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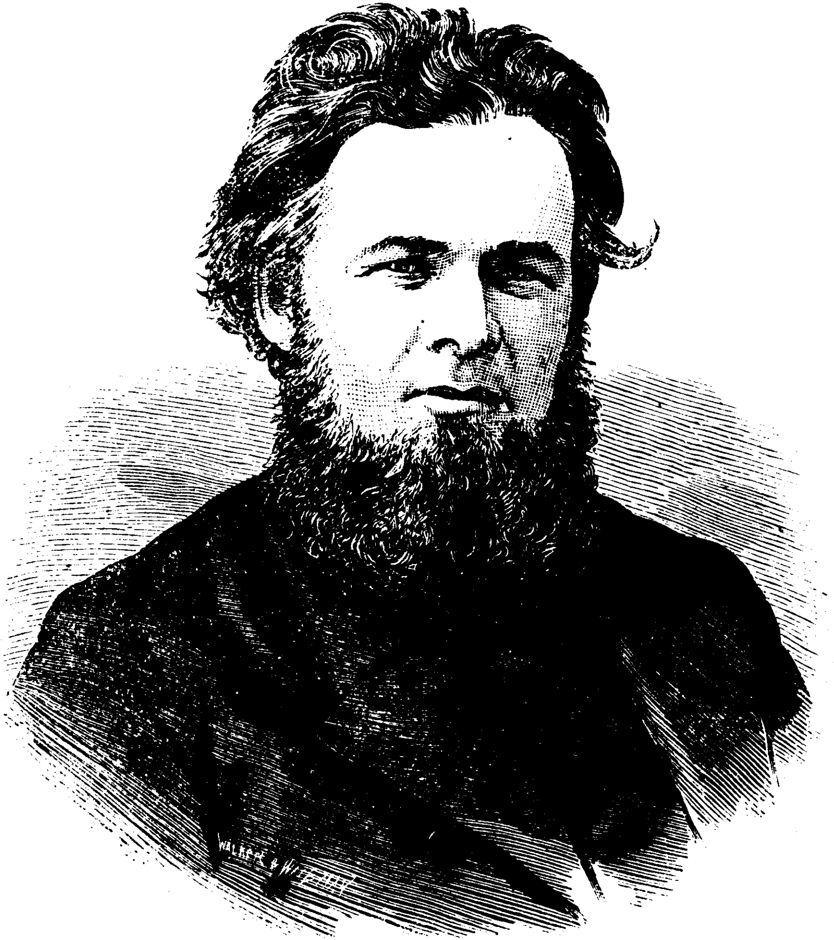


REV. GEORGE McDOUGALL.

New Dominion Monthly.

APRIL, 1876.

A TRIP TO THE SUGARIES.

It was a beautiful April morning, in the year 1870, when we started on our long-talked of trip to the sugaries, delightfully and picturesquely situated on the borders of Lake Calvaire, about twelve miles out of the ancient capital of Canada. Our party consisted of Minnie Elliott, Frank Trevor, Willie Shaw, Katy Lee, Clara Seymour, Arthur Sterling, Emma Vial, and myself. We started at the early hour of half-past seven a.m., so as to take advantage of the hard condition of the road, which was quite a desideratum, knowing that had we allowed Sol time to have exercised his melting rays, all prospects of a safe journey would have been blighted. In about twenty-five minutes we had arrived at the outskirts of the city, and before us lay the wide and desolate-looking country, here and there dotted with a small forest of pine; when Clara, in an excited voice, cried out: "Oh, my purse! I'm sure I've dropped it!"

"Are you sure you did not leave it on the looking-glass, my dear?" ejaculated Minnie, who was awaked by this sudden *contretemps* from a deeply interesting *tête à tête* with Frank.

"Oh, no, dear; I remember perfectly well placing it in my pocket. It was the last thing I did before coming down stairs."

Frank suggested that, as the purse contained money, it would be advisable to retrace their steps; and as only a few *habitants* had passed on their track, they would, no doubt, soon discover the missing article.

Arthur, who did not seem to relish the idea of facing homeward, moved in amendment, that it was not at all necessary for the whole "crew" to return; but that Willie and Clara, who occupied the same cariole, were quite sufficient; that as Clara was so stupid as to lose her purse, it would serve her right well to find it herself, without troubling any one else.

This rather impertinent proposition of Arthur's, which was not given in the pleasantest manner possible, was, after some ado, agreed upon. So, without losing any further time, Willie turned his horse around, and with his eyes wide open watched on one side, while Clara, seemingly very crestfallen at the probability of having lost her purse, endeavored to maintain an outward composure and keep as good a look-out on the other side as her watery eyes would permit.

Thus separated, we left them to pursue their solitary search, while we drove slowly on, hoping to be soon overtaken by them.

It was now a quarter past eight

o'clock, and feeling rather hungry, I suggested to Emma the propriety of attacking some of the good things in the shape of a breakfast. In this she acquiesced at once, fully convincing me that she quite approved of the idea, and in a few moments we were both deeply absorbed in the discussion of some delicious sandwiches and mutton-pies, which old mother Simpson (my boarding-house keeper) had taken the trouble to prepare the previous night.

The others, as I observed on turning around, had followed our example, and, much to my surprise, Arthur was so engrossed in the disposal of a large-sized chicken as to be entirely ignorant of the condition of his harness: the reins dangling about the horse's hoofs, and the left trace undone. When I informed him of this, the intelligence did not awaken any surprise in the hungry youth, nor cause him to relinquish his grasp of the fowl which he was so voraciously attacking, much to Katy's astonishment and disgust, who kept beseeching him, for her sake, to jump out and fix the harness, or she would do so herself. After some remonstrance, Arthur, who seemed bent upon having his own way, awoke from his silent and bountiful repast, and, in a rather cynical tone, told Katy to leave him alone; that there was no danger whatever, and that he would make matters square in a few moments. Noticing the anything but satisfied aspect of Katy's countenance in her perilous condition, I immediately handed the reins to Emma and went to the rescue.

Having extricated the poor brute from the reins, which were, by this time, well wrapped around his legs, threatening to trip him at every step, and adjusted the trace, I set about reconciling the affectionate couple, who had evidently a bone of contention, and were anything but friendly towards each other.

This difficulty overcome, I hastened back to Emma, who had kept up a continual cry during my absence, and was endeavoring, by dint of perseverance, to lead her horse out of a deep hole into which, under her mismanagement, he had wandered. A little time was lost in accomplishing this, as the runner of the sleigh had been almost entirely imbedded in the snow, necessitating the assistance of Frank and Arthur, the latter being glad of an opportunity of rendering me a service in return for that which I had done him.

We were now once more fairly started, and, feeling much revived by the hearty, though poor, substitute for a breakfast, set off at a good trot, apparently forgetting our unfortunate friends whom we had left about an hour ago with very sanguine hopes of being overtaken before long.

We had driven for about fifteen minutes longer, when Emma, who was very eager to reach the sugaries, and kept a very minute look out for the mile-posts, told me that we had just passed the sixth post and gone about half way.

At this point, Frank and Arthur, who had been remarkably quiet under the solacing influence of a choice Havana, struck up "Jolly Dogs" in a very lively strain, in which we all joined in the chorus, and, with the assistance of the *grelot's* merry tingle, we managed to make a pretty good noise.

Now and then we came across a few *habitants* on their way to market, their sleighs laden with the products of their industry. They appeared very much surprised at meeting so many *gens de la ville* at this early hour.

The peculiar dress of these farmers aroused Katy's risibles, and, bursting out into a loud laugh, she astonished the natives in no small degree. I apologized for this rather rude manner of salutation, telling them that my lady friend had just come out from England, and was not accustomed to see such odd-looking toggery. Frank, running up to them, asked a multitude of questions in regard to the state of the sugaries,

and the distance we had to go before arriving at our destination. The information we got was very satisfactory, and, having thanked them for it, we started off to the tune of "Captain Jinks," and, under this inspiring melody, had made considerable headway, when Katy, who occupied the last cariole, shouted, "Hurrah! there they are at last!" We all looked around simultaneously, expecting to see the "missing two;" but, alas! on near approach, we discovered them to be two strangers.

"Oh, how provoking!" cried Katy. "I was sure I made out the forms of Willie and Clara."

"Oh, I suppose so; your imagination is always running away with you," said Arthur.

By this time the strangers had reached us, and being hailed by Frank, who, with his usual insatiable curiosity, questioned them as to whither they were bound, and being informed that they were on the same excursion as ourselves, and had left the city an hour ago, I asked them to join our party, as we were all bound for the same destination; and as we were not very certain as to the road, we would be delighted to have their company. To this they readily complied. I then asked them if they had met any one on the road. They said they had seen a young lady and gentleman driving at a furious rate on the upper road, and that if we hurried on we would be sure to overtake them at the first cross road.

This news we received with delight, and having explained to our fellow-travellers our reason for asking, we at once whipped up our horses; and knowing the cross road to be within one mile, not more than fifteen minutes could elapse before we would all be together again.

I was conversing with Emma, who was in great glee at the prospect of seeing Willie and Clara so soon, and hearing a recital of their adventures, and the result of their search after the missing purse, when her attention was attracted by two strange-looking men, of a dark copper color complexion, walking with a quick step towards town. Around their necks hung a bunch of cariboo moccasins, and suspended from their arms and neck a number of Indian curiosities.

I told Emma who these queer-looking people were, and when she was convinced that they were not cannibals, she asked me to purchase some of the curiosities. I said we had no time to spare; that any detention would be at the risk of missing Willie, and that lots of these things could be purchased on return to town. She did not regret having taken my advice, for a moment afterwards our friends in front signaled to us to hurry on, that a cariole was in sight, and the same one that they saw on setting out.

In a few moments we beheld, in the distance, Willie and Clara, driving along, helter skelter, and as we had arrived at the cross road, we awaited their approach. When they had come within earshot, Arthur shouted,

"Where on earth have you been?"

"Oh, everywhere!" cried Clara, in a very triumphant voice, and holding up the purse.

"Where did you find it?" asked Minnie.

"Oh, where do you think?"

"On the looking-glass, I suppose, where I said you had left it."

"No, indeed," indignantly ejaculated Clara, who kept us in great suspense by giving nothing but evasive answers to our eager enquiries.

"Where did you find it, Willie?" asked Arthur, rather impatiently. "Can't you tell us?"

"I didn't find it at all!"

"Well, Clara! what's the use of humbugging this way? We are only losing our precious time."

Frank, who was listening very attentively to the interesting confab, now

gave vent to his suppressed feelings by an outburst of hearty laughter, saying at the same time, "I'll warrant you it was in her pocket all the time."

We all agreed that this must have been the case, which Clara, after a great deal of teasing, was obliged to admit.

"Oh, you must be a nice girl," said Katy. "Oh, charming!"

I asked how far they had gone before discovering the whereabouts of the purse. Willie, who did not seem at all put out by the trouble that Clara's stupidity had involved—in fact, judging from the humorous manner in which he related the whole affair, one would imagine that he rather enjoyed it than otherwise—then told us the story in these words:—

"We had gone back as far as the house without coming across the object of our search, when Clara, feeling convinced that Minnie was right after all, made directly for the looking-glass. But no; ill-fate stared us at every step, and no purse could be found, high nor low. So, submissive to fate, we started back, having given up every hope of recovering the purse, which contained, to the best of Clara's recollection, about twenty dollars. We had not gone further than the first mile post, when I proposed that she should make a thorough search of her pocket. This I had frequently requested on the road, but, on her assuring me that it was useless to do so, I did not press my desire, when, to convince me that it was not in her possession, she did so, and to her speechless astonishment produced the purse. At first she could not believe her eyes, and not until the contents were counted did she fully realize the fact. A hearty laugh ensued upon this joyful discovery, and the horse, as if imbibing the infection of our glee, struck out with renewed efforts in search of his companions."

"Just what I thought," said Katy, when Willie had finished his story. "She did the same thing last year when on her way to school, suddenly discovering that she had lost her pencil-case, ran back in a great state of mind, and it was only when tired looking for it, that she sat down, and, feeling rather uncomfortable, felt in her pocket to see what she was sitting on, which turned out to be the lost case."

"Well, if we are going to the sugaries, we won't make much head-way at this rate," said Willie "It is now half-past ten, and we have two miles yet to go; we had no idea whatever of catching up to you, thinking you would have been at the sugaries long ago."

We then flung ourselves back into our carioles, and in less than ten minutes had reached our new acquaintances, who had driven on while we were talking to Willie and Clara, and were now close to the sugaries.

"Oh, what a miserable looking place," cried Minnie, as we drove down the winding road leading to the lake, which was entirely frozen over, and at the lower end, where the snow had been removed, could be seen about half a dozen boys indulging in the exhilarating exercise of skating. A few houses lay scattered here and there along the banks, and, drawing up at a plain but neat-looking dwelling, we found ourselves at the end of our journey. Having seen that our horses were properly stabled and fed, we set off for the *cabanes*, which were within about ten minutes' walk.

"Oh, what a charming place this must be in summer," remarked Katy. "Those hills in the distance how majestically they stand out in bold relief."

"I quite agree with you," said Frank; "it must be exceedingly picturesque, and how delightful to sail on the lake, and hawl up the fine trout with which it abounds."

Willie, running up to me, asked who these strangers were in front talking to Arthur and Emma. I told him they were Mr. Bickell and his son, who had overtaken us on the road and had been asked

to join us. "The young man is a very nice fellow, indeed. We had better walk a little faster, and I will introduce you; and go and tell Clara to come along, too; I'm sure he'll be delighted to make her acquaintance."

"Very well," said Willie, "although I very much doubt her complying; she is so very bashful."

"Never mind, just tell her I want to see her."

In a moment Willie had returned with Clara, who, having braced up her nerves, was quite prepared to be introdnced to any one.

"Now, come along; let us go a little quicker."

"What's his name," asked Clara, in a rather excited tone.

"His name is Richard Bickell, and the gentleman on his right is his father."

"I wish he would look around and let me have a glimpse of his face," said Clara.

"Oh, just have a little patience and your curiosity will soon be satisfied."

At this moment Emma cried to us to hurry on, that the *cabanes* were in sight.

Clara, finding her courage failing fast, made a bold rush up to Emma, who, noticing her distressed state of mind, immediately introduced Mr. Bickell and his son.

The trying ordeal was now over, during which Clara, by an almost superhuman effort, managed to retain her self-possession, and was now recovering fast under the pacifying influence of young Bickell's lively conversation.

"Here we are at last," cried Frank, as we entered a large forest of maple trees.

Minnie could not help remarking how strange an appearance these trees presented, some with tin cans and other wooden pails tied around them on either side, about four feet from the ground. These vessels were intended to catch the sap as it oozed out from numerous apertures in the maple.

"How slowly it comes out!" remarked Emma. "What an immense amount of patience these *habitants* must have! I really thought it poured out like water from a pump!"

"Oh, you little goose," said Willie. "Is that all you knew about it? If you considered that there are generally over three hundred trees to look after, besides keeping up the fires to boil the sap, and not more than two or three men to do so, you would not think it came out at all too slowly."

Mr. Bickell asked one of the men to explain the process of sugar-making, which request he readily complied with, and led us into a wooden building about 12 × 10 feet and six feet high, constructed of logs rudely put together. This he told us was the boiling-house, and the large iron boiler on the right contained the sap as it was collected from the trees. In this vessel the sap is allowed to boil for eight hours; it is then transferred to another boiler containing water, where it remains for three hours, and is then poured out as sugar into moulds of various shapes and sizes and allowed to cool for one hour; it is then fit for eating.

"What a very simple method!" said Minnie. "I thought the sap had to undergo a much more complicated process."

The man asked us if we would like to taste some of the sugar, and, breaking a large lump into several pieces, we served ourselves, and found it most delicious.

"Where is the bag you were to have brought with you, Arthur?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, by-the-by, I must have left it in the cariole."

"Well, run and get it, and borrow another from the old woman. We might as well bring home a good supply when we're about it."

Frank suggested that as it was now half-past twelve, we might all return and take dinner, after which the bags could be filled, and no doubt we will be able to procure something to hold the syrup in.

"Half-past twelve!" said Emma. "How rapidly the time has flown!"

"Hasn't it," cried Kitty. "It always does when one is enjoying oneself."

"Yes," I guess you're right," said Arthur. "Happy moments are the fleetest."

"Well, perhaps we had better act on your suggestion," said Mr. Bickell, addressing Frank. "I think half-past twelve is the dinner hour among the *habitants*, and these men will doubtless be glad of an opportunity of taking theirs."

This we agreed to do, and set off for dinner.

"Let us jump into this sleigh," said young Bickell. "I think there is room for us all."

We all made a rush for the sleigh, which was moving along rather quickly, and, accosting the old driver, asked him to let us on. "*Embarquez donc si vous voulez*;" but the old fellow, evidently not desirous of losing any time, did not stop his horse, but allowed us to scramble in as best we could.

"I guess the poor horse will find his load a little heavier now," said Clara, who was endeavoring to maintain her equilibrium on the shaft, which was no easy task on such a rough road.

In five minutes we had arrived at the house, and after paying for the delightful drive, as Clara called it, we went in and had dinner, which consisted of "*des œufs et du lard*" and potatoes, pudding being unknown in this region. After dinner we set out for the sugaries, providing ourselves with a large carpet bag and another smaller one, which the old woman lent us, also a tin can to hold the syrup.

"I wish that old *habitant* was coming along this way again."

"Oh, Clara, you lazy girl. You have nothing to carry, and surely you can carry yourself for at least ten minutes," said Minnie. "I think I shall ask Willie to give you the tin can."

"You might as well save yourself the trouble, for I'm sure he wouldn't let me carry it."

"There's the old man going into his *cabane*," said Mr. Bickell. "Supposing we cry out to him; the smoke in the *cabane* is so unpleasant and trying to the eyes."

"*Bonhomme, bonhomme*," he shouted.

The man looked around and awaited our approach. When we had reached him, I asked him to fill the can with syrup, as we did not care about going in to be choked with smoke. Frank then put ten blocks of sugar into the bags and asked the man how much we owed him. The sugar weighed six pounds per lump, which, at ten cents, made six dollars, and seventy-five cents for the syrup—$6.75 in all, which sum we handed him. He told us he didn't often meet with such good customers, and that we had saved him a trip into town.

We decided to divide the sugar at tea-time, and, as we had an hour to spare before starting for home, I proposed a tour around the wood to watch the sap as it oozed out of the maples.

This was agreed upon, and, leaving our bags and tin can in the *cabane*, we started. When half-an-hour had been spent in this way, Mr. Bickell, observing the aspect of the sky, predicted a snow-storm. This struck the greatest consternation into the ladies of our party, and with quick steps we hastened back to the *cabane*. The old *habitant* was there, and, being asked his opinion of the weather, told us that a storm was approaching, and the sooner we started the better.

I took up one of the bags and Willie the other, while Emma snatched away the can of syrup and off like a lamplighter, urging us to follow.

"Oh, gracious me! what a mess I'm in. Do come and take the can away, Frank."

Frank immediately relieved her of the tin, and was going to wipe the syrup off her dress, when she ran off, saying,

"Never mind my dress; let us hurry on before the storm comes. I wish that *habitant* would come along now; bad as is his old horse, it would carry us faster than our feet."

"Don't be alarmed," said Frank; "there's nothing to be scared of in a snow storm; in fact, I wouldn't wish for better fun."

We were now arrived at the house, and, having tackled our horses and settled with the *bonnefemme*, took our leave in great haste.

The wind had risen considerably and the snow was commencing to whirl around like wildfire. Mr. Bickell took the lead, and we followed in single file.

"How very suddenly this storm has come on," said Emma; "I was so busily engaged watching the sap that I never thought of looking up at the sky. It seems such a pity that our day's enjoyment should be so unexpectedly brought to a close. Who ever saw such a storm in the month of April?"

We had driven for about half-an-hour when I looked around to see how our friends in the rear were fighting the elements. I shouted to Mr. Bickell to halt, that our rear guard was not visible. We then turned back, and I, taking the lead, went in search of our friends. The wind seemed to be blowing from the four quarters of the globe, and snow flakes of enormous dimensions were angrily flying hither and thither.

"What's that in the hedge," said Emma.

At the same time, Mr. Bickell cried out, "Oh! there are some of them entrapped in the hedge."

It was impossible to distinguish their features, but the voice of Arthur was audible. Mr. Bickell and I went to extricate them, and found Clara up to her armpits in snow, and Arthur, who was nearly as bad, endeavoring to get her out. The horse had run into the hedge and upset in the drift. After a great deal of trouble, we succeeded in rescuing the poor unfortunates, and then dug the horse out.

"How on earth did you manage to get into such a fix?"

"Oh, you may depend it was not done on purpose," said Arthur. "It's pretty hard to see where one is going when the snow is so blinding."

"Well, it's a good thing we came back to look for you," said young Bickell.

"Yes, indeed. We might have been frozen to death."

"Where are Willie and Frank?" I asked.

"Oh, goodness knows. Probably in the same predicament in which you found us," said Arthur.

"No, they're not. I fancy I hear bells—listen!"

"I do, I'm sure," said Clara. "They cannot be far off."

The sound of bells became more distinct, and in about five minutes we saw two dark objects which, on nearer approach, proved to be the sleighs of Willie and Frank.

"Well, old fellows, how have you fared?"

"Oh, pretty well. Only got snowed up twice and lost one of the buffalo robes."

"I hope you've got the sugar bags," said Arthur.

"Oh, yes, Katy held on to those like grim death."

Arthur related his misfortunes, which caused a great deal of laughter.

Mr. Bickell then suggested that the wisest thing we could do would be to make for the nearest dwelling, and wait there until the storm moderated. To attempt to go into town was folly, and might very likely result in something more serious than an upset.

We were all very happy to act upon Mr. Bickell's suggestion, as we quite endorsed all he said, and did not feel at all inclined for a repetition of what we had experienced thus far. So we started for the first dwelling, and had not gone far when we pulled up at a

two-story house with a *hangard* in rear. I was in hopes that this was old Gauvin's, a farmer with whom I was very well acquainted. Jumping out, I rapped at the door, which was opened by the very old man himself.

"What do you want," he said.

"Don't you recognize me?"

"Indeed I dont."

I removed some of the snow and ice from my face, in order to assist his recognition.

"Oh, my friend, Mr. Harrison. How are you?"

"Pretty wet."

"Drive your horses to the back of the house and my son will take charge of them."

We then drove to the coach-house in rear, and, having stabled our animals, marched like a regiment of convicts into the hospitable farmer's house, who was very kind to us indeed, and wished to accommodate us with sleeping apartments for the night, his impression being that the storm would not be over till morning. We thanked him for his kindness, but told him that we must get home to-night, *nolens volens*.

I then asked him if he could give us some tea as it was now half past five, and we all felt very hungry and tired.

"The tea will be ready in fifteen minutes, gentlemen; sit down and rest yourselves."

Clara reminded us about dividing the sugar, as we agreed to do at tea time.

"All right, where are the bags?" I said. "By the by, we will have to return the one we borrowed."

"Here they are."

"How many pieces are there?"

"Ten when we left. I don't suppose any have been lost on the way," said Clara. She then counted ten pieces, which was a piece each, and handed each one his share.

"There's the tea-bell, I suppose," said Katy.

"Yes, let us go down stairs, Emma. I hope so, for I'm half dead."

We sat down to a bountiful meal, and soon our hunger was appeased. I asked Frank to look out and tell us what were the prospects of a change in the weather.

"Not much," he said, "although I fancy the storm has diminished a little."

"I guess we had better remain where we are for a little while yet," remarked Mr. Bickell. "It can't last very long at this rate, and to-night being moonlight, I wouldn't be surprised if the storm would clear away by nine o'clock."

"Well, we'll hope so anyway," said Minnie, who seemed to be contemplating some terrible fate.

Mr. Gauvin entered to tell us that if we wished to amuse ourselves during our stay, there was a fiddler in the house who had come from assisting at a wedding, and he would be most happy to tune up for a dance. The very mention of a dance seemed to strike new life into Emma, who, a few minutes ago, declared she was half dead, and, fatigued as we all were, we were quite ready to enjoy a little fun. Mr. Gauvin then led us into the adjoining room, which was large and well adapted to the purpose of dancing.

We amused ourselves till the old clock struck nine, when Mr. Gauvin entered to say that the storm was over, and the full moon shining out in all her splendor.

"Oh, I thought I wasn't far wrong," said Mr, Bickell. Let us wind up with 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' if our obliging musician has no objections."

"Very well, Mr Bickell, I'll have the horses tackled in the meanwhile. Fall in for Sir Roger, ladies and gentlemen, and then for home."

"Sir Roger" was struck up, to which time-honored *finale* full justice was done. This brought our jollification to a close, and having rejoiced the heart of our indefatigable musician with a couple of shillings, and paid old Gauvin for his hospitality, we started for home. It was a glorious evening, and, although

the roads were very heavy, our horses got along very well.

'What a beautiful full moon," said Emma; "I wouldn't mind driving back to the lake, I do so enjoy driving by moonlight."

"So do I, Emma, I assure you, but I hope you don't intend asking me to drive back again."

"Oh, no, I don't mean to insinuate anything of the kind, but couldn't help exclaiming how delightful it would be."

"Oh yes, I quite agree with you, and hope an opportunity, of doing so will soon be afforded us.

"We haven't far to go now," cried Mr. Bickell, who had taken the lead all the way. "It is just eleven o'clock, and exactly an hour and three quarters since we left Gauvin's."

In half an hour we were within the city walls, and after congratulating each other on the delightful time we had enjoyed, set off for our respective homes.

JESUITISM.

(*Continued.*)

This extract from "Cases of Conscience," by Escobar, a Jesuit, citing as his authority Suarez, their greatest phil osopher and theologian, will be sufficient to show what is meant by their doctrine of probabalism. The confessor takes upon himself to judge of what may be the probable consequence of punishing the penitent, or even of enlightening him. The doctrine that a spiritual adviser had perhaps better not instruct his penitent as to whether his conduct is sinful or not, for fear the penitent should knowingly continue in the way of evil, is, we fear, more startling than edifying. The principle of mental reservation has been often commented upon and so often denied by the apologists of the Jesuits, that we cannot resist quoting the words of Sanchez: "It is permitted to use ambiguous terms, leading people to understand them in a different sense from that in which we understand them. A man may swear that he never did such a thing (though he actually did it), meaning within himself that he did not do it on such a day, or before he was born, or understanding any such circumstances, while the words which he employs have no such sense as would discover his meaning." And Filiutius proves that in so speaking one does not even lie, because, says he: "It is the intention that determines the quality of the action; and one may avoid falsehood if, after saying aloud, *I swear that I have not done that*, he add in a low voice, *to-day*; or after saying aloud, *I swear*, he interpose in a whisper, *that I say*, and then continue aloud, *that I have done that*, and this is telling the truth." Such a doctrine, of course, needs no comments, and if generally followed would do away with the trouble of putting witnesses through the form of taking the oath in courts of justice. And the same equivocation which they preached they did not hesitate to practice on the most solemn and important occasions, even in the administration of the sacraments,—so much so as to bring themselves under severe censure from the Court of Rome, even before their suppression. The cause of displeasure was, that in their Indian missions in Mysore and on the Malabar and Carnatic coasts, to curry favor with the Brahmins, they mingled the ceremonies of Brahma with those of the Roman Catholic Church, going so far as to consecrate burnt cow-dung, held in much veneration by all Brahmins, laying the ashes on the altar near the crucifix or the image of the Virgin, and afterwards distributing them among the congregation. They moreover, by their own showing, disguised the name of the cross, changed completely the time and mode of baptism, and refused the sacraments of confession and communion to pariahs. In fact, to suit themselves, they instituted and practiced a new religion of their own, half Brahmin, half Christian. These excesses were complained of at Rome by other missionaries, who having refused to lend themselves to such abominations had been ill-used and driven out by the natives. The matter was enquired into, several nuncios sent, orders issued from Rome and completely derided and set at defiance, until at last, in 1741, Benedict XIV. published against them a terrible bull, in which he describes them as what they always have been,

and probably always will be, "*inobedientes, contumaces, captiosi, et perditi homines,*" disobedient, contumacious, crafty and reprobate men. This tremendous denunciation was followed the next year by another brief, ordering the bull of 1741 to be read every Sabbath-day in all the houses, churches and colleges of the order, and aided to a certain extent by the war which broke out immediately after between France and England, completely destroyed the power of the Jesuits in India.

A short glance at the history of the Society in every country where they have gained a footing, will perhaps give us better than anything else an idea not only of their power, but also of the danger which attends their presence. We shall commence with Great Britain, because it was the first to be honored by a distinctly hostile mission, and because, moreover, to cause trouble in England was the kind object of the first Jesuit Mission ever despatched, and it was organized by Ignatius Loyola himself. In 1542, two years about after the formal foundation of the Society, the Jesuits Salmeron and Brouet landed in Ireland, with the title of Papal Nuncios and minute instructions from Loyola and the Pope. The object of their mission was to stir up Ireland against Henry VIII., who had been excommunicated (for which he cared about as much as the present king of Italy), and who was a constant thorn in the side of Paul III. These zealous missionaries remained in Ireland exactly thirty-four days, and, according to the Jesuit historians, performed all sorts of miracles and stirred up and confirmed the people in their faith. According to the other historians, they managed to create so much disturbance, caused so much dissension, and drained the pockets of the inhabitants to such an extent, that they made even Ireland too hot to hold them. Be that as it may, at the end of thirty-four days they made a precipitate retreat to France, and though peremptorily ordered by the Pope, absolutely refused to return even to Scotland, which they had visited before, and from whence they had crossed to Ireland. It is a very significant fact that during the bloody reign of the bigoted Mary, the Jesuits never could obtain a footing in England. They made several applications for leave to Cardinal Pole, but he never would permit them; an explanation of his conduct may perhaps be found in the fact that he knew Loyola intimately. We must of necessity pass over many of their missions of less importance, such as that of Wolfe, whose scandalous immoralities at last caused him to be driven from the order, and we come to Campion and Parsons. These two Jesuits, with some eleven others, formed the bold resolution of stirring up rebellion against Elizabeth, and for that pious purpose landed in England in 1580. It has of course been stated by the apologists of the Papacy that their mission was not murder and civil war, that they were sent there meekly to preach the Gospel of peace, and give the comforts of the Church to the poor suffering children of the Roman Catholic faith. But we must remember whose emissaries they were; they were sent by Pope Gregory XIII., the same Gregory who at the news of Saint Bartholomew's infernal feast, went in solemn procession to the French Church in Rome, there to offer up a *Te Deum* to the Almighty for the blood of fifty thousand of His creatures barbarously murdered, and caused medals to be struck to commemorate so glorious an event. Suffice it to say that their conspiracies failed. Parsons managed to escape to the Continent, where he spent the remainder of his days in abusing and calumniating his country and his queen. Campion, Sherwin and Briant, all three Jesuits, convicted of treason, graced the gibbet as a warning to others—a warning not without effect on the other Jesuits, some sixty in number, who by

this time had crept into the country. Most left at once; those who did not were tracked out, apprehended and sent away, and peace and quiet again for a time restored. Their next exploit of note was the hiring of the famous William Parry to murder the Queen; but this plan also failed. He was seized, confessed his guilt, named Father Creighton, the Jesuit, as one of those in the plot, and suffered the penalty of his treason. Stringent laws having now been found necessary were passed, which have since secured the peace of the realm. There was, of course, the Gunpowder Plot, and Garnet and two other Jesuits were in it, and some other little troubles. It is said that the death of Charles I. was in a great measure due to Jesuits, who in disguise mixed among the Roundheads and inflamed their fanatical zeal. Be that as it may, to Father Peter and his able Jesuit assistants James II. owed the loss of his crown, and from the day of accession of the house of Brunswick, until now, with the exception of keeping up a chronic irritation in Ireland, the sons of Loyola have not been able to do England any harm. In France, also, though they have done there more harm than in England, the Jesuits have never been able to secure so firm a footing as to be able to inflict any permanent injury. The University of Paris from the first was distrustful of them, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Parliament could be induced to allow them to establish themselves in the kingdom. Not only have they never been able to become popular with the mass of the French people, but they have always been at variance with the French clergy. The Gallican Church from time immemorial, even before they ran an opposition pope at Avignon, looked with suspicion towards Rome, and sought to curb the powers claimed by the Papal See. The Jesuits have always taught—it was one of the means of securing their power at Rome—the doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope, the same doctrine that Pius IX. has just made an article of faith. On the other hand, the French ecclesiastics have always held that the infallibility rests, not in the Pope personally and individually, but in the Church, in the decision of the bishops in council assembled. This broad distinction kept them apart, and the most eminent among the French churchmen have always been at variance with the Society. However, the Jesuits managed, as usual, from time to time to insinuate their confessors into the households of the great. The first use they made of the power they acquired after having been formally recognized, was to join the Guises and form the "League," which may be described as an association bound together by an oath to continue and complete the good work begun on Saint Bartholomew's day. Henry III., who had seen his brother driven mad by remorse for that fearful massacre, had abstained from continuing the persecution of the Huguenots. This did not suit the priests, and, above all, did not suit the blood-thirsty Gregory XIII. The consequence was, conspiracy after conspiracy, plot after plot, and finally civil war—the end, assassination. Gregory XIII. had gone to account for his misdeeds before the Dominican Friar, Jacques Clement, gave the King of France the fatal blow; otherwise the world might have been edified by another *Te Deum*, this time in honor of regicide. His friends and followers the Jesuits, however, did their best. There was then a council known as the *Conseil de Seize*, because they were sixteen in number; they were completely under the control of the Jesuits, and a Jesuit was one of the number. The King had been murdered in August; in September the council met, and addressed to all the preachers a memorial, in which, among other things, were the following words:—

"You must justify Jacques Clement's deed, because it was the same as that

of Judith, which is so much commended in Holy Writ."

Some people have a well-known faculty for quoting Scripture. Henry IV., after his abjuration, chose a Jesuit confessor. The Society, in fact, at that time was divided, some for continuing the "League," and some against it, and Acquaviva, the General, said to be the ablest and most profound politician of his time, disapproved of its engaging itself so deeply with one party as to cause the ruin of the order if the other triumphed. There were, however, many very strong and devoted friends of the "League" among the Jesuits, all the more so that Pope Sixtus V. was known not only to favor it, but, *mirabile dictu* for one of so miserly a disposition to have actually opened his purse-strings and paid out money for its support. However, the surrender of Paris secured the throne to Henry and put an end to the "League." It was shortly after that Barrière was arrested at Melun, charged with intending to attempt the King's life. Barrière acknowledged his guilt, and said that he had made known his project to Aubrey, a curate of Paris, who had sent him to Varade, rector of the Jesuits; that Varade highly approved of his resolution and gave him his benediction, and that the next morning another Jesuit heard his confession and gave him the communion. Barrière was executed and repeated on the scaffold the same confession he had already made. The first attempt had been frustrated, the second came very near being more successful. A few months after Henry's entry into Paris, Jean Chastel, a youth of nineteen, aimed a blow at Henry's throat with a knife. Had it not been that the King just then happened to turn his head to bow to one of the courtiers, he would probably have succeeded in his design; as it was, the King was wounded in the mouth. It turned out that Chastel was a student of Philosophy in one of the Jesuit colleges, and he declared that he had often been taught that it was lawful to take the King's life since he was out of the Church, and that no one owed him allegiance until he had been acknowledged by the Pope. The consequence of this was that the Parliament by the same *arrêt* which condemned Chastel to death, drove all the Jesuits out of France, under penalty, if found in the kingdom after fourteen days, of being punished for high treason; and moreover, saddest of all, confiscated all their property. Gueret, Chastel's professor, and another Jesuit named Guinard, were put under arrest; as there was no proof of any kind that Gueret was cognizant of Chastel's designs, he was allowed to leave the country. Guinard, in whose possession most abominable writings were found, subversive of every principle of justice and morality, was tried, found guilty and executed. The Jesuits, who had perhaps never completely abandoned the country, gradually returned, and, living in disguise and under feigned names, began to recover some of their lost influence. At last Henry, yielding to the solicitations of the Pope and the General Acquaviva, obtained, not without difficulty, a reluctant consent from the Parliament to their return. To the remonstrances of Sully, his faithful friend and minister, Henry admitted he was afraid of them. "If we refuse them," he said, "we shall drive them to despair, and to the resolution of attempting my life, which would render it so miserable to me, being always under the apprehension of being poisoned or murdered (for these people have correspondents everywhere, and are very dexterous in disposing the minds of men to whatever they wish), that I think it would be better to be already dead, being of Cæsar's opinion, that the sweetest death is that which is least expected and foreseen." The Jesuits afterwards steadily advanced in power and influence, though not much it is true under Richelieu and Mazzarini,

who were too jealous of power themselves to share it with anyone. Under Louis XIV., however, was their golden age. He had had a Jesuit confessor from his childhood. They supported the King against Rome, when he threw a papal nuncio into gaol at Avignon, and refused to publish the bull of excommunication fulminated against him; they subscribed to the articles of the Gallican Church, and kept on good terms with all his mistresses, in return for which he allowed them the privilege of persecuting the Jansenists and Protestants to their hearts' content. He fell into the hands of Father Lachaise, who inaugurated the persecution of the Huguenots, and did his work most thoroughly. This Pere Lachaise was a most pious man. St. Simon tells us that one Easter, the King's passion for Madame de Montespan being then at its height, the good father's conscience took fright, probably on account of the very solemn season of the year, perhaps because the Lenten season had made him cross and dyspeptic, and he refused the King absolution, but sent him another Jesuit who kindly gave it him. Lachaise was succeeded by Father Letellier, one, without contradiction, of the most cruel ruffians the world ever saw. His conduct to the nuns of Port Royal is enough alone to make his name a by-word of contempt and abhorrence. Not satisfied with reeking his fury on a few living helpless females—living men the pious Lachaise had left none—he must fain turn his vengeance upon the dead and desecrate the asylum of the tomb. The death of Louis XIV. saw the end of the Jesuits' power. The regent D'Orléans was certainly not disposed to stand as a shield between them and danger, and the long accumulated sufferings of the Jansenists and the Huguenots, the massacres of Port Royal, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have left behind long scores to be settled. Moreover, the total absorption of all ecclesiastical benefices for the advantage of their order, had turned the whole body of the clergy against them. The first blow that was struck at them was delivered by Cardinal de Noaille, who put them under interdiction and deprived them of the exercise of every ecclesiastical function. Louis XV. would perhaps in an indolent way have been disposed to help them, but Choiseul was at the helm of State, and a more determined enemy they never had. Then came the Lavallette scandal, already alluded to, and the publication of the constitutions. Immediately after, fifty-one French bishops, under the presidency of Cardinal de Luynes, sat in consultation on the constitutions and came to the decision that the obedience sworn to the General was incompatible with the laws of the kingdom and the allegiance the subject owed his king. The Pope was appealed to and the Jesuits called upon to alter their constitutions. General Ricci answered in the well-known words, "*Sint ut sunt aut non sint.*"—They shall remain as they are or cease to exist. In consequence the Parliament on the 6th Aug., 1762, expelled them the kingdom forever, assigning as a reason that "the Institute of Jesus was opposed to all authority, spiritual and temporal, ecclesiastical and civil." The Jesuits re-entered France at the time of their re-establishment, but in very humble guise, and have continued there almost ever since, not daring to take too prominent a place or attract much notice, and showing great deference and submission to the secular priests. They know they are not liked, and have recently been twice driven forth, once in 1830 and again in 1845, so that it may be said that they are only tolerated in France during good behavior.

It was from Spain that the order first emanated; in Spain it wielded the greatest influence, and Spain, perhaps, more than any other country, has had reason to regret its existence. Of the ten original founders of the society, seven were Spaniards, and the national vanity,

naturally enough somewhat flattered, was disposed at first to make much of an order which had, so to speak, sprung from the country. Moreover, Francis Borgia, Duke of Candia and vice-King of Barcelona, afterwards General of the order, immediately took the new society under his powerful protection, and through his instrumentality, and the eloquence of Father Araoz, the country was soon covered with their houses and colleges. But if Spain was the first to foster the Jesuits, from a Spaniard, it is but fair to add, came the first warning cry, before any one else had clearly detected and openly proclaimed the danger of their tendencies. In Salamanca, at that time, lived Melchior Cano, a Dominican friar, a truly pious and good man, known far and wide for his honesty of purpose, his eloquence, and his learning. Cano had met Loyola, and had formed an unfavorable opinion of him, chiefly, it seems, on account of the persistence with which the Jesuit reverted to his visions, his virtues, and his persecutions. At all events, having taken a dislike to the Society, and prompted a little, perhaps, by the rivalry between them and his own order, Cano began a crusade against the Jesuits, inveighing against them from his pulpit for their craft and subtlety, declaring that they misled the people, the priests, and the princes. Every effort was made to stop him, and, finally, but a few days before his death, he wrote of them words which certainly have turned out but too true. "God grant," he says, in one of his letters, "that it may not happen to me as is fabled of Cassandra, whose predictions were not believed till Troy was captured and burned. If the members of the Society continue as they have begun, God grant that the time may not come when kings will wish to resist them, and will not have the means of doing so." The sturdy old Dominican, who had made so bold a fight, was right after all, and time soon proved his clear-sightedness. Meanwhile, thanks to his efforts, Salamanca during his life-time refused to receive the Jesuits, and, in 1548, the University of Alcala followed suit. The opposition so stirred up was strong and obstinate, and lasted a long time, and was only finally subdued when Dr. Scala was brought before the Inquisition and threatened with an *auto-da-fé*. If, however, things had everywhere else in the country begun very prosperously for the new society, they did not long continue so. For some inexplicable reason the Jesuits, both in Spain and in Portugal seem never to have worn even the semblance of the mask they did in other countries. Whether or not it was that at first they felt so secure in the friendship of the Emperor as not to deem it necessary, certain it is, they at once gave themselves up freely to the greatest abuses. In 1550, ten years after the foundation of the Society, Don Silicea, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, unable to put up with their excesses any longer, published an ordinance forbidding anyone, under pain of excommunication, from confessing to them, empowering all curates to exclude them from the administration of the sacraments, and laying an interdict upon the Jesuit College at Saragossa. Papa Julius III. was at once appealed to by his distressed children; he applied to the Emperor Charles, and the Archbishop, after a long and obstinate resistance, found himself at last obliged to recall the interdict in order to save himself from the dungeons of the Inquisition. In 1555 they attempted to open a house and chapel in Saragossa, but Lopez Marcos, the vicar-general, ordered them not to dare to consecrate it. Father Brama, the superior, following a not usual rule in the Society, disregarded the order. The consequence was that while the ceremony of consecration was going on Lopez issued a proclamation forbidding the chapel from being entered under pain of excommunication. The pro-

clamation was followed by a riot, and the Jesuits were driven out of the town. It was in Spain, also, that the first dissensions among the members of the Society broke out. The truth seems to be that, in Spain, there existing no heretics to persecute, and Philip II. being far too self-willed to allow them to interfere in politics, except under his directions and by his orders, the unfortunate fathers had no other vent for their superabundant energies and finely-trained talents for plotting and conspiring, than by quarrelling among themselves. The cause of dissatisfaction was the election of Acquaviva, a Neopolitan, as General—an honor which they considered belonging of right to a Spaniard.

They had, however, to deal with one of the ablest, if not the ablest, man the Society ever produced,—the man who wrote the *Ratio Studiarum*, and by so doing laid the foundation of their world-wide reputation as teachers, and a man whose reputation as a deep-skilled politician was European. Acquaviva has been described as the *beau ideal* of Jesuitism. He had grown up in the Court of Rome, where he was Chamberlain, and where he acquired a thorough knowledge of men, and of all political intrigues, in which the Roman Curia at that epoch excelled all the other courts of Europe. He was crafty, insinuating and persevering. He never uttered a precise command, but never suffered his exhortations to be disregarded. Gentle in appearance, and renowned for the amenity of his manners, he was endowed with an inflexible intrepidity of character. He spoke rarely, never gave a decided opinion, and preserved in all circumstances a placid and calm demeanor. The malcontents had not much chance, crafty as many of them were, against such a man. It was not long before he had won over the Pope to his side, and then the battle was his, without further trouble. If, however, the internal affairs of the Society were not as happy as they might have been, their worldly interests were certainly prospering. The order had accumulated a great deal of wealth, and acquired much power, under Philip III., who seemed to take a pleasure in loading them with favors, and who expired at last in the arms of a Jesuit; and his son, who succeeded him, if anything, seemed to favor them even more than his father. How well they deserved his kindness, and with what gratitude they repaid him, history tells us. Displeased with the Prime Minister, Olivarez, who declined to share with them his power, they determined to wrest Portugal from Spain, place the crown on the head of the Duke of Braganza, and establish their dominion there. In case such base ingratitude and traitorous conspiracy should be doubted, we will give the words of Crétimeau-Joly, their historian and apologist, who wrote, so to speak, under their dictation, and from records furnished by them. "The house of Braganza," he says, "did not forget what it owed to the Jesuits for the past and the present; and wishing through them to make sure of the future, it awarded to them unlimited influence. The Jesuits were the first ambassadors of John IV." The revolution had been set on foot in this way: The Jesuits induced the Duke to take up his abode in the Jesuit College in Evora, a city in Portugal, not far from Lisbon, and when he entered the church, which was crowded, Father Corea, one of the Jesuits, exclaimed, addressing him from the pulpit:—"I shall yet see upon your head the crown——of glory, to which may the Lord call us all!" The pause was perfectly understood by the assembled multitude, and the church rang with applause. The news spread like wildfire all over the country, and the conspiracy which ended in the rising in Lisbon in 1640, was, by their means, fairly set on foot. And, be it remarked, this conspiracy was entered into in the

teeth of a solemn decree of the fifth general congregation of the order, forbidding all Jesuits from mixing, in any way, in political or secular matters. The most surprising circumstance is that the fathers maintained their power in Spain, notwithstanding their treachery, and all went well and merrily with them until Charles III. ascended the throne. They took a violent dislike to him from the first. He insisted upon the canonization of Bishop Palafox, whose memory they hated with the bitter hatred an unjust persecutor always bears his victim. In the next place, though they were as well treated by the King as any other order, they were not distinguished by any marks of particular favor, in their eyes an unpardonable slight. A third and stronger cause of dissatisfaction was, that the King had chosen a confessor from among the Dominicans, while they considered they alone were, by right, spiritual advisers and holders of State secrets to all the crowned heads. These reasons were more than sufficient to render them dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction with a Jesuit means conspiracy and mischief. Moreover, Clement XIII. occupied the papal throne; he was well known to be a firm supporter of the Society, and they considered themselves perfectly safe under his protection. The subject of their experiment was not very happily chosen. Charles' reign was a long one, and he has left behind him the reputation of being a pious, good, upright, virtuous man, whose character both in private life and as a king is above reproach. After their expulsion from the Spanish dominions, the King solemnly declared on his honor to the Marquis d'Ossun, Choiseul's ambassador, that he never had entertained any feelings of personal animosity against the Jesuits, but that they had persistently conspired against him since his accession to the throne in 1759; that he had been informed of the fact repeatedly, but would not believe it, until the "*Emeute des Chapeaux*" in 1766, when several members of the Society had been arrested in the act of distributing money among the rioters, for the purpose of fanning the tumult. This outbreak had been nearly forgotten when, on the 2nd of April, 1767, a proclamation was issued, abolishing the Society of Jesus in the Peninsula, and expelling them from all the dependencies of the Spanish crown. On that day, the Jesuits in all the Spanish possessions in Africa, Asia and America and throughout the Peninsula, were without a moment's notice seized, put on board ships and started for Italy. The news of their expulsion fell on the Catholic world like a thunderbolt. The poor old Pope Clement XIII. shed tears on hearing of the misfortunes which had befallen his favorite children, and sent a touching remonstrance to Charles III. The King answered that he alone knew the crimes of which the Society had been guilty, and that to spare Christianity a great scandal he would keep the knowledge concealed in his own breast. The Pope in his anguish shed a few more bitter tears, but felt that he was powerless to help. They re-entered Spain after their re-establishment in 1815, but were again driven forth in 1820. Since then they have always come back with tyranny and been driven out by every successful effort made in favor of liberty. In Portugal, at an early date, they gave themselves up to so many excesses that Ignatius at last was obliged to interfere and recal Rodriguez the Provincial. In that unhappy country they may be said to have reigned supreme. They planned the unfortunate expedition against Morocco, in which Don Sebastian lost his life, and afterwards, by their intrigues, succeeded in placing Philip II., their friend and protector, on the throne in the place of the rightful heir. During the supremacy of Spain the Jesuitical influence somewhat diminished; but when they had succeeded as before mentioned to place John IV.

on the throne, they again resumed their sway with greater power than ever; in fact they may be said to have governed Portugal completely, until Pombal became Prime Minister. The struggle between him and the Jesuits was long and bitter. They were very evenly matched. Pombal had all the qualities necessary to make him shine as a general of the Society, and, consequently, fought them with their own weapons—craftiness, dissimulation, and ingratitude. To them he owed the favors he first received from Joseph I., and on them he turned, as soon as he felt himself strong enough to do so. The whole time he was plotting their overthrow, he pretended to be their most sincere friend, and to the last assured them of his help and protection. He began by attacking their settlements in America. At that time, the Jesuits had completely under their control, in South America, over 150,000 Indians, in settlements planned by themselves, and governed by themselves, from which all Europeans were carefully excluded. Of these settlements, the way they were governed, and their influence on the Indians, Robertson speaks in terms of high approval. However, the Kings of Spain and Portugal, at the suggestion of Pombal, made an exchange of their American possessions; and the people, so that they should not change their allegiance, were ordered to emigrate from one country to the other. A more horribly tyrannical order probably never was issued. The Indians refused to obey, and rose in arms; and the Jesuits were accused of encouraging the rebellion, which they no doubt did, and which they certainly would seem to have been justified in doing. This was, of course, a serious grievance to Pombal, who had planned the exchange. They next opposed an influential wine company, from which the State derived a considerable revenue, refusing, in order to excite the people, to use the wine in the celebration of mass, on the ground that it was not pure. This made Pombal apply to Benedict XIV. for a Committee of Visitation, to enquire into the abuses that had crept into the order, and more particularly into their vast commercial transactions, which were represented as being injurious to the interests of the State. Benedict had already had sufficient trouble with the Jesuits in India, whom he had declared, by a bull, to be *inobedientes, contumaces, captiosi et perditi homines* sixteen years before, to be disposed to grant the request readily. Cardinal Saldanha was named to enquire into the matter, and set at once about the task imposed upon him. The Jesuits, feeling the danger that threatened them, had recourse to their usual remedy. An attempt was made on the King's life, on the 3rd September, 1758. All the proceedings connected with the trial of the distinguished personages who were afterwards executed for the attempt, have been kept secret, so that it is not easy, at this distance of time, to decide how much or how little the Jesuits were implicated in the plot; certain it is that they were most intimate with all the chief conspirators, and it does not seem likely that they could possibly have been in the dark as to what was going on. The result, at all events, was their expulsion from all the Portuguese possessions. They seem to have returned in 1829, at the invitation of Don Miguel, and were expelled by Don Pedro in 1834. If there are any Jesuits now in Portugal, they certainly exercise no influence, and must be very few in number.

(To be continued.)

SAILORS' SONGS.

BY CAPT. R. C. ADAMS.

"Odd's life! must one swear to the truth of a song."—*Matthew Pryor.*

The songs of the sea offer a field for research, and one who could trace the origin and use of some of them would doubtless discover interesting, romantic histories. No information can be obtained from sailors themselves on this point. No one knows who their favorite "Reuben Ranzo" was, or whether "Johnny Boker" ever did what he is so often requested to "do," nor can any one say more concerning the virtues and vices of "Sally Brown" than is declared in song.

Sailors' songs may be divided into two classes. First, are the sentimental songs sung in the forecastle, or on the deck in the leisure hours of the dog watch, when the crew assemble around the fore-hatch to indulge in yarns and music. Dibdin's songs, which the orthodox sailor of the last half century was supposed to adhere to as closely as the Scotch Presbyterian to his Psalter, are falling into disuse, and the negro melodies and the popular shore songs of the day are now most frequently heard. The other class of songs is used at work, and they form so interesting a feature of life at sea, that a sketch of that life would be incomplete without some allusion to them. These working songs may be divided into three sets:—

First, those used where a few strong pulls are needed, as in boarding a tack, hauling aft a sheet, or tautening a weather brace. "Haul the Bow-Line," is a favorite for this purpose. The shantyman, as the solo singer is called, standing up "beforehand," as high above the rest of the crew as he can reach, sings with as many quirks, variations and quavers as his ingenuity and ability can attempt, "Haul the bow-line, Kitty is my darling;" then all hands join in the chorus, "Haul the bow-line, the bow-line *haul*," shouting the last word with great energy and suiting action to it by a combined pull, which must once be witnessed by one who desires an exemplification of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

HAUL THE BOW-LINE.

Then the song is repeated with a slight change in words, "Haul the bow-line, the clipper ship's a rolling," &c., and next time perhaps, "Haul the bow-line, our bully mate is growling."

Great latitude is allowed in the words and the shantyman exercises his own discretion. If he be a man of little comprehension or versatility, he will say the same words over and over, but if he possesses some wit, he will insert a phrase alluding to some peculiarity of the ship, or event of the time, which will cause mouths to open wider and eyes to roll gleefully, while a lively pull follows that rouses the sheet home and elicits the mate's order "Belay!"

Another common song is:—

HAUL AWAY JOE.

Way, haul a-way ; O, haul away, my Rosey, Way, haul a-way ; O, haul a-way, *Joe.*

And another :—

JOHNNY BOKER.

Oh do, my Johnny Boker, Come rock and roll me over, Do, my Johnny Boker, *do.*

In both of these, the emphasis and the pull come at the last word of the chorus: "Joe" and "do," as they end the strain put a severe strain on the rope.

In the second set of working songs, I would place those that are used in long hoists, or where so large a number of pulls is required that more frequent exertion must be used, than is called for by the first set, lest too much time be occupied. The topsail halyards call most frequently for these songs. One of the most universal, and to my ear the most musical of the songs, is "Reuben Ranzo." A good shantyman who with fitting pathos recounts the sorrows of "poor Reuben" never fails to send the topsail to the masthead at quick notice, nor to create a passing interest in the listener to the touching melody :—

REUBEN RANZO.

Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo, *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo!* Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo, *Ranzo,* boys, *Ranzo!*

Oh, Reuben was no sailor,
Chorus, and repeat with chorus.
He shipped on board of a whaler,
Chorus, &c.
He could not do his duty,
Chorus, &c.
The captain was a bad man,
Chorus, &c.
He put him in the rigging,
Chorus, &c.
He gave him six and thirty,
Chorus, &c.
Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo.
Chorus, &c.

In this song the pulls are given at the first word "Ranzo" in the chorus, sometimes at its next occurrence in addition.

Of all the heroines of deck song Sally Brown's name is most frequently uttered, and a lively pull always attends it. She figures in several of these ; one has as its chorus "Shantyman and Sally Brown." But it is used more frequently, I think, in connection with the song:—

BLOW, MY BULLY BOYS, BLOW.

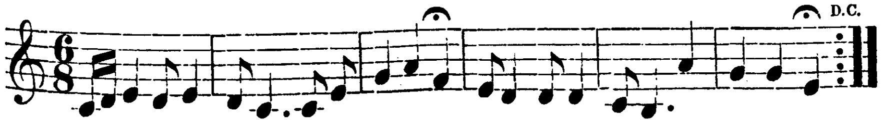
Oh, Sally Brown's a bright mulatto ; *Blow,* boys, *blow!* Oh, she drinks rum and chews tobacco *Blow,* my bully boys, *blow.*

Oh, Sally Brown's a Creole lady,
Chorus, and repeat with chorus.
Oh, Sally Brown, I long to see you,
Chorus, &c.
Oh, Sally Brown, I'll ne'er deceive you.
Chorus, &c.

It will be noticed that neither rhyme nor sentiment has much place in these songs. Each line is usually repeated twice, even if there be a rhyme impending, for the shantyman's stock must be carefully husbanded.

A favorite and frequently used song, in which Bonaparte's fortunes are portrayed in a manner startling to the historian, as well as to those who may have the fortune to hear it sung at any time, is:—

JOHN FRANCOIS.



Oh, Boney was a war-rior, *Away,* hey way ! Oh, Boney was a warrior, *John Francois.*

Oh, Boney went to Roo-shy,
Chorus.
Oh, Boney went to Proo-shy,
Chorus.
He crossed the Rocky Mountains,
Chorus.
He made a mistake at Waterloo,
Chorus.
He died at Saint Helena.
Chorus.

Where Tommy actually proceeded to when he went a "high low" nobody knows, but the fact is related with continual gusto nevertheless:—

TOMMY'S GONE, A HIGH LOW.

My Tommy's gone and I'll go, too ; Hurrah, you high low,

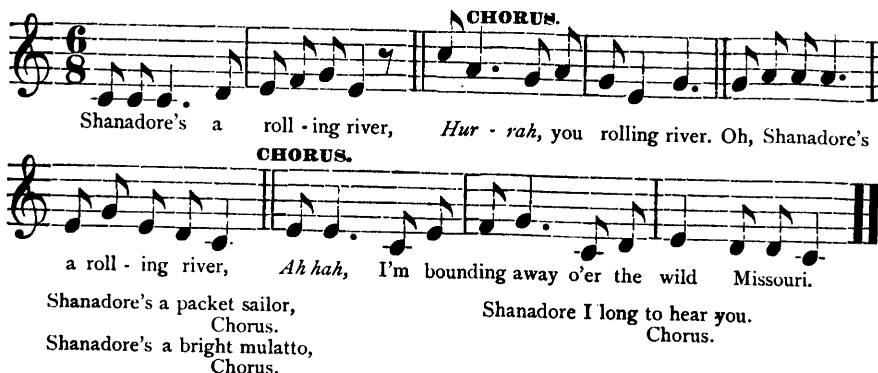
For without Tom - my I can't do. My *Tom-my's* gone a *high low.*

My Tommy's gone on the Eastern Shore,
Chorus.
My Tommy's gone to Baltimore,
Chorus.

A person who knows a little of geography can send Tommy around the world according to his own discretion.

One of the best illustrations of the absolute nothingness that characterizes the words of these songs, is given by the utterances attending the melody called "Shanadore," which probably means Shenandoah, a river in Virginia. I often have heard such confusing statements as the following :—

SHANADORE.



Shanadore's a packet sailor,
Chorus.
Shanadore's a bright mulatto,
Chorus.
Shanadore I long to hear you.
Chorus.

and so the song goes on, according to the ingenuity of the improptu composer.

Sailor's are not total abstainers as a rule, and one would suspect that a song like "Whiskey Johnny" might find frequent utterance :—

WHISKEY JOHNNY.

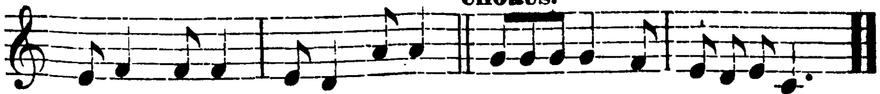
Whiskey is the life of man, *Whiskey* Johnny ; We'll drink our whiskey when we can, *Whiskey* for my Johnny.

I drink whiskey, and my wife drinks gin,
Chorus.
And the way she drinks it is a sin.
Chorus.
I and my wife can not agree,
Chorus.
For she drinks whiskey in her tea.
Chorus.

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
Chorus.
And she put whiskey in her pies.
Chorus.
Whiskey's gone and I'll go too,
Chorus.
For without whiskey I can't do.
Chorus.

Another popular song is :—

KNOCK A MAN DOWN.

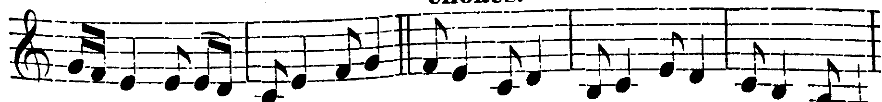


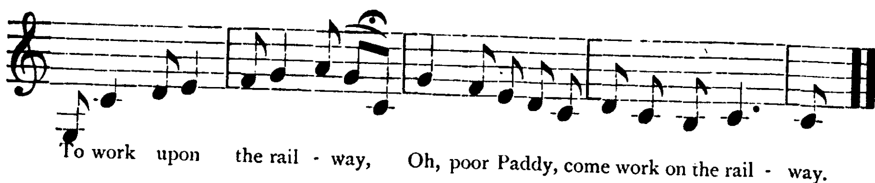
The words already quoted will enable a person to sing this and nearly all the songs of this set. He can wish he was in every known port in the world, to whose name he can find a rhyme. If New Orleans was selected, he would add "Where Jackson gave the British beans." At "Boston city," his desire would be, "a-walking with my lovely Kitty." At "New York town," he would be, "a-walking Broadway up and down," or at Liverpool he would finish his education, "a-going to a Yankee school."

The third set of working songs comprises those used at the pumps, capstan and windlass, where continuous force is applied, instead of the pulls at intervals when hauling on ropes. Many of the second set of songs are used on such occasions, but there are a few peculiar to this use and of such are the following:

RIO GRANDE.

PADDY, COME WORK ON THE RAILWAY.





Many other songs might be named, some of which, peculiar to the Liverpool packets, are of a rowdy nature.

One cannot but regret that a more rational set of words has not been introduced to this service of song. A sphere offers for some philanthropic poet to provide a more elevating style of composition. On the old theory, the ballad-maker may accomplish more reform than the law-giver.

In addition to these songs are the unnamable and unearthly howls and yells that characterize the true sailor, which are only acquired by years of sea service. There is the continuous running solo of "way-hey he, ho, ya," &c., &c., accompanying the hand-over-hand hoisting of jibs and staysails. Then for short "swigs" at the halyards, we have such utterances as "hey *lee*, ho *lip*, or *yu*," the emphasis and pull coming on the italicized syllables on which the voice is raised a tone. Then comes the more measured "singing out," for the long and regular pulls at the "braces." Each sailor has his own "howl" peculiar to himself, but fortunately only one performs at a time on the same rope. The effect, however, when all hands are on deck at a time, and a dozen ropes are pulled on at once, is most suggestive of Babel. One learns to recognize the sailors' method of singing; when lying in his berth in the cabin he can tell what man is leading and by the measure of his cadence can judge what class of ropes is being pulled. He thus can often divine the changes of wind and weather without going on deck. The wakeful captain with nerves harassed by contrary winds will recognize the hauling in of the weather braces by the cry, and with only this evidence of a fair wind will drop off into the slumber he so greatly needs. At other times he will be impelled to go on deck by the evidence that the outcries betoken the hauling of clewlines and buntlines at the approach of a threatening squall. By attention to these and other sounds, and the motions of the vessel, an experienced mariner knows the condition of affairs above deck without personal inspection.

The songs of the sea, as I have said, invite attention and research, and I shall be glad if this brief sketch may incite another to more thorough investigation.

ELLIE'S DESIRE.

BY FLORENCE GREY.

High up on the mountain-side, where the mountain was steep and rugged, and bristled with many fir trees, there had been built, at the end of the rocky path, an odd little house, half mountain chalet, half fairy castle. Ellie, looking up, could see turrets and balconies, and a bay window, and that it was sending forth from the chimney friendly blue smoke. Up the steep path she climbed. Behind her lay a great town; to eastward a valley of farms; to westward, a silver green river; and darkness fell behind her and around, and nothing remained of all the world but mountain and fairy castle. These she could still see; for in the strip of sky overhead was a glowing light, mellow and serene, shining over her path. Her heart was beating with a tremulous joy, and she went onward as if she were going home; for, yonder where the smoke-wreaths curled, was to be at last revealed to her that which she was to have and to be in the world, her destiny, her life-work, the fulfilment of all her vague wishes and longings, the realization of her fairest and sweetest dreams. "Ah, there lies my desire," she heard herself saying, and pressed eagerly forward to reach the door. Then suddenly the mountain bent over to her, high and dark, but like a friend. It came so near, and seemed so dear, that she would have clasped it in her embrace, and stretching her arms out over the bristling fir-branches, she sought to press them to her. But they began, thereupon, to prick her so sorely on fingers and face, with their sharp, green needles, that she uttered a cry and started back. She started back, and sprang upright, and opened her eyes, and discovered that she had been asleep and dreaming on the lounge in her own room, at the top of the house, in the middle of the afternoon.

Christmas day was waning. Already, at four o'clock, the sun was nearing the level snowfields, behind which he was soon to set, and Ellie, rubbing her eyes, went over to look out of the window. The country stretched away before her into the north, to where a dark forest of pines and firs touched the sky. In this forest rose the spire of a certain church, whose gleaming Ellie had sometimes tried wistfully to see from her window; but to-day she resolutely turned her thoughts away from that distracting subject, and back to her quaint dream, which she thought was like her life. Had she not always been looking up, longing, pressing forward, wanting something that had never been revealed to her, and that she could not even define? She believed sometimes that a great and wonderful destiny awaited her, and that, for that matter, she could accept no other; and now it almost seemed as if the promise of some such wonderful coming had been given her. More than ever she felt that it *must* come, and that she was waiting for it. If she might but have peeped beyond that prophetic threshold! What would she have discovered? A magic word spoken? A mystic presence? A definite person? At this thought the blood came faintly up into her clear cheeks, and she suddenly felt how quiet the house was. The household, according to country custom, was out sleigh-driving in the

Christmas afternoon—father, mother, half-a-dozen young people, including Miss Daly, the little girls' governess—that dignified person actually blushing at Ellie's brother Eddie, just home with his college degree, as she stepped with him into Ellie's pet *cariole*, appropriated for the occasion.

"And a good match for Edward too!" said Ellie's mother, Mrs. Rutherford, who approved of early marriages, and looked for moral qualities rather than more showy possessions in her sons-in-law and daughters-in-law of the future.

"How absurd!" said Ellie to herself, at the window. "I have no patience with mamma."

"I know why you aren't coming," the pert Florence had said to her elder sister, before starting. "Mr. Evelyn is going to be here!"

A houseful of children was assuredly a nuisance. The young lady was impatient with all her world, and would gladly have remained loitering and dreaming and fashioning a new universe. But practical life, and even stern business matters, were hurrying along the road, at that very moment, to press themselves upon her attention,—coming in a sleigh whose runners were even then crunching the snow under her window.

A trim maid came tripping along the hall.

"The minister, Miss Eleanor!"

And Miss Eleanor tossed her blonde head in impatience. It was a form of announcement to which she particularly objected.

Downstairs in the long drawing-room, John Evelyn, lover and clergyman, had taken up a nervous position on the extreme edge of a chair, wholly unconscious that upstairs his mistress was elevating her eyebrows in strong doubts of him and herself. He was a tall, well-built fellow with a "nice" face, a broad white brow, kindly sad grey eyes, and straight hair thrown about his head all too carelessly. He was careless about many things, this bachelor clergyman; the tie of his scarf, for instance, and his tailor's vagaries. I am afraid he never even questioned if these things mattered. Mrs. Crump, his housekeeper, gave him no hint on the subject, while the dainty Ellie shuddered in secret, and Mr. Evelyn sped on his wooing, content that Ellie's eyes met his in deepest sympathy when he talked of the high concerns of life, or read out of books that dealt with unseen worlds. The wooing had begun the previous winter and gone on through the summer and autumn, but it was speeding to its happy end now with this fair year of love itself.

"Merry Christmas!" said Ellie, coming in, and just giving him her fingers. It was invisible to him, but the web of her dream was still hanging about her fancy—hanging between them—distorting her vision with its magical tints that drifted before her, making herself and him and the day and life itself unreal. "What a deal of snow!"

"A great deal. H'm," said Mr. Evelyn, who could be truly eloquent at times.

The conversation made no further progress, and Ellie became as pre-occupied as her lover. What his errand was to-day, she had instinctively divined, and she was troubled for herself and him. The little "yes" that had been trembling in her heart so long was trembling there still, it is true, but other words were loudly asserting themselves, and pushing their weaker brother aside. After all, a manse was a drearyily commonplace dwelling, especially in contrast with a turreted castle in dreamland with mysterious possibilities. Was she really to marry this sad-faced country parson, and perhaps miss a brighter fate? This awkward hero with his scarf awry, and an unruly lock of hair standing upright on the top of his head? Foolish Ellie with her dreams and her over-wrought sense of

grace, half-forgot the past, forgot the tender moments of the last year, and the glimpses of joy that had opened on her in his glances and smiles.

But Mr. Evelyn was rising and coming over to her. He had plucked up his courage, and was speaking to her.

"I have loved you such a long time, my dear," he said: "a longer time than you have any idea of, I think. But I never meant to ask you to exchange your bright home for my dull one, until you gave me the courage to do so. Lately, I have been very bold, and so at last I dare to believe that I shall not ask in vain. Ellie, tell me?" He smiled, bending over her, for her head was drooping, and suppressed a strong desire to touch her pretty hair.

"Speak, dear. Look up at me," he said again, and reached down to her, and took her hand.

She suffered it to rest a moment in his, but quickly drew it away, and covered her burning face with it, wavering still, even in this last one minute of grace. What if there should never be anything better coming to her from that hidden future, than this faithful and earnest heart? He loved her indeed—oh, so loyally and well!—and she? Why, she had the power and the will to climb and grasp at the wonderful, sweet, rare things that lofty climbers reach! She put her hand down from her face, and exclaimed, impetuously:—

"Oh, Mr. Evelyn, try not to think hardly of me! I know—I am afraid—that I am acting badly; but, indeed, indeed, it can never be!"

"It can never be?" slowly repeated Mr. Evelyn. "Pray, excuse me. You are rejecting me, Ellie?"

She tried to raise her eyes and assure him of that unalterable fact, but failed. He had no need to make his voice so caressing when he spoke her name, and so set her pulses tingling, taking away the power of facing him, and following up her rejection with words of coldly dignified reiteration.

"I *have* been overbold then," he continued, after a pause, "and have altogether misinterpreted your—kindness."

Ellie could have cried out, "Oh, no, no!" as illogically as the most unreasoning of her sex, for the half-covert sarcasm of his speech seemed to enter her heart like a sharp knife.

Finding her still silent, Mr. Evelyn took his cap.

"I am detaining you," he said, in a voice now as cold as the weather. "Will you say to your mother that I am obliged for her invitation for this evening, but a pressing engagement calls me elsewhere? Good-bye."

That was all. He made a little bow into his fur cap, and, without attempting to touch her disdainful hand again, walked out of the house. She heard the door creaking in the frost, heard the sound of his sleighbells, saw the sunlight dying out of the room. What tender and dear thing had been taken out of her life, she did not realize as yet; but it seemed as if a sweet melody, that had all this time been playing softly in the air around her, had all at once ceased. She sat on in the darkening room, trying to go back to the afternoon's sense of elation; but the spell was broken for the moment, and even climbing those heights of dreamland seemed a weary thing, leading, as they did, to strange hearts and voices.

Presently, in the crisp twilight out of doors, there was a whole carillon of bells, jingling, jangling, tinkling, up the road, nearer and nearer, stopping; a great rush of cold air through the house, little and big voices exclaiming and giving orders; Peter and Paul, the dogs, barking and jumping, and, at last, knocking over little Belle, who set up an indignant weeping, and brought the friendly turmoil to a crisis. Ellie, blinking her eyes, came out into

the hall, where lamps were being lighted, and found herself in the midst of a storm of remarks.

"Oh, Ellie, why didn't you come? It was splendid! We rushed along in state, I can tell you, and everybody had to get out of our way!"

"I'll take *you* tandem to-morrow, if you like. Needn't be a bit afraid!"

"Indeed, Harry drives tandem quite as well as James!"

"But we were *sweller* than you, Anne. We had the best robes and the stylishest bells, hadn't we, Papa?" This was from Florence, aged twelve, the third daughter and *enfant terrible* of the family.

"It was such a beautiful day, Miss Rutherford," said the quiet governess, looking with shining eyes. The roses had come up into her cheeks, and Ellie thought, with a sudden pang, what a sweet, grave matron she would be.

"And, my dear, we met Mr. Evelyn as we turned the corner at Marcot's," said the mother, bustling about. "Had he been calling, Eleanor? Why did he not stay? Is he coming back? Now, children, hurry away, or you will be late for tea, and what will become of your tree then, I wonder? Susan, Susan! Belle, go off with Susan, and get your hair tied back—see, you have lost your riband. What did you say about Mr. Evelyn, my dear?"

The whole company, young and old, turned in their exits on the stairs and in doorways, and fixed their glances on the young lady of the house. She, conscious of the general interest, blushed vividly, and replied as indifferently as she might, "He was so sorry, but he had another engagement."

The children's faces grew so long they were a wonder to see. Where these young people gave their hearts, they gave them wholly, and Mr. Evelyn had long possessed their love and admiration. It was scarcely worth while having a Christmas tree at all, if he was not coming.

"You know you could have *made* him stay," said Florence, lingering, "Why didn't you, Ellie, and not cheat us that way?"

"Florence," said her mother.

And now Ellie began to feel like a culprit. She saw her father bending half sarcastic glances on her, and her mother uneasy enquiring ones. She was a little afraid of that downright, direct business man, her father, who had not the least nonsense about him, and what he would say of the matter. She very well knew that she had sent about his business a suitor whom he heartily approved, and who had already been tacitly accepted. These Rutherfords were a prosperous household, but eminently unromantic. It was Mr Rutherford's boast that they were plain, practical people—people who saw their way quite clearly in life, and walked therein, confidently and diligently. Ellie wondered, sometimes, how it was that she belonged to this family, and half believed herself a changeling—a prank of Puck, or some other maliciously playful fairy, who had brought her here in her remote infancy, with her fancies and her dreams, and her idle longings; while the real Ellie Rutherford was elsewhere, no doubt, doing with her might whatsoever her hand found to do, and displaying common sense in all the relations of life. Like Anne. "I suppose her heart is satisfied. Ah me!" thought Ellie, whose heart was throbbing so plaintively, and looking at her younger sister with her smooth braids and her little prim figure sedately content with herself and all her actions, Yet, how could she explain? How could she bring her fancies down from her dream-world, whose existence nobody suspected, to the commonplace level of their every-day life? How confess her vague wants, the unsatisfied cravings of her nature, crying out against the prosaic existence around her? Poor Ellie saw the cowslips by the river's brim, the mist between her

and the hills, the frozen stream winding its white length through swamp and wood, with dim shadowings of some northern Kuhleborn, and a tremulous wonder and yearning desire came into her heart. Her eyes meeting Evelyn's in such moments, seeking for sympathy and a deeper interpretation, gained them there; while the others were seeing a foggy morning, as the case might be, or yellow cowslips, too common to put in a vase. Confession would have been difficult too, inasmuch as she had the grace to be ashamed of herself in her sensitiveness about Mr. Evelyn's personal appearance. How could she confess that she could forget the charms of her lover's intellect in the cut of his coat? How, that she was setting a great price on herself, waiting for Prince Charming, and other royal mystics, looking far into the future for strange and beautiful fortunes, and that she drew daintily away from parochial affairs? The reproach was plain: Then why did you encourage the man? And despite her confession, absolution there would be none. Even a Christmas tree Ellie could not take rationally, like the rest of the family, but must load it with a dozen fancies. On other occasions, she had delighted in the fairy lights, and the odorous spruce and the dancing children, but this Christmas night, she stood dispensing its gifts with no more cheerfulness than if she were standing by the Dead Sea, handing about the fruits of that ungenial neighborhood. Try as she might to command her thoughts, they strayed incessantly to the absent guest, whom everybody missed and regretted; she knew very well how nice he was, and how he drew all hearts.

"He *said* he would come," the children who had found out that merit of his long ago, continued to say.

"I like him best of all," Florence confided to Anne in the corner. "But why is his coat always too loose, Anne, and why doesn't he part his hair like Harry? Harry's is always so smooth and shiny. I think I'd like Mr. Evelyn's to be smooth and shiny too."

"How silly!" replies Anne. "What difference? As if *they* were not questions of the tailor and barber!"

Oddly enough, this view of the case had never presented itself to Ellie, who had heard the little colloquy. What right had Anne to reprove her? She pulled recklessly at the top branches of the tree; a yellow taper bent over to a blue rose; crackle! crackle! went the spruce needles, and an aromatic odor floated across the room.

"You reach too high, my daughter," said her father, smiling, and putting out the little flame.

Ellie looked away from her father, and was thankful presently when the evening drew to a close, and she was alone in her room again.

For the first time in her life she was glad that Christmas was ended. In all the past years the day had brought her pleasure; this one had brought her —what? Liberty. She said the word over and over to herself in the clear gloom of the night, but not as joyfully as a bond-woman might who has just been freed from her shackles.

To the young lady's astonishment, life went on again after these events very much as usual. The holiday seasons passed away. All the people in Ellie's world went back to their avocations, and she alone, as usual, was capricious in her pursuits or idle altogether. It was her old world still, with the one marked change of that absent figure. Naturally that figure never appeared in her path again, to vex her, to delight her; and none other was on his way to her above her horizon. "I thought life was going to be so beautiful!" she sighed, looking back. "Bring me your gifts, O fortune, O future, O life!" she cried out of her foolish, longing heart, in the winter days. "Oh, my desire! what is it? will it ever be reached and granted

me?" But naught came for the sighing and crying thereafter. The days but grew longer, passing on—storms followed sunshine, and sunshine storms—the winds blew out of the west and north and east—and winter was speeding away.

Anne sat at her Berlin wool work, accomplishing unnumbered cushions.

"Why don't you begin an ottoman?" she said to her elder sister, whom she treated with growing patronage as a person who did not know her own mind on two successive days,—"or a fender stool?"

"There must be something better in life than all this fancy-work. Fancy stitching and cross-stitching for weeks at a thing only good to lean your elbow on at last—when the world is so great," replied Ellie, half-abstractedly, with her ear turned to the window. The fir-tree at the corner of the house was tapping on the pane, and the wind soughed and sighed through him, seeming to utter a thousand tender plaints.

"What a scratching!" said Anne, looking up. "I must order James to trim that tree. But why don't you do those better things, Ellie? Why don't you help Marion with her trousseau, for instance?"

It was too absurd to be dictated to by Anne.

Certainly not to *her* could she discover her swan's nest among the reeds! "Marion! Miss Daly?" she exclaimed, remembering that her future sister-in-law was to be married from her present home.

"Or marry Mr. Evelyn," resumed Anne, whose words had an uncomfortable habit of seeming to be very innocent weapons on the surface, while they were in reality often loaded with sly sarcasms.

"I am sorry I didn't," says Ellie, blushing.

"I should think so!" says Anne.

The elder sister generally felt discomfited in a tussle with the younger. Their views of life constantly clashed, and though Ellie acknowledged that Anne was a more useful member of society than she, and that Berlin wool work had its own place in the world, yet the thought of the sum of such a life as Anne's gave her no pleasure. There were wonderful, deep tones in life, she felt convinced, striking all around them,—her and Anne and everybody,—which Anne and a great many other people seemed not to be aware of at all. She heard them sounding at times, incoherently and vaguely enough.

If she might but hear them in their full significance, and tune her being to accord with them, her lot might be cast where it would, she sometimes thought. She would be happy, and take hold of life in earnest. One, who had walked by her side a little while back, might have helped her; but he would walk there no more.

She said no more to Anne, but went away, and looked presently into a cosy little room, where her mother and Miss Daly were in consultation over a great heap of snowy cloth. Florence was there too, with a frill in her hand, and even Belle, holding one end of a strip of cotton, while Miss Daly snipped at the other. A trousseau seemed to have merits of its own after all, and this building of the nest for the young couple, that was absorbing the whole house, was not without certain charms. With a sudden impulse Ellie entered the room.

"I have never congratulated you yet, Marion!" she exclaimed, walking up; and Miss Daly, who was a sensible woman, kissed Edward's sister as warmly as if the kindness had not been delayed.

"I have come to help," said Ellie, shyly, taking up a pattern.

"*Ellie!*" exclaimed Florence.

But Florence was more easily silenced than the remarks of conscience within her own breast. She began to think

that she was only a vain and selfish person at best. She could scarcely define the feeling she had had for this prospective marriage all these weeks, or her reasons for keeping aloof from the bride-elect. Miss Daly, earning her bread, had seemed not of the same world as Miss Ellie Rutherford; she remembered, too, with a fiery, hot blush, that in those old days Mr. Evelyn, too, seemed not quite of her world, and how the thought had come across her that a marriage between him and the governess would have been the proper order of things. Yet here was this bread-earner with a look of tranquillity and still bliss in her face that seemed to triumph over her. This faulty heroine was not incorrigible, however, and in these days she began to show an earnest humility in many directions, and in particular she secretly thanked her brother for marrying Marion.

These were days, too, in which she frequently gazed out of her window in one direction—though the forest to which she looked was impenetrable to her glances. *He* had forgotten her, she told herself, as she deserved, since he came no more and made no sign. But in truth she was only too well remembered. *He* remembered not only her sweetness, which any man might see for himself, but those capabilities of her higher nature which he alone understood, he believed. "Oh, she might so easily have become a noble woman!" he groaned to himself sometimes in his lonely moments—for even this busy and earnest worker had moments in which his love half overcame him. He thought he had been hasty on that day, and that he might have waited and pleaded with her, venturing much—even his dignity—to gain much. Would she ever come back to him? He half believed it, since he utterly believed in her. But she came in a way that he could never have dreamed of.

Mention has been made of a certain little *cariole* which Ellie possessed, and in which she frequently went out driving with one of her sisters. Existence would have been less tolerable than she had yet found it, if she had not been able to traverse the country this winter, studying landscapes, and trying to fill her hungry heart with the beauty of the out-door world. But spring was in the air the day upon which she invited little Belle to accompany her. She entered the sledge with a guilty feeling, for she knew, though no one else did, that she was in reality embarking on an unauthorized expedition. Well done or ill done, she intended this day to drive into that pine forest in the north, until she should be in sight of Mr. Evelyn's church spire. It was a direction she never took, and a distance she never ventured on, but she desired, with a desire not be quenched, only once to see that lonely home of which he had spoken on that fatal afternoon. The roads were execrable, and she assuredly could not have defended her conduct to Anne for instance, but she drove steadily on, encouraging as she went the prattle of the unconscious and delighted Belle.

The way was long, but there was an opening at last in the great, gloomy wood. The trees began straggling away into fields in a moment or two more, and there, before them, on a gentle rise, was the church with its spire, tall and tinned, and gleaming in the sun. The manse was on this side of it, quite a fanciful building, with balconies and a bay-window; other houses were in sight further on, and no signs of life in any direction. Well, there was the Mecca of this foolish pilgrim, and, having observed how it was glittering and glistening as if it might be silver instead of tin, and how the white slopes of the hill glared in the afternoon brightness, her only remaining business was to turn her horse's head and go home again. But here a difficulty presented itself. The road was too narrow for any but the deftest wrists to turn

a *cariole* in, and Ellie, looking about her with disturbed glances, perceived that she must either take advantage of the manse gates—which was morally impossible—or go on to the gateways of the church.

"Look at that 'ooman with such big frills on her cap!" exclaimed Belle, pointing, as they passed, to the manse windows. Ellie turned, confused; the horse stepped off the track, one runner ran up on an icy drift, and over went the *cariole*, tumbling, without ceremony, its dismayed occupants out in the snow. The sledge at once righted itself, and the horse, feeling the reins free, quickened his trot into a gallop that soon carried him out of his mistress' sight. She, speedily recovering her senses, found herself sitting on one of the robes, sadly humiliated, but not at all hurt, while the little girl was near, dissolved in tears, as was her wont in her small trials. Ellie could most heartily have mingled her tears with her young sister's, but restrained herself, for just then the manse door opened, and a tall figure came down the neatly shovelled path.

"I am afraid this was Donald's fault," said Mr. Evelyn's voice in cheerful accents. "He keeps our pathways tidy to the detriment of the highway. Why, is this my little friend Bluebell shouting so lustily? Why, my child, my child!" he said, caressingly, lifting her in his arms, adding, "Miss Rutherford, if you will step into the house, in the meantime, Mrs. Crump will endeavor to make you comfortable."

Ellie had already risen, embarrassed but dignified, and she perforce followed as he led the way up the path. Mrs. Crump, the housekeeper, in her big frills, was at the door, courtesying.

"Dear heart!" she said. "Little Missie musn't cry; there's cake in the cupboard. I knew your mother before you, Miss Rutherford, and it's a mercy there are no bones broken."

"Donald must set off for the missing horse," said Mr. Evelyn, disappearing, having seen that his guests were resigned in their unexpected quarters.

Ellie looked about her shyly. It was a pleasant room with big windows opening down to the balcony, but the appointments had a cold, bachelor, disconsolate appearance that struck chill, and she began mentally strewing some of Anne's gay cushions over the place.

"I do my best," said Mrs. Crump, observing Ellie's glances, and speaking in a loud whisper, "but we need a mistress. I can scrub, and scour, and keep things sweet, but I'm no hand at the fancy touches, as he'll tell you himself. Excuse me, Miss Rutherford, if I make free, but they *do* be saying that you're the young lady. This is the library," she added aloud, throwing open some wide doors.

Ellie stepped in, and turned her back on the voluble Mrs. Crump, to hide her blushing face. Three walls of the room were almost hidden with books, and whether it was the familiar titles of some of these that caught her eye as she passed on, she felt a home feeling here that she had missed in the rest of the house. There was a bay window, too, at the end of the room, through which the mellow, golden light of the southern sky was shining in. The memory of her Christmas dream flashed upon her, and she stepped up into the window with a strange sensation. A swift rush of thoughts, of tumultuous emotions, swept over her for an instant, agitating her, but leaving her happier than she had been for a long time; and the air around her grew clear as if a storm had spent its passion. All the complex fancies, wishes, questionings, that had gone to make up her existence, so far, were merging in one great overwhelming feeling, and it seemed to her that it was the very mountain castle of her dream, over whose charmed threshold she had stepped, glad and wondering.

She thought it was Mrs. Crump who

had come in and was standing beside her, and she gently turned to remark on the beauty of the view. But Mrs. Crump had all this time been at her cupboard pressing cake on the not unwilling Belle, and it was Mr. Evelyn himself who stood there looking at her with his lover's glances.

"Oh, John," said Ellie, breaking down, and bursting into tears, "I am sorry. I have loved you all winter."

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &C.

(Continued.)

"All ready now," shouted Gerard, and the whole party trooped out of the room.

"Miss Haltaine, let me show you the way?" said Guy, coming over to Myrtle in his graceful way. "Olive," he called, and a tall slight girl, with long wavy hair that hung like a glittering, golden veil around her, eyes blue and half hid in long fringing lids, and a cold, clear-cut face, came down the old-fashioned winding stair. Her slow greeting, and the half smile that broke with faint blushes across her mouth and cheek, made this Olive the personification of "Adeline" to Myrtle.

"Grace is not going," she said in reply to her brother's enquiry for Miss Harris.

The bright April day passed happily away, and in her intense love for the woods, Myrtle found a wealth of pleasure in the novelty of the grotesque surroundings. The boiling sap in the great kettles. The funny old bushman who stirred and nodded his *tuque bleu* over the seething foam, little guessed what a pure delight he gave to one silent spectator. The present scene brought to mind a dark cave, in the middle a cauldron boiling.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Haltaine," said Gerard, as he slid down by the low stump where Myrtle rested.

"I was just thinking of the song of the witches in Macbeth, and comparing that shrivelled old man to a wizard instead of a witch."

"He would suit the character," said Gerard, with a light laugh. "Are you fond of dramas?"

"Yes, of reading them,—I never saw but one acted on the stage."

"One of Shakespeare's?"

"Yes! Hamlet. When I was not quite ten years old. In a shabby old theatre in London. Papa was staying in the city under the care of a great doctor, and one night I coaxed Mamie, our old negro woman, to take me to a play. Sambo took us, and I was enchanted with the whole affair. I remember that I hardly slept during the first night. Next day I rehearsed to myself. I whitened my face and wound a sheet around me, and then tried my best to move like a spirit. Papa caught me, however, and gave me the only scolding I ever had from him. He was very much annoyed. What does the old man say? I cannot understand his French."

"He wants me to call the rest together. The sap is boiled enough, he says," replied Gerard, as he rose and sent a shrill whistle through the woods. It was echoed back from all parts, and soon the entire party were seated on low stumps, fallen logs, and roughly constructed seats. The boiled sap was strewn over huge dishes of packed snow, and passed around to the assembled company.

Evening came all too soon for Myrtle. On reaching the house she found that Mr. and Miss Douglass had just arrived.

"Had you a pleasant time?" asked Miss Douglass, as she helped the young girl to dress after tea.

"Oh, very! I do not get acquainted quickly, but I liked watching the rest. Maud Fletcher was the life of all, and I like Gerard Irving."

"So do I," said Miss Douglass. "Was Olive out?"

"Yes, isn't she lovely?"

"I have not seen her for some time," replied Miss Douglass. "Come, Myrtle, we will go down. There is quite a number here. I am almost as great a stranger as you are, I go out so little."

On entering the drawing-room, Myrtle recognized Mr. and Mrs. Trevor and Mr. Douglass among the many who were scattered in groups or gathered round the piano, where an extremely fashionable young lady was scrambling a popular selection. This was Grace Harris, Olive Conroy's intimate friend, who was spending her Easter holidays at Greyley. Her elaborate coiffure was amazing. It was indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, pile on pile of puffs and braids, while crimps and curls were coiled in and out in a maze of intricacy. A rather pretty face and fine eyes were entirely spoiled by the airs and graces which Miss Harris assumed. At one moment she was languid, then she sparkled, presently she laughed, and every one was startled,—not a free, joyous laugh, but a high-pitched, affected giggle, that set Tom and some kindred spirits in a furious state of excitement.

"Myrtle, isn't that as good as Van Amburgh?" whispered Tom to the wondering girl, who was seated in one of the old-fashioned cushioned window recesses.

"Poor thing," said Myrtle, "I feel sorry for her."

"You needn't be; she is not sorry for herself. Gerard tells great yarns about her people. They got rich in a hurry. Mr. Harris was a cook in a shanty at one time, and by a clever stroke and a speculation or two, he worked his way up. Mrs. Harris was an ignorant, uneducated girl, but now that they are wealthy, she tries to make believe they were always something swell. She is a dashing old Rolly."

"Hasn't she a right to enjoy her good fortune?" asked Myrtle with spirit.

"Of course she has, but what's the sense of foolery? Look at that girl how she is tricked out. Wait until you hear her talk. I believe as Philip does in people rising to the very top notch, but I don't believe in them being ninnies when they get there, and pretending that they were somebodies when they were nobodies. It's only ten minutes ago that I heard Miss Harris asking Philip with one of her giggles, if 'shantymen ate hay.' Oh, it's true, Myrtle; I'm not in fun."

"Nonsense, Tom."

"Honestly, Myrtle, I did. Come over to the table where the albums are. Miss Harris is there now. I'm glad that thundering music is over. The dancing will commence soon now, and then you will lose the chance of hearing her talk."

Myrtle went. Several were clustered together talking; among the rest an elderly lady with a pleasant face, and eyes that could be grave or twinkle slyly with fun.

"What a gorgeous dress!" exclaimed Miss Harris, seizing on a small portrait of one of Mr. Conroy's sisters, taken

when she was very young, in the exquisite apparel of silk and rich lace.

"It is Aunt Olive," observed Olive Conroy in her slow way.

"Your aunt! How beautiful! Your perfect image, dear. I could tell in a moment that she was a lady of degree. A gentleman friend of ours says that he always knows family, real family you know, by their lace and silver. He was of a very old family himself. An intimate friend of mamma's."

Descended from Adam in all probability," quietly remarked the elderly lady, Miss Anna Fletcher, with a calm, polite inclination of her head towards Miss Harris. But Myrtle detected the quiet sparkle in her eye, and Tom rushed away to enjoy a laugh with Gerald Irving. The faintest flush crept over Olive's cheek as she requested Miss Fletcher to play for the first set.

When the dancing began, Myrtle stole unseen to one of the cozy window seats behind the table. The albums and rare sketchings, the pretty nick-nacks and the fanciful shells were deserted, so she was alone to enjoy the "fairy moonlight" while snatches of the music reached her ever and anon from the hall where the piano had been wheeled. It was nice to be alone, there to catch the sounds of life or dream away the moments. A thousand thoughts were ever flitting through Myrtle's busy brain. Her world was peopled with airy visitants that came and went at will. Sometimes they wandered by babbling brooks, through deep dense forests while their hearts ever throbbed with laughter and song. Then again they took tragic forms, and burning, beautiful words fell from their lips, as they rushed into the heat of battle, climbed heights unheard of, and delved deep into the ocean's cave. Lost in one of her reveries, Myrtle scarcely heeded Mr. and Miss Douglass as they drew near, and talked in quiet tones until the name "Marion" started her, and brought to mind the "our Marion" of the morning.

"Does Tom see it; the resemblance I mean," asked Philip.

"To Olive?"

"Yes."

"Yes. He spoke of it, but she is growing more like her in appearance."

"Olive will never have her expression," said Mr. Douglass. "No, Tom amused me just now by saying that she played like a machine, wound up and started. Her whole life will be like that; she only wants a soul to make her perfect."

"Mrs. Trevor is all life and heart, but can you tell me how she she bears up so wonderfully? It puzzles me. I am in dread of his falling through, and yet she is constantly happy."

"I think it is her wonderful spirit, Philip. She is not easily daunted, and you know that her whole life is a study to save him."

"I must see Mrytle before supper. Where is she? I missed her some time ago; she looked pale and quiet. I have such a dread of her inheriting her mother's delicate constitution."

Myrtle listened eagerly and forgot to be uncomfortable in the position she occupied.

"Don't alarm yourself," replied Mr. Douglass. "The out-door life with Tom is good for her, She is a happy girl anyway, and seems to be the personification of her name.

"Love or peace, Philip," said Miss Douglass.

"Both, Aunt. How was it that she received the name?"

"Adela being a Jewess, as you know, was taught to consider that Myrtle symbolized peace, so she called her little daughter after the sweetest of flowers, thinking in her innocent, loving heart that the child would work the charm of reconciliation."

"Miss Douglass, may I have the pleasure?" said Mr. Irving, coming up at this moment, his face all aglow with

smiles. His was one of those hearts that keep green even when the frosts of old age creep on.

"I'm afraid I will not be a very graceful partner," rejoined Miss Douglass pleasantly. "I have not danced for years."

"It's just a cotillion. I am rusty myself, but the young folks want to see some of the good old dancing when we stepped in earnest and did not tread the mazy figure like so many lifeless blocks."

Philip was left alone. He sat thinking. The old frown came back with the grave lines of care. A slight sob from within the curtains drew his attention, and drawing them back he found Myrtle Haltaine with her head against the crimson cushion, crying bitterly.

"What is it, Myrtle," he asked kindly, so kindly in fact that she forgot her dislike for her guardian and said confidingly as she sat up,

"It was wrong not to move; I could not help hearing what you said. It troubles me so. My whole life seems a mystery; it's just like a dream. No one tells me about my parents; aunt always seems to shrink from talking of papa. Why is it, Mr. Douglass; can't you tell me?"

Mr. Douglass seated himself beside Myrtle, and after a few moments' silence, said gravely:

"Yes, I will tell you. It would only pain aunt to talk of her early days. Some day soon I will tell you. Brighten up now. I want you to help me this evening. You don't know how much good you may do."

"How?" asked Myrtle, cheerfully, looking like an April day in her smiles and tears.

"Just by doing as I tell you," answered Philip, laughing. "You promise your help, and I will be thankful, and tell you by and by what I want you to do."

"Yes, I will help," said Myrtle with an earnestness that surprised her listener, and sent him away wondering if after all there was gold under the surface, and if in Myrtle there were germs of a noble goodness which he thought could not exist in many of her sex.

"Miss Haltaine, I have come to claim your promise. Mr. Douglass says that you consented to join me in these." Mr. Trevor held up several sheets of music as he spoke.

This, then, was what she was to do; so she left Miss Baxter Burke, who had gladly seized on so patient a listener some time before, and joined Mr. Trevor at the piano. Her ringing tones blended in a beautiful unison with the roll of his deep, grand voice. By and by when they ceased, Myrtle spoke wonderingly of the lull in the drawing-room.

"Where are they all?" she asked, turning to their one auditor—Philip Douglass.

"Gone to supper," he answered.

"Edith will look after us," said Mr. Trevor. "Keep up the music. Who wants supper?" and the passionate lover of music begged Myrtle to continue. At a persuasive look from Mr. Douglass, she went on, puzzled to know why this task was given to her.

"Thank you, very much," said Mrs. Trevor, as they stopped again. "You deserve a cup of coffee after that." She placed a tray on a small table as she spoke.

"Henry, this is just as you like it," said she, handing the dainty china to her husband. "Thank you, Mr. Douglass, I will sit here." They gathered around the table and chatted pleasantly. Myrtle listened quietly, but determined to ask Tom why it was.

When they reached Tecumseth that night, Myrtle said, suddenly, as they sat around the fire-place for a few moments:

"Why did we sing at supper-time?"

"The Irvings take wine, and, unfortunately, Mr. Trevor has been fond of it," said Mr. Douglass, as he poked

up the coals. "How did you enjoy yourself, Tom?"

"First class. Only Miss Baxter took me down to supper. I felt as if I were a little boy with a bib on."

"What was she talking about so earnestly, Tom?" said Miss Douglass from the sofa where she was resting.

"About my future. She is greatly concerned over my business. She says: 'You know, Thomas, you know you are a boy of sense. We need to consider our ways. Yes, our ways. I mean the way of life: what we will be. Now if you are to be a doctor, why not be at work?' I told her that I was going to college in October, and then she said: 'Aye, aye, October. Well now, ought you not to be learning something of father? You see, it would be so beneficial to a boy of your sense.'"

"I think as Miss Baxter does, Tom. I will speak to Burke to-morrow. Going, Myrtle? Good night. Thank you," said Mr. Douglass.

"Good night." And so ended the day in the sugar-bush and the evening party at Greyley.

Chapter IX.

"Is Myrtle coming, Aunt? Why, what is it?" cried Tom, as Miss Douglass came into the breakfast room, looking very anxious, the next morning.

"I'm afraid she is very ill, Tom. Go quickly for Dr. Burke."

"What is wrong?" asked Philip, quickly.

"A sore throat and cold. I'm afraid it was the exposure in the woods."

Myrtle was indeed very ill. Weary days followed, when the light seemed to fade out of Tecumseth. Singing and mirth were stilled, and Myrtle lay tossing on a bed of pain. Soft footsteps stole through the quiet rooms, tender hands sought to soothe her anguish. In the solitude, the watchers learned to know something of the witching sunshine that had brought life and brightness to the sombre home of the Douglasses.

"Cheer up, Tom! Your little sweetheart will pull through," said the rough old doctor, as he came out of the sick-room one morning early in May, and found Tom sitting disconsolately at the door.

"You think so, eh, Doctor?" Tom spoke fast and earnestly.

"Yes, the worst is over."

"Is she much changed?"

"Yes; you must be very tender with her. It would be a pity to lose such a plucky little thing. Remember your arm, Tom?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"Plucky! Good stuff there. Make a first class woman. Seen Baxter lately?"

"Just gone down street, sir."

"She says you want to come into the office."

Did she? I said nothing of it."

"Better come. Baxter is bound to have you. Thinks you are not so soft as her old father. Baxter is a spry lass. Can't get over the chicken business!"

The doctor went away, laughing, but turned half way down the stairs, and said:—

"Tom, what's the odds as long as you're happy? If people cannot pay you money, well, take chickens, and be thankful, eh, boy?"

"I suppose so," said Tom; "but I never know what Miss Baxter means when she twits you about chickens."

"Don't, eh! Well, Spades—you know Spades, a good fellow, but poor. Bless you! he hardly can pay his rent. Couldn't pay his bill, and is so proud, would not be satisfied unless I took his turnips. I knew he could not afford to give me his turnips, so I grabbed up some young chickens, stuffed them in my overcoat pocket, and brought them home to Baxter. It was too much for Baxter!" and with a well pleased chuckle the Doctor went away.

A week afterwards, Myrtle was carried to the sofa in Miss Douglass' sitting-room. It soon became the family resort, and many pleasant evenings were spent there.

"Oh, dear! I'm glad you are all safe and sound," said Tom, one afternoon. "Philip and I almost gave up hope of you once."

"I thought I was going to die, too," said Myrtle, in a frightened voice. "I don't want to die yet. I'd be afraid, too. Would you?"

"I never think of it," said Tom. "Never let myself. The whole thing was almost as bad as when Marion went away."

"Tom, who is Marion? I've heard her name mentioned several times in an odd way."

"She is my sister, Myrtle. The only living relation I have, and she lives in Chicago now, I think. Indeed, I hardly know where she is. Her husband is an old man, and has more money than he knows what to do with. He is as rich as a Jew, and a regular old scamp. That's my brother-in-law!" said Tom, bitterly.

"What did she marry him for?"

"Money. We were poor, very poor, and Marion wanted to be very rich, so she married, and left me to 'paddle my own canoe.' Only for Philip I might have been a little arab, or I might have been hung. It's altogether likely that I would have gone to glo——"

"Don't say that, Tom. It sounds badly," pleaded Myrtle.

"Well, I wouldn't have been here. I will tell you all the story, Myrtle. It was the saddest part of my life." A flush stole over Tom's sunburnt face as he said: "We came off the streets, Marion and I. Our parents were dead—died with a fever, and all my sisters and brothers. Marion was the eldest, and she did not have it. I got better, but was always delicate when I was a little boy. When father and mother died, we were all alone, and for days we lived on bits of bread Marion bought with the pennies she got for singing. My mother was an Italian, and a great singer; and oh, Myrtle, Marion's voice was wonderful. One day a widow lady heard her, and she called her in off the street. I cannot remember it, but I heard afterwards. This lady, Mrs. Hampton, took a great fancy to Marion, and she educated her and gave her a home. When my sister was eighteen Mrs. Hampton died, and Marion went to be a governess at Mrs. Stanley's. I was a sickly chap, so Marion got me a room in a hospital; Mrs. Hampton had left us some money, and Marion had a good salary. Sometimes I like to think of those days, and sometimes they make me lose faith in everything. She used to come so often in her white dresses. Every day I thought her more beautiful, until at last my sister Marion became all to me you may think, Myrtle. We were all alone, we two, and she did everything to make me happy. Sometimes she sang and I used to close my poor tired eyes and fancy myself in some dream-land. I cannot describe those things,—I only know that my whole life was bound up in Marion. I loved her so well that even now I cannot but remember her at times in the old way. One morning she brought a gentleman with her. Here, don't let us forget your medicine, Myrtle."

Tom wanted an excuse to conquer that lump that would come in his throat. His hand trembled slightly as he poured out the liquid.

Myrtle took it, and said softly, "Don't tell me, Tom. I never knew it was like that."

"I will tell you now," he said. "It will feel easier if you know. Someway you have a knack of making things happier. I never breathed it to a soul. Miss Baxter got it into her head that I was a cousin of Philip's, so she tells everyone I am. Where was I? Oh, yes, at the place where Philip

came with Marion. She met him at the Stanleys', where she was governess. She sang in the parlors, and just held people spell-bound with her voice; she had a way of touching people so. That morning she came in bright as a daisy. I remember just as if it were yesterday. I was such a little fellow, Myrtle," said Tom, as if excusing himself. "I remember, Marion said, 'Here is Tom, Philip. Poor boy, you are not so well to-day.' She kissed my hot mouth, and stroked her little cool hand across my head. I took one look at Philip. He laughed and said, 'Marion, perhaps he may have objections.' Then she laughed just the way you do; it was like her singing.

"'Tom is a good boy. A very good boy, Philip,' she said; but I turned away, I was so ill and tired that morning, and I did not want a stranger with my sister. I believe I was jealous.

"'Go away, Philip,' she said. 'Tom and I are going to have a quiet time.' So he went, and she sat beside me holding my hands, and humming pretty tunes in a soft voice. At last she blushed and said in a hasty way,

"'Tom, look up; do you know the tiresome, toilsome days are nearly over? I'm going to be married to that gentleman who was here; he is not rich, oh no! but he is clever, riches will come—we cannot do without them, can we, Tom?' She hid her face on my pillow for a moment, then said softly, 'It's far better to be happy perhaps; perhaps after all money could not make me so, and I love Philip.' I was so weak I began to cry. Then she hushed me just as Mrs. Trevor does her little children. She went away, and, Myrtle, I never saw her but once again."

Tom twitched hard at the fringe of Myrtle's shawl, then went on steadily: "She did not come for many days, but sent a note with flowers every morning—I have all the notes upstairs. To think she could have written them, and then leave me! Day after day I watched for her; then she came and cried over me and kissed me. Suddenly she got down on her knees beside my bed and said,

"'Tom, you love me, don't you?' I hung round her neck and sobbed, poor little fellow that I was. I often find myself sorry for my sorrow then, because I was so young.

"'Poor boy, this is the hardest of all. Poor Philip! poor Tom! oh my own poor hard heart! Good bye, Tom.' I said, 'Marion, won't you come to-morrow?' All at once she burst out singing,—such music! Oh, Myrtle, you know how the birds sang this morning; you said it seemed to go through your heart. Well, Marion's voice was like a beautiful wail. I covered my face, and listened almost in fright. When I looked up she was gone. I never saw her again; Philip came and took me away. I thought that she was dead at first, and I was ill for a long time. When I got better they told me she married a very wealthy old man. She did not know that Philip was rich. A crusty old bachelor brother of Mrs. Stanley's persuaded her to be his wife two weeks before the time appointed for her marriage to Philip. He took her away to Ireland and left me. That is all, Myrtle. Philip took me to some celebrated springs; Aunt nursed me, and now you know why I think the world of them."

"Tom, Tom," called Miss Douglass from the garden.

"Yes, Aunt." He ran away and Myrtle lay back to cry softly among her pillows. There had been such pathos in Tom's voice while he told his simple tale. She could scarcely believe that it was Tom who had sat beside her and talked in that gentle way. Lying there quietly in that fresh spring morning, Myrtle promised herself that they should never lose faith in her. Tom would always be dear to her, and Philip—she began to catch a glimmering of the grand, true nobility of the seemingly haughty, reserved Mr. Douglass.

Chapter X.

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The old orchard which had been planted in the furrier's early days, was white with blossoms, and the grassy land sloping to the tumbling river was gay with dandelions and clover. The birds were building their nests in the great trees, and singing happy songs, mingling their praises with the rustling of the leaves, the lapping of the water, and the soft sighing of the spring breeze. Violets grew in the marshy meadows, Mayflowers sprang up to gladden the hearts of frolicsome school-children, who loitered with their baskets and books to gather floral adornings for their wooden desks. The forest waved a banner of leaved brightness, and beckoned the hunter to its depths, the wandering cattle to its cool shade; pretty brooks rippled to meet the rushing *Wa-Wa*, and Heathfield, in the valley, wakened up with all the country round, to break the fetters of King Frost and let the sunshine and tears of the maiden Spring breathe a new life over the land, and set the world singing with the freshness of early youth.

> "Ring, forests with music; break, birds, into song.
> Your choicest of melodies bring,
> While echoing woodlands your voices prolong,
> To welcome the coming of spring."

repeated Myrtle, as she stood on the verandah waiting for the horses. She was recovering rapidly, and was to take her first drive that morning.

"Where did you get that?" asked Tom, who was busily engaged in adjusting a small ladder for a climbing vine.

"I found it in a little book, in the room where the printing-press is. I remember this verse because it seemed to suit just now."

"Oh, that's Philip's. You would not think that one whose heart is wrapped up in 'de log and de shanty,' as Rosalie has it, would care for poetry. Everyone to his taste. Sawing legs off suits me best.

> "Saw my leg off,
> Saw my leg off
> Saw my leg off——short."

sang Tom, to the tune of *Grenville*.

"You are spoiling that nice old tune for me, Tom," said Myrtle, putting out her hand to hold the vine.

"Am I? Look, Myrtle, is this ladder high enough?"

"Yes, I think so. Tom, truly though, does Mr. Douglass make poetry?"

"Yes, certainly. It ain't hard to do. I never tried myself, never cared to. There was a fellow at school last winter, and he used to say that the only thing that hindered him, was that he could not spell well. I bought him a dictionary, and told him to go ahead. I remember one line was all he conquered,

> 'There was some fish upon a dish.'

He was a miserable sinner. One day he thought he made a splendid hit. There, that is done. I guess Aunt will think I was a born carpenter, instead of a pill-pedler."

"She says that you can do a little of everything," said Myrtle.

"And not much of anything," concluded Tom, good humoredly. "Do you see those light clouds over the quarry? Well, those were what inspired the fellow I was telling you about. One day we were walking through an onion-bed, and he pointed away up, and said:—

"'Thomas, do you see yonder fleecy clouds?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"Ah! they are ice-cream to the mouth of the soul.'"

Myrtle and Tom were still laughing when Philip came up the short way through the fields.

"Oh, here is Mr. Douglass," said Myrtle. "Rosalie, will you please tell Martineau."

"Why!" cried Tom, in surprise. "You are never going riding with Philip."

"Yes, we are going to Greyley. Mrs. Irving asked me to go yesterday, and

Mr. Douglass said that he was going to-day on business, and I might take a riding lesson. I wish you were going too, Tom,—it will be very dull."

"No, it won't," said Tom, "Philip can talk like a book, You will see. It seems funny, though. I would go, only I promised Gerard to go shooting. He is going back to his ship next week."

"All ready, Myrtle?" asked Mr. Douglass, as he came up the centre walk.

"Yes, Mr. Douglass."

"Philip, Leduc wants to know if he is to mend the chair?" said Tom.

"The one in the old maple?"

"Yes."

"I noticed that one of the steps was broken. Tell him yes, this afternoon. I want him to help Martineau in the garden, this morning."

Philip and Myrtle were soon on the road that ran by the river to Greyley—a shady drive, where they could even catch a glimmering of the water, now sparkling as if thousands of gems were scattered far and wide. The cheerful morning air, the spirited horses, and the lively gallop over the well-beaten highway, put Myrtle into great good humor. Her constraint vanished, and presently she talked as happily as if it were her own firm friend, Tom, who was riding by her side. When they reached their destination, Mr. Douglass relapsed into his usual reserve.

"Well, dearie, you had a hard time after that sugar party," said Mrs. Irving, as she met her young visitor.

"I am quite well now, thank you," said Myrtle, "and I *am* enjoying this weather so."

"I told you that Heathfield was a charming place, Miss Myrtle," said Mr. Irving. "Get Master Tom to teach you rowing."

"And I will teach you shooting," put in the sailor boy, as he ran by with his gun.

"If you care to pursue legal studies, as some ladies are doing now, I will be very happy to act as tutor for a time," said handsome Guy, who was leaning back in his easy, graceful way in the depths of a most comfortable chair.

"Thank you," said Myrtle.

"Oh, Miss Myrtle, do not place any reliance on that boy. If he escapes plucking, I will be thankful," laughed hearty old Mr. Irving.

"You are hard, sir; but perhaps Miss Myrtle would like to see Olive's aquarium." He led the way to where it was placed. Pebbles and shells were beautifully arranged on the sanded bottom, and in the centre rose an arch, formed of mossy stones, twining in and out of which was a pretty weed. Over all waved the leaves of a lily of the Nile.

"Do you like it?" asked Guy, as he lazily fed the fish.

"Very much, indeed," said Myrtle, with enthusiasm. "Has Tom seen it?"

"Tom! oh, yes. I brought it home for Olive at Easter, but it was not completely arranged until after she returned to school. Where is Douglass off to?" asked Guy, looking out of the window at the retreating figure.

"He said he had business with Mr. Irving."

"About the West lots, I suppose," mused Guy. "Well, mother has been called away. Come and sing for me, won't you? It's a pity that Douglass should have all the music."

"I sing for Tom and Aunt, as well as for my guardian," said Myrtle, with dignity. Guy's manner more than his words offended her. He seemed to speak of Mr. Douglass in a slighting way.

"Tom! oh, indeed," said Guy. "Does *he* appreciate the song of the ——"

"Tom is very fond of music," said Myrtle, turning away.

"The piano is in the next room," said Guy. "Olive had it moved so that she might be quiet when she practised."

Myrtle played, and handsome Guy lounged and listened with extreme deference.

Thanking her when she was through, he begged of her to hear a favorite poem of his. Myrtle assented, and Guy read "Madeline." He read well, but his thrilling tones were quite lost on the young girl, for while he threw a wonderful sweetness into his words, Myrtle calmly watched a kitten gamboling on the green, thinking, meanwhile, that Guy Irving, with his pleasing manners, was not half as sensible as her own honest friend, Tóm. However, she remembered to say, "Thank you," when the low, rich voice ceased; but when asked, "Do you like it?" she replied:—

"No, I think not. I like Lady Clara Vere de Vere better, especially those lines about kind hearts."

"'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,'"

repeated Guy's melodious tones, softly.

"Yes, I like that, but I am not clever. I only know what pleases myself."

Guy looked at her attentively. She was so unconscious of it all. Grace Harris would have gone into raptures over his reading, and struck up a flirtation on the spot, while Myrtle scarce knew what the word meant, thanks to her innocent home life with her father, and after-training with Miss Douglass.

"I must go now," said Myrtle, rising. "Miss Douglass told me to ask Mrs. Irving about some garden seeds."

When the ponies came, Guy assisted her to her seat, and bowed in his gallant way, with an expression that puzzled Myrtle, and made her say, on the impulse of the moment, as they trotted away:—

"Mr. Douglass, isn't it too bad that Mr. Guy is not more like his brother and Tom."

"I don't know, Myrtle. Guy is allowed to have a most finished manner. Ladies always like him. He is a general favorite."

"I like Tom's ways better," said Myrtle, innocently.

Whereon Mr. Douglass grew so kind, and even merry in his conversation, that she was encouraged to say:

"Do you remember what you promised to tell me before I was ill? I am longing to know."

Myrtle's eyes glanced a shy entreaty that elicited a pleased reply, and walking slowly by the river side in the bright May morning, while all the air was full of the singing of birds, chirp of crickets, buzz of bees, and tinkle of small bells on the common and in the woods, Mr. Douglass told the story of Mr. Haltaine's early days.

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DOGS.

BY M.

The dog more than any other animal is man's friend and companion, and a truer friend one need never wish for. Poverty does not drive him away, neither will sickness; nor, in some cases, will even ill usage.

That a dog's affection is strong for his master is so well known, that it will be unnecessary for me to mention any incidents bearing on it,—indeed my intention is merely to have a little chat with the young folks of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY about the four-footed friends of my own youthful days, promising at the same time that all I shall tell you is strictly true.

The first dog I can remember was a cross, ill-tempered little creature belonging to two old maiden ladies who lived near us. Prince was his real name; but we, with school-girl wit, always called him "Old Bachelor," though why, I can hardly remember now. He was cross as I said, and yet he was good enough to his owners, for I have often noticed how he would allow them to stroke him, or play with his long, graceful looking ears; but we children he would snarl at if we ventured near him. I dare say it was partly our own fault; we did not understand how to manage him; still we were anxious to make friends, and tried our very best, but all to no purpose, till one day, as we passed the door on our way to school, we noticed poor, shivering Prince shut out in the cold. To leave him there was not to be thought of; so, in spite of his angry bark, the porch door was opened, the bell rung, and we waited to see the door open and the half-frozen dog admitted. From that day there was no more trouble; Prince was our great friend and play-fellow,—indeed he soon became so attached to us that he would sit on the doorstep waiting till we should pass, and then with a joyous bark he would rush after us. Here was gratitude such as one rarely meets among their own species.

Old age came on at length, and Prince could no longer run to meet us, but from the windows of the little cottage we could see him sleeping out his life in the sunshine, and when at length he lay stiff and cold, we were allowed to bury him under the lilac tree. It was a grand day for us youngsters, and we made as much fuss over it as we could, putting a railing round the grave and erecting a tombstone. The railing soon disappeared, and our shingle tombstone almost as quickly, being obliterated by the first shower. It had taken us a good deal of trouble, and a good supply of Day & Martin's blacking; but all was gone now, even to the Latin word which we were so proud of, and which was so terribly crooked.

Here lies Prince Newton,
alias
Old Bachelor.

Newton, by the way, was the name of the old ladies.

Another of our favorites was a lovely black and white spaniel, with those deep brown affectionate eyes which are only to be found in dogs. How well I re-

member the day Joe was brought home to us; what clapping of hands, what skipping and jumping, what childish screams of delight when the roly-poly dog baby was first placed on the nursery floor, and we were told he was *ours*, our very own! I am sure I often wonder how he ever survived all the hugging and kissing he received, but he seemed to thrive upon it, and baby, who tried her very best to either pull him limb from limb, or knead him like dough, was his special favorite. Many a time have the two been found asleep together, baby's white arms round his black neck, for Master Joe had a habit of jumping on to her bed so soon as he was old enough to accomplish the feat. Time wore on, Joe grew out of babyhood up to full doghood, and I am sorry to say he had some very grave faults. It must have been our fault, I think, for, whenever he got into trouble, all he had to do was to run to us for protection and he surely got it. Is it any wonder, then, that he grew up quarrelsome, and I must add, cowardly? How often would he pick a quarrel with some other dog, then run to us, who never failed to take his part. He had an aptitude, likewise, for the destruction of flowers and bonnets. Neither of these were safe unless placed far beyond his reach, and never shall I forget one day, when, hearing Joe whining most mournfully, I hastened to where he was, to find him making frantic efforts to reach a bonnet which was hanging on a peg in the wardrobe, the door of which had been left open. What a strange fashion! I hear you say. Yes, but we must plead guilty to having taught him, for it was a favorite amusement with us to tie an old bonnet or hood on him and play visiting. He was a sad thief, too, poor fellow, and at length had to be banished from the house. A farmer was glad to get him, and Joe soon found a home, where he became a respectable dog, because there was nothing lying about for him to steal.

Dinah, or Di, was our next; she was a perfect little beauty,—black and tan—and so thoroughly good that no amount of petting could spoil her. She was intelligent beyond what dogs usually are, and obedient in everything but one—she would not sleep out of the nursery. Mother tried hard to have her own way, but it was useless. Keep Di away from the children, and her pitiful howling kept all awake; once allow her there and a braver little watchdog could not be found. Once it happened that an uncle who lived at a distance, arrived late at night; Di had never seen him, and as he passed the nursery door, on the way to his room, he stepped in. Yes, stepped in, but came no farther. Di rushed savagely at the slipperless feet (he had taken off his boots to avoid waking us), and he was obliged to beat an ignominious retreat. Poor little Di looked rather amazed when mother ran upstairs, escorted the suspicious-looking stranger into the room, and allowed him to kiss the rosy faces of her nestlings. But Di was a wise dog in her way. She soon understood matters, and Uncle Richard and she had many a game of play after this; indeed she must have had some idea of turning her mistake into a joke, for she would invariably pretend to bite his feet, if she chanced to see him *minus* his boots. A strange habit she had was to watch for the hens to leave the nest, and then carry the egg in her mouth to wherever my mother might be; then, laying it at her feet, she would frisk about in pride and delight. This was a great amusement to us, you may be sure, and all went well for a time; but Di began to be impatient with the hens, and would drive them off the nest in the hope of obtaining eggs, so we had to shut her out of the fowl-pen. One old hen did not mind her, but would ruffle her feathers, and peck when Di approached, and it was amusing to see how each would watch the other, till at length when the egg was really laid, and

Blackie condescended to leave the nest, Di would pounce upon it with a joyous bark, and carry off her prize. Cakes and sweets of all kinds were her delight, and she always looked for her share,—indeed she was looked upon almost as a member of the family, as the following will show. I can scarcely remember our house without a baby, so that I cannot say which of the numerous ones it was, but I remember distinctly one folding its little hands in prayer, and saying, "God bless papa and mamma, brothers and sisters and Di." Mother tried to correct this by saying that Di was only a dog, but baby could not quite comprehend; she had a glimmering of it, however, for next night it was "and Di," then in parenthesis, "Di only a dog." Poor little Di, she came to a tragical end, was run over and so badly injured that she had to be killed to put her out of her misery. Many tears were shed for her, and she was buried with all due solemnity under our best apple tree.

Cute was another of our dog friends, though he did not belong to us. I do not think he belonged to anyone in particular, yet he was known to everyone, leading a most Bohemian sort of life. Not a schoolboy but what knew Cute, and he had as many names as there are days in the week, but Cute was the favorite one. I was going to a preparatory school when first I made Cute's acquaintance, and it used to be the delight of the mischievous ones to let him in during lessons. The bare knees of the little ones were a sore temptation to him, and smothered screams would be heard every now and then, as Cute would wander round caressing each fat knee with his soft tongue. Our teacher would have him turned out, but it would only be for him to re-enter the next time the door was opened, and repeat his performance, to the intense delight of nearly all.

Dash, a large Newfoundland, I remember seeing one summer, when spending my holidays in the country, and often have I been amused to see him pulling the farmer's wife by her dress, in the direction of the field, when milking time came; or watching the young chickens and ducks when feeding, driving all the full-grown fowls away. At first I was alarmed and thought that Master Dash would make but short work of the little yellow morsels which he watched so closely, but he had been well trained, and never once did he injure any, though I have seen him pushing the very young ones along with his nose.

One more dog anecdote and I have done, for I fear wearying you. Passing along St. Catherine street one day, a few years ago, I noticed an ugly, vicious-looking yellow dog lying on the pathway, and in what appeared to me very dangerous proximity a small child. I felt afraid and was stooping to move the child when it stretchedout its hand, burying it deep in the dog's long hair. To my surprise he turned round to look at the child, and there was no longer a trace of wickedness in his gaze. The baby pounded him with all its little strength, and doggie seemed rather to like it. I stood looking, and after a few moments the dog rose to go away, but baby would not have it so; she held on tightly by the shaggy tail, staggered to her feet, and then the two started for the strangest promenade it has ever been my lot to witness. With the fuzzy tail clutched tight by both hands, eyes wide open, and slow, uncertain steps, baby followed her canine nurse, who paced along as demurely as though he were human, looking round every moment to make sure that he was not going too fast for the little toddler behind him. I was not the only one who stood to see the novel sight. A little curiosity was felt by me at any rate, as to how they would cross over an uneven piece of the footpath, but doggie was equal to the situation; he

turned very slowly, and baby had to turn too, and away the two started on the homeward journey.

What I have told you about dogs is all very simple,—I could tell numerous other anecdotes which would read better, but the little I have written has the merit of being true, and I well know how every child's heart warms towards a *true story*.

APY FOO.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

"What's the use being so particular?"

"I guess when they were young your father and mother liked a little fun as well as anybody."

"Might as well be born grown up as to be so precise as all that."

"The first of April doesn't come but once a year."

These remarks and others similar were made to Edgar Rollins, as he left the schoolhouse on the last day of March. "The fun we'll have to-morrow" had been to-day's main topic of conversation, and Edgar felt very much abused because his parents forbade "cutting up shines" on that day as much as any other. His father said, "A lie is a lie any day in the year;" and his mother added, "Little tricks, intended to give another merely a slight annoyance, often have far-reaching, unpleasant consequences."

Edgar then assented heartily to what they said; but it all looked different now. He could not bear to be sneered at for his lack of independence; and so before they parted he promised the boys he would join in the fun to-morrow. His school-fellows applauded his courage in taking this manly stand. Boys do not always see things in their true light—nor men either, for that matter.

The next morning, on his way to breakfast, he met little brother Tommy in the hall. Opening his eyes, as if very much astonished, he exclaimed:

"Why, Tommy! you are not going to table looking like that, are you?"

"Me all right," confidently asserted that young gentleman, patting his clean apron and passing his hand carefully over his damp curls. "Face washed, hair turled. Me didn't yell one bit," he added, proudly.

"But how came all those holes in the back of your apron?" asked Edgar.

"Holes? Where holes?" and the little fellow tried to find them with his fat hands behind him.

"Come into my room," said Edgar, "and we'll fix it."

Up-stairs trudged Tommy, and stood very still while Edgar took off his apron and held it up before him.

"Me don't see any hole, Eddy."

"April Fool!" Edgar whispered; for he heard his mother's step in the hall below.

"Apy Foo? What dat?"

"To-day is the first of April, and I made a fool of you," explained his brother.

"Not any hole! Eddy Wollins say a dreat, bid, naughty lie! Me tell Mamma."

"No, no, Tommy; don't you tell, and I'll bring you some candy when I come home from school. 'Tisn't a real lie, you see; for I did not say there

was any hole. I only asked about holes; don't you see? That's the way all the boys do April Fool's Day. And now come to breakfast, and mind you do not tell, or you cannot have the candy."

Edgar carried his brother down-stairs, muttering:

"I made a mistake. I might have known better than try to have any fun with such a little chap. But he didn't understand and he will forget it in a minute."

But Tommy did not forget so easily.

"How is this, boys?" said Papa. "You are late this morning."

"I stopped to button Tommy's apron up right," Edgar hastened to explain.

"Not any hole! Apy Foo!" added Tommy, gravely, as he took a sip of milk.

Much to his brother's relief, no one appeared to notice the remark. He started for school earlier than usual, to escape the teasing of Tommy, who, proud of the weighty secret and delighted with the new idea, insisted on being told more about "Apy Foo." He got it into his small noddle at last that "Apy Foo" was permission for one day to do all the mischief he chose to do and license to lie to his heart's content. He improved his time accordingly. He pinched the cat, broke his playthings, tore the newspaper, and told any quantity of unaccountable fibs, all the while looking so innocent and fearless that Mamma could not believe he did it on purpose. After a while Mamma said:

"Will Tommy play with the baby a few minutes, while Mamma goes to the kitchen to see about scalding the preserves?"

"'Es, Mamma. Me shake wattle and wock her all wight."

Soon a sudden screaming was heard from the baby, mingled with the shouts of Master Tommy. Bridget ran upstairs. Baby Nellie was sitting in the cradle rubbing her eyes and crying at the top of her voice; while Tommy was shouting "Apy Foo! Apy Foo!" at the top of his, at the same time performing a sort of Indian war-dance about the cradle. Bridget put her two strong hands on his shoulders and obliged him to stand still.

"What is the matter wid Nellie? What did ye do to herself?"

"Me div her sooder."

"Sugar is it!" exclaimed Bridget, fiercely, as she lifted little Nellie from the cradle and took from her mouth two or three lumps of coarse salt, which had been for days in that capacious receptacle, a boy's pocket. "Well, thin, it's not sugar, but salt, ye spalpeen! No wonder she worrits, the darlint, wid salt in the eyes and mouth. Away wid ye! An' if it was my own b'y ye were, it's a bating ye'd get, now."

"Apy Foo!" repeated Tommy, solemnly.

"And what do ye mane by that, thin? Is it haythen Chinee ye'd be spakin'?"

Master Tommy slipped down to the kitchen. His mother had stepped out for a moment; so the young rogue helped himself to quince preserves. When he heard her step in the porch he sat down demurely in the corner and folded his sticky hands.

"Why, Tommy Rollins! You should not touch the preserves without leave. You know better than that."

"Me not touch 'em, Mamma. Me not eat a sparticle," replied the little culprit, looking her honestly in the face.

"Why, Tommy! How can you tell such a naughty lie? Just see how you have daubed your hands and face and clothes. It was wrong to touch them; but it is very, very naughty to tell a lie."

"Dat not lie," asserted Tommy. "Dat Apy Foo."

"Apy Foo! You have used that word all the morning. What do you mean by it?"

"Me not tell. Eddy buy tandy."

Just then the door-bell rung. Instead of a caller, Mrs. Rollins saw a boy run-

ning around the corner, and a card attached to the door-knob bore the words "April Fool."

This, then, was the meaning of Tommy's mysterious jabber. But she did not question him further, for when she returned to the kitchen she found him dropping off to sleep, with his head in a chair. She carried him upstairs and put him on the bed, and went about her work with a heavy heart, for it was plain that, in defiance of their expressed wishes, Edgar had been putting "April Fool" nonsense into the child's head.

Edgar came home not very happy. Soon after leaving the house he had found a bright new twenty-five cent piece lying on the sidewalk; for these things happened in the days of specie currency.

"How lucky!" he exclaimed, turning the shining coin over in his hand.

"Ho! ho! April Fooi!" laughed a voice behind him. "How much will you take for your pewter quarter?"

Sure enough, it *was* pewter, and this was but the beginning of the tricks by which he was taken. He did not see through their petty deceptions so quickly as those more practiced, and continually got the worst of it. At the noon recess, after trying in vain to pass off his bogus money to any of his wary comrades, he went to buy Tommy's candy. Little Billy Mulligan was entering the same store.

"Here, Billy," said Edgar. "Don't you want a bit of change all to yourself?"

"Thank ye! thank ye kindly!" said the boy, with a brightening face. "The saints bless ye for the tinder heart ye have. I'll buy tay wid it for the poor sick father."

Edgar stood at the stoor door, among a group who awaited the "fun"; but somehow it did not feel any better to have fooled another than to be deceived one's self. Billy walked up to the counter, laid down the worthless coin, saying, politely:

"If ye plaze, Mr. Bates, give me that worth o' the bes tay."

Much to the boy's astonishment, Mr. Bates sprang wrathfully over the counter, shook him violently, and pitched him into the street, saying:

"Who is April Fool now, you saucebox?"

"April Fool!" "April Fool!" "What did ye get for your pewter quarter?" "What's tay a pound?" were some of the expressions which greeted his ears from the group of boys by the door. Edgar Rollins slunk silently away, feeling like a criminal. It was enough for one day. He began to think father and mother right, after all. There is hope for a boy when he gets to that. On their way home, Ned Jones chalked an idiotic face on the back of his jacket; but, though the boys followed, laughing and making comments, he took no notice, as he thought them fooling still. As soon as he reached home, Tommy cried out:

"What dat on 'oo back, Eddy?"

Removing his coat, he exclaimed: "April Fool again!" and threw the garment on the floor.

"Never mind, my son," said his father, picking up the garment, around which Tommy was practicing a galop, with "Apy Foo! Apy Foo!" for a song accompaniment. "Never mind. The one who made this and they who laughed were the fools in the case. No one will respect you less for wearing it through the street, for everybody knows my boy is above such business himself."

The last unconscious thrust was a little too much, and Edgar went to his room and cried. There his mother found him, and asked him to tell her all about it. He did so, ending with:

"Oh! Mother, I am the meanest of the whole. I knew better. If you will forgive me this time, you will see I'll never do so again."

"I do forgive you, as freely as you have confessed. But I want to talk a little more. First, you deceived your

little brother, and he understood from you that he might act as he pleased and tell an unlimited number of lies without incurring blame. His 'Apy Foo' covered all the sin of it. Then you told a lie to excuse lateness at breakfast, and worst of all, you have probably been the means of Billy Mulligan's losing the place he applied for in Mr. Bates' store. He will probably not even be admitted as a candidate, on account of his supposed impudence. All this in addition to the mortification and disappointment in regard to your goodness of heart."

This made Edgar feel still worse; but he did the best he could. He gave Billy a real half-dollar and explained the whole matter to the satisfaction of Mr. Bates, who accepted Billy as errand-boy.

Edgar has not cared much about the first of April since that day.—*N. Y. Independent.*

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

Chapter VIII.

When Joey's little trousers were finished he celebrated their first appearance in public by running away.

They were a beautiful fit, full above the knee and tight in the little band that came just below the knee. Little Turkish trousers, made out of old ones to be sure, but quite as good as new, and all Joey's own! He felt more than a boy; he felt himself a man,

That coat was a beauty, too. Mamma called it a blouse, and it had a little short skirt, but on that account was not to be mistaken for a dress, by any means! It had a turn-over collar and cuffs like a man's, and it was belted down around the waist by a leathern belt with a steel buckle that Jack used to wear when he was a little fellow.

The coat and pantaloons were no sort of match, for mamma had not been able to find two old garments that matched in the house. So the pantaloons were brown and the blouse gray; but Joey admired the contrast.

He would have liked it better if there had not been a great big darn in his stocking-leg that first day of pantaloons, because the pantaloons were so short that all defects in his stockings showed plainly.

And he would have been glad if there had been more black spots and fewer white ones on his old shoes, particularly around the toes. But these were mere trifles after all, not worth minding when one was actually wearing pantaloons.

Joey regretted, after he had resolved to slip quietly out of the front door and take a walk, that he had not a real boy's hat to wear, which it seemed to him would be better adapted to pantaloons than a girl's little turban with a blue bow on it.

But no matter; he would never be taken for a girl on account of his turban, for girls don't wear coats and pantaloons. However, an idea came to help him as he was starting upstairs for his turban. He remembered having seen an old faded hat of Jack's in the garret,

and though it was straw, and might not be an exact fit, it was better than anything girlish.

Joey put his hands in his pockets and strutted out into the kitchen, attempting to whistle.

Cousin Louisa and mamma were ironing, for Mrs. O'Brien only came once a fortnight to wash the large pieces, and all the ironing and small washing was done by mamma and cousin Louisa.

They laughed at Joey as they ironed, it was so funny to see his airs.

"We will try and make a little overcoat by-and-by," said mamma, "so that you can wear your boy's clothes outdoors. Until we get time for the overcoat, dear, you'll have to wear your dresses and warm cloak to church."

Joey said nothing, but he had vowed a little vow in his mind to go out and exhibit those pantaloons that very morning.

"Cousin Louisa says she knows how to make you a little Scotch cap out of some old pieces," said mamma. "It is very kind in her to think of it."

"Thank you, cousin Louisa," said Joey.

He knew that it was very naughty in him to run away at any time, and particularly naughty when he had no overcoat to protect him from the severe cold. But he felt perfectly reckless, as if no matter what came of it, he must go and take the consequences,

He went upstairs on the tips of his toes, and then up the short flight of stairs that led to the garret. It was a little mite of a garret, and Joey had not to hunt far before he found the old straw hat.

He put the hat on his head, and on the way down stairs stopped in the boys' room to look at himself in the glass.

Joey gazed and admired; for although the hat was so much too large that it made the top of his head quite out of proportion to his neck, and although the old shoes were worn white in spots, both hat and shoes had the air of boyhood about them.

He put his hands into his pockets of course, when he was on the street, and sauntered along for a block or two, and his pride kept him warm at first. But pride won't quite take the place of an overcoat, and at the third corner Joey stood still and shivered.

He was considering whether he had not better go home to the fire, and never mention his little walk to mamma and cousin Louisa, when he noticed some one across the street staring at him.

This person, who was a woman wearing a veil, was the very first person who had paid any attention to Joey's new clothes. Everybody else had gone right by him, as if it were an event of no importance for a little boy to grow out of dresses into pantaloons.

To be sure, Joey had not met any one with whom he was acquainted, but he thought that even strangers might have given him more than a passing glance.

This woman behind the veil was evidently impressed, and Joey felt that, whatever her name might be, he respected her.

She did not lift her veil, but she took a hand out of her muff and beckoned.

Joey went over.

"Why, Joey Sheppard, is that you?" said the woman. "I thought it was, and then I thought it couldn't be.'

"Is that you, Mrs. Allen?" said Joey. "What makes you wear so much veil, Mrs. Allen? I 'most didn't know you."

"And I didn't know you at all," said Mrs. Allen, "in that rig."

"Maybe you fought I was Jack," said Joey.

"No I didn't," said Mrs. Allen. "That's Jack's hat you've got on, though."

"I know it," said Joey. "I borrowed it to wear. But those nice little pantaloons are all my own, and so is

this coat, too, and my belt, too. I've got four pockets, Mrs. Allen, two here in my pantaloons and two here in my coat; and a knife in that one and a hankshef in this one."

"What has your mother done with all those nice little dresses that we gave her, dear?" said Mrs. Allen, smiling sweetly at Joey.

"She's got 'em," said Joey,

"She isn't going to throw them away, is she?" said Mrs. Allen. "They can't be half worn out. It is a pity to waste them, after we took so much pains for her."

"Maybe she'll sell 'em to the rag man," said Joey. "I would if I was mamma."

"Do you think so, Joey?" said Mrs. Allen.

"Yes," said Joey. "Shouldn't wonder."

"Then we'll have to give our presents to the home missionaries after this, I guess," said Mrs. Allen. "We ladies don't want to throw our things away. There's that handsome breastpin I sent your mother last Christmas. Most ministers' wives would be thankful for such a present, and she's never had it on to my knowledge."

"It's brass," said Joey.

"Tut!" said Mrs. Allen, sternly.

"Just as brass as it can be," said Joey. And papa told her she ought to wear it once to that church party, so that you could see it on her; but she wouldn't."

"She wouldn't?"

"No, sir!" said Joey. "Catch her."

"What did she say about it, dear?"

"Oh, she said: 'The idea! that woman giving me brass, when I used to have all the gold I wanted!' But she didn't know I heard. I was awful still in the corner."

"I'll warrant you were," said Mrs. Allen. "And your ma said that, did she?"

"Course she did," said Joey.

Mrs. Allen was very angry, but she had a few more questions to ask, so she tried to look as pleasant as possible.

"She used to have gold, did she?" said Mrs. Allen. "What's become of it?"

"Oh, she had to sell it to the jeweller to get money," said Joey.

"Perhaps she thinks the church don't pay enough salary."

"Yes," said Joey.

"Oh, she does?"

"Why, o' course."

"So she sold her jewellery."

"Her pretty watch and bracelets and rings, and whole lots o' things," said Joey.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Allen.

She had smiled long enough for her convenience, so she frowned a little at Joey before she pulled down her veil to leave him.

"Just tell your ma," said she, "the next time you hear her talking so, that pride and poverty don't set well together; and she wants to get a little money to back her airs before she puts on quite so many."

"Where'll she get it?" enquired Joey. But Mrs. Allen went off without giving him an answer.

Now as Joey moved on down the street, with his hands still in his pockets and his mouth still trying to whistle, no one would have had the least reason for supposing from his appearance that he was anything but a happy little boy enjoying the bright morning.

But his heart was heavy, for he knew he had done wrong. Here he was again, overcome by his besetting sin. After so many, many falls as he had had, here he was down once more. Here he had been getting his family into trouble again with his mean little tongue, after all the solemn warnings and sad lessons he had had.

A boy in pantaloons tattling! Joey could not have believed, half an hour ago, that he could so disgrace his boy's clothes as to tell tales about his dear mamma.

He tried to think, as he marched on, of some way in which he might redeem his honor and become a "truly boy" again; for he felt now like nothing better than a girl. He felt as if he ought to go home and get right into his dresses.

And then Joey began to wonder if Mrs. Allen had already gone to tell of him. He had not outlived the memory of those slaps that Deacon Cromwell was the means of getting for him, and he felt in imagination the tingling of the slaps that Mrs. Allen should get for him.

As it was Joey's custom to sin and repent, and sin and repent right over again, it might be said that his repentance was continually preparing the way for his sin. He was such a weak little fellow that the lessons he learned did him no lasting good.

So while he went on his way, repenting, he met another temptation, to which he yielded as readily as if it were the first he had ever had.

"Why, good-morning, Joey," said Dr. Goodrich. "When did you get to be a man? Coat, pantaloons, hat, and all, I declare! Got rid of your dresses, haven't you? That's right. Don't let them make a baby of you any more."

"No, sir," said Joey, "I ain't agoing to."

Dr. Goodrich having pinched Joey's cheek affectionately, was going on, when he noticed that the child was shivering.

"Ah!" said he. "I'm afraid this young man has run away. I don't believe your mother sent you off without an overcoat on such a day as this."

"I haven't got any," said Joey. "We're too poor. Them dekings don't give us enough salary."

"They don't, eh?" said the doctor.

"No," said Joey, "they're too stingy."

"Joey," said the doctor, in a tone that made Joey quake, "did anybody tell you to say that?"

"No, sir," said Joey. "They telled me not to."

"Then don't you think it's rather mean in you to say it to me? It might make a great deal of trouble for your father if I should repeat it. I shall not repeat it, because I'm too good a friend of your father's; and see that you don't say it again, sir! If I hear of your talking in this way to any one else, I shall tell of you and get you punished. Now trot home, my boy, as fast as you can, or you'll have croup to-morrow, and I shall come and give you some bitter medicine. By-by."

"Good-by, doctor," said Joey, sorrowfully, for he was already beginning to repent.

But he did not repent very much this time, for he knew that the doctor was his father's true friend, and would not be angry at him for anything that his foolish little son might say. Besides, he was not in the least afraid of Dr. Goodrich's getting a whipping for him.

While Joey was repenting this second time, and feeling again that perhaps he ought to go home and get into girl's dresses, he thought again what a fine thing it would be to redeem his honor and make himself a "truly boy" by doing something grand.

With this thought another came into his head, and Joey put the two together. This second thought was an old one. He had had it ever since the Sunday when cousin Louisa stirred up his pity for his papa's poverty. It was then that he had first received into his mind the great idea of earning money for the family's support.

Joey had tried avenging his father's wrongs by making faces at a guilty deacon, and had not succeeded. Now he resolved to become a man of business in his father's behalf, and make a success of it.

Chapter IX.

"If I can't get the people to make papa's salary bigger," thought Joey,

"I'll just make it bigger my own self. I'm a boy now and I can earn!"

Putting this old idea of helping his father by the toil of his little hands with the new thought of redeeming his honor, Joey proposed to accomplish great things. Quite puffed up with his two purposes in one, he strutted along to do something about it.

By-and-by a clerk in Mr. Alabaster's drygoods store noticed a little boy with hands in his pockets, and eyes peering out from under a big hat, standing in the store-door.

"Come in, my boy, and make yourself at home," drawled out the clerk.

"Shut up!" said Joey.

And then he came in and stood by the stove, for he was very cold.

When some of the numbness had gone from his fingers and toes, and his teeth had stopped chattering so that he could make a respectable speech, he came out from behind the stove, and putting his hands in his pockets he marched down to Mr. Alabaster's desk.

"Mr. Ballabasker," said he, putting his hand through the railing behind which Mr. Alabaster sat, reading the morning paper, to tap Mr. Alabaster's knee.

"Halloa there!" said Mr Alabaster, "what is all this?"

"It's me," answered Joey.

"Me! that's no name."

"Joey Sheppard," said Joey.

"Why, to be sure!" said Mr. Alabaster. "The last time I saw him he was a little girl. That's why I didn't know him. Come in, Joey."

Joey obeyed; and being invited to take a seat, he climbed up in a big chair like the one Mr. Alabaster sat in, and pushed his hat back so that he could see to do business sharply. Then it occurred to him that it would be more polite to take his hat off, so he took it off and hung it on his knee.

"Why, Joey," said Mr. Alabaster, "what a capital hat that is; you can use it for an umbrella."

"I don't want to," said Joey. "I'd have to get it wet. Besides, where's my brumbeller-handle?"

"You could hold it right up in your fist, you know," said Mr. Alabaster. "But it *would* be a pity to get that new hat wet."

"You're making fun, Mr. Ballabasker," said Joey, reprovingly.

"Making fun!" said Mr. Alabaster. "Now, Joey, you don't suppose I would."

"Yes, I do," said Joey. "I know you. I didn't forget those oder times you made fun. But, then," said he, nodding with a comforting smile, "you're nice."

"Now, Joey," said Mr. Alabaster, "you don't know how that encourages me. Come over here and sit on my knee, if you don't feel too big with those boy's clothes on."

Joey dropped his hat on the floor and hopped up on Mr. Alabaster's knee. Then he began to examine his watch-chain and hunt about for a watch-pocket.

"Dear me!" sighed Mr. Alabaster, "I trust this youth isn't going to rob me of my grandfather's watch."

That suggested something to Joey, and he pretended to be a bold robber who had awful designs on this innocent man. He stole his spectacles, and put them on his own nose. He took his watch away, chain, charms, and all, hung them around his own neck, and ran away outside the railing.

Mr. Alabaster enjoyed the fun exceedingly, and laughed till his sides shook and the tears rolled down his round cheeks.

The clerks who had been rude to Joey smiled very kindly on him now, and pretended to enjoy the fun as much as Mr. Alabaster. But while Joey was enjoying this sport and affording everybody so much amusement, he suddenly remembered what he had come to that store for.

When he thought of the great object

he had in view, he was quite disgusted with himself for wasting so much time in childish sport. To Mr. Alabaster's astonishment he flew within the railing, returned the watch, chain, and spectacles, and solemnly seated himself opposite Mr. Alabaster, with his legs crossed and his arms folded.

Mr. Alabaster looked through his spectacles at the sedate little man seated opposite him, and waited in wonder to see what he would do next.

"Mr. Ballabasker," said Joey.

"Mr. Sheppard," said Mr. Alabaster.

"I want some money," said Joey.

"Most people do," said Mr. Alabaster.

"I want to earn it," said Joey.

"Most people don't," said Mr. Alabaster.

"Mr. Ballabasker, may I be a clerk in your store?" asked Joey, coming to the point.

After Mr. Alabaster had laughed at Joey's question, he said, "Yes, of course."

"How much'll you pay me?" asked Joey.

"What you are worth," was his answer.

"When can I begin?" asked Joey.

"Oh, any time."

"Maybe I'd come two weeks ago if I'd had my pantaloons," said Joey. "But I came right off when I got 'em. I'm going to work awful hard, so that I can earn whole piles of money for my papa."

"Oh, you're going to work for your papa, are you?" said Mr Alabaster. "Why don't you keep the money for yourself?"

"Oh, 'cause," said Joey, "I aint poor. My papa is."

"I'm very sorry," said Mr. Alabaster.

"Yes, so am I," said Joey.

It looked very cosy and comfortable over there on Mr. Alabaster's fat knee. Joey felt just like getting close to some one and confiding all his secrets; and he found himself slipping out of his chair and approaching Mr. Alabaster.

He found himself climbing up Mr. Alabaster's knees, getting within Mr. Alabaster's arms, and presently he was comfortably settled with the crown of his head under Mr. Alabaster's chin. Then he smiled a smile of contentment, and proceeded to unburden.

"You see," he whispered, touching Mr. Alabaster's chin affectionately with the tip of his fingers, "they have to work like everything."

"Who?" Mr. Alabaster asked.

"Mamma and papa and cousin Louisa."

"That's too bad, isn't it, Joey?"

"Yes," said Joey. "And oh, cousin Louisa's awful cross, you know!" he exclaimed, as if he had almost forgotten to mention that important fact when he mentioned her name.

"Never mind about that, Joey," said Mr. Alabaster.

"They don't have any working-girl," said Joey. "They haven't got any money to get one, and Mrs. O'Brien only comes to wash big things, and they wash little things, and they iron 'em all, and they do all the rest of the work, and we don't have pies and cake but once in a great while, and mamma wears old clothes those women give her, and she don't think they're pretty, but she has to wear 'em, and we have things all mended and don't get new things, and can't have fires upstairs, and 'most freeze dressing, and don't never have pennies for candies any more, and I haven't got any overcoat, and papa's got a big debt, 'cause they didn't give him money 'nough to buy flour to make bread of; and he 'most cries—only he's a big man—'cause he can't pay it, and—"

"Hold up, Joey," said Mr. Alabaster. "That will do for one morning. You're telling more than you ought to, I'm afraid. Don't you know that little boys shouldn't tell everything they hear and see? I thought you were more of a man than that."

These words of Mr. Alabaster made Joey hesitate a moment; but he was so deeply interested in the subject that he soon began again.

"And Saturday nights," he said, "mamma sits up mending on old things 'most till Sunday morning, else we couldn't have noffin' to wear to church. She don't get anoder time to mend 'em but Saturday nights, and Sunday morning she has headaches."

"Joey," said Mr. Alabaster, "I don't want to hear any more family secrets; but I'll tell you what: if I helped to pay a minister's salary, I think I'd do it a little better than some of the men in your church do."

"Don't you help?" said Joey.

"Why, no; I'm not a churchman."

"What are you then?" said Joey. "A wicked man?"

"What do you think about it, Joseph?"

"I can't see into your heart, you know. You're nice outside. But I can tell you something."

"What's that?"

"It's awful wicked not to go to church."

"According to that I must be awful wicked."

"But you can get good just as easy," said Joey. "Come to church, Mr. Ballabasker, and my papa'll let you help pay the salary, and he'll preach to you and help you to be good right away."

"Well maybe I'll come some of these days," said Mr. Alabaster. "I'll see about it next Sunday. As for that salary, those men ought to be stirred up, oughtn't they? It's too bad, I declare! I'm very sorry for papa and mamma, but you'd better not say a word about them to anyone but me. You'll get into trouble if you say these things to other people. Do you hear me, Joey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now look out for that little tongue of yours. Be careful of it. What's this about an overcoat? You haven't any?"

"No," said Joey. "I nearly freezed this morning."

"Mamma'll make you one, won't she?"

"If she can find an old coat, she'll make me an old one over."

"How would you like a new one out of a store, Joey?"

Joey's eyes grew big and bright at the thought.

"I never had a new thing out of a store in my life long," said Joey. "I get old things made over all the time."

And Joey spoke the truth.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Alabaster. "You shall have the smartest little overcoat a tailor can make, for your salary as my clerk. I'm very sure that mamma won't let you come here early every morning to stay till night, as the other clerks do, and so we'll manage the best way we can. You shall come and call on me sometimes, when you get mamma's permission, and whenever you come I'll give you something to do for me. As the cold weather is coming on, you had better take your salary before you earn it, or you'll be having a cold that'll keep you from earning it at all; so we'll order the overcoat this morning. What do you say?"

"Hurrah! hurrah! Thank you!" said Joey in tones that resounded through the store.

"Come, then," said Mr. Alabaster, taking down his hat and overcoat.

"But you didn't give me any work to do for you this morning," said Joey.

"To be sure," said Mr. Alabaster, sitting down in his big chair, and looking in all directions for employment for the new clerk.

"Here," he said, pulling open a drawer, "take all these papers out carefully and put them back again, Joey. And when you get that done, wheel that cart up and down the store twice."

"Is that all?" said Joey.

"Yes, that will do for this morning."

(To be continued.)

The Home.

DRESS AS IT IS.

BY M.

Dress as it is, yes dress as it is *versus* dress as it should be. And what is the dress of the present day? Why on the body a vast mesh of bands, straps and tapes, sufficient to injure the respiration of any ordinary creature; on the lower limbs voluminous folds of material, just long enough, heavy enough and tight enough to impede walking, to become wetted from the snow, or soiled from the mud, to utterly preclude the possibility of graceful motion, and on the head, a huge superstructure of flowers, laces, and ribbons of no earthly use but to increase the milliner's bill, and the bill-payer's bad temper.

Let us glance for a moment at the amount of space a young lady of the present day occupies when fully dressed for a promenade. The height we have nothing to do with, but let us look at the width. Shoulders of an ordinary size, say forty inches round; the figure well developed, waist only twenty-two and the rest of the figure even smaller. Well, no matter, we will suppose the young lady to have a naturally small waist, and that she really has not tightened; we will suppose likewise that the absence of old fashioned crinoline accounts for the "thread paper" style now in vogue; but what I want to know is this, why should it require so much dress material to cover so small a space, and how do the young ladies manage to make so little show with so much?

"To make a little go a long way" has always been held up to me as the acme of good management, but really that was never intended for dressmakers or dresses; for to use as much as possible with the least show, is what is now sought after; hence a long skirt is made very narrow and shirred half way up. This is covered over with an overskirt about three inches shorter than the under one; and with some inexplicable piece behind which uses about three yards of stuff, and is only useful to sit down upon. Lest this dress should look too wide (for even shirrs will stand out a little) elastics are sewed in at the back so as to drag all back as far as possible, and leave the motion of the knees plainly visible. Now, about two yards of merino would answer every purpose; a young lady could, with that amount of stuff, occupy just as much space in the world, and need not be under the necessity of tying herself up like a parcel ready for the express. As animated rails are the fashion, why not follow that fashion in the easiest and most inexpensive way? If the same effect can be produced with three yards of stuff as with thirty, why not use the three and ease the labor of your bread-winner, who may well exclaim, on comparing the bills for dress goods with the size of his wife and daughters, "Where do you put it all?"

Where? Why in folds and puffs and frills and shirrs, kilt plaitings and knife plaitings, flounces and furbelows, ruches and tucks, and when the force of imagination "can no farther go," in

the way of inventing ways to cut good stuff into useless shreds, then in dog's teeth, bows and bias bands, all of course edged with silk or satin.

The word "dress" has several definitions, but we need only trouble ourselves about two of them: to clothe or cover, and to adorn. The first must have been its earlier meaning, the latter its present one, and, indeed, it seems more suitable to it. We speak of persons being comfortably, warmly, or suitably clothed, but never handsomely, extravagantly, or even prettily. All words that seem to imply a modern style or fashion are combined with dress, all that imply usefulness with clothes. Dress, or rather clothing, is a distinctive mark of civilization; the savage, in warm climates, never covers himself till such time as he is taught to do so, and then he does not so much clothe as dress himself.

Amusing stories are told of the manner in which native Africans disposed of the clothing presented to them by early missionaries. Good and noble as those Christian men were, and deeply as they were imbued with the sacredness of their work, still it must have been trying to their risible faculties to see a tall negro walk pompously along to "meeting," with a bonnet which had been intended for his wife, stuck sideways or hind before on his own woolly head, or a shoe on one foot, with a slit at the front to allow his black toes to peep out. Pants have been divided by them, each taking one leg, dresses tied round the men's necks, and coats worn hind before by the women. These and dozens of other ridiculous things have been done by poor ignorant savages, and all for the purpose of adornment or dress,—not for clothing, because they destroyed all the usefulness of the different articles given to them.

Our forefathers the ancient Britons did not dress till after their conquest by the Romans, but they *clothed* themselves in winter in the skins of beasts. Their first attempt at anything like dress must have been very inconvenient, merely a piece of cloth of some kind with a hole for the head to pass through, also holes for the arms. The first attempt, I believe, at anything like *fit* was not thought of till the time of Alfred, A.D. 871, or 926 years after the first landing of the Romans. From that time the art of dress began to improve, though it was but slowly, till after the Norman conquest, A.D. 1066. Still when Norman William came over he found the Saxons far more comfortably apparelled than they had been during Alfred's time.

For me to attempt to follow the development of the art of dress up to its present style, would be useless; but as from the moment when clothing gave way to dress, there have always been more or less eccentricities about it, let me mention a few of them, and I leave it to yourselves to determine whether they are so very much more ridiculous than the tie-backs of 1875-6.

Long toed shoes was one absurdity, and after a death or two occurred from the wearers tripping and falling, a law was passed limiting their length; they were also chained to the garter, by chains of gold or silver, or silken cord, according to the taste and means of the wearer. This fashion after a while gave way to broad-toed shoes, or rather wide shoes themselves; and our ancestors must have cut rather a funny figure waddling about like ducks with their broad flat feet. Certainly cricket—that English game—could not have been known then.

Coats, too, underwent many changes, the sleeves at one time so long that they could be thrown over the shoulder, and answered as a purse, at another so short as to end above the wrist. The coat itself so large as to admit sufficient padding to make the wearer a counterpart of Daniel Lambert, then so tight as to be sewed on each time of wearing. Now of the brightest hues in silk, satin,

or velvet, then of dull colored cloth and without any ornament.

Ladies' dress did not change very much till about the time of Henry VIII., and all its absurdities have been crowded in since then, not only once but the same thing over and over again. How often have dresses been worn long enough to incommode all but the wearer, or short enough to be vulgar; high enough round the throat to provoke strangulation, or low enough to be immodest; narrow enough to prevent the free use of the limbs, or broad enough to render one lady a carriage full? How often have plaids "come in" and stripes "gone out," checks been "the rage," or self colors "the style?" How often has the style of dressing the hair altered, and how often has it gone back to the very thing which the grandmothers of that generation wore? At one time a lady in full dress had her hair drawn up over a frame, vastly like an old-fashioned salt basket; this was then adorned with a bunch of feathers, and rose to such a height that the tops of Sedan chairs were made to open so as to allow of the lady entering. When she was seated the top was closed. Long and short waists have alternated many times, as also large or small sleeves, and many other things which are only absurd in their constant and systematic recurrence. Bonnets are a comparatively late invention, and though some of them have been ridiculous enough for even a caricaturist, still they have steadily improved in appearance through all their many changes, and utterly useless, as the most of them are at the present day, still one must acknowledge that they are most becoming. But there is one folly of fashion which I was well nigh forgetting. I mean the enormous ruff which was so generally worn during the time of Queen Elizabeth. I do not know how the fashion originated, but it was carried to such an extent that the virgin Queen had to interfere. She decided upon the exact width which she would allow her "well-beloved subjects" to wear their ruffs, and in order to have her commands strictly obeyed, had two persons placed at the church doors, one with a measure, the other a huge pair of scissors, and any ruff found to exceed the allowed width was ruthlessly shorn of its illegal proportions. Hideous as this fashion was, it was a favorite with the ladies, and only went "out" when a murderess was hanged in a ruff. At one time they used to be starched yellow.

Patches of black plaster was another of the oddities for which Dame Fashion is accountable; these, however, were of some use in showing the political feelings of the wearer,—one party "patching" on the right side, the other on the left. But I could never see either use or beauty in a huge star of black plaster, as large as a ten cent piece, being struck on the face, or a half moon, a diamond, a heart, or, as in one old picture, a carriage and pair of horses.

So much for what dress has been and is,—now for what it should be. Undoubtedly the primary object of dress is a covering. To this must be added convenience of shape, suitability to sex, age, climate and station. Nor do I see why taste should be forgotten or set aside. If the appearance of a gentleman can be very much improved by a good suit of well-made clothes, why not also that of a lady? Indeed, I think she depends almost more upon the style of her dress, because as more colors are allowable in her case than his, so a judicious blending, or otherwise, of those colors, tends to add to, or detract from, her beauty. But taste is not all that is needed; suitability is even more so. Setting aside the unhealthfulness of the present style of dress (that has already been far more ably discussed than I can do it), what is the sense of cutting up dozens of yards of stuff into little pieces, to be again sewed together as puffs, flounces, or bows; these again

to be stitched on to the skirt, and *covered over* with a long, plain overskirt? If the plain overskirt is the proper thing now, why not let it be made an inch or two longer, and you have the dress complete? Then why, if you wish to look slim, make your skirts an ordinary width for comfort, and then tie all back into a bunch behind? It cannot be for beauty, for, dear readers, there is none in seeing a young lady walking along, encased in an ornamented bag, and with a mass of frills and puffings hanging from the waist behind, and swinging back and forth with each step. Did any of my readers ever see a horse "hobbled?" Most of you have, I think; and there is about as much natural grace in the movements of that poor animal, with his feet tied together, and as much similarity to the gait bestowed upon him by his Creator, as there is in the mincing steps of the "hobbled" ladies of 1876.

Suitability to station should be thought of with regard to dress; handsome and expensive clothing ought not to be worn by all alike; there should be a distinction between mistress and maid, employer and employed. But suitability to purse should be even more thought of. What can be thought of the wife or daughter who will spend ten or fifteen dollars more than she ought to, on some particular dress, so as to have it "just like" Mrs. or Miss So and So's, who, by the way, have ample means or who will buy on credit wherever they can, never heeding how it is to be paid, so that they can keep up in appearance with their neighbors.

Age, too, should be remembered when choosing dress. A nobby little hat, or coquettish-looking bonnet, with bright flowers and tight mask-like veil, even if not exactly useful, is at any rate pretty when worn by young people; but what about that same adornment when covering grey hairs, or wrinkled faces? I say nothing about gentlemen's dress. Doubtless there are absurdities there too, but I do not know of them, and the changes in style with them I do not think are so frequent; at any rate they are less marked. Take a picture of a gentleman of ten years back, and you will not notice so very much difference in dress between then and now, but how will it be with a lady's only half as long ago? And it is this constant change which is one of the worst features of dress of the present day. A dress is barely made up before it is voted "old," and of course the "newest" thing only is "fit to wear." Ball dresses, the most useless of all styles, are far more expensive than most people imagine. "My daughter never wears expensive dresses," says Mrs.—— "I cannot afford anything better than tarlatan. Her brother gave fifty dollars for his suit." Quite true, Mrs.——, your son gave fifty dollars, or perhaps even sixty dollars, but how long will that suit last, and how long will he wear it? It will last five or six years, and with the addition of a new vest or pair of pants, he will wear it that time, for in dress, as in every thing else, men get the best of things, and Dame Fashion is more lenient to them than to the softer sex. Your daughter gives 40cts. a yard for tarlatan, but she requires fifteen yards. Well, only $6; then four yards satin at $1.50 for edging; $10 for flowers and head-dress; $10 more for lace; twelve yards silk for underskirt and waist at $1.25; making of dress, $5.00, and we have a total of $52. I have not mentioned gloves or shoes in either case. Now, how long can this dress last? Not more than four times, at the most, if white, and once or twice longer if colored; but fashion says a dress should never be worn more than twice, and really, what with crushing, tearing and soiling, the old lady seems to be about right.

I might write pages upon the extravagance of our present mode of dress, but I fear there are but few would listen to me, and they would be chiefly

those who have to pay the bills. They truly know how Herculean a task it is now-a-days to clothe (not dress) a fashionable family, and I fear that many a grey haired *paterfamilias* sighs deeply on the receipt of the dry goods bill, and, spite of the happiness of his married life otherwise, thinks sadly, "Ah, if I had only known how things would be, I am almost sure I should have remained single."

Married ladies who love your husbands and daughters, urge a reform in dress. Why should your husband's injure their health, and deny themselves home recreations in order to make money to enrich shopkeepers? or why should your daughters devote all their time to finding employment for a dressmaker, or swelling the doctor's bill by wearing unhealthy clothing.

Unmarried ladies, urge reform, and devote the time you now give to fashion books, to study, to exercise, to innocent amusements. It will be better for you in every way, and there will be less chance of your joining the ranks of "single blessedness," for young men *dare* not marry an extravagantly dressed woman.

Women of all classes, all ages, urge a reform and do not stop there, but set to work and practice it. Do not go to extremes. Who wishes to see ladies walking about in bloomers, dress coats, or beaver hats; that would only be setting aside one absurd custom to take up a worse one; but do use a little more common sense in the matter of dress. Let it be loose enough to give the lungs fair play; short enough to escape the mud; long enough for decency; wide enough to allow of easy motion, and narrow enough to give the figure a slight graceful appearance; thick enough to be warm in winter; thin enough to be cool in summer; dark enough, light enough, and good enough to suit your age, your complexion and your pocket; plain enough to allow of your passing through the street unnoticed, and tasty enough to make the wearer a pleasant sight to the eyes of the loved ones. In short, choose the happy medium in your dress, and, when once it is bought and made, treat it as a gentleman does his coat—wear it till worn out, but never till soiled and ragged, and believe me you will find you have made a change for the better. With but two or three dresses instead of a dozen or two, you will not require to take so much trouble to guard against moths, nor so much "altering" to do, or such long bills to pay. Relieved of the petty drudgery of turning and returning dresses, bonnets or cloaks, so as to make a change, you will have more time for household cares, intellectual pursuits, or social enjoyment, your health will be better, your spirits lighter and your purse heavier.

EDUCATION AND SELF-PRESERVATION.

(From "Education." by Herbert Spencer.)

Happily, that all important part of education which goes to secure direct self-preservation is in great part already provided for. Too momentous to be left to our blundering, Nature takes it into her own hands. While yet in its nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and crying at the sight of a stranger, shows the dawning instinct to attain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, or the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows this instinct further developed. Morever, knowledge subserving direct self-preservation is that which it is chiefly busied in acquiring from hour to hour. How to balance its body; how to control its movements so as to avoid collisions; what objects are hard, and will hurt if struck; what objects are heavy, and injure if they fall on the limbs; which things will bear the weight of the body, and which not; the pains inflicted by fire, by missiles, by sharp instruments—these, and various other pieces of information needful for the avoidance of death or accident, it is ever learning. And when, a few years later, the energies go out in running, climbing, and jumping, in games of strength and games of skill, we see in all these actions by which the muscles are developed, the perceptions sharpened, and the judgment quickened, a preparation for the safe conduct of the body among surrounding objects and movements; and for meeting those greater dangers that occasionally occur in the lives of all. Being thus, as we say, so well cared for by Nature, this fundamental education needs comparatively little care from us. What we are chiefly called upon to see, is, that there shall be free scope for gaining this experience, and receiving this discipline,—that there shall be no such thwarting of Nature as that by which stupid schoolmistresses commonly prevent the girls in their charge from the spontaneous physical activities they would indulge in; and so render them comparatively incapable of taking care of themselves in circumstances of peril.

This, however, is by no means all that is comprehended in the education that prepares for direct self-preservation. Besides guarding the body against mechanical damage or destruction, it has to be guarded against injury from other causes—against the disease and death that follow breaches of physiologic law. For complete living it is necessary, not only that sudden annihilations of life shall be warded off; but also that there shall be escaped the incapacities and the slow annihilation which unwise habits entail. As, without health and energy, the industrial, the parental, the social, and all other activities become more or less impossible; it is clear that this secondary kind of direct self-preservation is only less important than the primary kind, and that knowledge tending to secure it should rank very high.

It is true that here, too, guidance is in some measure ready supplied. By our various physical sensations and desires, Nature has insured a tolerable conformity to the chief requirements. Fortunately for us, want of food, great heat, extreme cold, produce promptings too peremptory to be disregarded. And would men habitually obey these and all like promptings when less strong, comparatively few evils would arise. If fatigue of body or brain were in every case followed by desistance; if the oppression produced by a close atmosphere always led to ventilation; if there were no eating without hunger, or drinking without thirst; then would the system be but seldom out of working order. But so profound an ignorance is there of the laws of life, that men do not even know that their sensations are their natural guides, and (when not rendered morbid by long-continued disobedience) their trustworthy guides. So that though, to speak teleologically, Nature has provided efficient safeguards to health, lack of knowledge makes them in a great measure useless.

If any one doubts the importance of an ac-

quaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Occasionally only do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. Scarcely is there one to whom you put the question, who has not, in the course of his life, brought upon himself illnesses which a little knowledge would have saved him from. Here is a case of heart disease consequent on a rheumatic fever that followed reckless exposure. There is a case of eyes spoiled for life by over study. Yesterday the account was of one whose long-enduring lameness was brought on by continuing, spite of the pain, to use a knee after it had been slightly injured. And to-day we are told of another who has had to lie by for years, because he did not know that the palpitation he suffered from resulted from overtaxed brain. Now we hear of an irremediable injury that followed some silly feat of strength; and, again, of a constitution that has never recovered from the effects of excessive work needlessly undertaken. While on all sides we see the perpetual minor ailments which accompany feebleness. Not to dwell on the natural pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health, deduct more from complete living than anything else? and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?

To all which add the fact, that life, besides being thus immensely deteriorated, is also cut short. It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent damage is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and along with other such items, which Nature in her strict account-keeping never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days. Through the accumulation of small injuries it is that constitutions are commonly undermined, and break down long before their time. And if we call to mind how far the average duration of life falls below the possible duration, we see how immense is the loss. When, to the numerous partial deductions which bad health entails, we add this great final deduction, it results that ordinarily more than one-half of life is thrown away.

Hence, knowledge which subserves direct self-preservation by preventing this loss of health, is of primary importance. We do not contend that possession of such knowledge would by any means wholly remedy the evil. For it is clear that in our present phase of civilization men's necessities often compel them to transgress. And it is further clear that, even in the absence of such compulsion, their inclinations would frequently lead them, spite of their knowledge, to sacrifice future good to presen gratification. But we do contend that the right knowledge impressed in the right way would effect much; and we further contend that as the laws of health must be recognized before they can be fully conformed to, the imparting of such knowledge must precede a more rational living—come when that may. We infer that as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields in moment to no other whatever. And therefore we assert that such a course of physiology as is needful for the comprehension of its general truths, and their bearings on daily conduct, is an all-essential part of a rational education.

Strange that the assertion should need making! Stranger still that it should need defending! Yet are there not a few by whom such a proposition will be received with something approaching to derision. Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigénia instead of Iphigenía, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labors of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the lungs are inflated. While anxious that their sons should be well up in the superstitions of two thousand years ago, they care not that they should be taught anything about

the structure and functions of their own bodies—nay, would even disapprove such instruction. So overwhelming is the influence of established routine! So terribly in our education does the ornamental override the useful!

We need not insist on the value of that knowledge which aids indirect self-preservation by facilitating the gaining of a livelihood. This is admitted by all; and, indeed, by the mass is perhaps too exclusively regarded as the end of education. But while every one is ready to endorse the abstract proposition that instruction fitting youths for the business of life is of high importance, or even to consider it of supreme importance; yet scarcely any enquire what instruction will so fit them. It is true that reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught with an intelligent appreciation of their uses; but when we have said this we have said nearly all. While the great bulk of what else is acquired has no bearing on the industrial activities, an immensity of information that has a direct bearing on the industrial activities is entirely passed over.

For, leaving out only some very small classes, what are all men employed in? They are employed in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities. And on what does efficiency in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities depend? It depends on the use of methods fitted to the respective natures of these commodities; it depends on an adequate knowledge of their physical, chemical, or vital properties, as the case may be; that is, it depends on Science. This order of knowledge, which is in great part ignored in our school courses, is the order of knowledge underlying the right performance of all those processes by which civilized life is made possible. Undeniable as is this truth, and thrust upon us as it is at every turn, there seems to be no living consciousness of it: its very familiarity makes it unregarded. To give due weight to our argument, we must, therefore, realize this truth to the reader by a rapid review of the facts.

For all the higher arts of construction, some acquaintance with mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter, who, lacking rational instruction, lays out his work by empirical rules learnt in his apprenticeship, equally with the builder of a Britannia Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of quantitative relations. The surveyor on whose survey the land is purchased; the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it; the builder in preparing his estimates; his foreman in laying out the foundations; the masons in cutting the stones; and the various artisans who put up the fittings—are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway-making is regulated from beginning to end by mathematics; alike in the preparation of plans and sections; in staking out the line; in mensuration of cuttings and embankments; in the designing, estimating, and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. And similarly with the harbors, docks, piers, and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the face of the county; as well as the mines that run underneath it. Out of geometry too, as applied to astronomy, the art of navigation has grown; and so, by this science, has been made possible that enormous foreign commerce which supports a large part of our population, and supplies us with many necessaries and most of our luxuries. And now-a-days even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles. When from those divisions of mathematics which deal with *space*, and *number*, some small smattering of which is given in schools, we turn to that other division which deals with *force*, of which even a smattering is scarcely ever given, we meet with another large class of activities which this science presides over. On the application of rational mechanics depends the success of nearly all modern manufacture. The properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, &c., are involved in every machine—every machine is a solidified mechanical theorem; and to machinery in these times we owe nearly all production. Trace the history of the breakfast-roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles; the surface was turned over by a machine; the seed was put in by a machine; the wheat was reaped, threshed, and winnowed by machines; by machinery it was ground and bolted; and had the flour been sent to Gosport, it might have been made into biscuits by a machine. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls were machine-made; by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantel-shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hangings made and printed; the veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains, are all products of machinery. And your clothing—plain, figured, or

printed—is not wholly woven, nay, perhaps even sewed, by machinery? And the volume you are reading—are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with these words by another? Add to which that for the means of distribution over both land and sea, we are similarly indebted. And then let it be remembered that according as the principles of mechanics are well or ill used to these ends, comes success or failure—individual and national. The engineer who misapplies his formulæ for the strength of the materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer whose apparatus is badly devised, cannot compete with another whose apparatus wastes less in friction and inertia. The ship-builder adhering to the old model is outsailed by one who builds on the mechanically-justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on such knowledge may turn the national fate. Judge then the worth of mathematics.

Pass next to Physics. Joined with mathematics, it has given us the steam engine, which does the work of millions of laborers. That section of physics which deals with the laws of heat, has taught us how to economize fuel in our various industries; how to increase the produce of our smelting furnaces by substituting the hot for the cold blast; how to ventilate our mines; how to prevent explosions by using the safety-lamp; and, through the thermometer, how to regulate innumerable processes. That divison which has the phenomena of light for its subject, gives eyes to the old and the myopic; aids, through the microscope, in detecting diseases and adulterations; and by improved lighthouses prevents shipwrecks. Researches in electricity and magnetism have saved incalculable life and property by the compass; have subserved sundry arts by the electrotype; and now, in the telegraph, have supplied us with the agency by which for the future all mercantile transactions will be regulated, political intercourse carried on, and perhaps national quarrels often avoided. While in the details of in-door life, from the improved kitchen-range up to the stereoscope on the drawing-room table, the applications of advanced physics underlie our comforts and gratifications.

Still more numerous are the bearings of Chemistry on those activities by which men obtain the means of living. The bleacher, the dyer, the calico-printer, are severally occupied in processes that are well or ill done according as they do or do not conform to chemical laws. The economical reduction from their ores of copper, tin, zinc, lead, silver, iron, are in a great measure questions of chemistry. Sugar-refining, gas-making, soap-boiling, gunpowder manufacture, are operations all partly chemical; as are also those by which are produced glass and porcelain. Whether the distiller's wort stops at the alcoholic fermentation or passes into the acetous, is a chemical question on which hangs his profit or loss; and the brewer, if his business is sufficiently large, finds it pay to keep a chemist on his premises. Glance through a work on technology, and it becomes at once apparent that there is now scarcely any process in the arts or manufactures over some part of which chemistry does not preside. And then, lastly, we come to the fact that in these times, agriculture, to be profitably carried on, must have like guidance. The analysis of manures and soils; their adaptations to each other; the use of gypsum or other substance for fixing ammonia; the utilization of coprolites; the production of artificial manures—all these are boons of chemistry which it behoves the farmer to acquaint himself with. Be it in the lucifer match, or in disinfected sewage, or in photographs—in bread made without fermentation, or perfumes extracted from refuse, we may perceive that chemistry affects all our industries; and that, by consequence, knowledge of it concerns every one who is directly or indirectly connected with our industries.

And then the science of life—Biology: does not this, too, bear fundamentally upon these processes of direct self-preservation? With what we ordinarily call manufactures, it has, indeed, little connection; but with the all-essential manufacture—that of food—it is inseparably connected. As agriculture must conform its methods to the phenomena of vegetable and animal life, it follows necessarily that the science of these phenomena is the rational basis of agriculture. Various biological truths have indeed been empirically established and acted upon by farmers while yet there has been no conception of them as science: such as that particular manures are suited to particular plants; that crops of certain kinds unfit the soil for other crops; that horses cannot do good work on poor food; that such and such diseases of cattle and sheep are caused by such and such

conditions. These, and the every-day knowledge which the agriculturist gains by experience respecting the right management of plants and animals, constitute his stock of biological facts; on the largeness of which greatly depends his success. When we observe the marked contrast between our farming and farming on the continent, and remember that this contrast is mainly due to the far greater influence science has had upon farming here than there; and when we see how, daily, competition is making the adoption of scientific methods more general and necessary; we shall rightly infer that very soon, agricultural success in England will be impossible without a competent knowledge of animal and vegetable physiology.

Yet one more science have we to note as bearing directly on industrial success—the Science of Society. Not only the manufacturer and the merchant must guide their transactions by calculations of supply and demand, based on numerous facts, and tacitly recognizing sundry general principles of social action; but even the retailer must do the like: his prosperity very greatly depending upon the correctness of his judgments respecting the future wholesale prices and the future rates of consumption. Manifestly, all who take part in the entangled commercial activities of a community are vitally interested in understanding the laws according to which those activities vary.

Thus, to all such as are occupied in production, exchange, or distribution of commodities, acquaintance with science in some of its departments is of fundamental importance. Daily are men induced to aid in carrying out inventions which a mere tyro in science could show to be futile. Scarcely a locality but has its history of fortunes thrown away over some impossible project.

That which our school courses leave almost entirely out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. All our industries would cease, were it not for that information which men begin to acquire as they best may after their education is said to be finished. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence, is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners; while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling but little else but dead formulas.

WON AGAIN.

A very cosy sitting-room it was that Frank Merwin entered as he returned from a long and wearisome day in the law-office. A soft glow was diffused from a fire of sea-coal in the grate; the cat lay dozing on the rug, and the fitful gleams of firelight flashed on a bookcase well filled with elegantly bound volumes, on a blooming camelia partially vailed by the heavy lace window-curtains, on choice pictures suspended from the walls, on handsome stuffed easy-chairs, and every now and then disclosed, resting in shadow, a little child's shoe that lay in one corner on the Brussels carpet. Near the grate was drawn up the lounge, with Frank's dressing-gown thrown over it, and his embroidered slippers just peeping from beneath.

"This looks like comfort," said Frank, as he put on the gown, thrust his feet into the slippers, and threw himself on the lounge in a restful attitude; "I wonder where Mary is."

At that moment Mrs. Merwin entered, lamp in hand, and found Frank enjoying the quiet firelight.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed, "when did you come in? I didn't hear you;" and placing the lamp on the table, she sat down beside him.

"Only a moment ago," he said; "but it's so pleasant to get home and rest. Is dinner ready? I'm very hungry."

Just then the tinkling bell announced dinner, and they were presently seated at the table. Minnie, the little two-year-old, was already in her high chair, and no sooner did her mother appear than she began, "Tato, tato, bread, bread, milk, butter."

A shade passed over Frank's face, but he said nothing as he helped Mrs. Merwin and Mollie and Henry and Willie to the roast before him. For a minute or two at a time Minnie was still, but so soon as her eye rested on any

dish she had not seen before, she began, "Cake, cake, raisins, sugar," and nothing beside could be heard. Mrs. Merwin, intent on stopping her clamor, gave no attention to any one else at the table. Frank drew a long breath, and said, in an undertone, as if to himself—

"I do wish she could eat before we do, and be asleep when I come home."

In response to this Mrs. Merwin said, in a petting tone, to Minnie, "Ittle darling doesn't want to eat all 'lone, and go to bed 'fore papa comes, does she?"

The other children were all over four years old, and had been trained by their father in table-manners so well that their presence was no annoyance; but this little Minnie he couldn't manage, and cunning and pretty though she was, she was a real torment to her papa when he came home tired and worn with the business of the day.

At last the dinner was over, and the baby put to bed, to Frank's great relief. "Now I can talk with Mary," said he to himself, "and forget the fatigues and annoyances of the day;" and he went to his overcoat and drew from its pocket the last new magazine to show her when she came in.

Entering with work-basket in her hand, Mrs. Merwin began, "Such a time, Frank, as I've had to-day; I would'nt tell you before, you looked so tired; but Bridget went off this morning to see a sick cousin, and got back just as dinner was ready, and I had everything to do, and Minnie to take care of beside. She's got a double tooth coming, and is awful cross. Right in the midst of my work who should call but Mrs. Kingfisher, and I had to leave everything and dress up to see her, and she staid so long that my kitchen fire got so low I thought I never could get dinner in time; then Henry came home from school with the ear-ache, and I thought I never should get him quiet, but I did at last. Oh, dear! such a day as I've had!"

"I've brought home the new magazine, Mary," was Frank's only response to this long catalogue of ills; but his mind ran back over the toils the day had brought to him, heavy business anxieties, annoyances that pierce to the quick, disappointments that involve more than he cared to compute, and he looked on his pleasant surroundings with a wistful eye, and half wondered why they brought him so little pleasure. If he had not taken off his coat and boots, he would have made an errand into the street, and dropped into his club, where he was sure of meeting half-a-dozen jolly fellows, and hearing only cheerful and pleasant things. But only that night, as he walked home through the gathering twilight, the days of his courtship and early married life had all come back to him, the long evenings he and Mary had spent in reading Milton, and Scott, and Bacon, and Thackeray, and Dickens; how he had dreamed she would always be his chosen intellectual companion, no less than the partner of his life; but now she seemed settling into a mere nursery maid, a humdrum housekeeper, a good seamstress, with little other thought than to provide for the physical well-being of her household. What could he do about it? He would buy the new magazine, and read aloud to her, and see if they couldn't have a taste of the old sweet wine of their early companionship.

So, as she took up a new embroidered sack she was making for the baby, he opened to a story, and asked her would she like to hear it. Why, yes, she would be very glad to; she got so little time to read now, there was so much sewing to do, and so many things to see to, and so many interruptions, that she never had time hardly to open a book.

Frank was soon in the midst of the story, but when he read a gorgeous description of the boudoir of the heroine, Mary interrupted him:

"That makes me think, Frank, that we must have a new carpet for our best chamber, that's been on the floor ever since we were married, and it's all faded; it will do very well for one of the other bedrooms, but I think we *must* have a new carpet for *that* room and curtains to match; you know carpets are cheap now, and I saw an elegant ingrain at Sloan's last week, just the thing, and it wouldn't cost over fifty dollars; that room isn't very large."

"You shall have it," said Frank, as he went on with the reading. Presently he looked up, enquiringly to Mary, and said, "Doesn't this spirited fellow remind you of Tom Bowling, my old college chum—your cousin Tom, you know?" seeing that Mary looked a little doubtful.

"Why, yes, I guess he does," said Mary, who had been thinking, not of the story, but how she would arrange the new curtains and embroider a toilet-set to match the carpet.

It was easy enough to see that the reading

would be a failure, and when the story was concluded Frank reclined on the lounge and read to himself. "It's no use," he thought, inwardly; "I can't get her to think of anything but trifles, and I'll go back to my club."

So, on the plea of business, Frank absented himself more and more from home, until rarely did he spend an evening with Mary unless visitors were present. And she, absorbed in her domestic affairs, careful for his physical comfort, unconscious that they were so rapidly growing apart, gave herself more and more to household details and the constant oversight of her children.

Handsome children they were, and Mrs. Merwin must see that in dress and manners they were no whit behind their neighbors. Though she had a sewing-machine, her needle was constantly in use when her husband was at home, embroidering or finishing the garments she had prepared in his absence. In case there was nothing else, the crochet or tatting-needle filled up all intervals.

"Abominable crochet—horrible tatting!" Frank would say to himself, until at last all the paraphernalia of tidies, and lampmats, and wall-baskets, and sofa-pillows became inexpressibly odious to him. "If Mary would only knit up the ravelled sleeve of care I bring home daily, with soothing personal attentions—if she would give me herself, and let me rest my weary head on her heart. No doubt she loves me, but that kind of love doesn't satisfy. I want sympathy; I want her to go with me above those low-hung skies of care and petty ambition into the clear light that shone on us in those happy early days, when we read and talked so much together."

Chapter II.

A year or two after the opening of our story, Mrs. Merwin, worn with constant confinement and worry, accepted the invitation of an old schoolmate, and, taking Minnie, went to Vermont to pass the warm days of summer. The other children remained at home with a tried housekeeper, who would be sure to look after them carefully. Frank had his club, and would come occasionally to Vermont and pass the Sabbath during Mrs. Merwin's stay. He had known Mr. Banks, the husband of his wife's friend, in former days, and had had professional interchanges of courtesy and business with him as they were both lawyers, but hitherto there had been no visiting between the families.

On her arrival at her friend's house Mrs. Merwin was most cordially received, and made to feel quite at home. The years that had separated them since they left school dwindled into nothing, and they were presently interchanging thought and feeling as long years before when they walked arm in arm about the playground of the old academy, or rambled in the park adjoining it. Both had children whom they loved and were proud of, both had indulgent and intelligent husbands, both had beautiful homes. But Mrs. Merwin was not slow to perceive, as they sat sewing together in the cool mornings, that her friend was far beyond her in sweep of thought and grasp of intellect. She was mortified to find that of many subjects which came up naturally in the course of conversation she was quite ignorant; and though she could talk fluently of carpets, and curtains, and embroideries, and dress—the latest discoveries in science, the recent achievements in art, the last new books she knew absolutely nothing about, and was dumb when they were mentioned. How did Mrs. Banks manage to keep up with the age, and she so far behind it? Their children were nearly the same in number, their household cares not widely different, their husbands in the same profession Here was a mystery, and she watched for its solution.

She noticed that at night the young children were put to sleep early, before Mr. Banks came home, so the house was quiet; for though men who have worked with their muscles all day may love to frolic with their little ones when they come home at night, men whose brains have been taxed during all the business hours enjoy the most perfect stillness, and require it. She noticed, too, that the sewing-machine, the work-basket, even the knitting-work was invisible after night-fall, and however awry or difficult the household arrangements had been during the day, nothing but serenity and cheerfulness shone in the evening parlors. While those of the children who were permitted to appear at the supper-table amused themselves in the dining-room, or read quietly in the parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Banks gave themselves wholly to each other and to their guest. The news of the day was discussed, the last new book reviewed, or some important discovery rehearsed, while at intervals the conversation dropped into pleasant small talk, which makes up so much of social interchange. Occasionally they passed the even-

ing at a concert or prayer-meeting, but Mr. Banks was never at the club, rarely ever away from home after night-fall.

Many sad misgivings had Mrs. Merwin as she contrasted the perfect mutual interchange between the husband and wife whose guest she was and her life with her husband; and as she reviewed the years, light dawned upon her mind. She saw how, little by little, she had allowed unnecessary industries to absorb the time that might so much better have been devoted to intellectual culture. What availed it now that Mollie and Henry and Willie had in their babyhood been dressed so elaborately? If they had worn plain and simple attire, instead of that on which she had spent so much time and thought, how many hours she might have given to reading and keeping up with her husband! To be sure, her parlors were exquisitely adorned with variety of ornamental work wrought by her hands; but when she listened to the utterances of her friend, rich as they were with the varied accumulations of those intellectual treasures, the law of whose existence is increment, she felt poor indeed in all the resources most earnestly to be desired. Was it not possible even now that she and Frank might be all to each other that these two friends were? At any rate, she would talk with Mrs. Banks and find out, if she could, just how she had so perfectly won and kept her husband's heart, and how, with all the cares of a growing family, she had kept her mind bright and full.

So, one day as they sat together she introduced the subject, cautiously, lest Mrs. Banks might discover that she and Frank were not so near to each other as they might be.

"I don't see where you get so much time to read and find out everything," said Mrs. Merwin; "you seem as fresh as though you had just left school, while I have forgotten almost everything I knew, and yet I don't see but you have as many cares as I have."

"I neglect a good many things," said Mrs. Banks; "my tidies are all bought, while I daresay of yours you knit yourself; my children's clothes are perfectly plain, and so are my own. I've often wanted to ask where you get so much time to make all the pretty clothes Minnie wears?"

"Oh, I make them at night, after the children are quiet; Frank is away at the club, and I have all the evening to sew."

"Mr. Banks doesn't like to have me sew or knit when he is at home; he says it doesn't seem as though I were entertaining him when I am intent on the needle, and so I've never done it except when compelled by stress of circumstances."

"And you always devote yourself to him just as you have done since I've been here?"

"Yes, always; I talk to him or pet him till he's rested, and then he talks to me, tells me all the news, and everything that has interested him during the day; sometimes talks over his cases with me. I often find on the envelopes of his letters a memorandum of items 'to tell her;' and I half feel as though I have been wherever he has been during the day. If he sees a new picture he describes it so vividly to me that it's really better than seeing it with my own eyes; if he reads a new book, he goes over the points of it with me, and it has been just this way ever since we were married, so I can't help feeling that my mind has grown almost as much as his, though I have been so full of household and family cares."

Mrs. Merwin sighed audibly, and then came up in memory many a day that Frank had come home weary, and evidently longing for just this interchange of sympathy with his wife. How had it been met? Was there not something better than this laborious superfluity of ornamentation? Could not the tongue and the eye have knitted finer and more valuable fabrics than the busy fingers had done? It was not too late to hope that even now she could win him back again and enjoy the pure content that made her friend's life so blessed. Now was indeed the golden opportunity, and diligently she improved it. Laying aside the embroideries on which she had intended to spend so much time, she gave all her leisure to reading the choice volumes which were discussed in the evening conversations, to renewing her acquaintance with the classic authors she and Frank had read together, and to writing him long letters full of wifely sympathy with him in his labors and successes, of comment on the books which occupied her thought, and of anticipations of the happy association they would have when she got home again.

To Mr. Merwin the occasional Sabbaths he spent with Mary during her stay in Vermont seemed like oases in the desert. Together, as in the days of their courtship and early marriage, with little to interrupt, they slipped naturally back into the old easy interchange of thought

and feeling which clothed those bright days with sunshine and joy. Mary could not rest till she had told her husband all her heart, and how she longed to be to him all that a wife could be, keeping step with him in his intellectual growth, as well as shining in the honors which it brought him.

"Do you remember," said she, "the letter in which you asked me to be your wife? I committed it to memory at the time, and since I have been here it has all come back to me, especially the passage, 'You would be a companion for me. We could spend our evenings in beautiful readings, in mutual communings with the master spirits of the world.' We *will* spend them so when we get back home again, won't we?"

And they did. Whatever annoyances came to Mrs. Merwin in the management of her household, or to Mr. Merwin in the conduct of his business during the day, were not permitted to mar the cheerfulness of their evening reunions. When he came home exhausted with unusual toil, the quick eye of his wife read in his face and manner the needs of his spirit, and, by reason of her perfect sympathy with him, she knew just how to soothe and to restore him. Or, if he found her depressed and weary on his return, he, too, extended the helping hand of ready sympathy, gentle forbearance, and cheery words. The club was forsaken for the fireside; the crochet and embroidery-needle were forgotten, and yet the children grew as fast, were as rosy and gay as when their loving mother arrayed them in garments covered with choice needle-work. Though silver began to mingle with Mrs. Merwin's chestnut tresses, and crow-feet traced themselves on her face no longer young, Mr. Merwin declared that every year but added to her personal charms, and made her a thousand-fold more dear to him than ever. —*Laura E. Lyman, in Phrenological Journal.*

DIPHTHERIA.

BY FULLER WALKER, M.D.

The name of this fearfully fatal disease is derived from a Greek word which signifies to cover, or clothe with skin, since the inflammation which occurs in the throat causes a false membrane, or skin, to be formed. This membrane adheres to the surface of the upper air-passages with great tenaciousness, and increasing in thickness, or extending down into the lungs, causes suffocation. As might be expected from such a condition of things, diphtheria is vastly more fatal with young children than with grown folks, since they are less able to withstand its assaults, and do not understand how to make an effort to expel the products of the inflammation from the throat. In view of the fact that diphtheria may appear in the most favorably situated town or village in the country, as well as in great centres of population like New York, and that it is liable to become epidemic in form, if not properly looked after, all the information about this disease which can be given to the public is of importance. The writer of this has seen villages in Vermont nearly decimated of their child population through this disease, because its nature was not fully understood and the necessary precautions to prevent its spread and development were not taken; for no town or house is so favorably situated that it is proof against diphtheria, any more than it is against small-pox. Where can be found a more healthy or beautiful village than Greenfield, Mass., with its mountain-streams and elm-shaded streets? The press reports that the diphtheria has raged in that and other western Massachusetts towns this winter. In 1861 we saw much of this disease in the Valley of Lake Champlain, and the towns which skirt the eastern foot-hills of the Adirondack Mountains. It appeared in the high and dry log house of the farmer, on the mountain side, as well as in the comfortable home in the village. In the city of New York this disease has long been an epidemic, and the rate of mortality increases notwithstanding all the precautions taken. How bad it would be-

come if nothing was done we will not undertake to surmise. The difficulties physicians and health officers have to contend with are very great. There is a large population which is poor, under-fed, over-crowded, cut off from sunlight, ignorant, and exposed to all the conditions of contagion. Many children who are taken sick really die of neglect. Perhaps the mother is sick in bed herself, or she is obliged to go out to work, or coals and food are insufficient, or the father is intemperate. These things help to keep up the death-rate to its present high standard. In the country such conditions seldom exist, and if diphtheria appears in a family or neighborhood it should be confined to one spot.

The best authorities now agree that diphtheria, like measles, the whooping-cough, scarlet fever, etc., is a contagious disease. No matter where it comes from, or how it comes, it can be communicated from one person to another. This fact should always be kept in mind, and if a child in any family shows symptoms of diphtheria, let it at once be removed to an upper room by itself and all other children kept away. If mothers will do this they may save the lives of the rest of their children, even if the first one sick does not get well. It is really criminal to allow the sick baby or child to lie in its cradle or crib in the same room with the rest of the children. It should not be kept on the same floor, but must be carried up-stairs. All the towels and clothes used about the sick child should be kept from the rest of the family ; even the spoon it uses, and the glass from which it drinks. There is danger for any one to kiss the person sick with diphtheria. The poison which causes the disease lodges in the air-passages, and from the sore throat it spreads throughout the whole system, causing fever. loss of appetite, prostration, and often death. Often this poison clings to certain places, rooms and houses, for many months. Think what a fearful thing it must be to have the living-room of a family infected with diphtheria poison !

German microscopists claim that diphtheria is caused by a minute organism, which is called *bacteria.* Recently, at the School of Mines, in connection with Columbia College in New York, photographs of these little animals were shown through the magic lantern. They proved to be of all shapes, from a cork-screw to a tangled bunch of thread ; and the learned doctors who discoursed about them were unable to say whether they caused the disease, or were the products of diseased action. That there is something which floats in the atmosphere and lodges in the throat, causing diphtheria, is certain ; and the poison begins to act the moment it finds lodgment. If the throat is perfectly strong and healthy, we may doubt if this poison would affect it. But most people do not have sound throats ; from one cause or another the throat is inflamed and in a sensitive condition. A catarrh in the head, or nose, or throat ; a cold on the lungs, etc., will so inflame the air-passages that they will readily respond to the diphtheria poison. From these facts we see how important it is that the throat should be kept in a healthy condition. Physicians of experience have discovered that a sudden checking of the perspiration of the skin causes a cold to settle on the lungs, while wetting the feet causes a sore throat. Now. in the winter, when there is much snow on the ground, or when the walking is very sloppy, many children get their feet wet, a cold in the throat follows, and if they are exposed to the poison of diphtheria they are sure to catch the disease. The lining membrane of the throat in children under five years of age is very delicate and almost unable to resist even slight impressions. This is one reason why so many small children have diphtheria.

After a child has been exposed, in from two to five days it shows marked symptoms of sickness. The glands of the neck swell, the pulse is quick, there is fever and prostration, the inside of the throat is red, and in time white patches appear on the surface of the tonsils. Of course, there is dryness, and more or less difficulty in swallowing. In mild cases these symptoms disappear in three or four days ; in unfavorable cases they increase, and great prostration follows. Children who have recently had scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, croup, or who are feeble in constitution, are more liable to the attacks of diphtheria than well children.

The rich and poor alike are liable to this disease, and it may occur in all climates, but is more prevalent in damp, cold weather. Sometimes it owes its origin to the absence of sunlight, to the impurity of the water used, to badly ventilated rooms, to a vile habit of living or underfeeding, to decaying animal or vegetable matter. When this disease shows itself in any family it should be a matter of great concern to try and discover the cause, so it can be removed.

If the sleeping rooms are dark or badly ventilated, let in the pure air and sunlight. If there is water in the cellar, or decaying matter of any sort about, have it removed. Where people have been sick in a room with diphtheria, the ceiling should be whitewashed, the wood-work repainted, and the room opened to the air and sunlight for a week or ten days before using again. The child should be kept warmly clad in flannels, if the weather is cold.

Of the treatment of diphtheria much may be said. The indications are to keep down the fever, to remove the local irritation, and to sustain the system. Much may be done which is harmless in itself, and may prove valuable aid towards arresting the disease. The throat should be well fomented, or steamed, with flannels wrung out of hot water and put about the neck as warm as the patient can bear. Good effects will result if now and then a cloth dipped in ice-water is put about the throat, in alternation with the hot flannels. This sudden change from hot to cold, and *vice versa*, relieves the inside of the throat. Bits of ice should be constantly dropped into the mouth, and allowed to melt in the throat. If there is much general fever, reduce it by a general towel bath with soda in tepid water. Keep the feet warm and the head cool. Give the child plenty of warm milk to drink.

When the doctor arrives he will use the medicines in which he has the most confidence. Some dissolve twenty grains of chlorate of potash in an ounce of water, and with a soft sponge fastened to a bit of whalebone, dip it in the solution, and swab out the throat four or five times a day. Any sensible person can do this by holding the tongue down with the handle of a spoon. Others take the dry powder of the potassa, and blow a grain at a time into the back of the throat through a quill or straw. Some physicians dissolve twenty or thirty grains of nitrate of silver in water, and with a sponge and stick carefully touch the white patches on the tonsils with the solution. Other doctors put five or six drops of the tincture of aconite into a glass of water, and give a teaspoonful every half hour until the fever subsides. The outside of the throat can be painted, where it is swollen, with a mixture of aconite and the tincture of iodine. We have seen doctors who always begin with a dose of calomel, followed by castor oil ; and others give quinine. Most of these remedies are useful, and will do little harm. In case of necessity, a parent need not hesitate to make use of them until a doctor can be procured.

The physician would hardly be safe in predict ing a favorable termination to any case of diphtheria. In different epidemics the mortality varies from thirty to fifty per cent., and is more favorable the more adults are attacked. The younger the individual the more dangerous the disease. Among children under one year of age it is comparatively rare. The more extensive the surface of diphtheritic inflammation the more doubtful will be a favorable termination of the case. The most favorable cases are those in which the local affection remains confined to the tonsils. When diphtheria attacks the larynx the majority of the cases are fatal. Repeated occurrences of fever in the earlier period of the disease are evidence that it is spreading. A low form of fever, with the temperature of the body varying from forty to sixty degrees, indicates a thorough blood-poisoning, and a case which generally terminates in death. Loss of appetite at the beginning of the disease is a bad sign. —*Christian Union.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

From "Commonsense in the Household," by Marion Harland.

VEAL.—Despite the prejudice, secret or expressed, which prevails in many minds against veal,—one which the wise and witty "Country Parson" has as surely fostered among reading people, as did Charles Lamb the partiality for roast pig,—the excellent and attractive dishes that own this as their base are almost beyond number. For soups it is invaluable, and in *entrées* and *rechauffes* it plays a very distinguished part. From his head to his feet, the animal that furnishes us with this important element of success in what should be the prime object of cookery, to wit, to please while we nourish, has proved himself so useful as an ally that it behoves us to lift the stigma from the name of "calf," provided he be not too infantine. In that case he degenerates into an insipid mass of pulpy muscle and gelatine, and deserves the bitterest sneers that have been flung at his kind.

ROAST VEAL (*Loin.*)—Veal requires a longer time to roast than mutton or lamb. It is fair to allow *at least* a quarter of an hour to each pound. Heat gradually, baste frequently—at first with salt and water, afterward with gravy. When the meat is nearly done, dredge lightly with flour, and baste once with melted butter. Skim the gravy; thicken with a tea-spoonful of flour, boil up, and put into the gravy-boat.

Should the meat brown too fast, cover with white paper. The juices, which make up the characteristic flavor of meat, are oftener dried out of veal than any other flesh that comes to our tables.

Breast.—Make incisions between the ribs and the meat, and fill with a force-meat made of fine bread crumbs, bits of pork or ham chopped "exceeding small," salt, pepper, thyme, sweet marjoram, and beaten egg. Save a little to thicken the gravy. Roast slowly, basting often, and the verdict of the eaters will differ from theirs who pronounce this the coarsest part of the veal. Dredge at the last, with flour, and baste well once with butter, as with the loin.

Fillet—Make ready a dressing of bread-crumbs. chopped thyme and parsley; a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, rubbed together with some melted butter or beef suet; moisten with milk or hot water, and bind with a beaten egg.

Take out the bone from the meat, and pin securely into a round with skewers; then pass a stout twine several times about the filet, or a band of muslin. Fill the cavity from which the bone was taken with this stuffing, and thrust between the folds of the meat, besides making incisions with a thin, sharp knife to receive it.

Once in a while slip in a strip of fat pork or ham. Baste at first with salt and water, afterward with gravy. At the last, dredge with flour and baste with butter.

Shoulder.—Stuff as above, making horizontal incisions near the bone to receive the dressing, and roast in like manner.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Dip in beaten egg when you have sprinkled a little pepper and salt over them; then roll in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot dripping or lard. If you use butter or dripping, add a little boiling water to the gravy when the meat is dished; thickened with browned flour, boil up once, sending to table in a boat.

VEAL STEAK.—This should be thinner than beef-steak, and be done throughout. Few persons are fond of rare veal. Broil upon a well-greased gridiron over a clear fire, and turn frequently while the steaks are cooking. Put into a saucepan four or five young onions minced fine, a great teaspoonful of tomato catsup, or twice the quantity of stewed tomato, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a little thyme or parsley, with a small teacupful of hot water. Let them stew together while the steaks are broiling, thickening, before you turn the gravy out, with a spoonful of browned flour. Boil up once hard, and when the steaks are dished, with a small bit of butter upon each, pour the mixture over and around them.

Spinach is as natural an accompaniment to veal as are green peas to lamb.

VEAL PIES.—Let your veal be juicy and not too fat. Take out all the bone, and put with the fat and refuse bits, such as skin or gristle, in a saucepan, with a large teacupful of cold water to make gravy. Instead of chopping the veal, cut in thin, even slices. Line a pudding-dish with a good paste, and put a layer of veal in the bottom ; then one of hard boiled eggs sliced, each piece buttered and peppered before it is laid upon the veal ; cover these with sliced ham or thin slips of salt pork. Squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice upon the ham. Then another layer of veal, and so on until you are ready for the gravy. This should have been stewing for half an hour or so, with the addition of pepper and a bunch of aromatic herbs. Strain through a thin cloth and pour over the pie. Cover with crust and bake two hours.

STEWED FILLET OF VEAL.—Stuff, and bind with twine as for roasting. Then cover the top and sides with sliced ham which has been already boiled, securing with skewers, or twine crossing the meat in all directions. Lay in a pot, put in two large cups of boiling water, cover immediately and closely, and stew gently —never letting it cease to boil, yet never boiling hard, for four or five hours. A large fillet will require nearly five hours. Remove the cover as seldom as possible, and only to ascertain whether the water has boiled away. If it is too low, replenish from the boiling kettle. Take off the strings when the meat is done ; arrange the ham about the fillet in the dish, and serve a bit with each slice of veal. Strain the gravy, thicken with flour, boil up once, and send in a boat.

Serve with stewed tomatoes and spinach.

STEWED KNUCKLE OF VEAL.—Put the meat into a pot with two quarts of boiling water, half a pound of salt pork or ham cut into strips, a carrot, two onions, a bunch of parsley and one summer savory—all cut fine—two dozen whole pepper-corns, and stew, closely covered, for three hours. When done, take the meat from the pot and lay in the dish. Strain the gravy, thicken with rice-flour, boil up once, and pour over the meat.

VEAL PIES.—Mince the meat as above, and roll three or four crackers to powder. Also, chop up some cold ham and mix with the veal in the proportion of one-third ham and two-thirds veal. Then add the cracker, and wet well with gravy and a little milk. If you have no gravy, stir into a cup of hot milk two table-spoonsful of butter and a beaten egg. Season well to your taste, and bake in patty pans lined with puff-paste. If eaten hot, send to table in the tins. If cold, slip the patties out and pile upon a plate, with sprigs of parsley between. A little oyster-liquor is a marked improvement to the gravy.

STEWED CALF'S HEAD.—Wash the head in several waters, and taking out the brains, set them by in a cool place, Tie the head in a floured cloth and boil it two hours in hot water slightly salted. Wash the brains carefully, picking out all the bits of skin and membrane cleansing them over and over until they are perfectly white. Then stew in just enough water to cover them. Take them out, mash smooth with the back of a wooden spoon, and add gradually, that it may not lump, a small teacupful of water in which the head is boiled. Season with chopped parsley, a pinch of sage, pepper, salt, and powdered cloves, with a great spoonful of butter. Set it over the fire to simmer in a saucepan until you are ready. When the head is tender, take it up and drain very dry. Score the top, and rub it well over with melted butter, dredge it with flour and set in the oven to brown. Or, you can use beaten egg and cracker crumbs in place of the butter and flour.

When you serve the head, pour the gravy over it.

Never skin a calf's head. Scald as you would that of a pig. A litttle lye in the water will remove the hair—as will also pounded rosin, applied before it is put into the water.

CALF'S HEAD (*Scalloped.*)—Clean the head, remove the brains, and set in a cool place. Boil the head until the meat slips easily from the bones. Take it out and chop fine, season with herbs, pepper. and salt ; then put in layers into a buttered pudding-dish with bits of butter between each layer. Moisten well with the liquor in which the head was boiled. Wash the brains very thoroughly, removing all the membrane. Beat them into a smooth paste, season with pepper and salt, and stir in with them two eggs beaten very light. Spread this evenly over the scallop, dredge the top with a little flour, and bake to a delicate brown. Half an hour will be long enough.

SWEET-BREADS. (*Fried.*)—Wash very carefully, and dry with a linen cloth. Lard with narrow strips of fat salt pork, set closely together. Use for this purpose a larding-needle. Lay the sweet-breads in a clean, hot frying-pan, which has been well buttered or greased, and cook to a fine brown, turning frequently until the pork is crisp.

Literary Notices.

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY LAND AND SEA. By Rev. W. W. Ross. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

To every dweller upon this continent there is a sort of fascination in the idea of the "Far West," with its immensity of space, its exaggerations of character and production, its undeveloped wealth and its grandeur of scenery Ordered by his physician to travel, the author of this book, choosing to go westward rather than eastward, went by the Union Pacific Railroad to California, returning by way of the Isthmus of Panama. His impression of the country, the scenery, and the people, he lays before us, and that the work is a very readable one our readers may judge by the following extracts:

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

Journeying westward through Southern Minnesota, the most prosperous portion of the State, and across the corn-covered prairies of Iowa, I found two topics engrossing a large share of public attention—the Grangers and the Grasshoppers; the former, secret societies composed exclusively of farmers, were a plague to railroad monopolies, grain corners, and rings generally; the latter were a plague to the Grangers.

At one of the State Fairs I saw on exhibition these grasshopper pests, of all sizes from 1¼ inch downwards. They look like our eastern grasshopper, but are stronger on the wing, with an incredible capacity for food. Driven by the drought out of the mountains eastward, sweeping over the whole of the nearer States and portions of the remoter, they devour everything the drought has left. Thousands of acres of corn—their favorite food—are stripped to the naked stalk—not an ear left to the reaper; tender trees are left leafless and limbless; gardens—potatoes, onions, cabbages, etc.—all disappear like morning dew; turnips are hollowed out to the rind; still unsatisfied, these ghouls devour their dead, and then fall foul of the first that limps or halts by the way.

Swarming in the air, darkening the heavens, covering the earth, crawling through the houses, choking the flues, fouling the waters, sending forth a sickening stench, crushed under foot and wheel, even clogging, it is averred, the course of the cars on the Kansas Pacific Railroad—"going forth all of them together," sometimes a mass of 100 square miles—they are truly, like the locusts of Egypt, "very grievous."

The land where corn was sold for 17c. per bushel, where a waggon load was the price of shoeing a span of horses, where in years of plenty and a poor market it was used for fuel, is to-day sending forth its cry for bread!

And yet Providence has sent the plague for a purpose. One is that God has given the ground, those broad, inexhaustible prairies, not for partial productions—not for the sole growth of corn from year to year. He sent the plague to protest; to stop the violence done to nature; to restore equilibrium to her laws by utterly destroying the great offence, corn. "Nature abhors monopolies. She always breaks them up. Each vegetable is only a distillery for a certain gas for the support of animal life. The potato distils one gas, the hop another, and wheat another. Nature fights against a monopoly of hops in New York and Wisconsin by bringing the hop louse; the potato rot warns Ireland; the cucumber bug breaks up the twenty-acre fields of cucumbers in Russia."

In Canada and elsewhere, tempted by the productiveness of the soil and the high price of flour, we ran to extremes in the growth of wheat; the insect came. We resorted to other varieties of seed. Which was proof against the pest? Every expedient was a failure. Nature could not be cheated or forced. He who giveth seedtime and harvest—the God of the whole earth—would not suffer violence to be done to one part through the selfishness of another. We were driven to the growth of other grains.

GREENBACKS IN CALIFORNIA.

Greenbacks receive little honor in this land of gold. When first issued, California refused to receive them as currency, standing stoutly by the gold basis. The Gold Bank of California, with a capital of five million dollars, is the proud symbol of their polity and independence. The bank has issued gold notes which, among themselves, are equal in value to the gold itself; they are a great convenience within the State, but strangers, on departing, will do well to leave them behind; they will be held outside of California as greenbacks are inside—at a discount. I narrowly escaped an unpleasant altercation regarding them on settling a hotel bill. Handing the clerk a double eagle, he tendered change in "notes," which I refused. He blusteringly called on the crowd to testify to their worth "all the world over," which they promptly did. Californians stand up for their country and institutions with a fiery zeal that is not always tempered with knowledge. Of course, when

they consider only their own gain, they strive to get these notes out of the country, most pleased to think they shall see them no more. Having, however, carefully informed myself beforehand as to the facts, I demanded the gold and got it.

There is neither "cent" nor "shinplaster" in the State—the five cent silver piece being the smallest, and very few of them. A "bit" is twelve and a half cents, but as there are very few of these, a "short bit," ten cents, is the smallest money in plentiful circulation. Fifteen cents are a "long bit." If the purchase is but a pennyworth, you must pay five or ten cents for it; if it amounts to eleven cents you are expected to pay the "long bit," fifteen cents; if only ten cents are offered, it is counted "short," and yourself "small." Some people praise the "horn of plenty" only when the big end is towards themselves.

THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

There are in San Francisco alone 25,000 Chinese, whilst double that number are scattered over the State from the coast to the summit of the Sierras. I found them in the Yosemite. "They number one quarter of the male adults of California, and are flocking into the State faster than ever." A steamer arrived while I was there, bringing 500; sometimes a single vessel brings 1,000. Within the month in which I write nearly 5,000 arrived. There is room for three millions in California; but they are not confining themselves to the Golden State; they are rapidly spreading themselves over the adjoining States and Territories, and even across the Continent.

A good idea of their industry and success may be gathered from the fact that the Chinese in the mines dig six million dollars annually, being one-third of the entire gold yield of the State. And this six million is rarely the result of any great "find," but often the reward of deserted washings washed over for the twentieth time. I often found John panning away in places which had been gone over as far back as '49; and yet, again and again he would gather from this refuse a bigger "pile" at the year's end than many a miner, less plodding and painstaking, would gather from far richer diggings.

John is a "jack of all trades." In the city, as will hereafter be seen, he is variously engaged; in the country you will find him in the vineyards, tending the flocks and herds, driving team, tilling the soil, digging ditches, building roads, in the kitchen, in the laundry giving new gloss to old linen, waiting at the table, doing duty as chambermaid; in fine, he has made himself necessary and acceptable in every department of service.

The Chinese are imitators rather than originators; their power of imitation is proverbial. They take your photograph away, and, in a very short time, return with your portrait in oil admirably executed—if you will excuse a certain mechanical stiffness, the usual characteristic of imitators.

A lady of Macao sat to a Chinese artist for her portrait. As the work proceeded she grew more and more dissatisfied with its lack of pleasing expression. "Suppose," said the artist, "you smile a little, he look better." "He" didn't smile, only frowned the darker—all of which was scrupulously transferred to the canvas. When the portrait was finished the lady's indignation knew no bounds; whilst the exasperated artist cried out—"If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make?"

A housewife in Vancouver, teaching her Chinese cook to make a pudding, found that the third egg she broke was bad, and threw it away. The cook had learned his lesson only too well—he faithfully threw every third egg away, good or bad.

Some one tells of a traveller giving to a Chinese tailor an order for twelve pairs of nankin pants, leaving with him, at the same time, for a pattern, an old pair with a patch on the knee; the order was faithfully executed and the pants delivered on board ship, every pair with a patch on the knee.

I do not know very much about their habits of intercourse among themselves; but in their dealings with the whites they are usually quiet and good natured.

They have a school-boy fondness for knives, which are their chief methods of defence; they always carry one or two hidden away under their blouse. They never fight with their fists, but sometimes scratch, leaving behind ugly wounds with their bird-claw nails.

The great mass of those who come to this Continent are from the lowest classes, with very unsettled notions of the morals of *meum* and *tuum*. They are such adepts at theft and concealment that it is exceedingly difficult for a detective to ferret them out unless one of themselves turn traitor. The Chief of the Water Police one day pointed out to me a certain Ah Fook, whose piercing eye, and quick but cautious movements, at once marked him out as no ordinary man. "That fellow," said the chief, "is the sharpest Chinaman in America. He renders us sometimes great service; if he helps us we are pretty sure of working up any case we undertake; but if he refuse, we may as well give it up."

It is said that a peculiar custom prevails among them at the close of the year. The debtor on that day pays the largest percentage he can. On New Year's Day the creditor cancels the unpaid portion, embraces the debtor, and tells him he is free. Afterwards the debtor pays, if possible, the amount cancelled—not as an obligation, but as a matter of pride.

Two or three hundred dollars is, to the most of them, a fortune; at all events a splendid start towards it. The height of their ambition in coming to America is to secure that sum and then return. Coming in large numbers, losing no time on their arrival, living cheaply—chiefly on fish and rice; dressing as economically—their clothing, nankin breeches and cotton blouse; spending the least possible outside of themselves, they thus manage to accumulate, in the aggregate, millions of money annually, and all this is carefully sent or carried back to China. This selfish sponge policy is one thing that tends to

embitter the American mind against them, and it is a worthy cause of complaint. But there is another side to the question : they are faithful, efficient laborers in every department of industry; they have reduced the price of labor to reasonable rates ; they are, in fine, absolutely necessary to the opening up of all the important interests of the country.

As far as dollars and cents are concerned, Jonathan owes quite as much to John as John does to Jonathan.

No Chinaman ever comes to stay ; if he did, it would imperil his hopes of heaven. If he die in a foreign land his bones must be carried back, and placed in the sepulchre of his fathers. Hundreds do die here, but every steamer carries back their remains—the poor having returned to dust, the rich preserved by embalming.

Their religion is chiefly Buddhism—the worship of Budda, an image in human form. Practically a large proportion of them are atheists. They observe no Sabbath, and their temples are seldom attended except on fête days, and then but thinly.

THE DIGGER INDIANS.

The Mountain Indians, composed of various tribes, are pagan. The name Digger is given to those tribes which dig into the ground for their dwellings. Having thrown out the soil to the depth of three or four feet, they cover the hole with poles, thatching them with boughs and earth. They crawl into this den and live like so many beasts. Dirt and depravity are distinguishing characteristics. I met them first at Clark's Ranche, among the mountains, near the Mariposa grove of big trees ; and again, a larger encampment, in the Yosemite. They are no longer dwellers in this valley—only visitors. A few are always to be found here in summer and autumn. It is a favorite resort for fishing and laying in the winter's store of food. The men are of average height, lank and low-browed ; the women undersized, quiet, soft-voiced, ever wearing the unimpassioned, aimless look of a drudge—a nobody. Their dress is a mixture of the savage and civilized—chiefly the cast-off clothing of the whites, worn without any regard to the fitness of things. Children and half-starved curs, in about equal number, are trotting round or rolling together in the dirt. The lord and master is usually away fishing and hunting, whilst the squaw-slave, if not sick or sleeping, is at work gathering and grinding acorns. These with the pignon, a nut taken from the cone of the nut-pine, constitute their chief bread food. Large sacks filled with acorns are piled on the top of boulders or scaffolding, to keep them from unprincipled pigs and donkeys. One of the women is grinding at the mill—a huge piece of granite fallen from the walls about us. The surface is flat, with several cavities capable of holding from a quart to a gallon. The acorns are first roasted and peeled, then ground in these holes by pounding with a stone pestle. Though not a treadmill, the bare feet are employed to keep the meal in the mortar.

The stomach of an Indian, like the gizzard of an ostrich, is proverbially tough ; yet there is one thing they cannot digest—the tannin of oak. This is removed by pouring hot water on the meal, after which it is put into a wire-grass basket, and mixed with water. How can it be cooked ?—the basket, though water-tight, is not fire-proof. Cobble stones are heated, and dropped hissing hot in the mess. When cooled they are taken out, put into the fire again, and, without brushing off the dirt and ashes, returned to the basket. This is repeated till the mess is cooked. It has an ashen look, not unlike oatmeal porridge, but is less palatable, and productive of inferior men. What shall they do for sauce? Far away over the mountains, within the crater of an extinct volcano, is one of the marvels of nature—Lake Mono—on whose shores gathers a heavy froth, in which a certain fly lays its eggs ; when hatched, the Indians gather it up, wash away the froth, and dry the larvæ in the sun. This is called *Ke-cha-ve*, and is sprinkled on the mush !

The Diggers also make bread of their acorn meal. The oven is a hole in the ground, eighteen inches deep. First, red-hot stones are placed at the bottom ; over these a sprinkling of sand, followed by a layer of dry leaves ; on these the paste is poured two or three inches deep. This is covered by a second layer of leaves, more sand, hot stones, and lastly, earth. In a few hours the oven has cooled down, and the bread is taken out—a shapeless loaf, liberally mixed with leaves and dirt. Clover is a great luxury. They pull it up in handfuls, eating leaves and stalks, as well as blossoms. They fatten on it. When the whites were fighting the Indians of the Yosemite, in 1851, they captured the old chief Ten-ie-ya. He soon tired of the white man's food. "It was," he said, "the season for grass and clover." To be in sight of such abundance, and not suffered to taste it, greatly distressed this Tantalus, and he pined away. Captain Boling, in command, good-humoredly said he should have a ton if he wanted it. So a rope was tied round the old man's body, and he was led out to grass, when he fell to grazing with the gusto of long-stabled kine. An immediate improvement took place in his condition,—in a few days he was a new man. These Indians also relish dried bugs, grubs, and caterpillars, and are very fond of snakes and lizards.

Some of the tribes poison their arrows. They procure a live rattlesnake and a fresh deer's liver. Having irritated the snake, they hold towards it the liver, which is bitten until charged with poison. It is then buried and left to putrefy, when it is dug up and the arrow-heads dipped into it. Well dried, it is a lasting and deadly poison. A man or beast wounded with one of these arrows, ever so slightly, will die within twenty-four hours. It is said, however, that one may eat with safety the flesh of an animal killed by one of them—the poison of the rattlesnake being harmless when taken into a sound stomach, but poisonous when received into the blood.

Notice.

REV. GEORGE McDOUGALL.

There are some men whose every action is noble, who yet, while living, are hardly ever known outside of a certain district or set. They are chosen to perform duties of responsibility and self-denial, and perform them faithfully, but yet so unostentatiously, that the matter is hardly ever thought of except as being all right in the best possible hands. Such a man was, or is, the Rev. George McDougall, Superintendent of the Methodist Missions of the North-West Territory, about whose disappearance there is much mystery. A letter, dated Bow River, 1st February, from Mr. Antrobus, of the North-West Mounted Police Force, states that about a week previous, Rev. Mr. McDougall, whose mission is on Bow River, about forty miles from the Bow River station, started for the latter place. A day or two after he left his two sons, who were accompanying him, saying, "I will ride on to camp." When his sons arrived at the appointed place, their father was not to be found. One of them rode back to the Mission (Morleyville); but he had not been there. They then rode on to the Bow River station, and a number of the Mounted Police went to look for him, but, at the time of the letter, he had not been seen for nine days, and, it was believed, that no man could remain out even two of the stormy nights within that time without perishing.

It is fourteen years since Mr. McDougall first was sent to labor amongst the Indians of the North-West, and his efforts have met with wonderful success. He was a man of wonderful tact, sagacity, intrepidity and faithfulness. His whole heart was in his mission work. It is said that hardly one of the Indians but would have died for him if it were necessary. He was recently appointed by the Government to treat with the Indians, and to him, more than any other man, must Canada be thankful for the quiescent condition of the Indians of the North-West. The following letters were written to Hon. James Ferrier for the St. James Street, Montreal, Methodist Sunday School, whose missionary collections went to defray the expenses of the Mission. It is possible that in writing the second one which accompanied the tidings of his disappearance, he may have had some forebodings of death, but we must be allowed, even yet, to hope that he may not only be found alive, but to, at no distant date, welcome him again, as a few months ago, in Montreal :—

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER,
ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
December 17th, 1875.

Hon. James Ferrier, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—If our young friends of Great St. James will just glance at the map, and follow their Missionary in his wanderings since we parted on that delightful Sabbath evening, I am persuaded they will need no apology for my not having written sooner. The journey to Winnipeg is an old story ; there we parted with our mutual friend, the venerable Dr. Wood, and I, accompanied by Brother Manning and the school teachers, struck out for the "Great North-West." After travelling with the party for some days, I left them as we approached Fort Ellice ; and, having a commission to visit the Crees and Stonies, I made all possible haste to reach Fort Carleton. Here you will observe we had to cross the South Saskatchewan, a

river which was formerly a terror to the travellers. More than once I have had to make a canoe out of buffalo rawhide, and ferry goods and carts across the rapid stream; now there is a ferry-boat. After visiting the Indians of Carleton, and explaining to them the great Queen's letter, I proceeded down the river fifty miles to the Prince Albert Presbyterian Mission, where I also met the Indians of that part of the country, and was treated with great kindness by Mr. McKellar, the missionary. Here I had the pleasure of taking a leading part in the opening services of a new church, and was forcibly struck with the fact that our country is greatly indebted to the missionary for its material development. When I passed through this country eleven years ago, all was wild and desolate; now there are three churches in the settlement, and where the prairie grass waved but a few years ago, there are now vast fields of the finest wheat; the settlers expect to have thirty thousand bushels. Most of these people are mixed bloods, but there are quite a number of Indians who regard "Prince Albert" as their home. Having completed the work in that section of the country, in company with a gentleman of your city, Mr. Ellis, the geologist, I started westward, following up the South Saskatchewan. Now, in your favored land of railroads and steamboats, it may appear but a very small matter to travel from Carleton to the Rocky Mountains, and the day will soon come when it will be but a small matter here; but to me it was a very serious one. The buckboard was our mode of conveyance, the tent our lodging place. There is not a twig or a bush for hundreds of miles, owing to the Indians having followed the buffalo so far out into the big plain; and we were therefore obliged to spend weeks in a woodless country. Now just look at the effluence of the Elk or Red Deer River. Here I met with a deeply interesting people, the "Plain Stony"; they had seventy leather wigwams. These children of the prairie were greatly pleased when I told them what the Gospel had done for their brothers of the Mountains. Now run your finger along the map in a westerly direction, and your eye will catch a place called Buffalo Lake; some call it Bull's Lake. Here, by appointment, I met our missionary party, and also my son from Morleyville, and a large number of Christian Indians from Whitefish Lake and Victoria. My next journey was north, to old Fort Edmonton, hence east to Victoria. At every point I met with a most cordial reception from our Indian friends, who were all delighted to hear that the "Great Ogeemah" was going to treat with them for their lands. From Victoria we proceeded straight to Morleyville by Edmonton. Now, just look for old Bow Fort, or Bow River; six miles east of that stands your mission. Having spent three or four days amongst the Stonies, accompanied by my son I started for Fort McLeod. You will observe that, running nearly parallel with the mountains, there is a vast range of hills called the Porcupine. To find a road through the great valley which divides the hills from the mountains, was one of the objects of our journey. We were guided by the Stony interpreter, James Dixon, a very remarkable man, who for years has been the patriarch of his people. James, in a five days' journey, could point out every spot of interest; now showing us the place where, more than twenty-five years ago, the venerable Rundle visited them and baptized many of their people; a little further on, and the location was pointed out to us as where his father was killed by the Blackfeet; then again, from a hill, our friend pointed out the spot where a company of German emigrants, who, while crossing from Montana to the Saskatchewan, were murdered—not one left to tell the painful story. This occurred seven years ago. How wonderful the change! We can now preach the Gospel to those very people, who, but a few years ago, sought the life of every traveller coming from the American side.

Just examine the latest Canadian map, and see if you can find Playground River. Here is the place where we hope to establish our new mission. This beautiful valley and river is named after the wonderful Nahneboshojou, the Indian deity. The redman believes that while this great personage was on an inspecting tour, he was so delighted with the prospect presented at this place, that he rested, and amused himself by playing with some stones; some of these were pointed out to us, and I should think they are quite as large as the mountain in the rear of your beautiful city.

From the Playground of the deity we could see the mountains of Montano, the great valley of the Belly River, and the boundless prairie away towards the rising sun and thousands of buffalo grazing on the plains; in the rear of us, our guide pointed to the place where the Stony hunts the wild goat, and the bighorned sheep, the black tail, the white tail, and the graceful antelope. No wonder the poor Indian sighs while he tells you the story of the past,—a great change is now rapidly passing over this paradise of the hunter; yonder stands Fort McLeod at the mouth of the Playground River, the grand old Union Jack waving over that very spot, where, only two years ago, I witnessed the sad effects of a drunken fight between the whisky trader and the Blackfeet. Here we visited a large camp of Blackfeet, and informed them that we hoped soon to open a mission for their benefit. The head Chief, who is quite an intelligent man, spoke of the future with anxious forebodings, and I think his statements were correct; let me illustrate his position by comparison. Just suppose that all supplies were cut off from Montreal, all factories closed because there was nothing to manufacture, the markets forsaken, because there was nothing to sell; in addition to this neither building material nor fuel to be obtained; how sad would be the condition of the tens of thousands of your great city! Now, the situation of these prairie tribes is exactly analogous to this state. For ages they have lived upon the buffalo; with its pelt they made their wigwams; wrapped in the robe of the buffalo they feared not the

cold; from the flesh of this wild ox they made them pemmican and dried meat; while they possessed his sinews they needed no stronger thread; from its ribs they manufactured sleighs. I have seen hundreds of Blackfeet boys and girls sliding down these hills on this kind of toboggan. The manure of the buffalo is all the fuel they had, in a word they were totally dependent on the buffalo. Now, these unfortunate tribes behold with amazement the disappearance of these animals upon which they have existed for ages. Unfortunate people! nothing but their abandonment of paganism and conversion to Christianity can save them. Well, now let us get back to Morleyville. We shall go straight across the bare prairie. There is no fuel, but we shall carry a few small sticks for our first encampment, and hope on the second evening to reach the timber. Our journey was far from pleasant, at times the storm swept past us, and at night we had but very little fire to warm us. November 6th, we reached the encampment of our friend Dixon; there were 380 Stonies present. Next morning we held a service, and, though the frozen grass was the best accommodation we could offer our hearers, yet, no sooner was the announcement made, than men, women and children gathered round us, and sang with great energy, "Salvation, Oh! the Joyful Sound." Here, I counted over 100 boys and girls who ought to be attending school, and who, I hope, will be, as soon as we can get a place erected sufficiently large to accommodate them. I must now tell you how I expect to pass the remainder of the winter. Since our arrival we have built a workshop, and fitted up a room for each of the families. Fortunately my schoolmaster is a good carpenter, and I am an old hand at building, so we have resolved to assist my son in completing the Mission Church. The only appropriation made for this important mission was $500; the improvements now in progress will cost considerably over $3000. We cannot ask the Society for another appropriation under existing circumstances, so, if the Lord gives us health, we intend to do the work ourselves. Perhaps my young friends may enquire, "Why do not you hire somebody to do the work?" The answer is simply this. In a country where the Mounted Police are paying mixed bloods ninety dollars per month as guides and interpreters, and where a stock-raiser pays his herder $150 per month, it is not easy for missionaries to procure laborers. Some future day, when this great country is filled with Christian men and women, we shall be able to build churches just as you do in Montreal. At present, if your missionaries would succeed, they must not be afraid of a little manual labor. I expect next week to visit the Mounted Police on Bow river; if spared to return, I have a number of Indian facts which I hope to send you.

Your affectionate friend and missionary,

G. McDougall.

Morleyville, Bow River,
Rocky Mountains,
January 6th, 1876.

Hon. James Ferrier, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—In the midst of much confusion and toil, I send you another paper for your model Sabbath School. I wrote you a short time ago; as to the matter or manner, I shall be thankful to receive any suggestions from you or the intelligent teachers of your school.

LITTLE KA-BE-O-SENSE.

There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a great man's funeral. The hearse, the solemn march of the procession, are both very impressive, and yet the subject of all this show may have been heedless of the great salvation, and if so, is now suffering the doom of a lost spirit. No feelings of this kind trouble the heart of the believer, as he follows the young disciple of Jesus to the resting place of the body—of these it can be truly said, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Reflections like these often cross the mind of the Indian Missionary, as he looks for the last time upon all that is mortal of one of his Sabbath School scholars. In the past twenty-five years, I have assisted at the burial of hundreds of these little red children. The squirrel now gambols in the boughs of the trees that overhang their graves, and the partridge whistles in the long grass that floats over the solitary place, but the incidents connected with their short pilgrimage cannot be forgotten.

Little Ka-be-o-sense was about three years old when his parents, and his grandfather, Ke-che-da-da, were converted on the south shore of Lake Superior, about sixty miles west of Sault Ste. Marie; and at the first camp-meeting ever held in that country, on Sabbath afternoon, while the Rev. Peter Jones was conducting the communion service, the mighty power of God was so manifest that many were constrained to cry aloud. To use an Indian idiom, this was the hour when the relatives of Ka-be-o-sense first sighted the promised land. His mother, a very delicate young woman, but one susceptible of strong impression, there consecrated herself to Christ, and from that moment religion was to her not only a new life but a passion. Henceforth she talked to her little boy about the Saviour, just as she would about some very dear friend; she taught him to sing; she brought him regularly to class-meeting, and Sabbath School, and what is most gratifying to a pious mother, she observed that with the first awakening of the mind, the Blessed Spirit was influencing and moulding the heart. How fortunate when parents and teachers understand and sympathize with a sin-sick child who longs to love the Saviour! This forest boy was taught the simplest truths of religion, and shorthly we had scriptural authority for believing that our little friend was happy in the emotions of joy and peace. When nearly six years old, little Ka-be-o-sense caught a very bad cold, which, in a few short weeks, terminated in consumption. I was in the Sabbath

School when a messenger from the cabin of Ke-che-da-da arrived, requesting that I should immediately visit the little sufferer. On arriving at his humble abode, I at once perceived that the struggle of life had nearly ended; the dear child received me with a smile, and pointing with his finger to a corner of the room, said, "Jesus has sent for me; the heavenly people are waiting for me." His mother informed me, that for more than an hour he had been directing their attention to that part of the room, and telling them that the angels of the Great Mun-ee-doo had come for him. He then requested us to sing, and while the songs of earth calmed and comforted the sorrowing friends, the redeemed and saved spirit of little Ka-be-o-sense passed away to the realm of rest.

With deep emotion, we thought of the marvellous change which had taken place in a few moments. Present to the natural eye, was the humble home of an Indian child, the weeping friends and the lifeless body, but the eye of faith beheld the ascending spirit, the rejoicing angels, and above all, the welcome received from the Adorable One who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Before parting with Ke-che-da-da's family, I will briefly relate a circumstance showing the ardent desire of a native Christian to read the word of God. I had noticed that the father of Ka-be-o-sense always brought his bible to church, and followed the reading of the lessons with marked interest, and the circumstance excited my curiosity. I knew he was what we termed an inland Indian, and that no school-teacher had ever penetrated the wilderness where he was born. Approaching him after service, I said, "You can read?" and his answer was "Yes." "Who taught you the letters?" "I do not know them," was his reply. "Then tell me how you can read?" Without any embarrassment he replied, "This is the way. I observed that when you pronounced any of our words, that they were broken up into small parts. (I would here state that at this time we used Peter Jones' translation, in which, though he employs English orthography, all the words are divided into syllables. That Muneedoo is written Mun-ee-doo.) When the white man says 'Indian, you write it, 'Uh-ne-she-nah-ba.' When I went to my tent, I would take a hymn book, and ask my wife to repeat one of the hymns she had learnt by heart, and I soon became acquainted with the form of all the syllables." Now, the simple fact flashed upon my mind, that this poor Indian, by intense and unremitting study had mastered every syllable in his language. May not something of this kind have first suggested to the ingenious and indefatigable James Evans, the first idea of the syllabic character.

AH-NEE-ME-KE.—THE SON OF WAH-BUN-NOO-SA.

When the light of Christianity first reached this young pagan, he was about 18 years old, and the fire then kindled in his young heart was no transient flame. Very few in two short years have labored harder or accomplished more for the good of their people. Often, since my lot has been cast amongs these wild, sensual tribes of the West, I have thought of zealous Ah-nee-me-ke, and felt constrained to plead with the God of Missions, that he would raise up and thrust out from amongst the Blackfeet, young men like Ah-nee-me-ke, filled with the Holy Ghost. My young friend was not what men called gifted; unlike many of his countrymen, he was a poor orator, and his gift of song was very limited, yet, wherever this young man went, a blessed influence followed, and, until his health entirely broke down, he was incessantly at work for the Master. I have heard him plead with the Sabbath School children, entreating them to give their hearts to Christ, until all were in tears. I have seen him kneel beside a hardened old conjuror, who had bewitched his people with sorceries for many years, until he trembled and began to pray. The secret of all this young man's power was his entire consecration to God. I can now recall my feelings, when, assisted by this devout young man, for though we greatly rejoiced in his success, we saw that he was rapidly slipping away from us. It was in the spring of the year when he was first confined to his humble bed. I daily spent an hour with him, and invariably came away blessed in my own soul by the conversation and experience of this dying Indian boy. The last time I called upon him, his father was sitting by his couch, the rest of the family being out in the sugar bush. Taking him by the hand, I enquired how he felt, and his reply was, "You have just come in time, for I am dying." Just at that time, a Church of England minister entered the room. I informed my friend we were about to have prayer, and requested him to lead, which he readily did. Kneeling beside my native brother, I took his hand in mine, and, while the man of God was commending the departing soul to the Saviour which redeemed it, the young disciple fell asleep in Jesus.

When we rose from our knees, I informed Wah-bun-noo-sa of what had taken place. In this old man there was still a leaven of paganism, yet he fully believed in Christianity. He said that three things had caused him greatly to rejoice: 1st.—That two ministers had been present when his son died. 2nd.—That his dear boy was so happy in the prospect of death. And lastly.—That the Great Mun-ee-doo had called his son away at exactly 12 o'clock; and, what specially filled his heart with gratitude, was that the sky was perfectly clear, allowing the departed a glorious ascent to the home of the Great Spirit. We did not, at that time, try to instruct this poor man by informing him that his son had entered that land where there is day without night.

I shall be glad, at some future time, to inform you about some of our living Sabbath School scholars, some who have been rescued from the deepest poverty and ignorance, and are now creditably filling positions of responsibility.

With kindest regards, I remain

Your Missionary,

G. McDougall.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are determined to secure for it a first-class place in the ranks of periodical literature. It is by far the oldest Canadian magazine, and, in point of interest and variety of reading and adaptation to the wants of the Canadian home, yields to none. The object, in which we hope to have not only the concurrence, but the co-operation, of our readers is to make it still more

THE HOME MAGAZINE OF CANADA.

With seven thousand subscribers, the MONTHLY would be able to offer many inducements to magazine readers which it has not now. Amongst these would be sixteen extra pages of reading matter, and engravings. The publishers desire to make this improvement without increasing the price. It can only be done by an increased circulation. For years the magazine has been a loss, but that will be counted as gain if it should be found hereafter that the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has accomplished its mission of bringing to the surface Canadian authors, whose good thoughts would otherwise have been confined to themselves or a small circle of friends.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all our publications on or before July 1st, 1876:—

For largest amount,	1st	prize,	$20
For second largest amount,	2nd	"	15
For third " "	3rd	"	12
For fourth " "	4th	"	10
For fifth " "	5th	"	8
For sixth " "	6th	"	7
For seventh " "	7th	"	6
For eighth " "	8th	"	5
For ninth " "	9th	"	4
For tenth " "	10th	"	3

II. We will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends us the largest *number* of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six, or twelve months, we will give a prize of $10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

We want everybody to receive something for the time they may spend in spreading the circulation of our publications, and will allow every competitor to retain 50 cents from each new yearly subscription to the DAILY WITNESS; 35 cents from each new yearly subscription to the TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS, and 25 cents from each new yearly subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS; 30 cents from each new yearly subscription to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and 20 per cent. on all subscriptions, whether in clubs or otherwise, for the NORTHERN MESSENGER. It must be remembered, however, that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably *collect the full amount of subscriptions*. The competition begins from the present time. Those who begin to work first have the best chance to obtain a prize, and, in fact, March and April are probably the best months in the time covered by this competition.

The prices of our publications are quoted on second page of cover. No commissions are allowed on ministers' or teachers' subscriptions taken at reduced rates.

All competing for the above prizes should mark their lists with the words, "In Competition." Without this, or similar notice, the amounts sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

CHARACTER JUDGED BY NEWSPAPERS.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in his denunciations of the "Abominations of Modern Society," writes in italics as quoted. Mark it well: "*A man is no better than the newspaper he habitually reads.*" He also says, "Many papers that are most rapidly increasing to-day are unscrupulous. The facts are momentous and appalling, and I put young men and women, and Christian parents and guardians, on the look-out. This stuff cannot be handled without pollution; away with it from parlor, and shop, and store! There is so much newspaper literature that *is* pure, and cheap, and elegant; shove back this leprosy from your door."

This is strong language, but Dr. Talmage knows of what he is speaking when he gives utterance to it. "A man is no better than the newspaper he habitually reads." Is it true? Do evil men naturally seek out religious papers or the religious departments in newspapers, and do godly men willingly admit into their houses journals whose every tendency is evil? It is true that a man's reading is as good or better index of character than his conversation. It was with the object of supplying periodical literature such as Dr. Talmage recommends, that the WITNESS, MESSENGER, and NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, were first started. For many years their publication occasioned heavy monetary losses, but now the two former are undoubtedly on a firm basis, and every year marks improvements in their appearance and contents. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is still, like every other Canadian magazine that ever was, struggling, but it is hoped that with a strong effort it will be in a position which will enable it to be improved in many ways now almost unthought of. The MESSENGER has a mission more particularly in outlying settlements and amongst the young. It supplies a class of practical information and interesting reading which, besides, makes it of great value to every one. If "a man is no better than the newspaper he habitually reads," is it not extremely probable that if an attractive, healthy, religious journal such as the MESSENGER be placed in the children's hands they will grow up with its sentiments inoculated into their minds to be a companion and guide to them for all time?

A MODERN CRUSADE.

Dr. Talmage says:—"Fashion helps to make up religious belief. It often decides to what church we shall go, and what religious texts we shall adopt. It goes into the pulpit, and decides the gown and the surplice, and even the style of rhetoric." Fashion does this and more. It helps to ruin health; to turn beauty into ugliness; to make this beautiful world of ours, through our own infirmities, cursed by it; to appear a scene of misery; and its beauties, when viewed through the jaundiced glasses of weakness, are miseries, because they cannot be enjoyed. It is a tyrant, crushing its followers to the earth, making them almost incapable of resistance. A crusade is being now waged against one of its greatest evils, that of the injury to health caused by the present method of ladies wearing their clothing. One reason of believing that this war will be successful is, that in the changes recommended, changes in the outside apparel are not required by its adoption. The subject is fully discussed in a little book, published by Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, entitled, DRESS AND HEALTH. It is sent free by mail to any address on receipt of 30 cents.

The EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE EXTRA contains opinions of the most influential, learned, thoughtful, and popular ministers of all denominations on subjects which are of every day importance in the religious world. This book contains 102 pages of closely printed matter, printed on toned paper, and is sent to any address on receipt of 25 cts. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS is publishing a series of extras, containing reports of the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in New York. The series, comprising ten extras, form a most admirable way of preaching the Gospel, and are sold at 1 cent each, or 75 cents per 100, at the office; 2 cents each, or $1.50 per 100 post-paid by mail. Parties ordering 100 of each of the ten extras, will get them for $6.00, remitted in advance—a price which scarcely covers cost. Orders will be received at the Montreal WITNESS Office.

A telegram to Ottawa, received after the notice of Rev. George McDougall went to press, states that the body of the missionary had been found, but no further information was contained in it.

THE "WITNESS" TESTIMONIAL.

A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT.

During the last six weeks a movement has been set on foot in Montreal which has now assumed proportions which make it necessary to inform the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY concerning it. On February 9th a letter from Mr. George Forbes, McGill street, not the first suggestion of the kind that had been received, was published in the WITNESS, recommending that the publishers of the WITNESS, MESSENGER and NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, be presented with a testimonial in the shape of a building. This letter was quickly followed by others from different parts of the country agreeing to the proposition, urging that it be carried out, and in some cases sending in subscriptions to assist in defraying preliminary expenses. The interest in the matter continued to grow, and on the evening of Monday, February 29th, a public meeting was held to consider the subject. It was largely attended, and the platform was occupied by prominent clergymen representing all evangelical religious denominations in the city; several of the city aldermen, foremost merchants and representative workingmen, both political parties being about equally represented. The meeting was opened with prayer, when several resolutions were moved, seconded and supported in eloquent addresses and passed unanimously.

A statement of the resolutions passed is contained in the "Circular to the Friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS."

The following letter is from the Executive Committee of the Testimonial Fund :—

MONTREAL *WITNESS* TESTIMONIAL FUND.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HUGH McLENNAN.............. *Chairman.*
CHAS. ALEXANDER................ *Treasurer.*
WM. J. PATTERSON............... *Secretary.*
E. K. GREENE, | T. JAMES CLAXTON,
RICHARD HOLLAND, | WARDEN KING,
GEO. W. STEPHENS.

TRUSTEES.

SIR ALEX. T. GALT, | JAS. COURT,
H. A. NELSON, | F. W. THOMAS,
WM. CLENDINNENG, | GEO. FORBES.

MONTREAL, 9th March, 1876.

MESSRS. JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers Montreal WITNESS.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have pleasure in informing you that the Executive Committee of the Testimonial Fund, held their first formal meeting Tuesday afternoon, and adopted such initiatory measures as seemed necessary. resolving to meet as frequently as might be required at the call of the Chairman, Hugh McLennan, Esq. I have handed to Mr. Beatty, for publication, a list of acknowledgments to date, which will occupy a good deal of your valuable space; but future acknowledgments will be frequent, and occupy greatly less room at any one time.

I am requested to open a *most varied* correspondence, spreading over the entire Dominion, —including Ministers, Y. M. C. Associations, the various Friendly and Benefit Orders and Lodges, Temperance Orders, members of Parliament, &c., &c., which will be *gradually* accomplished.

I am also to say that the Executive Committee beg to suggest that, as they have now fairly in hand the matter entrusted to them by the General Committee, they desire to relieve the columns of the WITNESS of all correspondence and miscellaneous notices relating to the Testimonial,— requesting, also, that in some way you intimate editorially that, hereafter, letters containing subscriptions, suggestions, or remarks upon matters of detail that may be received by you, will be handed over to the Treasurer or Secretary.

I am, Gentlemen, very truly yours,
WM. J. PATTERSON, Secretary.

It is very gratifying, indeed, that such a movement should be under the supervision of so many well-known and influential citizens; and we hazard nothing when we say that the names of the Executive Committee and the Trustees afford the fullest guarantee for the satisfactory performance of the duties which devolve upon them. We most heartily concur in the Executive Committee's suggestion, that henceforward every communication relating in any way to the proposed Testimonial which may be received at our office, should immediately be handed to the Treasurer or Secretary—the columns of our several publications of course being at their service, as a medium of occasional communication with their constituents, the contributors. It is in accordance with this understanding that this presentation of the matter appears in this and following pages.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

CIRCULAR

TO THE

Friends of the "Montreal Witness."

It having been suggested that a suitable Testimonial should be presented by the friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS to Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, to mark the appreciation of their advocacy of civil and religious liberty, as well as of every cause connected with the highest interests of society,—a public meeting, numerously attended, was held in this city on Monday, 28th February, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, as follows :—

I.—Moved by Principal MacVicar, seconded by Alderman Stephens, supported by James Court, Esq., and *Resolved*,—

"That in view of the important services which have been rendered by the Montreal WITNESS to the cause of civil and religious freedom during the past thirty years, and in testimony of the very high regard which is cherished for the esteemed proprietors of that journal, it is, in the opinion of this meeting, most desirable that a strenuous effort should be made by the readers of the WITNESS and the public generally to present a liberal and fitting testimonial to Messrs. John Dougall and his Sons.

II.—Moved by Rev. Dr. Wilkes, seconded by Alderman Clendinneng, supported by Mr. Joshua Ward, and *Resolved*,—

"That the testimonial shall assume the form of a commodious and substantial building, to be used as the offices of the Montreal WITNESS, and to become the property of Mr. John Dougall and Mr. John Redpath Dougall."

III.—Moved by Alderman Nelson, seconded by Rev. Mr. Wells, supported by T. J. Claxton, Esq., and *Resolved*,—

"That a Committee be formed consisting of the following gentlemen : Sir Alex. Galt, Dr. Dawson, James Court, H. A. Nelson, C. I. Brydges, M. H. Gault, T. James Claxton, Chas. Alexander, Hugh McLennan, E. K. Greene, Geo. W. Stephens, W. Clendinneng, J. McKay, Peter Redpath, John Stirling, James Moodie, A. A. Ayr, E. V. Mosely, R. W. Shepherd, A. F. Gault, Major Mills, Thomas Robertson, James Coristine, John Rankin, D. K. McLaren, Thomas Ecroyd. Alex. Holmes, J. Cantin, W. Steinhouse, J. Richards, John Ritchie, Robert Anderson, J. S. McLachlan, Eric Mann, Dan. Wilson, David Bentley, Thos. Cramp, F. W. Thomas, Thomas Simpson, John Morrison, James A. Mathewson, J. Eveleigh, John Watson, F. E. Grafton, Richard Holland, John Barry, George Rogers, George Forbes, James Kimber, J. G. Parks, Geo. Armstrong, A. St. Denis, John Dyer, Robert Forsyth, G. S. Brush, John Allan, Peter Nicholson, E. F. Ames, S. Carsley, Warden King, Henry Lacroix, John Beatty, William Brown, R. James Reekie, Alfred Boisseau, David Grant, Geo. Smith, W. R. Ross, John H. Botterell, Jonathan Hodgson, Edward McKay, Duncan McFarlane, Wm. J. Patterson, Moses Parker, and George Young, with power to add to their number for the purpose of receiving contributions, and for directing the various matters of detail connected with the purchase and presentation of the WITNESS testimonial, in accordance with the intent of the previous resolution."

IV.—Moved by Rev. Dr. Douglass, seconded by E. K. Green, Esq., supported by Mr. Forbes, and *Resolved*,—

"That the General Committee be requested to elect a Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, and be empowered to appoint all such sub-committees as they may consider desirable."

V.—Moved by Rev. Dean Bond, seconded by Mr. Patterson, supported by Rev. Leonard Gaetz, and *Resolved*,—

"That this meeting desires to give a hearty expression of its wishes that the Messrs. Dougall may long be spared to conduct the Montreal WITNESS, and that their journal may ever maintain a reputation worthy of the honor which the people of this Dominion now seek to confer upon it."

At a meeting of the General Committee, held on the 4th inst., an Executive Committee and Board of Trustees were appointed, consisting of the following persons:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HUGH MCLENNAN ....*Chairman.*
CHAS. ALEXANDER..........*Treasurer.*
WM. J. PATTERSON......... *Secretary.*

E. K. GREENE, | T. J. CLAXTON,
RICHARD HOLLAND, | WARDEN KING,
GEO. W. STEPHENS.

TRUSTEES.

SIR A. T. GALT, | JAS. COURT,
H. A. NELSON, | F. W. THOMAS,
WM. CLENDINNENG, | GEO. FORBES.

The Executive Committee heartily concur in the belief, so well expressed, that "to the energetic Founder and " Editor of the MONTREAL WITNESS " (Mr. JOHN DOUGALL) the people of " this Dominion must ever feel greatly " indebted, and their sense of obligation " will be intensified by a careful con- " sideration of the self-denial and the " patient toil with which Mr. DOUGALL, " as well as his son, Mr. JOHN RED- " PATH DOUGALL, have discharged " their arduous duties, and bravely " confronted their many discourage- " ments." And in accepting the responsibility of endeavoring to give effect to the wishes of those who so very unanimously adopted the foregoing resolutions, they beg most respectfully to submit a few important practical considerations, as expressive of the manner in which they hope the project may be carried out successfully.

While cordially endorsing the second of the resolutions, the Executive Committee nevertheless entertain the opinion that the precise form of the Testimonial must, after all, be determined by the liberality of the subscriptions; it therefore becomes the duty of all to unite in making the aggregate contribution large enough to render the proposed Testimonial a fitting national one. The funds will, in the interim, be placed at interest in one of the chartered banks of the Dominion. If, within a reasonable period, it appears that the subscription is not likely to be adequate to give effect to the precise terms of the resolution, the Executive Committee will adopt the best method of communicating with the subscribers, so that it may be decided what form the donation should then assume, in view of presenting it in the form of a gift not subject to attachment for debt. The foregoing suggestion, which the Executive Committee feel it their duty to make, is not one which arises from doubt as to what *can* be done with comparative ease, but simply as indicating a possible contingency,—for which the friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS throughout Canada will themselves be responsible, but which the Executive Committee, with the necessary co-operation, will spare no effort to avert.

It may have been noticed that a number of subscriptions of from five to one hundred shares ($5 to $100) were given at the Montreal meeting of 28th ult. While all such are most thankfully acknowledged and encouraged, still the Executive Committee entertain the belief that the great bulk of subscriptions is likely to come from the masses of the population in small sums, probably of not more than one dollar; they desire to stimulate this effort strictly as an index of general appreciation, and thus bringing it within the reach of every reader of the WITNESS publications to aid in the movement which has been so auspiciously commenced.

As far as practicable, the Executive Committee favor the formation of Local Committees, and will endeavor to open correspondence with as many as possible of the cities and towns of the Dominion, to induce the formation of such auxiliaries,—as the work of collecting and transmitting subscriptions will, by that means, be most rapidly and effectively promoted. But in the meantime it is earnestly hoped that, without waiting to be officially communicated with, the friends of the MONTREAL WITNESS will forthwith

take steps to organize subscriptions in their several localities. Any person, however, who may not have a suitable opportunity for aiding a local subscription list, can send his contribution by mail (*registered*) to either CHARLES ALEXANDER, Esq., Treasurer, or to the Secretary.

The various Benefit and Friendly Organizations, Temperance Societies and Orders, Young Men's Christian Associations, Sunday-Schools, &c., in sympathy with this movement, are expected to give immediate effect to their intentions, communicating with the Secretary, reporting progress from time to time. Subscriptions received from Societies, Corporate Bodies, or Industrial Communities, will be acknowledged in the form in which they are sent.

The Executive Committee will endeavor to preserve throughout the spontaneous and voluntary character of the proposed Testimonial; and, while they hope to give every facility for receiving and applying contributions, they will not adopt any system of solicitation through agents. The opportunity to subscribe will, in all cases, be afforded by well-known residents of each locality, and such friends as are willing to act will be supplied with the requisite Subscription Books.

It is intended to officially acknowledge, from time to time, all subscriptions in the columns of the WITNESS publications, and subscribers are solicited to accept such notifications as a receipt.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,—

HUGH McLENNAN, *Chairman.*
CHAS. ALEXANDER, *Treasurer.*
WM. J. PATTERSON, *Secretary.*

MONTREAL, *8th March*, 1876.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is very respectfully suggested by the Executive Committee that, for the purpose of enabling the Secretary to make full and systematic record of the contributions, all subscriptions by guarantee notes should be made payable uniformly upon the dates mentioned in the *printed forms*. It seems also imperative that, for the sake of saving expense, subscribers by guarantee notes should not require to be individually notified at the time when payments become due. Subscription Books will be supplied by the Secretary if asked for, which will, of course, only be given in charge to the most suitable person by the local chairman.

Wherever an auxiliary committee is formed, it is expedient that all remittances to the Treasurer or Secretary here should be made, as far as possible, through the chairman of that auxiliary.

TRACTS have been of great value in teaching truths. They may be taken and thrown away by some, only to be picked up and read by others perhaps never thought of in connection therewith. Like seed blown by the wind miles across the country to find a resting place, grow and fructify in some far off spot, their direct value cannot be measured. It was in the belief that this means of spreading truth is thus valuable, that the publishers of the "New Dominion Monthly" and "Montreal Witness" issued a series of Gospel tracts, entitled, "Apples of Gold;" also a series of Temperance tracts. These tracts, of which a large stock are on hand, contain four pages of closely printed reading matter, carefully selected from the best evangelical and temperance journals, each tract comprising several of these selections. Three hundred copies of either are sent to any address on receipt of $1.

MUCH SATISFACTION has been given to those who interest themselves in the musical education of children, by the adoption of the Tonic-Sol-Fa system. A little book published at the WITNESS Office, Montreal, entitled "Sol-Fa-Lessons," is a key to the whole system. It costs but 15c., and should be read by those interested in musical culture.

The interest attaching to the "Guibord Case" is not transient—its principles are too important for that. Its narrative, published at the office of the MONTREAL WITNESS and NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, will remain a chapter in Canadian History, from which will date the first real conflict between the French-Canadians and the Vatican. The "History of the Guibord Case" is sent, post free, on receipt of the price, 50 cents, by John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

THE

N. Y WEEKLY WITNESS

Is a wonderful newspaper. Its circulation was in December 1871....

December 1872....25,000

December 1873....50,000

December 1874....75,000

DECEMBER 2ND, 1875........100,000.

NOVEMBER 12th.—At this date we cannot put in the December figures, but as the last four days have brought in 2,706 subscribers, it is probable the December figures will be far above 100,000. How has this been accomplished? There is no secret about it. By publishing the best paper in the country. Every family should have it.

It is a large eight-page, fifty-six column paper, with less than seven columns of Advertisements. It is full of choice reading matter, including a Serial Story, and has probably more News than any other Weekly; together with most carefully prepared and detailed Market and Financial Reports. It takes the Christian and just side on political and other questions. It is emphatically the paper for the times, advocating as it does, Total Abstinence, Prohibition, Equal Human Rights, Sabbath Observance, Missions, and every good cause.

Subscription rates, postage paid, $1.50 a year; 75 cents six months; 40 cents three months. The WITNESS stops when subscription expires.

Sample Copy sent free on application by Postal Card.

To Farmers, Merchants, Millers, and Produce Dealers.

Your attention especially is invited to the reports of markets and movements of produce. The butter and cheese articles of the WITNESS are now regarded as a very good criterion for shippers and purchasers, and as giving a fair idea of the real state of the market, with a record of actual transactions.

In these times of considerable fluctuations in prices, the value of a reliable report can hardly be over-estimated.

Price, $1.50 a Year; or, 40c. for 3 Months.

THE NEW YORK

DAILY WITNESS,

ONLY

Five Dollars a Year,

POSTAGE PAID.

This paper, the only Religious Daily Newspaper in the Union, is growing rapidly in public favor. Its circulation is now over

20,000.

It is the size of the *Sun*, and is published every morning (except Sabbath), and dispatched by the early fast mail. It is becoming renowned for its excellent reports of the

LIVE-STOCK MARKET, PROVISION MARKET, BREAD-STUFF MARKET, GRAIN MARKET, BUTTER MARKET, CHEESE MARKET, GENERAL PRODUCE MARKET, CATTLE MARKET, GOLD AND STOCK EXCHANGE, COTTON EXCHANGE.

These independent reviews of the great marts of produce no Merchant, Farmer or Banker should be without; for they are written in the interest of the public, and do not "Bull" or "Bear" the markets at the bidding of interested speculators. THE DAILY WITNESS also contains extracts from the Leading Morning Journals, a serial story, and much other interesting matter for the family circle, besides all the News of the Day, making the WITNESS one of the best and cheapest papers published.

The reports of the meetings of MOODY and SANKEY during the great Revival in Brooklyn have been declared the best published, and are still continued by our special reporters in Philadelphia.

Subscription, postage paid, $5 a year; $2.50 six months; $1.25 three months. Send for free sample copy.

The above rates of subscription are in American currency, which, or its equivalent in Canada money, may be sent to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL;

Or direct to me,

JOHN DOUGALL,
No. 2 Spruce street, New York.

R. Nimmo

JOSEPH GOULD,

211 St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

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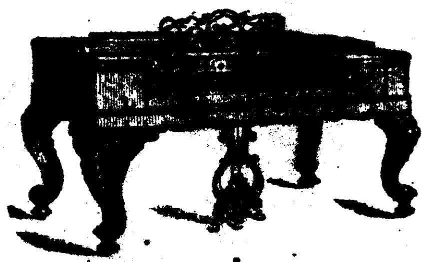

These instruments are admitted to be the STANDARD INSTRUMENTS of their kind, to equal them being the highest ambition of rival makers.

More than **Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand** of them are in daily use, affording the most thorough satisfaction to thousands and thousands of listeners. No pains nor expense are spared in their construction, a perfect instrument being the only aim of the manufacturers.

THEY COST NO MORE THAN INFERIOR AND UNTRIED INSTRUMENTS. Send for Price Lists and judge for yourself.

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A great variety of Second-hand Pianos constantly in Stock. Old instruments received in exchange for new ones at their full value.

Illustrated Catalogues, Price Lists, and full information may be obtained on application.

JOSEPH GOULD.