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THE LATE CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

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# THE STONE-HAMMER MEN AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

BY JOSEPH WILLIAM SPENCER, B.A. SC., MIN. ENG.

Much has been written about Lake Superior, both in reference to its magnificent scenery and to the rich metallic deposits; yet the region is extensive, and requires still a vast amount of research before it becomes well known.

The knowledge of the mineral wealth of the South Shore is much more advanced than that of the North Shore, as during the last thirty years our American neighbors have spent vast sums of money in useful explorations, besides millions squandered in wild ventures.

On the Canadian side of the Lake, it may be safely said that ten years ago there was scarcely a white man outside of the Hudson's Bay Company employees and a few traders; but during the last five or six years a considerable impulse has been given to mining explorations owing to the success of the Silver Islet Company. In reference to geological explorations on the North Shore, no one man has done so much in acquiring reliable information to be used as the base-work of future explorations, as Prof. R. Bell, of the Geological Survey, who has spent seven seasons in those regions, and the results of his explorations should be more widely known.

Since the rapid influx of people to Manitoba by way of the Upper Lakes, as well as owing to the many excursion parties to Lake Superior, this great lake seems to be nearer the rest of the Province of Ontario; yet there is a ground of dissatisfaction to the tourist, that the greater number of the vessels do not even pass in sight of many of the places most noted for their grand scenery; particularly is this the case with the vessels running on the American or South Shore lines.

Turning now to the subject of this paper, I begin with a narative, of what skill in mining had been arrived at in pre-historic times.

The first settlements of Europeans on Lake Superior were made a little more than two centuries ago, these being missionary establishments of the Jesuits. At this time, the shores of the lake were thinly peopled by Chippewa Indians, as far west as Bayfield, on the South Shore. Beyond Bayfield the Sioux occupied the country for a considerable period of time, till driven westward by the encroaching Chippewas. According to some of the

writings of the earliest missionaries in this region, we have been informed that the Jesuit fathers learned from the old men of the Chippewa tribe, that when they had gone to Lake Superior (being themselves driven westward) they found the country uninhabited. This migration was probably scarcely more than three centuries ago, as their traditions gave it a recent date.

In these earliest writings, we are not informed of any knowledge of valuable deposits of copper that might have been possessed by the Chippewas; and from the silence on the subject, it seems reasonable to infer that they were unacquainted, if not with the uses of metallic copper, at least with the art of mining, even if they were aware of the existence of copper. However, in later writings of the Jesuits, mention of the existence of copper, as known to them, is made; but they have not left any records that veins or beds of the metal were worked by the Indians.

This brief sketch carries us back to the earliest historic times of Lake Superior, without leaving any records of mining; yet, turning to the rocks themselves these are only so many records imperishably stamped in pre-historic days, to show that we cannot consider the Indo-European of the last half century the first to recognize the mineral value of Lake Superior.

Long before the migration of the Chippewas three centuries ago, there had been a race of men, to us unknown, who had toiled the long weary day and paved the way to the rediscoveries of the last thirty years. These men were not altogether unsophisticated savages, for in the dim past they had made considerable progress in the art of mining copper, the only metal used among the aboriginal traders of North America, and valued more highly than gold among the Indians who had been fortunate enough to obtain it at the time of the rediscovery of America. Of all the many copper mines that have been discovered and worked in modern times on Lake Superior, there is not one that was unknown to the aboriginal miners three or six centuries ago. The copper is in the metallic state, being found in pieces varying from exceedingly small particles up to masses of the pure metal of several hundred tons' weight. The Copper-Bearing Series of rocks extend from Ontonagon County, through the entire length of Keweenaw (or Keewaiwonaw) Peninsula, and on Isle Royale. From what has been left us throughout the whole of this region, there is abundant evidence of the visitation of a semi-civilized mining people. These early miners sunk many pits, either in explorations or to follow branches of the metal already discovered. Yet they labored under great difficulties—they had no steel mining tools, no blasting powder, no powerful machinery to raise and transport the rock, no pumps; they had only their hands, the rocks, the trees, and the undomesticated wild animals, to afford them means to dig down deeply into the bowels of the earth. For hammers they used oval-shaped boulders, in size from a pound or two in weight to those weighing fifty pounds or more. Of these there are two descriptions—simple hand hammers, and those used with handles. These latter have a groove, or sometimes even two grooves around them, in order that the handles may be tied tightly with straps of leather, or of bark.

These grooves were made only at a great expenditure of labor, as their tools were of the roughest description, and the stones are either *diorite* or *granite*, being tough and very hard. Among the other remains of their implements, wooden shovels, wooden crowbars, skids (or round pieces of wood used as rollers), fragments of leather and skins, birch-bark vessels (used as buckets to keep their workings dry) and a few copper tools have been found. From

the markings of their cutting implements it is supposed that they probably used copper hatchets. Their perishable implements have been preserved in their old pits, which have ever since been filled with water.

The greatest difficulty of these early miners was to find a means of sinking into the solid rocks and driving horizontal galleries ; yet they did so. In many places the upper portions of the veins are particularly soft, being weathered, and these might be removed with comparative ease. But they required something more powerful than their rude hammers to pursue their greater workings—they required means of blasting. The plan adopted was that which has been used in Eastern countries till a comparatively recent date. This consists of an intense fire, made so as to heat the rocks to a high temperature, then cold water is thrown on, and this chills and causes them to crack, after which the miners were able to remove the shattered portions with their tools. By means of this rude method of blasting they sunk many pits to a depth of fifty feet, especially in the Evergreen Range, Ontonagon County. Here also, they drifted galleries from the pits to a horizontal distance of thirty and forty feet; but this required better ventilation to maintain the combustion of the fuel sufficiently rapid to raise the temperature high enough for blasting purposes, and also to get rid of the smoke. These men were, however, even able to surmount this difficulty. They understood the necessity of having two shafts, in order to have a perfect circulation of air, entering by one and going out by the other. Several of these mines with double shafts have been found.

The difficulties of these ancient miners did not end when they had obtained a means of breaking down the rocks ; they had no means of cutting up large masses of copper. The smaller masses could be broken up by hammers and sharp angular stones, but the huge blocks of copper could scarcely be mastered in this way, and as a result several large masses have been found at the bottom of the pits, which, after having detached them from the rocks, they left. One of the most noted was found many years ago in the old Minnesota mine, near Ontonagon where a mass of copper weighing seven and a half tons had been raised on skids and after having the branches battered off, the principal part was left raised on skids, having resisted their efforts to break it up. They do not appear to have been acquainted with the art of casting, as all their implements have been made by hammering the copper, nor do we find any traces of cast copper among the various articles which had passed to the eastern Indians, and been handed down among them as heirlooms.

This somewhat advanced people appear to have been migratory, visiting Lake Superior only in summer, as they have not left any traces that would lead us to suppose that they occupied the country in winter—there being no remains of any such habitations, nor of burial places, &c., which are found frequently in other parts of the continent. Another argument in favor of supposing that these early miners were migrates, consists in the fact that their hammers and instruments appear to have been put away carefully each season, and not left indiscriminately around, awaiting their return in the coming spring, up to the time when they left to return no more.

Their most skilful workings are found near the southern part of the Copper-Bearing Series in the Evergreen Range, Ontonagon County ; and those in Keweenaw County, from sixty to eighty miles farther south, are generally only pits, while the recent discoveries on Isle Royale show still less skill. Although immense numbers of their hammers are found on Isle Royale, none of

them are grooved, having been used as hand-hammers only, and the interest attached to them by the modern student is scarcely more than that attached to ordinary pebbles. The fact that the farther south and more accessible country was more extensively and more skilfully worked, was probably the result of earlier discoveries, and consequently time had taught the necessity of some advancement. I consider this as evidence of their coming from the south-west, or south, perhaps, when taking into consideration the accessible and inaccessible features of the country, as the migrations must principally have been effected in canoes.

Various names have been proposed for these people, and among the most appropriate seems to be that of "*Stone-Hammer Men*," as by such works of art (though rude) they are best known. In what period they lived, and who they were have been discussed many times before. From the growth of trees over some of their workings it is calculated that part of these latter are upwards of six hundred years old, while no estimates make them more recent than three hundred years.

It is impossible to tell from the present knowledge to what race they belonged, but the best authorities regard them as belonging to the Mound Builders of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and anterior to any races of Indians that have been known to the white man as occupying the same regions.

As to the value and uses of copper, it may be stated that it must have cost the aboriginal miners more labor than gold costs us; and it has been suggested that its principal use was as a medium of trade, which had extended widely over the continent, even as far south as Georgia. Their copper appliances, though widely distributed, had a very limited marketable supply, and they were used rather for ornament than for domestic economy,—rings and bracelets being much more common than axes, spears, or arrow-heads. This, speaking generally, is what we know of the Stone-Hammer Men.

La Garde appears to have been the first of the Jesuits who mentioned the existence of copper on the shores of Lake Superior, in a work published in Paris, in 1636.

Claude Allonez again mentioned the presence of the metal thirty years later. In 1721, De Charlevoix described the metalliferous deposits and the superstitious reverence paid to the metal by the Indians.

The first attempt of the white man to mine copper in this region was begun in 1771, by an English company, on the Ontonagon River. It was, however, a failure, and the copper was destined to remain almost unknown for another three-quarters of a century. From 1819 to 1841, several Government expeditions were sent out, and the reports of the latter date led capitalists to look to this region for successful investments. From 1841 to 1845 sixty-one mining companies were formed, of which twelve had begun operations. During fifteen months ending with November 1845, no less than five hundred and ninety-two mining locations were granted to nearly as many persons, and eventually one hundred and eleven companies were formed, but many of them found that they had mining-permits without mineral. After 1849, confidence was based on a firmer basis.

The geological formation of the rocks in which the copper occurs is peculiar to itself, and has been named on the South Shore, *Upper Copper-Bearing Series*, while, on the North Shore, Prof. Bell (of the Canadian Geological Survey) has given the appellation of *Nipigon Series* for the equivalent rocks. The exact horizon, geologicaly speaking, is not known, owing to the absence of organic remains, only one obscure fossil having

been found; but they are known to be more recent than the Huronian Series, over which they lie. The series of rocks under consideration is made up of thick beds of igneous and sedimentary rocks intercalated. These beds are not twisted and contorted like those in the older crystalline formations, but all lie conformable (like the leaves of a book), and dip at considerable angles to the north-west. Along parts of the exposures of these beds the capping rocks are hard, compact greenstones, which disintegrate very slowly and form long series of bold cliffs and make a very picturesque country. The range has an average height of about eight hundred feet above Lake Superior, and runs parallel with the coast, and near to it from the extremity of Keweenaw (Keewaiwonaw) Point, southwestward for one hundred and fifty miles. The range scarcely averages five miles in width, which in some places is broken into two ranges by an intervening valley. To give an idea of the enormous development of this formation it may be stated that one homogeneous bed (the greenstone band) has a thickness of twelve hundred feet, while the whole series, as known at present, has a thickness of upwards of thirteen thousand feet, or about two and a half miles. Copper is found in greater or less quantities throughout the whole of this range, at least in some of the beds or veins.

The four principal copper-mining localities on the South shore of Lake Superior, are Ontonagon County, Portage Lake, Keweenaw (Keewaiwonaw) Point (the county), and Isle Royale. Keewaiwonaw Peninsula is a promontory extending fifty or sixty miles north-eastward into Lake Superior, and is nearly separated fiom the main land at the southern extremity by an inlet called Portage Lake. The most important copper mines are situated on this peninsula north of Portage Lake. Arriving from the east, a vessel would enter this long narrow lake, which would be called a river did the discharge of water by it produce any perceptible current, which it does not. This long, narrow lake occasionally widens out into picturesque bays with many pretty islets. The shores consist of steep hills or escarpments, rising, in places, six hundred feet above the lake; and in some places they are covered with a variety of trees, and these contrast favorably with the great sand doons which are to be seen in so many places on the South Shore. Fourteen miles up this lake, the two rival towns Houghton and Hancock are situated, one on each side of the lake, and having their streets rising one above the other in a terrace-like manner. From the lake there is to be seen beyond the towns only here and there, an occasional shaft and engine house, or a cluster of houses, perhaps all deserted, or a heap of waste rock, and nothing more to tell what is, or has been going on with the biped moles that burrow here. Yet real mining is carried on earnestly, and in a more or less scientific manner. There are essentially two kinds of mines—the one being in beds lying more or less horizontally, the other being in veins nearly perpendicular. All the mines on Portage Lake belong to the former class, or those in the form of beds. A considerable number have been worked around here, but at present only four on the lake shores are in active operation, namely, the Quincy, the Pewabic, the Franklin, and the Atlantic Mines. Of these the largest and most extensive is the Quincy Mine, and I will give a sketch of it as a typical Lake Superior mine, which has been worked with profit for twenty years. This is situated on the north side of Portage Lake, just above the town of Hancock, and is nearly 600 feet above the lake. From this place there is a grand view of the hills and waters, till it is closed around in the distance by the

higher hills. This mine is the deepest on Lake Superior, having its chief shafts down to a depth of about 1800 feet, at varying angles, but mostly in the neighborhood of fifty-six degrees from the horizontal, the whole being equal to a vertical depth of 1,440 feet. There are five or six shafts, only three of which are now used, two for hoisting and pumping, and the third for the transportation of the men to and from the various galleries. The men go up and down the mine by means of a piece of mechanism called a man-engine, the principle of which is that two rods, as long as the shaft is deep, are so constructed as to balance each other, and that when the one moves up a few feet (usually about ten) the other rod goes down an equal distance; at the end of each stroke there is a temporary pause; now at every ten feet apart there is a platform, and as the two platforms are opposite to each other, at the end of each stroke the men on the one rod step across to the other, thereby always being on the ascent or descent at pleasure. By this means the whole mine can be cleared much more rapidly than by any other means, and with ordinary care scarcely an accident need occur. In mines where other means are used a large percentage of the accidents happen in the shafts.

If the visitor can persuade any of the officers to accompany him (ladies occasionally go) under ground, he proceeds to the office of the mining captain and there puts on trousers of tightly woven linen, and a coat of the same material, both of which are coated with a vast amount of earthy matter, to which there must be no objections; next he puts on a sort of cotton nightcap, over which he places a low stiff felt hat, thickly covered with grease and clay; last of all he is furnished with four or five candles, which he attaches to the button of the coat (of course not soiling the garments), and a lighted one in a miner's candlestick—a lump of plastic clay, which is usually kept moist by superfluous saliva; consequently the hands are not usually very free from matter (earth, saliva and grease) objectionable to the over fastidious individual. A luncheon may be added to this outfit, and now being ready, he begins to descend, going down on something vanishing beneath his feet as it were, going down, down, down, the minutes appearing hours, and the light of his candle being just enough to reveal the darkness, or perhaps a wide yawning abyss through which he may be passing.

Perhaps the light may be extinguished, and then he must not move. One false step and then a mangled corpse would be found hundreds of feet below; or else remaining quiet till he gets a light, then he feels himself alternately elevated and lowered; he feels the motion, but knows not where he is. When down he will pass from gallery to gallery, just high enough to be able to walk, leading to the various workings; or will pass through some wide, rock-bound chamber, with here and there a pillar left for the support of the roof, and in which almost anyone but a frequenter is liable to be lost, which is rather serious if far away from those men who are working, or from the guide. Coming to the workings at the end of the galleries he sees two or three men at work; two are using heavy hammers and the third is holding a drill, which each strikes alternately; these men are *drifting*—they are making holes in which to put the blasting material, that they may get a few feet, or rather a few inches, farther into the solid rocks. From Monday morning till Saturday evening, there is the almost ceaseless strike, strike, strike; neither day nor night sees the place free of the toilers. Yet there is an end, or rather a respite in their week's labors, being in this respect unlike the miners of Colorado and Nevada, who know not the meaning of a Sabbath-day's rest. Again a

similar operation may be seen at the bottom of the shafts, both of the *drifting* and *sinking* being done in order to keep the mine opened up ahead of the regular workings. Leaving these portions of the mines, the visitor is attracted by numerous lights and by the rapid succession of blows of hammers. Here they are *stoping* to bring down into the gallerieslarge quantities of rich copper-bearing rocks at an expenditure of a comparative small amount of labor. From the galleries the material is taken in cars on the underground railways to the neighboringshaft, where it is raised to the surface. But about noon commotion reigns supreme; men are hastening to and fro in order to find some secure place where they may be safe from the stones scattered by the various blasts. Again, in a moment more, and the mining artillery sends forth its volley after volley, there being a general fusillade, and the angry battle seems to be gathering around one. Again there is quiet, and in the smoky atmosphere our visitor can sit down and eat his luncheon with unwashen hands, which have been covered with clay, grease and saliva. On many, the effect of the smoke is to give a very bad headache, but the mine is generally clear in an hour or two. In the Quincy Mine there are six or eight miles of galleries, while in one mine (now exhausted) there were no less than fifteen miles of galleries.

After wandering around for four or five hours, our visitor, somewhat satisfied, is willing to ascend, which he can do by the man-engine ladders, if he should have any climbing propensities, or by the *skip* (a sort of car in which the rock is hoisted); but this latter is unsafe, as the rope is liable to break, in which case there would be no hope of escape.

The skip (or hoisting cars) are made of iron, and run on the inclined railroad of the shaft, and are raised and lowered with wire ropes of small size. These, at the top of the shaft, empty into other cars, which carry the material to the Rock House, where the masses of rock are broken to small size, and from here other cars take the crushed material to the stamp mills.

The copper in the beds that are worked is usually in small grains scattered through the rock, or else in small masses, while that obtained from the veins is generally in masses, often of great size. The largest individual mass that has been extracted weighed four hundred and fifty tons, having the dimensions of forty-seven feet in length, eighteen feet in width, and nine and a-half feet in thickness. It required fourteen months to have it cut up, and the chips alone weighed fifteen tons, the blocks of metal being taken out in six or seven ton masses. This was in the old Minnesota mine.

The vein workings differ only in details, and are more interesting to the scientist than the bed workings, as much more can be gathered in regard to the geological structure of the rock veins than in the latter. On Lake Superior the vein workings are more dangerous to the miners' lives than the bed workings.

In order to obtain the small particles of copper, the rock is crushed finely under the stamps, and the powder is washed, the copper separating on account of its superior gravity from the lighter particles of rock; these in the pressure of water are carried away, while the heavy copper sinks and is afterwards collected. The material thus collected is taken to the smelting works at Hancock, where the copper is put into a marketable condition.

In 1873, a railroad was built northward along the mineral range from Hancock to Calumet, a distance of thirteen miles. Keweenaw Peninsula also rejoices in another short railway from Calumet to Torch Lake, where there are two large stamp mills. A ship canal of about two

miles in length has also been constructed, connecting Portage Lake with Superior to the westward, thus making Keweenaw Point an island.

Calumet and Hecla Mines, situated at the village of Calumet, are among the most productive copper mines in the world. The rock contains about five and a half per cent. of copper, almost entirely in the shape of small grains scattered through the rock, which is a conglomerate. However, only about seventy-three per cent. of the metal is saved, the other twenty-seven per cent. being lost in dressing the rock, the finer particles being washed into the lake, which causes the water about the stamp mills to have a copper red color. The stockholders of these mines were originally assessed to the amount of $800,000, and some millions more of their earnings were spent on the workings. But this outlay has been well invested, and now for several years the stockholders have received in dividends $1,600,000 per annum, being a yearly interest of no less than 200 per cent. on their original investment, and up to the present, they have been reimbursed with no less than $8,000,000. These mines yield about 10,000 tons of metallic copper a year, and employ nearly 2,000 men.

Several mines have paid handsome dividends in working rocks containing only one and a quarter or one and a half per cent. of copper—that is, working ores worth only five or six dollars per ton, the cost of mining and extracting the copper being not more than $3.50 per ton of rock. But to accomplish this there is a vast amount of money expended in order that the handling of the rock may cost the minimum.

The vein workings afford cross sections of the various strata, and many beautiful specimens of minerals are also obtained. Some of these mines are more than a thousand feet deep.

The Cliff Mine has paid a dividend of $2,280,000 on a capital of $110,000, while the old Minnesota paid $1,760,000 on an original investment of $66,000, and when the mine was nearly exhausted it sold for $2,000,000, which was rather unfortunate for the new stockholders.

The yield of copper has been constantly on the increase, and now the annual yield is about 19,000 tons. Since 1845, over 200,000 tons of copper have been obtained on Keweenaw Point, which was valued at the time at no less than $90,000,000. Of this yield about twenty millions have been paid in dividends. Although so many mines have been sunk, only a small number have proved a success, and two or three companies have sunk over a million and received nothing in return except disappointment. The failures have frequently been the fault of incompetent superintendents. So-called "practical men," and clerks or others who perhaps hardly know the meaning of the word mine, are put in charge, and allowed to squander money *ad libitum*, whilst the scientific man, who has vastly greater resources with which to work, is regarded with a sort of aversion. The engineer and scientist can learn the manager's duty, but the manager cannot so easily pick up the knowledge of the engineer. However, the last few years have done a great deal in making an advance in this direction. In Germany the mines have competent engineers; in England there is a stride in the same direction. In the United States many mines have their engineers, and those that do not have them, frequently consult them. Yet I have known of cases where companies have been induced to make explorations and purchases on the recommendations of adventurers (so-called "practical men"), and when the scientist has been sent only to discover the frauds and to save the men of the above class from each other, he has been almost accused of removing whole mines bodily by some magic process, or else of a want

of knowledge in not discovering what is not to be found.

All the property situated upon the Copper-Bearing Series of rocks is taken up and held by rich companies, who make but little attempt at further openings of mines, yet this area abounds in hundreds of valuable veins or beds of copper.

Some of the villages in the copper regions are very pretty, situated sometimes in beautiful valleys, or on the sides of hills hundreds of feet above Lake Superior, which they sometimes overlook. Such is Copper Falls, one of the most interesting places on Lake Superior.

There are essentially two kinds of villages in the mining regions ; those adjacent to the mines and owned by them, and those which are freehold property. The former class of villages are generally quiet, comfortable places and have a homely air ; but not so with the other class. In these a large proportion of the houses are drinking saloons, and are unhealthy parasites on the adjacent mines. These saloons have generally poor boarding-houses attached to them. Red Jacket, near Calumet, has about two hundred houses, of which ninety-eight were said to be saloons. Hancock, Eagle River, &c., have also their quantum, and it is really disgusting to pass up whole streets and see almost every house a public drinking saloon. Liquor-dealers govern in these places, as under the American universal suffrage and election systems ; no one but a supporter of intemperance can hope to become even a constable, and the municipalities improve but slowly in their moral welfare.

In the Copper Regions are gathered together in one band, men of strange tongues winning their hard-earned money side by side. Here are Lapps, Poles, Finns, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Germans, Austrians, Swiss, Italians, French, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadians, Americans, Indians, and negroes. All the churches are not well attended, and some appear to be loosely managed. In one foreign church the worshippers are in the habit of taking a quiet smoke during service, which I hope proves no inconvenience to the speaker.

# A PAGE FROM COUNTRY LIFE.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," ETC.

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote,
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote."

"Schowres swoote," said I, to myself, "Oh! yes, I daresay!" For it had rained every day or all day ever since Aprille had begun, and I was very tired of it. Drip, drip, drip, from the roof; patter, patter, on the laurels, before the window, accompanied by the ever dismal howl of Wresk, from his kennel by the kitchen door.

From the next room came sounds of irrepressible bursts of laughter—Harry and Mabel amusing themselves with tricks and dominoes. Listening to their laughter amused me at first,—I laughed too and then threw down Chaucer, took out my desk and looked down my study list, to see what subject I must take up this evening. I knew well enough without looking, but I did not want to know; so with my pencil I carefully marked off the days of the week—Monday, Tuesday; at last I came to Wednesday, and the much detested "Algebra" came upon my unwilling sight. Very lazily I rose to get the book, and then I thought that possibly there might be scope for my energies upstairs, as Emily had chicken-pox, and was just in the worst stage of it. I went upstairs, but Mrs. Emile was making her daughter ready for the night, and I crept away for fear of disturbing the patient. Harry and Mabsie ceased laughing, and allowed Kitty to put them quietly to bed; I could find myself no excuse from my studies. I returned to them.

The Heath was a pretty house, standing some distance from the high road; it owned a garden of some three acres in extent, and had the appearance of being a comfortable, cosy and rather old-fashioned place. It was built on a wide area, but the builder spent his ingenuity in devising commodious kitchens and pantries underground, and so contrived to lose space in the upper part of the house that he could not produce one really large room. The underground part of the house seemed built for two purposes, namely, to occupy the servants' time in cleaning, and spoil any kind of furniture by the damp, and to form a good hiding-place for any tramps or thieves who could by any possibility make their way past the kennel of the ever-watchful Wresk.

In mentioning the name of that animal, believe that I do so, even at this distance of time, with a kind of fear and dread in my mind. He was a large, white dog, with beautifully shaped head, and large, lustrous eyes. For Mr. Emile, and for his wife and children, he had an earnest and faithful devotion, and would cry real tears if they spoke a cross word to him. But for me, ever since I had first appeared at "The Heath," he had shown more than indifference, I might say even positive hatred.

"That is because you are wicked," said Mr. Allen (Mr. Emile's brother), when I stated the case one day at dinner. I pondered on the speech, but derived no satisfaction from so doing, and finally rejected it as unwarrantable.

That afternoon, when we returned from our walk, Mr. Emile stood with Wresk by the front door, and then and there formally introduced Wresk and me to one another; but even that little ceremony made no difference in

the sentiments with which we regarded each other. The next day Harry took me down to his kennel, and we begged some bones of Caroline, which I timidly offered him; but he repulsed my overtures, and barked so viciously, tugging all the while at his chain, that deserting Harry, I turned and fled. After that, Wresk and I were content to differ in our opinions. Often I leaned over the balustrade, and said a conciliatory word in the hope he might be induced to wag his tail; but no, never a wag did I procure by my softest words, only such fierce barking that often I have felt inclined to clamber into the house by the school-room window rather than risk the front door's being shut, in the awful fear that with that last triumphant bark, the chain *had* been broken and Wresk was at my heels. I remember that on one occasion I had spent the afternoon in reading under an oak tree up on the Land Cliffs in the garden. The spot was quiet and secluded, and from it, unseen, I could see all the passers-by on the Kidderminster road. It was Sunday afternoon, and I knew that soon the tea bell would ring; but I was too comfortable to hurry away from my charming seat. Suddenly I heard a loud bay, and turning saw Wresk careering wildly about the garden. Literally I turned giddy with terror; I imagined myself at his mercy, and I believed him to be scenting my footsteps. At that moment the tea-bell rang, the children ran into the house, and Wresk was dashing madly about the garden, plunging into the bushes, and hunting small birds. At last, much to my joy, he went into the field and began burrowing for a rabbit—now was my time. In breathless haste I slipped down the bank, landed on the gravel walk, and sped up the avenue as fast as I could run. I arrived safely, and was too much ashamed of my cowardice to say much about the state of fright I had been in.

It may be seen from all this that Wresk was not one to form a hasty friendship with strangers, and I think the tramp would have been a clever one, who could have passed Wresk's kennel unseen by its occupant.

It could not be denied that "The Heath" was a *very lonely* spot. Yet we had never felt that it was so until the evening of which I now write.

Mr. Emile was in Ireland, Emily had chicken-pox; and, as I have already endeavored to show, the only kind of courage I can boast of is the outward seeming. I mean that I can be quiet in time of danger; but I always feel miserably, I may say abjectly afraid. This is a confession necessary to make, as I firmly believe if I had had more courage on this evening, we should have been saved some hours of intense anxiety.

Long ago I had forgotten the babble of the children's voices upstairs. Harry's voice, dying away to sleepy monotone, as he recited to Mabel's admiring ears, Bryant's beautiful ode to the skylark, for a sedative, had no conscious influence on my thoughts. I was desperately working away at my equations. Lights were brought in, and still I worked; my head and eyes ached, but I believed I was making progress. At this juncture, Mrs. Emile entered the room.

"You are very open here," said she, and she came forward and pulled up the heavy wooden shutters. I looked at her, still continuing my work in my mind; but her next words made me forget Colenso.

"Did you hear a ring, just now?"

"No," said I.

"Caroline answered the door;" said Mrs. Emile, "she says that two bad-looking men came and asked for Mr. Emile, and that they would hardly consent to go away without seeing him. She told them that he would not be home to-night."

"How very foolish!" I exclaimed.

"Yes! but she did not know what else to do;" then continued Mrs. Emile, "the men pretended to go away, but Caroline was not at ease about them, and she ran to an up-stairs window, and she saw the men go into the stables."

"And we have no man upon the premises."

"No, and I do not like to ring the alarm bell; besides it would be of no use, the village people only listen and wonder what is the matter, but they would not trouble to come up here to see. Will you come with me and see that all the doors are fastened?" I consented gladly, and we swiftly examined bolts and bars, and having secured everything to the utmost extent of our power, we went up-stairs and tried to quiet ourselves down. But no, that was impossible. Here were we, five weak women, without firearms, or defences, and lurking round the premises were two men who, for sake of the silver in the house, would no doubt break in and murder us all.

Besides this, Wresk was very uneasy. There was now a faint moonlight, and we could see the dog sniffing the air, and moving restlessly about, and every now and then he barked in an angry voice.

The suspense grew intolerable; the idea of the men under the laurels, or climbing up the clustering trees to the windows, or getting in by the fifty methods which our knowledge of the house, and lively imaginations suggested to us, was unbearable. "Mr. Allen says he could get into the house with a penknife," said Mrs. Emile to me, in a soft whisper, as we stood by the window looking at Wresk.

I then related to her the recent barbarous conduct of some tramps who had broken into a house whose inmates I knew, and who had lived in a lonely place, too far for help to be sent for. Such mutual confidence did not reassure us, and ere long we became so very much more nervous that the idea of passing a night thus was insupportable.

We decided we *must* send to the village for help. We called the two maids, and asked which they would do—stay in the house, or go to the village. They would not consent to stay alone, but were not averse to going for aid. But supposing they should be caught and stopped by the men; supposing they should be seen to leave the house, and the men should make an earlier effort to break in than they had intended to do?

We conferred upon the subject, and Mrs. Emile decided that the maids should climb over the slight hedge which separated the croquet-ground from the farm of our nearest neighbor; that they should go to the farmer, and send him to our assistance while they went on to the village.

But how should we know if the farmer knocked at the door, or if it were the tramps trying to get in again? "Decidedly," I argued, "we must have a pass-word," and one of the maids suggested that Mr. Weekly should call out "Kitty and Caroline" at the door, before we would consent to let him in.

Softly we opened the front door, and like shadows the two maids flitted under the trees to the croquet ground. Mrs. Emile and I bolted the door again, and then retired to the kitchen, and stood by the huge, blazing fire, shivering with dread of the intense silence, trying to follow the maids in our thoughts, wondering if they had escaped meeting the men, hoping and fearing. I do not think that I have ever spent a more intensely anxious time than that one ten minutes. My lively imagination painted the horrors of our situation with cruel vividness. I believed I should have felt less afraid if I had only had a pistol. I made up my mind always to sleep with a pistol under my pillow for the future. Just then came a gentle tap at the front door,

and a friendly voice called, "Kitty and Caroline."

Ah! who can imagine the sense of relief which came upon us, as we saw the stalwart farmer come into the house? I went up-stairs with the conviction that it certainly would never be claimed by me as one of woman's rights to have anything to do with defending a house from robbers. I felt also a humiliating conviction that I was an arrant coward. I went into Emily's room; the child was restless and feverish, and had with preternatural sharpness come to the conclusion that something was wrong. However, I tried my best to soothe her to sleep; but I think the sight of her mamma, who came in soon after, did much more for her. I went down-stairs again, and soon after, Kitty and Caroline returned, bringing with them, the gardener and a corpulent policeman. The men then went down to the stables, and closely examined everything. Once we could not help laughing when the policeman sent the gardener up to the house for a candle, for he arrived white with terror, and trembled so much that he could hardly hold the candle we gave him. He had been afraid to come up alone from the stables, which were some hundred yards distant.

He told us with quivering lips that, though he had shut the stable and coach house doors before he left work, they were now wide open, and straw had been displaced; there were strange foot-marks too in the garden. Still the men had disappeared.

I shall always believe that Wresk frightened them away, as also I shall always keep to the conviction that had we not used precautionary measures, The Heath would have been broken into that night.

It was very late. Outside, the policeman would keep watch; indoors, Davis was to sit up. Poor, terrified Davis, it was almost cruel to expect him to act the man, such a feeble reed did he appear; but we left him by the kitchen-fire, with his Bible for safeguard from evil.

We went to bed, but not to sleep; for even then the night air seemed full of noises. How long it was before Wresk quieted down! how long before we could help hearing footsteps on the gravel, footsteps on the stairs! One, two, three! The night wore so far away, and then the birds woke up, and began as lively a discussion as if they had been awake for hours. An old mother thrush declared her intention to stay at The Heath until the cherries were ripe, and then a chorus of birds challenged her power of doing so—dear me! my head ached with the sound of their quarrelling. At five o'clock, Mrs. Emile declared her utter weariness of the theme, and so arose, and dressed and went out into the garden. Master Harry, who usually awoke with the birds, was soon by her side in the fresh morning air, and I lay and listened, now, to their voices, then to the tramp, tramp of people on the Kidderminster road going to the factory to work. Then I fell asleep.

How beautiful and fresh everything looked when I arose! How brightly the sun shone on the dew drops! How placidly the laurel leaves rolled the drops from their glossy surfaces, and how little they cared whether a drop lost its balance and fell on to the gravel! Up in the ivy-covered trees, the wild pigeons cooed, and made home pleasant to one another. Under the bushes, we often saw brown squirrels. In the field the rabbits held high carnival, for had not the children their pretty little gardens there? And the cuckoo sang all day long. One tired of his cry. Yes, it was hard to believe, when I looked upon the calmness of the morning, that half the night had been passed in dread of thieves and robbers.

Still harder was it to see Mr. Allen's face of keen amusement when he heard the story, and to feel that he held us

womankind in more supreme contempt than ever. How ardently I wished that the policeman would catch the robbers! I made up some very sarcastic speeches, which I intended to favor Mr. Allen with; but he put everything into such an intensely comic light, that I laughed and kept my sarcasms for another occasion.

Being possessed of a very weak mind, I connected the algebra so closely with this night of terror that my dislike of the subject grew to loathing. After many scruples, I quieted my conscience, and erased the subject from my list of studies. I am sorry to say the erasure was permanent, and that I have never gone beyond equations to this day.

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# THE TRACK OF HER FEET.

BY EROL GERVASE.

I have been lying awake for hours; I cannot sleep. It is the last night of the Old Year,—a solemn time for all; most solemn for one whose advancing age and failing strength too surely warn her that another New Year's eve may not be counted to her in this world. The thought that it may be so is not alarming to me, it is not even disquieting; nay, it is soothing, comforting; but solemnizing, very solemnizing.

Look at it as we may, weary as life may be and welcome death, firmly fixed as our feet may be upon the Rock of Ages, sure and confident our trust in the rod and staff that shall support us through the dark valley of the shadow of death; yet the thought that we are drawing near, very near our end, is at all times and under all circumstances a solemn one. Lying here with the curtains drawn, I can see in the moonlight the wooded slopes and far-up summit of Belœil Mountain, which for nearly half a century has been associated more than any other inanimate object with all the loftiest, most joyful, most intensely sorrowful, most deeply religious experiences of my life.

How lovely is the full moon silvering the mountain's top, bathing its slopes and crest in floods of pearly light! How mild her radiance, how tranquil, grave and still!

How glorious is the vast expanse of purple heaven on which she is throned, with all the tributary stars around and about her!—the stars that seem to us but so many points of gem-like light, and yet are glorious worlds, perhaps more beautiful, more wonderful than ours. Hark! the clock is striking the hour of midnight, and now the bells from two adjacent hamlets peal out upon the midnight air, and tell the world, whether slumbering or waking, whether sorrowful or rejoicing, that the Old Year is dead. Lying wakeful here and thinking over the past as well as the future, as one will think on the eve of the New Year, it has come into my mind that before I depart hence to join my loved ones in that bright world where I believe they are waiting for me, I will commit to paper her story.

An impulse that is irresistible impels me to this act. I feel as if I must give palpable expression to what has for long years been locked up within my own breast, or uttered only in the outpourings of passionate prayer or deep

communings with my God. It cannot wound her where she is, if the secret of her sorrowful and bitter experience, be revealed, the sharp anguish of awakened fears, the sickening suspense when hope and fear alternated, ere the former died forever in her breast, the terrible, unlooked-for tests which made her faith tremble and stagger and rebellious, fearful thoughts shape themselves into daring, awful words upon her lips, the deep contrition for her sin that followed, the tears of penitence, the self-abasement, when the sore, smitten, crushed and bleeding heart was brought to the foot of the Cross, and the erst rebellious lips took up anew faith's refrain: "Thy will, not mine, be done." It cannot wound her if the record of these be left behind that some other tried and tempted soul may read it, and reading, may take heart to endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ.

She was my only child.

How well I remember the deep joy and thankfulness that filled my heart when she was born!

I had been married three years. My husband was all that I could desire: tender, loving, affectionate, full of sympathy, a man of large heart and deep spiritual experience. He had been from the first my counsellor and guide. His clear views of spiritual things had largely contributed to the establishing of my own religious convictions, and the making of our home one in which God was loved and feared. The home was only a simple one at the foot of the great mountain. It was built of the rude granite boulders which abound in the neighborhood, and had a wooden gallery running around three sides of it. There were dormer windows to the low-ceiled bed-chambers above, from which when some years had passed, you looked out upon a pleasant orchard of plum, cherry and apple trees, and flower and vegetable gardens; and, towering proudly in the back-ground, our beloved mountain.

There was no Protestant church within a distance of ten or twelve miles. Our neighbors were, with a very few exceptions, Roman Catholics, and attended the services of the French Church in an adjoining hamlet.

On Sundays, my husband and I drove in the morning to the neighboring canton of Chambly, where the English-speaking population was sufficiently numerous to support a clergyman of its own, and where we much enjoyed the spiritual worship and also the faithful ministrations of an earnest and devoted pastor.

In the afternoon, we had prayers at home, and my husband read aloud a sermon from some godly divine of the old school, or perhaps a more modern work of a religious character.

Occasionally on week days, the clergyman from Chambly drove over in the evening and held a sort of cottage lecture or prayer-meeting at our house, or at the house of one or other of the few Protestant families sufficiently near at hand. These services were delightful, and were, I think, blessed to all our souls.

Our child brought new cares, new responsibilities, and also new happiness to our home. It was our first desire and prayer that her heart might be early given to God. We called her Mary, after the Mother of Our Lord, and it pleased us to think that the sweet Bible name might not be without its influence in inclining its possessor to the virtues and graces of the Christian life. She was not a faultless child. With all our watchfulness and prayer, there were times when her waywardness caused us deep anxiety. Naturally she was of an ardent and impulsive temperament, easily wrought upon and carried away for good or evil.

It required patient and continuous efforts to check the tendency to frivolity and carelessness which her high spirits and impulsive temperament developed at times. But the good in her largely

predominated, and we were more than hopeful as to her future.

She was loving, warm-hearted and affectionate in a high degree, conscientious and truthful, and imbued with an innate scorn of all that was base and ignoble in theory and practice.

Carried away she often was, and betrayed into acts of disobedience; but her repentance was prompt and genuine.

She was not quite fourteen years of age when the first great sorrow of her life and of mine occurred.

Even at this late period of time I can scarcely bear to write of it. At first when it happened, it seemed impossible to bear; it seemed as if life henceforth was not to be endured.

He had gone out with his men to fell trees in the wood close by, and I was expecting him back to dinner every moment, and when he did not come, I put on my hat, and taking Mary with me, went to meet him. I remember how as we walked along by the base of the mountain, and saw it lifting its giant head far above us to the clouds, the thoughts of God and eternity which it so often suggested to my mind found utterance in the Psalmist's lofty strain: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help: My help cometh from the Lord who hath made heaven and earth." We walked rapidly on and reached the clearing. As we approached we perceived the two men who had been employed by my husband bending over something which lay upon the ground. We drew near them unobserved, for their backs were towards us, and we reached the spot before they were aware of our approach.

My God! Shall I ever forget the horror of that moment!

It was my husband who lay upon the ground, dead, still as the stone upon which his head had fallen, with the great body of the giant elm he had been felling, lying over his prostrate form.

Her father's death was a terrible shock to Mary, She had loved him with all the warmth and tenderness of her affectionate nature, and his sudden and awful end filled her with horror and anguish inconceivable. Her alarming condition of mind and body was the first thing that roused me from my own despair to the attempt at consoling hers.

In the day time, she would sit for hours silent, still, with a white, horror-stricken face and great terror-filled eyes that seemed evermore looking on one fearful object, the object that haunted them night and day, the object that to this hour rises before my own as I saw it in that first awful moment, lying in the summer wood with the life suddenly stricken out of it.

And in the night, she would moan and shiver in her sleep, or waken with heart-rending sobs, calling upon her father to come to her, to come to her if only for one moment; or, if that might not be, to let her go to him, by all the love he bore her.

My own mental condition was at first closely assimilated to hers. I refused to be comforted. Life was all darkness, all horror to me. I could not realize the love of my Heavenly Father. I could not see that the blow was needed. He had dealt it, and I bowed my head; but it was in bitterness. I could not feel that there were duties still to be performed, the performance of which would be blessed to the healing of my soul's wounds; and I left everything undone, everything but the blind dwelling upon my sorrow of sorrows.

So for a time I never heeded the anguish of my child.

But it came to me one night when I was lying awake with the dull, horrible despair in my heart that banished sleep from my eyes, when suddenly she started and wakened with a passionate cry that filled the still room and the night air; it came to me suddenly in

a moment's time, the conviction that I was neglecting her, neglecting her utterly, heartlessly, criminally—that she was passing through the blackness of darkness alone, and that I, her mother, who was there myself, was heedless of her anguish.

In that hour I realized that there were yet possibilities of horror that might equal, if not exceed, what had seemed to me as yet within the limits of my possible experience.

What if my child's reason should give way under this blow!

In a terror of great anguish I prayed to the Lord that this might not be, and in deep self-abasement I asked Him to help me take up my cross *as from Him*; to yield no more to selfish repining, but to be brave before her, and for her sake and His.

It was a hard task, and there were times when I failed utterly in its performance; but resignation, contentment even, came at last: and so the great cloud passed from my child's life, and even in a measure from my own. And as the years passed, we were happy again, and could comfort one another as mother and child ought ever to do. We lived on in the old home; we were not rich and not poor. We had enough for our simple wants, and we asked no more. When Mary was sixteen I sent her from me for one year, which eventually was extended to a second, at her own request. She had fair abilities and was ambitious to excel, and there were excellent schools in the neighboring city of Montreal, and here her education, carried on hitherto exclusively under my own eye, was completed. When she returned home I was well satisfied with the progress she had made intellectually, and the improvement visible in her manners and person; deeply thankful, also, that while her mind had expanded and gained considerably in the knowledge of society and of books, it had retained intact its child-like innocence and its simple reverence for religious truth.

The year that followed was a happy one. We had but few visitors: the clergyman from Chambly, who came occasionally, and was always an honored guest; the notary who managed my business, and who lived in St. Hilaire close by. These with a neighbor or some chance traveller or excursionist—for now our beautiful mountain with its wonderful, unfathomable lake was beginning to attract the attention of tourists, and in summer especially many came to visit it—constituted our only society except ourselves.

But we did not feel lonely. Together we read and worked and managed our household affairs, and walked,—sometimes in the deep wood where we had found him on that still summer afternoon with the sunlight flickering through the trees on his quiet face, and where we went as to a shrine with feelings in our hearts too deep for speech; and sometimes to the farther side of the mountain, where the lake lies slumbering in its placid beauty, so deep, so still, so bright; where stooping down from its grassy marge you can dip your hand in the clear water and touch the white sand below; but where if you launch your boat and row outward to midwater, tradition has it that the depth is unfathomable. Sometimes, too, we ascended to the mountain's top, and made our orisons, pilgrim-wise, in the now ruined chapel which years ago a French bishop consecrated with such pomp and circumstance as the case admitted, being conveyed up for the purpose on the slow and sure-footed oxen provided to guard His Holiness from the casualties which fleeter steeds would undoubtedly have threatened. We were Protestants, but we could appreciate the feeling which had induced the erection of a chapel here, and in our heretic hearts we, too, could adore the Great God who had created this sublime solitude. Ah

those days, that will never come again! Thus the summer passed and the winter, and again the snow melted from the mountain slopes, and the spring that trickles at its foot—the little sparkling, babbling spring that often as I looked at it, often as I listened to its busy flow, or stooped to drink of its refreshing waters spoke to my heart like the voice of a friend, a simple, humble friend who says in homely phrase, Be strong, cheer up, O drooping heart. Man was not made to mourn!—the little spring burst its fetters and leaped forth once more glad and exultant over its pebbly bed.

I have said that it was our custom to attend, on Sundays, the services of the church at Chambly canton. We were sometimes prevented, particularly in winter, by the weather and the state of the roads; but in summer we rarely missed. We drove thither in our own conveyance, and in order to be in time left home at an early hour in the morning.

It was the month of June. The early morning air was simply divine; stirred by the gentlest of breezes and redolent of that indefinable freshness and fragrance that cannot be traced to the scent of any one particular flower or order of flowers or trees or shrubs, but is marvellously distilled in nature's great laboratory from a thousand woodland buds and blossoms.

It was the season of roses, and along the roadside the little five-leafed variety of the species was blooming abundantly. Mary begged permission to stop the horse and gather a nosegay. Her figure rises before me now like a picture as I saw it then, lingering by the roadside and stooping to cull the treasures she was seeking.

She was not beautiful. There was nothing striking in her appearance, and the extreme simplicity of her dress, while it conveyed an impression of fitness, modesty and complete accordance with the rural scene, the matin hour, the day, the month, was yet in some of its details a deviation from the latest mode, which I suppose a feminine eye, less partial and more practised than mine, would have at once detected and at once condemned. To me it was perfect. The straw hat with its black velvet loops and bands, its bunch of field flowers and trailing grasses; the muslin dress, too short for the fashion, its white ground dotted over with tiny blue sprays, and the ribbon clasping the rounded waist and full white throat, to my mind could not be improved upon. I was watching her thus when the regular tramp of horses' hoofs behind me struck upon my ear, and presently a man rode up.

He was about thirty years of age, fairly good-looking and gentlemanly, and sat his horse, a fine one, with perfect ease and grace. I was familiar with the people of the neighborhood in every direction, and I saw at a glance that he was a stranger.

As he advanced, he slackened his horse's pace to a walk, and looking quickly at me and lingeringly, admiringly, as I noticed with a sudden pang of alarm, for which I could not then account, at Mary, touched his Scotch cap, and bidding us good morning, rode slowly by.

"Who can he be, mother, do you suppose?" Mary asked, looking after him with a smile and a blush as he passed out of hearing. She had blushed deeply, when she had caught his earnest gaze, and this too I had observed, and it had pained me.

Is there such a thing as intuitive perception of evil to come? I believe there is.

How else can I account for the sudden disquietude, the fear—quick, sharp, defined—that shot through my heart, when I observed the mutual consciousness in the momentary look of these two, strangers to each other and meeting each other briefly for the first and perhaps the only time in their lives? We were not long in ascertaining the name and condition of the stranger.

When we entered the church, he was there before us, and on coming out an acquaintance, with whom we stopped to speak, informed us that his name was Monteith, that he was from a distant part of the province, was said to have means, and to be looking about him in the neighborhood with an intention of purchasing property.

There was at this time, a few miles up the river, a fine mill or factory site, the property of the Seigneur of St. Hilaire, which his agent was offering for sale; and soon we learned that negotiations were going on between Mr. Blonde, the agent, and Mr. Monteith, for the sale of this property. Ultimately Mr. Monteith became its purchaser.

He was now our neighbor—that is to say, he was living not far distant from us, having taken rooms for the summer at the inn in St. Hilaire; and as he had early obtained an introduction to us through Mr. Blonde, and seemed resolved to avail himself to the utmost of it, on one pretext or other he contrived that we should see him frequently.

If I had been asked at this time to assign any definite or valid cause for the uneasiness with which I viewed the growing intimacy between himself and Mary, I should have been puzzled.

So far as I could judge there was nothing against him. His family was, it seemed, respectable; his education, manners and appearance those of a gentleman. He was regular in his attendance at church, having indeed fallen into the habit of joining us on Sundays on our way thither and escorting us there and back,—a habit which, as our roads were the same, I could not well prevent.

And yet it pained me inexpressibly to observe that this was a pleasant and satisfactory arrangement to Mary,—pained me all the more because I was powerless to prevent it, and because, even had I not been, there seemed no reason why I should wish to. I suppose it must always be a painful thought to a mother when for the first time she discovers that she is no longer supreme in the heart of her child. But I do not think, under different circumstances, I should have been unreasonable about it.

It had occurred to me often that sometime or other Mary might marry and leave me. I was not anxious as some mothers are to have her married and settled in life; I would not for worlds have taken a single step in advance to promote that end. On the contrary, I would have gladly put the event from me indefinitely. But if without effort of ours it had come about naturally in the ways of Providence, I should not have felt it right from selfish motives to oppose it.

But the thought of her loving Mr. Monteith, and of ultimately becoming his wife, was eminently distasteful to me. He was not the man, I felt, to whom I could entrust her happiness; and yet, as I say, so far I had nothing but a blind, uncharitable prejudice to go upon. Still, without prohibiting their intercourse, I did what I could to place obtacles in the way of it, and when Mr. Monteith came to the house to call, I was careful to be always present myself. But I saw, I was compelled to see, that it was all useless.

One afternoon in the late autumn, after an evening spent with us, he came and requesting to see me alone, made a formal offer for my daughter's hand.

What was I to do? I felt as if a terrible crisis in my life and the life of my child had come. I had no words to answer him, and in great mental distress I listened to what he had to say, and then requesting time for consideration, I left him and sought Mary.

Alas! it was as I had from the first feared. Her affections were already irrevocably engaged. Of what use to dwell upon this part of my story? They were engaged. I was compelled to sanction what I could not approve, and henceforth Mr. Monteith was admitted

to our society as the affianced husband of my daughter.

But as to the period to be fixed for their marriage, I was firm. He was urgent that it should take place immediately; while I was equally resolved that no entreaties should induce me to consent to an earlier day than the termination of a year from their engagement. Gladly would I have said two years; but I was stern with myself, and distrustful of the lengths to which my prejudices might lead me, and I wished to be just, and above all to consider Mary's happiness first.

She herself had no desire to break from the sweet existing ties of home and mother. A new love, deep, true and tender, had come to her innocent heart, but it had not supplanted the mother's love there. Indeed I think it had deepened it, had given to it a tenderer, more pitying tone. She was so happy herself in his love that it grieved her to think of what I must suffer, knowing that now my love was no longer sufficient for her, and so grateful for my reluctantly yielded consent to her marriage, that I think if I had said five years instead of one or two, she would have still been thankful.

So Mr. Monteith came daily when he was at home, and during his occasional absences his letters were long and frequent.

This was the calm before the storm.

It was a severe winter, bitterly cold with continuous, heavy snow storms.

One day shortly after New Year, Mr. Monteith started from St. Hilaire in his sleigh, intending to drive to Chambly, transact some business there, and return in the evening, sufficiently early to make his usual visit to us. As the hour when we might expect him approached, I could see that Mary was anxiously watching for him.

She had dressed herself with particular care, arranging her hair after a fashion which he admired, and adorning it with a ribbon of his favorite color; and when the short winter's day closed into evening and then night, and a wild north-east wind began to rise and blow in loud and angry gusts around our dwelling, and the snow to fall like a blinding curtain, and there was still no sign of his appearance, she did not attempt to conceal her uneasiness.

I grew anxious myself as hour after hour passed and he did not come, but I tried to rally her on her fears.

At length to our intense relief, through the noise of the storm, we distinguished the sound of approaching sleigh-bells, and presently a vehicle stopped before our own door.

Mary ran to admit her lover, and Mr. Monteith, his fur coat and cap covered with snow, entered.

The first glance at his face, the first words I heard him speak, struck a strange alarm and astonishment, succeeded instantly by a feeling of intense indignation, to my heart. He had been drinking, and that to an extent that had affected his reason as well as his appearance!

He staggered into the hall, and in a silly, half unintelligible way, attempted to make some apology for his late arrival.

We had living with us at this time a little boy, who helped in the out-door work of the house, and who was in the habit of attending to Mr. Monteith's horse, when he brought one. He came from the kitchen now at the sound of voices, to take the horse. But Mr. Monteith sprang forward to prevent him.

"Lay a finger on that horse you young rascal," he exclaimed in a loud and threatening tone, at the same time seizing the boy by the arm and shaking him violently, "and I will knock you into the next world before you know what you are about!"

There was a moment of utter consternation, a moment of complete silence. In that moment Mary realized the truth.

Poor girl! I learned afterwards that her lover himself had in the early days of their engagement confided to her the fact—a fact she had carefully concealed from me—that he had been at one time an habitual drunkard.

We passed a terrible night. It was in vain that we attempted to soothe our visitor, and to persuade him to retire to bed. To turn him from the house alone in his present condition, on such a night, would have been inhuman; we could but endure the frightful infliction of his presence.

We were two women and a boy of ten years old, alone in the house, with no very near neighbor whom we could, even if we would, call to our aid.

He had a jar of spirits in the sleigh, and this had been the secret of his rage against little Peter when the child had attempted to take the horse to the stable. Mr. Monteith had feared that Peter would discover the jar and remove it, and the fear had infuriated him. He brought the jar in and drank from it repeatedly.

It was a new and terrible experience to us, to witness the madness of the drunkard. Mary shrank from it in utter terror and dismay, and in agony unspeakable. I sent her to bed; I knew it was not to sleep, and Peter and I watched him till he had worn himself out and sank, as the grey reluctant dawn of the winter's morning faintly crept through the snow-dulled sky, into the heavy slumber that succeeds intoxication.

It was afternoon before he awoke. In the interval I had gone through another scene, of a character scarcely less trying, with Mary. I had told her plainly that this must be the end of her connection with Mr. Monteith; that from this day her engagement with him must be forever at an end; and I had had to steel my heart against her tears, her prayers, her passionate appeals.

How she loved him! It was anguish to me to perceive it. If she could have screened him, how gladly she would have done so! She implored my mercy for him, for herself. She told me, what she had so long withheld, that once, according to his own confession, he had been a slave to drink; that in a dangerous illness and during a tedious convalescence he had been sustained almost entirely by stimulants; that thus he had acquired the taste—a taste which afterwards he had found it difficult, at one time impossible, to control, and she urged in his favor that he had controlled it until now, and pleaded that he would do so again; that we knew not the circumstances under which he had fallen, nor the strength of his temptation.

To all of this I listened inexorable,—not unmoved, for my heart was bleeding for my child; but inexorable.

I could feel for his weakness, too. God knows I did, even in my sore indignation against him, pity the man; but he should never become the husband of my child.

So, as I said, I steeled my heart against her tears, her prayers, and I sent him from her, once and forever, as I told him, without permitting so much as a farewell word or look between them.

What a winter that was which followed! How different from our last tranquil one! Vast quantities of snow had fallen and accumulated in great drifts along the highway, blocking it up at times and preventing us from even getting to church.

Mr. Monteith had made repeated attempts to renew his old relations with Mary. He had written to me explaining matters and apologizing in the most humble manner for his misconduct, and promising on his word of honor that, if I would overlook it this once, it should never be repeated. I had no confidence in his promise. I felt that his will was weak and his appetite strong. I believed then, I believe now, that that his intentions were good; but I saw that he was

powerless to carry them out always, in the face of strong temptation.

He gave substantially the same account of his first becoming addicted to habits of intemperance as Mary had done. He had been ordered stimulants to recover his strength after a severe illness, and the taste once acquired had grown upon him. He did not add, what I afterwards learned, that the evil was hereditary in his family; that his father and grandfather had both been, if not confirmed drunkards, at least to an injurious degree the slaves of their appetite for strong drink.

If he had been a Christian man—that is a man in whose conversion to God I had perfect faith—I might perhaps have felt my resolution waver; I might have felt that I could, in spite of his receut outbreak, still trust him.

But I knew that this was not the case. It had been one of the questions that I had put to him when he had asked permission to address Mary, and he had been honorable enough to answer it truthfully in the negative. He was no bold scoffer at religion. He had had, it seemed, a pious mother, who while she had lived had influenced him for good; but she had early died, and of personal religion in his soul, of the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit in his heart and life he knew nothing.

He went to church because he had been accustomed to from his early years, and because it was respectable, and he even occasionally after his engagement read his Bible with Mary or conversed with apparent interest on religious subjects; but he was not in the true sense of the word a converted soul. "He will be so, mother; he will indeed," Mary had pleaded, and she and I had both prayed that it might be so; but our prayers had not been answered. How, then, could I trust my child's happiness to him again?

By constant watchfulness, and by appeals to Mary's affection for myself and her sense of duty, I contrived for a time to prevent their meeting; but he wrote to her again and again.

These letters she always conscientiously told me of ,and at last, at my entreaties, refused to receive; but that she was content to give him up was, I knew, not the case.

He had told her as he had told me that his late outbreak had been occasioned by meeting a friend who had persuaded him to take a glass to keep out the cold; that having taken one glass, he was easily persuaded to take a second; that his brain was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of stimulants, and that very soon he had lost all control of himself.

I have since wondered how he managed, intoxicated as he was, to find his way in safety to our house on that bitterly cold and stormy night, through the darkness and the blinding snow and sleet. If his horse had not been so perfectly trained and so familiar with the road, he might have perished, or at least have been the victim of some fearful casualty; but Providence had insured his safety for that time.

Yesterday, a friend whom I had occasion to take upstairs to my bed-chamber put this question to me smilingly,

"How is it that you who are so punctiliously neat in everything, have suffered this passage floor to remain unpainted so long? It is just the same, perhaps a little barer, than it was when I saw it years ago, and it makes the whole flat look shabby."

The passage in question runs the length of the house upstairs, rooms opening off it on either side. Originally it was painted of a delicate fawn color, but now only the sides retain the faded vestige of what was once a neat and suitable covering. Down the centre a track is worn completely bare. Shall I tell you, reader, what has made that track?

*(To be continued.)*

# AN OLD SKETCH-BOOK.

BY JANE SMITH.

And so, Katie, you have found my old sketch-book in your hunt among my dusty shelves. Such a dingy old book it is. But there is many a happy memory shut in between its shabby, soiled covers,—and many a sad one too. Twenty years ago, I closed it and put it out of sight, feeling that its leaves should not be lightly turned; every page, every stroke had a story of its own, but now I am the only one left in all the world who can understand its language aright. And you want me to interpret it for you? Ah, Katie, you little think how much you ask. You do not know that there are chords in your old uncle's heart that would thrill painfully, even yet, if you but laid your finger on a sketch or two in this old book and asked for their history. But not every page has such a power; there are some that only touch me with the almost pleasant sadness that often hangs around the long ago with the dreamy mistiness of an Indian Summer haze. Such a one is this first sketch in my old book, and, if you draw your low chair close to mine, we will look at it together.

An old stone bridge over a swift, shallow river, full of rocks and rapids; trees dipping their swinging boughs into the water and throwing cool shadows across the little bridge—a very ordinary scene to most eyes; but ah, Katie, mine grow a little dim as I gaze on it again. It is twenty years since I stood and watched the water dashing over the rocks and listened to its rushing under the bridge. Twenty years!—and then I was only visiting the old place where I had passed the happiest part of my life,—my boyhood, my first school-days. They all came back to me as I stood there and watched the sunlight touching the water, and the wind swinging the branches, and the river foaming over the hidden rocks, and heard the old familiar sounds—the mill in the distance, the monotonous murmur of the rapids, the songs of the birds, even the laughter and shouting of the boys pouring out of the old schoolhouse on the hillside,—all just as it used to be in the old days, but with a sad strain through it that was never there before. How clearly the little incidents of my boyhood, in which this bridge played a part, came back to me as I leant on its low parapet and gazed into the dark waters below me, as if they were a mirror reflecting the long ago! First came the days when, hardly big enough to carry my slate, I toddled across the bridge to school. Day after day, week after week, summer and winter, rain and shine, I went the same way; sometimes crying with the cold, sometimes choking back the tears when a bigger boy called me "baby"; sometimes loitering to play about the river, sometimes running home, hungry for my supper; sometimes with others, sometimes alone, but oftener with one little schoolmate who was faithful to me in my joys and troubles alike,—"my little sweetheart," I called her, as the years slipped by and I came to know that there were such things as sweethearts. A very happy little pair we were, for my troubles grew smaller as I grew bigger and able to revenge myself on the boys who were wont to dub me "baby." But one trouble haunted me still: my little Jennie had another friend, a bigger and better-looking boy than I, and every word she spoke to him, every

glance she gave him, roused my anger, and I soon hated him with all the unreasoning hatred that a boy of twelve can bestow on a fancied enemy. Soon a crisis came. I had worked for a week in my spare moments at a gutta-percha button which was being transformed into a ring for my little sweetheart, and at last it was finished. Delicate and slender as a thread, I turned it over with some pride as I polished it for the last time, and slipping it carefully into my pocket, I started off in search of Jennie. When I came to the bridge I saw her resting there, with a basket at her feet. Stealing up to her, and passing my arm timidly about her waist, I drew the ring from my pocket, and, trying to overcome my bashfulness, I was about to blunder out some little speech, asking her to wear it, when, glancing at the small brown hand resting on the stone coping, I saw on her finger, not a poor little black thread like mine, but a silver band that seemed to have been made from some coin. How quickly my boyish shyness and awkwardness fled! In an instant my face was burning with anger and my heart throbbing with hatred. I had withdrawn my arm from around her and was standing erect and resolute at her side.

"Jennie, did George Hanover give you that ring?" I asked, looking sternly at her downcast face.

"Yes, Will," twisting it nervously around her finger, and then looking up pleadingly, half frightened, at my angry tone. For a second I held the little ring before her eyes,—the ring that I had fashioned so carefully, so lovingly, that I had dreamt such day-dreams over,—for one second I held it between my fingers, and then dropped it into the river beneath us.

"That was for my little sweetheart," I said bitterly, "but I have none now; George Hanover has stolen her from me," and I turned away, feeling very much as if I was the hero in a tragedy. I smile at it all now, but it seemed very dreadful to me then. Standing in the same place twenty years ago, it came back so vividly that I almost thought I could hear the faltering little voice crying, "Will! oh, Will! come back," just as it did when I turned to leave her.

In spite of my anger, I did go back, for there was something in the quivering tone that touched a very tender chord in my boyish heart.

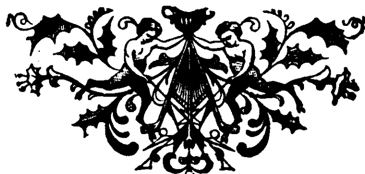
"I am so sorry, Will," she said, crying; "he made me take it, but I'd rather have had yours. I hate him now, and I won't wear it any more," and pulling the cause of the trouble from her finger, she flung it angrily away from her into the water where I had dropped the other. Then I awkwardly wiped off the tears and kissed her, and coaxed her back to happiness again; in half-an-hour I had carried her basket home for her, and we were making sand cakes together, as merrily as if jealousy, and anger, and pain, were things unknown to children.

In all our plans for that wonderful time when we would be "grown up," we never dreamt that anything could happen to part us two; but long before my boyhood was over we had drifted into separate ways, and our childish plans had shared the fate of our childish soap-bubbles. It is thirty-odd years since I saw her last, and then she wore another ring that George Hanover had given her,—a ring that bound them together for life. I saw it shining on her third finger, with no hard feelings toward my old rival, for the old love had died away with my boyhood, and "my little sweetheart" was only a pleasant memory.

Dear old bridge! My father and mother crossed it on their happy wedding day, and, years later, my mother was borne across it to her quiet resting-place in the little cemetery among the pines. Over it came one day my sister's lover, and carried his wife away from us to her city home; over it went my brother

Jack,—your father, Katie—to make a name for himself in the great noisy world; and, one bright spring day, I too crossed its stones, never to see them again, until the work and cares of years had left their mark upon me. There, in the midst of the sights and sounds I loved so well, and yet had hardly noted until now, when I was going to lose them,—there, with the bright spring sunshine falling on the tender green leaves, and the foaming water, and all around me,—there, with the fresh morning breeze blowing up from the river, sweet with the perfume of the violets along its banks,—I paused a moment to take one last look at the dear old home I was leaving, and then dashing away the moisture that dimmed the picture from my eyes, I turned and left my careless, boyish life, behind me forever.

There, Katie, close the book; we will open it again some other time. Good night, little one; go and dream about your own first love,—it is yet to come, I think—and pray that when you are as old as your crusty uncle, you may be able to look back on it with a smile as free from pain as his is now.



# TECUMSETH HALL.

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

## CHAPTER XXI.

So Guy came. He had been away with a fishing party ever since the arrival of the young ladies at the Hall. Now he appeared—handsomer, more gentlemanly; his gay and gracious presence bringing that idea of ease and gallantry which ever seemed to hang about him.

Philip suddenly remembered that he had some orders for Foster. He left, and Guy devoted himself to the amusement of Myrtle and Kitten. Miss Douglass was with Tom in the dining-room. Myrtle, a perfect picture of a graceful maiden, talked happily to their guest. He addressed her with the most deferential air imaginable. Guy was noble-mannered, a true Sir Launcelot in beauty and grace; still not noble-minded, and this, sharp-witted Kitten soon discovered; for, as Philip had once said laughingly to her, "People cannot be long in your company without showing you what they are." Besides, she did not possess Myrtle's trustful faith in others. Honest to the core herself, still when her suspicions were awakened, not the smallest item escaped her alert eye. Not that she was fond of finding fault in others. Oh dear, no—she liked to think of all the best she could; but when the coin had a false ring she was not easily reassured. The conversation soon drifted from bread and butter to literature; then Kitten got fractious, and not being troubled with an over amount of politeness, she edged out of the room as Rosalie entered with the lights. Once on the verandah, which was deserted, she skipped into her favorite nook on the west side. The stars were blossoming finely in the "infinite meadows," and a glorious moon made an almost daylight abroad. Half reclining on a wide step, she lay dreamily listening to the night whispers, and thinking of what Mr. Douglass had said. The murmur of the splashing Wa-Wa came distinctly on a soft wind that stirred the leaves into a music of rustling. Far away sounded the laughter and shouts of the village boys, as they bathed in the river, and ever and anon the hoarse croak of the frogs broke from the quarry pond.

"This is just what I like," sighed Kitten to herself; "I wish I could fall asleep, and never know anything again. In a little while this beautiful visit will be over. We will have to go out into the wide, wide world; eh, Kittie? It was too bad of them to cast us off, and we so young. There will be weary, weary days of teaching. We will grow old and sour, perhaps, like Aunt Bettie. No, we won't either. Myrtle will get married,—she's the kind to fall in love. Even now, she is drifting from us; she seems so much older lately. Perhaps it is her long dresses, and hair done up. Then she has beaux, and I can't bear them. Spoonies! I got tired being gooseberry for Alpine Long, on Saturday afternoons, and now here is this *stupide*. But, oh dear! I read him like a book. If I were Miss Douglass, mind you, Kitten dear, he should not come hovering around these diggings. That blundering Tom is worth two of him. Mr. Irving is a swindle. He bows and smiles, and looks like a knight of olden days, and is very clever. I

wish he would not look that way at Myrtle. He will just make her think him a hero, and a most splendid man. She will believe in him and adore him, and after they are married, she will see what a double-refined rascal and mass of selfishness he is. Its her fortune. He is not noble enough to love truly; so, Kitten, we must not let him win the prize without showing fight. In the depths of our little black heart, we do know who loves Myrtle. She does not dream of it though. Honestly, to ourselves, ar'n't girls geese? They are taken with a few bows and beautiful smiles, while the real splendid people get the go-by. Mr. Douglass little dreams that this child knows how well he likes our Myrtle. He does not show it. Oh no; but I suppose God gives something—gifts, I mean—to everybody, and my gift or bump is to read people. Oh dear, we are getting lonesome; eh, Kitten? No people of our own, have we dear? Only some rich uncles who say, 'Kitten, as has got an edecation, let her arne her own livin.'"

At the remembrance of her odd relations, the strange girl burst into a fit of merry, pure-toned laughter.

"What's the joke?" said a voice behind, and turning she beheld Tom comfortably stretched on a seat.

"When did you come?" asked she.

"Just this minute. I slid out of the dining-room window. I thought that you all were in the drawing-room. Aunt went in, so I came here to rest and be alone."

"Oh! very well then, I will go," and Kitten hopped up. Her long lustrous hair fell over her white dress. Her beautiful eyes flashed as she thought "What business had he coming here? It was mine first."

"Stay, do," said Tom coming to his feet. "I don't want to drive you away. Let us have a talk. Myrtle is wrapped up in music and that loon."

"You don't like him?" asked Kitten, eagerly.

"No," was the short reply.

"Well, I'll stay. I don't either."

"Very well, thank you; I'm glad we agree on one subject." Tom sat down and folded his arms. Kitten took her seat on the steps and said,

"Isn't it mean?"

"What?"

"His coming, when we might have had a good time singing."

"Yes," said Tom, "and I've missed the music so far. That everlasting fever!—I scarcely get time to breathe."

"Myrtle expected you, yesterday. We went sailing with Miss Maud Fletcher and her brother."

"Pete?" asked Tom.

"He is a minister,—I don't know his name."

"That is Peter. Yes. Did you enjoy yourselves?"

"Some," said Kitten.

"I was coming, but I hated to leave Burke much to do. He has a boil on his neck, and Miss Baxter was out of sorts yesterday. Do you like it here?"

"Yes, splendidly."

"Olive Irving is going to give a pic-nic next week,—so Miss Baxter informs me; she always knows the news. You will all have a gay time."

"Shan't go," exclaimed Kitten.

"Why not."

"I don't like meeting new people, and I don't like young gentlemen. Myrtle always has a pile round her, and I get tired. I'd rather stay and go fishing with Percy and the little girls."

"Oh, you had better go," advised Tom. "Maud Fletcher is sure to be there. She will take you under her wing. I suppose Guy will be on hand. Hang it all, it's too bad!" said Tom vehemently. "Between you and me, Miss Airlie, I don't like Guy being so so—well, you know"——

"Soft—spooney, I suppose you mean."

"Yes just that—sweet on Myrtle. You see she is just like my sister. But last fall we had a tiff—the only one we

ever had," continued Tom with a shade of melancholy in his voice. "It was all about Guy, so now I cannot bear to speak to her. Perhaps it is only friendship—I hope so "

"What makes you tease her then?"

"For a lark. I cannot live without plaguing some one. I keep Miss Baxter in a perfect stew. I tell you what," said Tom brightly; "you open Myrtle's eyes."

Kitten shook her head, and finding Tom in a pleasant temper, said,

"If only somebody nice would pop in and marry Myrtle. Somebody splendid—like Mr. Douglass, for instance."

"Yes, that would be the ticket; but Philips arn't common."

"Why ain't he married long before this?"

"Philip?" A deeper color stole in Tom's sunburnt face.

"Yes."

"Oh, business-men like him have no time for nonsense. Philip's logs might go over the east-falls if he went courting."

"I should think Myrtle would suit him fine. He wouldn't have to go far," said Kitten, looking innocently at the stars.

"Myrtle!" Tom laughed outright. "I never thought of that." Myrtle is our sister. After a pause he added; "Oh no; Philip will *never* marry. Too much sense. Going to be a fine old bachelor like me. He will take logs for his wife. I will have"—

"The ills of humanity," put in Kitten, laughingly.

"Yes, just that."

"Do you like being a doctor?"

"Yes, or I would not be one."

"It can't be nice to see people die, and go on. I should think you would feel bad."

"So I do," replied Tom, with a look on his face that made it pleasant to see. "I want to put them all straight. I was in a hospital eight years and I always thought if I grew up strong, I would be a doctor and try to be like some of the splendid fellows who took care of me. There, they are singing, listen!"

"Their voices sound well together."

"First-class. Do you sing?"

"No, but I play a little."

"What is your forte?"

"Scolding, I guess. What's yours?"

"Being lady's man. Why do you shake your head?"

"Because I don't think you are, one speck."

"Well, you are honest, I must say. Do you always tell the truth?"

"I try to. Why?"

"Honest girls ar'n't common, that is all. Its bred in them to deceive. Its woman's nature."

"No, it's not."

"Oh, truly it is."

"Its natural to the whole human race."

"More so to women, I assure you, Miss Airlie."

"That isn't my name."

"I beg your pardon. I thought it was."

"I'm Kitten. Nobody misses me. I hate being called Miss, except by people I don't like."

"Then you like me; that's delightful."

"No, I do not care much for you. You think such a pile of yourself," said Kitten coolly.

"I do? You are mistaken there," cried Tom, who prided himself on his humility, and rather smarted under this last withering speech.

"Oh, no, I'm not."

"You are hard on me."

"No harder than you are. You said girls were not honest."

"And I believe it," said Tom. "Nowadays they are brought up to flirt and get married. That is the height of their ambition—to see how many offers they will get, and then laugh at their success. To end up, they marry the man with the most money.

No matter if he is a scoundrel or otherwise, as long as he is rich."

"Myrtle isn't that," said Kitten, hotly.

"Oh, Myrtle is rich. That alters the case."

"Now!" cried Kitten eagerly. "Men marry for money. Look at Mr. Irving. Do you suppose he would be so fond of Myrtle if she had not one cent? No, indeed; he is too selfish to love any one for herself."

Tom smiled and said,

"That's true. What was it you were laughing at when I came out this evening?"

"I was just thinking about my uncles. When grandpa died they said that I must earn my own living."

"Did they, truly?"

"Yes, honestly. I have to begin in September. I'll be a school *marm* some of these days."

Kitten tried to laugh, and choked up.

"You don't like teaching?" said Tom kindly.

"No, I hate it,—at least I know I will. I will be sure to get into a poky place. Then I don't pull well with people generally. I always say straight out what I think, and they don't always like it."

"I should think not."

"I hope you are not angry at me," said Kitten humbly, for she was quick to apologize when she did wrong.

"Not now. I *was* wrathy a little."

"Well, dear me, I *am* sorry. You see I come out quick, and I know it is selfish. Myrtle often tells me that I ought to consider people's feelings, she always does. Will you shake hands; please? I'm going in now."

"Are you? Yes, I'll shake hands. You are a queer girl."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; you are different from the most of people."

"Am I? Good night."

"Honest," soliloquized Tom as she walked away; "and such eyes! I wish I was not freckled. I must try that buttermilk and tansey. Rosalie swears it is good."

"I suppose I will have to trot that little pair of scissors out, too," thought Guy, as he rode home. "She is a sharp one. I'm glad Myrtle has the money, although I admire spirit, and have a fancy for brown eyes."

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## Chapter XXII.

Boating, pic-nics, rides and amusements generally wore the summer days away. Guy Irving was in constant attendance, and Kitten concluded that his duties must be light, as he seemed to have nothing to do but be agreeable. However, in spite of all the gayeties, she looked longingly over at the "House across the way," and at every opportunity stole down to have a game of romps with the children, or an old-fashioned talk with Mrs. Trevor; for to Kitten, there was something irresistible in the brave, bright little woman, who cheerfully, day after day, sought by all means to make her kingdom such a paradise of home comfort and home love that its master would not be tempted to stray from it. Her whole life seemed to tend to that one object, and faithfully, energetically she worked, training her children wisely, ordering all things duly, and striving by every means to make herself a lovable companion. Kitten, sometimes dreaming quietly in the shadow, sometimes gambolling wildly on the green, saw it all, and over and over again, puzzled her young mind wondering if it were possible to love any one person so devotedly.

"Miss Kitten" was soon a wonderful favorite with the juveniles. "Pretty Miss Myrtle"—or as sly Kitten had taught them to say occasionally, "Aunt Myrtle"—no longer condescended to sing nursery songs, and "Froggie's wooing" would have become a thing of the past, had not

Kitten rushed to the rescue and bravely volunteered to pipe all the rhymes in their song-book. She taught them little hymns too.

When the sun was high in the heavens, their greatest sport was to adjourn to the barn and jump in the hay. Myrtle practised, rode, entertained company, and went calling with Miss Douglass; but wilful Kitten much preferred her young friends' society, and the fun in the loft. One pet scheme was to stand in a row on a beam, and sing a verse of a song before tumbling down. For instance Kitten, who headed the class, would begin,

"I'll away to the Promised Land,"

and come plump down in a white bundle, her long brown hair streaming far and wide. Then Percy would loudly shout

"I am a chap what's five years old,
Don't think that I'm small;
I tell you I am pretty big,
And more than three feet tall."

At the conclusion he settled himself by Kitten, whereon Chickie would sweetly warble

"On that bright shining shore
Where there's joy evermore
There'll be something for children to do."

After the flight of this bird from the beam, sprightly Miss Tessie jerked out a few lines of her never-dying

"Froggie would a wooing go."

Daisy and Harry on a lower stand, hand in hand followed their leaders, after a chirping of

"Four and twenty black-birds."

The jumping and singing process was never repeated very often in one day, for stiff necks were an inevitable issue of a too free exercise of their flying propensities.

On one occasion a beloved little pig shuffled off its mortal coil, and great was the lamentation thereon. Harry waddled round as if he had lost his last friend. Chickie and Daisy mingled their tears, and Tessie tried hard to squeeze a drop from her witching blue eyes, but only succeeded when Kitten thoughtfully peeled her an onion, and begged her to restrain her feelings. "Some griefs are too deep for tears," explained Miss Airlie quietly to Tom.

Piggie was burried with all honor. His remains were placed in Harry's barrow, which Percy slowly and sadly wheeled to a sand-pit, Kitten, Harry and the little girls forming the procession.

At the grave, wicked Kitten gabbled off part of the English Church service, and wee Harry, who lisped, was made clerk, and piped out

"Dus to dus, asses to asses."

Their sorrow passed away in a few hours, and next day when they were at a stand-still for something to do, Tessie proposed that they should have another "fooneral"—"it was jus' fun." So poor piggie was dug from the mother earth, and again the procession formed, and swept gaily, not mournfully, to the sand-pit. Kitten once more did the service. Harry shouted gleefully,

"Dus to dus, asses to asses."

This process was repeated several times, until Joe, the garden boy, threw a cartful of stones over the resting-place of the mouldering piggie. Tessie watched in vain for another little beast or bird to depart this life; but, much to her disgust, every pussy, cockle-top, and chicken throve delightfully. At her wicked instigation, Harry was one morning triumphantly discovered wringing the necks of two goslings; but Rose, the nurse girl, rescued the sufferers, and the little delinquent received a long lecture from tender-hearted Chickie. The next play was to immerse all the cackling old hens in a trough of water.

Percy had once witnessed a baptism in a river, so he plunged the quacking evil-doers into the water, with the remark,

"There, take that in the name of the Queen, and don't you go setting any more, you old things."

What a summer those children had! They gathered berries in the fields, constructed rafts on a shallow pond, and received more than one ducking in return; wandered far and wide with Kitten, chasing squirrels, and exploring Black Man's Forest. Mrs. Trevor was slightly anxious at first, but soon seeing that her beloved progeny were in safe hands, she settled her mind to her sewing. The newest baby, a young gentleman of some months, was a model of good behavior, and spent his waking hours in crowing and being agreeable, like his Uncle Guy. So Mrs. Trevor worked in her garden, took long evening walks with her husband, or went boat-sailing with the Douglasses.

On the whole, it was a remarkably happy summer, and Kitten woke up one fine morning to find that the holidays were nearly over, and a letter came from Mrs. Mason saying that as yet they had found no situation for her, but for a time they would be glad to have her at Hayton, as a pupil teacher.

"Where is Myrtle, please, Miss Douglass?" cried Kitten, breaking into the store-room where that lady was making out a list of groceries, early one afternoon towards the end of August.

"In the garret, I think, my dear. She went up to read. Rosalie, do we want raisins?"

Kitten ran away and found Myrtle, still in her morning-dress, not reading but crying.

"What on earth is it, Myrtle?"

"Oh nothing much, Kitten."

"But I know it is. Tell me, dear. Perhaps I can help you over it."

"No, you can't. No one can. It's my own fault, but I never thought of him liking me that way."

"It's Guy I bet a turn-over. Is it?"

"Yes."

"Well."

"He asked me to—"

"Marry him," cried Kitten indignantly. "There, I knew it wasn't only friendship. But you won't. Oh Myrtle, you never will."

"Kitten, he likes me so well. I don't think I love him, but I cannot bear to hurt his feelings." Kitten stared, and then burst out laughing. "Well, you are soft."

"I cannot see that it is any laughing matter," said Myrtle with dignity. "It is a very serious affair."

"Oh dear, yes. I think it's stupid; but don't be afraid of Guy Irving's feelings,—they are not easily hurt, don't you think."

"Kitten," said Myrtle reproachfully, "you undervalue Guy. He is so noble, so perfectly gentlemanly—"

"And such a goose," interrupted Kitten. "You will go and marry him, and be miserable for ever, while the right one, as Mrs. Trevor would say, that has a heart and feeling too, will get the go-by, and take it all quietly, and never let a soul know."

"Who do you mean?" asked Myrtle, drying her tears.

"Wouldn't you like to know? Catch Kitten tell you? Tom—perhaps," after a silence with a twinkle in her eyes.

Myrtle looked disappointed, shook her head and said, "No indeed, Tom and I are just like brother and sister. We have always been so, and always will be. Tom has too much sense to fall in love."

"Altogether," said Kitten merrily; "Guy hasn't. Still, it isn't Tom. So think twice, before you say, 'yes, dear,' or what ever they do say, when some one makes a goose of himself."

"Who is your letter from?"

"Oh, I forgot. From Miss Gamble. I'm to go next week. Bother! bother! bother!"

"Kitten, see here. I've plenty for us both. Let us go off with Mrs. Green (Violet's mother) and travel, and then stay with me always."

"Thank you, dear," said Kitten, kissing her heartily, "that would never do. "You must not leave Miss

Douglass. This child has to work her own way. Besides you will get married, and you know I'm not the loving kind, so it wouldn't be agreeable to have me round."

"No, I won't either, Kitten. I promise you, if you will only stay with me."

"And be two grumpy old maids," laughed Kitten. "No, thank you. Give Guy the cold shoulder; let the right one come along, and you'll give in, certain sure. You will be happy and live in peace all your days. I'll go out and 'arne my own livin,' and fight away until it's time for me to put down my head and go home, for Violet's 'forget-me-nots' keep calling, and I guess Kitten would like to go. I don't hate these kind of things the way I used to. I keep getting fonder of them every day; and last Sunday evening, when you were all at church, and I was alone on the steps, looking at the sky, I just thought everything got straight and nice. I forgot to think that Violet's God was away off hating me. While I was watching the stars, I heard Mrs. Trevor singing down in the garden,

'Oh, think of a home over there.'

I was *so* tired. I said, 'Take me just as I am. I'm weary trying to be better,' and I went, Myrtle, and it's all comfortable now. By-and-by, Kitten will have a home over there, though she has none here. Kiss me, Myrtle."

Myrtle kissed her and clasped her tightly, as she cried,

"Oh Kitten, Kitten darling, don't. You must not go. Stay and help me, for I stumble on so."

But the dark beautiful eyes looked longingly away, as they used to at the brook, as Kitten said,

"No, Myrtle, you have to make them happy here. Miss Douglass loves you so. You must marry Mr. Douglass and have all sunshine here. My work is to do whatever I find to do, and then sleep under the daisies." Kitten laughed up shyly at Myrtle

"What do you mean? I marry Philip!" asked Myrtle in consternation, while the hot blushes came and went on her tear-stained face.

"There! did I say that? I did not mean to tell you. Anyway, Myrtle, you know he does like you."

"No," said Myrtle, sorrowfully," "he thinks I'm empty-headed, and fond of gay society. I deserve it all."

"He does not, then. He thinks you are splendid. Give Guy a shower-bath—wouldn't I like to!—and let us all be happy and jolly. There, I hear Tom calling. You remember you promised him a game of croquet, when he came from the office. Now, let us dress, and send the lovers sky-larking. I'm glad I've got none. I couldn't be tragic if I tried."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

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"Heart-ache or head-ache, Myrtle?" asked Tom when he strolled out to find the girls waiting for him on the lawn.

Kitten shook her head warningly, and Tom changed the subject by saying,

"Well, I have a most wonderful bit of news to tell you. It will keep Miss Baxter racing round for a week. Wonders will never cease! Curiosity killed the cat; Kitten, don't be so anxious."

"I'm sure I don't care," said Kitten stoutly. "Somebody engaged or married, I suppose. Its nothing to me."

"It may be,—you don't know. I should not wonder if it were a great deal to you."

"Tell us, Tom, and stop teasing," said Myrtle.

"Nobody is engaged as far as I know," said Tom striking his first ball; then he whistled awhile,—"nobody as far as I know. Miss Baxter might inform us differently. She has still Maud Fletcher on the brain."

"For pity's sake, Tom!"

"For pity's sake, Myrtle," mimicked Tom. "No one is married—it's easy

seen where Kitten's thoughts are—but somebody is dead."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed both girls in horror.

"Yes, dead," continued Tom. "Poor man. Don't, I have another stroke. Let me see; I went through this arch."

"Tom, Tom, who is it?" asked Myrtle in excitement.

"Keep cool. It's Mr. Trevor's uncle in Halifax."

"Oh dear," said Myrtle looking relieved, "what is that to us?"

"It's a great deal to the Trevors. He left all his money to the children, and a handsome income to Mrs. Trevor, to be used in their education, and on improvements."

Kitten threw her mallet into the air and cried,

"Oh, be joyful! Now Mrs. Trevor can take a trip, and have some new dresses. You know, Myrtle, she says she would rather do with less fixings and have plenty of books and keep two servants, although Miss Baxter accuses her of being extravagant."

"Why didn't he leave the money to Mr. Trevor, Tom?" asked Myrtle.

"That is where his prudence comes in. Last fall he,—I mean Henry's uncle—met Philip when he was going down the Gulf. He asked all about the Trevors. I suppose he thought it would not be the thing for Trevor to have nothing to do. So it all goes to the children. As it is, the will is something like this: If Percy or Harry turn out wild they are not to have a cent, and they must both be brought up to some profession or business. I've just come from the office. The lawyer is there talking it over with Philip."

"Bless the dear old soul!" said Kitten, fervently.

(*To be continued.*)

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# THE BIRDS AT THE PARSONAGE.

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

It seems to me we have had more than the usual opportunities of observing the birds about us this year. Or it may be this only, that we have observed them more; for I daresay it only wants observation to bring us plenty of wisdom anywhere. Indeed, I am quite in the mood to regret that I did not, when younger, study ornithology a little; I might, by this time, have disputed Mr. Vennor's laurels; who knows? My studies have taken other directions than birds and flowers, though I will yield to no man in my admiration of them, and delight in them. But to proceed with our summer's experience:—

We had been threatened last year with building operations by a pair of *Pee-wees*, over our front door, under the verandah; to which we energetically objected at the time, and swept down the untempered walls of their small house as fast as we saw them rising. With a great many expostulations, but submitting to their fate, they built, I suppose, somewhere else, on a short lease,—for this spring they were back again. We were less vigilant than last year; and though we threatened them (they seemed to be foreign birds and paid no attention to *our English*), the hen bird was really sitting on her eggs before we had taken any practical steps in the matter. Of course, we would not disturb her then. She was quite tame, and only occasionally flew off when

some grown person, especially if a stranger, went through the door, on the cornice above which she was thus perched. We did not observe the male bird bringing her any food; but she would make short flights away several times a day.

While this was going on, word came to me one Saturday night, that a pair of robins had built on the inside of the high picket fence that encloses a somewhat roomy prison I have had to make for my Spanish hens, for summer occupation. It was exactly in the corner, and only five feet from the ground. It was so snugly built, and so jealously watched by the owners, and the eggs so pretty and so blue! I thought of the cat, and knew she was a great hunter in a general sense, as well as a great mouser; and all my care had failed to make her comprehend the difference between a mouse and a bird. To Pussy they were equally "good to eat," and therefore equally liable to be killed. So I nailed up two or three short pieces of board round it, in such a skilful way that pussy could not get in, while the bird easily could. But alas, for my well-meant efforts; they understood English as little as the pee-wees, and say all I could, they would neither stop their clamor, nor quietly come back to their nest. I hoped Sunday would bring them all right, and thought of them, I daresay, even in the pulpit; but they totally abandoned their quarters. The eggs were four. My little girls took possession of them a week or two afterwards. But before that date, the robins had a new nest built in the corner of my neighbor's rail fence, close to the corner of my garden. I thought they were foolish, for I knew the bird-nesting instinct of boys—all statutes to the contrary notwithstanding; and to build a nest on the roadside fence was putting too much confidence in the forbearance of our race. Here comes in the beauty of *hedges:* for in a hedge the poor robins would have been pretty safe from all eyes. The thing I dreaded came,—how or when I know not; but the four eggs were gone, and the nest deserted.

But the brave little pair were still determined to be counted as friends and neighbors of the parsonage; and on one of the most beautiful maple trees I ever saw, right by the inner gate that leads to the church, about twenty yards from the house, they began building on a swinging branch. Again I feared for them; for the branch was small, and a robin's nest, with all its clay daubings, weighs about two pounds. However, the cheerful chirrup went on for a few days, and all things seemed settled down now for success. The poor mother-bird had been sitting some days, when there came one of those perpendicular rushing rains we have several times had this wet summer. The branch bent down, the nest tilted, the very clay was washed out of its sides—the four blue eggs, each with a half-developed bird, were smashed on the ground, and the poor robins were for the third time homeless wanderers.

They spent about one day bewailing their loss, and not more than one in a new survey. Time pressed—the summer was going, and they did not want to go back among the magnolias of Florida with the same family-number they left. Within three days, they were hard at work on a similar branch of a similar maple, near the rear corner of the house. I have more birds than anybody else in the township of Vaughan, and the reason is there are forty or fifty "second-growth" maples and beeches within a hundred yards of the house,—big fellows, fifty years old; and the birds know where they get shelter, shade, and company. The woods would only give them shade. We could hear all day long the cheerful notes of the robins, as they encouraged each other in this last effort at building. It was soon built, and soon used; and the feat of sixteen eggs being laid in one

season by one bird was accomplished! She was soon sitting again, and her mate jealously watching any one who came near.

One morning, my children came running in to ask me to come out to see "so strange a bird." And near the kitchen door, I found two of those very small gray sparrows, with a stripe of faint red on their heads, busily engaged in feeding a clumsy young bird, ever so much bigger than themselves. "Ah," said I, "if this were the old country, now, I should say these were hedge-sparrows, feeding their foster-son the cuckoo." And then I was told the story of these birds and their nest, to which I had paid little attention before. It seems they had their nest among the raspberries in the garden; and there were in their nest three little brown-spotted eggs of their own, and two blue eggs, a great deal larger. I asked if they were not robins' eggs? but the children said no. They thought they were "not so big as robins' eggs; and they did not look like them." And these, they averred, were the identical birds; they had always come round the kitchen door picking crumbs, and they were the only pair of that kind just then that did so, "and they *knew* them." I suppose the children were quite right about the identity of the birds.

I wished then, I had some disciple of Wilson or Audubon, to tell me what the strange bird was. It was evidently enjoying a very good appetite; and kept the little foster-parents on the alert to provide it with food. It would flutter toward them, its mouth wide open, with a quivering motion all over its body, and a low, indistinct cry, like the faint wail of a young kitten; and they would put something in its mouth, which would satisfy it for a moment. Its color was a kind of faded brown; and it was all over of one color. The only marks seemed to be an edging of the successive layers of feathers, on its back and wings, of a lighter hue of the same color, something like the "grain" in polished wool. Its head was smooth and round, its legs short and dark colored. I said to the children, "I am going into Toronto about the thirteenth of the month (July) to spend a day at the Young Men's Convention; and I'll run up to the University Library, and try and find out what bird it is." And so I did. By the courtesy of the Librarian, I was shown Audubon's plates of the birds; and as well as I could make out, my bird was the "yellow-billed cuckoo" of America. He describes two kinds; the other is the black-billed variety, which lives chiefly by the sea. But Audubon says nothing of their laying eggs in other birds' nests. He relates how they bring out three or four birds (in their own nests) apparently one at a time; for a bird will be found ready-fledged along with others just hatched. He says their eggs are *green;* and are one and one-eighth of an inch in length. What my children called *blue*, and what Audubon calls *green*, is, I suppose, the ultramarine I have often seen in eggs, (I never saw a proper green—the color of verdure). In his plates, the three outer feathers on each side of the tail were tipped with white. We had not observed that in our bird, though it might not be visible, except when the tail was spread for flight; and again, Audubon's female bird did not seem to have this white marking. Audubon's bird was lighter on the breast; but the dusty brown might become a lighter drab when the bird was full grown. The legs were alike, short and dark-colored. The head was alike, and the back and wings. I issued orders, as soon as I came home, to notice whether its feet had two toes before and two behind, as in Audubon's plate; but I could not find out; it had been round for ten or twelve days, and was only seen for a mere glimpse once or twice afterwards.

But all this time there had been a

war going on between the robins and my children. Cock Robin was in a most belligerent mood. If any of the little ones appeared anywhere near the nest, he would attack them in the most threatening way; actually brushing their faces with his wings, as he seemed intent on pecking their eyes out. If they did not immediately fly, the hen would come off the nest and join in the chase! I have seen my two little girls, with their hands over their ears for protection, running round the house to the front door, with both the birds screaming after them, and apparently buffeting their very ears. Poor little Julia came in one morning with a well-grounded complaint. "Those robins," she said, "think they are *bosses* of everybody. Mary sent me out to pick off the few cherries that were on her little tree, for the robins were taking them all, and I wasn't near their nest at all; and they both came after me, and drove me away!" And once again, both the little girls were picking raspberries in the garden, and having been directed to pay special attention to the low branches, were down among the bushes quite out of sight. But *Robin* gave the alarm, and both he and his mate joined in a furious attack on the "enemy." About this time the young robins were hatched; and the fury of the birds at my children coming near, was something most interesting and ludicrous. They never heeded me; nor, as far as I could observe, any grown person. Whence this discrimination? Was it experience, or was it instinct?

On 16th July, when I returned from church, there was an unusual outcry at the robins' tree. One of their young had fallen to the ground. By standing on a stool, I was able to put it in again. But after dinner, I found it fallen out once more. This time I paid more attention, and found that the three young birds in possession occupied the whole nest, and there was no possible room for this poor little fellow, who on James Ballantyne's principle, that

> "The birdie sure to sing, is aye the gorbel o' the nest,"

ought to have had the most music in him, and be altogether the most talented bird of the lot. The others were larger and stronger birds, and had crowded him out. Wishing to give them all a fair chance, I got a deep little basket, and filled it with fine dried grass; and, taking down the nest, I transferred all four of the birds to new quarters, and hung the basket in the shade of the same branch upon which the nest had been built. There was a dreadful outcry made by the birds all this time, and it was perhaps an hour or more before we could be sure they had settled down again to their old task of feeding their young. Before night, the strongest of the young birds was sitting demurely on the edge of the basket, his head between his shoulders, and his bill pointing upward, conscious, apparently, of only one thing in the world, and that was the periodical returns of the old birds with food. They did not seem to like their new quarters, and during the course of the next day, they got all the birds off, for they were pretty well feathered. *All*, I say, and yet not quite correctly; for, looking into the basket, to see how affairs stood, I found the poor little tumble-out bird, the "gorbel of the nest," who would never now sing, dead and cold. He had evidently been fatally hurt by his two falls upon the somewhat hard ground.

The *Pee-wees* were apparently as crowded as the robins. But a couple of them got out of the nest, and sat near it, on the cornice over our door. There seemed to be no provision made, in case of overcrowding, by the robins. Their nest was exceedingly strong, slightly oval, four and one-quarter by three and three-quarter inches, inside

the rim. But why did they not build somewhat larger?

I believe all the birds are raised that we shall be able to raise, at the Parsonage, this year. I hope they will all come back again, and we will take as good care of them as we can. We like their songs, and are the better for them; and we think *they* are none the worse of *our* presence. And we hope even the robins will remember that it was not the Parsonage children that robbed their nest, and learn to discriminate between their friends and enemies! It would be selfish to wish the birds would stay with us all winter, when we cannot promise them green trees. But ye Southern lads, *use our birds well!* for every song-bird makes the world so much the richer.

# Young Folks.

## THE DISCONTENTED FROG.

### A FABLE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

"I do wish I could go out and see the world; I am sick to death of this place," said a pretty green frog, in a discontented tone, as it hopped in and out among some tall reeds on the edge of a pool.

"Croak, croak, come here, Emerald; I have something to say to you," said a hoarse voice from the pool.

"Don't bother me with your croak, croak. I don't want to have anything to say to you, old Quagmire," said Emerald, saucily, as she kept on her way.

"Croak, croak," repeated Quagmire, as she emerged from her habitation of mud, and hopped clumsily after Emerald. "Emerald, my dear young friend, it grieves me sorely to see you so discontented with your lot," said Quagmire. It is true you are acknowledged to have the sweetest voice in the colony, but that is no reason why you should become so discontented with your home and friends. I heard you talking in a very insulting manner to a young tadpole last night, and I am sure you always treat the polywogs with the greatest scorn."

"Oh, bother the tadpoles and polywogs, they are rather a poor subject for a sermon," interrupted Emerald, rudely.

"There is no creature in the world so insignificant that its good will is not worth having, and there are many advantages in living in this pool which you, being so young in the world, do not know how to appreciate," continued Quagmire, without noticing the interruption, "In the days of my youth, I lived in a colony of frogs, not one of whom knew what it was to be without fear for their lives from break of day till set of sun. Small boys pelted us for amusement, and often killed great numbers of us, and many people hunted and killed us for sale, for our flesh is looked upon as a great delicacy by epicures; but owing to the marshiness of the ground about it, our pool is quite isolated, and here we live in perfect security all the year round. And then, if you will open your eyes to them, there are many beauties in and about this pool."

"Ha, ha, ha, they must be hidden beauties," laughed Emerald. "But go on, Quagmire, it is rather diverting than otherwise to hear you prosing!"

"What can be more beautiful than those golden clusters of mayflowers which bloom among the tall green sedge, or than those blue flags which fringe the lower end of the pool; those tufts of sod are dotted with fairy primroses, and thousands of blue violets bloom among the grass and reeds. See yonder bobolink, how pretty it looks taking its bath in the shadow of the mayflowers, while its mate flutters among the seeds."

"It may be all very fine according to your notion of things, but I give you to understand that I have a mind above mud puddles," replied Emerald, scornfully. "Of what use is my fine voice or my beautiful green skin, if I am forever to be buried in this marsh?"

These words fell like seeds of discontent among the numberless young frogs about the pool, for there were many among them who considered themselves possessed of fine voices, and who had pretentions to beauty.

Quagmire was not much surprised to hear the next morning that Emerald had disappeared. She went off during the night, no one knew whither, but if some of her friends had been in the copse on the edge of the marsh that surrounded the pool, they would have seen her reposing beneath the tall graceful fronds of a cluster of ferns. Emerald was enchanted with the wonders that surrounded her. Pretty, drooping wild flowers bloomed on all sides, and every moment some new wonder presented itself to view—now it was a snail shell embedded in the trailing green moss, now a brilliant toadstool, and now some curious flower all aglitter with dew drops. On went Emerald, hop, hop, hop, through the copse, till she came to a tall rail fence. Beyond this fence was what appeared to her to be a vast green plain, but which was in reality a large wheat field. She crept beneath the fence, and commenced her journey over the wheat field. As she journeyed along the sun grew hot, and dried the dew off the wheat, and she grew very tired and thirsty.

"Oh for a plunge in the soft, cool mud of the pool!" she thought, as her tongue began to parch and her skin began to blister beneath the burning rays of the sun.

"I believe I shall die on this plain," she groaned again as she dragged herself wearily along. Just as her last hope had fled, she met with a little water, into which she plunged headlong. She emerged from her bath wonderfully refreshed, and was rejoiced to see a fence near at hand. This fence ran along the side of a road, and just as Emerald was creeping under it, she espied two young ladies stepping daintly along.

"Now is my time for showing off my voice," thought Emerald, and she immediately began to croak in what she considered a very scientific manner.

"Oh, Arabella! what is that dreadful noise," screamed one of the young ladies, springing to the other side of the road.

Somewhat nettled, Emerald hopped from beneath the fence to display the beauty of her person, when to her dismay, Arabella screamed out:

"Oh, waa-a-a! it is a frog! look at the horrid creature! ugh! see how green it is!" "Waa-a-a!" screamed the first young lady, springing up on the fence on the opposite of the road, "Oh! waa-a-a!" she kept on, filling the air with shrill shrieks, "What is to become of us Arabella! Do look at the creature! See it moving!"

Two or three boys appeared on the scene at this juncture, and began to pelt Emerald with sticks and stones, and if she had not happened to find a hiding place in a hole beneath the fence, she most certainly would have been battered to death. This was a nice position for a spoiled beauty. Poor Emerald wept bitter tears of mortification. Instead of the admiration and applause she had looked forward to, she found herself an object of contempt and hatred—a creature to be screamed at by young ladies and pelted by boys.

"Oh dear! I wish I had never left my home in the marsh, where I was looked upon as a gifted beauty!" she moaned; and then she remembered, with deep regret, how she had snubbed frogs less beautiful than herself, and how she had despitefully treated the tadpoles and polywogs. Emerald did not leave her hiding place until the following morning, when, after looking

carefully about to see that no human creature was nigh, she hopped quickly across the broad dusty road. On creeping through the fence on the opposite side, she found herself in a beautiful green lawn, shaded with tall trees, and ornamented with beds of lovely flowers. Her spirits began to rise.

"How foolish I was to think of turning my back on the world for two foolish girls and a few wicked boys," she thought, as she hopped over the dewy grass; but by and by the sun grew hot, and she grew as tired and thirsty as she was crossing the wheat field the day before. As she toiled on, the lawn appeared to widen, and the trees and flowers grew more and more distant, the sun became hotter and hotter. She stretched herself on the grass, and panted with the heat, and then dragged herself along a few more paces, and lay down again. In this way she reached a broad carriage drive which swept across the lawn.

"Oh dear! I am done for at last," she said, with a groan, as she lit on the burning gravel of the carriage drive; "I am breathing my last! I wish I had listened to old Quagmire!" she panted, as she stretched herself on the hot pebbles, and then taking heart of grace, she made a desperate effort, and hopped into the shade of an aquarium which stood on the opposite side of the drive. The dew still clung to the grass in the shade, and a few moments out of the glare of the sun revived her a little, though she still felt almost ready to faint. The sound of voices in the distance started her, and scarcely knowing what she did, she leaped up over the side of the aquarium, and the next moment she plunged into the cool, clear water, to her own great relief, and to the consternation of numerous beautiful and curious fish contained therein.

"What horrid creature is this?" asked the young fish, in dismay, as they gathered about their elders.

"Oh, it is nothing but a frog. There were plenty of them living in the mud along the river I was born in," replied an old fish.

"What an ugly creature it is," commented the young fish.

"Yes, they are ugly enough, certainly, but their ugliness is nothing to the horrible croaking noise they make," replied the old fish.

Emerald's attention was here attracted by the sound of approaching voices, and the next moment her eyes fell upon a group of gentlemen strolling towards the acquarium with cigars in their mouths.

"Perhaps these people have souls for music," thought Emerald, and she forthwith began to croak in her sweetest and most pathetic tones.

"Hallo, Maxwell, how long is it since you began to cultivate frogs?" said the foremost of the party, as he gave Emerald a playful thrust with his cane.

"Ugh, I hate frogs. They are almost as bad as snakes, and such a horrid noise as they make," said another of the party, in a drawling, affected tone. "See here Maxwell, is this the jumping frog, or the frog that would a wooing go?" he continued, and then all the others laughed as if he had said something very witty, though Emerald thought she had never heard such a stupid attempt at a joke.

"Hand us your cane, Evan," said the first speaker, to a gentleman who stood behind him, and then using this cane and his own like a pair of tongs, he grasped Emerald and threw back on the hard burning gravel of the carriage drive.

"See him jump, he is quite a lively fellow, isn't he? and how green he is, I scarcely ever saw such a green frog," continued her tormentor, as he dealt her a couple of smart blows about the head.

"Come Tom, don't kill the creature. I don't want to have any

dead frogs lying about here. Just throw him back into the aquarium and I will send Bob to carry him into the stable yard, and kill him there," said the gentleman addressed as Maxwell.

The gentleman did as he was desired, and the party strolled on through the grounds, puffing their cigars.

Half stunned, and with the terror of immediate death in her heart, Emerald was making frantic efforts to leap out of the aquarium, when two boys made their appearance.

"Here you are, you ugly old croaker!" said one of the boys, who was a great, rough, shock headed fellow, as he thrust a stick into her face, and then turning to his companion, a nice, mild looking little boy, a couple of years younger than himself, he said:

"I will tell you what I will do, Master Hugh, I will leave you here to watch him while I go back to the stable yard, and get that old oyster can, and I will put him into it, and then throw him in among the game chickens, and we will have some fun."

Poor Emerald's heart died within her. She was to be lacerated, torn to pieces, tortured to death by game chickens! She made a desperate leap, and lit on the edge of the aquarium, much to the surprise of Master Hugh, who stood watching her.

"Cannot I soften your heart, little boy," she said, in a pleadding tone. "I do not see any reason why you should take pleasure in torturing me, as I never injured one of your kind, nor have I done the slightest injury to these grounds. I am a country bred frog, and entirely ignorant of the ways of the world. I am sure I would not wilfully have intruded upon you. I left a great number of friends, who will grieve sorely after me if I do not return to my home in the marsh. Think of them, and think of my youth and innocence, and pray let me escape before that wicked boy comes back."

"I have no desire to injure you, poor little frog. You have my permission to escape as quickly as you like, only for pity sake don't set up that fearful croaking. Come, jump for your life," he said, quickly. "You are an ugly creature, but I suppose you have feeling for all that."

And in a very short time Emerald was out of the cruel stable boy's reach, she having discovered a hiding place at the foot of one of the trees near by, where she stayed quietly till day-break the next morning, when she started on her journey homeward.

There was great rejoicing among the frogs at the pool when it was known that Emerald had returned, and all the frogs gathered about her to hear her account of the great world.

"Ahem! I have only two things to say to you, my dear friends," said Emerald, after she had taken a bath and partaken of the first hearty meal she had had since she left the pool. "I have only two things to say to you, my dear friends, and one is, never throw away real blessings for a myth; and the other is, never permit an inordinate vanity to lead you to thrust yourself into a false position, for by so doing you only excite the jeers and contempt of your superiors, while you lose the respect of your equals."

It is unnecessary to point to Emerald's last speech as the moral of this fable.

## A FAIRY STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Aunt Sarah," said little Maud, "do you believe in fairies,—real fairies, who can come and go like lightning?"

"I know a little blue-eyed fairy," said Aunt Sarah, "who can come and go almost as quick as lightning; and I certainly believe in her."

"Oh!" said Maud, pouting; "you mean me. I was going to ask you to tell me a fairy story."

"Well, dear, I will," said Aunt Sarah; "but go and call Carrie and May first, that they, too, may hear the story."

So away ran the little girl, and soon returned with her sisters. Maud being the youngest, climbed up on her Aunt's lap.

"Once upon a time," began Aunt Sarah.

"Oh, that is so nice," cried Maud. "Real fairy stories all begin so."

"Well, once upon a time, a gentleman was travelling in the highlands of Scotland. He was on foot, and he had in his hand a small travelling bag. He began to feel hungry, and, looking at his watch, he saw that it was an hour later than his usual time for taking his dinner. and being a long way from any hotel, he knocked at the door of a little cottage. The door was opened by a nice, tidy little old woman."

"Oh, I know she was a fairy," cried all the children at once.

"No," said Aunt Sarah, "she was not; but have patience, and you will soon hear all about it. Well, a little old woman opened the door, and the gentleman told her if she would cook him some dinner he would pay her well for it. The little old woman said she was very sorry, but she had nothing in the house to eat, except a piece of coarse brown bread. 'Then,' said the gentleman, pleasantly, 'I will pay you for a part of your bread, and if you will lend me your porridge pot I will make soup enough for us both.'

"The old woman wondered very much what he would make the soup of, but she got her porridge pot, and, having put some water in it, she hung it on the fire. 'Now,' said the gentleman, 'go find me a nice smooth stone, about the size of a large apple.'

"The little old woman was more surprised than before, but she did as she was told, and, after the stone had been nicely washed, the gentleman dropped it into the boiling water, and while he stirred it with the porridge stick, he sang:—

"'Round and round the ring,
Now the stone is washed and in;
Stir it right; stir it left;
Till the soup is of the best.'

"He kept stirring and singing for some time, and the little old woman, who, by this time, was feeling very much afraid, was getting nearer and nearer to the door. Very soon the room was filled with the pleasant smell of nice rich soup, and the old woman ran away to tell her neighbors that there was a fairy man in her house who had made soup from a stone. After a while she came back, bringing several other old women. They peeped in at the door, and saw the gentleman quietly taking his soup. He looked so kind that, after a little while, they ventured in, and the gentleman gave them each some soup, which was the best these poor people had ever tasted. Then they begged that he would teach them to make soup from stones; but the gentleman laughed, and told them he had only been playing a trick on the

little old woman. Then he opened his travelling bag and gave them each a round ball of something that looked not unlike soap, and he told if they would drop one into a little boiling water they would have nice soup. These balls, he told them, were made from meat. He also told them that he had dropped one into the pot while the old woman was gone for the stone, which he showed them was still in the porridge pot. Meat prepared in this way is called 'portable soup.'"

"I know what that means," said Carrie, who was the eldest of the three children; "I had that word in my spelling lesson yesterday. P-o-r-t-a-b-l-e portable,—capable of being carried."

"Quite right," said Aunt Sarah; "I am glad that you remember what you learn, my dear."

"But," said Maud, "there was no fairy after all; but I think the story a nice one."

And so they all thought, and, after kissing and thanking their Aunt, they ran off to play at making soup from stones; and when Aunt Sarah went an hour after to call the little girls to tea, she heard them singing:—

> "Round and round the ring,
> Now the stone is washed and in;
> Stir it right; and stir it left,
> Till the soup is of the best."

And Aunt Sarah felt glad that she had told the story, since it gave the children so much pleasure.

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# A FLORAL LOVE LETTER.

## PREFATORY.

Long ago when the arrival of the *Snow Drop*, edited then by Mrs. Lay, was to us school girls of P——, the great literary event of the month, I was amongst its youthful contributors, and proud was I when at first my early stories and poems (?) and afterwards, as my muse essayed a more expansive range, conundrums, puzzles, &c., or answers to these, began to appear in its pages.

But my efforts in this latter direction seemed eclipsed when I saw, for the first time, in the magazine, a Floral letter! I thought, and the girls of my circle thought, that the author of that letter had fairly earned a niche in the temple of Fame.

With a thrill of admiration and a painful sense of my own inferiority, and yet with a keen zest for the novel exercise, I set to work to solve the mystic words.

But the language of Flora was not included in the curriculum of the Misses L——'s Young Ladies Seminary, and the letter before me was as Greek, until one of my classmates suddenly came upon a Floral Dictionary belonging to an elder sister, which she promptly borrowed for our mutual assistance.

With the help of this treasure the mysterious phraseology soon assumed a clearness, pertinence and poetic beauty which enchanted our youthful minds; and I being, like all children, an unblushing plagiarist, soon had produced a faithful imitation of the wonderful original.

I think the Editress was inclined to encourage youthful efforts, for she actually admitted the production, and I had the intense gratification of hearing it read and puzzled over by my companions, while I indulged in secret the delicious sense of authorship.

Ah those days of "innocence and toys!"

I am not going to send you *that* Floral Love Letter to be republished with additions and emendations in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. I don't remember a word of it now, and I have lost every copy of the long since defunct *Snow Drop*, or *Maple Leaf* as it afterwards became. But last night, growing sentimental over a bunch of mignonette, I snatched up pen and paper, and a copy of The Language of Flowers, bearing date on the preface, Pera of Constantinople, the 10th day of the month Moharew, in the 1255th year of the Hejira, and soon had evolved, as Mr. Darwin would say, the subjoined effusion.

Romantic reader of the NEW DOMINION, take it with you to some flowery haunt, where bees are humming over beds of thyme, and mignonette and new mowed hay are scenting all the summer air.

There let your maiden-fancy conjure up visions of the "Prince," the richly dowered visionary one, the grand, the generous, the true, who in your girlish silly-sweet simplicity will come to you one day perhaps, and in words honey-sweet as these address your willing ear.

Oh youth must have its dreaming time. *Sic Semper*. Its age will be none the less pure and bright for the flush of those dreams that faded out so soon. Then, by the light of youth's sweet vision, read my Floral Love Letter and send me an answer.

FLORAL LOVE LETTER.

MY MYRTLE,—Your Laburnum, your Blackberry, White Jasmine, Sweet Night-shade, and your Field Lilac, have awakened in me Purple Lilac.

What wonder! Bunch of Currants without Cardinal Flower.

You are Orchis, but Mignonette, Orange-blossom, Milk Vetch. O give me some Virga Aurea, Milfoil, Yarrow and Yew. Let me hope that my double Red Pink, my Heliotrope, my Fern, may Cabbage your Carnation. O Oak Geranium, say but Double China Aster. O my Myrtle, give me an Ox-eye Daisy of your Rose or Pink Geranium. Overcome your Maple and let Single Red Pink Cabbage the Palm. Grant me Everlasting Pea with Ten Weeks Stock, Convolvulus Minor and day Purple Violet. Coral Honeysuckle depends upon your Agnus Castus or your Ambrosia.

In a Saffron with me I cannot offer you the Polyanthus or Horse Chestnut or Scarlet Poppy. To these I make no spiked Willow Herb, but Tulip Tree blossom and Lime tree shall dispel Moss and promote Honstonia.

Should, however, your answer be Belvidere (Wild Liquorice), should my Red Columbine, Convolvolus Bonds become Convolvulus Major, yet shall Cedar, yet shall Syringa Globe Amaranth Pear tree Silver-leaved Geranium your Flower of an Hour, your Cowslip, your mouse-eared Chick Weed.

O my Double Indian Pink Myrtle, bid me not Penny Royal. Doom me not to Lichen, to Humble Plant. Bid me Hawthorne.

DAHLIA,
Peach Blossom.

(*Translation next month.*)

# AUNT MARY'S VISIT.

BY M. E. S.

There are some incidents in life, to which we can point, as having changed in a greater or less degree the entire current of our future lives.

Such an event was the visit of Aunt Mary, my father's youngest sister, to us, in our village home, in the summer of 1865.

I was at that time twelve years of age, and attended the village school with my brother, Charles, two years older than myself, and younger sisters, Hattie and Ellen, while five years old. Willie, not being considered very strong, was still allowed to remain at home, and do as he pleased with himself.

My father was a mason, and being industrious, and a good workman, supported his family in comfort; but although ever kind and thoughtful, in his care for his children, he never sought our confidence, nor interested himself in our childish pursuits, and amid the almost endless household cares, which fell to my mother's lot, she found but little time to attend to other than our physical wants, unless, indeed, we take into account the moral influence resulting from the strict obedience ever required, and the pure atmosphere of a "well-ordered Christian home."

I had eagerly evinced a love for books, and had strong hopes of becoming a teacher in the distant future, but, at the time of which I write, I had commenced, for the first time in my life, the reading of sensational novels, borrowed from an obliging schoolfellow.

My imagination being unduly excited by the imaginary sorrows there depicted, and the unreal views of life presented, I not only began to look upon my studies as dry and uninteresting, but also to feel a discontentment with my lot, never before experienced, and which, if not checked, would darken my whole life.

The house in which we lived was a frame building, with a verandah in front, and a large space on one side, which Charlie and I had arranged in flower-beds, and had succeeded in raising a profusion of flowers, though not of the choicest.

We were allowed to do as we pleased with the garden and all it contained, my mother only insisting that it should be kept free from weeds, which we took great pride in doing, and felt well repaid when we saw the flowers bursting forth with all their wealth of fragrance and beauty.

Such were we when Aunt Mary came to spend the summer months with us, bringing a flood of sunshine and poetry into the comparative coldness of our domestic circle.

She had been an invalid for several years, and her countenance bore that peculiar look of patient endurance, so often to be seen on those who have passed through severe suffering.

Her weakness must have been a great trial, but never did word of complaint, nor yet of impatience, pass her lips, and we ever found her ready to listen to the recital of our real or fancied wrongs, soothing us, by her sympathy, and never failing to draw us by her gentle tact, into a better state of feeling than that in which we had sought her.

This intercourse appeared the more delightful to us from the fact that we

were totally unused to it, and it seemed that the feelings which had been pent up for years, had, at last, gained an outflow, for we soon withheld no secret from her, and told her all those "long thoughts" which belong peculiarly to childhood. No wonder then that we loved her devotedly, and vied with each other in attending to her slightest requests, and I believe that never was oriental princess waited upon with greater promptitude than was my aunt.

Aunt Mary had an intense love for the beautiful in nature, and Charlie and I were gladdened by the admiration bestowed upon our flower-garden; indeed, it was a revelation to us, which we could not then understand, to see the degree of feeling which she cherished for these little "earth-stars," as she called them. To her the commonest flower appeared invested with a beauty all its own; the smallest insect was replete with interest.

It was not long before she wished to interest us in that in which she herself experienced so much pleasure, so we agreed to gather around her in the long summer twilight, while she opened up to us, in her skilful, earnest way, the first simple truths of the wonderful study of plants.

Beginning with the seed itself, she told us of the germ within, which contained the principle of life,—of its gradual development into a plant,—of the parts of the plant, their several uses,—and when, after much patient teaching on her part, and earnest perseverance on ours, we had succeeded in thoroughly comprehending these details, she taught us how to classify the plants themselves into their appropriate families, etc.

As far as possible, we illustrated each truth for ourselves, our aunt *wisely* judging it better that we should thus be taught to distinguish for ourselves than depend solely upon her instruction, the wisdom of which course became very evident to us, when afterwards compelled to pursue our studies without assistance. Step by step, we were led on, until, at length, we succeeded in mastering every flower in our garden.

We were afraid that we would be at a stand-still, but Aunt Mary suggested that we should select a few wild flowers from the neighboring woods.

The idea pleased us immensely, and having obtained permission from my mother, we started directly after school, Charles carrying a tiny box in which to place our plants, that they might be kept fresh. What a merry time we had searching for the hidden tufts; and how eagerly we brushed away the leaves and twigs from the stems, and compared their different tints, and tried how much we could tell about them before taking them to our aunt.

The gathering shades of evening warned us at last to quicken our steps homeward, and the end of a brisk walk found us prepared to sit down at the waiting tea-table, with bright faces and sharpened appetites. After this we paid a similar visit once a week for specimens, which, with our aunt's assistance, we classified. She also taught us how to dry and press these for preservation, which we did, afterwards placing them in a book made for the purpose, and writing the classification on the same page. The first thing we always did, was to obtain a clear idea of the different parts, hence, we were always careful to gather several plants of the same kind. We were astonished to find how the seeming difficulties vanished as we approached them, one step appeared to lead directly to the next, and the study grew more and more interesting as we advanced, and became a source of constant, unalloyed pleasure.

In the purity and truthfulness of my aunt's teachings, I had entirely lost my enjoyment of the dangerous "novel;" which had formerly proved so enticing. For my aunt was not contented that we

should merely consider the plants in themselves, but that we should also trace the goodness, and tenderness of an all-wise Creator, displayed therein, and view them as the precious gift of a loving Father. They were to her a book, from whose pages she gleaned sweet lessons of humility, contentment, and trustful faith. Often she would link a Bible verse with a flower, or an appropriate hymn, which we would commit to memory, and to this day I can not look upon the one without recalling the other.

The following was given after a lesson on the Lily :—

"Seekest thou the best, the highest ?
What the little flowerets do,
All unconscious of the doing ;
Fellow-Christian that do you ?

"Ever upwards looking, growing,
Heaven turned as lilies are,
With true heart and earnest purpose,
Follow still thy guiding star."

"In the common earth and water
Of the daily duties round,
For the soul's true life and vigor,
Ample sustenance is found.

"Think not stature dwarfed and stunted
Of necessity is thine ;
Fed on common earth and water,
Lily flowers arise and shine."

Sometimes, by way of variety, Aunt Mary would narrate what appeared marvellous stories of the habits of insects, or of the birds that sang so sweetly from early morn till eve.

This opened a new field to our inquiring minds, which proved as interesting as the former, and by making a good use of our eyes, we were able to see for ourselves many of those changes constantly taking place in the winged creation around, and the wonderful adaptation of the humblest of God's creation to the particular mode of life, in which designed by Him to act.

Interested, as we were in these pleasant studies, with every moment of leisure spent in the company of our dear aunt, of whose society we never wearied, we had almost forgotten that she must leave us very soon, on account of coldness of the weather.

Already the evenings had grown chilly, and the warmer days perceptibly cooler, therefore my aunt announced to us an early day for her departure.

How sadly we gathered around her in the twilight of the last evening of her visit! We realized then, how much she had been to us, and what a shadow would rest upon our home, when *she*, the sunshine of whose sympathy and kindness had illuminated that home, though noiselessly as the light of heaven itself, should have gone out from amongst us.

Before leaving, Aunt Mary gave to each a beautiful little work on botany, containing a marker, with this inscription ;

"What though I trace each herb and flower,
That drinks the morning dew ;
Did not I own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew."

She also gave us, as common property, an excellent work on "Natural History," with colored illustrations, earnestly exhorting us to continue our studies, and promising to spend the following summer with us again if possible.

We willingly gave the required promise, looking forward with the hopefulness of youth to the time when we should be re-united, and anticipating a pleasant surprise for her, in seeing the extent of our progress, which we determined should be as great as could be attained by hard work.

Alas! but a short time elapsed after parting from her, ere we received news that she had passed into those blessed regions, where "everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers," and in which her weary spirit would find rest.

It was our first near approach to death, and we yielded to the bitter grief

which filled our hearts at the thought that she had gone forever from this earth, and that nevermore would she cheer us, by bright smile or kindly word.

After this first grief had, by its very violence, spent itself, we remembered the weary burden which her weakness must have been to her, though borne patiently; and, as we recalled her happy anticipations of that better life, for which, she had, indeed, been made meet "through much suffering," we could not but feel comfort in the thought that our loss had been to her "far exceeding gain."

The promise which we had given to continue our studies, now became a sacred duty, and all through the winter months, the long evenings were spent with our books, and in the following spring we returned with renewed pleasure to the open book of Nature itself, to which our other books were merely aids to assist and confirm our observations.

Years have passed since these lessons were given and received, but I have never ceased to be grateful to the gentle being who, in them, first opened up to me the treasures of beauty and comfort, which have proved exhaustless.

In the flowers I found friends, who, amid the changes and the sorrows through which I have since passed, have never failed to cheer with sweet though silent voice.

They are indeed "ministering spirits," messengers of Him "who clothes the grass of the field," and are sent by Him to repeat to each heart the lesson which He Himself taught,—Shall he not much more clothe you?

I wish that the brothers and sisters who read this, would *together* try to make themselves acquainted with the wonderful structure of the plants with which they meet, and strive to learn something of the life and habits of the birds and insects, the smallest of which is an object of tenderest care to the great Creator "who made and loveth all."

I have known boys and girls who could tell a good deal about the camel or the elephant, which they perhaps have never seen; while utterly unable to give the name of the little bird singing so sweetly by the window of their own home, or appreciate one of the many beauties of the common house-fly.

This should not be, and I trust each boy and girl will begin by making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the flowers, the insects and birds. Around and in your home then, extend your knowledge as far as possible, and I can assure you, from my own experience, that you will never regret the time and trouble spent in its pursuit.

In its acquirement, you will certainly have much need of patience, and, especially if you have no Aunt Mary to assist you, will have even greater call for perseverance; but do not allow this to discourage you, for once fairly started, you will be astonished to find the amount of progress you can make in a given time.

I would entreat all, who have aught to do in training the young, to instil and carefully foster that love for the beautiful in Nature which seems to have been implanted in some degree in the bosom of all little ones. Guard it well, for by its development you are bestowing upon them a self-contained means of enjoyment, which is assuredly, to rich and poor alike, a gift of inestimable value.

I am strongly of opinion that the injurious literature which is flooding the country, in the present day, and sapping the mental vigor of its youth, would be powerless to charm, were the sweet lessons of purity and truth to be gleaned from Nature, written upon the plastic minds of the little ones. Infidelity would receive a mighty check, were they taught to trace for themselves "the impress of the Hand Divine" seen gleaming everywhere, in the trustful days of their youth, "ere the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when they shall say, I have no pleasure in them."

## HOW TO WALK, TO STAND, AND TO SIT.

Don't you feel very tired of being told to "sit up" and "stand straight"? I used to, when a child, and could never see the use of it, so I'm afraid the sitting and standing were not well attended to. But every day somebody comes before one, whose walk and way of holding themselves are so bad that they are a very good lesson as to the worth of doing these things well.

Very few people stand or walk well, and the reason is they never thought anything about either. The college boys go by, looking like the flat-jointed pasteboard dolls awry, their shoulders and elbows up one side, down the other, and one hip sticking up to match. They have very fine figures for lying at full length under an appletree, or stretched on a sofa, but when they stand, sit, or walk, their joints sag. Sometimes this is the effect of growing fast, which takes all one's strength; but that excuse won't do for most boys. They copy the attitudes of loafers without knowing it. It is so easy to be a loafer. It takes as little talent to be a first-rate one, as it does to tell lies The stout, pudgy boys who stand about the streets with hands in their pockets, shoulders up to their ears, and slack knees, as if they sat on the edge of nothing at all, make stout, pudgy men, who could knock a blacksmith over, but who always "settle" if they stand alone. It is pure carelessness or ignorance with many boys that leads to these ill habits, and they deserve a special talking to about the matter.

Every boy and girl should stand so as to have a good balance, that no one brushing past can disturb them, and that standing will tire them less. To this end turn out your feet as far as you can, one foot an inch or two farther forward than the other, resting the weight on the ball of the foot as well as the heel, and keeping the knees stiff. Brace them as if trying to bend the joint backward, and keep them so. You will feel as if you had hold of your knees, and in this way you can stand in a swaying horse-car, or railway car, or on ship, with three times the steadiness of the common, loose-jointed way. Hold your head up, and hollow your back in all you can without allowing yourself to poke out in front. Feel as if you were going to fall all to pieces? That is because you are not as strong as you ought to be. You sit in-doors reading or studying when you ought to be out in the sunshine at play or work. It is not hard for thoroughly well persons to hold themselves straight. It is the only natural thing to them. If you would bathe your joints in cool water before you go to bed tired, and try the same refreshing when you wake in the morning warm and languid, you would find it helped you to feel brisk, and hold yourself well all day. If you do this after a long tiresome walk or hard play, it will keep you from feeling stiff and aching the next morning. It will be hard work to keep straight at first. But if you once take pride in an erect, decided way of carrying yourself, it will come easy always after. To help yourself to it, stand flat against the door, so that your shoulder-blades don't press against it, which you can't do without holding your shoulders well back. When you sit, choose straight-backed chairs, and take care that your shoulder-blades don't rest against them. Keep them flat, so that you won't grow up with these paddle-bones sticking out under your coat or dress.

When you walk, arch your back the

other way from what the cat does. You will find this easier to think of and do than the oft-repeated command, "throw your shoulders back," and it is the same thing done by another set of muscles than those you naturally try to use on hearing those words. Hold your chest forward, as this gives more room for breath, as you would find in running. Put the toe down first at each step, and bend your knee well back, as the whole foot touches the ground. This will give you a firm step, one of the great beauties of motion. Look at all good walkers, as they go swinging across country or pavements, with firm, lithe step. You see these two things in each of them, they put the toe to the ground first, and straighten the knee at each step. Look at the cat, which is a very graceful walker. See how she sets her paw down, and the little spring in her leg moves till it is straight. Nothing weak-kneed there, or in any animal that can walk far or fast, run, climb or fight. As for you, little girls, if you knew what grace there is in one of your slim, supple figures, or what pleasing there is in a round, stout one if held straight and carried well, with a good step, you would spring out of your languid, fine-lady attitudes, and unlearn the goose-walk three-fourths the women practice from the time they are eight years old. I often watch the feet of women on Broadway, instead of their faces. It is often painful, but it is curious that so many of them walk badly and all do it alike. They lift their toes and set their feet down so that the sole of the foot shows at every step, broad as a duck's bill, and they have in result the walk of a green drake or something not much better. You were not made to come down on your heels at every step, and the soles of your shoes were not made to show. Break yourselves of these bad habits, so that the next generation will have such grace and ease of movement that it will be a pleasure to look at them.

It seems very tedious to learn these things, does it? and you can't quite see how you are ever going to get the idea of a good carriage in your heads? You must practice, every day, for fifteen minutes or so, how to walk, just as recruits do. Turn your toes out, flatten your shoulders against the wall to start from, fix your eyes on a point opposite you, and a little higher than your head, so you will look up and carry your head well, brace your knees. Now slowly lift your foot, put down the toe, straighten your knee and bring your foot down. So the next foot, walking on one line of the carpet or crack in the floor. Mind about looking up, and straightening the knees, for these two things will bring all the rest right. You will have to take time to learn, but you will get the idea best by practicing very slowly and steadily fifteen minutes daily. When you go to walk alone, down to the post-office or to carry a basket to the neighbors, think about your steps a little. Don't try to make a hole in the ground with your heels, or let them fly up behind. Six weeks' practice ought to improve your walk very much, and after that you would grow so used to it as to walk well without thinking about it. If you have a long mirror to practice before, so much the better. If this makes you vain, I shall have a very poor opinion of you. Or if thinking about your walk makes you think a great deal of yourself, I'm afraid there is something that needs correcting more than your manner, something weak in the head if not worse in the heart. Pray, why should you be any more vain of having a good walk than of having a clean face? One is just as much credit, or rather the want of it is as much discredit as the other. Yet you hardly get puffed up because you are clean. Take all the improvement that comes to you, in the same way, as something you should not be without, but too much a matter of course to be proud of. For the least pride or vanity showing in a child is more offensive by far than a soiled face or ungainly walk.

There is one trouble you find that besets older people, also. What shall

you do with your hands? Trousers pockets are not the place for them in company, and little girls have no pockets for them. I forgot, but does it look well to see a girl always carrying her hands in the pockets of her apron or jacket? It will do once in a while, among one's mates, but it is rather free and easy for a regular habit. You don't want always to fold them like a cat crossing her paws. Let me tell you something that will help in this puzzle which troubles much better-bred persons than you can be yet. I've heard well-trained ladies, brought up very carefully in good society, say, "I can't walk without a parasol or book. I must have something to do with my hands."

One could not help feeling sorry they had not learned how to carry every part of themselves easily and gracefully, without thinking about the matter. If they would try a very simple thing, bringing the hands together in front, below the waist, at arm's length, just as they sat down or started on a walk, and then let them fall apart as they would, and keep them as they fall, the position would be nice and easy in nearly every case. Keep your hands down, and your arms pressed lightly against your sides in walking or sitting. You need not look like a trussed chicken, at all, but a little stiffness at first is less harm than carelessness. Don't have slovenly manners whatever you are.

Don't think, in all this advice, that you are to be little prigs and "high-shouldered" small creatures. There is a time to lounge, and a time to sit with one's head higher than one's heels, and to lie on the hearth rug. These are all changes of position that rest us, by changing the weight from one muscle to another. It is a good thing, sometimes, to sit in a chair tipped back, or put one's feet on a window-sill; it takes the strain off one's back. But we will take care to do this by ourselves, or with those so friendly and close as to be like ourselves. To sprawl before a stranger or visitor is entirely too familiar. It says, "I don't consider you of enough account to put myself in a pleasing position before you. I don't care whether I look awkward or not in your presence."

It isn't a comfortable feeling to give a person, and it's no credit to you. None of us have such fine manners that we need be saving of them, or be afraid of making too good an impression. We were made to be pleasant to ourselves and to others, and we ought to look well and act well for their sakes. Even in the privileged time of a home evening, or in one's room with a chum, there is such a thing as easy lounging quiet enough to save the eyes of a looker-on, and there is a loutish, wide-armed and wide legged sprawling, for which any mortal deserves to be started out of his chair with a rattan cane. I have seen a young man just from college, not to speak of men a good many years from it, who, in talking with a woman he did not know very well, would curl up in an easy chair with his shoulders above his collar, and one leg over the arm of a chair, never knowing the rudeness he was guilty of. And I've seen a woman of *very* good family indeed, who composed in French and painted in water-colors, sprawl between two seats before two chance visitors, till she looked as if she were just about to tip over; and I knew a poetess who read blue and gold books to young men in the back parlor, half lying on an easy chair with her feet on the sofa, both ladies having good health, and being in no way familiar with their visitors.

But your mother wouldn't like to have you do so, and I want to help you with hints, so that you will never fall into these bad habits. You have a better chance to grow wise and agreeable than those who went before you, for the world is wiser, and you are getting the benefit of it. Make much of your chance.—*Author of "Ugly Girl Papers" in Wide Awake.*

# OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

Two weeks had gone by without revealing to Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard the secrets of Dan's first evening at writing-school.

Dan had daily expected that thro' Mr. Fitch, or Tommy Cady, or Freddy Murdock, or cousin Louisa, the story would come out.

Sometimes he could not believe that cousin Louisa knew anything about it; and then, when her fits of neuralgia were on, she would make some suggestive remark that convinced him of her knowledge, and her ability to use it against him.

"Come, cousin Louisa, speak out" said Dan to her one day, taking a seat on the corner of the kitchen-table where she was ironing. "If you know anything to my disadvantage, come out with it like a man, and don't be forever hinting."

Cousin Louisa's arm shot over the garment she was ironing as if she were determined to get that portion of it which was farthest from her smooth, no matter how that near home fared.

"You scorched my pantaloons that time," said Dan. "Now, cousin Louisa, will you just tell me what particular object you've got in shooting that flat-iron at me? If you *would* be so kind as to give your attenti'n to that pillow-case and not mind me. Whew! you did it that time! You can smell for yourself."

A smell of scorched woollen rose to cousin Louisa's nostrils. She had actually succeeded in reaching so far across the table as to rub her hot iron against Dan's pantaloons.

"Strange!" said Dan. "Now, who would believe that a cousin of mine

would shoot hot flat-irons at me? Who could be made to understand that it is impossible for a certain cousin of mine to have a good burning flat-iron in her hand, and some one near enough to shoot it at, without shooting? I suppose you enjoyed that very much, didn't you, cousin Louisa? And no doubt you like to smell the burning of clothes. Now I don't fancy it myself. Suppose you'd burnt clear through, instead of just scorching. I'd have had to go into business with a patched knee."

"All the business you'll ever get into!" said cousin Louisa.

"No!" said Dan. "You think not? Pray tell why."

"Or deserve to, either," said cousin Louisa, darting to the stove for a fresh flat-iron.

"So you think my business prospects look dark, cousin Louisa," said Dan presently.

"Business prospects!" said cousin Louisa.

"Yes, business prospects," said Dan. "Now what's the matter with that? Can't I ever say anything to suit you?"

"Don't be a goose!" said cousin Louisa. "Go out of this kitchen with your foolishness, before I make you."

"If you drive me out from home, I shall sit by the wayside and weep, and expose your cruelty to passers-by," said Dan.

"Dan Sheppard, I've had enough of your impudence for one afternoon!" said cousin Louisa, coming two steps nearer him, flat-iron in hand, and the look of an avenger in her face.

"Aha!" said Dan, glancing out the window at that moment, "who is this coming in? The shoemaker's daughter!"

Dan rose to let her in at the kitchen door, for she had just stepped in the kitchen gate.

"What does *she* want, I'd like to know!" said cousin Louisa, in tones of contempt, just before Dan opened the door.

"Thrice welcome to this humble roof!" said Dan, bowing low to the shoemaker's daughter.

"Get along with your fooling," said the shoemaker's daughter—whose name was Amelia Bailey—"I know you."

"Nice fellow, a'n't I?" said Dan, smiling.

"When you don't set the whole writing-school by the ears," said Miss Bailey.

"Writing-school by the ears!" said Dan. "You deal with mysteries, Miss Bailey."

"It is n't much mystery to you," said Miss Bailey. "I don't live across the hall from that room, and have eyes and ears for nothing."

That was a trying moment for Dan, and a desperate moment; a moment that called for immediate and decided action. In a second Miss Bailey would be putting what she knew or suspected, with what cousin Louisa knew or suspected; and they would have a clear case against him.

Cousin Louisa looked at him, as much as to say, "I have you now Dan, Sheppard! Get away from me if you can!" Miss Bailey gave him the same meaning glances. Triumph was in both their faces

Only one way out of Miss Bailey's power appeared to Dan, and he walked in it.

"Pleasant hall that is of yours, Miss Bailey," said Dan, quickly, before she could open her mouth to speak again.

"Pleasant!" said Miss Bailey; "it's as dark as a pocket."

"Pleasant banisters those are," said Dan.

"They're rickety," said Miss Bailey. "I tell pa he ought to put up new ones."

It was evident to Dan that Miss Bailey did not yet understand the drift of his remarks.

"How do you like living neighbors to a writing-school?" inquired Dan.

"It's nothing to me, nor to you either, as I'm aware," replied Miss Bailey.

"Mr. Fitch is a [illegible]reeable sort of

a gentleman. Don't you find him so?" continued Dan. "Or have'nt you met him? I didn't know but you might have met him in the hall sometimes, being so near you know."

"Louisa," said Miss Bailey, speaking on a high key to drown Dan's tones, of which she had heard enough, "I come here on a matter of business this afternoon, or of favor, rather."

"Very well," said cousin Louisa.

"Pa killed, a spell ago; and we've got more pork on hand than we can eat up; so I've brought around a piece to see if you wanted it. Pork always comes handy where you don't raise your own."

Miss Bailey uncovered the basket which she held, and lifted out a piece of salt pork and laid it on the table.

"Much obliged," said cousin Louisa. She did not say it as if it gushed from her heart.

The gift surprised her; for the shoemaker, who was by no means a poor man, had the name of being the stingiest man in the church. He paid scarcely anything towards the salary, and they had great difficulty in getting that little out of him when it was due. As for making his minister presents, this piece of pork was the very first.

Cousin Louisa did not believe that it was all right. She suspected that it was not wholesome pork; that there was something about it to which the shoemaker's family had personal objections. You could not make cousin Louisa believe that they would give away anything they could eat themselves or sell at the butcher's.

It not being polite for her to put her eyes and nose near enough the pork to satisfy her curiosity about it, she continued ironing for the present, and would not commit herself by thanking Miss Bailey in anything but the coldest manner.

"I must be going," said Miss Bailey. anxious to get away from Dan's tongue.

She gave him a sharp look as she went out the door, which threatened, "if you tell things of me, I'll tell things of you."

No sooner had Miss Bailey departed than cousin Louisa carefully approached the pork to get acquainted with it. Nothing seemed wrong. No flaw could be found after the closest search. Satisfied at last of its good character, cousin Louisa put it away in the cellar, puzzling her head much over the shoemaker's motives in giving them a present.

However, it should not be supposed that cousin Louisa ever really looked upon anything that came to them as a present. If she had, she might have felt some delicacy in always accepting. She considered that, on account of the stingy salary, every extra thing that came to them was something owed them; merely a small debt paid up. So she did not feel at all grateful to the shoemaker, even after discovering that the pork was a perfect piece. She only said to herself, "if he'd given us the whole hog, it would have been no more than he ought to have done."

Miss Bailey stopped on her way home to chat with various friends, and she chanced to remark, wherever she stopped, that she'd just run out that morning to take a nice piece of pork to the minister's folks. No wonder that an event, so out of the common order of events, should have seemed to her worth mentioning.

It lay heavy upon cousin Louisa's heart that she had not had a few words in private with Miss Bailey. Her curiosity had never been so roused upon any subject as upon the subject of Dan's first evening at writing-school.

Under all her pretended scorn she had a strong liking for Dan, as well as a sort of respect for him. She thought him a well-meaning boy. She thought he was honest in principle. She thought he was unselfish; that he had behaved very well lately in regard to giving up his studies. She had been willing to own to herself that she approved of him.

And now it seemed that she was always to be disappointed in people; that her approval was to be always wasted upon unworthy objects; that she was for ever to be making the dis-

covery that there was little in human nature for her to admire.

From what she had overheard, and from what Miss Bailey had hinted, she could not help believing that Dan, on the evening when he should have taken his stand as a man, a man worthy of confidence and respect, had done some childish deed which would stand in the way of his future prosperity; that he had been selfishly thoughtless at the time, and dishonest in concealment since; that, in short, Dan was not what he had seemed.

She thought it would be well for her to know the whole history of the affair, for the sake of satisfying her own mind, and being able to give Dan the proper kind of advice, and of having the advantage of any one who might come to tell Mr. Sheppard what his children had done. For sooner or later, people always did come to tell of the bad things his boys did.

Cousin Louisa set her mind upon another meeting with Miss Bailey. when she should get out of her, in her own way, all that she wished to know.

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## Chapter XX.

It was a week before the meeting took place. Cousin Louisa had not happened to come across Miss Bailey in any of her walks abroad. She had been on the watch for her daily, but was never fortunate enough to find her on the street or in a store. She would not seek her out in her own home, because Miss Bailey was not a calling acquaintance.

In a week she heard from her by letter. A boy came to the back-door bringing a note addressed to "Miss Louisa Langdon, present," which said:

"Friend Louisa: Please send by Bearer pay for Pork; it will come to fifty cents: four pounds, one shilling a pound. Pa wants the money without delay.

"Yours with regards,
"S. AMELIA BAILEY."

Cousin Louisa read the note through, and laughed. Her eyes glittered; her whole face was triumphant. She knew it! She knew it! she had told mamma as much as half a dozen times that week that the Baileys would repent of their gift and send in a bill. She was something of a judge of human nature, after all. Her prophecies could come true, it seemed.

"Tell Miss Bailey, I'll call and settle," she said, dismissing the boy and closing the door.

She went to the cellar and took the pork from the brine in which it had lain since it came, and weighed it—weighed it once, twice, thrice, to be perfectly certain of a discovery which gave her much pleasure—that there were only three pounds and three-quarters.

Then she dressed and went out, seeking first the butcher.

"How much is salt pork a pound?" she asked of the butcher.

"Eleven cents," answered the butcher.

At which cousin Louisa's spirits became quite gay. She tripped out of the shop without stopping to answer the butcher's question as to how many pounds she would take, and hastened to that side-door close by the boot and shoe store, which opened on the stairs that let to Miss Bailey's home.

Miss Bailey was not looking over the stairs for nothing this time. At last there was somebody coming up as she gazed down; and at last Mr. Fitch, standing beside her, discovered who it was that she looked to see.

Mr. Fitch was not holding a writing-class that morning. He had just stepped up the stairs on an errand to his room, and happened to meet Miss Bailey coming to look over the banisters for a friend.

"Oh, there she is!" said Miss Bailey, seeing cousin Louisa, though she was as much surprised to see her as Mr. Fitch was. She had not thought of receiving payment for the pork so soon, for she knew cousin Louisa's temper, and fully expected that in her wrath she would keep them waiting.

Mr. Fitch, having discovered who was coming, vanished into his writing-

room, and left Miss Bailey looking down alone.

"Here!" said cousin Louisa, pausing on the fourth stair from the top and handing some money up.

Miss Bailey took it with a smile.

"You will find there forty-two cents," said cousin Louisa. "I make you a present of three-fourths of a cent. There were only three and three-quarters pounds of that pork, Miss Bailey. You had better come over and weigh it for yourself, if you're not satisfied; and you will find by inquiring that the market price of pork is eleven cents, instead of twelve and a half; which makes three pounds and three quarters worth forty-one cents and a fourth."

Cousin Louisa stepped down one stair as if she had done with Miss Bailey, but she had no idea of losing this opportunity to find out about Dan; so she glanced carelessly back over her shoulder, and said:

"You'll oblige me, Miss Bailey, by not accusing my cousin of setting writing-schools by the ears, when he does nothing of the kind."

"Don't he!" cried Miss Bailey. "He don't blow out all the lamps, and when the room's pitch dark, trip his teacher up on the back of his head to the danger of his life, does he?"

"Certainly not!" said cousin Louisa.

"He does, too!" said Miss Bailey, "and I can prove my words."

"Nonsense!" said cousin Louisa, going rapidly down.

She looked back once more before she left Miss Bailey to nod and say,

"Remember, I made you a present of the three-fourths of a cent. If I should happen to feel that I can't afford it, after all, I'll send a note around asking to have it sent back."

Cousin Louisa walked briskly along, having a comfortable feeling of being even with those Baileys, a feeling which the horror of discovering what Dan had done did not disturb for awhile.

But she had not walked three blocks towards home when she forgot the Baileys in thinking of Dan. She had not been prepared for Miss Bailey's startling revelation. She had never imagined that Dan could go so far as to trip up a writing-teacher. He was even a worse boy than her worst suspicions had made him out. She was half sorry that she had seen Miss Bailey, and felt that it would have been just as well for her peace of mind not to know all the truth. She doubted, too, if there would ever be an opportunity for her to make good use of her knowledge, and began to blame herself for encouraging idle curiosity about a matter that didn't concern her. But her knowledge was soon to be put to better use than she dreamed of.

As she passed the post-office, Mr. Sheppard came out, putting a letter which he had just read back into its envelope.

"Homeward-bound, Louisa?" he asked, trying to speak quite as cheerfully as usual. But Louisa, whose sharp eyes nothing escaped, saw that he was troubled over the contents of that letter.

"Have you bad news?" said she.

"Yes," Mr. Sheppard answered promptly, as if glad to relieve his mind. "Very disappointing news. I had hoped to get a place for Dan in Mr. Murdock's store. He wants a bookkeeper and cashier; and Dan's teacher tells me that he has been making such strides in his bookkeeping lately that he is quite competent for the place. It seems to be the only opening of any kind in town. There would have been a salary of nearly three hundred dollars. It was quite a cheerful prospect to me, Louisa, and I had little doubt of success until I received this letter."

"What does he say?" asked Louisa.

"He said a very impertinent thing," answered papa, "which I don't intend to repeat to any one but you; for Dan has certainly behaved too well lately to deserve to hear anything of the kind, and it would do no good to vex his mother with it. He says Dan would answer his purposes if he had no other clerks in his store; but that as he has

such a bad influence on his associates, even leading *very small* boys astray, he can't think of taking him. He is a narrow, stubborn little man, and has some prejudice against Dan, which no amount of reasoning would remove, probably."

"You are not going to talk to him about it, then?" asked cousin Louisa.

"No," said Mr. Sheppard; "I shall let the whole matter drop. Fortunately, Dan and his mother don't know that I have asked for the place. I only spoke of it yesterday to Mr. Murdock, and thought it as well not to mention it at home until there was something decided. You are only in the secret by accident, Louisa, and we will keep it to ourselves."

"Not quite to ourselves," thought Louisa, seeing in a moment what use she could make of her knowledge about Dan, and blessing the accident which had made her meet Mr. Sheppard at the post office door.

She felt that she had a golden opportunity at last. The prospect of a good deed to do, of a great object to gain in her own chosen manner, made her uncommonly agreeable to all the family for the rest of that morning. She was even heard to hum a few notes from a lively tune as she set the table for dinner.

She had her plans all laid, ready for action, when Dan should come home from school; and the first thing to do was to get him alone. So he had hardly entered the house when she asked him, in a tone that was more a command than a request, to carry a heavy crock down cellar for her.

After teasing her a few moments, Dan lifted the crock and went down; when cousin Louisa immediately followed.

"I want to speak to you," said she.

"Secrets?" asked Dan.

"Yes," said cousin Louisa, "Does Freddy Murdock go to your writing-school?"

"He does," said Dan. "I have the honor of sitting beside him."

"I guess he has been telling his father how you blew out the lights and tripped Mr. Fitch up that first night," said cousin Louisa.

"Do you think so?" asked Dan, accepting the situation with scarcely a blush.

"Dan Sheppard," said cousin Louisa, "I wouldn't have thought that of you."

"No!" said Dan.

"It wasn't like you," said cousin Louisa. "So sneaking! Like other boys."

"Look out, cousin Louisa, you're giving me a back-handed compliment," said Dan.

"I intended it. There is much that is good about you, Dan Sheppard!"

"Thank you," said Dan. "I'm truly grateful."

"I am going to tell you something for your own interest," said cousin Louisa, "and you are not to let your father know I told you."

Then she gave him a full account of all she had heard under the trees, all she had learned from Miss Bailey, and of her walk with Mr. Sheppard from the post-office.

"Cousin Louisa," said Dan, when she had finished, "I more than half believe that you're pure gold."

"Well, I have nothing more to say," said cousin Louisa, turning towards the stairs. "If you don't humble yourself to get that place, you're not the boy I think."

"Hold up a minute," said Dan. "Do you think I deserve humbling?"

"I do," she replied.

"You think it's no more than fair that I should suffer that much for my mischief?"

"I do," said cousin Louisa.

"You think it would be a remarkably nice surprise for father if I could manage to get the place after all?" said Dan.

"Yes," said cousin Louisa.

"But you don't suggest how I shall go to work to get it."

"Confess that you are ashamed of yourself," said cousin Louisa. "Tell Mr. Murdock that you *have* had a bad influence over your associates, but that you have never tempted them to any-

thing worse than mischief. You might tell him, if you choose, that you have been heedless, not deliberate, in leading boys into mischief, and that you have had enough of acting without thinking. Ask him to take you on trial. Tell him he needn't engage you for a year until he is satisfied that you are going to behave yourself."

"You think Mr. Murdock is just the man to humble yourself before, I suppose," said Dan.

"No," said cousin Louisa; "I think he'll sit perched up on that high stool of his, with his feet dangling about half way to the floor, and smile at you. Very likely he'll preach you a sermon. But if he gives you the place, what else do you care for? Besides, the more humiliating it is, the better punishment."

"What do you think the chances are of my getting the place?"

"I think you'll get it. It will be a real pleasure to Mr. Murdock to have you there on trial. He'll enjoy reminding you of it occasionally, and persuading himself that he is your benefactor. I don't doubt he'll congratulate himself that he's turned one sinner from the error of his ways. Now I've said enough. Dan Sheppard, don't you disappoint me. I can't help thinking there is good in you."

## Chapter XXI.

Dan sat in the cellar to think. It was not, perhaps, the most desirable kind of place to think in, being rather damp, and in corners decidedly musty; but it was retired. No one was likely to disturb him.

With his hands in his pockets and his heels boring holes into the cellar's soft bottom, Dan made up his mind as to his duty. Duty is not considered a pleasant word, and the thing he decided to do was as unpleasant a thing as could have been devised.

For Dan was a proud boy; so proud that it had always seemed to him the hardest thing in the world to submit to being humbled by a superior, and an altogether impossible thing to allow oneself to be humbled by an inferior.

And yet he had deliberately planned to humble himself in the presence of Mr. Murdock, who kept the store in Muddy Lane. There were half a dozen better stores in town, all on the principal business street. This one only had wandered around the corner into a lane that was noted for nothing but its lack of sidewalks, and the name it had earned by such lack.

Mr. Murdock himself was very like his son Freddy—small and weak; and to be humbled before him, was to be humbled indeed. But Dan felt that he could go through it. There was a time when he could not have done it. He could not have done it only three weeks ago.

But since then there had been changes going on in Dan, changes unseen except by God, but well known to Dan himself. His father and mother had not discovered them. Dan's outward life went on very much as usual; but his inner life was the earnest beginning of a life which was new, and not his own, but Christ's life in him.

He had courage and strength which cousin Louisa did not suspect for this emergency.

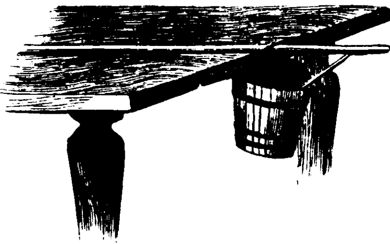
The serious thoughts which had kept him awake on the night of his misdeeds at writing-school, had kept him awake many nights since, and had come to him often in the daytime. He could not get out of his head that idea of following Christ. It had never clung to him so before. He had proposed to follow him more or less for several years, now trying for a few days to walk in His footsteps, and then forgetting all about Him and making fun and frolic his only objects of pursuit. He had had many serious thoughts all his life, but thoughts that came and went, not thoughts strong and steady that controlled him night after night and day after day.

It seemed to him now quite time for him to go after Christ, as His disciples went in the old times—to take up his cross, and leave all and follow Him.

*(To be continued.)*

## SELF-BALANCING.

There are two or three feats performed which depend on the laws of gravitation. I will briefly describe one of the simplest. A stick is laid across a table, so that one-third of it projects over its edge. You may then undertake to hang a pail of water on it without either fastening the stick on the table or letting the pail rest on any support. This is accomplished in obedience to the laws of gravitation.



The pail of water is hung (as in the foregoing diagram) on the projecting end of the stick, in such a manner that the handle may rest on it in an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. To fix it in this position, another stick may be placed with one of its ends against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end (as shown) against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it; this prevents either the pail or stick moving. On the same principle a pair of common fire-tongs may be hung on an ordinary tobacco-pipe, care alone being taken to let the fire-tongs incline inwards under the table.

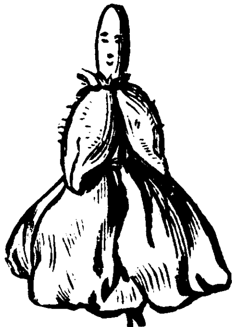
These tricks are childish, but, strange to say, they display the principles of the most astonishing tricks. Some years ago an Asiatic juggler made his appearance in London, who performed some extraordinary tricks. Amongst others, a shawl was suspended between him and the audience for a brief space, and

when taken away the old fellow was discovered seated in the air in the above posture, quietly smoking his hookah. His left arm alone rested on a small roll of deer skin, which was attached by an upright rod—as shown in the engraving—to a small stand. Though no explanation was ever vouchsafed of this wonder, it is now known that finely-wrought rods passed through the loose drapery of the Arab conjurer, and formed a seat on which he rested; the centre of gravity being so placed that it enabled the conjurer to keep the apparently impossible position without any extraordinary effort whatever. Some curious illustrations of the same principle have been given by modern conjurers in different ways. Stodare's famous "Greek lady lying in mid air" is simply a modification of this contrivance. The support is covered so as to imitate the back curtains of the stage, and when the latter are carefully adjusted the support is invisible to the spectators.

There is a toy called the "prancing horse," and several descriptions of rope-dancers and balancers, which will illustrate the same principle.

## FLOWER DOLLS.

Little German children make dolls of flowers; perhaps American children would like to do the same. There are many small, round seed pods on a stem, such as poppies; take them before they are ripe, in the green state; cut them off, with a piece of stem left on for the body. Take the leaf of the scarlet poppy, or the petunia, or any flower-leaf, and fasten it (or several of them) with a fibre of a leaf, round them, thus making a handsome skirt. Then gather the calyx, or green cup of the carnation, or any flower, and make a cloak; push through the stem either a pin, wire, or stick, to form the arms.



Your little flower-maiden will be formed. Fuschias that fall off the stems are pretty to arrange as dolls. Their dresses are all formed; cut off the stamens so that

the flower will stand on its leaves; mark the top with eyes, nose, mouth, and even hair, with a pen, and pass a pin, wire, or stick, through for arms. These answer the place of paper dolls, and we know they will amuse little children.

MRS. C. L. SMITH.

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## ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

I. Pictorial double acrostic:—

Heart H
OntariO
B e a R
B oiler S
Y o k E
HOBBY-HORSE.

II. I expect you between three and four.

# The Home.

## SOME OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY BLUENOSE.

When David first made known to me his intention to become a minister, my heart was very heavy indeed. Not that I doubted for one moment my husband's fitness for the sacred office, but I felt sure of my own inability to perform the duties of a minister's wife. I always had peculiar notions concerning that important personage; she must be a worthy helpmeet in all things, temporal and spiritual; not like many whom I know, passive nobodies,—complete clogs to their husbands, but a pattern woman, even as the preacher should be a pattern man.

Now, I could enjoy life very well as the wife of the village schoolmaster, and my faults and failings could not be held up to everyone's view; but if David entered the ministry, my position would be entirely changed, and I could not bear the thought of it. Neither could I endure the idea of leaving Brookfield, where we had lived ever since our marriage, and where our five children had been born, three of whom slept in the quiet graveyard behind the church. So when David told me his plans, my wayward heart rebelled, and I said crossly:—

"Why do you change your occupation now? Do you expect to be richer by doing this?"

"Mary, dear," he answered, soberly, "It is not for this world's good that I leave my pleasant task of teaching; but because I believe it to be my duty to our Heavenly Father, and I hoped you would give me your wifely sympathy and help in the matter."

"Let me think over it a while," I said, and then I went to my room and prayed that if it were God's will, I might be taken out of the world, rather than be a minister's wife. I felt that I never, never, could be good enough for one. My heart was still smarting under the rod, for my little Kate had but a month ago been taken from me, and this new calamity—for so I viewed it—grieved me afresh. Yet I could not oppose my husband in his intentions, for that would be to struggle against God's will, as He had called him to His glorious work; I must submit, but I did not do so cheerfully.

I attended to the household affairs while my husband pursued his course of theology in the nearest college, and while Hattie and Jamie were at school, I pictured to myself some pretty quiet village, like our dear Brookfield, with David as its pastor, and I, his unworthy partner, acting as directress in the sewing circles and benevolent societies. Anyway I could resign myself to my fate, I thought, if the place were pretty and the society good,—that is, if the people were sociable and kind, and not given to picking flaws in other persons' character.

In due time, my husband received a

call from the members of a secluded little church in a secluded little village, so far away from Brookfield that it seemed to me out of the world, and thither, in the early spring, we went. Hattie and James were delighted to go, childhood does love variety so; and the terrible state of the roads, over which we travelled wearily, lessened not their childish gayety.

Deacon Burns had written us that there was a good parsonage, and ample space for gardening, so Jamie had planned constantly about vegetables and shrubs which he meant to cultivate at Springdale.

The jolting old stage set us down at the hotel, a lonely-looking building in a shaded little hamlet known as Westbrook, and there we awaited the arrival of Deacon Burns' carriage to convey us to our future abode. We found the old gentleman very deaf, and had great difficulty in talking with him, though he seemed very much inclined to conversation on every topic. Drag, drag, went the carriage wheels through the soft, thick yellow mud for six long miles. David shouted in cheeriest tones to the good deacon; the children chatted gayly about their future home, while I sat silent and almost gloomy, gazing out on the green pines whose soft tassels waved in the sweet spring wind. By degrees I conquered my gloominess, trying not to be a black cloud on David and the children's sky; and by the time we spied a lovely little lake, a mile from Springdale, I was able to enjoy its beauty with the others. Trees in rich shades of lively green rose, tier above tier, covering the height in the background, while the blue sheet of sparkling water rippled up to the fern-edged roadside, and I could see the broad leaves, suggestive of cream-tinted lilies. With strange perverseness, however, I felt morose again when Deacon Burns turned from the road into an up-hill carriage way, leading to a large, weather-stained dwelling, with small windows, half shaded by great clumps of rosebushes, as yet leafless. We landed at the back door, near which was an entrance to the cellar, an immense, sloping affair, which made Jamie cry out,

"Oh mother! what a splendid thing to slide down on!"

David said kindly, as he helped me out: "Mary, dear, do try and look a little more cheerful for my sake, or they will think the minister has a glum-looking wife certainly!"

"I'll try hard, David; but I do feel *so* homesick!" I whispered back, and then I thought how foolish I was to yield to such senseless emotions. Where was my home and where my happiness? Were they not wherever my husband and children were, even if in an African desert? I would bravely take hold of my circumstances, and master them, instead of letting them overcome me. So I turned to meet good old Aunt Keziah Burns, who had come out to welcome us. She wore a short, scant, homespun dress, a great checked apron, and an immense dark calico sunbonnet, from which looked out two shrewd little grey eyes, which ran all over poor mud-bespattered me, and my two olive branches.

"Land sakes! here's the minister come at last—come at last! And here's his wife! Well I s'pose you're tired enough—tired enough! Two children, a boy and a girl. Come right in the back door; we ain't quality, only rough folks—rough folks," and we followed her towering form into the long, low kitchen, where we were soon made comfortable. Hattie could scarcely keep her face straight as she watched Aunt Keziah stalking around the kitchen in her run-down slippers, now trotting into the pantry, then rushing out with a huge pan of something which she sent flying into the oven, pausing anon amid her bustle to place her arms akimbo, and give vent to her excited feelings.

"I s'pose you'll think the parsonage wants fixing up a little? You can't see it from here," she said as I looked out of the window down the long brown road. "There ain't no house nigher than Joe Turner's, and that's a mile. You'll have to go two miles before you get to your home; but as I was a sayin', some said 'fix it up,' and the rest said 'no, perhaps you wouldn't want nothin' done to it;' anyway, they'd wait and see. But your family's small, small, and perhaps you won't want the chambers finished right off, 'cause you see we're mostly poor folks—poor folks."

"Oh, I can manage it, I daresay," I answered, trying to look cheerful.

"That's right—that's right," said the old lady. "Now let's go into the parlor. I like to keep folks in the kitchen, while I'm busy, so I can talk to them."

So we marched into the 'best room,' which had been set in sombre array for our arrival. A rag carpet adorned the floor, and staring green paper the walls. A dozen wooden chairs were ranged stiffly around the room, and a high mantel decked out in framed samplers, and marvellously wrought spill-holders towered above a huge open stove, whose broad hearth was full of large pink-lined shells come from their glorious ocean-home to that solemn old dwelling on the hill!

What a bountiful country tea we had! I felt quite gay again, and laughed as much as I felt would be consistent with the dignity of a minister's wife, and tried to impress Aunt Keziah and Uncle Joshua with a favorable opinion of my humble self.

Next morning, we started off to find our new home. Springdale was a scattered village, and nearly all the houses were perched on high eminences, as beacons, perchance, affording facilities for signalizing in the pioneer days of the settlement, when fears of the aboriginal Mic-macs may have disturbed the "forefathers of the hamlet." A laughing little river glided between deep, sloping banks, and emptied its waters into a long narrow lake in the distance. We passed the church, a plain, square whitish building, sadly needing paint. "Oh dear!" I sighed, thinking of our trim, neat Brookfield church. At last we came to our dwelling place.

"Why, mother!" cried both children at once, "there's no front gate—no gate at all, only bars to let down, and a rough pasture fence."

So there was, and the big tears came to my eyes as I thought of our cosy cottage at home, with nicely kept front walks, and pretty fence and gate. David only said, glancing at my eyes:

"Nevermind, we'll have it all changed before we've been here a twelvemonth."

Hattie and Jamie sprang off, like two young hares, to the broad pasture, where numerous sheep and lambs were feeding, and David and I entered the domicile. A large room with a great fireplace, evidently to be used as a kitchen; a small bedroom and pantry opening therefrom; a square, airy room for a parlor, with a tiny bedroom adjoining—that was all below stairs. Above, was absolute nothingness, airy vacancy. Oh! where were my dainty chambers which I was so fond of decorating and keeping in order?

"David," I said, "one thing is indispensable to a minister, and that is a study; but where you can have one here is more than I can tell."

"Oh, ask Aunt Keziah," laughed he; "she'll tell you how to arrange it."

And so she did. She came over one fine morning to see "how we looked," she said.

"Now, Miss Sears, I'll tell you jest what to do," said she, in answer to my question, as she laid her sunbonnet on the table; "jest take a bar'l and put a board on it, and a cloth over it, and sot it before that there dormun winder, and put his books onto it, and then take another bar'l, and I'll show you how to make the handsomest cheer you

ever seen. Spread a couple of mats down, and what more do you want? That'll do nice—nice."

I tried her plan to a certain extent, adding various articles of my own contriving, until, thanks to Aunt Keziah's suggestions, David had quite a respectable summer study.

I arranged my parlor furniture in the square, low, front room, thinking the while of my airy bow-windowed apartment of yore, yet smothering the complaining element with busy thoughts of household management in the little country parsonage. I tried to keep a smiling face for David, however lengthened my facial muscles might be when musing alone, and I helped Hattie and Jamie with their gardening.

We had calls from all the people, and I could not help liking them for their sociability and their many good traits of character. Some of the neighbors were dear good souls, and quite an intimacy grew up between us.

Their manner of making calls amused me. O ye dwellers in conventional cities, whose visits consist of five or ten brief minutes, wherein ye exchange your fashionable set phrases, look upon these plain country folk, who come at two o'clock, bring their knitting work, and remain to take a cup of tea with you! It took a long time to accustom myself to the habits of the Springdale people, and sometimes I got sadly out of sorts, and had to begin all over again. But I had David to help me, and when I was impatient, and rebellious, and uncharitable, he was always patience, contentment and love personified. I loved to hear the people praise him, and to know that they all loved and honored him.

"Mary," said he to me one evening, as we sat together in the parlor, looking out on the fine sunset, "how are you getting along with the ladies of the church and congregation? Do they come to consult you in matters as their husbands do to me? It amuses me, their great faith in my decisions and counsels."

"No, David," I said slowly, "I have made friends with two or three congenial spirits, but the majority of the ladies seem to live in a different world from mine. All that interests them is their spinning, their weaving, and their butter-making, and I cannot talk on these matters when I am with them, so I suppose they think me dreadfully stiff and dull. I do try to be sociable, but they do not seem to care for my company, and if it were not for a few of the neighbors, I should be lonely enough sometimes."

"Mary," said my husband, smiling, "don't you think you might take a little more interest in their affairs? Could you not practice self-denial in this respect, and see if it will not bring a little more contentment and pleasure to you?"

"Ah me!" I answered; "life is what we make it, sure enough, and I must fight myself all the way through. But I'll do it, David; God helping me, I'll do my very best!"

Mrs. Buren, a jolly, old-fashioned soul, ran in that evening with her knitting, as her "darter, Lizy Jane," was away, and she felt "ruther lonesome!"

"Mrs. Buren," I said, after a quiet half-hour had passed with scarcely much else going on beside the clicking of knitting needles, "I want to make some cloth this fall, as I see you do here. I think it makes good, serviceable dresses for everyday wear, and I am going to ask you for a little wool to help me try my luck."

"Dear suz," cried the good lady, pushing her glasses up on her forehead, "you be agoing to make some cloth, be ye? Now that's right clever, and I'll give ye all I can spare, and I know sister Betsey 'll give ye some; and Miss Jones and Miss Burns, I heerd 'em say they'd give ye anything they could to help ye along, if you'd only do some-

thing as we do, and not look so above us like! Law! Lizy Jane can come and spin for ye, and Abby Smith's a a master hand at weaving; she'd give her work in, I know!"

So I went on, and, strange though it may seem, that little talk with good Mrs. Buren made me a different personage altogether in the eyes of the ladies around and about Springdale. Offers of help came thick and fast, and I soon had plenty of material to work with, and plenty of help to manufacture all the cloth and carpets I wished. A kindlier feeling sprang up, and I found I could enjoy life with a heartfelt satisfaction, for I tried to enter into what I found was the everyday gist of their lives, and when they found that the minister's wife could work as they did, and, in a manner, come down to their level, they respected me the more, and things went on smoothly.

I came to love Springdale dearly at last, and lived peaceably with even old Deacon Stubbs, whom Aunt Keziah called "a snake in the grass." The people made a great many improvements in the parsonage during the eight years we remained there, and I owned cosy chambers like my own of the olden time, and a front gate, and neat and flower-edged walks as well.

We are sent sometimes in the providence of God to dwell amid scenes unpleasant to our fastidious minds, just to bring out our character, and happy are we, if by His gracious aid we can overlook the rough stones and find the diamonds, hidden away, yet awaiting our finding. I thank Him that He answered not my prayer on that night when I cried out in my distress that He would take me away from this world, for I have learned that I need fear nothing, if by a patient continuance in well-doing I seek not my own glory, but that of my Heavenly Master, who gives us the grace to adapt ourselves to existing circumstances as much as to do great and wonderful things which we may never be called to perform. My eight years in the Springdale parsonage were the happiest in my life as the wife of a minister, and I know that my husband enjoyed writing sermons as much on his old barrel table as he has in later days on the proper article. Dear old Springdale! Though thrown since among gayer scenes, my heart looks fondly back on the homely manners of its plain, honest-hearted people.

# THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

BY M.

I am an idler, and have nothing of any very great consequence to do, so often put my thimble and needle-case into my pocket, and start off to see some of my friends. I always find them glad to see me—not that conventional kind of gladness, which says one thing while it means another, but the real, true, genuine gladness which shows itself in the cheerful welcome and hearty shake of the hand. Sometimes I stay to tea, sometimes not, just as I find is most convenient for my friends, for it sometimes happens that I go to a house where, the servant, being absent or sick, I should be giving trouble, and then I always refuse the invitation; or there may be a sick child, or an extra visitor, and in any of these cases, where I would not be allowed to assist, I never remain very long. But in some other houses, those very things would induce me to stay, because I could be of service. If Mrs. A. happens to be without a servant when I call, it is the chief thing that makes me lay aside bonnet and shawl, gather the children around me in the nursery, and give the mother time to get through her household duties with comfort. Or if Mrs. B's baby is sick, and she has to keep him in her arms, out comes my thimble and needle; and whilst trying to cheer the anxious mother, I attack the stocking basket. So with my other friends, if I can help them, I am willing to stay; if not, I only make a friendly call.

I see a great deal of the home life of people this way, a few sketches of which may perhaps be interesting to you.

Mrs. Careful has been married about seven years. She has three children, two girls, aged six and five, and the baby of six months, a boy. I never saw a neater house than hers, or more orderly children. Dust never visits her nicely arranged parlors, holes never wear in those snow-white stockings which Edith and Aggie wear, and wrinkles never appear in the smoothly ironed dresses. Every thing, both within and without, with herself as well as her children, shows constant and unremitting care. "What an excellent manager," thought I. Still I rarely did more than pay a passing call, for all went so smoothly in that well ordered household, that I was not needed. But as time wore on, I thought I noticed a shade of care cross Mrs. Careful's face every now and then, and a half suppressed sigh showed me she was not as happy as she might be. Then to find the cause, and, if possible, the remedy, became my work. The cause was soon discovered. Her husband took but little pleasure in his home,—indeed was rarely there except for meals.

"How long has this been," asked I

"Ever since Aggie was a baby."

"Indeed! Why then it is nearly five years. Well, my dear, you must try to coax him back."

"Coax him back," she exclaimed in astonishment, "coax my husband back to his own home?"

"I should if I were in your place, and that, too, before the habit became too confirmed."

She sat silent a few moments, then looking me full in the face, whilst tears

gathered slowly in her eyes, said, "If it were any fault of mine; if I were careless of his home and children, indifferent to his wants, or even cross and ill-tempered, I should blame myself, and would do all in my power to *coax* (and by the stress laid upon the word, I felt I had been unwise in using it) him back. But I do none of these things. You must see for yourself how I look after all—indeed my whole time is employed looking after my house and children."

"Ah," thought I, "I think I have a clew to the trouble, but I must be wary." So I merely said, "I know you take great care of your household, but still you have time to spare, have you not?"

"Not one moment; you have no idea the amount of sewing alone that I do. Then take into consideration the housekeeping and care of baby, the dressing of Edith and Aggie, the starching, ironing, preserving, pickling, baking, cooking; and Hetty is not of much use. Indeed it is only at a time like this, when I must have baby, that I ever sit down with idle hands."

"Poor, overworked mother," I laughed, "yours must indeed be busy hands, if you call them 'idle' now, nursing that great fat baby." She laughed, too, and it did her good, and made her feel easier.

"Where does your husband go of an evening?" I asked.

"Oh, chiefly to his sister's; but then you see I would so much rather have him stay with me."

"How would you spend your evenings if he did?"

"How? Why, sewing, most likely," and she laughed merrily; "darning up the holes that busy feet wear out during the day."

"And how is it spent at his sister's?"

"Really, I do not know—he never tells me,—but most likely music and singing, for Mary is very musical."

"Your husband is, too, I believe."

"Yes, exceedingly so, and sang a great deal before we were married. He used to say I was the only one who could accompany him properly."

"And what does he say now."

"Oh, I have quite given up playing. An old married woman woman like me, who would care to hear me?"

"Your husband would."

"Oh, not now. Besides, here is mother's piano," and she tossed the crowing baby high in the air.

"Well, I would like to hear you, and if I invite myself to tea, will you play for me?"

"Certainly," she would, and as I felt I had got the small end of the wedge in, I said no more just then upon the subject, but during the conversation which took place after the baby was asleep,—and when seated together in the nursery, we were sewing whilst watching him,—I found that her husband's finances were such as to warrant either the keeping of another servant, or the putting out of work; that he was liberal in his allowance to her, never refusing what she asked for; that he was kind and affectionate to both her and his children, and had several times proposed her having extra assistance.

"Then why not," I thought, and before long I knew. Etta Careful had commenced her married life fully believing that to be a good housekeeper, was to be a good wife in every sense of the word. She had convinced herself that her *whole* duty lay there, and she accordingly set all her powers to work to perfect her household arrangements. Everything gave way to this one ruling passion. An accomplished musician, she had quite given up practising; because "it took up too much time." Her drawing shared the same fate, and by degrees even her reading became so limited that it was now confined to Sundays, and the morning and evening chapter. Some men, perhaps, would not have minded this,—they would have been satisfied with a solitary smoke, or would have dozed away the time on the

lounge, whilst the wife darned stockings. But Harry Careful was not of this sort. He loved his wife, he loved his home, but he wanted a little amusement, and as she could not give it, he sought it elsewhere. It was not much he wanted, poor fellow,—a song now and then, a cheerful chat over a book, a moonlight stroll, and occasionally a concert or lecture, was all; but Etta was always "too busy," and so by degrees he got into the way of "running over to see Mary," a proceeding encouraged at first by his wife, but now becoming irksome.

Six o'clock soon came, and with it both Harry and tea. It was a pleasant meal, for Harry was a pleasant companion, and Etta exerted herself to join in the conversation. It turned at length upon a book which had just been published, and he and I talked it over. But here Etta was silent. She had not read it, and with our conversation fresh in my mind, I could not pretend ignorance that she had not. How surprised then, I was to hear her say:

"Will you bring it home for me, Harry, I should like to read it."

"I will bring it to-morrow," and I thought he looked pleased. But I had no doubt about the pleased look, when, after tea, we went into the parlor, and when on Etta returning from her visit to the nursery, she sat down to the piano, playing some of the very pieces which had entranced him during those happy courting days seven years ago.

"Why, Etta, you play ever so much better than Mary," he exclaimed, in delighted astonishment.

"Do I then? then come and sing for me," and soon his rich, full tenor was doing full justice to that sweetest of songs, "Home Sweet Home."

I did not stay long, I thought it better not, but as I tied on my bonnet before leaving, I said to my friend, "I think you have taken my advice about coaxing your husband, have you not?"

"Yes," she answered, "it suddenly flashed across my mind whilst you and Harry were talking together, that perhaps I had made a mistake. To be a good housekeeper is necessary, but I think I have just carried the theory a little too far, don't you?"

I did think so, though I did not stop to tell her then; but we often talked it over afterwards, and her eyes would fill with happy tears, as she declared that in even her early married life she had never been happier than now, when still caring for the management of her home, she is able to devote a portion of her time to mental culture, and her evenings to her husband.

## SACRIFICED.

There is a type of New England girl, unobtrusive enough at the first glance, but which fairly sparkles and scintillates with the purest and the brightest intelligence if you come to look at it closer. To this type Lucy belonged. She had the clear, pale skin; the blue eyes full of light, catching your thought before you had half uttered it, and reflecting it so that you could see it; the tall, fragile figure, a little too narrow at the chest, and slightly wanting in grace of movement, yet well suited to her intelligent face and clear, gentle voice.

"Lucy was made to be a scholar," her father always said. She was continually bringing home testimonials to that fact in the shape of primers and small prize books, presented by her affectionate teachers in token of her remarkable proficiency in the elementary branches. The minister's son, George, never got ahead of her in anything until the day he began to study Latin at home with his father. That day was indeed a sad one to Lucy; it might not inaptly be termed the first cause of all her woes. Had she kept pace with George so far, to be distanced by him now? No—a thousand times no.

Her father was just as eager as she was. He wanted to see what his Lucy could do. He went to the river next day with apples and potatoes. Next week would have done just as well for the market; but he could not rest until he had bought for Lucy a first book in Latin just like George's.

Lucy never forgot the touch of that new book as she took it in her hands—a thickish volume, with rough, black sides and smooth leather back. The new, shop smell of the leaves, as she opened it, was more grateful to her than the odor of the sweetest flower. She had got the key of the future into her slender hands, which shook with the strange and unaccustomed delight.

From two winters of Latin and algebra at the district school, the transition was short to the academy, and what seemed at first to Lucy a new world of opportunities and advantages. Two years of this life flew by, swiftly and rejoicingly. Lucy's willing powers were taxed to the uttermost, and promptly responded to all she asked of them. Then she began to look beyond. There was talk of a regular course of study, of graduation at the end of three years. Lucy pondered long upon ways and means. She could not stop; she must go on. Yet she knew the pinching life at home, the unending round of hard and scantily rewarded labor. Not to help herself would she add one iota to the heavy burdens there. She would teach during the winters; perhaps, if classes were so arranged that she could make up for absence by extra hours of study, she would take a fall school in addition.

Her mother remonstrated. She knew it was too much for Lucy. Girls could not endure so many hours' work. The child would not hold out to trudge through the snow, and stand hour after hour and day after day in one of those cold, miserable school-houses.

"Oh yes, I can," said Lucy; "the young men at our school support themselves in that way." And Lucy threw back her head proudly, while her blue eyes fairly sparkled with the genuine fire of self-dependence.

Of course, she carried the day. How could they refuse her when her heart was set upon it, when she had already

accomplished so much, and they were so proud of her?

"Lucy was set in her way," said her father, with a half sigh or deep catching of the breath habitual to him.

"She came honestly by it," said her mother, with an accent half of pride, half of vexation.

"Lucy is some like her father. She don't like to give up a thing after she once begins it." This was very near being the first of virtues in the mind of the speaker, and he attributed it to himself with a kind of grim modesty not untouched by half-conscious humor.

So it was settled, with no more discussion. But Lucy's mother sat long by the fire after the rest were asleep, thinking of the risk Lucy was to run, and how to make it less. She was a quiet woman, of decisive speech, but rarely spoke a word when convinced that it would do no good. It would do no good now. The chance was before Lucy, and she could never be persuaded to let it slip.

Lucy taught and studied with renewed zeal.

Lucy and George, often met in their home visits; at first shyer and shyer at each meeting, yet looking forward more and more eagerly to the next. A nameless something which restrained the speech, and made them slow and awkward, yet fastened upon the memory of each every look and word of the other. Then they began to take courage, to find, on the common ground of books and studies, how thoroughly they understood each other after all, and then to know at last that neither had a thought or feeling unshared by the other.

How or when they first gained the assurance that both their lives were to have one end and aim, they hardly thought of asking. The change of friendship into love was so gradual, the growth of the ideal so slow through the hard, prosaic surroundings of their homely, pale, and colorless lives, that they were never startled by anything new or strange, but led along insensibly. They walked and talked and botanized just the same as ever.

Lucy was fond of flowers—not passionately, so as to long for a tropical luxuriance of them; nor yet with that fondness akin to the love we feel for human beings, which makes us catch up the first white tiny wild-wood flower of spring with a sudden flash of delight at its fragile loveliness; nor yet the business-like "fussing over house plants" affected by bustling housewives as an added outlet for the desire of making a show, just as they exhibit a long row of jelly-glasses or fruit cans, only to have something their neighbors haven't, for the sake of drawing callers and compliments; in none of these ways, yet with a purely intellectual pleasure, the effect of cultivation upon a simple womanly nature without strong natural bent and passions of its own. She loved to gather and carry them tenderly, yet in truth with less actual pleasure than George had, in seeing them in her hand or brightening and relieving her dusky brown hair. Thus adorned and fitly framed in a sheltering nook of firs and pines on the rocky hillside, the thick, sweet-smelling evergreen branches brushing the mossy rock on which she stood, the ledge sloping and shelving to the cool spring beneath, the breath of the spring wind blowing upon her uncovered head and bringing fresh light to her eyes as she looked around upon the hills and listened for the tinkling and rushing of the brooks down their uncovered sides as they lifted their brown, sodden, autumn coloring against the blue-gray of a spring sky—thus she realized his ideal of a home divinity.

Before the blue-gray of this afternoon sky had darkened and brightened into sunset, there had been a word never before spoken, a look never before ventured, which fixed the day, the picture, apart from all others. They came into

the fire-lighted kitchen that night with a new shyness, yet with a "sober certainty of waking bliss" unknown before.

Now it was, "We will study this together some day," or "You must not forget to learn this, because you are to teach it to me." Each new achievement was worth a double price now.

This would have been enough to spur Lucy to new efforts, but a stronger stimulus was added on her return to school. The course of study was settled, and formidable enough it looked. Even for Lucy's class it seemed to require three years more. But there was talk, by dint of extra hours, heavier tasks, and hard labor generally, of completing it in two. If Lucy's class could do this by substituting German for Greek, and some other less important changes, they might graduate by themselves, actually the "first class," unleavened by any mixture of new students, and save the expense of one year.

"To graduate, to graduate next year!" The whisper ran round from room to room, and for the moment aching heads and weary eyes were forgotton.

"If I can hold out one year more!" said one, pressing her hand closely upon her side to repress the pain which always came there now at any sudden movement.

"If I can make enough by teaching this winter," said another, "so as to get through without letting father borrow money to help me! I've seen enough of debt."

"Don't teach another winter in one of those wretched, cold school-houses," remonstrated a third. "Lucy did it last year, and you see where she is now We all see it, though we can't make her realize it herself."

"Oh, I am made of tougher stuff than Lucy. I can bear four times what she can. The fact is, Lucy has undertaken too much. She never ought to have attempted such a course. And yet she is so bright and quick to learn that she couldn't help it when she saw the way open."

That was the *raison d'être* of the whole matter. "Lucy was so quick to learn." Her mind was ever on the alert to take in. She had not the talent or the temperament which creates. She never would "create" one atom of thought—if thought is ever created, or only moulded into visible shape. She was purely receptive. She could go on learning, receiving with unabated eagerness, just as long as you chose to force her or allow her, or as long as her strength held out.

Thus she went on learning, receiving, with unabated eagerness, unconscious that she did not do it with unabated strength, during the third year of school, which was to count as the second in the prescribed course. But that third year of school life, including one winter school, made fearful inroads upon her stock of health and strength. To those who looked on, it seemed an even chance whether she would get through or break down. She was determined to get through and graduate in the first class if she lived, and could not be made to see that there could be a doubt about it.

That year was a long one, of midnight study, of early morning rising to clear off arrears of lighter exercises, of speeding at stroke of bell from one recitation to another, straining the weary brain to retain what had just been uttered, to prepare for what was coming next; of hurried dinners, book in hand, in fireless, neglected rooms; of hurrying to evening lectures and flying home to write out notes before setting to the heavier, the Herculean task of the next day's lessons, sure to last well into the night. It was a year of ceaseless headaches, frequent coughs, icy hands and feet, burning head and lifeless lungs, failing appetite, often distaste for food altogether, and slowly ebbing strength. Still, nothing was the matter; Lucy

was "only a little tired, as all the other girls were."

When George came to see her he was shocked at the change. To his entreaties that she would leave at once and take care of herself, she gently replied that she would take the best care of herself, but she could not leave. She shook her head, with a smile upon her thin face which assured him too well that she would never give up when so near the end.

"Would you have given up without graduating?" was the nearest approach which she would make to discussion. He could not answer that.

But he saw with agony that the frail form which held this firm and constant heart was quickly perishing, and that his treasure would soon be above and beyond him, a bright light, an unerring magnet to lead him, but never to be worn close to his heart through all the years of this work-a-day world.

He went back to his last weeks at college, overcome by the shock. His lonely room, which ought, at that season, to have been lighted by his own coming triumph, was shadowed as if by the wing of the angel of death. It was a dull, shabby, uninteresting. room, up three flights of stairs in a dingy college building, but it witnessed the passing of as real a tragedy as ever shone through antique form—the parting of life and love, the great struggle of the human will in unavailing contention with the Divine, the frenzied questioning if loss and death come indeed from the Omnipotent will or from human error, if God indeed be pitiless or man be guilty.

While he was suffering as it were a foretaste of death, Lucy was struggling on, with unflinching will, toward the nearing goal. "Only a little while longer, and I think I can do it very well," she wrote.

She often had to lie down now, snatching a paragraph or two at a time from the book which lay beside her, or availing herself of her retentive memory to master the whole lesson by hearing it once or twice read aloud, as slower and duller ones often volunteered to do with loving subterfuge. "I can commit anything so much better by reading it aloud; can't you? And if Lucy doesn't mind—"

There were generous moments stolen, where every moment was precious, to spare Lucy's strength.

"We'll take her along with us, if we have to carry her in our arms; won't we, girls? She shall graduate with us, first in the class, as she ought to be, if we have to lift her upon the platform. But don't say a word to Miss Davenport or the other teachers. They would send her home at once, and I believe it would kill her now."

Lucy was too absorbed to notice. She was looking forward now to the day of graduation, thinking, planning her part, already assigned, condensing what had filled her mind—an unconscious epitome of what she had learned, without one original trait, yet evincing wonderful intelligence and industry for a girl of her age.

Still she followed the last lessons assiduously, mindful of all trifling minutiæ, never losing a day or a lesson.

"I don't care about any breakfast, Say; but I wish you would hand me my lexicon. I have an idea—about that root."

"Do eat some breakfast, Lucy. Don't go to digging up those tangled old roots the first thing in the morning. Don't they ever remind you of twisted old apple-tree roots in the orchard, or witch-grass roots in the garden? Witch-grass! that's it; the very thing! I'm sure I never can find the end of them any more than I could the witch-grass, and how Lu can follow them up and thread them out as she does is more than I can tell."

Lucy smiled, with a trace of complacency, and, raised upon her elbow, went on softly rustling and turning over

the leaves of the big lexicon, But the smile was a very languid one, as if to smile at all were weariness and vexation of spirit, and the thin white arm which supported her looked hardly strong enough to raise the heavy book. She looked like the ghost of herself.

In the second year of her school life she had looked her best. Then she had been really handsome, and for a time had attracted much admiration, which she did not care for, and serenely put away from her.

Soon came the anxious, but, to the strong and hopeful, the cheerful, bustle and confusion of rehearsing parts and preparing dresses at Lucy's school. She was fain to confess herself "too busy"—she would not say "too ill"—to make her own dress. So the pretty white muslin, the first real luxury she had ever allowed herself, which was to serve first as her graduating dress, and perhaps not so very long afterwards as her wedding dress, was given over to other fingers.

"She looks like a white cloud," cried one, at the trying-on rehearsal.

"She looks like a spirit, a breathing, smiling shade," whispered another.

"Too much like a shade," said Miss Davenport; "she looks fearfully frail. Has she been quite well? Some of you young ladies should have told me if there was anything serious."

And the hard-working preceptress looked anxious, only to forget it next moment, when her attention was called off to some sudden perplexity which threatened to spoil the effect of a concerted "part." "That horrible part!" she said to herself. "I wish it had never been thought of. But those foolish girls would think the whole Commencement spoiled if they had to give it up." Then aloud: "Doesn't it go on smoothly? I think we'll soon make that right," and so on, conscientiously pouring oil upon the troubled waters. Poor woman! she too had her sleepless nights, her crowded, harassing days, filled by the oversight of near two hundred girls of all ages, tempers, degrees of cleverness and proficiency; her best assistant obliged to leave in the middle of the term, and in her place a stranger who had hardly learned to know each of the young ladies by sight. Miss Davenport was working herself to death as fast as she could, in the vain effort to do all that she knew ought to be done. Small wonder that she did not see how faithfully Lucy was following on her track. To die doing one's duty, pursuing, following, accomplishing to the end, has been woman's motto long enough.

It was difficult to say, on that lovely Commencement-day, so bright, so gay, so sunny, which had worked harder, more faithfully, more conscientiously, teachers or pupils; the former, racked in nerve and brain by honest, persistent effort to do the very best for those in their charge, or the latter, straining beyond their strength to do all that was set before them.

Lucy's class were all there, victorious.

No one so tenderly watched or so lovingly applauded as Lucy, though the welcoming applause was thoughtfully hushed because "Lucy could not bear much."

Professor Markham rubbed his hands in delight as he saw the impression Lucy was making. He was an enthusiastic believer in the ability of women to do anything and everything; went by steam himself, and kept all the machinery moving; while the classical teacher, Professor Morgridge, did the "thorough," and drilled to the last touch of solid, well-crammed perfection. Both surveyed Lucy with unconcealed triumph.

Old Dr. Hammond, who was one of the trustees, and sat beside the faculty, looked at her keenly too, then looked down and knitted his shaggy brows thoughtfully.

"Who is that?" he whispered,

abruptly, catching Professor Markham by the button-hole of his coat.

"That? Our best scholar. Few young men of her age will equal her in scholarship, I think. She is engaged to George Warner, who graduated a few weeks ago at ——. A shame for her to marry and take up the drudgery of housekeeping. She would make a *magnificent* teacher."

"Just after your own heart, eh?" said the doctor, looking at him curiously, half as if he pitied him, half as if he would like to knock him down. "Of course you don't see how you have been killing her with hard work; or rather she has done it herself, I suppose, without your finding time to know much about it. That's the way. There never is any body to blame for spilled milk: it's the cow, and the flies, and the milking stool which had but two legs, and so the responsibility is divided."

The professor looked civilly annoyed, and wished the old doctor were not quite so brusque, or else not quite so rich and so necessary to the institution.

"She is a girl of very rare endowments," said he; a fine example of how exquisitely women excel men in quickness, acuteness, sensitiveness of perception, delicate accuracy of memory. She will give you the disembodied spirit of a problem or a translation. She seizes a thing at a glance, and fixes it forever, just as it is, the very soul of that very thing."

"So much the worse for her," growled the old doctor, "when she has no stouter *physique* than *that*. You ought to have sent her home a year ago —and then perhaps it would have been too late," he added, under his breath.

"We could not spare Lucy," said the classical professor; "she is the first scholar in the class, quick and thorough; never missed anything, and you cannot ask her anything which she cannot answer you. I think it would have broken her heart had she been obliged to leave before graduating; I am not sure but it might have thrown her into a decline. She is very sensitive."

"Broken heart!—decline" said the doctor roughly. "That girl is dying, but she doesn't know it."

The professor looked at him, startled, as if he thought the old doctor were going mad with his whims and crotchets, and then turned again to the audience, delighted by the well-merited applause which Lucy was receiving.

Just then, by one of those coincidences perhaps as common in real life as in novels, Lucy, in the act of resuming her seat, fell back into the arms of her companions, and one of them held a handkerchief to her mouth. She was quickly supported out of the side door; the re-assuring whisper, "Only fainted—the heat," etc., ran round, and the audience settled back comfortably to see what next.

The old doctor elbowed his way out, and followed the little knot of white dresses and black coats with their blue badges moving with such pathetic slowness through the merry sunshine and shade where they had marched up so gayly a few hours before, shaking his head as he went.

The face with which George bent over her would alone have been enough to make the kind old man spend the rest of the day and night beside the bed where Lucy lay in her white muslin spotted with ominous red. It was no use. Lucy was dying, but she did not know it. She had had her way. She had satisfied her father's honest pride; she had done what she hoped to do, and all care for life or death might well rank after that. Her fate was tragic and her story short. She simply died of overwork, just as she reached the shining goal which she had appointed to herself.

"She has been slowly dying a long time," said the doctor to Miss Davenport; "she has nothing left to do but to slip out of life noiselessly."

They did not tell her. She knew

what she had won, but no one had the heart to tell her what she was losing.

At intervals she spoke a few words, which assured those about her that her mind was faintly busied about its former work.

"Do you remember the day I got my first book in Latin, George, and you taught me to decline *musa?*" said she, all at once, with a sudden flash of recollection in her wandering gaze. "Do you remem—" It was the last. The words died away upon her lips, and he wept aloud as he laid her lifeless head gently back.

As he watched beside her in the darkness, the wind of morning was sighing without with a sound, as if it swept through empty space. It seemed to him as if the world had suddenly been emptied of all that made it a living world, and this wind were haunting wild and uncultured coasts.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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## ABOUT BEDROOMS AND THEIR FURNITURE.

BY E. H. MILLER.

Doctors have had something to say upon the subject of bedrooms and their contents, and one of the first things they unanimously discard is a bedstead with drapery around it. One may argue the cosiness, warmth, and seclusion of bed hangings, may fall back on custom and dear old associations; but the one idea that the exclusion of fresh air is as injurious to health when we are asleep as when we are awake, must offset every argument in favor, and we must stand on the side of medical authority on this point, and have the bare bedstead as ornamental as you please and can afford, but without drapery.

On the same ground we must oppose an alcove or recess for the bed, with a pretence of making the room look more parlor-like. Walls are more impervious to air than cloth fabrics, and the mere thought of being placed in a niche closed in on three sides (until we turn into marble) makes us pant and catch at our breath even now.

Infectious fevers, our M. D's say, are more likely to lurk about a wooden than an iron bedstead, and on this account they prefer the latter. And there is another consideration in favor of the doctors' preference, the bare mention of which might shock thrifty old housekeepers in the country; but the commonness of these midnight intruders, in apparently the cleanest bedrooms in brown-stone fronts in town, warrant both the mention and consideration of the subject. It is said these nocturnal disturbers of our peace cannot secrete themselves in an iron bedstead, while they find at once a ready hiding place in a wooden one. But we would rather constitute ourself a vigilance committee on the *qui vive* at all times for these marauders, and take the wooden bedstead because of its superior beauty.

Shall we have feather-bed or mattress? Here again, as in the matter of drapery, we are not left to choice, for the medical faculty step forward and declare that a "downy couch" is an unhealthy one, and that settles the question. The most luxurious arrangement is a horsehair mattress on springs. All cannot afford the latter, and a straw

palliasse is a tolerably good substitute for the springs. It is false economy to buy poor mattresses: the cheap, coarse covers quickly soil, and the inside soon forms itself into lumps and bumps, making a miserable resting (?) place. We have known housekeepers who have plenty of bedding to tack together several comfortables, which, placed on a straw mattress, make a more comfortable bed than a cheap, ill-made mattress. With regard to bolster and pillows, we can but advise good ones, the feathers well-stoved and frequently aired, that the odor which nightly greets one's nose may be pleasant. Let the bedding be light, both as regards color and weight.

The next great comfort, after a good bed, is a bureau with deep, well-made drawers. As great a convenience as such a piece of furniture is, when well-made, it is but a vexation and a torment when slightly put together. To pull at drawers which will not open, or which come out all askew, to push at those which will not shut and whose handles drop off, or which crack and bend and splinter at the slightest touch, is, to say the least, temper souring. That which, well-made, is both a convenience and comfort. becomes, when ill-made, a delusion and a snare.

Marble is the most suitable for the top of the washstand, which should be of good size, so as to give room for the necessary toilet articles; but here, as elsewhere, the purse must be consulted. If it will not warrant marble, there is an imitation of it in a kind of oilcloth which looks well, can be washed off without injury, and replaced at little expense. Paint soon wears off and looks shabby, a white cover quickly soils, and looks untidy, veneer cracks, and splits with hot water; so marble, or a fair imitation of it, is preferable.

The dressing-table may be one of the prettiest things in a bedroom if its appointments are nice and natty. If you do not wish to expend money on this piece of furniture, order a white wooden table or a large box, in which you can stow away evening dresses and the like. This can be made at the cost of a trifle, and you can cover it with glazed calico of the prevailing color of the room, with white muslin over. Have a toilet cover on the top. The window curtains may be arranged with two colors in the same way. But for a simply furnished room, what drapery looks better than plain white dimity, or what can be kept in order with less labor, requiring no ironing; only to be folded smoothly?

All the pieces of furniture in a bedroom, including chairs, mirror, and towel-rack, should be made of the same kind of wood. Light-colored woods, such as maple, birch, and chestnut, are cheery-looking and in favor. These are sometimes inlaid with darker woods, which give a beautiful finish. Painted furniture always looks suitable, provided all the pieces match in color. Plain white, with a narrow border and a relief of sprigs of the prevailing color, has a good effect, and its freshness can at any time be renewed. Bear in mind the colors of room and furniture should always harmonize.

With regard to the kind of carpet and the pattern, we are entirely free to please ourselves. Small patterns always look the best in a bedroom, even when the room is large. We would choose a "minglety" pattern, in other words, one involved, without distinctness of purpose, one which has no set design or easily traced figure. We would have it so blended with delicate trailing vines twining in and out that one cannot tell where is beginning or end; so mingled as to be a matter of doubt as to the original design—a subject of conjecture whether the artist intended this or that figure, leaving it an open question to study out and not grow tiresome in days of convalescence. And these remarks apply also to the wall paper.

In placing the furniture, if there are alcoves for bureau and washstand, it

makes fewer abrupt jutting corners, but as most of us have to suit ourselves to "ready-made" rooms, to set the large pieces of furniture across the corners. so making the room an octagon shape, takes away the stiff regular appearance in a great degree. Avoid, if possible, putting the bed so that the light falls directly upon the eyes, especially in the early summer mornings; for unless it is softened by some device of curtains, it is often injurious to the sight. Some choice books we would always have at our finger-ends to resort to at all hours and seasons.

There is one thing we wish specially to mention. There is a piece of furniture that we would never have established in a sleeping-room if it could be avoided, we mean a sewing machine. Do not make a workroom of your bedroom if you can help it. A room used continually gets tired—has a jaded, wornout, spiritless air, which is imparted to the occupant. Now we know there are thousands who board and have only one room to sit, read, work, sleep, live in; but even to them we would say, when practicable set your one room in order and leave it for a little to rest and grow inviting, and when you return, it will have a fresh, inspiriting air to you. It is a little wonderful what characteristics a room assumes, and what influence it has over one, that is, if we put any individuality in it to begin with. To those who have other rooms at their command, it is better to use sitting-room, parlor, or dining-room, for sewing than the sleeping-room. For our part we can sit in a disorderly, ill-appointed, desolate-aired parlor, and partially forget the unpleasant surroundings perhaps in work, or thought, or a book. If there are no pleasant pictures on the wall, we may possibly find an ever-changing one from the window, or the eyes may take an inward look in memory's hall; or, we may sit down to a plain table and appease the appetite with the simplest fare, and rise up undisturbed. But if our temper is preserved, if our serenity is maintained, we must lie down to pleasant dreams in a fresh, airy, well-furnished room, on a good comfortable bed. We must snuggle down between the snowy folds of fresh, clean sheets, pull over us light covers of unquestionable purity, and hug a pleasant-odored pillow, if not cased in embroidered lawn, or edged with waves of Valenciennes or Brussels point, yet neatly made and with a cleanly fragrance, and then we can rise up sweet-tempered—ready to strike hands with the world—put our shoulder to the wheel, and carry our share of the burdens of life.—*Christian Weekly*.

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# HAS CHARITY BEGUN?

BY DORA GREENWELL.

I'm used to collect, so I needn't say, though people don't mean to be spiteful,
I'm used to be snapped and snarled at and snubbed, I can't say I find it delightful.
But, with kicks or without, I must have my pence, so objections and rejections,
I take as they come, but I often wish folks would spare me their moral reflections.

For there's one old lady, she always says, a-giving her mouth a screw,
" Before you are generous, be just." Well! no doubt that is very true.
But it seems the sort of truth that's so true it may safely be taken on trust,
That to *give* when we ought to *pay* is about as generous as it's just.

And there's a gentleman looks quite stern, and as if he was forming square,
" 'Missions,' indeed, and let me ask, young man, if you're aware
How much there is wanted here at home ?" "Yes," I thought, and I meant no ill,
" And if nobody gives more help than you, there's much will be *wanted* still."

And a second, he more politely says to me, " What! another call!
It makes the sixth I have had this week ; it really seems that you all
Must think we are made of money here." And I thought, as I turned away,
" If the other five got no more than me, you might do with six in a day."

And there's a saw I've heard say so oft, the sound of it gives me a turn ;
It's " Charity should begin at home!" Why! I haven't got that to learn,
For it's just at home that the most of its work and the best of its work is done.
But, neighbors and friends, just let me ask has Charity begun ?

For it's something like fire, if it once begins, one can never tell where it ends.
It's kind to its foes, so wherever it goes it never meets any but friends.
And it's always at home ; for it lives in the heart, and can give and can take and can share,
And it's done of its best, while perhaps the rest have been settling how much they could spare.

Where it's once got root, it will bear its fruit ; it cannot come late or soon,
Any more than the flowers of the field in May, or the roses that blow in June.
It doesn't lift up its voice on high, it's sometimes a little blind,
And it's sometimes a little deaf, for it's learnt how to suffer long and be kind.

It isn't a gift, for it gives itself! And it's other than bread, it is life ;
It's the troth and oath betwixt God and man that maketh an end of strife.
Where it deepest hides, there it most abides, it rests while it seems to run.
Neighbors and friends, are we very sure that Charity's begun ?

—*Sunday Magazine.*

# EXTENDING A BUREAU.

It sometimes happens that one bureau affords too scanty accommodation, and the room will not admit of two bureaus. We give here illustrations of the manner in which a lady, who found herself so situated, overcame the difficulty. Two triangular stands were made, the same height as the bureau; the top and the two shelves being of triangular pieces, the sides as long as the width of the bureau, and one of them rounded, as shown in figure 1. These are made of pine, the two sides being of thinner stuff than the top and shelves, and all well nailed together. This job would not be beyond the ability of those ladies who have learned to use a saw and plane, and at any rate may be cheaply done by a carpenter. It would be better to have a bottom-piece, but these were made without. The stands are to be upholstered; an alpaca or other skirt may come in play here, and it will be all the better if lined. The curtain should be in two parts, opening in the middle, and the parts should lap sufficiently to keep out the dust; after the top coverings and curtains are put on, a ruffle with a narrow, box-plaited edging, will make a neat finish. The shelves are very convenient to hold under-clothing, stockings, and various other matters, leaving the drawers of the bureau for nicer articles, and the lower shelf is a convenient place for shoes, or a work-basket. Those who go into the country for the summer find the chamber fittings, whether in private houses or hotels, of the most meagre character, and they can in this manner readily increase their store-room. The hint should not be lost upon those who take boarders, as their visitors are from cities, who have been accustomed to the abundant closet-room of modern houses. It does not take expensive furniture to make a chamber attractive, and this and other cheap devices we have heretofore published, will go far towards ensuring the comfort of their guests. If the corner pieces are not wanted for a bureau, they may be put together as in figure 2, and thus form a neat toilet table, all the more useful than such tables ordinarily are, from its storage capacities.—*Agriculturist.*

Fig. 1.—BUREAU WITH EXTENSIONS.

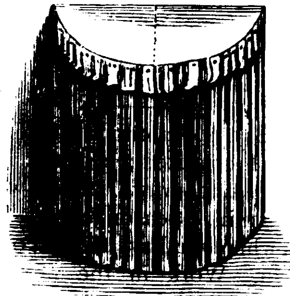

Fig. 2.—ENDS AS A TABLE.

# FISH RECEIPTS.

We select the following receipts from the chapter entitled "Entrées and Relishes of Fish," in Marion Harland's last book: "Breakfast Luncheon and Tea."

WHAT TO DO WITH COLD FISH.—1 cup drawn butter with an egg beaten in; 2 hard-boiled eggs; mashed potato —(a cupful will do.) 1 cupful cold fish —cod, halibut, or shad; roe of cod or shad, and 1 tablespoonful of butter; 1 teaspoonful minced parsley; pepper and salt to taste. Dry the roe, previously well boiled. Mince the fish fine, and season. Work up the roe with butter and the yolks of the boiled eggs. Cut the white into thin rings. Put a layer of mashed potato at the bottom of a buttered deep dish—then, alternate layers of fish, drawn butter (with the rings of white embedded in this), roe,—more potato at top. Cover the dish and set in a moderate oven until it smokes and bubbles. Brown by removing the cover for a few minutes. Send to table in the baking-dish, and pass pickles with it.

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FISH-BALLS.—2 cupfuls cold boiled cod—fresh or salted; 1 cupful mashed potato; ½ cup drawn butter, with an egg beaten in. Season to taste. Chop the fish when you have freed it of bones and skin. Work in the potato, and moisten with the drawn butter until it is soft enough to mould, and will yet keep in shape. Roll the balls in flour, and fry quickly to a golden brown in lard, or clean dripping. Take from the fat so soon as they are done; lay in a cullender or sieve, and shake gently to free them from every drop of grease. Turn out for a moment on white paper, to absord any lingering drops, and send up on a hot dish. A pretty way of serving them is to line the dish with clean white paper, and edge this with a frill of colored tissue paper—green or pink. This makes ornamental that which is usually considered a homely dish.

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EELS STEWED *à l'Américain.*—3 lbs. eels, skinned and cleaned, and all the fat removed from the inside; 1 young onion, chopped fine; 4 tablespoonfuls of butter; pepper and salt to taste, with chopped parsley. Cut the eels in pieces about two inches in length; season, and lay in a saucepan containing the melted butter. Strew the onion and parsley over all, cover the saucepan (or tin pail, if more convenient) closely, and set in a pot of cold water. Bring this gradually to a boil, then cook very gently for an hour and a half, or until the eels are tender. Turn out into a deep dish. There is no more palatable preparation of eels than this, in the opinion of most of those who have eaten it.

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CUTLETS OF HALIBUT, COD OR SALMON.—3 pounds fish, cut in slices, three-quarters of an inch thick, from the body of the fish; a handful of fine bread-crumbs, with which should be mixed pepper and salt with a little minced parsley; 1 egg beaten light; enough butter, lard or dripping to fry the cutlets. Cut each slice of fish into strips as wide as your two fingers. Dry them with a clean cloth; rub lightly with salt and pepper; dip in the egg, then the bread-crumbs, and fry in enough fat to cover them well. Drain away every drop of fat, and lay upon hot white paper, lining a heated dish.

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BAKED COD OR HALIBUT.—A piece of fish from the middle of the back, weighing four, five or six pounds; a cupful of bread-crumbs, peppered and salted; 2 tablespoonfuls *boiled* salt pork,

finely chopped; a tablespoonful chopped parsley, sweet marjoram and thyme, with a mere suspicion of minced onion; 1 teaspoonful anchovy sauce, or Harvey's, if you prefer it; ½ cupful drawn butter; juice of half a lemon; 1 beaten egg. Lay the fish in very cold salt-and-water for two hours; wipe dry; make deep gashes in both sides at right angles with the back-bone and rub into these, as well as coat it all over with a force-meat made of the crumbs, pork, herbs, onion and seasoning, bound with raw egg. Lay in the baking-pan and pour over it the drawn butter (which should be quite thin), seasoned with the anchovy sauce, lemon-juice, pepper and a pinch of parsley. Bake in a moderate oven nearly an hour,—quite as long if the piece be large,—basting frequently lest it should brown too fast. Add a little butter-and-water when the sauce thickens too much. When the fish is done, remove to a hot dish, and strain the gravy over it. A few capers or chopped green pickles are a pleasant addition to the gravy.

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BAKED SALMON WITH CREAM SAUCE.—A middle cut of salmon; 4 tablespoonfuls of butter melted in hot water. Butter a sheet of foolscap paper on both sides, and wrap the fish up in it, pinning the ends securely together. Lay in the baking-pan, and pour six or seven spoonfuls of butter and-water over it. Turn another pan over all, and steam in a moderate oven from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, lifting the cover, from time to time, to baste and assure yourself that the paper is not burning. Meanwhile, have ready in a saucepan a cup of cream, in which you would do well to dissolve a bit of soda a little larger than a pea. This is a wise precaution whenever cream is to be boiled. Heat this in a vessel placed within another of hot water; thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, add a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, a liberal pinch of minced parsley, and when the fish is unwrapped and dished, pour half slowly over it, sending the rest to table in a boat. If you have no cream, use milk, and add a beaten egg to the thickening.

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SALMON STEAKS OR CUTLETS (FRIED).—Cut slices from the middle of the fish, an inch thick; 1 tablespoonful butter to each slice, for frying; beaten egg and fine *cracker* crumbs, powdered to dust, and peppered with cayenne. Wipe the fish dry, and salt slightly. Dip in egg, then in cracker crumbs, fry very quickly in hot butter. Drain off every drop of grease, and serve upon a dish lined with hot, clean paper, fringed at the ends. Sprinkle green parsley in over it. The French use the best salad-oil in this receipt, instead of butter.

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SALMON IN A MOULD.—(*Very good.*)—1 can preserved salmon, or an equal amount of cold, left from a company dish of roast or boiled; 4 eggs beaten light; 4 tablespoonfuls butter—melted, but not hot; ½ cup fine bread-crumbs; season with pepper, salt and minced parsley. Chop the fish fine, then rub it in a Wedgewood mortar, or in a bowl with the back of a silver spoon, adding the butter until it is a smooth paste. Beat the bread-crumbs into the eggs and season before working all together. Put into a buttered pudding-mould, and boil or steam for an hour.

*Sauce for the above.*—1 cupful milk heated to a boil, and thickened with a tablespoonful corn-starch; the liquor from the canned salmon, or if you have none, double the quantity of butter; 1 great spoonful of butter; 1 raw egg; 1 teaspoonful anchovy, or mushroom, or tomato catsup; 1 pinch of mace and one of cayenne. Put the egg in last and very carefully, boil one minute to cook it, and when the pudding is turned from the mould, pour over it. Cut in slices at table. A nice supper dish.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.—If you use canned salmon, drain it very dry, and pick into coarse flakes with a silver fork. If the remnants of roast or boiled fish, remove all bits of bone, skin and fat, and pick to pieces in the same way. 1 bunch of celery, or 2 heads of lettuce.

*For Dressing.*—1 cup boiling water; 1 tablespoonful corn-starch; 2 tablespoonfuls best salad-oil; 1 teaspoonful made mustard; ½ cup vinegar; 1 small teaspoonful black pepper, or half as much cayenne; 1 teaspoonful salt; 1 tablespoonful melted butter; 2 raw eggs—yolks only—beaten light; 2 hard-boiled eggs, yolks only; 2 teaspoonfuls powdered sugar. Wet the corn-starch with cold water and stir into the boiling water until it thickens well; add half of pepper, salt, sugar, and all the butter. Remove from the fire, and beat in the raw yolks while still scalding hot. Set aside to cool, while you cut the celery or lettuce into small pieces, tearing and bruising as little as may be. Mix this lightly with the fish in a deep bowl. Rub the boiled yolks to a powder, add the salt, sugar and pepper, then the oil, little by little, beating it in with a silver spoon; next, the mustard. When the thick egg sauce is quite cold, whip the other into it with an egg-beater, and when thoroughly incorporated, put in the vinegar. Mix half the dressing through the fish and celery, turn this into a salad-dish, mounding it in the centre, and pour the rest of the dressing over it. Garnish with rings of boiled white of egg or whipped raw whites, heaped regularly on the surface, with a caper on top of each. Do not be discouraged at the length of this receipt. It is easy and safe. Your taste may suggest some modification of the ingredients, but you will like it, in the main, well enough to try it more than once.

## THE MOUSE'S MISTAKE.

"I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!—SMELLS LIKE CHEESE."

BUT IT WASN'T.

—*St. Nicholas.*

# Literary Notices.

SPIRITUALISM AND NERVOUS DERANGEMENT. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

A number of the extracts from this interesting work which were set up for last month were omitted for want of space, and we therefore give them in this number.

### THE CHIMPANZEE.

Dr. D. H. Tuke, in his recent very interesting work, gives the following instance :—

"A curious illustration of the influence of the imagination in magnifying the perceptions of sensorial impressions derived from the outer world, occurred during the conflagration at the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-7. When the animals were destroyed by the fire, it was supposed that the chimpanzee had succeeded in escaping from his cage. Attracted to the roof with this expectation in full force, men saw the unhappy animal holding on to it and writhing in agony to get astride one of the iron ribs. It need not be said that its struggles were watched by those below with breathless suspense, and as the newspapers informed us, with 'sickening dread.' But there was no animal whatever there, and all this feeling was thrown away upon a tattered piece of blind, so torn as to resemble to the eye of fancy, the body, arms and legs of an ape."

### SPEAKING ANIMALS.

The oracles of the ancients often spoke through animals. Apis, the sacred bull of the Egyptians, gave his opinion, on being fed by those who consulted him, and even inanimate objects, as the Sphynx, the statue of Memnon, and the head of Apollo, were at times endowed with the faculty of speech.

In our own day speaking animals are occasionally encountered. Comte, the French conjuror, on one occasion, while travelling near Nevers, overtook a man who was beating his ass. Throwing his voice in the direction of the poor brute's head, Comte upbraided the fellow for his cruelty. The man stared at the ass for a moment in fear and trembling, and then incontinently took to his heels.

At another time, being in the market place at Mâcon, he asked a woman the price of a pig she had for sale, and upon being told, pronounced it exorbitant : a charge which was indignantly denied.

"I will ask the pig," said Comte gravely. "Piggy, is the good woman asking a fair price for you ?"

"Too much by half," the pig seemed to reply. "I am measled, and she knows it."

The woman gasped and stared, but she was equal to the occasion.

"Oh ! the villain !" she exclaimed. "He has bewitched my pig ! Police, seize the sorcerer !"

The bystanders rushed to the spot, but Comte slipped away and left the affair to the intelligence of the police.

This is the only way in which animals, except parrots, ravens, and "Ned, the learned seal," are known to speak in our time.

### MAGNETIZED CRAWFISH.

While on a visit to Bohemia, Czermak was informed, by a gentleman whose acquaintance he made, that he had not only seen crawfish magnetized, but had himself put these animals into the magnetic state, and that the matter was exceedingly simple.

The crawfish is to be held firmly in one hand, while with the other, passes are to be made from the tail of the animal towards the head. Under this manifestation the crawfish now becomes quiet, and if placed on its head in a vertical position, remains motionless until passes are made in the opposite direction, when it staggers, falls, and finally crawls away.

Czermak did not question the facts, but he doubted the explanation and expressed a desire to witness the experiment. A basket of crawfish was obtained from a neighboring brook, and the friend, sure of his results, seized one of the animals and began his "magnetic strokes" from the tail to the head. The crawfish, which at first resisted, gradually became calm, and finally stood erect on its head, remaining motionless as if asleep, in this forced and unnatural position, supporting itself with its antennæ and two under claws.

But in the meantime Czermak had taken one of the crawfish and endeavored to make it stand on its head, without the passes being previously made. The animal staggered at first, as did the other, and ended by becoming perfectly quiet and standing on its head exactly as had the one which had been magnetized.

As to the awakening process, the friend made his passes from the head to the tail, and Czermak made his from the tail to the head. The result was the same in both cases, for both soon fell over and crawled away. In fact whether the strokes were made or not, the animals regained their

normal condition in about the same length of time.

Hence it was demonstrated that "magnetic passes" were neither necessary to induce the hypnotic state nor to cause the animal to emerge from it. The act, therefore, constituted what Czermak calls "a fact viewed unequally." His friend had not thoroughly investigated the phenomenon in all its relations, and that is just what is done every day by certain people calling themselves "enquirers," who make imperfect attempts to solve the pseudo-mysteries of mesmerism, spiritualism, etc.

### SOMNAMBULISTIC VISIONS.

Thus a girl, just after her first communion, while impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, or with the conversation which had been addressed to her, fell into a somnambulistic state, and exclaimed that she saw beautiful and glorious things. When asked by the elders around her what she saw, she answered, "God surrounded by the angels, the apostles, and Mary." Subsequently this girl got into the company of an individual who was a great admirer of Voltaire, and others of his philosophical sect, and on one occasion was hypnotized by him. Again she saw glorious sights, and when he asked her what she saw, she replied, "God, accompanied by His two apostles, Voltaire and Rousseau."

In this and similar cases the brain originates nothing. It simply reflects the ideas which have recently been brought prominently before it, just as in dreams we imagine things and events with which in our waking moments the attention has been engaged.

### TRANCE-PREACHING.

Almost fifty years ago, a very remarkable case of preaching-ecstasy, or, as it would now be called by some, trance-mediumship, occurred in this city in the person of a maiden lady, of delicate health, named Rachel Baker. Dr. S. L. Mitchell took great interest in her case, and had her sermons reported by a stenographer, and published. Miss Baker was the daughter of a respectable farmer in Onondaga County, New York, and had received a plain but substantial education. About the age of twenty, she became much exercised on the subject of religion, and at length her mind became seriously affected, and she fell into the habit of trance-preaching. Her parents were at first impressed at what they regarded as a most extraordinary gift, though they afterward became convinced that it was the result of disease, and accordingly brought her to the city of New York, in order that she might have the benefit of the best medical skill. Crowds flocked to hear her preach at the houses of different medical practitioners. Her discourses were highly respectable in point of style and arrangement, and were interspersed with Scripture quotations. After her health was restored, she lost the faculty of trance-preaching and never regained it. She died in 1843.

### THE THERMOMETER CURE.

Physicians frequently banish real or imaginary affections by the use of bread pills, and many a person has been cured by the application of some instrument, as the stethoscope or thermometer, intended only as a means of examination.

Thus Dr. Paris says that "as soon as the powers of nitrous oxide gas were discovered, Dr. Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis; a patient was selected for trial, and the management of it was intrusted to Sir Humphrey Davy. Previous to the administration of the gas, he inserted a small thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed from the representation of Dr. Beddoes with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer under his tongue than he concluded the talisman was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence through his whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost; Davy cast one intelligent glance at Coleridge, and desired his patient to renew his visit the following day, when the same ceremony was performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight; the patient gradually improving during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used."

In a recent number of the *British Medical Journal* some interesting observations are given from the *Student's Journal*, of the impressions which patients occasionally derive from the use of the clinical thermometer; a young woman who was convalescent, and whose temperature had long remained normal, had a slight relapse, which she attributed to having had "no glass under her arm for a week." A man suffering from acute rheumatism obstinately refused to have his temperature taken any more, saying "it took too much out of him; it was a drawing all his strength away." These "impressions" are precisely the sort of evidence on which "metallic tractors," galvanic belts, mesmerists, and animal magnetizers rely for their vogue.

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STARBOARD AND PORT: The "Nettie" Along Shore. By George H. Hepworth. New York: Harper Bros.

This is the story of a cruise in a private yacht—the "Nettie"—from New York to the Gulf Ports. It is written in the pleasant and interesting way one would expect from the name of the

author, a well-known New York clergyman. The suggestiveness of his style may be gathered from the following extracts:—

### A LEGEND.

The great drawback of these woods is the armies upon armies of predatory insects. In the daytime you are encompassed by a cloud of black flies and their tiny relations, which the Indians call "no see 'ems," they are so small. But the bite—oh, the bite is the biggest part of them. At night these pests retire from the field, only to be replaced by enormous mosquitoes, which after a little render life entirely undesirable.

Up in Labrador they have a legend which, while it satisfactorily accounts for the existence of these creatures, does not for that reason reconcile you to their predations. It is said that a certain saint—I believe it was a woman—was banished from heaven for disobedience to the commands of one of the higher angels, and condemned to live in a lonely and uninhabited part of the earth. The angel who was appointed to carry out the sentence looked over the entire planet, but came across no spot so barren and lonely as Labrador, to which place he conducted the recreant. Time hung very heavy on her hands, as one would naturally suppose. The contrast between the Celestial City, with its genial companionship, and the rugged shores of Labrador, was sufficiently great to excite a sense of weariness. She prayed at length that something might be sent her, even if it were only a few flies. Her prayer was answered, and the mosquito, the buelôt, and the black fly were created. That saint got more than she wanted, I suspect, and I can not repress the feeling that the "higher angel" was a little hard on her. At any rate, since that time, both saints and sinners alike have been bitten, until human nature has invented certain strong explosives with which to express its estimation of the gift.

### AN IDEAL TRIP.

Our plans were, however, in great confusion. We had hoped to go to the Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland, and Rev. Mr. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, had, with kindness unparalleled, engaged four Indians whom we were to take aboard at the Bay of Despair, and had also gathered a quantity of information for our use. But there were several reasons why it was impossible to change our hopes into realities. We gave this project up, for which we had made very extensive preparations, and had not yet fixed upon the new route to be taken. At some future time I hope I shall be able to carry out a plan which has been in my mind for a long time, namely, to cross the island of Newfoundland by way of the Bay of Islands, go up the Humber River in canoes, then by a short portage cross to Deer Lake, thence to great Indian Pond, and so on down the River of Exploits to Hall's Bay. That is an ideal trip for a party of half a dozen sturdy and enduring men. In the woods are plenty of caribou, with once in a while a black bear for a target at one hundred yards. In the water are salmon in great abundance, and trout enough to fill the creeks of the world, and on the water mallards and canvas-backs.

It started my lachrymal fount, and gave me a very queer, dull, and unpleasant feeling about the heart, when I convinced myself that the project must be abandoned.

### PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

It is almost wholly dissimilar to any land that lies adjacent. Its soil is especially favorable to ordinary products, and it may well be called the granary of the north-east. The climate is something wonderful, being neither so cold in winter nor so hot in summer as Lower Canada, while it is entirely free from the innumerable fogs which slip over Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. It is said that the inhabitants very frequently reach one hundred years of age without ever suffering from serious illness. The air is dry and bracing, and no better project could be set on foot than to empty the hospitals of the world on these generous shores. The fell diseases with which we of the eastern coast are so afflicted, as consumption, for example, and intermittent fevers, are never known; while nonagenarians and centenarians, who are still able to do a fair day's work on the farm, are met with at every turn. Indeed, it is an ideal spot for the invalid; and the time is not far distant when that ghastly crowd that yearly goes to Florida to die will change their course, and go to Prince Edward's to live. I have often wondered at this American folly which prompts one who is in the last stages of consumption, or who has a serious difficulty with throat or lungs, to leave a comfortable home that he may roost on the branches of the Florida coast, at a cost of five or six dollars a day and nothing to eat.

I sometimes suspect that it is all a ruse of the doctors, who do not care to have a patient die on their hands, and who, therefore, advise a trip to the sunny South, which sounds well enough, but which is in reality a trip to the grave-yard. Florida is a Moloch who must be dethroned. He has an insatiable appetite, and is everlastingly demanding more; and more he will have, so long as fashion holds control over life and death as now. When we wake from our delusion, we shall find that the dry, bracing, life-giving atmosphere of some favored spot like Prince Edward's is worth far more than the subtle poison of Florida, even if the camellias do blossom there in February, and the sun coaxes the mercury up to seventy-five. I do not care to sit in judgment on the opinion of a physician, but if I had a cross-grained uncle who was worth a million, and who had made a will in my favor; and if this aforesaid relation was coughing about the house all day, giving me as it were an anticipatory view of his fortune; and if,

furthermore, I was possessed of a diabolical thirst of gain, I should coax him to go to Florida, and, taking his exact measure in feet and inches, should confide it to a neighboring undertaker before he started. But if, on the other hand, I wished to retain him a little longer amid these sublunary scenes, free from bronchitis and tubercles, I should pack him off for some such secluded spot as Prince Edward's, where the refreshing air and equal temperature would rebuild his shattered constitution.

I would like nothing better than to land at St. Peter's Bay, and with a couple of ponies raised from good English stock, for which the island has become famous, start on a trip over the entire island, hunting in its woods, fishing in its rivers and lakes, and stopping at the always hospitable farm-houses at night. With sweet bread, fresh milk and eggs, and rich cream, I think I could manage to survive for a month or two at least.

### ARCH ROCK.

"We shall sight Bonaventura in an hour," prophesied Edwards, "and then you will see ducks, if you never saw them before."

What a grand sheet of water Chaleur Bay is, to be sure. It is the finest and largest harbor in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is about twenty-five miles wide at its mouth, and runs inland to the mouth of the Restigouche nearly seventy-five miles. About twenty-two miles to the eastward of Miscou is a huge sand-bank with from twenty to thirty fathoms of water, and there at almost any season are to be seen scores of schooners fishing for cod.

Sure enough, in an hour the lookout cried, "Land right ahead?" and we were within ten miles of Bonaventura. It is a picturesque spot, with perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone two hundred and fifty feet high to the seaward, and falling off at the westerly end to a pebbly beach.

In these rocky cliffs thousands of gannets and tens of thousands of medrakes and cormorants build their houses. When we were just opposite we fired our guns, and there arose from the great fissures in the cliff flocks of birds so numerous that we were fairly startled.

"Now for sport!" cried Fletch. "We'll run into Percè, and have such a day's shooting as those birds have never heard tell of."

"Oh, you can shoot till you are tired, and there will be plenty of game left for the next comer," said Edwards, quietly.

The "Nettie" was put on the other tack—not an easy thing to accomplish in such a heavy sea—during which few minutes we were tossed so furiously that it seemed as if every line in the vessel would snap, and then we bounded along at a great rate for the little, but—except in a southwest wind—dangerous harbor of Percè.

Percè is one of the neatest villages I ever visited. Its inhabitants are French, and they retain with undaunted persistency the simplicity which has always been attributed to the Acadians. The few streets of the village are smooth and well taken care of. The houses are all comfortable, and have a decided air of thrift about them. Just in the rear of the village rises Mount Percè, or Table Roulante, as it is sometimes called, to the unusual height of 1230 feet above the sea-level, and visible from a distance of forty miles. It is well wooded, but has a fair forest-road leading to the summit, from which the scenery is too exquisite to be described. The fishermen, who compose the inhabitants of the village, set their nets regularly at sunrise, and gather in their spoils at sundown. A hundred boats are shoved off from the beach every day, while the air is filled with the rollicking songs of the toilers. They are a happy, honest folk, and the manufactories where the fish are cured are models of neatness and business thrift. Nowhere on the coast is such another spot to be found.

The next morning Fletch and I went out of town to a little stream just back of Table Roulante, and enjoyed a few hours of fine trout-fishing. The game was not large, but numerous. We creeled several dozen, but our pleasure was somewhat lessened by the army of mosquitoes and black flies which attacked every exposed part of our persons. To this pest the midge joined forces, and altogether we had many more bites than fish. However, the drive into the country and along the beautiful beach just west of the village repaid us for our temporary unhappiness, and we returned to the yacht, with our speckled treasures and mottled faces, with an appetite which no city life has any conception of. And here let me observe that one of the charms of yachting is the appetite it develops, and the general physical condition it induces. One is necessarily in the open air all the time. By day, though lounging about on deck, he is conscious of the up-building that is going on in his system, and by night he sleeps with the sky-light and the dead-lights open, which makes the boat the equivalent of a tent in the woods. The wind whistles through, and he wakes in the morning as fresh as a daisy, and with a perfect willingness to engage in any undertaking, however arduous. It is worth something to have one's animal spirits at high-water mark; and it is a good sign when one tumbles out of his berth, not lazily and languidly, as though he had just been through an ordeal and scarcely survived it, but with a leap and a jump, as though sleep had done its work in getting him into good fighting condition.

"Cup coffee, sir?" said Ah Boo every morning at about six. That was his only matutinal greeting; and then, knowing what the answer would be, he hurried to the kitchen with a low chuckle to get the delicious compound.

"Coffee, steward? Yes, and anything else you can find on board in the way of eatables," was the usual answer sent after his retreating form.

At sea one's digestive apparatus gets into admirable working order, and it is absolutely necessary to keep a good look-out for the commissary department.

"Now then," said Ruloff, after dinner had been disposed of, "let's be off to Arch Rock."

I have left this magnificent piece of nature to the present moment that I might bring it out in strong relief. It is one of the curiosities of the continent, and well repays a visit from any distance. It is an abrupt, precipitous rock, that rises perpendicularly from the water to the height of nearly three hundred feet, and in its contour is not unlike a huge vessel. We approached its bows, the western end, and it seemed to us very like the "Great Eastern," which had come to anchor on this northern coast. At the Percè end it is sharp like the bows of a vessel, while at the other end it rounds like its stern. It is about fifteen hundred feet long, and has two natural arches, through which boats can float at high tide, and one of which is plainly visible many miles at sea.

When one lands at its base he is compelled, as it were, to look twice before his vision reaches the top; that is, he looks at a point that is as high as he has before conceived the rock to be, and finds that it is only half-way up. Then, after resting his eyes for a moment, he looks far up into the distance, and sees there overhanging edges of rough, rugged rock, which seem as if they were about to fall and crush him. We sat or lay down on the beach, scarcely speaking to each other for a full half-hour, perfectly satisfied with simply gazing at the monster.

Then Fletch was called back from his reverie by a huge yellowish plover strutting along the shore. Poor plover! his time had come to be metamorphosed into one of the ingredients of a pie, and he submitted to his fate without a murmur. Our journey round the base of the rock was a constant surprise. Here, for instance, was a pebbly beach in the shape of a horseshoe, and about fifty feet long, while immediately behind it was a cavern in the rock, hollowed out by the waves of a thousand years, the sides of which were as smooth as polished marble. There, just beyond, was a first arch, about ten feet high, and twelve or fifteen feet wide. The tide ebbed and flowed through it, and it looked more like the well-calculated handiwork of man than the result of natural forces. And there again, farther on, was the large arch, about twenty feet high, and perhaps twenty-five broad, which we had seen when six or eight miles away, and which gives the rock its name.

We scrambled through it, and got a grand view of the rock from the other side; then determined to come down from the poetical to the practical by trying our guns on the various kinds of birds which filled the air. Imagination alone can compute the numbers of gulls and cormorants which inhabit this romantic spot, for no human arithmetic can approximate to the sum total. We paddled off almost twenty rods from the rock, and looking up saw every ledge that jutted out from this entire surface literally packed with birds. When they flew, they flew in enormous crowds, and their choral screeches could be heard at a fabulous distance. We were told that on the top of the rock are tens of thousands of eggs; that in former times an adventurer would once in a while scale the dizzy height for purposes of curiosity or gain, but that the feat was of such a dangerous nature that a law had been recently passed prohibiting it under severe penalty. But besides the danger of climbing these unruly crags, some of which are unpleasantly loose, and give under one's weight, is to be taken into account the fierce onslaughts of the birds. It is as much as a man's life is worth to invade the possessions of the gulls. It may seem very like a sailor's yarn to say that these creatures in immense numbers are a formidable enemy, but such nevertheless is the truth. They can not be frightened by the discharge of a gun, for they are exceedingly loyal in their parental love, nor can they be beaten off with clubs. They swoop down on one with a kind of war-whoop, and with their sharp bills make sad havoc with one's clothes and flesh, and have a particular fancy for one's eyes. At any rate, the inhabitants of the village, though covetous of gulls' eggs, have no inclination to risk themselves on the top of Arch Rock.

After a few discharges of our guns, a division of the grand army took its flight, and in dizzy circles cut the air above our heads. We managed, after patiently waiting for them to return from their lofty height, to drop a few of the medrakes, whose wings seemed to be in demand, and one or two of the immense gray gulls, which have bodies no larger than a full-grown chicken, but wings large enough to carry a good-sized boy well up toward the moon. The cormorants are also huge birds, with coarse, dissonant voices, and wings as dark as night. They look clumsy as geese in the distance, with their long necks stretched out, but they manage to keep out of range in their rapid flight. All over the water were scattered sea-pigeons, which can be had in any numbers. They are too fishy to satisfy an ordinary palate, though they do very well as a side dish.

## GASPE.

Gaspé Bay is very small in comparison with Chaleur Bay, but in many respects it is not less important or remarkable. At its entrance, and on the north-east side, is Cape Gaspé, a headland of limestone, the terminus of a magnificent range of cliffs, which rise nearly seven hundred feet above the sea-level, and in many places are almost perpendicular. On the south side the shore is also very bold, and several good-sized streams pour over the bluffs in a white sheet of snowy foam, adding greatly to the fascinations of a very charming landscape. As you enter the bay the scene is of the most ravishing description. The shore to the right is quite thickly settled by fishermen, whose little cottages, with the background of forest and foreground of water, are romantic to the last degree. On the left, just within the bay, and beyond Red Head, is the town of Douglas, where vessels can find a good harbor with still water. And away off in the distance, right before you, rise the mountains, upon whose tops the clouds seem to settle, as though they took pride in making the picture perfect.

But the most curious and valuable peculiarity

of Gaspé is what is called the Basin. This is a sheet of water at the northwestern end of the bay, on which the town of Gaspé is situated, so entirely landlocked that it is as quiet as a mill-pond, even in the roughest weather. No matter how or which way the wind blows, not the faintest perceptible undulation, not even the dimmest and most indistinct echo of a swell, ever intrudes. It is an ideal anchorage, large enough to accommodate a fleet, and with water enough to float the largest of them all.

Having come to anchor here, with the expectation of spending about a week on the salmon rivers and in the woods, we filled up our ice-chest and water-tanks, and made arrangements to have the commissary well taken care of. This was the farthest point north we intended to make. It would have been delightful to have run over to Anticosti, but thirty miles away, or across to the Mingan Islands and the Labrador coast, about fifty more, but one's appetite is never satisfied, and so we left these things for another year. There is something wonderful about ocean travelling. You may go as far as you please, but you always want to see the next place. You are never satisfied, but forever dreaming of new pleasures and new discoveries for the morrow. Our time was limited, however, and we were compelled to restrain at once our curiosity and our love of adventure.

There are only about one or two hundred inhabitants in Gaspé, part of which, those on the northerly side of the Basin, are English and Scotch, while the rest, those on the southerly side, are French. There is one church in the village, the Episcopal, finely situated on the side of a hill, overlooking the northern arm, but with such interior accommodations that the patience of the saintly is severely tried, while the temper of the profane is lost entirely. We worshipped with the little congregation one afternoon, and marvelled that it was possible to crowd so much discomfort into so small a space. Why is it, I wonder, that you are allowed, at home, to sit in a chair with such an incline to its back that you are rested, while in some churches to sit down is torture, and to stand up is impossible? If I had a boy whom I wanted to bring up in such fashion that he would never cross the threshold of a church after his twenty-first birthday, I would send him to some village church like that at Gaspé, or like most of the churches along the coast, where he could neither lean back nor yet sit up straight, but must needs lean forward just enough to be wretched, and endure the torment of having the ornamental rim on the top of the pew cut across his back. If he did not eschew all forms of religion after that, it would be because his parentage was too much for him.

## LADIES IN YACHTS.

I wonder more and more every year that the ladies do not take possession of the fleet. It would be beneficial in every way. In the first place, it would make the cabin of the yacht more like home; and, in the second place, it would cultivate a love of healthful pleasure which is not hostile to the most delicate refinement. American women are notably wanting in physical culture. It is seldom we see robust and ruddy health in the other sex. The woman of American society knows more, is far more interesting, and is acknowledged to be handsomer—that is to my mind the most dignified word with which to express good looks—than her sisters in any part of the world, but it is rare to find one in perfect health. Sick-headaches and neuralgia, caused by over-cerebration, are among the most common complaints, and one hears of these troubles so frequently that he begins at last to feel that the diseases mentioned are among the original and normal elements of which the average woman is constituted.

The causes of this degeneration are visible to the most casual observation; too early entrance into society, overcrowding of the brain at school, a premature development of matrimonial ambitions, and no exercise at all.

If the wives of all yachtsmen would take possession of their husbands' craft, peaceably if possibly, forcibly if necessary, and insist on sailing the main with their liege lords, a taste of out-door life might be diffused over the general public which would paint the pale cheeks of our girls with a ruddy richness which no rouge supplies, and create a public opinion in favor of health which would exorcise these ghosts and goblins of neuralgia and headache which haunt so many of our homes.

# Notice.

## THE LIFE AND POEMS OF CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

In August, 1858, the *North British Review* told England and the Anglo-Saxon world to read and admire "Saul," an anonymous poem, which had been written by snatches in the early morning or late at night, long after the author's daily work was done. The writer in the *North British* knew nothing of the author except from the book he reviewed, but considered the work a marvel in the annals of literature, "indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain"—"a most curious work," and one in which "the greatest subject in the whole range of history, for a drama, has been treated with a poetical power and a depth of psychological knowledge which are often quite startling." Perhaps he was the more astonished at the work because it came from Canada—a country at that time much less known than now, and one whose name brought to the minds of even educated men only associations of snow, stumps, furs, fish and Indians.

Immediately on the issue of the number of the *North British* containing the review of "Saul," literary men in England and the United States being struck by such unmeasured praise of an anonymous work, and the genius evidenced by the selections published, obtained copies of the poem, and notices no less favorable appeared in other publications, and soon it was classed amongst the standard works.

On all hands it was acknowledged that the volume was a most remarkable one in many respects, and few have had such genuine admirers, and at the same time were subjected to similar neglect at home. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the circumstances under which it was written, the disposition and condition of the author, and the nature of the work itself. These may become more apparent from a brief history of the author's life.

Charles Heavysege was born in Liverpool, on May 2nd, 1816. His father was a master cabinet maker in fair circumstances, and gave his children such an education as the middle classes of Englishmen then obtained. The artistic taste appeared to have been hereditary from the mother's side of the family, and one son, William, who died young, gave much promise of proficiency as a sculptor. The parents were very strict in their religious views and in the control of their children, and the father gave them but little latitude in the matter of reading. Milton appears to have been the first author who had a lasting influence on the character of the future poet, and on one occasion his school master snatched Gray's "Elegy," from his hands, because he selected that poem for a reading lesson on every available occasion. He subsequently saw Macbeth acted on the stage, and was seized with the ambition to be an actor, and also to obtain a copy of the works of the great author. His father, believing Shakespeare to be an injurious book, would not procure him a copy, but his mother gave him a small amount weekly, till sufficient was saved to purchase the

treasured volume, which he preserved all through his life, and it is now in the possession of his family. It became a chief portion of his pleasure to read and ponder over this work, as it has seldom been read and studied, and although Heavysege's poems can by no means be considered in the light of an imitation, there is no doubt that his close study of Shakespeare at that time had very much to do in forming the character of his thoughts and the nature of his works.

He was apprenticed to a carver, soon becoming a first-class workman, and on completing his term of apprenticeship started a business for himself, in which he employed several men. But he did not seem to have that business tact necessary to compete with the world, and having married ten years previously, came to Montreal in 1853, on the invitation of a gentleman here, and followed his occupation, as a journeyman. This change may be considered in regard to his literary works the most fortunate of his life, for having no business cares and details to trouble him, and a fair salary, he was able to divert his thoughts to his poetry. It was during this period of his life that "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," and "Count Filippo," his principal works, were written.

His poems at this time formed part of his very existence, and the thoughts and poetical images were jotted down as they came. Day and night "Saul" was in his mind; early in the morning some new idea would flash through his brain, and must be committed to paper at once, lest it should be lost, and he would leave his bed for that purpose—"roughing it in" he termed it—perhaps not to return again to rest till late the following morning. At work, too, his mind was occupied in the same "pleasure," and toilsome "relaxation," and thus thought by thought and page by page the poem grew. They came entirely from within; his facts were drawn from the Bible, his notions of poetic language from the works he had read. To him the thoughts he committed to paper were the all important thing; to clothe them in fitting language a secondary matter. This, with his little knowledge of the art of poetry making,—an art which as now carried to the extreme, seems to have had the effect of causing genuine poetry to be almost a thing of the past—lead him into many errors, offensive even to the uneducated eye and ear of the general reader. But after all, his language,—although very often, critically speaking, faulty, — was wonderfully adapted to the subject. Could stubborn, short-sighted, imperious Saul be more suitably described than in rugged, irregular, forcible lines, often the better from being, like him, unmanageable.

When written, the work formed one of over three hundred pages, being about the length of three of Shakespeare's plays. On the advice of his friends it was published, and at first was received with much coolness, only one paper, it is said, having at that time noticed it, and that one unfavorably. Montreal, at the present time, is not the best place in the world, nor even in Canada, for a new literary work first to see the light, and in 1857 it could hardly have been expected that such a work as "Saul" would meet with a hearty reception. Take the beautiful binding and gilt edges off even the best of our poets, and the most read now-a-days, and it will perhaps be found that before very long they may be banished from the very great majority of drawing-room tables, and have given them inside positions on book shelves, and to be placed there means neglect. "Saul" had nothing typographically to recommend it, and books are too often judged by their print and covers; but it hid rich gems, which were afterwards to be brought to notice. "Saul, a Drama," was not a name to attract attention, and the author's was unknown; the subject

was not a national one, and the book had nothing in it to especially attract the attention of Canadians, but the mere fact that it was "Entered according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, &c., by Henry Rose, in 1857," and under these circumstances nothing but neglect, until it fell into the hands of some great leader of thought—if anything so fortunate ever happened it—could be expected. But in less than a year a copy reached Nathaniel Hawthorne, then in England; it was forwarded to a writer of the *North British Review*, with a few commendatory words; the article referred to in the first sentences of this sketch was written, and the work became favorably known by name. The American publications followed the lead given in England, for they, like Canadians, obtained their literary opinions from across the Atlantic. It became fashionable for tourists when in Montreal to obtain a copy of "Saul," and the first edition was soon exhausted, and a second called for and printed.

This second and third edition showed that no hint thrown out by any criticism, favorable or adverse, was neglected; whole pages of matter which added to the length of the poem without increasing its interest were omitted, faulty lines changed, and every trouble taken to make the poem a perfect one. A song by one of the most charming, rollicking conscientious devils of this or any other book may be taken as an instance. The *North British Review*, speaking of it, says: "The following song seems to us to be scarcely short of Shakesperian, notwithstanding the *De Profundis*:

> There was a devil, and his name was I;
> From De Profundis he did cry;
> He changed his note as he changed his coat,
> And his coat was of a varying dye:
> It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,
> 'Twas green i' th' sea, and white i' th' sky.
> Oh, do not ask me, ask me why
> 'Twas green i' th' sea, and white i' th' sky;
> Why from Profundis he did cry.
> Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
> And quaintly cut was his motley coat.

In the second edition *De* was omitted from the second line, and in the third edition the line read

> From *out* Profundis he did cry;

the unpronouncable "i' th'" was altered into "i' the" and the song was perfect.

To the author criticism, friendly or otherwise, was but used as hints to perfect what he had already written, and as suggestions to be kept in mind in future writings. His spirit was too persevering, and his courage too great, to be affected by want of appreciation, or by sneers, and every obstacle in his way was overcome, and made to conduce to his greater success. In him there would appear to have been a constant war between a desire to be simply a plain, good man, and a wish to have his name

> Magnify and grow to fame,
> That quenchless glory round a great man's name.

The following sonnet, written before "Saul," contains the idea exactly:—

> What of the past remains to bless the present?
> The memory of good deeds.
> But what of great ones? Ambition to ambition leads,
> And each step higher, but cries, "aspire;"
> And restless step to restless step succeeds.
> What is the boasted bubble, reputation?
> To-day it is the world's loud cry,
> Which may to-morrow die,
> Or roll for generation unto generation,
> And magnify, and grow to fame,—
> That quenchless glory round a great man's name.
> What is the good man's adequate reward?
> Sense of his rectitude, and felt beatitude
> Of God's regard.

The last he knew was all that was worth working for, yet he desired and hoped that his works should live after him and be read. He might have replied to the reviewers as Lessing to Klopstock's worshippers:—

"Who does not praise our Klopstock's name !
And yet do all men read him ? No !
We'd rather be less known to fame
And more diligently read, I trow."

Fame alone to him was not worth working for, but as the consequence of good deeds, or well performed duty, it was worthy of the greatest efforts in concurrence with those deeds and duties to obtain.

"Count Filippo ; or the Unequal Marriage," a drama in five acts, was published in 1860, but although containing many beautiful passages, as a whole does not compare with either "Saul" or "Jephthah's Daughter."

At the Shakesperian Ter-centenary celebration in Montreal, on April 23rd, 1874, Mr. Heavysege read an ode, written for the occasion, whose every line shows his feeling, almost equivalent to worship, towards the greatest of poets. The following is a very mild illustration of this :—

Hail august shade, imperial power,
To whom in this ovative hour
We draw in awful reverence near,—
Approach with love akin to fear.
Assembled twixt these narrow walls,
Wherein thy silent influence falls,
We claim thee as our joy our pride,
Our benefactor, friend, and guide.—
As pious sons, with souls sincere,
Their father's memory revere,
So we would now award the whole,
The homage of the inmost soul ;
The treasury of the time-paid mail
Swells with the mite of our "All hail !"
With our "All hail !" would swell the cry
That unto us seems sweeping by
In steady gale, in half hushed storm,
Whereon proud rides thy radiant form.
As Jove once rode the shining spheres,
Thou ridest now the rolling years—
The rolling years, that low rejoice
With solemn hum, like his huge voice.
Hoary Niagara, heard afar,
Thy numbers greater, grander are ;
Shakespeare more vast thy character.

"Jephthah's Daughter" was published in 1864, although written some years previously, and showed that the author's study had not been in vain, for it has but few of those metrical defects so obvious in the early editions of "Saul." Although this work will probably never be as much admired as its predecessor, it must be considered the more artistic and finished work.

In 1862 Mr. Heavysege changed his occupation to that of a journalist, first being on the Montreal *Transcript*, and two years later on the Montreal *Witness*. It was hoped that by thus coming in contact with literary men his mind would be stimulated to greater action, and he would be able to write more poems and superior ones to those he had already published. But such was not the case. The constant activity enjoined by his professional duties left him less time to think, ponder and dream over his books, and the only work of any pretension published after that time, "Jezebel" by name, which appeared in the first volume of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, was entirely unworthy of the author. As a prose writer he was by no means noticeable, and obtained no higher position on the press than many men with far less natural gifts, but more capable of combatting with the busy seething world, full of the passions, none understood better than he, and concerning which he exclaims, in one of his sonnets !—

Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves ;
It is thy master calls ;
Let me go down, and, curious, trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart, and let me view
The secrets of thy den ;
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.
Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen :
Stir up thy brood that in unrest
Are ever piping keen.
Ah ! what a motley multitude,
Magnanimous and mean !

On his health failing, about two years ago, he began anew to direct his

thoughts to poetical subjects, and often expressed his desire to review "Count Filippo," and leave it perfect. This desire grew stronger as his days grew shorter, but he was cut down before the work was fairly begun, on July 14th, at the age of sixty. There are left no traces of very many fragmentary poems and short completed ones that he wrote, all being burnt by himself. For thus offering his works up in sacrifice, as it were, he appeared to have a mania; everything, either in print or manuscript, that did not please him—and he was the strictest critic of his own writings—was given to the flames. His own opinion, expressed in his last days, was that there were but two books worthy to be preserved, the Bible, book of books, and Shakespeare.

Having thus briefly given an account of the author's life and poems, we will turn to the works themselves and cull a few passages, not selected because they are the best, but simply because as describing an important character or illustrating some especial feature of the author's style.

After Saul's public recognition as king, a group of Hebrews enquire of each other concerning him as follows:

*Third Hebrew.* How seems he to your eyes?
*Fourth Hebrew.* A lion, and a tiger, and a man,
Agreed to dwell in one grand, gloomy den.
*First Hebrew.* If his spirit answers to his form,—and I
Believe it does,—he is the very being
For our occasion; which has grown so foul,
It needs the Evil One to scour it fair;
And I suppose from your description, sir,
He is that personage.
*Fourth Hebrew.* Hast thou not seen him?
*Fifth Hebrew.* Seen him! yes:
T' avoid it would have been most difficult.
E'en taller by the shoulders than the crowd
He moved; and loftier bore his head above it
Than bears a swimmer his above the waves.
From every point he was conspicuous.

* * * * * * * * *

*First Hebrew.* Fitness always
Knows whether it be worthy, though it knows
Not whether 'twill be chosen: and although
Incompetency oft mistakes its meed,
Ability ne'er does. It is a foolish
Saying, "The wise know not their wisdom, nor
The fair their beauty."

After the assault on Jabesh-Gilead, an Ammonitish soldier is pursued by a Hebrew, and offers fifty shekels for his ransom.

*Hebrew.* Dost offer me what I shall win perforce?
Though thou hadst fifty lives, I fifty times
Would take the fifty, though thou offered me
Full fifty shekels for each several life.
Die. (*Plundering him*). Wretch, I take thy shekels, and for them
I give to thee thy meed,—mortality.

After the defeat of the Ammonites, Jonathan, surveying the bloody field, pictures to Saul the difference between their proud position the day previous and at that time when—

Boys and women, yea, and tottering hags,
Go pull them by the beard, or, with their nails,
Extract, unchecked, pale corses' eyeballs, angling
Unhurt within these reservoirs of tears:
Yea, out of dead men's mouths may pluck the tongues
That yesterday at this time bullied them.
*Saul.* Who tower in triumph grovel in defeat.
See how the birds are gathering to the feast!
Thus death feeds life, that is the prey of death.
Yonder behold the stealthy fox comes forth,
Like a camp-follower, to rob the dead!
And, lo! the unclean kite draws nearer, as
The vanguard of the volent scavengers.

Samuel's character is discussed by the same group, and although nothing is said depreciatory of himself, his sons do not fare so well. A Hebrew, referring to the "flagitious doings" of Samuel's sons, says:—

Let their evil in his good be lost;
As is the filthy and defiling smoke
Lost in the purer air.
*Fifth Hebrew.* Yet recollections
Will stick like smuts upon one's memory:
And Samuel's whiteness, though it may reflect
A light on his sons' blackness, but thereby
Doth show it forth more ugly than we thought it;
And they unfitter seem, or now to aid him
Or to succeed hereafter; their demerits,

Illuminated by his worthiness,
Showing yet greater than they first were fancied;
As an apartment's dusty atmosphere,
With bars of golden sunshine streaming through it,
Shows more polluted than had been imagined.

After Samuel slays Agag, the body of the latter is found by a subaltern and a soldier, who, looking at the remains, carry on a conversation, of which the following is a portion.

*Soldier.* Pity not;
He would have done as much for thee and me,—
Ay, or for Saul or Samuel. Listen how
The ground, after the soaking draught of blood,
Smacks its brown lips. It seems to like royal wine
Beyond small beer outleaked from beggar's veins.
*Subaltern.* A beggar he; none poorer now. Behold!
All sceptreless he lies, and none to bury him.
Sceptre! he has no hands wherewith to wield it.
*A Spectator Soldier.* No: but he has two heads, or something like them;
So, were he living, he might wear two crowns.
His face is cloven like a pomegranate:
See how his eyes distend, and gape his jaws!
*Subaltern.* Ay, stricken with terror at Samuel's sword, his spirit
Seems to have leaped out both at doors and windows.
'Tis a dread dissolution.
*Soldier.* Why, all perish,
Even kings; for all meet death at some time.
*Subaltern.* True,
Some crawling to it over eighty years;
And some cast down from life's bright top and summit,
Like Agag, into darkness. If a foe
He was, let's not insult him, but remember,
That if his life was profligate and cruel,
His end's untimely and most tragical.
Gather his scattered relics, cover them
O'er with his blood-dyed robe, and let it be
His purple pall.

Two demons, who for seven days have been driving to the bottomless pit Amalekitish ghosts, are wearied, and desire to return to their place of banishment.

*First Demon.* Now let us down to hell; we've seen the last.
*Second Demon.* Stay; for the road thereto is yet encumbered
With the descending spectres of the killed.
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;
Wherein our spirits—like terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing—
Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs,
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,
At midnight, of the salt-flood's foaming surf,—
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation.

But we have room for no more selections at present. Those above quoted are all from the beginning of the first part of "Saul," and may give some slight idea of the power with which the whole subject is worked out.

Canadians have every reason to be proud of the poet whose life and works we have endeavored to briefly present to them. Like the people of all new countries, they have not sufficient confidence in the ability of their own authors to give them the standing at home that would in all probability have been offered them in older countries, had their works been written there. Had Heavysege's poems been national in their character, or savored in any way of the soil of the author's adoption, the result might have been different. Had "Saul" been a third its length, or if it were even cast in almost any other form than a drama, it might have been more acceptable to the public. But such not being the case, and the works having nothing but their own intrinsic merits to introduce them to the public, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that their sudden recognition may be a matter of time.

# CHESS.

The following from the "Champion Handbook" explains the technical terms used by chess players.

*Castling.*—Once during a game the King is allowed the privilege of "Castling" with either the King's or Queen's Rook. In castling on the King's side, the King is moved, to King's Knight's square, and the Rook to King's Bishop's square. Similarly, in castling on the Queen's side, the King is played to Queen's Bishop's square, and the Rook to Queen's square. Castling, however, is not permissible, (1) if either the King or Rook has been previously moved, (2) if the King be at the time in check, (3) if the King, in the act of castling, has to pass over a square which is commanded by an adverse piece or pawn, or (4) if there be a piece on any intervening square between the King and Rook.

*Check and Checkmate.*—When a player moves a piece or Pawn so as to attack the adverse King, he must give notice of the circumstance by crying "Check." The King is now said to be "in check," and it being a principle of the game that the King cannot move into or remain in check, the "check" must be parried. There are three methods of escaping from check—firstly, by moving the King to one of the adjacent squares not commanded by any of the adverse pieces or Pawns; secondly, by capturing the piece or Pawn that gives; and thirdly, by interposing a piece or Pawn between the attacking piece and the King. If none of these three methods of escape be available, the King is said to be "checkmated," and the player whose King is so situated loses the game.

*Discovered-check and Double-check.*—A "discovered-check," or, as it is sometimes called, a "check by discovery," is brought about by moving a piece which does not itself attack the adverse King, but which intervenes between the latter and a piece that would otherwise give check, and, on being played away, unmasks or "discovers" check. If the intervening piece, on being moved, also gives check, the result is a "double-check."

*Doubled Pawn.*—When two Pawns of the same color are on the same file, the one in front is termed a "Doubled Pawn."

*En Passant.*—We have before mentioned that a Pawn, at its first move, has the option of advancing either one or two squares. If, however, on being advanced two steps it passes over a square on which, if moved one step only, it would have been *en prise* of an adverse Pawn, the latter has the option of taking it "in passing," or "*en passant*." It should be mentioned that the privilege of taking *en passant* is confined to Pawns only, and does not extend to the pieces. This is a privilege which at times may prove very valuable.

In the above position, White, notwithstanding his inferiority in point of force, could checkmate his opponent in two moves, by playing Pawn to Queen's Knight's fourth, were it not that Black has the option of taking *en passant* with his Queen's Bishop's Pawn, just as though White had advanced the Pawn one step only.

*En Prise.*—A piece is said to be *en prise* when it is liable to be captured by an adverse piece or Pawn.

*The Exchange.*—This term is commonly applied to the loss or gain of a Rook in return for a minor piece. A player is said to "win the exchange" when he gains a Rook for a Bishop or Knight.

# BY SPECIAL LICENSE.

PATERFAMILIAS *(impressively, to his coachman)*.—"Jarvis! You will have to drive us first to the Church, then back here to the Wedding Breakfast, and then you will take my daughter and her newly-married husband to the Station at London Bridge; so I particularly wish you to keep thoroughly sober *all day*!"

JARVIS.—"All right, sir! But I should like to take a drop too much this *evening*, sir!"—*Punch*.

# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

## CANADIAN AUTHORS.

Canada, up to the present time, cannot boast of having had many authors whose reputation has been more than local ; but this state of affairs is not likely to continue very long. There is no necessity that it should. There are but few countries, if any, in the world, where a more perfect educational system is in force than in Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and as a result, the young men and women of these Provinces are growing up independent in thought and action, and must crave for a literature peculiarly suited to the thought of the country, and amongst them, in answer to this demand, will grow up writers ready and capable to supply this need.

A good national magazine is probably the best incentive to a creditable national literature, and the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will do its duty in this matter. To make its influence strongly felt, it must have a very large number of subscribers, and to obtain them, we look to those who are interested in this matter. By advertising the magazine through speaking of it, or in any other manner, they must be doing a benefit to it and those induced to subscribe through their influence, and at the same time accomplish a patriotic end. For nearly ten years this magazine has been a heavy loss to the publishers, but, as said before, this will be considered as gain if the end above stated be accomplished

## THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

In the Publishers' Department for August, it was stated that the increase of receipts of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY from March 1st to July 15th, was sixty per cent., and the time when the increase would be a hundred per cent. was not far distant. That time has already arrived. A comparison between the receipts of July, 1875, and July, 1876, shows the increase in amount received for subscriptions to be ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PER CENT. This is an evidence of approval long-hoped for, and gives much encouragement to go on increasing the magazine's value in accordance with the additional aid thereby given. But it must not be considered that the battle is yet won. One month's increase cannot put the magazine on a paying basis. Before that can be done, four thousand additional subscribers must be obtained. That would be an additional subscriber for each present one, and about a thousand over. We believe that this number can be obtained before the close of the 20th volume. We certainly would very much desire to begin the 21st volume—the manhood of this magazine—by issuing a number which will be unrivalled in America. It can be done. Will you help us ?

## BETTER AND BETTER.

During the past few weeks an extraordinary demand has grown up for "Dress and Health," and we mail a large number of copies daily to persons sending their 30 cents per copy for it. Letters have also been received, speaking of the book in high terms, and expressing the writers' thanks for the good advice therein contained.

## AN INVITATION.

We again extend an invitation to those who have any tales of the olden times, or incidents connected with the early history of this country, to forward them to us for inspection and, if suitable, publication. A bouquet of historical reminiscences, we believe, would be interesting to our readers, and, we hope, profitable.

## THE "S" STORY.

Quite a number of answers have been received to the invitation to our "Young Folks" to send us a story in which every word commences with "S." They are all most ingenious, and the best of it is that they are generally by very young folks. "Saucy Susan," "Simple Simon," and many other similar, simpering, soft, silly sitizens—well, that's wrong ; our young friends do much better, and we will finish in the more familiar style—are made to do peculiar actions, and the records are generally very satisfactory.

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