality; but she told him he might sit by the fire if he would mind the loaves baking beside it. Poor Alfred was doubtless thinking far more of how he might deliver his people from the blood-thirsty Danes than the loaves which he was to share, and the bread burned right before his eyes. You can imagine the scolding the angry but frugal housewife gave him when she discovered it; and the gentleness with which he bore her anger was worthy of the king who, through all the many centuries since, has been known as Alfred the Great.

Another time he wandered into the camp of the enemy, disguised as a harper. The Danish king sent for him to play and sing at his own table, so jolly was he, and knew so many merry songs. In this way he gained knowledge of the enemy's forces and plans, and great was the rejoicing when he returned to the rude fortress at Athelney, where the queen and her children and the few faithful followers were encamped. One by one the soldiers of King Alfred found their way to his retreat at Athelney, and often with their leader made sudden sallies from their hiding place, astonishing and terrifying the Danes by appearing at unexpected times and places to help the Saxon armies. At last the land was ready for Alfred again, and Alfred was ready for his people, now that God had prepared his heart by all these sorrows for a wiser and a gentler rule. That was a joyful May day when King Alfred proclaimed himself to his subjects in the forest, gathering them together to march once more with him against the Danish king.

And march they did, so suddenly and so successfully that King Guthrun surrendered to Alfred the Danish army, Seven weeks after, the Danish king and a large number of his army were baptized; Alfred being the king's sponsor, and giving him the Saxon name of Athelstan. Unarmed they stood there in the Saxon camp, laying down at once their swords and their religion, safe among their enemies, because Alfred the truth-teller was their surety.

Now the land had peace; and Alfred devoted all his time and energy to rebuilding the cities, fortresses, and monasteries which the Danes had destroyed. During all these years ot war, the children of the land had grown up in ignorance; and there were no laws, because there were no lawyers; no churches, beccuse there were no priests; no books or schools, for no one knew enough to write the one or establish the other. The king had to become lawyer, teacher and priest.

He said a king must have in his kingdom three kinds of men—prayer-men, army-men, and workmen; and so he set himself at work to help every young man in the land to be one of these three. He translated prayer and hymn books for the prayer-men; he remodelled the old laws and the military tactics for the army-men; and for the workmen he studied out the best systems of farming, of commerce and trade; and for all three he worked hardest ot all in the restoration of religion and the advancement of learning. He said that every boy in England must first learn thoroughly his own language; and afterward, if he had the time and the wealth, should learn Latin. What would King Alfred say, do you think, if he should visit some of our schools nowa-days, and hear boys declining *musa* and conjugating *amo*, who couldn't write correctly an English composition?

Of course, in order to accomplish so much, it was necessary that Alfred should be very industrious and very systematic. He divided the day into periods, and as there were no clocks then, he was obliged to burn candles to mark off these periods. Each candle burned four hours, or was intended to; but he soon found that the wind made havoc with his schemes, and that unless he could protect the candles from it he could not rely upon their time-keeping. So he invented the lantern. Don't forget, as you walk beside one on a dark night, that the first lantern was made a thousand years ago, out of horn, invented by a king!

Five years before his death the Danes once more invaded England; but so well trained were the "army men," and the land was so full of corn and food, that Alfred was not long in putting them to flight. Four peaceful years followed, during which he devoted himself as earnestly as ever to the good of his people, translating books that might help them in their work and to do God's will. This was his own great ambition, and almost at the last he said of himself,

"I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave the men that should be after me a remembrance in good works."

England is full of such remembrances today. The great University of Oxford is one of his good works; and in many of our own best laws Alfred is living still. And the people who live after him call him "England's Darling," "Alfred the Great," and—best name of all—"Alfred the Truthteller."—*Little Corporal.*

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THE ELEMENTS.—In this game the party sit in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another, and calls out AIR! The person whom the handkerchief hits, must call out the name of some bird, or some creature that belongs to the air, before the caller can count ten; which he does in a loud voice. If a creature that does not live in the air is named, or if a person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another in turn, and cries out EARTH! the person who is hit must call out some animal, or any creature which lives upon the earth, in the same space of time allowed the other. Then throw the handkerchief to another, and call out WATER! The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding, and is liable to the same forfeit unless he calls out immediately some creature that lives in the water. Any one who mentions a bird, beast, or fish twice, is likewise liable to a forfeit. If any player calls FIRE! every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element, but all change places.

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THERE is many a girl called beautiful whose handsome face will not bear a good look at it. The features may be fine, and the complexion faultless, and to a careless observer she may be very pretty; but watch her awhile, wait until she is not talking, and until the smile is faded and the light of laughter gone from her sparkling eyes, then you'll see her as she is.

A face in repose tells the true story. It tells of a daughter whose selfishness is proverbial in the home circle; of cross words flung at her father and mother, of bitter taunts given to her brothers, of unkind treatment to her sisters, and of a jealous, captious, unhappy disposition, irascible, overbearing and self-important. That smooth pink and white face will tell all this, if it is hidden there at all.

When the features are in repose and the mind in its usual state, not elated or excited—if the girl is unlovable at home and not of a sunny disposition, the face assumes its everyday, stolid, sullen, ugly look, and a close observer cannot help but read it aright.

Let mothers teach their little daughters that every snarl of ill-temper chisels itself into the features, defaces them, leaves its mark to remain through all time, not even to be removed from the face by death.

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LITTLE MARGERY.

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me—I'm so tired—
Aunty, God knows all my prayer;
He'll keep little Margery."

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles, or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith
Shining in the childish breast,
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest?
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come—this faith of yore—
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just—
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His,
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God my Father knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery."

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are hard and dim;
But God knows the path you tread;
I can leave you safe with him,
Always, little Margery

He will keep your childish faith
Through your weary woman years;
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet,
To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, asking part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers baby Margery.

—*Woman's Journal.*

The Home.

BREAD-MAKING.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S EXPERIENCE.

It was a happy evening for my husband and me when we crossed, for the first time, our own threshold—not our own either, for we were only tenants.

To rent a nice, large house, furnish it, and employ hired help, would have absorbed our whole income. We therefore decided to live in a small cottage, plainly furnished, and do without a servant, that a portion of the income might be invested in that which would finally become a home of our own.

We found a neat little dwelling at last, on a hill overlooking the city. It contained three good-sized, well-furnished rooms. The front one was the parlor and spare bedroom-combined; the second our sitting and bedroom, and often our dining-room; the third was the kitchen, and there I reigned queen.

My house being in order, I devoted myself to the art of cooking, and such an *art* as I found it to be! My husband tried to dissuade me from bread making, by saying I had enough work to do, and that baker's bread was good enough; but I thought otherwise.

For the first attempt, I procured good home-made yeast of a neighbor, and set the sponge over-night. Early the next morning I proceeded. If there had been a wedding on hand I could not have been more nervous than I allowed myself to become over that little mass of dough, hardly daring to leave it or the stove during the whole process, for fear something would go wrong. The fire was kept raging for hours before there was any necessity for it; but had I not heard than a hot oven was necessary in the baking of bread? and though not in all cases "hearing is believing," it was in mine, for I had never seen. So, by the time, the bread was ready to go in—and I had a lingering doubt about its readiness, too—the oven must have been nearly red-hot. But I innocently placed the pans in, and then, to relieve myself, walked in the parlor and played "Miserere." Ten minutes had passed, when I went back to turn my bread—and what a sight! It had burnt almost to a crisp, before it had time to rise, had it been so disposed. I let the stove cool then, and it hasn't been at that stage of heat since.

Well, my lover-like husband blamed every thing but me, and that lightened my heart considerably. He said the bread would have been good if it hadn't burnt up.

On the second trial, the oven wasn't hot enough, and the dough raised up out of the pans—in short, it "ran out," and in vain I tried to squeeze it back. By this time, the oven-doors had been kept open so long that but little heat remained there, and though I "fired up," it was too late—the "cake was dough."

Time after time there were failures—not so complete as the first, but certainly failures to make what I conceived to be good bread.

My usual routine was to set a sponge at bed-time, and about seven o'clock in the morning mix the bread. This I found to be a mistake by mere chance. I happened one night to look at my sponge at midnight. It was a sight that hadn't met my gaze in all my experience of bread-making. The sponge itself had risen nearly to the height of the vessel, and a mass of bubbles, or rather foam, covered the whole top. None of the sponges heretofore made had this appearance. I thought I had made a wonderful discovery, as indeed it was to me. I was almost persuaded to go directly, late as it was, to make bread, for I knew this was the fortunate moment. On the next occasion, I acted on this chance discovery, and as the result was a complete success, I will describe minutely the whole process.

Commencing as early in the morning as convenient, I took, for my family of two, three pints of sifted flour, a teaspoon heaping full of salt, and a pint and a half of lukewarm water. After stirring these together, I poured in a pint of yeast—I am always generous with that ingredient—and stirred it briskly for five minutes or longer. I have seen bread-makers barely mix the ingredients of a sponge, leaving it lumpy and unsightly; but the harder it is stirred, the sooner it will rise. This was set away near the stove for not more than three hours, and at the end of that time it had the appearance of the well-remembered midnight sponge. (If the yeast is new and lively, it will not require more than two hours to rise.) I then mixed it up with four pints of flour and a pint of water, and kneaded it thoroughly for half an hour, then set it away to rise. In about three hours more it had risen like a bubble. I immediately separated it into loaves, placed them in pans, and in a few moments they had risen half an inch above the pans, and were ready to go in the oven.

The next time I looked at the bread—which was in about ten minutes—I was ready to shout for joy, for it had risen almost to the top of the oven. An hour from the time it was placed in the oven it came out a mere feather in weight compared with loaves I had baked before. I could hardly wait until the next morning to cut it, it looked so fair and plump.

And the secret of the whole thing was taking the sponge in its first strength and lightness. When a sponge stands overnight, it loses its very best qualities.

By giving attention to the details of bread-making after that—such as not placing the dough in too warm a place to rise; not putting it in the oven before the loaves have sufficiently risen; and, after it is in, preventing the crust from browning immediately by placing brown paper over the top—my bread was always perfect, and I considered it as great a triumph as I ever did the solution of the most difficult problem in trigonometry.

It is now several years since we took our three-roomed cottage. We have left it—not without regret—for a larger house of our own. I have a servant girl in my kitchen, but instead of finding myself in bondage to her—thanks to my experience of a few years—I feel competent to manage her, and to be, in more than name, mistress of my own household.—*Hearth and Home.*

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LENDING AND BORROWING.

BY THE REV. A. W. THOROLD, M.A.

Among the practical lessons which a careful parent will constantly inculcate on his children, and the pithy maxims that will be falling from his lips, almost without his knowing them, none can be more important in their nature, more incessant in their influence, or more permanent in their result, than those which bear upon money. It is easy to make too much of it, and it is possible to make too little. Where the one aim of the head of a family is plainly seen to be rich, and the constant burden of his talk is on the power and importance of money, his children will inevitably be trained for their father's Mammon-worship, and the air of filthy lucre they daily breathe will insensibly impregnate their moral character. If, on the other hand, they see money treated as a matter of utter indifference; if before their eyes, day by day, expenses are incurred without means to meet them, and the last question ever asked about anything is what it will cost, there will be a tendency in the other direction to impair the quickness of the moral sense in money matters generally, habitual self-indulgence will seem to be the natural order of things, and to wish for anything, will mean instantly to try to procure it. No doubt in many persons there are what may be called hereditary ideas about money: some are born frugal, others extravagant; and be the circumstances of life what they may, the original bias will assert itself from the nursery to the grave. But a great deal may be done by carefully educating children in the true value of money as means to an end. There are various ways of doing it, and some of them will at first be disappointed. Different characters must be differently treated, and an age which might be suitable for one young person to be trusted with money, might be very unsuitable for another. You begin to give your boy an allowance, with much good advice on the right way of spending it, and you are mortified when he returns for his first vacation to find that you have to pay the money twice over, for his allowance is all spent—he really does not know how—and the bills, which it ought to have paid, are sent home to you. Well, give him a sharp scolding; be sure not to let him think you feel him capable of having wilfully deceived you; cheerfully trust him again, and the chances are it is the last time it will happen. If it is good for lads to be gradually trained to the use of money, it is quite as important for girls. Not only is it an additional interest in their life, but it prepares them for the time when they will have to keep house for a husband or a brother, and it is a constant opportunity of secret self-denial to devout hearts that love to spare what they can for God.

The chief thing, however, that wise parents should din into their children's memory, and impress on their consciences almost from the first hour they are capable of understanding it, is the misery, and bondage, and even disgrace that come with debt. Borrowing seems so easy, and lending so natural, and youth is buoyant with hope, and conscious of integrity. "It is only for a short time, and payment will easily be made, and who need know?" But a tendency of this kind should be burned out of a young man's nature as with a hot iron. It is a fault towards which an inflexible sternness is at once the kindest and the only effective remedy. An indulgent easiness in the early days of youth may foster a habit which will paralyze the sinews of robust action, and reduce ultimately its victim to the contemptible condition of being either a mendicant or a thief. If the earliest commission of a fault of this kind is severely punished at the moment, the first fault may be the last; while one condoned offence may be, not only to the offender, but to all the rest of the family, a false symptom of parental weakness, that may result in a harvest of sorrow. It is true that if no one would lend, no one could borrow. But not all lending is to pay debts, and not all borrowing is to discharge them. As a rule, it is sometimes better where there is a claim of blood or friendship on you, to give half rather than lend all. Where there is delicacy of feeling the request is not likely to be repeated from the same quarter, and often you are as happy to aid as your friend to be aided. There will often also be cases where, from the conviction that the granting of a loan would be mischievous or useless, for very friendship's sake, though painful, it is our duty firmly to say No.

But lending as a rule from friend to friend or relative to relative is always a very hazardous proceeding on one side, if not on both; for the time of repaying is never quite convenient, and a borrower's memory is often treacherous. It is a cynic's remark, founded on painful experience of average human nature, that to get rid of a man you don't want, the shortest way is to lend him money; and it is beyond question that in money transactions between near kinsmen—to avoid a feeling of painful obligation to the one, and the possibility of real inconvenience to the other—the best way of managing it, is as a matter of business.—*Sunday Magazine.*

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CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

The resort to corporal punishment in the training of children seems to be spoken of in many passages contained in the Scriptures as of fundamental necessity. But there can be no doubt that the word *rod*, as used in those passages, is used simply as the emblem of parental authority. This is in accordance with the ordinary custom of Hebrew writers in those days, and with the idiom of their language, by which a single visible or tangible object was employed as the representative or expression of a general idea—as, for example, the sword is used as the emblem of magisterial authority, and the sun and the rain, which are spoken of as being sent with their genial and fertilizing power upon the evil and the good, denote not specially and exclusively those agencies, but all the beneficial influences of nature which they are employed to represent. The injunctions, therefore, of Solomon in respect to the use of the rod are undoubtedly to be understood as simply enjoining upon parents the necessity of bringing up their children in complete subjection to their authority. No one can imagine that he could wish the rod to be used when complete subjection to the parental authority could be secured by more gentle means.

The parental authority must, therefore, be established—by gentle means, if possible—but it must by all means be established, and be firmly maintained. If you cannot govern your child without corporal punishment, it is better to resort to it than not to govern him at all.

A teacher, entering upon the charge of a large school of boys made unruly by previous mismanagement, may, perhaps, possibly find himself unable to establish submission to his authority without this resource. It is true that if it is so, it is due, in a certain sense, to want of skill on the teacher's part; for there are men, and women too, who will take any company of boys that you can give them, and, by a certain skill, or tact, or knowledge of human nature, or other qualities which seem sometimes to other persons almost magical, will have them all completely under subjection in a week, and that without violence, without scolding, almost without even a frown. The time may, perhaps, come when every teacher, to be considered qualified for his work, must possess this skill. Indeed, the world is evidently making great and rapid progress in this direction. The methods of instruction and the modes by which the teacher gains and holds his influence over his pupils have been wonderfully improved in recent times, so that where there was one teacher, fifty years ago, who was really beloved by his pupils, we have fifty now. In Dr. Johnson's time, which was about a hundred and fifty years ago, it would seem that there was no other mode but that of violent coercion recognized as worthy to be relied upon in imparting instruction, for he said that he knew of no way by which Latin could be taught to boys in his day but "by having it flogged into them."

From such a state of things to that which prevails at the present day there has been an astonishing change. And now, whether a teacher is able to manage an average school of boys without physical force is simply a question of tact, knowledge of the right principles, and skill in applying them on his part. It is, perhaps, yet too soon to expect that all teachers can possess, or can acquire, these qualifications to such a degree as to make it safe to forbid the infliction of bodily pain in any case; but the time for it is rapidly approaching, and in some parts of the country it has, perhaps, already arrived. Until that time comes, every teacher who finds himself under the necessity of beating a boy's body in order to attain certain moral or intellectual ends ought to understand that the reason is the incompleteness of his understanding and skill in dealing directly with his mind; though for this incompleteness he may not himself be personally at all to blame.

I am even willing to admit that one or more boys in a family may reach such a condition of rudeness and insubordination, in consequence of neglect or mismanagement on the part of their parents in their early years, and the present clumsiness and incapacity of the father in dealing with the susceptibilities and impulses of the human soul, that the question will lie between keeping them within some kind of subordination by bodily punishment or not controlling them at all. It is certainly better that the boys should be gôverned by the rod than to grow up under no government at all.

It seems to me, though I am aware that many excellent persons think differently, that it is never wise for the parent to allow himself to be drawn into a contest with a child in attempting to compel him to do something that from ill-temper or obstinacy he refuses to do. If the attempt is successful, and the child yields under a moderate severity of coercion, it is all very well. But there is something mysterious and unaccountable in the strength of the obstinacy sometimes manifested in such cases, and the degree of endurance which it will often inspire, even in children of the most tender age. We observe the same inexplicable fixedness sometimes in the lower animals—in the horse, for example; which is the more unaccountable from the fact that we cannot suppose, in his case, that peculiar combination of intelligence and ill-temper which we generally consider the sustaining power of the protracted obstinacy on the part of the child. The degree of persistence which is manifested by children in contests of this kind is something wonderful, and can not easily be explained by any of the ordinary theories in respect to the influence of motives on the human mind. A state of cerebral excitement and exaltation is not unfrequently produced which seems akin to insanity, and instances have been known in which a child has suffered itself to be beaten to death rather than yield obedience to a very simple command. And in vast numbers of instances, the parent, after a protracted contest, gives up in despair, and is compelled to invent some plausible pretext for bringing it to an end.

There seems to be no necessity that a parent or teacher should ever become involved in struggles of this kind in maintaining his authority. The way to avoid them, as it seems to me, is, when a child refuses out of obstinacy to do what is required of him, to impose the proper punishment or penalty for the refusal, and let that close the transaction. Do not attempt to enforce his compliance by continuing the punishment until he yields. A child, for example, going out to play, wishes for his blue cap. His mother chooses that he shall wear his gray one. She hangs the blue cap up in its place, and gives him the grey-one. He declares that he will not wear it, and throws it down upon the floor. The temptation now is for the mother, indignant, to punish him, and then to order him to take up the cap which he had thrown down, and to feel that it is her duty, in case he refuses, to persist in the punishment until she conquers his will, and compels him to take it up and put it upon his head.

But instead of this, a safer and better course, it seems to me, is to avoid a contest altogether by considering the offence complete, and the transaction on his part finished by the single act of rebellion against her authority. She may take the cap up from the floor herself and put it in its place, and then simply consider what punishment is proper for the wrong already done. Perhaps she forbids the boy to go out at all. Perhaps she reserves the punishment, and sends him to bed an hour earlier that night. The age of the boy, or some other circumstances connected with the case, may be such as to demand a severer treatment still. At any rate, she limits the transaction to the single act of disobedience and rebellion already committed, without giving an opportunity for a repetition of it by renewing the command, and inflicts for it the proper punishment, and that is the end of the affair.

And so a boy in reciting a lesson will not repeat certain words after his mother. She enters into no controversy with him, but shuts the book and puts it away. He, knowing his mother's usual mode of management in such cases, and being sure that some penalty, privation or punishment will sooner or later follow, relents, and tells his mother that he will say the words if she will try him again.

"No, my son," she should reply, "the opportunity is past. You should have done your duty at the right time. You have disobeyed me, and I must take time to consider what to do."

If, at the proper time, in such a case, when all the excitement of the affair is over, a penalty or punishment apportioned to the fault, or some other appropriate measures in relation to it, are certain to come, and if this method is always pursued in a calm and quiet manner but with unflexible firmness in act, the spirit of rebellion will be much more effectually subdued than by any protracted struggles at the time, though ending in a victory however complete.

There are, moreover, some cases, perhaps, in the ordinary exigencies of domestic life, as the world goes, when some personal infliction is the shortest way of disposing of a case of discipline, and may appear, for the time being, to be the most effectual. A slap is very quickly given, and a mother may often think that she has not time for a more gentle mode of managing the case, even though she may admit that if she had the time at her command the gentle mode would be the best. And it is, indeed, doubtless true that the principles of management advocated in this work are such as require that the parents should devote some time and attention, and, still more essentially, some heart to the work; and they who do not consider the welfare and happiness of their children in future life, and their own happiness in connection with them as they advance towards their declining years, as of sufficient importance to call for the bestowment of this time and attention, will doubtless often resort to more summary methods in their discipline than those here recommended. — *From "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young."*

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BROWN-BREAD WITHOUT YEAST.

In making this, which is known in New England as Boston brown-bread, I never use yeast, for the bread is a little apt to taste of it, and is liable to sour in rising, or at the best to rise too much. There is a good deal of the fermenting element in both rye and Indian meal, and properly mixed and baked bread made of these two kinds will rise sufficiently without yeast. The best proportion I have ever found is one half Indian and one half rye. If the meal is too fine, the bread will be heavy. I prefer it not sifted. If you have not rye, Graham meal will do as a substiute. Mix your meal thoroughly in an ample pan; then pour in slowly with one hand while you mix with the other, sweet skimmed milk, until the mass is of such consistency that you can shape it into soft cakes; it is then stiff enough to put into the pans, which should be of either earthen or iron, deep and well-larded. Your hand is better than a spoon, because it more thoroughly incorporates the materials. A little molasses is an improvement; it makes the crust softer, the bread darker, richer; and of more substance, and helps to keep it. The baking is a very important matter; those who use brick ovens will have no trouble; those who use stoves, must use their judgment likewise. The oven must be moderately hot; if too hot, a hard crust will form; the temperature should not be increased; bake slowly, with an even heat at first, gradually slackening. If you turn a tin-plate over your dough when you set the pan in the oven, the bread will be far better; the steam which arises, being thus shut in, keeps the crust moist while the baking is going on. At the end of four or five hours (sooner if the loaf is small) you will have a fragrant brown loaf, light and good. In the process of baking, it will have risen an inch or more.

Does any one wish to know the best way of preparing it for the table after it is cold? Cut in smooth slices, toast, trim the outer edge, butter well, lay slice upon slice, and send to the breakfast-table steaming hot; or, substitute toast made of the same bread plunged into a rich "dip" of milk and butter.

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SHELLAC VARNISH.—STAINING WOODS.

I should as soon think of doing without a tea-kettle as without my bottle of shellac. This is the way I make it. I take a fruit-jar, as being handiest, put in a half or quarter of a pound of shellac, as may be, and take a piece of tin for a cover. A hole through the tin allows the handle of a brush to pass, and the whole is complete and ready at a moment's notice. After you have put in your shellac, you must cover it with strong alcohol, and set it in a warm place. If in a hurry, put the bottle in a saucepan of cold water, with a couple of sticks to prevent its touching the bottom of the pan; put the saucepan on the stove, and in a short time the shellac will be dissolved. It will be too thick for use, but when dissolved, you can thin with alcohol, so that it will cover well with the brush. If a black-walnut table gets discolored, give the spot a daub with the shellac, and before it gets dry rub it with a woollen cloth upon which there is a little sweet-oil and the spot will look so much better than the rest of the table that you will have to go over the whole. In fact, this is the whole secret of French polish—shellac varnish rubbed off with sweet-oil. If anything needs improving, you can generally do it with the shellac, and for stained work it is beyond compare. As to staining, it is the easiest thing imaginable. People would make many more convenient things if it were not for the trouble of painting them when done. Stain, and you will not bother with paint. It can all be done in an hour.

I use two stains; for mahogany, burnt sienna, and for black-walnut, burnt umber. These can be had in the *dry state* at any paint-shop. They may be mixed—simply stirred up thoroughly—with water or with ale. Ale does not dry so quickly, and allows of more thorough rubbing in. Suppose you have a wardrobe or case of any kind made of common pine. Select which color you please. Make it into a mud with water or ale, and then take a rag and rub the color well into the wood, which must of course be dry. Mind, it is what goes into the pores of the wood that does the business, and it must be *rubbed in*, and not painted on. Let the work dry and then give a coat of shellac varnish.

HOUSE-CLEANING HINTS.

Carpets may be loosened at the edges, and the dust brushed out at the border without taking them up; wall-paper is dusted all over with large feather brushes, and all the wool-work washed, and windows polished. The best way to do this, when they can not be lifted from the frames, is to have a broad, shallow tin pan the width of the window, made to hook on the seat, to catch all dripping, and wash all the panes with soap-suds and small mop twice as full as a dish-mop. Have a pointed wooden knife, with narrow blade, to clean the dust that hardens in corners unless nice dusting has been given the season through. Rinse with fair water, and, in the country, windows not exposed to the road will dry brilliantly, and need no other polish. Dry whiting is used for plate-glass and mirrors, rubbed on with woollen cloths. All gilding may be cleaned with sweet oil, and rubbed dry with whiting. Walnut and oak furniture, in wax or oil finish, should be cleaned with cold-drawn linseed-oil and flannel, rubbing dry with fresh cloths. This treatment every year preserves the furniture from a defaced and a worn look. Whitening walls should be done in the fall, to have the freshness all winter and spring, when flies and dust do not abound, leaving them to complete their work in summer, at the close of the housekeeping year, when we eat the last pickles and preserves, and see the end of our linen frocks and percales. All the beds and blankets should lie in the sun for a week, only taking them in at night. This sweetens them nearly as much as a washing. Spread all stains with a paste of soft-soap and starch, scraping off when dry with an old knife kept for the purpose, washing with a little water, and drying with a sponge; this treatment repeated will purify any bedding.

Look sharply after insects, spring and fall, if you wish to be free from the pests. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," here. Turn your carpets back for a quarter of a yard all round, if they are not taken up, sweep out the dust, and wash the floor for that depth with fresh, strong turpentine, putting the carpet immediately back. When taken up entirely, sprinkle the lining with cedar saw-dust or camphor-gum, and you may be sure the moths will keep away. To dry them from stuffed furniture pour fresh camphene or burning-fluid over the cushions. If pure it will leave no stain, and the smell disappears in a day of good airing. Keep cushions free from dust with a hand-broom and damp cloth; the feather duster is not enough. Keep the Paris green in a common tin pepper-box, labelled, and sprinkle with this. Scotch snuff will drive away ants, and sea-sand or oyster-shells laid on pantry shelves are not inviting to them. Scatter sprigs of wormwood in the haunts of black ants.

Fly-paper should be kept all autumn, to destroy the breed for spring. Keep it near an open window so that they will be drawn from the occupied parts of the room. People complain that it does no good, but this is because it is not kept long enough in use. It should be ready for the first fly that comes in spring, and speed the last one that goes in winter. Scald bedsteads, and wash with a small brush dipped in kerosene. The ceiling should be examined, and every crevice stopped with plaster of Paris or cement, so that no insects may lodge there. Tenants of city houses are sometimes annoyed by invasions of bedbugs from unknown sources which no care can disperse. In such cases take down the cornices and borders of wall-paper and windows; the secret will usually be found there, or in the cracks of the mould-boards, Brush the back of cornices with tar before putting up, and bugs will not return to their old haunts again. Ants don't like Paris green, tansy, kerosene, or cayenne, and their strongholds may be made judiciously unpleasant to them by sprinkling with these articles.

Papering and painting are best done in the fall. For such work the colder the weather the better, so it does not freeze, old mechanics say. In hot weather the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more than in cold months, when it hardens on the outside, forming a coat which protects the wood, instead of drying in. Walls which are to be repapered should have all the old paper and paste removed, and be scraped perfectly smooth, and all cracks in the plaster filled with plaster of Paris. Next they should be washed with a weak mixture of carbolic acid and water, to destroy the last trace of mould or vermin. The best paste is made of rye flour, with a little glue in it, and turpentine, which will keep out bugs. Most people now understand how dangerous it is to paper a wall over bits of old paper and paste. Every such spot becomes a putrefaction, tainting the air till it bring disease.

See that the painter mixes the paint with boiled linseed-oil instead of cold-pressed, for the latter takes nearly a season to dry. Considerable economy is effected by applying a size of a pound of glue dissolved in hot water, diluted with four gallons of cold, to which is added six pounds of whiting. This answers for a first coat; the second should be half oil and half turpentine, mixed with white zinc, which does not discolor like lead. Oil does not bleach on inside work as it does on outer walls, and is apt to tinge the paint yellow. Walls may be washed with the glue size instead of whitewash; one coat of paint afterward would obviate the need of yearly whitewashings, as it could be washed like woodwork. A little chrome yellow will give a straw or buff tint to the wash. Raw umber in paint gives different drab shades according to the quantity used. A cheap paint for floors is thus made, and country housewives can apply it for themselves: Five pounds of French ochre, and a quarter of a pound of glue dissolved in a gallon of hot water; stir in the ochre, and apply hot to the floor with a paint or whitewash brush. When dry, apply one coat of boiled linseed-oil. This paint dries very quickly, hardening overnight in summer, though it is best to allow twenty-four hours for it to dry. It is very cheap, oil costing about seventy-five cents a gallon, ochre ten cents, and glue twenty-five cents a pound. New pine floors and tables may have an oak tint given them by washing them with a solution of copperas in strong lye, applied with a mop. When dry this should be oiled, and will look well a year or more, when the oil should be renewed. To extract grease from old floors apply a paste of wet wood-ashes, keeping it on several days, or cover the spot with pipe-clay. Grease on wall-papers, caused by persons rubbing their hands against it, is taken out by applying a cream of pipe-clay and water, leaving it to dry, and scraping it off. Stains on wall-paper may be cut out carefully with a sharp penknife, and pieces to match inserted with paste. When nicely done it is, if not imperceptible, at least much better than black spots. on wood may be sometimes removed by washing with a very hot and strong solution of oxalic acid; cover the spot with grains of the acid, pour a spoonful of water on it, and set a hot flat-iron on the place till the hissing ceases. Wet it again, and put more acid to it if necessary, replacing the iron. The oil of vitriol and sand, washed off with saleratus water, is said to remove ink.

Clean silver door-knobs and hinges with kerosene and whiting, applied quickly with flannel, and polished with a clean cloth and dry whiting. Kerosene and powdered lime or fine ashes will brighten tin or any metal with the least labor. Alabaster and all marbles may be cleaned by mixing powdered pumice-stone with verjuice, and covering the marble with it for hours. Rub it clean with a fresh sponge, rinse with fair water, and wipe dry with old linen. Try it on marble hearths.

Straw matting should be washed with a cloth hardly wet in salt-water. The matting must never be soaked, and a brushing with damp sand or meal will often clean it better than water. Clean the glass of pictures with whiting, as water will injure the picture. When new, varnish gilt frames with copal varnish, and when dry it can always be kept clean by cold water. Freestone hearths are cleaned by water without soap, covering them with powdered freestone while damp, and brushing it off when dry. Rub stains out with a piece of stone. Common stone hearths are said to be improved by rubbing with lamp-oil. Gray marble is to be rubbed with linseed-oil.—*Selected.*

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BABY HABITS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"A baby have habits!" exclaimed an old lady—the mother of thirteen children, all but two of whom had attained to manhood and to womanhood in spite of the measles, mumps, whooping cough, and the whole troop of diseases that invade a family of that size. Her exclamation was the language of doubt. She had not thought that babies form good or bad habits, although she had enjoyed unusual opportunities to learn the fact. She did believe that a child, five or ten years old, might form habits of some kind—but a baby! Why she had never dreamed of such a thing! And she represents a large class of parents.

But, reader, babies do form habits.

When the new-born child is laid in its mother's arms, it has not a habit of thought, or feeling, or action. All these are to be formed. See how early habits begin.

The sick mother may have a lamp burning in the room through the night till her babe is three weeks old, perhaps. Now let her extinguish the light, and see if the baby will not become restless, wake and begin to cry for the lamp. The little creature has already formed such a habit of sleeping with a light in the room, that he will not put up with its absence without a protest. Should the mother relight the lamp to pacify the child, she would only have her labor for her pains; for the next trial of dispensing with the lamp would elicit still more vociferous outcries, proving, not only that a habit is forming, but, also, that "it is growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength" of the child.

Again, let the good nurse rock the baby to sleep, and see how long it will take for the child to demand rocking as a condition of sleep, although it is a very unnatural one. The child will form such a habit of depending upon the rocking, in two weeks, that he will not go to sleep without it. We have seen feeble mothers rock themselves almost to pieces in order to put a child to sleep that would not sleep without it, because it had always been rocked. We have often thought how much severe, crushing labor many mothers create for themselves, just because they forget, or do not believe, that babies form habits.

On the other hand, begin to lay away the infant to sleep without rocking, and the little one will not ask for it, any more than the birds will. He will form the habit of going to rest as they do, without cradle or song, except that his own sweet "cooing" will be more musical than maternal lullaby. We know of large families, in which the children have been reared without so much as once rocking a child to sleep at night; and it has been a real godsend to the careworn mothers.

These are only illustrations of baby habits; but they represent a class, and teach a principle. Young mothers, especially, should heed the lesson. All habits are formed early, and the fact should be recognized. Babyhood is the beginning of manhood and womanhood.—*Mother at Home.*

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HOW TO WASH SUMMER SUITS.

Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the greatest importance.

Common washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more frequent than to see the delicate tints of lawns and percales turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the ignorance and vandalism of a laundress.

It is worth while for ladies to pay attention to this, and insist upon having their summer dresses washed according to the directions which they should be prepared to give their laundress.

In the first place, the water should be tepid, the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric; it should be washed and rinsed quick, turned upon the wrong side, and hung in the shade to dry, and when starched (in thin boiled but not boiling starch) should be folded in sheets or towels, and ironed upon the wrong side as soon as possible.

But linen should be washed in water in which hay has been boiled, or a quart of bran. This last will be found to answer for starch as well, and is excellent for print dresses of all kinds, but a handful of salt is very useful also to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little beef's gall will not only set but heighten yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green.

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SELECTED RECIPES.

Spiced Veal.—Chop three pounds of veal steak, and one thick slice of salt fat pork, as fine as sausage-meat; add to it three Boston crackers, rolled fine; three well-beaten eggs; half a teacup of tomato catsup; a tea-spoonful and a half of fine salt; a teaspoonful of pepper; and one grated lemon. Mould it into the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with one rolled cracker; and baste with a tea-cupful of hot water and melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of butter. Bake for three hours, basting every little while (this makes it moist). Make the day before it is desired for the table; slice very thin, and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

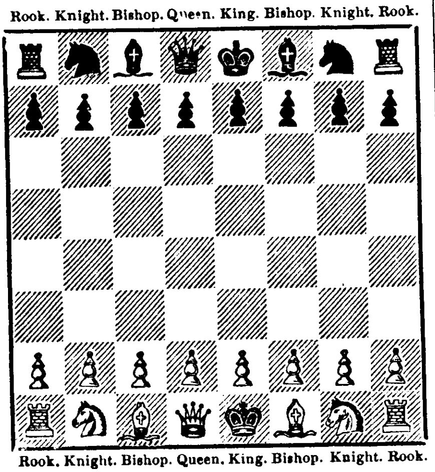
Melton Veal.—This is a standard dish at the Melton Races in England, and is composed of alternate slices of veal and ham. Butter a good-sized bowl, and slice as thin as possible six hard-boiled eggs, then line the bowl with the slices. Place in the bottom a layer of raw veal steak in thin slices, and sprinkle over it a small quantity of salt, pepper, and grated lemon-peel; proceed in the same way with thin slices of raw ham, but leave out the salt. Fill up the bowl in this manner. Cover it with a thick paste of flour and water, so stiff as to be rolled out. Tie a double cotton cloth all over the top, and boil three hours, putting it into boiling water at the first, and keeping the water just below the level of the bowl. When cooked, take off the cloth and the paste, and let the veal stand until the following day; then turn it on to a platter, and cut very thin after it comes to the table; garnish with sliced lemon and parsley.

Baked Apple Toast and Water.—Cut a slice or too of apple; toast it till it becomes quite black, then make your toasted bread, and pour upon the apple and bread a quart of water that has been boiled. Cover it up and let it stand at least two hours before you use it. Some persons may like a little sugar with it, if so, it may be added according to taste.

CHESS.

We commence this month a Chess Department, which we have no doubt will prove of much interest, not only to accomplished chess players, but to those who now begin the study of the game.

Black's side of the board.
(On the second rank below are the pawns.)


Rook. Knight. Bishop. Queen. King. Bishop. Knight. Rook.
Rook. Knight. Bishop. Queen. King. Bishop. Knight. Rook.

(On the second rank above are the pawns.)
White's side of the board.

For those who have not learnt the game, we give the following brief synopsis of the mode of playing. In the first place, the diagram above will show the position of the board and men at the commencement of a game.

We now proceed to describe the method of playing and the movements of the chessmen:

All the pieces may move backwards or forwards indifferently, and when a player takes an adverse man, he removes it from the board and places his own on the square it occupied. The Pawns, however, can only move straight forward. The King (K) can move in any direction, one square only at a time, provided he does not place himself in check (or to a square commanded by a piece or Pawn of the opposite color,) and, once in every game, has the privilege of castling,—that is, when his Bishop and Knight have been played forwards, he can move to his Knight's square, and his Rook is played to King's Bishop's square; or, when the Queen's side is open between the King and Queen's Rook, the King may move to Queen's Bishop's square and the Queen's Rook to Queen's square.

A player can only Castle under the following stipulations:

1. When neither the King nor the Castling Rook has been moved.
2. When the King is not at the time in check.
3. When all the squares between the King and Rook are unoccupied.
4. When no hostile piece or Pawn attacks the square on which the King is to be placed, or that he crosses over.

The object of each player is to checkmate (or take prisoner) the King of his opponent, which being accomplished, the game is finished.

The Queen moves either diagonally, vertically, or horizontally, over any number of unoccupied squares. The Rook has all the movements of the Queen, except the diagonal one.

The Bishop moves diagonally only, over any number of unoccupied squares.

The Knight moves on to the third square from and including the one on which he stands, and always to a square of a different color to that he leaves, and can make this move whether the intervening square be occupied or not.

The Pawn moves straight forward only: at first starting either one or two squares; provided, in the latter case, the intervening square is not occupied; and, on all subsequent moves, one square only. When played to the eighth or last square on its file, it may be exchanged for any piece its player may select, except a King. It follows, therefore, that a player may have more than one Queen, or more than two Rooks, Bishops, or Knights on the board.

The Pawns do not capture in the line of their movement, but take only on the next square forward diagonally to the right or left.

When a Pawn is played two squares at its first move, any adverse Pawn which has reached the fifth square of its file, may, on the move in reply, but not later, take such Pawn in the same manner it could have done if it had only been moved one square; this is called *taking in passing*.

Every piece and pawn attacks, checks, and guards the squares on which he could legally capture an adverse piece or pawn from the position he occupies.

The Knight *only* has the privilege of passing *over* a square occupied by any other piece or pawn.

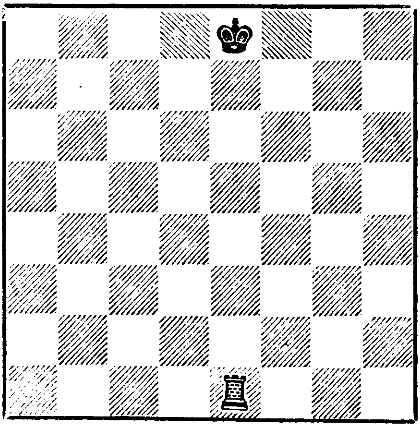
A Problem is a position towards the end of a game; and the ingenuity of the student is taxed to discover how to checkmate the adverse King (finishing the game) in a stipulated number of moves.

In giving the solutions to our problems, and when we present games or openings, &c., played, the initials only of the pieces will be used, thus: W. or B. to denote the color, K. for King, Q. for Queen, R. for Rook, B. for Bishop, Kt. for Knight, and P. for Pawn, ch. for check, dis. ch. for discovered check, dle. ch. for double check, and *en. pass.* for "in passing."

We commence with the following problem. It is a remarkably easy one to begin with. We invite solutions, and will proceed, by slow degrees, to what will try the patience of our cleverest readers.

PROBLEM NO. I.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Literary Notices.

THE FISHING TOURIST: Angler's Guide and Reference Book. By Charles Hallock, Secretary of the "Blooming Grove Park Association." New York: Harper Bros.

We are already in May looking forward to summer recreations, and books treating out-door sports are in season. The volume now before us will prove interesting, not only to the disciples of Isaak Walton, but to the general reader. It speaks of the natural history of the Salmonidæ, of the art of fishing, of the out-fit required by sportsmen, and other similar topics, and then proceeds to sketch the various regions visited by amateurs. The greater part of these are in the Dominion, and we have descriptions of salmon-fishing in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Baie des Chaleurs, the Lower St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, Labrador and Newfoundland, Anticosti, the Ottawa districts and Lake Superior.

An extract or two will show the author's style, which is easy and by no means stilted.

GAME FISH.

There are some kinds of fish, comely in appearance, bold biters, and rather successful torturers of fine tackle, which are styled *game-fish* and angled for as such, but which by no means deserve the name and reputation. Such customers may possibly "pass in a crowd," as the shabby genteel frequently do among the masses of human society. But the superior qualities and attributes of the true game-fish are readily detected.

Define me a *gentleman* and I will define you a "game" fish; "which the same" is known by the company he keeps, and recognized by his dress and address, features, habits, intelligence, haunts, food, and manner of eating. The true game-fish, of which the trout and salmon are frequently the types, inhabit the fairest regions of nature's beautiful domain. They drink only from the purest fountains, and subsist upon the choicest food their pellucid streams supply. Not to say that all fish that inhabit clear and sparkling waters are game-fish: for there are many such, of symmetrical form and delicate flavor, that take neither bait nor fly. But it is self-evident that no fish which inhabit foul or sluggish waters can be "game-fish." It is impossible from the very circumstances of their surroundings and associations. They may flash with tinsel and tawdry attire; they may strike with the brute force of a blacksmith, or exhibit the dexterity of a prize-fighter, but their low breeding and vulgar quality cannot be mistaken. Their haunts, their very food and manner of eating, betray their grossness.

Into the noble Neepigon which rolls its crystal tide into Lake Superior, sluggish creeks debouch at intervals, whose inky waters, where they join the main river, are as distinctly defined as the muddy Missouri is at its confluence with the Mississippi. In the limpid waters of the one the silvery trout disport; among the rushes that line the oozy shores of the other, gaunt pike of huge proportions lie motionless as logs, and wallow in the mud and sunshine. Surely mere instinct should decide our preference between the two species of fish, even if nature had not so plainly drawn her demarcating lines. By the comparison the pike must yield his place in the category of game-fish, even though he be a bold biter and voracious. His habits are offensive, and he feeds not on such food as make fish noble. Trout and salmon cultivate the society of no such "frauds" as he. They mingle voluntarily with none but the select coterie of their own kith and kin, and carefully avoid the contamination of grovelling bottom-fish. They will not thrive in confined and muddy waters, but die eventually, crowded out by their brutish companions: or they become altogether demoralized, losing their activity, their brilliancy of color, beauty of form, and delicacy of flavor. On nothing does the flavor and general appearance of a trout or a salmon depend so much as the character of the water in which he lives. There is no flesh of fish so rank and repulsive to the taste as that of a trout inhabiting a muddy pond where pickerel, bull-heads and slimy eels do congregate, and whose food are the slugs and decaying animal and vegetable deposits on the bottom. Even in waters which flow through cedar and tamarac swamps or boggy meadows, the flavor of the trout is much impaired. No matter in whatsoever locality he may abide, unless it has the gravelly bottom and the clear cold water of the secret spring or dashing stream, the trout will become degenerate, and bear the traits and marks of the evil company he keeps and the unhappy place he calls his home. It is these varying marks of body and tints of flesh, produced by extraneous causes, that so greatly confuse the attempts to determine and classify the apparent varieties of the Salmo family.

COST OF FISHING.

It has been ascertained to an almost mathematical nicety that it will cost the metropolitan angler *one dollar* for every pound of trout he takes, no matter where or under what circumstances he fishes. If he go to trout preserves in the vicinity of the cities, he will be charged a dollar per pound for all the fish he catches, or several dollars per day for fish that he may, but does not catch. Should he select the streams or ponds within one hundred miles or so of town, he will find them depleted by much fishing; and the expenses of his journey and contingencies will bring the cost of the few fish he takes up to the inevitable dollar per pound. Or should he prefer remote localities where trout can not only be had for the catching, but swarm in such abundance as absolutely to embarrass the angler, the measure of his expenses will still be a dollar per pound. At the same time, he will be unable to enjoy the pleasure of bringing his fish home, or even of eating more than a few of them on the spot. The same conditions are relatively true of salmon, or any other description of genuine game-animals or game-fish. If the angler hire a river in Labrador or Canada, it is quite probable that he may catch a thousand pounds of salmon in the course of a month's fishing; but the price of his lease and his expenses for travelling, guides, boat, provisions, outfit, and *et ceteras*, to say nothing of time consumed, will foot up a dollar per pound. Or, if he go down to Long Island for a couple of days, and capture a dozen pounds of trout at the regulation price demanded for the privilege of fishing, his expenses will be found to reach $12.

FISHING AT CHESTER, N. S.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to exhibit the trophies of one's skill or endeavor. The two greatest rewards of effort are the accomplishment of something to be done, and the praise which follows success. Indeed, they are the only substantial pleasures of life. Poor satisfaction is it to catch fish when you cannot bring them home; indifferent reward to contemplate by one's self a hardwon conquest after days of travel and nights of toil, with only a wilderness stream to reflect the image of his disgust and discontent. Chester is one of the very few places where the luxury of fishing can be enjoyed without this alloy. And there is not only one river, but *three*, within six miles of your home. You can drive half way to Gold River, and fish the Middle River, a tolerable stream, or take the opposite direction to the East River, a glorious runway for salmon, with splendid falls and cold brooks tumbling into it at intervals, at the mouth of which large trout can be caught two at a time, if the angler be skilful enough to land them when they are hooked. If one chooses, he can put up at Mrs. Frails', upon the very bank of this stream, and take his morning and evening fishing, with a noon siesta and a quiet cigar and book; and it is not improbable that he will meet some officers from Halifax, now thirty-nine miles away by the stage route. Between this and Indian River, before mentioned, there is no good fishing.

Three pleasant seasons have I spent at Chester. I idolize its very name. Just below my window a lawn slopes down to a little bay with a jetty, where an occasional sloop lands some stores. There is a large tree, under which I have placed some seats; and off the end of the pier the ladies can catch flounders, tomcods, and cunners, in any quantity. There are beautiful drives in the vicinity, and innumerable islands in the bay, where one can bathe and picnic to hearts' content, There are sailing-boats for lobster-spearing and deep-sea fishing, and row-boats too. From the top of a neighboring hill is a wonderful panorama of forest, stream, and cultivated shore, of bays, and distant sea, filled with islands of every size and shape. Near by is a marsh where I flushed fourteen brace of English snipe one day in July. And if one will go to Gold River, he may perchance see, as I have done, cariboo quietly feeding on the natural meadows along the upper stream. Beyond Beech Hill is a trackless forest filled with moose, with which two old hunters living near oft hold familiar intercourse. They trapped a wild-cat last summer, and his stuffed skin is at Chester now.

Very much should I like to go over the ground again with the reader, or take him, in imagination at least, to the inviting pools of Gold River; but this chapter must draw to a close. Two miles up the stream, a friend has a camp where once stood an Indian wigwam, whose tenants enjoyed a happy honeymoon of vagrant life and salmon dipping; but disaster fell upon them one day, and the incidents thereof are herewith portrayed in rhyme:—

There's a little conical camp,
Contrived of a framework of spruce,
With splits newly riven of hemlock,
Exuding an odorous juice.
A lawn from the door gently sloping,
To lave in the river's bright gleam;
A pathway by feet daily trodden
Quite smooth to the edge of the stream.

In front of the wigwam an eddy,
Beyond a precipitous shore,
Where the foam dashes down with madness,
And whirls with monotonous roar;
And bubbles, formed in the seething,
And tossed by the waves to the shore—
Then, floating awhile in the eddy,
Come up and break at the door.

At eve, through the dusk of the gloaming,
Leonta, with love's yearning soul,
Awaiteth her husband's returning
From his nets at "Kill Devil Hole."
And often and often she looketh,
Where sunset reddens the west,
For glimpse of his bark-boat careering
Far up on the stream's foaming crest.

(For danger lurks there in the chasm;
Elf-goblins make it their home;
The phantoms that flit there and flutter,
Are winding-sheets wrought of the foam!)

In vain! and with tearful misgivings,
Till darkness settles at last!
Eyes strained, and swelled with long weeping!
A messenger cometh at last—
A waif, drifting slow in the eddy,
A form through the dusk dimly seen—
Drifting slow, with a chuckle and ripple,
Like cadences soft of Undine.

With motion so strange and uncertain,
It seems both to come and retreat:
Till finally, fears all confirming,
A corpse floateth up to her feet.
Heaven rest the agonized watcher!
Forefend her from pain evermore!
Poor heart! now stilled by its breaking,
Like the bubbles that broke by her door!

The wind sweepeth by with a flurry,
And swiftly the wild waters roll;
But neither winds nor waves shall efface,
The legend of "Kill Devil Hole"

Notice.

GLADSTONE.

Our portrait of England's great statesman is taken from an engraving in the London *Graphic*. Mr. Gladstone is at present sixty-four years of age, and has spent more than forty years in public life. He is distinguished as an author and an orator; and as a financier and polical economist he is probably unrivalled. The principal facts in his career are well known, and hardly any man in his position has gained such esteem and love from the people.