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LÉON GAMBETTA.

New Dominion Monthly.

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TWO CHRISTMASSES IN MY LIFE.



OBINA, come here." It was my Mother who called me from the other room, and I immediately left the work which I was doing and went to her. She was lying on the sofa in our little sitting-room, for she was very ill, dying, the doctor said, of heart disease. It was hard for Stewart and me to realize this, for only a month before Mother had been perfectly well, and in such good spirits.

We expected Father home for six weeks, and were in a great state of excitement in consequence. He was captain of a merchant vessel running between Liverpool and Montreal; but as we did not live in Montreal, but some distance from

it, we seldom had him home for any length of time together. We had made our little house look as pretty as possible, and were all prepared for his coming, expecting that each day would bring a telegram, to tell us that he had arrived.

A week went by, and he did not come; still we were not anxious, only disappointed, for he had often been delayed before. But when another passed, and still no word, we began to get very uneasy.

Poor, dear Mother! every ring at the door bell would drive the color from her face, and bring on a fit of trembling, which frightened us very much, for we had never seen her like that before.

At last one morning Mother came into my room, looking almost happy again. "Robbie, dear," she said, "we have been very foolish not to think of sending to the post-office, for perhaps Father may have been unexpectedly

detained in Liverpool, and there may be a letter waiting for us. I think you had better go and see."

"Why, Mother! we were stupid indeed, and I will go right off," I said, the hope which had entered her heart taking possession of mine. Mother then went down to see about breakfast, a thing she had not done for the last two weeks. But we were all too anxious to eat much, and, after sitting in silence for some time, we rose. I went up stairs again to put on my hat, and when I came down Mother was waiting for me in the hall. She put her arm around my neck and kissed me, but her heart was too full to speak.

"Good-bye, Mother; I will walk very fast and be back in a short time," was all I said, for I feared to say anything that would raise her hopes.

The post-office was some distance from our house, but I was not long in reaching it. When I got near I began to lose hope, and by the time I reached the door I was too agitated to go in. How long I stood there, longing and yet fearing to enter, I know not, but the thought of Mother at home roused me, and without waiting to think further I mounted the steps and opened the door.

There was no person there, and I stood inside for a minute, feeling unable to go and ask for what I wanted. But a man came to the opening and looked at me, so I was obliged to go forward.

"Will you please see," I said, trying to clear my throat of the lump that was choking me, "if there is a letter for Mrs. Captain Dailey?" He went to see, and that minute of agony was the worst of all. I put my hands over my face and prayed God to help us to bear whatever sorrow he thought fit to lay upon us. When I raised my head the man had come back and was looking at me. Seeing, I suppose, the tears with which my eyes were brimming, he seemed unwilling to give me my answer; and when he did it was merely with a

shake of the head, as if he thought that that was a kinder way of breaking the news to me.

I was walking quickly home, for I knew that each minute of suspense would make it worse for Mother in the end, when, just as I reached the corner of our street, a girl without hat or shawl of any kind, and carrying a dust-pan, rushed around it, almost knocking me down in her hurry. In a moment I recognized Mattie.

"Oh, Miss Robina, the doctor!" she gasped. "A letter came for your mother a little while ago, and in a few minutes I heard Master Stewart scream, and when I went into the room she was lying on the floor, like as if she was dead."

I waited to hear no more, and in a few moments was beside her on the floor. Stewart was there, too, with his arms around her neck, calling to her, and begging her to speak to him. "Stewart," I said, "move away quickly; she is not dead, but you will kill her if you do that."

By the time that I had loosened her collar, and tried to restore her by every means in my power, the doctor arrived with Mattie. He looked at mother and felt her pulse; then he looked at me, and I saw by his face what he thought.

"Your mother has received a great shock and you must keep her very quiet," he said. "We will lay her on the lounge, and when she comes to give her a little wine. I can do nothing now, for it may be some time before she recovers; but I will come back this evening. Let her eat anything she cares for, but, above all, keep her very quiet. Don't forget that, my poor boy," he said, patting Stewart's head and looking into his pale face as he went out after helping us to lay her on the sofa.

When he was gone I picked up the letter, which was lying on the floor. It was from the owners of the missing vessel, and told us in few but kind

words the news of its having been wrecked, and all on board lost. I did not cry; and when Stewart whispered to me to tell him what was in it, I said, "Yes, dear, I will to-night, but not now, for we might disturb mother."

In about an hour she opened her eyes and looked at us, but, before we could give her the wine, she had closed them again. It was evening before she became conscious enough to take it, and, after having done so, she fell again into a heavy stupor.

Stewart and I had been sitting with her all day, and I only remembered then that he, poor boy, had had nothing to eat since morning. He had fallen asleep in the arm chair, and looked so pale and worn out that my conscience reproached me for my want of thought, for he was not a strong boy. I went out to the kitchen to tell Mattie to prepare us some tea, and found her sitting before the fire with her apron over her head.

"Mattie," I said, "will you please get us some tea."

"It's ready, Miss, this long time, but I was afeerd to call you, in case of wakin' Missis, poor lady! And is he really drowned, Miss Robina? Oh! poor Master! poor Missis!" and the apron went over the head again and the broad shoulders heaved.

"Don't, Mattie, oh don't! or you will make me unable to bear it. Get up and help me, for I need your help," I said. "We must only think of Mother now, for I know from the way the doctor looked this morning that he thinks she is in great danger; and, oh, what if we were to lose Mother too?"

I did not dare think of it, for I knew how necessary it was that I should keep calm, in case she awoke.

"Bring the tea into the dining-room, and then come and sit beside Mother, while I give Master Stewart some," I said.

"I will indeed, Miss," answered poor Mattie, glad to be of some use, and

who, I think, had felt neglected at not being wanted before. She had lived with us five years, and was much devoted to us all; but she was very demonstrative, and accustomed to give vent to her feelings of either joy or sorrow with uncommon zest; therefore, I had thought she was better out of the way.

When I went back to the room Stewart was awake.

"Come, dear, and we will have our tea, and then I think you had better go to bed, for you look tired," I said.

We went out together, and, after sending Mattie in, we sat down to our lonely meal. I tried to talk a little, praising Mattie's nice, hot buttered toast, though I could hardly taste it; and he, poor boy, seemed to turn sick at the sight.

"I can't, Robbie—I can't take any," he said; and then he went up-stairs.

After looking to see that Mother was all right, and, feeling confident from the look on Mattie's face that she was safe in her hands, I followed him. He was sitting in the moonlight, at the open window, for it was one of those lovely evenings in the beginning of September. I went and stood beside him.

"You need not tell me, Robbie," he said, "for I know all. I read the letter when you were out of the room."

His arm went round me as he spoke, and I, putting my arms around his neck, drew his head on to my shoulder, and we sobbed there together as if our hearts would break, in that our first great sorrow—I, a girl just entering on my eighteenth year, and Stewart, who was twelve. We stayed there until the doctor's carriage warned me that I must go down.

"Good-night, dear," I said, kissing him. "Go to bed, Mattie and I will sit with Mother to-night, so you must take all the rest you can, and be ready to sit up with me to-morrow."

I went down and let the doctor in. He sat silently looking at Mother until I could bear it no longer.

"Doctor," I said, "you must tell me

what you think. I can bear it—I can bear anything now,” and I told him the news of the morning.

“I will, my child, if you wish it,” and then he told me that he had not the least hope of her recovery, though she might linger for a couple of weeks. “Hush! my good girl,” he said to Mattie, whose sobs now became audible, “or I cannot allow you to sit with her. You had better take some rest, and let the servant watch,” he said to me when I had gone with him to the door; “and God bless you, my poor child, you are a brave girl.”

CHAPTER II.

When Mother called me, as I said at the beginning of my story, it was two days after the event spoken of in the former chapter. We had watched her that night, but she slept very calmly, and in the morning awoke at her usual hour. She was quite herself again, though very weak, and lay quiet all that day, seemingly lost in thought. But she said not a word of the news of the day before, and when the doctor came she seemed to take his visit as a matter of course. The strangest part of all was that she never asked for Stewart, for he was her favorite; but I was thankful that she did not, for he, poor boy, had spent the day in crying, and the sight of him would have brought all back to her.

I wonder how I got through that day. I did not want to cry—I felt too despairing for that. I believe Mattie, whose tears were unceasing, thought that I had a heart of stone, and I felt myself as if I had. But my days of weeping came afterwards, and the heartaches which I experienced soon made me cease to fear I had no heart.

When I went to Mother she told me to sit down by her, for she had something to say to me, and then she told me that she knew she was going to

leave us. There was no need to restrain my feelings now, and I knelt down beside her and clung to her.

“Mother,” I cried, “do not leave us. Oh, you must not. What can I, a poor, weak girl, with so many faults, do without you? How can I be a mother to Stewart? Oh, Mother, Mother! my heart will break. I cannot bear so much. God has ceased to be good, and if he takes you as He has taken Father from us, I’ll never pray to Him again.”

She did not speak, but just stroked my hair for some time, while her tears mingled with mine. And then she prayed for me, prayed that God would subdue my rebellious heart, and teach me that whatever He did was right, and that He could and would be more than father and mother to me, and then came the Lord’s Prayer, but I could not join in. After some time she said, “I think, Robbie, that God has been very good to us. If He had taken Father before he was prepared for death, we would indeed have cause for sorrow, and would feel as if our bereavement would be nothing could we but think that he was safe. And now, dear, when we know that he had so recently given his heart to God, let us be thankful, and acknowledge that He has been very good—so good that I do not fear to leave my darlings in His hands.”

She talked to me until my hard heart was thoroughly melted, and I promised that I would cast all my care upon Him, and seek His guidance in all my troubles through life. And then we talked of our worldly prospects, which were certainly not very bright. We had always been very comfortable, but Father had never saved anything, and now Mother said she feared that we would have nothing but what was due to Father from the owners of his vessel.

“But you will not want, Robbie, for you must write to Uncle Stewart, and I know that he will care for you.”

Mother, left an orphan very young, had been brought up by her father's brother, a wealthy manufacturer in Liverpool. He had been very kind to her, and given her everything that wealth could purchase, until she met father, who was a very handsome man, and a gentleman, though poor, and they fell in love with one another and became engaged. But when he asked uncle for her he was enraged, and said that she should never marry a poor man. However, after a time, he said that he would not withhold his consent, but that Mother must choose between them; for, if she married him, he would not give her a penny or see her again. Mother felt very bad at hearing this, for she was very fond of him; but Father was very indignant at his supposing he wanted her money, and, as she loved him dearly, he soon persuaded her to give up all for his sake and come to Canada. He had taken her first to Quebec, where he had friends, and at the time of which I write it was only a year since we had left that dear old city and kind friends to come to our present place of abode, for the sake of Mother's health. Of course my brother and I knew very little of Uncle Stewart, as we called him, and did not want to know anything more of him, for the fact of his not liking Father had made him appear very disagreeable in our eyes. So that when Mother spoke to me about writing to him I shrunk from it, and begged her not to compel me to do that.

"I will not, Robbie, but you must not let Stewart want; if you ever come to that, you know my wishes."

Stewart came into the room then, and I went upstairs, for I knew that she would break it to him, and that he would bear it better alone with her.

We had tea together in the sitting room that night; afterwards we sat beside her, but she could not talk to us, she was too weak. About eight o'clock she said she would go to bed.

Stewart, as was his custom, read the psalm for the evening, and then Mother asked us to sing for her the hymn, "There'll be no sorrow there." We sang as much as we could, but were unable to finish it.

"Never mind, dears, that will do; and let it be a comfort to you to remember that, no matter what sorrows we may have here, there'll be no more there."

Then she prayed for us so beautifully, placing us in our Father's hands with such confidence that even I could not help feeling that we would be secure if we only trusted ourselves to Him. She kissed Stewart good-night over and over again, and then Mattie and I helped her to bed. But she would not have any of us to sit up with her, for being tired she said she would be sure to sleep soundly. So, after saying good-night, we left her reluctantly.

When I went back to the sitting-room Stewart was gone; so I went up to my room, too, with a heavy heart. I went to bed, but could not sleep, and it was not until after the clock had struck four that I fell into a doze.

After sleeping for about a couple of hours, something awoke me—I could not tell what. It seemed like the shutting of a door, but hearing no further noise I thought it was a dream. After trying to go to sleep again, and finding it impossible, I got up and began to dress. I had almost finished, when the noise of a carriage stopping at that early hour at our door made me go and look out. My heart stood still, for it was the doctor, and then I knew that the noise I had heard must have been some one going for him.

In a moment I had thrown on a wrapper, and hurrying down-stairs, found Stewart, Mattie, and the doctor, around mother. They had not heard me go down, and I was beside her before they saw me. One glance, and I knew all; then my strength left me,

and I fell to the floor. I never saw mother again—they carried me up to my room on that morning, and before I was well enough to go down they had taken her away.

My illness was a blessing in one way, for Stewart had been so anxious about me as almost to forget his grief, and now the joy of knowing that I was safe made him happy, for "you see Robbie," he said to me, "your sickness made me realize how lonely and helpless I would be if you were to die too."

The doctor, though a stranger to us before mother's illness, had proved the kindest of friends; he had seen to everything connected with the funeral, for we had made very few friends in our new home, and Stewart had told him, when he asked if he could send for anyone to come to us, that he did not know anyone whom we could ask. But of course he could not be expected to pay our bills, though nothing would induce him to charge us a cent for attendance, and when we came to talk over our affairs with him we found that we were \$50 in debt for funeral expenses.

We sat up until very late that night over the fire talking. The first thing to do, the doctor had told us, was to write to the owners of the vessel and ascertain what was due to father. This he had promised to do himself on the morrow, so that until the answer came we were in perfect ignorance as to what we should have to live on. But one thing we were determined about, and that was, that we would not write to uncle Stewart for assistance, unless, as mother said, we were in want, for we both had a vague idea that he would prove a second Ralph Nicholby, and separate us; as that old, unfeeling uncle had Ralph and his sister. As for Mattie (who had been admitted to our conference), she declared that she would never leave us and that while she had two hands, they should work for us. As for wages, she did not

want any, for to think of two young things like we were being left alone in the world was, as she expressed it, "a fright."

We went to bed feeling anxious, but our minds were too much occupied with thoughts of our future to dwell on our recent affliction.

The next few days were not so dull as might have been expected, for Dr. Wright brought his wife to call on me, and they carried Stewart (who, they thought, was looking very sick) off to stay with them, and Mattie's and my time was fully occupied in making over a black dress of Mother's for me. I did not intend going into mourning, by which I mean crape. I had never liked it, having always felt that should it ever be my misfortune to lose one near and dear to me I should not need to be smothered in crape to remind me of them. And apart from my dislike I could not afford it, and felt that it would not be right to spend money on anything that was unnecessary. So Mattie and I just made over Mother's dress, which was almost new, and with two others not so good which I already had, and a bonnet made out of materials in the house, my mourning outfit was complete.

Dr. Wright took Stewart with him on his rounds, and every day they found time to call and see me more than once, and I was delighted with the change in him, he looked so bright and happy, and so professional that I called him Doctor from that day. On the third evening of Stewart's absence Dr. Wright came in alone to see me, and brought the answer from the ship-owners, which was to the effect that Father had received all that was due to him before starting, the receipt for which could be seen at their office. They sympathized deeply with his widow, and begged her acceptance of the enclosed check for one hundred dollars, as a token of the esteem in which they held her lamented husband. The blow to

me was dreadful, coming as it did so unexpectedly. For myself I did not care; I could have done almost anything for a living; but there was Stewart to be provided for and educated, and this sum, which they so kindly sent us, was all we had in the world, and the half of that was already due for funeral expenses. Fortunately our house rent for the month had been paid in advance, so that we had at least that over our heads for two weeks more. Seeing that I was too overcome to talk, Dr. Wright thoughtfully said "good-night," first offering to present my check for me, and pay the bill already referred to, for which I was very grateful, being totally ignorant of business matters.

When I went to my room that night I remembered what Mother had said about God being more than father or mother to us if we only trusted him, and before going to bed I prayed that He would guide us, but my faith was very weak.

It is proverbial that "one sorrow never comes alone," and it seemed as if mine were never to cease coming. Stewart came home to stay the next day, and brought me the news that the Wrights were going away. It appears that when he went home the night before, Dr. Wright received a telegram informing him of the death of a cousin, also a doctor with a good practice in a country parish, and he was going almost immediately to take his place. So we would lose the only friend we had. Stewart was loud in his lamentations, but as for me, I did not seem to care in the least, I had become so accustomed to changes and sorrow. All I wanted to do was to go and hide somewhere, away from myself and from the difficulties that seemed to rise insurmountably before me. But how little we know what we can bear until put to the test. I had been in doubt as to whether we should be allowed to give up the house on

such short notice, but when we went to see the landlord he was quite willing that we should do so; for houses were scarce, and he could rent it any day, he said. So now the first thing to do was to find some place to go to. We had decided on looking for rooms, as being more economical, and besides, as there were only two of us, we would have felt lost in a house, no matter how small. Mattie had at last come to understand that she would have to leave us, and was going back to her home in the Townships for a while. But we imagined that it would be for good, for she had a beau, and although up to the present time all offers of marriage from him had been declined, her denunciation of the said individual now made us think that she was softening towards him—capricious way of showing a tender feeling; but then Mattie was decidedly capricious at times.

For several days our time was entirely given to house, or rather room-hunting, but without success. We saw several that we liked very well, but they being in the respectable part of the city, were quite beyond our means, and so we were at last obliged to turn our steps to a poorer part.

The people with whom we came in contact here amused us exceedingly, such overwhelming questions as they put to us, without imagining that they were in the least impertinent. Even, we thought, could we have found any place here desirable, it would have been almost impossible to bear such enquiries into our private habits and means as we would have been subjected to. However, Doctor and I laughed a great deal over our adventures, and on the whole quite enjoyed ourselves. The weather was so bracing, and increased our appetites to such a degree, that Mattie (who always managed to have something nice for us) used to say that she would have to take a basket and go out to beg provisions for

the next day. Still we ate all we wanted, and were the happier for it.

After a consultation with Dr. Wright and his wife, who were very busy preparing to go away, and for an auction sale which they intended having of their furniture, we thought that it would be a capital idea for us to put such things of ours as we did not require with theirs, and so realize at least sufficient money to keep us until I succeeded in getting something to do.

CHAPTER III.

We had not a great deal of furniture, but much more than we would require should we succeed in getting the kind of rooms we wished; and now find those rooms we must, for the sale was to take place in a week and we must not lose this chance of disposing of our things. Two days passed and we had only seen one place that would at all suit us, and even that we did not like. It was in the suburbs, and was on the lower flat of a pretty large house, which was occupied by three other families, and we would make the fourth. But the worst feature of all was that the man and his wife who lived on the flat above rejoiced in the happy possession of nine olive branches, and the uproar among the said branches was terrible. They had also, to all appearance, a faculty for falling down stairs, as three of them fell in the short time that we were there, and a fourth seemed in a fair way to perform a similar feat, in his or her (I could not tell which) frantic endeavors to see us as we passed out. However, as none of their limbs were broken it did not matter much, though it was, to say the least of it, rather alarming to one unaccustomed to the performance, but not, evidently, to their mother, who at each tumble opened her door to ask "If it was that Johnny. (or whatever

the last acrobat's name might be) again?" as if it was a settled thing that no one should have more than his share of playing chief actor. And this place, we feared, would have to be our future home if no better place turned up before the end of the week. But to our great joy, on the following Saturday morning, just as we were reluctantly thinking of going to take these rooms, for we had found no others, Dr. Wright came in to tell us that he had passed a house in which there were some rooms to let, about a mile and a half out of the city, and thought that we would like them, at least judging from the outside, which was all he had seen. We were overjoyed, and started immediately after dinner, first receiving strict directions as to the way. It was a long walk, and we enjoyed it very much. Though out of town, there was no lack of houses, or rather I should say cottages, for these predominated. They looked so pretty and home-like that we kept hoping all the way that the place we were going to would turn out to be a cottage too; and so were rather disappointed when we arrived to find that it was a very commonplace looking, white stone house, and decidedly old. It looked so out of place among the houses by which it was surrounded that one was naturally struck with the idea of its having been a sort of inn, on what must have at one time been a country road. I stood looking at it so long that at last Stewart asked me if I was going to be satisfied with an outside view. There was no knocker or bell to the door, and, after knocking on the door itself for some time and receiving no answer, we at last opened it and went in. We found ourselves in a pretty large but very dark passage, with a door on each side, and a staircase in front. Still meeting no one, we knocked at the door on the right. It was opened by a child with a very dirty face and soiled frock, but we did not

see into the room ; for, as soon as the child caught sight of us, he slammed the door in our faces, and went screaming to his mother that there was a lady wanted to see her. After a good deal of commotion inside, which sounded like some one hastily tidying the room, the door was opened by a rather fine-looking woman, as far as her face was concerned, but one had only to glance at her dress to see that she was a sloven of the worst kind. On her head she had pinned a very gay Dolly Varden, hastily could be easily conjectured from its crooked appearance, and a bright scarf around her neck, being worn as it was with a very dirty dress, deteriorated rather than increased her beauty. She seemed relieved to find that we were not going in, and informed us that the rooms to let were up stairs, and that Mrs. Brown, who lived at the head of the landing, had the renting of them. The reference to Mrs. Brown was made with a half sneer, which showed that there was no intimacy between them. When the door was closed again I turned in disgust, and went back to the street, refusing even to go up stairs. But Doctor laughed at me, and went running up on his own responsibility. As soon as he reached the landing he called at the pitch of his voice, "Robbie, Robbie, come here ; this is splendid, our own carpet too." Of course I did not wait for a second invitation, but rushed up like a madcap, and reached the landing just in time to go almost headlong into the room opposite, the door of which was opened at that minute by an old woman, or I should say lady, for she had the appearance of one. It would be hard to say who was the most surprised, she, at seeing us in our panting state, and acting as if we intended taking the house by storm, or we, at seeing such a bright place, and such a dear old lady, in what we had supposed, from the appearance of things down stairs, a prison.

We all laughed. The old lady, or Mrs. Brown, as I must now call her, seemed exceedingly amused, and asked us into her room with such kindness that we both fell in love with her at first sight. We declined the invitation, however, and just told her that we had come to look at the rooms. Mrs. Brown's room or rooms being at the top of the stairs, were, consequently, at the back of the house, but the passage turned again on the upper flat, and went towards the front of the house. It was in this passage that Doctor had spied a strip of carpet like one of ours at home, and it seemed now like a friend there to welcome us. There was a window at the end, looking on to the street, and beside this, on the right, as we went along, was the door leading to the rooms. They were neither numerous nor large, consisting only of one in the front, which was the largest, and very bright, two behind, and a good-sized closet—almost a room. Everything was as clean as hands could make it, but none of the rooms were papered, only whitewashed, which to me had a very cheerless look. However, there was an old-fashioned grate in the front room which would certainly make it look more cheerful if one could afford a fire.

The people, a woman and her daughter, who had lived there before, had had a stove in the front room, with which they had done their cooking ; but as I strongly objected to this (for it seemed to me that it would be a dreadful come down in the world to have to cook and sit in the same room), Mrs. Brown said that I might have the use of her kitchen for one dollar extra ; and as the rooms were only four dollars a month, I thought I should prefer that to cooking in what would be our parlor.

The more we saw of the landlady the more we liked her, and before we had been there very long she knew all about us and our future prospects. We concluded to take the rooms, and

promised to come the next Wednesday if possible. When we reached her door, on our way out, Mrs. Brown insisted upon our going into her room to warm ourselves, for it had been rather chilly in the empty rooms. She had three rooms, sitting-room, bedroom and kitchen; the kitchen was in the front of the house, and was the same size as our front room, opening into the passage in the same way, and right opposite our door, which would be very handy for us. Her rooms proved to be just like ours, only that she had a door at the head of the stairs, and we had not.

Mrs. Brown was one of those old ladies fond of an early tea, and had been in the act of preparing it when we interrupted her; so now nothing would do but that we must stay and have some with her. She took out her best china, made toast, buttered bread, and had tea ready in no time. Lastly, she produced some currant cake and preserves, saying she knew that young people liked sweet things. We were charmed with everything, and the Doctor whispered to me that it was just like a story-book. We had been so busy talking of ourselves we did not learn much about our new friend, except that she was a Methodist, consequently she was the subject of our conversation and conjectures all the way home. From the furniture of her rooms we could tell that she lived alone; and we knew that she was a widow, for she wore the snowiest of widow's caps.

Mattie received a glowing description of our new home and friend, and said she would be more reconciled at leaving us if our landlady was all we described her to be. After tea (it was all ready for us when we got home, and we were nothing loth to partake of it, notwithstanding our previous operation in that line) we started off for Dr. Wright's to tell our good fortune. They were as glad as we about it, but my spirits

sank somewhat when Dr. Wright asked me how we were going to manage about the fuel for our kitchen. I had stupidly never thought of that, and now began to see difficulties ahead. However, there was no help for it now; I had agreed to take the rooms, and would have to do so, even should I be obliged to pay for all the fuel that was consumed. Anyway, I would not be bound to rent it the next month unless I liked. That was a consolation. The more we saw of the Wrights the more we liked them, and I now felt genuine regret at having to part. They were neither of them very young, he being about thirty-two, and she twenty-eight; they had only been married a year, although engaged four, but his prospects were not sufficiently bright to permit his marrying before. She was not to say pretty, or even fine-looking, but so intellectual and interesting that these qualities made up for any lack of beauty. He was a dark, handsome man, but very silent, so that it took one a long time to get to know him, and although I had seen him a great many more times than his wife I did not seem to know him half so well as I did her. They had decided that the sale should take place on Thursday, and that they would board while it was going on, and then take their departure on Saturday. They made me promise to write occasionally and keep them posted with regard to our affairs, and we were without fail, they said, to pay them a visit the next summer. We thought there was very little prospect of our being able to indulge in summer trips; however, it was nice to think and talk about, and, above all, to feel that we had friends who would be glad to welcome us.

Monday morning brought with it just as much work as we could possibly do, and we were not idle, but worked with a will. First of all we had to choose what we thought would be best for our rooms, and then the remainder

we polished up with beeswax (and elbow grease, Mattie said), so as to make things look as presentable as possible for the sale. We would move on Tuesday, for, of course, our things would have to go to the Wrights on Wednesday, so as to be ready for Thursday morning, and we knew that we would avoid half the confusion by moving our things away first. Stewart went that afternoon to tell Mrs. Brown that we were coming sooner than we had at first expected, and came home more delighted with her than ever.

Mattie's heart was made glad with sundry little gifts, chiefly, of course, things that would be useful in house-keeping, and this, we did not fail to impress on her, was the chief reason for our giving them to her. But all our insinuations were received with a very decided shake of the head, which was meant to imply that there was not the slightest chance of Mattie's ever being guilty of any such indiscretion as going to housekeeping. The last night at home was a sad one. We did not talk of our regret at having to leave the house associated with Mother, nor of our grief at having to part with things that had belonged to her, and were very precious to us on that account, though not valuable in themselves, yet, I suppose, we felt it all the more on that account. But I never could talk of my troubles; I did not like being sympathized with, and felt that I could bear them ever so much better if nobody knew that I was suffering. No doubt most people would have considered me hard-hearted; but then it was only I who knew how my heart really ached. Dr. Wright had given me the money for the check, and I never realized before how fast money went. I had to pay Mattie six dollars, and now I found that we could not get our things moved for less than twelve dollars. Of course it was not too much to ask, for this included moving the things to the sale as well;

but it seemed to us, with our limited means, a large amount to part with.

We began moving our things about ten o'clock in the morning. We had only two loads, but, being such a distance away, it was four o'clock in the afternoon before we moved the last one. Mattie stayed to mind the house, while Stewart and I went with each load. Poor Mattie's patience was tried to the utmost by the presence of an incorrigible boy the men had brought with them to help move the things. Doctor and I took quite a fancy to him, he was such a bright little chap, but so mischievous! He would stand and look at Mattie as if lost in adoration, and bow and scrape to her in the politest manner possible; and so sure as she attempted to move anything, he would rush up and say, "Allow me, ma'am; you'll soil your hands," which remark was particularly annoying to Mattie, as her hands were anything but clean, she not having found time to wash them after assisting to take down a stove in the morning. His compliments paid to her were profuse, accompanied by the information that "somebody was on the lookout for a smart one,"—somebody having reference to one of the men who seemed to be watching her. To hint that she was trying to attract attention, and, above all, that of a man, was to Mattie the greatest insult, and in the height of her indignation she just boxed his ears. This treatment proved effectual in stopping his tongue, but he contented himself by winking at her continually in an encouraging sort of way, which was meant to imply that he understood her motives exactly and sympathized with her.

Mattie was to stay at the house until the next day, to see the things safely off, and then to come to us for a day before going home. When we finally arrived at our new home everything seemed the picture of desolation; it was beginning to get dark, and the weather had turned quite cold. The

man, being in a hurry, had just piled the last load anyhow in the middle of the floor, so that, though we had candles, we could not now tell where, and had no light, and of course we had no means of making a fire in the fireplace. I felt like sitting down and having a good cry, but I could not out of consideration for Stewart; for I knew that he was feeling miserable enough as it was, and my giving way would have made him worse. He made me feel ashamed of myself, he was so brave and hopeful, while I was so fearful and desponding.

We had seen nothing of Mrs. Brown all day; her door was locked, so we knew that she must be out. Mattie had put some tea and sugar, bread and butter, and a bottle of milk in a basket, so that we might have tea without trouble; but in the absence of our landlady I could not get to the kitchen to make it. However, at Doctor's suggestion, we sat on a bundle and eat our bread and butter and drank the milk; but a cup of Mattie's nice, hot tea would have been very acceptable, chilled as we were. We felt some disappointment at not seeing Mrs. Brown, for, from her former kindness, we had been led to anticipate a warmer reception from her. However, we had no right to expect anything from a stranger, and perhaps it was just as well that we should realize from the beginning that we had no one to depend on. Feeling refreshed after eating, and in better spirits, we set to work with a will to find a candle. While in the middle of our search the door opened and disclosed Mrs. Brown with a lamp. "My poor children," she said, "I am so sorry that I was not at home to make you comfortable; but I was sent for this morning to visit a sick woman, and could not get back before. But we must make up for it now, by being doubly comfortable, so I will go and light my fires, and you must come and have tea with me." Aided by the lamp

we had found the candle by this time, so we thanked her and gave a description of our repast on the top of the bundle, which we thought would keep us alive until morning; and in the meantime we must make all possible haste to get our beds up, and furniture out of the middle of the floor.

"Well, my dears," she said, "do just as you like, but I must go now and get my tea, for I am very hungry after my long walk. Do not move the heavy things yet, for I will come and help you bye and bye."

However, we set to work, and by the time she came back had our beds up, and the furniture of each bed-room in its place. This certainly did not amount to much on the whole, as we only had a bed, bureau and wash-stand each, with the addition of a table for me; but we spent more time in choosing places for the things than we did in moving them. Our bed-rooms were not very large, and had only one window in each, but we found them quite light enough, and they gave promise of being very pretty when supplied with the little finishings which go so far towards making a room look nice.

Mrs. Brown brought materials for a fire, and we soon had one blazing brightly in the grate, before which we hung our bed-clothes to warm. We then unpacked our china, washed and put it away; emptied barrels of pots, pans and tins, and made a litter generally. But that was soon swept up, our beds made, and every thing that it was possible to do was done. Our dear old friend seemed determined to make as much of us as possible, for when our work was finished she made us go into her room to have some coffee and nice, home-made cake, made expressly for us, and which, judging from the quantity that disappeared, was fully enjoyed. All my uneasiness about the kitchen fire was put to flight that night, for Mrs. Brown said that she kept a fire going all the time, and that my

using the stove would not make it necessary to burn more wood, consequently it would cost me nothing. This was joyful news, and took a weight off my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

Coffee is generally supposed to keep people awake, but it had the contrary effect on us, for it was nine o'clock the next morning before we had any idea that it was morning at all. I told Mrs. Brown that I was afraid I should never make a thorough housekeeper while I lived with her, for she had the fire lit and the kettle boiling, so that getting breakfast for two was mere play. We had not a great bill of fare—just tea and toast. It seemed a poor repast for us, for Mattie had always managed to have something nice; in fact, I think she had spoiled us with dainties. But the thought came to me now that the time might come when the repast that we now thought frugal would be to us a sumptuous one.

Stewart immediately after breakfast started off to bring Mattie, for she did not know the way, and they arrived back about noon. Mattie was in a much better humor than she had been the day before, for the incorrigible boy had not put in an appearance to worry her, and everything had gone entirely to her satisfaction. We all know that the view we take of things in general depends a good deal on the state of our feelings, and so it was with her now. She thought everything about our rooms delightful, and her good opinion of Mrs. Brown, if possible, exceeded ours. She thought her, she said, nice enough to be a relation of our sainted Mother's, which was in her opinion, and ours, too, the highest compliment that could be paid to anyone.

With Mattie's help that day our rooms were transformed; the sitting-room, we thought, was the cosiest place

that we had ever seen. We had brought our dining-room carpet, which was almost new, and a nice bright one, and I kept our parlor curtains, which were a nice, comfortable crimson, and would have made the room look furnished without anything else, almost. I had had my doubts about keeping them, but they had been dyed, and would not have sold for much at an auction, so I decided to indulge in the luxury, and now I was delighted that I had done so. Our table was anything but handsome, but this we covered with a cloth; and the sofa, the shabbiest thing in the room, was put with its back to the light and ornamented with a couple of tidies, so that a casual observer would never have dreamed that it had gone through the battle of life. Then with the chairs, two hanging book-shelves, a few pictures and other little knick-knacks, our room was complete, and would, we thought, be spoiled with any addition to its furnishing. Our bedrooms, too, were very nice, and we were quite satisfied with them, although we had only strips of carpet on the floor and very little furniture. Perhaps it was an indiscretion, but as it was the last night that we were to have Mattie, and the first one of being settled, we determined to have a house-warming in the form of a little supper. It certainly did not take long to issue the invitations, for our landlady was the only person whom we knew to invite, and that invitation was issued and accepted in no time.

Mattie had brought a large cake with her in the morning as a farewell offering, and we made sandwiches with some cold ham we had brought with us, so as not to have to cook while settling, but we had forgotten it in the bustle, and now it came in splendidly. We were also to have coffee, and Stewart was despatched to buy some apples and nuts. Now that everything was settled about the supper, we were at our wits' end to know what to do for a fire, as

we had no coal or wood yet, and did not know where to get any. Mattie said she thought it would be more like a house freezing than a house warming without it. When Stewart came back, he said he had met a boy downstairs who showed him what shop to go to, and that perhaps he would know where we could get some coal, so I gave him the money, and he went off in search. In about half an hour he returned, carrying, with the boy's assistance, a large basket containing about half a bushel of coal, which, as we had no coal scuttle, I was at a loss to know what to do with. But the boy said he knew the man they had bought the coal from, and that he would not mind our keeping the basket until morning. When he was gone, Doctor said, "Oh, Robbie, he is such a splendid boy, let us ask him to our supper." But I said that we could not do that without knowing something about him. However, Doctor seemed so disappointed, I said I would go and ask Mrs. Brown if she knew him. He turned out to be the step-son of the woman down stairs, the one who had opened the door for us the day we came to look at the rooms. Mrs. Brown said that she did not know much about him, but that he seemed a nice boy, and one, poor fellow, who did not appear to have much comfort at home, for, as his step-mother was continually scolding him, he passed most of his time in the passage and on the stairs. So Stewart was delighted to be the bearer of an invitation to his new friend, Percy Johnstone.

By seven o'clock our guests had arrived, Mrs. Brown first, with a snow-white cap, and looking like a picture, and then Percy, with nothing snow-white, and looking anything but a picture, unless it was of neglect. His face and hands were clean, it is true, and his hair smooth, but he had no collar, and his jacket was buttoned up tight (at least as tight as could be, con-

sidering the absence of several buttons) to hide a dirty shirt, glimpses of which could be seen in the places where the buttons ought to have been. A rent in his jacket had been sewed with white thread, evidently by himself, but in spite of all these defects I was struck with the frank, manly expression of his face, and the gentlemanly way in which he conducted himself was not at all in keeping with his clothes. The evening passed very pleasantly. Doctor and Percy had a grand time together. Mattie, unaccustomed to join in any of our social gatherings, was at first a little awkward, but soon at her ease, and telling Mrs. Brown in her own peculiar way all about her home, and of her joy that we had found such a friend now that she was obliged to return to it.

So our house warming was voted a great success. It was a heart warming, too, we felt when we said good-night, and had more true happiness in it than many a grander entertainment. Percy had told Stewart that his step-mother would not let him put on his best jacket, and that he had at first thought that he would not come, but the temptation had been too strong, and he hoped that we would excuse his appearance. His mother, he said, had died when he was seven years of age; now he was fourteen. For the first two years after his mother's death he had been very happy with his father, but since then he had had a step-mother, and she was not very kind to him. His grandfather, a Mr. Percy, and very well off, had disowned his mother because she married beneath her, and he just knew of the existence of his grandchild, and that was all. The similarity in the career of our mother made us, if possible, more sympathetic, and Doctor said he felt like giving him half his clothes, and other worldly possessions. However, as that could not be done, we made up our minds to give him our friendship,

which would be far more pleasing to him, we felt sure.

Mattie, the next day, with many tears and lamentations, took her departure after receiving strict injunctions about sending us some of her wedding cake, so that we might be apprised of the happy event. On Saturday we went and said good-bye to our friends, the Wrights, and it seemed to us then that every tie which bound us to our old life had been severed. We now entered upon a period of about two months, in which nothing particular occurred to mark unless it was its dull monotony. We had realized enough by the sale to keep us for the winter; but my desire was to keep this as a reserve, and to earn if possible sufficient for our present support. My education had been thorough as far as it went. I had left school, it is true, when I was sixteen, but I was well advanced for my age, and now felt quite capable of imparting all the knowledge that I possessed to others. But all my attempts to find pupils were fruitless. I knew no one to whom I could apply for assistance; so the only course to pursue, I thought, was to advertise; but after spending a couple of dollars in this way without receiving a single answer, I gave it up as hopeless. Of course, there was no money to spare for Stewart's schooling, so I taught him as best I could at home. There were some things of which I could teach him but little, such as Latin, of which boys at school now-a-days get so much, to the neglect, perhaps, of more essential studies. Anyway, he learned thoroughly all he attempted, but had to be content to leave the more advanced studies until a more prosperous period.

He had persuaded me to teach Percy too, so that my mornings were entirely devoted to them, and they studied together in the evenings. He, Percy, was very backward, poor boy, for his education had been almost en-

tirely neglected, but the progress he made in two months was remarkable, so that it was a pleasure to teach him.

Stewart had never had a boy friend before, and they were inseparable. Every afternoon they would go off for a stroll together, and come back glowing with health and happiness. We always had him to tea, for we accidentally found out that as they waited tea at home for his father, who never arrived before eight o'clock, Percy never got any, as he was busy studying with Stewart at that hour, and his step-mother never kept his for him. The bread flew faster in consequence, but I did not mind this, for I knew that by sharing our comforts we would never lose anything in the end. He had improved very much in appearance since we saw him the first night. When I had consented to let him come and learn with Doctor, I waylaid his father in the passage one Sunday and asked his consent. He was a nice man, but Percy did not take after him, for there was a roughness about the father that was foreign to the son. He was very grateful and consented willingly to allow him to come; so, after that, the Sunday jacket took the place of the week-day one, and the void was filled by a new.

It was a fortunate thing for Doctor that he was not depending at this time on me for company, as I was feeling anything but lively. My want of success in finding anything to do had made me downhearted and depressed. I used to sit for hours sewing, and thinking with dread of the future. Mrs. Brown used to bring her knitting, and sit with me every afternoon, and but for her I think I would have been in despair. She used to tell me that I must pray that God would help me to trust Him more, for that He knew what was best for me, and I must believe that all He did was right. Dear old lady! I always felt more hopeful after these talks with her, but my heart

would often turn faint when I thought of what was perhaps before us. At last it was the day before Christmas, the time that had always been to us the most joyous of the whole year, for we nearly always had father home at that time, and now we would have neither father nor mother. I looked forward to it with dread, and wished that we could sleep through it, and wake up to find it over, or have it pass in some way, no matter how, so long as it was unknown to us. But the bustle everywhere had made it impossible to be oblivious to the fact that it was Christmas, that time when the coldest and hardest hearts almost seem to get warm and genial. Even Percy's step-mother was almost kind to him, and all his spare time was spent in running messages for her, for she was busy making preparations to have some of her family to dinner. I had made no preparations for our dinner, as Mrs. Brown, who had no relations to invite, but was quite as much alone in the world as we were, had kindly invited us to dine with her. Other years my time had been occupied for a couple of months beforehand in making presents for every one. But this year I had not had the heart to make anything, but was going to give Stewart a silver watch of father's, which I knew would more than satisfy him. We were alone on Christmas-eve, for Percy was waiting on his mother, and Mrs. Brown was making preparations for her Christmas dinner, so we went to bed early. But my thoughts were so busy I found it impossible to sleep; so putting on my wrapper and a shawl, I went into the sitting-room. The fire in the grate was not yet dead, so I put another lump of coal on, and went and sat on the window-seat. It was a lovely moonlit night, and I could see everything in the street quite distinctly. From the numbers of people out—for it was only about eleven o'clock—one would imagine that every person had

left his or her shopping undone until then. I almost forgot myself in watching them, and trying to read their histories from their appearance. The people out at this hour were of the class whose money is hard-earned, and who value it accordingly; so the little purchases were carried home with a pleasure and satisfaction unknown to many richer people, who, from reclining continually in the lap of luxury, hardly know which way to turn in order to make themselves more comfortable at this festive season. But after a while every one seemed to have gone home, and I had now nothing to occupy my attention but the house opposite. I have never mentioned it before, but nevertheless I had been interested in it ever since we came to the neighborhood.

The house in itself was not remarkable, though very comfortable looking; so it was not in that, but in the inmates that I was interested. It was occupied by a Dr. Campbell, as I learned from the door-plate; but I did not notice him much, for my sympathies were entirely given to his little girl of about nine, who seemed to lead a life of utter weariness and inactivity. Most of her time she spent in the window, sometimes with a book, but generally doing nothing. Her only delight seemed to be in watching for her father, and, at the first glimpse of his sleigh, she would rush to the door and wait for him, and such a hugging as he would get! The same scene was always enacted when he went away, only that in the good-bye kisses there was a lingering as if she could not bear to part with him. Poor child! how I pitied her, for she had no mother, Mrs. Brown told me; so the housekeeper, two servants and this child had the house for the most part of the time to themselves. She seemed even more interested in us than we were in her, for she was always looking over; so our mutual inquisitiveness ended in our always smiling and bowing when

we saw one another. I had not seen her this day, for she had gone out with her father, as she sometimes did, and, now as I sat looking at the house, I wondered what kind of a Christmas she would spend. All the lights had gone out over there, and once more I came back to thoughts of myself and of all that had taken place since the last Christmas, and of what might take place before another. It would be impossible for me to mention all the thoughts that passed through my mind; that they were gloomy may be conjectured from the fact that I shed a great many tears and made myself utterly miserable. Then the chimes rang out, and I know not what influenced me, but I got up from my seat and knelt with my head in my hands while they rang, and for long after they had ceased. I did not pray in words, but there was a longing in my soul that I hardly understood—a longing for some one to lean upon—some one who could understand all my misgivings, and comfort and direct me. I knew that God could do more than this for me, and I had always been in the habit of praying for guidance from Him; but I had never fully trusted Him, so I experienced an unrest that I could not get rid of. But while I knelt there in loneliness I thought, Why can I not take God for my friend? and at this moment I did, and determined for the future to trust myself fully to His keeping. And He was just as willing to be my friend as I was to have Him, for He spoke such peace to my heart as I shall never forget—all my fear was gone. I knew that I was safe in His hands, and I felt that if He thought fit to cast us on the street I could still trust Him and believe that it was for our good. I got up from my knees and looked out of the window with different feelings now; and my soul sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men."

I had just got back to my room, and was preparing to go to bed once more, when a man's voice in the street, calling "fire," startled me. I went back to the window and was astonished as well as alarmed to see flames issuing from one of the upper windows of the house opposite. I thought it best not to awaken Stewart until I saw if there was any actual danger, and so I stood there waiting. In a few minutes the firemen arrived, for there was a station not far from us, and the street, before deserted, now seemed alive with people, and, of course, everything went on—well "like a house on fire." Suddenly I caught sight of a little figure on the steps, looking in terror up and down the street, as if for some one to take her, but no one seemed to notice her; so she came down on to the sidewalk among the crowd. It was too dark on our side of the street for her to see me in the window, though I could see that she looked beseechingly up several times. I opened the door softly, and groped my way down stairs and out into the street. I made my way with difficulty across, and at last managed to get near enough to take hold of her.

"Come with me," I said, "and I will take care of you."

But she started from me at my touch, and said,

"Who are you? Where is my pa?"

When I told her who I was, she said,

"You are not the pretty lady who lives over there, and that I have always wanted to go and see, are you?"

No wonder that she did not know me, for I must have looked like some crazy creature, as my hair was streaming over my shoulders, and I had nothing on my head; so with my wrapper and shawl I presented anything but a prepossessing appearance. However, I reassured her, and she gave me her hand, and let me lead her across the street and into the house. When we got upstairs we found that Stewart and

Mrs. Brown had both been awakened by the noise, and were in great consternation at my absence. This was hardly lessened when I appeared half dressed, and leading a child much in the same condition as myself. However, everything was explained in a minute, and we soon had a blazing fire, and the little stranger comfortably tucked up on the sofa. She was a most interesting looking child, and while she sat there watching us with her large, wondering brown eyes, and with her hair streaming over her shoulders in large natural waves, I thought her beautiful. By this time the fire had been got under and the firemen were going home. Dr. Campbell had been called away, his child told me, and would not be back until the morning, so I determined to keep her for the night, as none of the servants had been to enquire about her. She did not know how the fire originated; all she knew was that one of the servants had dragged her out of bed, dressed her hurriedly, and then left her to herself. I was going to make her a bed on the sofa, but she asked me to let her come with me, so once more I started for bed.

My little friend's name was Ruth, after her mother, who had been dead two years. She was a confiding child, and told me all her little sorrows.

"You will think me very naughty," she said, "but I am glad that our house took fire, for now I have got to know you. I have no one to play with at home, and it is so lonely, except when pa's there; but (and a sad look came over her face) I am not going to have him long either, for he has been buying some new furniture, and nurse says that he is going to bring me home a new mamma, and that I will have to go to school then, and only see him once in a great while."

This was more than she could bear, and she burst into tears. I comforted her as well as I could, and told

her that I thought she would be a great deal happier if she had a mother.

"And you know, dear," I said, "your father loves you, and I am sure that he will not bring anyone to take care of you who is not very nice."

I awoke about six o'clock in a sort of maze, but the sight of the little sleeper beside me brought everything back to my memory. I got up and dressed, went to wish Doctor "A Merry Christmas," and found him eating candy, and in perfect raptures over the watch which he had found in a watch-stand beside the bed. I then lit the grate-fire, and swept and dusted the room. This had been my work every morning, but I had never done it with so much pleasure and satisfaction as I did now. And this was the day that I had dreaded so much. I could hardly believe it, I was so happy and felt that it was going to be a beautiful Christmas.

The house opposite had not sustained much damage on the outside, but as the upper windows on the side of the house where the fire occurred had been torn out, and the water poured in, I could easily imagine the state of the inside. A couple of policemen were on guard, but there was not a sign of one of the servants. As I looked I pitied the man who would come home on this Christmas morning and find it the picture of desolation. Stewart was dressed by this time, and I told him I thought he had better sit in the window, so as to see Ruth's father if he should arrive, and be ready to go and tell him where she was, and that I would go and prepare breakfast.

When I went to the kitchen Mrs. Brown was already there, and we wished one another "A Merry Christmas." After she had kissed me, she held me from her and said, "What makes you look so happy, dear? I have never seen you look so before." When I told her of my determination of the night before, and of my present peace and

happiness, she kissed me again and said, "I knew, dear, that it would come." Then we set to work to get the breakfast, and I made hot biscuits because Stewart liked them; so it was a little later than usual before breakfast was ready. Then I went in to see if our little guest was awake, and to my surprise found her almost dressed, for I supposed that she had been accustomed to be waited upon, but she laughed and said, "Oh, no, she always liked to dress herself."

Percy came up during breakfast-time to wish us "A Merry Christmas" and show a splendid knife and some new collars which his father had bought him. His astonishment at seeing our guest was ludicrous. He asked who she was with his eyes, though he did not in words; so I told him about my going down stairs in the middle of the night. He said they had not heard me, and knew nothing about the fire until it was over.

We had almost finished breakfast when Ruth astonished us by jumping off her chair and running to the window, at which she began to rap as if determined on breaking it. Of course we followed her, and soon discovered the cause of her excitement. Her ears, accustomed to listen for it, had caught the sound of her father's bells, and she was now vainly endeavoring to attract his attention; but he did not even seem to hear the rapping. The sleigh had stopped, but he seemed riveted to the seat, and sat there gazing up at the house.

Ruth wanted to go down just as she was, but I would not let her go out in the cold, and sent Stewart down. By the time he got across the street, Dr. Campbell had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to go up the steps, so he just reached him as he was going in the door. Ruth had continued her rapping all the time, but it was not until Stewart spoke to him that he turned and looked up. She beckoned,

and he answered by starting back immediately with Stewart. It was useless to try to keep her any longer, and she rushed downstairs to meet him. She must have told him all about the fire in coming up, for the first thing he did when he got upstairs was to thank me for being so thoughtful as to take in his little Ruthie. Dr. Campbell was not a handsome man, on the contrary, I think most people would have considered him ugly. He was tall and large, had hair so curly that it was almost woolly, and a nose with what Percy would have called a handle to it.

After a good deal of talk it was decided that Ruth should stay with me for the day, as she was very anxious to do, while he went to look for rooms to go to while their house was being repaired. Ruth reminded her father that she had hung up her stocking, but had seen nothing of it since. "Why," he said, "you could not expect Santa Claus to go down the chimney while it was on fire, but I will go and see if I can find him, for he may still have something for you." He stayed with her for about half an hour, and then went over to the house. He found the house-keeper there, and she was very much astonished to hear what had become of Miss Ruth, for the first thing that she had done was to tell the nurse to take her to one of the neighbors, and to stay with her. She had intended going to look for her after she had seen to the house a bit she said. But being told that was unnecessary now, and all that Miss Ruth wanted was some clothes, she said she would have those ready to take away in the evening.

Before the morning was over Dr. Campbell came back from a very fruitful search after Santa Claus, for he brought Ruth a beautiful locket, scrap book, and two story-books, besides candies and cakes enough for a dozen children, at which I was rather surprised as he was a doctor—but then it was Christmas.

He went away at last, after telling Ruth that he would come for her at eight o'clock, so now we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, in which we succeeded to our entire satisfaction. We went to Mrs. Brown's to dinner, at which everything was splendid. She entertained us afterwards by showing us things that had belonged to her when she was young; and by telling us stories of herself, which made us both laugh and cry. I insisted upon having tea in our own room, and Stewart went and asked Percy to come. We had great fun, and were all very sorry when eight o'clock came, and Ruth's father arrived to take her home. We said good-night reluctantly, and Ruth asked me at parting to let her come over to see me sometimes when they got back to their house; to which I said "Yes," as often as she liked. I did not forget to thank God that night for making the day to which I had looked forward with so much dread one of the happiest of my life.

CHAPTER V.

The week between Christmas and New Year passed very pleasantly. Stewart had no studies for that time, so we took a great many long walks. The snow was now plentiful, and we used sometimes to wish that we could afford a sleigh-ride, but we knew that we could not, so did not indulge.

We had been brought up in the Church of England, and had never been to any other, so that when we moved to our new home we went to the one that was nearest to us, though there were churches of other denominations much nearer; still, though we attended regularly, no one took the least notice of us, nor did the clergyman ever call on us, or try to find out who we were. Had his congregation been large, we would have thought that he had not noticed us, but as it was particularly

small, he could not have failed to do so. So on New Year's eve, when Mrs. Brown, who, as I said before, was a Methodist, asked us to go with her at midnight to a service which they held in their church we consented to go. When we arrived at the church, which was a small, and by no means an elaborate one, hardly any person had arrived. The minister was there, however, and he was walking around speaking to those assembled. He came and shook hands with Mrs. Brown, and she introduced us. His name was Allan, and such a benevolent looking old gentleman. He shook hands, saying he was glad to see us there, and then moved on; in a minute or two he came back and asked me if I could play the harmonium, for that if I could he would be so much obliged if I would play for them, as the young lady who was in the habit of doing so was very ill and unable to attend.

We had had a harmonium of our own in Quebec, for mother played on it beautifully, and had taught me, so I told him that I was able to play, but as I had never attended any but the Church of England, I was unacquainted with the service and afraid to venture, for I did not know what was expected of me.

"Oh," he said, "you need have no fear; our service is very plain, and all you will have to do will be to play three hymns and a piece during collection if you like."

He brought me a hymn book to see if I was familiar with the hymns. I knew a good many of them, so he chose those that I knew, and I went forward with him to the harmonium. I was very nervous, and hardly knew whether I was playing correctly or not, but they told me afterwards that I did very well. The service, however, did me no good, for I was too nervous to attend to it, and could hardly have told afterwards what had been done or said, but Stewart said he liked it very much

and would not mind going there always.

Christmas and New Year fell on Wednesday that year, and on the Monday after we resumed our studies. Percy was so anxious to get on. He had been studying hard during the holidays, and with the help of his father had made considerable progress with his arithmetic, and improved very much in his writing. The house opposite seemed to be quite repaired again. The house-keeper was there, but two new servants took the places of the old ones, so now that the house was ready I was expecting every day to see my little friend arrive. On the Wednesday of that week Mr. Allan, the Methodist minister, came to see me; he went to see Mrs. Brown first and came to our rooms afterwards, but his motive in coming was to ask me to accept the post of organist in his church, as the young lady who had occupied that position was obliged to resign on account of ill health. The salary was not a large one, only fifteen pounds for the year. Even this was not to be despised by one in my position. Still I was a staunch adherent of the English Church and could not bear the thought of leaving it for any other, so I told him how I felt about it.

"You are quite right, my child," he said, "in not wanting to leave your own church, and I am glad to be able to tell you that you will not be obliged to do so, for ours is only a mission church, and we have service every Sunday evening and Wednesday evening only, so that you will still be able to attend your own in the mornings."

I gratefully accepted the post, and promised to enter upon my duties that evening. He told me that I could get whatever books I required at the church, and that he would give me the key of the building that night so that I might practice whenever I liked. I was glad of this, for having been without an instrument so long I felt

somewhat out of practice, and apart from this I was passionately fond of music, and it would be a great pleasure. On Thursday morning, as we were seated comfortably at our lessons, there was a rap at the door. I thought it was our landlady, and said, "Come in." The invitation was accepted by Ruth, who rushed at me and nearly smothered me with kisses.

"We've got home, and I'm so glad, for I have been wanting to see you every day since we went away," she said.

Of course I could not do otherwise than ask her to stay, but the boys did not get on with their lessons, for they lost all interest in them, they were so taken up with her and her little charming ways. I told her afterwards that she must not come over during school hours, but that she could come every afternoon if she liked. She looked very much disappointed, but I was firm, though I felt half inclined the next day, when I saw her sitting disconsolately in the window, to beckon her over, but as the boys were deep in their sums I knew that I had better not. On Saturday afternoon we went to the church and took Ruth with us. Mr. Allan had promised to bring me the hymns which we were to sing on Sunday, as I wanted to practice them, for I found that the people, as they had no choir, expected the organist to lead the singing as well. Mr. Allan was not there when we arrived, so we thought we would pass the time in singing. Stewart and I used to sing a great deal together for Mother. He sang a beautiful alto, and I was very anxious to have him stand beside me and help me in the church, but he was shy and did not want to. We happened to sing a hymn that Percy knew, and he joined in, and I almost stopped singing to listen to him, he had such a beautiful voice. Doctor said he would not mind singing so much if Percy would help too. Percy said he would like to very much, but that he knew so

few hymns, and I would have the bother of teaching him; but as I did not mind this, we forthwith organized ourselves into a choir, and as that important body sang another hymn. We were just at the last verse when Ruth whispered to me that there was a gentleman behind us. I turned, expecting to see Mr. Allan. I was surprised to see in his stead quite a young man. He came forward on being discovered and introduced himself as Mr. West, Mr. Allan's assistant.

I said that I had expected Mr. Allan, but he told me that he nearly always preached in his own church in the city on Sundays, and only there on Wednesday evenings. Mr. West was a tall fair young man, and people who admired fair men would have considered him very handsome, but I did not admire men of that type, though I suppose I should have according to rule, being dark myself. But though I could not but admit that he had a nice face, to me there was a weak look about it, and I did not anticipate much from his sermons. We practised the hymns, and as he sang a good bass, he was quite an addition to our choir. At last it began to get dark in the little church, and we were obliged to put away our books. Ruth was discovered fast asleep in her seat, overcome by her long walk. I awoke her with a kiss, and she rubbed her eyes, and looked very much ashamed of herself. Her father overtook us with his sleigh on the road, and drove her home. They kindly invited me to get in too, but I preferred walking home with the boys.

Our singing on Sunday was a great success, but the sermon was, as I anticipated, weak, but delivered with sincerity. When the service was over, who should I discover at the back of the church but Ruth and her father. Ruth had been charmed with our singing the day before, so I suppose had persuaded her father to bring her to hear us. I told the boys afterwards

that I knew what had made them sing so well. I was glad that I had not discovered them before, for I think that I would have been more nervous before Dr. Campbell than all the rest of the congregation, for I had the idea that he was very hard to please. As it was I was not in the least nervous.

Mr. West, whose way home was the same as ours, walked with us. He was very nice to talk to I thought. On Monday Dr. Campbell wrote to me asking if I would take Ruth as a pupil. He said he would feel greatly obliged if I would, as it was quite time that she was going to school, and he did not know where to send her. So it was settled that I should teach her, for which I was to receive five dollars a month. I was now earning ten dollars a month, which of course was not sufficient to keep us and pay the rent besides, so I was still obliged to draw from our little reserve fund, but took care that it was as little as possible, and continued to hope that I might find some other means of earning money.

So the winter passed happily with us all; but there was one thing that troubled me a little, and about which I did not know how to act. Mr. Allan had been taken sick, so that Mr. West had now entire charge of the little church, and we saw a great deal of him; he used to walk home with me always after the services, and every Saturday he came to practice with us, and from his actions and one or two things he said, I began to dread that I was becoming more to him than a friend, but I knew not what to do. I liked him very much, and used to enjoy the long talks we had on the way home, but there was no deeper feeling in my heart for him. I did not know what love was, but felt persuaded that I had as yet had no experience of the sensation.

And so the time went on until it came to be the beginning of June, and

for that season of the year the heat was very oppressive, and a very warm summer was anticipated. I began to be very anxious about Stewart, he had grown so quiet and languid of late. I made him give up his studies for a while, so every morning he used to sit at the open window while we went on with our lessons, and on Saturdays we used to take our lunch and go into the country a little way to spend the day, instead of going to practice as formerly. I never coveted riches, but I used to think on these days how nice it would be if I could afford to take Stewart to some place in the country for the summer, for he was so much better after these little trips, I knew that it would do him a world of good.

We had had several letters from the Wrights since they went away, and they were very kind in asking us to pay them a visit, but I could not go, and Stewart would not go without me. Mrs. Wright, in one of her letters, gave us an interesting piece of news, which was that Dr. Wright, in visiting the next parish, had come across Mattie, who as Mrs. Priggins was reigning over Mr. Priggins and the Priggins mansion. Of course she had asked all manner of questions about us, and longed to see us again.

By the first of July Stewart was so bad that I was obliged to send for Dr. Campbell to come and see him. He said his constitution was run down, and that he needed change of air. Stewart did not want to go away without me, and I did not know how to manage it, until a couple of days afterwards Dr. Campbell came in again and said that he had a nice little plan to propose. He tried to make us guess what it was, but as we could not, he told us that he had been to visit a sick person about ten miles out in the country, in the loveliest spot imaginable, just the place for Stewart he thought, and so had enquired if there were any rooms to let for the summer about the village. He

was sent to a house where there was an old couple who had three furnished rooms to let, and his idea was to take these rooms for Ruth, if we and Mrs. Brown would go with her, and let her board with us; for he wanted to send her somewhere, but could not send her alone, and was not able to go himself. We thought the plan of all going together splendid, but I would not even speak of it to Mrs. Brown until Dr. Campbell had consented to let me pay the rent. I expected to meet with opposition in Mrs. Brown, for old people, as a rule, are not fond of moving about, but to my surprise she was quite taken with the scheme. I had not thought about the housekeeping arrangements, but her idea was that I should have the entire charge, and that she would pay me what it cost her to live at home. I, of course, expected to have to pay her the rent for the town rooms, even though we did not occupy them, but she would not hear of such a thing. So it was decided that we should go the next week. Our only regret at going away was that we would have to leave Percy behind, and he, poor boy, was feeling lonely from the very anticipation of losing us; however, Dr. Campbell promised to drive him out to see us, and before I went I got his mother to consent to let him stay a week when he did come. I wrote to Mr. Allan telling him that I was obliged to go away for a couple of months, but that if they found no one to take my place while I was away I should be very glad to accept the position again when I returned.

On Sunday night when we came out of church we found it raining. Percy and I were alone, for Stewart was not well enough to go, and Mrs. Brown had kindly stayed with him. It looked as if it was going to rain very hard, and Percy wanted me to wait while he ran home for an umbrella. However, while we were deliberating Mr. West came out. He said he had an umbrella in the

vestry, and would be most happy to take me home, so Percy ran on ahead, and I felt very much like following him, but Mr. West had gone to get the umbrella and I was obliged to wait for him. We were not so chatty as usual that night, and once or twice the silence was painful. I intended telling him that I was going away, but hoped that he would speak of it first. I began to think that he did not know of it when at last he said,

"I hear that you are going away, Miss Robbie?"

"Yes," I answered.

"The church will seem very lonesome then."

"Oh, of course the service will be duller without music, but I dare say you will find some one to fill my place."

By this time we had come to the door, and he took my hand to say good-night.

"You misunderstand me, Miss Robbie. I do not think that I will ever find anyone to take your place. It was not until I learned that you were going away that I realized what you have become to me; how I love you."

I tried to draw my hand away, and he stooped down and looked into my face.

"Have I pained you? Do you not care for me?"

"Oh, yes; but not in that way," I said. "Please do not say anything more about it," and this time I drew away my hand.

"May I ask if you love any one else?"

"No," I said, "I do not."

"Will you promise that if you do not meet anyone that you feel you can love more than me, you will try to love me?"

"Yes," I said, "but I will never marry you unless I love you."

He did not say another word, but stooped down again and put his lips to mine. I rushed upstairs and into my room on pretence of taking off my wet boots, and in the dark I went down on my knees beside the bed. What had I done? What had made him kiss me?

Did he think that I had promised to love him? How I wished that I had said no at once, for I did not think that I ever could, and here I had almost made a promise that I would do so. I asked God to show me what to do, but prayed that he would make him forget me, and give him some one else to love. I did not tell anyone about it, and tried to look as natural as possible, so that no one should suspect anything; but under it all my heart felt very heavy. On Wednesday we started for our country home, and when we saw it our expectations were fully realized. There was no grand scenery, or anything of that sort, but it was genuine country, and there was the smell of flowers and new mown hay coming in at the windows, and the tinkling of the cow bells, and the noise of the children passing along from school was like music to us. Our rooms were plainly, almost barely furnished, but sweet and clean, with plenty of windows looking out into the fields and garden. Stewart was tired after his drive, and lay on the sofa in the front room. Mrs. Fisher knew we were coming, and so she very kindly had tea waiting for us, a nice country tea of home made bread, strawberries and cream. We thought the bread delicious, and Mrs. Fisher said she would teach me how to make it. After tea Stewart went to sleep on the sofa, and Mrs. Brown and I set about arranging our beds.

Ruth had not come with us, for with our trunks and everything we had not been able to make room for her, but Dr. Campbell was to bring her the next day. We had only two bedrooms, one large with two beds in it, and the other small with only one bed; we would have been glad of another room, for Mrs. Brown, Ruth, and I would be obliged to take the same, at least for the present. I had intended making Stewart a bed in the sitting-room at night, and giving Mrs. Brown the sin-

gle room; but he was not well enough "to rough it," as people say, just yet, so we would have to be a little crowded for the present.

It was impossible to sleep late the next morning, the birds held such a concert outside; so we were up bright and early. About eleven o'clock Ruth and her father arrived. Ruth said she was glad that she had arrived at last, and her father said he was, too, for that she had begun tormenting him at four o'clock in the morning to start; and then, when they had got started, and been about half an hour on the road, she kept asking him every five minutes if they were near the place. Ruth laughed and put her arms around his neck, so that he could not say anything more.

We had an early dinner of ham and eggs, with strawberries and cream for dessert, and afterwards Dr. Campbell took us (that is, Ruth, Stewart and me) for a drive to see the place. In the course of our drive we discovered a stream where we could fish, and a lovely bathing spot. Then we came to a field almost red with strawberries, so of course we all voted to get out and pick some. Then when we found how plentiful they were, some one suggested that we should borrow a basket and take some home for tea; so Dr. Campbell said that as the people would most likely not care to lend it to any but an honest-looking person, he had better go and do the borrowing, so he started for the nearest house. After a while he returned with the basket and with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"You need not return it," he said; "I'm to keep it."

We all looked at him for an explanation.

"Well," he said, "I am afraid I must look a scamp after all, for the people would not lend me the basket, and I had to buy it."

We had a good laugh at him, and Ruth caught him by the coat tails, call-

ing out "Stop thief" at the top of her voice. However, he said if we did not be quiet he would not give us the basket, for it was mortifying enough to be taken for a thief without our laughing at him as well; so we controlled ourselves and set to work at the strawberries. We were not long in filling our basket, and then we continued our drive, and went home about five o'clock, after having spent a most delightful afternoon.

Mrs. Brown had tea ready for us, and also a supply of strawberries which she had bought from a little girl at the door, so Stewart suggested that we should send our berries in to Percy, which suggestion was received with applause. After tea Dr. Campbell started for home with loving messages and the berries for Percy, after receiving injunctions to bring him out the next time he came; but to Ruth's disappointment he said that he was afraid he would not be able to come and see her for ten days, but promised to bring Percy when he did come.

Mrs. Fisher taught me how to make the bread, which did not prove economical, however, we all ate such a quantity, not only of bread, but of everything that came in our way; our appetites were simply alarming. Before we had been there a fortnight Stewart had rapidly improved, and, instead of wanting to lie down during the day, he was out all the time. As for Ruth, she was as brown as a berry with the sun, and as playful as a kitten. She would sometimes wish to see her father, but to my surprise was never lonely.

One Saturday evening, about nine days after our arrival, we were all sitting out on the door-step after tea talking and singing, when we espied Dr. Campbell's carriage in the distance. We all started down the road to meet Percy, for we could see that there were two people in it. He was, if possible, more delighted to see us than we were to see him. He got out and walked

back with us, while Ruth drove with her father. We gave them tea, and Dr. Campbell spent the evening with us. He put up at the inn for the night, intending to go back the next morning, as he had some patients to visit, but it proved such a lovely day Ruth persuaded him to stay and go to church with us; so he did not go home till after dinner.

Percy's delight with the country if anything exceeded ours, so we kept him for a fortnight, and had a splendid time; pic-nics, fishing parties, berrying parties, and so on, being the order of the day. The end of the fortnight came all too soon, and after that we missed Percy very much. Dr. Campbell came to see us nearly every week after that, and twice towards the end of the summer he drove Percy out for a night. At last, as August drew to its close, and the nights began to grow cool, we began to think of going home. We had now been away two months, and Stewart seemed to be quite well again; besides Percy told me that Mr. Allan had called to ask when I was coming home; so I knew from that that my situation must be vacant still, and I was very anxious to get it again, for every penny was precious. Dr. Campbell paid me very liberally for Ruth, so that I did not lose anything by our trip to the country, and Stewart, I hoped, was set up for the winter. On the first week in September we started for home.

CHAPTER VI.

The week after our arrival was spent in comparative idleness, but after that Ruth came to school, and we set to work as usual. I wanted very much to send Stewart to a master, but, of course, that was impossible. Mr. Allan was very glad to have me take the harmonium again, so I went to the services as usual. I had determined

on my arrival from the country not to allow Mr. West to walk home with me from church, and to tell him that I did not think I could ever love him as I thought a woman should love the man she married. I, of course, had thought a good deal about it in my absence, and the more I thought of it the more impossible it seemed for me to do so. But the first night he did not offer to accompany me, and after that he joined me as any acquaintance would have done, but never by word or action did he give the slightest intimation of anything ever having passed between us; so, of course, I found it impossible to carry out my intention. I came to the conclusion that he had ceased to care for me, and on the whole was a little disappointed that he had forgotten me so soon, and gave up feeling like the heroine in a novel. But I knew it was better so, and felt grateful that my prayers had been answered; still it was nice to be loved. One morning, about the beginning of October, Stewart complained at breakfast of having a bad headache; afterwards he lay on the sofa, and did not get up all that morning, but watched and listened to us. Towards evening he got worse, and complained of cold in addition to headache. I began to be seriously alarmed, and went for Mrs. Brown to come and see him. She thought he was very feverish, and advised me to send for Dr. Campbell; so I ran down and asked Percy to go over for him. He was not at home, but they promised to send him as soon as he arrived. Mrs. Brown and I sat with him and kept cold cloths to his head all the evening. He grew very feverish and restless, and I was more alarmed than ever. About ten o'clock the Doctor came in; he asked me if he had been quite well before, and then I remembered that he had been a little nervous and irritable for a couple of days, but had not complained of being sick.

"Well," he said, "you need not be

alarmed. I will give him something to make him sleep, and will come and see him again in the morning."

Mrs. Brown went back to her room after we had given Stewart the medicine which the Doctor sent over, and I was left alone. But I did not go to bed, for I was a very sound sleeper, and knew that I would never hear Stewart if he should want a drink or anything in the night, so I determined to sit up. I found it hard work to keep awake, for he slept very quietly and did not want anything. I began to think that my sitting up had been unnecessary, but determined, as I had sat up so long, to stay for the remainder of the night. About four o'clock, as I sat on my chair, and with my head on the lower part of the bed, I heard Stewart say:

"Are you there, Robbie?"

"Yes, dear," I answered, and went and took his hand, "do you want a drink?"

"No, Robbie, I only want to speak to you. Did Dr. Campbell say I was going to be very ill? for I have had such a strange dream, and I feel, Robbie, as if it was going to come true. I thought that Mother came to me as I was lying here (looking, oh, so beautiful, I wish you could have seen her), and she said, 'God is calling you home, Stewart, dear. Are you ready to come?' And I said, 'Oh, Mother! not without Robbie; I cannot leave her alone. Ask God to let her come too.' Mother looked so grieved, and turned away for a minute; then she looked at me again, and said, 'My child, Robbie has given herself to God and trusts in Him, and do you not think that His care for her will be as great on earth as it would be were she in His presence?' She turned to leave me, and I said, 'Oh, yes, Mother; I know it would. Do not be grieved with me, and I will go. I will be willing to leave her to God.' I held out my hands to her, but she only

smiled, and would not stay. Then I awoke and called you."

Stewart looked so unearthly while he was telling me his dream that I trembled from head to foot. I put my arms around him, and said,

"Dr. Campbell did not seem to think that you had more than a cold, dear; so you must not think anything of your dream. You had probably been thinking of Mother before you went to sleep, and that is why you dreamt that you saw her."

"Perhaps so, Robbie, but I cannot help thinking that God is really going to call me. Would you be willing to let me go?"

He put his arms around my neck and his lips to mine, waiting for my answer, but my sobs were the only response for a while, and then I said,

"If God takes you, Stewart, I think He will be laying on me more than I can bear. It would be your gain, I know, dear, but what would I do without you? How utterly lonely my life would be! Oh! I cannot, I cannot let you go. We will pray God not to take you."

"No, Robbie," he said, "I do not think we ought to do that, for He knows what is best for us."

We did not talk any more for some time, but my heart went up in prayer, and I thought of the way in which God had led us since Mother's death, of the kind friends amongst whom He had placed us, and I felt that His hand was still marking out our future, and that I had no right to rebel. I seized Stewart convulsively, and said,

"I think, darling, I can give you up if it is His will."

"Can you, dear?" he said, with a glad smile. "You will think me selfish, but I would like to go with Mother, I am so tired."

The young head was soon laid on the pillow in sound slumber, and I threw myself on my knees beside the bed, and remained there until morning.

Then the Doctor came and pronounced it typhoid fever. For three weeks we nursed him, and then they laid my darling boy with Mother.

For six weeks after that I went about like one in a stupor, not seeming to realize my loss, then I awoke as it were and felt that I could not bear to live there alone any longer. Mrs. Brown was like a mother to me, but she could not take the place of the missing one. Ruth had not been over since the fever, for she had been so lonely during Stewart's illness her father had sent her away to visit an aunt, and she had [not] yet returned. Anyway, it would have been impossible for me to settle down to teaching again. As for Percy, he could not bear to come upstairs now. His father had sent him to school, however, so he had something to occupy his mind, and make him forget his loss.

Mr. West had been extremely kind during my trouble, and now, as he was going away to another circuit, he renewed his offer of sharing his home with me; but I declined, so he went away after making me promise that I would write to him if I needed him in any way, or felt that I would be any happier by accepting his offer. I had advertised for a situation as resident governess, but only got one answer, which did not at all suit, and so time dragged on to the third week in November, and then I felt that I could bear it no longer. I did not murmur or wish Stewart back again, but my loneliness was intolerable.

Mrs. Brown spent a great deal of her time with me, especially in the evenings, and she comforted me greatly; still I felt that I would have to go away.

One evening (Mrs. Brown, who had been with me all the afternoon, having gone home) I was sitting alone before the fire thinking, when I asked myself how it was that I could not love Mr. West. I could not tell, for I certainly

liked him very well. Perhaps, I thought, after all I might learn to love him, and remembering that he had asked me to write to him if I felt that I would be any happier by accepting him, I determined to do so; for I certainly thought that I would be happier—at any rate I would get away; and, at all events he would be made happy. I sat down to write, and had got half through my letter, when I was startled by a knock at the door. Being alone, I was almost afraid to open it, but overcame my fears and found that it was Dr. Campbell, who had come over to tell me that Ruth was home, and very anxious to know if she might come over to see me on the morrow. He stayed for a short time, and when he had gone I went and took my unfinished letter and put it into the fire, despising myself for ever having entertained the thought of marrying a man for the sake of a home. I sank on my knees, with my head on a chair, and amid sobs and tears prayed that God would do for me what he thought best, and that he would make me satisfied with my lot, wherever it might be cast. Suddenly I felt a hand on my head, and springing to my feet, stood face to face with Dr. Campbell, who had come back for his stick.

"Miss Robbie," he said, taking my hands. "What is the matter? I cannot bear to see you so distressed."

I could not answer him, and he dropped my hands and paced up and down the floor for a minute. Then he came and took my hands again, and looking into my face said,

"I am forty-two, Miss Robbie—an old man compared with you, but I love you. Do you think that you can love me in return?"

I trembled, but did not answer.

"Tell me, dear," he said, drawing me close to him, "do you think you can?"

"I do," I whispered.

"My darling!" was all he said, but

oh, the sense of rest and comfort I experienced when his strong arm went around me, and his lips pressed mine!

The week before Christmas we were married by Mr. Allan in the little church which I had learned to love. Of course, the wedding was as quiet as could possibly be, not only because I was in mourning, but because I had no relations or friends to invite, even if I had wished to do so. By the way, though, we did invite Dr. and Mrs. Wright, for happening to speak of them one day, I found that Dr. Campbell and Dr. Wright were old college friends. But as they had lately had an addition to their family it was impossible for them to come; so we had only a married sister of Dr. Campbell's and her husband (these being his only near relations), Ruth, Mrs. Brown and Percy. After the wedding we went away for two days only, as we wished to be home in time for Christmas.

Ruth's delight at having me with her always is unbounded. Dr. Campbell intends continuing to pay the rent of my rooms. Mrs. Brown is to keep them in order, and nothing is to be disturbed, so that I can go and see them when I like. Perhaps some day, if I can find any one situated as I was, I will (remembering my past trouble,

so far as money matters are concerned, and present prosperity) give them to such an one for a home.

To-day (Christmas day) we had Mrs. Brown and Percy to dinner. My husband thinks a great deal of Percy, and says that he will have to make a doctor of him. I shall not wonder if in the future Ruth should fancy being the wife of a certain doctor. It has been a very quiet, happy day on the whole, to Ruth especially.

Last night I went upstairs to have a look at the window at which last Christmas eve I had sat so mournfully dreading the future, and where I had at last given my heart to God. Truly He has been good to me. My husband followed me after a while, and finding me in tears, I told him all about it. He says I must not mourn for Stewart, for that had he lived he would have been a great sufferer, having inherited heart disease from Mother; so that I am more reconciled now.

I came across a verse the other day which I like so much. I do not know who the author is, but I shall always remember it; it is this:

"God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But that which we would wish,
Could we but see
The end of all events as well as He."

A. G. G.



NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY E. H. N.

CHAPTER XVI.

"No," said Carter, "not a drop since I left Johnson's, the week before we came here."

"I was off to the woods, and didn't know as you was a comin' till you was gone. Missed you a good deal, I did."

Wishing to say something and turn the conversation from himself, Carter said,

"Does Johnson's wife keep up the business at the old place?"

"No, not she," was the reply. "The breath won't hardly out o' the poor critter's body 'fore she was a pickin' up the things—all that would bear movin'—and sellin' off the rest. She went off west'ard 'bout as soon as she could get away; went week afore last, to where she's got a sister."

Supper was now ready—a good, hot, substantial supper, fit for a hungry man who had walked a good thirty miles since sunrise, to which Parkins did ample justice. When he had finished, he wiped his mouth, saying,

"A feller kind o' misses a glass o' somethin' to wash the meals down with, but I reckon I'll get used to it in time. I don't never want the *shakes* any way."

Parkins lighted his pipe and again sat down to talk. It appeared to be a great treat to the poor trapper to find such good listeners.

"I feel sort o' 'shamed," he went on, "to go back to Maine poorer than I left it, fifteen years ago. I've got nothin' but myself to carry back, and what's in that bundle," pointing to something tied up in a red handkerchief. "Hain't saved nothin'; but I

reckon the old folks won't mind—'specially marm."

"Why didn't you marry, Parkins, and have a home?" said Nancy. "Then it would have been easier to save."

"Well, ma'am, I can't tell you all about that," was the answer. "But I'll say this: I shouldn't never a took to wanderin' round as I have if it hadn't a been for the women folks, or *one* of 'em, that used me shabby afore ever I left home, when I was a young feller."

Nancy saw that she had unwittingly touched a tender chord, and looked at Augustus, who turned the conversation into another channel. In the course of the evening, when the talk began to flag a little, Parkins seemed to recollect suddenly something which he wanted to say, and turning to Carter, began,

"That ere trial hadn't come off when you left, I reckon—Clifford's trial?"

"Clifford's trial?" said Carter. "Do you mean about the young man and the stolen money?"

Poor Nancy's limbs trembled beneath her weight, so that she was obliged to drop on the nearest chair, turning away her face and busying her hands with the baby.

"Yes," said Parkins, "that's what I mean. I went—a'most everybody went that could—and 'twas a strange affair as ever I see. The poor young feller—as honest a looking chap as ever I sot eyes on—swore that he knew nothin' about the money, and kep' on a sayin' of it, too, as long as anybody'd hear to him. There was plenty o' swearin' agin him, and a mighty little

to be said for him; only a few friends he appeared to have. One old bald-headed man from Canady was there, a testifying to his morality, but there wan't no 'tention paid to all he could say."

"Well," said Carter, now all interest, "what was the end of it?"

"The end on't? why, just this ere," answered Parkins. "Seven years in the States Prison! not a day less. And when he comes out, you see where he'll stand. No decent folks won't have nothin' to do with him, and he might 'bout as well be hung to once. Whatever had become o' the critter's money I'm sure I can't guess; but one thing I do feel sure of, and that is that young feller never had the handlin' of it."

At this moment Carter heard a groan from that part of the room where Nancy sat, followed instantly by the fall of his wife to the floor. He sprang to her side and raised her up as well as he could, but she was in a dead faint and fell back again. The children gathered round her, frightened and wondering, and Carter was at his wits' end. At last, after a plentiful supply of water had been sprinkled over her face, she slowly recovered her senses. She knew it now; she knew the worst, and it was more than she could endure. Nancy groaned again and again. Augustus could make nothing of it as she did not speak. At length he said,

"I'll have mother come over, Nanny dear."

Poor Nancy staggered to her feet as he said this, hastily answering,

"No, not for the world! Don't disturb Mother Carter for a little faint turn."

And so the miserable woman, though all unable, walked about the house, doing whatever her hand found to do, but with her heart far away with the young man in prison, the young stranger suffering for her fault.

The next morning Nancy was quite better, though still pale and sad enough at heart. She proposed to Carter

that he should borrow his father's team and take Parkins a few miles on his way, saying that he knew too much about their past lives, and the sooner they were rid of him the better. There was no need for him to hang about until he had told all he knew among his relatives. Augustus gladly consented to this arrangement, having as little wish to have his drinking days the subject of conversation in the Carter Valley as Nancy had. Shortly after an early breakfast they were ready to start. The unsuspecting trapper was quite moved by this show of kindness on the part of his old acquaintances, and bade them "good bye" with many grateful feelings.

Nancy had laid aside the burden which Parkins' words had brought to her, for this morning, and given her whole energies to getting quit of him as quickly as possible. When once he was gone she knew she must take it up again, and carry it as a heavy weight, dragging at her heart. The trapper, inoffensive and friendly, had done or said nothing amiss, but Nancy, in the present excited state of her nervous system, could not endure his presence. Harmless as the traveller was, he had planted a thorn in Mrs. Carter's breast, and aroused all Augustus's dread of exposure. From that hour the name of Clifford was seldom out of her thoughts, and, we may as well say it at once, Nancy drooped from that time. When she looked around her neat house and thought of her many comforts, when she glanced at her sober, respected husband and happy, healthy children, she would turn away with a sigh, saying to herself, "Oh, how dearly I bought it all! I never thought it would come to the States Prison in earnest." Sometimes when sitting alone, looking upon her own boy, the hot tears would burst from her eyes, and she would moan out, "Oh, my darling! If such were to be your lot! And *he* was somebody's darling. If I could only undo it! If

I could but free him now! But how can I break Augustus's heart by telling him what his wretched wife did to save him? If the money were not all gone, I would try what money could do. But alas! alas! nothing but despair for me till I die." Nancy had not yet come to feel that there might be a deeper despair after death, and often longed to die during the weeks which immediately followed Parkins' visit. Often and often she sighed for the rest of the grave. Carter always attended the Sabbath gatherings in the old meeting-house quite regularly, and was beginning to be interested in seeking the way of Life; but Nancy, poor Nancy, though frequently present at the public services, was still in the very "gall of bitterness." Nancy went on in this same dull, miserable way for some time, greatly to the grief of her husband, who was constantly wondering what could be undermining his wife's health and clouding her spirits.

It was about this time in July that Alice Barford, in her course of "boarding round," came to make her home with the family of Augustus Carter for a few weeks. She had met Mrs. Carter several times, and was disposed to be her friend, for there was really something quite winning in Nancy's manners and general appearance. Alice was a little more quiet than of old, and much more observant. It was not long before her curiosity was aroused in regard to Nancy's state, and her sympathies went out to the poor woman, who was evidently suffering under some great mental pressure. Once she had noticed her, when she did not know she was observed, clasp her hands and wring them as if in agony, swaying her body to and fro at the same time.

Nancy's house was scrupulously neat and clean, and Alice's comfort had never been so well attended to at any boarding place as it now was at Mrs.

Carter's. She could not offer consolation when she did not know the nature of the sorrow, but from her heart she pitied the poor woman, frequently trying to arouse her from the gloom which had now settled over her.

It was now about a year since Alice had fled from Seth Wheeler and his singular persecutions, and in that year she had grown very thoughtful and careful. It grieved her to note from day to day Mrs. Carter's mental distress, and to see that it was all unshared by the partner of her life. The moment Augustus's step was heard approaching as he returned from his day's work, the poor creature would make an effort to smile, and greet him so pleasantly that, being a dull man, he had no idea to what an alarming extent she was weighed down. Sometimes he would say, cheerily,

"You look bravely to-night, Nanny. You will soon be strong again;" and Nancy, who had learned to put on the pleasant smile when her heart was breaking, strove to keep him cheerful, come what might to herself.

At last Alice ventured to speak to Mr. Bright in confidence of Mrs. Carter's state.

"Oh, I must see the poor woman," was his remark; "doubtless she is under concern for her soul."

CHAPTER XVII.

About a month after Alice commenced her school in the Carter Valley, Teddy Walters made a somewhat forced trip to the "Greely Settlement," to impart to Susie some important items which he had gathered up for her. It was nearly a month earlier than his usual Spring round was made, being not quite the middle of April. He was a little sad on his own account, as "little Bride" and Jimmy could not come out before the next fall, because

of the Grandmother's ill health and her unwillingness to spare them sooner. Teddy contrived to see the child alone when the family were all busy.

"And now it's your own sweet self I'm troubled about, Miss Susie," he said, tenderly, "for I've heard what'll give you sorrow. But 'twas myself could not keep it from you, and I'm come sooner than I ought."

"Oh, Teddy! what can it be?" cried the now excited child.

"Whisht!" he said in a low tone. "Whisht, Miss, and don't go for to make a poor lad wish he'd stayed away."

"No, no, Teddy," she said, composing herself as well as she could, "I would not do that when you are one of Harry's best friends. Is it about Harry?"

"It is partly of Master Harry, and partly about your father, Miss, that it's likely you'll scarcely remember at all," Teddy replied. "But it's yourself that has a share in it, too."

"Me! Teddy?" said the child, wonderingly.

"Aye, yourself, Miss Susie, little as you might think it. And now listen, and it is myself'll try if I can mind how it all comes in. 'Twas of an evening about the first of the last week, I'm thinking, a cold, blowing storm was on, and I was lying by at Mrs. Leland's for a couple of days till it should be over. Mr. Robinson was in and out, never minding me, for we never speak now he's against Master Harry, and whenever I could I kept out of his way, for it's myself hates his wicked-looking eyes. Well, that evening I had lain down on a bit of a bench or settle, they do be calling it, making believe to sleep, when all at oncet Mr. Gordon and Mr. Robinson burst into the room. An old cloak was thrown over me, and neither of them knew I was there. The men had met somewhere in the course of the day and had talk, and were now to finish it up. They were right care-

ful to shut the doors, and then Mr. Gordon took out two bottles of some beautiful, clear-looking liquor. There were glasses on the table, for I'm thinking Mrs. Leland expected them, and then they both began to drink. Mr. Robinson had been drinking, for he showed it by the shine of them wicked eyes of his. 'Twas myself watched them at it a long time, and heard their talk. I was mighty fearful they'd hear my breathing, but 'twas busy enough they were plotting mischief and telling over their past evil doings. And then I found out, for sure, that Gordon has been robbing Mr. Hyde since before I spoke to you last, and that now he begins to dread when Mr. Hyde will know it. He blustered and Robinson swore; I never saw them worse friends than they were for half an hour. Bye-and-bye Robinson began to give in, and said he'd furnish a little money to stop suspicion. Gordon swore he'd better. Said he'd not only have a *little*, but he'd have what he wanted; 'for,' says he—now, Miss Susie, listen sharp, will you?—'I have you in my power, and will use my knowledge, too.'

"Then Mr. Robinson got very angry and said 'twas a black lie—that no man had power over him. Then Mr. Gordon stooped over and half whispered, but myself heard well enough, 'What do you call that story you told me of Clifford's father, that night we drank wine uptown?'

"At that Robinson gave a great start, stared at the other with his lower jaw hanging, and said in a frightened way,

"'Eli Gordon! I told you nothing! I say again it is a black lie!'

"'No lie at all,' said Gordon, sort o' sneering like. 'You said you gave him a dig in his side that finished up his spying work! Deny it if you dare! And murder is none the less murder because nine years have gone by since it was done.'

"Then Mr. Robinson got pale as a

cloth, and begged Gordon to say nothing about it, and that the money he wanted should be handed over. After that they got friendly again, and the two talked over, very low, how that your own father, Miss Susie, was pounded by Robinson and his father till he died almost as soon as he got home. And all because he was on his duty against the smugglers, bad luck to them! And then Mr. Robinson swore a great oath, and said that he helped to swear Master Harry into the State's Prison, and that he'd be against any of the family—mind now, any of the Cliffords—when and where he could. And this last he spoke as if he had said it over and over so often that 'twas pleasant to his own ears to hear it.

“Oh, then my heart gave a great thump, and but for being heard I'd have been on my legs in a moment, to come this way. But 'twas better I didn't; for lying still made me think a bit, that I'd tell Mr. Hyde all I'd heard before I come away, and give him a chance to keep from being robbed again, and try to make interest for Master Harry, too, if ever he comes back.

“But, bad luck to the dirty scoundrels, just before they were going they found me out. They discovered me fast asleep on the settle, and mad enough they were to kill me; but myself was so drowsy and stupid like, they were puzzled that night. Both being so full of liquor, 'twas myself knew I had the start o' them, and that they'd do no more nor tumble into some corner till the stupor was off o' them. I was very vexed, and complained they'd broke up my rest, and then I stretched myself and went out. I never stopped running till I had seen Mr. Hyde, though I'd some little trouble to get to him. His servant was a mind for me to tell him my business, the blackguard; and when at last I was brought in I told him all. I couldn't tell you, Miss, how he took it, for he

was like one out of his wits for awhile. Then he calmed a bit, and bade me keep quiet and get out of the city if I could before daylight, and leave him to unravel the business.

“‘Don't wait to fill up your pack, my good lad,’ he said. ‘Hurry on as fast as possible. Don't let them find you to-morrow morning.’

“And then I came off as quick as ever I could to you, and did not go the way I had planned before. And it's all to warn you, my dear Miss Susie, that I'm come before my regular time. It's myself knows Mr. Robinson comes this way by times, and I'm 'feared he might hear of Master Harry's sister. Keep close, Miss, and the saints protect you.”

The child was so bewildered by these remarkable revelations that she could not frame her feelings into words; she could only promise Teddy to do what he required. He begged her not to attend the school, unless accompanied by Jack, and never to lose sight of the house when out by herself. She did not half understand Teddy's fears, but he was so excited and earnest that she could do no less than give her promise. It was such a strange story, that all her mamma's sorrow of long ago was traceable to this Mr. Job Robinson, of whom they had not even heard; that he should have hated Harry, and taken advantage of his distress to work against him; that he might even find her out and plan some way to do her harm. No wonder the little head was confused, and the little heart beat wildly.

During this visit of Teddy's, Susie confided to him her belief that Alice was alive, and spoke to him also of the discoveries she had made in regard to her clothing. Teddy received the intelligence joyfully, and left her, saying,

“Take heart now, Miss, for good days will be sure to come on the heels of the bad. And it's your own self 'll be careful, I'm bound to believe.”

As soon as Robinson had slept off the effects of the liquor which Teddy had seen him drink in company with Gordon, he went to Mrs. Leland and asked her where the Irish pedlar lad was. She answered, "Away on one of his rounds. Left early this morning, I believe."

"In what direction does he go this time?" he asked carelessly.

"To the east, I think," she replied. "He told me last night that he should cross the river and go east this time. I think he wanders away to the banks of the Richelieu, and beyond at times. You know, sir, the lad is sharp, and has picked up quite a smattering of French to enable him to trade with the *habitants*. And what English are settled through the country are always glad to see the merry Irish boy."

"Sorry he's gone," said Robinson; "I wanted to make a trade with him this morning. But, like enough, another time will do as well."

As soon as Robinson had come to his senses that morning his resolve was to kill. Teddy Walters' mouth must be stopped! He had no faith in the lad's protestations that they had disturbed him. No doubt he had heard that which, if repeated, might cost him his life, and he must be put out of the way. Gordon he feared less. They were each in the other's power, and self-interest would keep him silent.

Gordon expected that Teddy would carry his shortcomings to Mr. Hyde, and was almost frantic till Robinson proposed that the boy be put out of the way, "at least for a time."

"Yes, yes," said Gordon, excitedly, "for a while. When once I'm in the family—and Miss Eliza and I are almost engaged—I don't care who tells. Nobody will believe them; but now things must be hushed, or I'm a ruined man! A curse on us both for our stupidity."

With these words the partners in evil separated, going each his own way,

Gordon to the counting-house of Messrs. Rickford & Hyde, and Robinson to take the needful steps for getting Teddy "out of the way." He took another road from the one Teddy was supposed to have travelled, so as to reach a small settlement some distance from Montreal, through which the lad would be likely to pass a few days before he could possibly arrive there.

A person doing the business which Job Robinson did, must, of course, have people in his confidence living at certain points or stations along the various routes by which his contraband goods were brought into the province. Now there were two brothers, Rowell by name, residing not far from the Richelieu, where Teddy in his roamings might come. These men Robinson could trust, and to them he hastened.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Rowell brothers, Mose and Tim, were ever ready to do Robinson's will in the smuggling business, working in his service either by day or by night. The employment was risky, but light and easy, and the remuneration sure. They were rough and boisterous in their manners, almost entirely devoid of principle and good feeling, and really enjoyed the hair-breadth escapes and adventures into which their lawless way of life frequently led them. Robinson had never asked any blood-shedding of them before, and he actually hesitated, so as to cloak his meaning somewhat.

"A curse of an Irish pedlar," he said, "a spy, whose tongue might ruin any of us, must be got rid of. He will be along soon with a pack on his back and a basket on his arm, Put him out of the way—you understand?"

Robinson did not say "murder," but he might as well, as far as Mose Rowell was concerned; for Mose, the more

brutal of the two brothers, understood well enough what was wanted. Tim thought the pedlar was to be shut up in confinement, probably in some of the hiding places so well-known to themselves, where occasionally valuable goods were stored. It is doubtful if he would have relished the idea of blood. Certainly he would not on its first presentation to his mind.

"Well, master," said Mose, "what's the wage for this job? You've got to offer up for the like of that."

"Wages," whispered Robinson, "why, what is in his pack for one; what is in his basket for the other; or an equal division of what he has. Surely that's enough."

"No, no, master," said Mose, "ready money for this. Rather dangerous, I reckon, sporting the fellow's goods round. I'd like to see you, Master Job Robinson, doing that sort of thing. Might just as well tie the halter around our necks with our own hands. Come, now, offer up, for the goods goes along of the body, wherever that goes."

"Well, then," said Robinson, seeing he could do no better, "what do you say to a five dollar bill apiece? Good wages that for a half hour's work."

"More yet, master," said Mose; "it may be a good half day's or night's work, who knows?"

"Ten apiece, then," replied Robinson, firmly, "and that's the last cent."

When he said "the last cent" the Rowells knew it was no use to beg for more, and so they closed the agreement.

When Robinson had concluded the bargain—a hard bargain he thought it, too—twenty dollars for a man's life—he pursued the same course until he struck a road leading towards Lake Memphremagog, which he sometimes travelled when he had goods in hand that the Rowell brothers were to assist him in delivering or hiding for a time. It was no uncommon thing for the smuggler to bring his stores into the

Province by boats through this lake, and sometimes, when all his usual routes were well guarded, if he could succeed in getting them safely to some point on the St. Francis, to take them on by raft or boats to the St. Lawrence. Robinson now determined to remain in the United States altogether for a time, trusting to hear from Gordon how affairs went on. These persons being now in each other's power, were more firmly banded together in iniquity than ever, and having not the least suspicion that Teddy had stolen a march upon them, and gained Mr. Hyde's ear, their one wish was to get rid of the pedlar youth.

Gordon had no fears but Robinson would manage the thing satisfactorily. Teddy had no relatives in the country, and who was to go looking for the "rascally young dog?" thought he. His accomplice had every confidence that the Rowells would do his bidding. After Robinson's departure the brothers watched faithfully for the appearance of the pedlar, but as he had been but imperfectly described, they had no clue but the "pack and basket" to guide them. In his trepidation Robinson had forgotten to say that the person they were to look out for was a slight youth of not more than eighteen, with brown curling hair, and of an open countenance. Day after day they kept on the watch, but all to no purpose. No Teddy appeared. They were about to give up and return the twenty dollars if they must, when one evening, just before sunset, they spied from their hiding-place a man answering the description given, slowly picking his way over the rough spring roads. He was an elderly man, perhaps nearly fifty, a little stooped, as if from long toil, and there was no mistake he carried a "pack and basket!"

It was from a belt of woodland which bordered on the Richelieu that the brothers watched the stranger's movements. The river was behind them

to the east, and the road which wound among the forest trees was before them to the west. The man was approaching them from the south. He appeared very weary, and was evidently looking out for a spot suitable for a resting place before entering on the wooded road. At length he paused beside a large, flat rock, on which he could rest his pack, sat down, wiped his forehead, and breathed a deep sigh. Presently his lips moved and his head was bowed on his hand. The Rowells were not near enough to notice this, but they waited anxiously till he should rise and pursue his way. Had the distance been less, and their ears sufficiently acquainted with the language of prayer, when his lips moved they might possibly have understood the low, broken petitions which were humbly offered up by the poor, weary, old man. But as it was they heard nothing but the wind in the tree-tops, and the sullen roar of the river.

Just as the sun sank below the horizon he arose, shouldered his load, and entered the wood. It is scarcely needful to say that he was never seen on the opposite side. Mose Rowell's club was stout and his blows sure, and poor Paddy Rowden, the bread-winner for a sickly wife and large family, had done with all on earth!

Tim watched the road lest they should be surprised. This had been agreed upon, for Tim would not raise his hand to shed blood. Mose had called him "chicken-hearted," but it made no difference. Tim was resolute. He made no objection to Mose doing the work, and helped afterwards with the body. It was indeed a half night's work. Their boat was in waiting by the river, and after it was fairly dark all that could speak of crime was put into it, with heavy stones for weights, and the brothers rowed away to the middle of the stream. They then allowed the boat to drift down a few miles with the current, when they sunk

their horrible cargo, and, taking their oars with a will, were soon quite a distance from the spot. No one had noticed them going out, and the boat was at its usual mooring on the following morning.

And Paddy! poor Paddy! he was lying still enough at the bottom of the Richelieu, whose rushing sounded almost like a stifled sob as the flood surged along. It seemed as if the waters *would* give this passing tribute to the murdered man as they rolled onward the next day. Very likely it was something in the way the winds swept over them that gave them this low, sobbing sound, but it was like a requiem, too.

Some weeks elapsed before Teddy Walters was seen again in Montreal. His first question when he met Mrs. Leland was for Mr. Robinson, his second for Gordon. Mr. Robinson had not been heard of since the day after Teddy's own departure. Gordon had called once, about ten days after Robinson left, and appeared very anxious to see him. He was looking very pale and haggard, and went away saying that he should write to Mr. Robinson by the next post.

Teddy waited till about night-fall before he went up to Mr. Hyde's place of business. As he neared the store he recognized Gordon just leaving it, and wondered to see him looking so thin and miserable. Teddy only had time to dodge into a doorway when Gordon passed, and he was right glad to have him away from the store when he wished to speak with Mr. Hyde. That gentleman greeted Teddy very kindly, asking what further news he had of Robinson, and informing him that his suspicions had been correct, and that Gordon was, without doubt, a dishonest and untrustworthy person, entirely destitute of all right principle.

"I owe it to you, who have been so faithful to my interests, to say I have forbidden Mr. Gordon my house," said

Mr. Hyde, "and that he only remains in the store for a short time, with my own eye over all his work."

"If Master Harry was only back," Teddy ventured to say in a tone that was almost faltering.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hyde, half smiling at the youth's deprecating manner, "yes, if Mr Clifford were once more back at his old post with the stain off his character, which Mr. Robinson's words have more than half removed, I should be thankful, most thankful. A little time may bring other circumstances to light which will clear him altogether. I am quite hopeful about him now. But we must wait. In my business I could not receive him till all is satisfactorily explained. By-the-way, my young friend, are you aware that Mr. Gordon believes

you to have been 'put out of the way' by some villains who are tools of the smuggler? I wormed it out of him."

"It's myself knows nothing about it," said Teddy, a little thoughtfully. "But I did not go the road I was minded to travel before I spoke with you, sir. I went away to the south to warn Master Harry's little sister—a sweet, beautiful child, sir—to keep close on account of what Master Robinson said about harming a Clifford when and where he could."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hyde, "I hope their plans will be frustrated soon. In a few days Mr. Gordon leaves the city, probably the country. My advice to you is, keep out of his sight altogether while he is here. We should not tempt our fate."

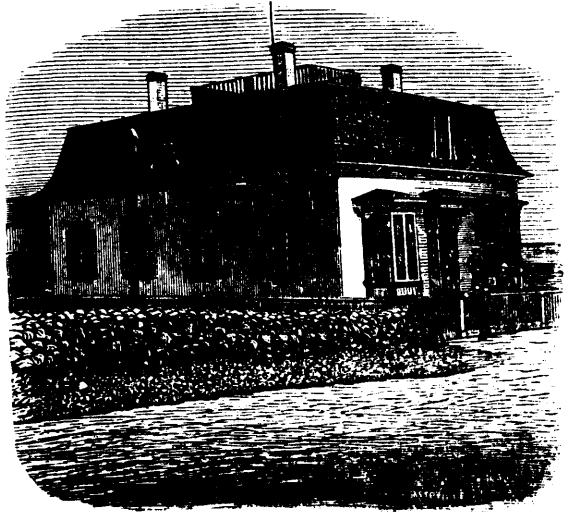
(To be continued.)



SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY.

The time is fresh in the memory of most of us when we were forced to content ourselves with European news fourteen days old. We can almost all recall the days of the Crimean and Indian Wars, when thousands upon thousands in this land waited and watched with impatient anxiety for news from the seat of war. Well can we also remember the glad shout which found an echo in every corner of our land, as the news reached us of the success which attended the arms of those who commanded our sympathies during those dire conflicts. Comparing, then, the past with the present, how great is the boon for which we have to be thankful? To-day we can sit in the quiet of our homes, and read in the newspaper of the moves which took place on the political chessboard of Europe yesterday. We are but a few hours behind Europe in our information regarding the probabilities of war. As merchants we can effect purchases and sales in one day which in former years would require weeks to accomplish. And to what are we indebted for this marvellous change. Why! to that great wonder of the age, that startling evidence of Anglo-Saxon energy and intelligence, Atlantic Telegraphy.

The appliances and system by which messages are transmitted over our ocean cable are so entirely different from those employed in land telegraphy as to warrant a more than passing notice.



OFFICE OF THE DIRECT UNITED STATES CABLE COMPANY,
RYE BEACH.

On the road leading to the beach at Rye, and within sound of the surf, stands a neat, unpretending structure devoted to the Direct United States Cable Company's use. It is located in a retired spot, where all is calm and quiet. Its surroundings are entirely wanting in the bustle and activity of city life, and it presents no outward marks of difference from the summer residences in the vicinity (for Rye Beach is a fashionable resort), save that from the rear of the building may be seen issuing telegraph wires. The staff of operators number fifteen men, and they are all either English or Irish, and are intelligent and gentlemanly.

The building is divided into apartments, each one having its special use. There are the testing room, the battery room, the operating room, the abstract office, the superintendent's office, and the workshop, as well as ample store-rooms. They are all fitted with appliances neces-

sary for their various uses, and taken together form a very complete establishment. Upon entering the operating-room one is impressed with the signs of activity, which contrast strangely with the external appearance of the building. Attention is first drawn to a man seated in a corner calling out letter by letter with a somewhat shrill voice (and in such rapid succession as to require a very expert writer to transfer them to writing) words which prove to be messages from Europe. Upon approaching the corner one observes the operator's eye fixed steadfastly on a bar of light inside a small box, where it keeps dancing backwards and forwards with great rapidity. To the uninitiated the movements of this reflected light, for it is reflected, have no meaning. To the practised eye of the operator, however, they are replete with intelligence. It may be asked why not receive the message in the ordinary way. The reason is twofold. In the first place the ordinary system cannot be applied to submarine telegraphy because a battery strong enough for that purpose would greatly injure the cable; and in the second place, because of a principle technically called retardation, or induction, signals could not be produced in such manner as to prove remunerative. To Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow University, is the world indebted for the beautiful system at present in use. The apparatus consists of two parts, one for "sending," the other for "receiving." The "sending" apparatus has a double key, for alternating the two poles of the battery. The "receiving" apparatus is that, however, which attracts most attention. It consists of a bobbin about three inches in diameter and two long, having a bore of about five-eighth inch to receive a brass tube carrying what may be called the life of the instrument. This latter is a small magnet of light watch-spring from three-eighth

to half an inch long. To this is cemented a very small mirror of microscopic glass about the size of a gold dollar. A single fibre of floss

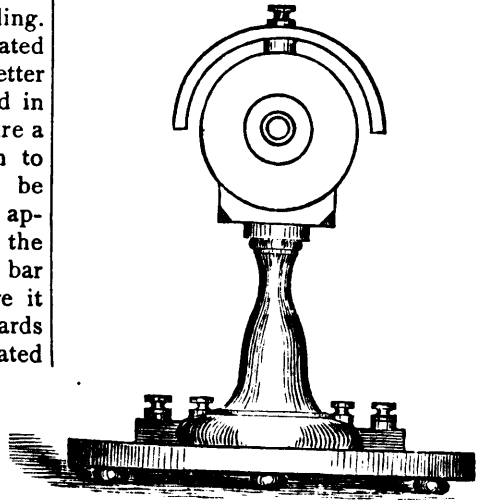


FIG. 1.—SIR WM. THOMSON'S MIRROR-REFLECTING GALVANOMETER AS ARRANGED FOR SPEAKING.

silk is cemented to the back of the mirror, at right angles to the little magnet. By means of this fibre of silk which is so fine as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye the magnet is suspended in the tube. In cases in which extreme delicacy is required the silk is replaced by a spider's web. The bobbin is filled with very fine silk covered copper-wire, and the tube occupies the bore of the bobbin, with the silk thread placed perpendicularly. This apparatus is placed on a pedestal, and the light of a kerosene lamp directed through a lens on to the minute mirror is reflected from its surface to the box alluded to above. As will be seen from the construction of the apparatus, when the current is working it flows from the cable through the wire on the bobbin, giving the mirror a tendency to take a position at right angles from its normal position, the magnitude of the movement being directed by the strength of the battery power at the other end. These movements

are immediately indicated in the box facing the operator, and the direction of each movement is determined by the direction in which the current flows from the distant battery. For instance, as the operator at the "sending" apparatus alternates the positive and negative poles of the battery, the mirror at Rye, in obedience to the mandate, moves first to the right and then to the left. These movements are produced and alternated in rapid succession, enabling the skilled operator to read at a high speed. It will readily be understood that the changes in the force of the current would be rapidly indicated by a tiny mirror weighing no more than two or three grains, and were it not for this

which is practically without weight and of any desired length. With the scale-box three feet from the mirror, which

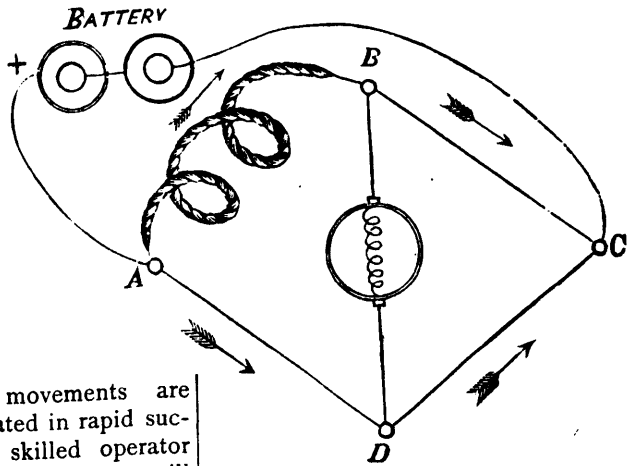


FIG. 3.—The four sides of the square may be varied to suit circumstances. In this arrangement we have a simple proportion sum :

$$AB : AD : DC : BC.$$

is the distance observed in operating, should the streak of reflected light move one inch from zero by the current, or should it in moving from one point to another form a tangent one inch long—.0277 tan., and that is quite sufficient to read by, the mirror and magnet only produce an angle of 1.6°, which without the aid of the light would scarcely be perceptible to the naked eye. The battery power used for the transmission of "cablegrams" consists of three small cells.

Proceeding from the operating-room to the battery-room one sees three sets of batteries, either in use or ready for use; some are for working land

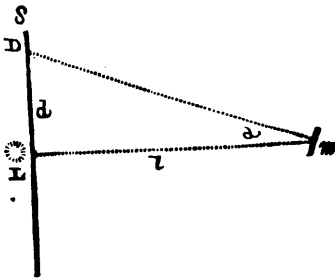


FIG. 2.*

apparatus submarine telegraphy would undoubtedly have been a failure. By the employment of the ray of reflected light an index is produced

*The principle of the Thomson Galvanometer is that of employing a very light and small magnetic needle, delicately suspended within a large coil of wire, and of magnifying its movements by means of a long index hand of light. This index hand is obtained by throwing a beam of light on a small mirror fixed to the suspended magnetic needle, the ray being reflected back on a graduated scale. In fig 2 let L be a lamp which throws a

beam upon the mirror *m* which has turned through a small angle and reflected the beam on the scale at D. Let *d* be the distance through which the beam has moved on the scale from the zero point at L, and let *l* be the distance between the scale and the mirror. It is evident that the angle through which the beam of light turns will be twice the angle through which the mirror turns—if the mirror turns through 45° the reflected beam will be at 90°

lines, others for cable use, while others are kept in readiness for the purpose of testing. On entering the room one notices specially the massive shore end of the cable protruding itself into the room, and the delicate

which metal affords a ready passage to the fluid. This wire has an insulating coating of gutta percha or India rubber, which latter is again covered with a sheathing. The cable which leaves Rye Beach has a strand of seven

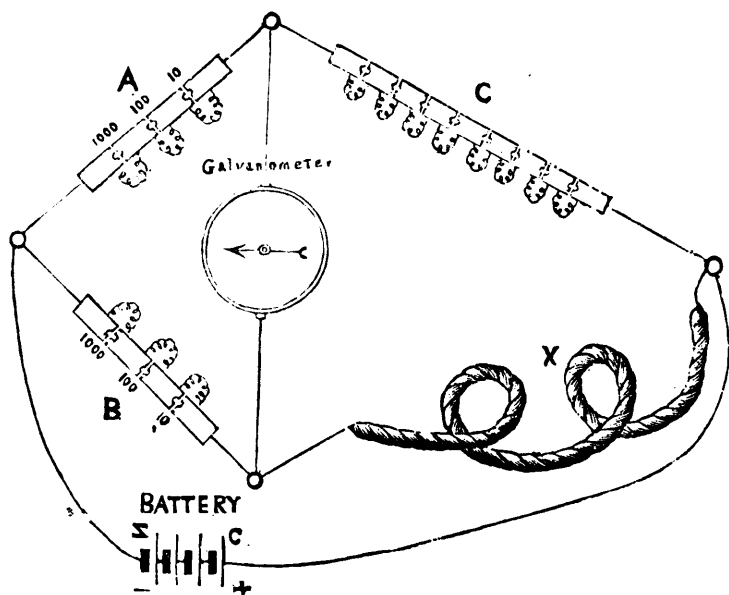


FIG. 4.—WHEATSTONE'S BALANCE FOR MEASURING ELECTRICAL RESISTANCES.

apparatus used in measuring or "testing" the cable, by means of which the distance of a "break" or any other trouble connected with the cable is determined.

The Direct U. S. Company's line is divided into two sections—one being from Rye Beach to Torbay, N. S., and the other from Torbay to Ballinskelligs Bay, Ireland. The former is only about five hundred and sixty knots (nautical telegraph miles) in length, and the latter nearly two thousand five hundred knots; consequently the shorter section may be of much smaller dimensions in every respect than the other, and yet work at a higher speed. The construction of the cable is complex, being designed to afford protection to the conducting medium, which is a metallic wire, generally of copper,

small copper wires of pure metal, the sum of whose diameters is equal to that of a single wire eighty-seven one-thousandth of an inch, or a No. 14 wire (Birmingham Wire Gauge). This is covered with gutta percha, increasing the thickness to about three tenths of an inch. Over this is placed jute yarn, which protects the gutta percha from the next coat, which is the sheathing of iron or steel wires; over this is placed hemp yarn, covered with a compound of pitch, tar, &c.

Approaching near the shore it is necessary, for the due protection of the copper wires, that the cable be very massive. A mile of such cable is said to weigh seventeen tons, while the conducting wires themselves scarcely weigh four hundred pounds. From this it gradually tapers down till it weighs two

tons per mile. Such is the construction of the cable for the short section. That, however, which extends from Torbay to Ballinskelligs Bay is rather differently constructed. The copper wire is heavier as well as its successive coatings. The great difference, however, lies in the sheathing or outer coating, which, in the latter case, consists of smaller sheathing wires, each one of which is covered with tarred hemp yarn before being put together, while in the shorter cable they are laid on in such a manner as to touch each other. The reason for this is obvious. Were the larger cable constructed as the smaller one is great difficulty would surround it when being submerged. Constructed in this way it only weighs about three-quarters of a ton per mile.

There are many kinds of "faults" to which submarine cables are subject. The worst kind of all is a "break," and the Direct Company have had no less than four of them, one after another in quick succession. By the aid of electrical science the location of these breaks can be established, and the repairing ship despatched at once to the spot. The apparatus which is used for this purpose depends upon the law that, conductors being equal in every respect, "each will allow the same amount of electricity to pass in a given time." In view of this fact it, of course, became necessary that the measurements should be made in this manner, and further that such measurements should be comparable. This being the case it became obvious that a standard or unit should be adopted, bearing relation to absolute work. Upon the recommendation of Sir William Thomson the British Association for the Advancement of Science appointed a committee of the most

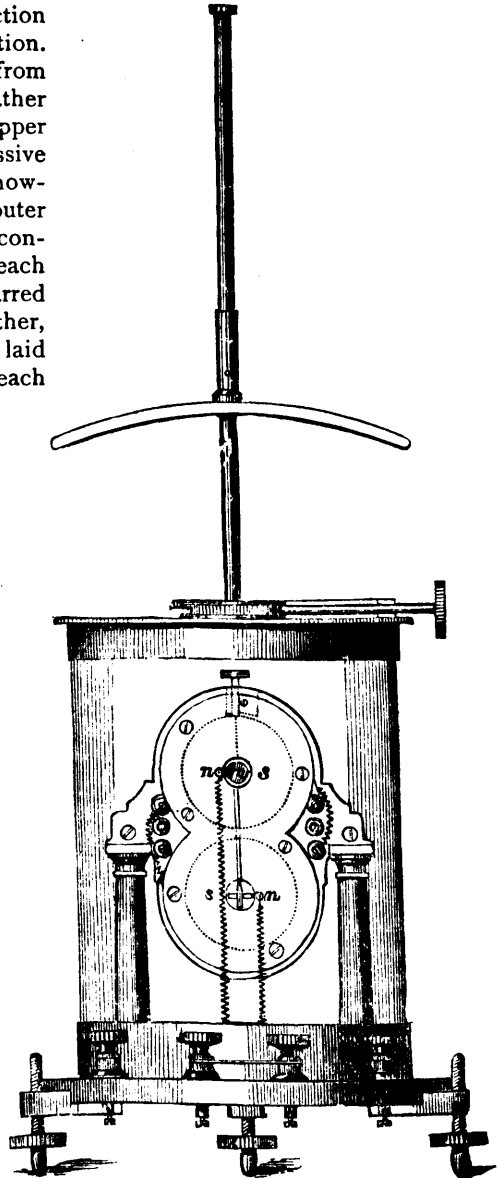


FIG. 5.—SIR WM. THOMPSON'S MIRROR-REFLECTING GALVANOMETER AS ARRANGED FOR ELECTRO-METRIC PURPOSES.

eminent scientific men in England, and provided funds for the purpose. Their labors produced what is known as the B. A. Unit of Electrical Resistance, which is universally used. In this apparatus then, to which we have just alluded,

there are coils of wire carefully adjusted in multiples of this unit. To render this instrument effective it is necessary to have some means of knowing when a balance is effected—that is, when the coils of wire are equal in electrical length or resistance to the cable or line under measurement. To that end coils of wire are so arranged as to form three sides of a parallelogram, the cable or line forming the fourth (Fig. 3). Having, then, four sides of a square, let us imagine its two diagonals or lines which might be made to join opposite points, and let us commence to walk round the square, lettering the points on our way A, B, C and D respectively, so that A will be opposite C, and B opposite D. A very delicate galvanometer is connected between the points B and D, for indicating the balance when obtained. The battery is then connected, one pole to the point A, and the other to the point C, by which means the galvanometer and battery, respectively, represent the diagonals. By this arrangement the electricity from the battery is divided between the two sections A B C and A D C, these being in a manner bridged over by the galvanometer; the positive current will flow in the same direction through each section. If the two sections are equal, the two similar currents meeting in the galvanometer will neutralize each other

and produce no movement of the galvanometer needle. As soon, however, as the ratio is disturbed, there will be an immediate rush of electricity from one section to the other, according to circumstances. The galvanometer is constructed on the same principle as the instrument described above for receiving messages, being, however, more delicately and carefully adjusted. A useful adjunct to this instrument is called a "shunt," for reducing the sensitiveness of the galvanometer to any extent, by which means large or small currents of electricity are measurable with equal facility.

It will be seen, then, that what at first sight might seem an almost superhuman undertaking, becomes, by the aid of science, resolved into a comparatively simple matter. We say comparatively, because it requires a trained and intelligent mind to grapple the theory, and put it into practical use. In the person of Mr. T. J. Wilmot the Company are fortunately in possession of one thoroughly capable of mastering the difficulties to be met with, in the maintaining in perfect order of their cable, and its connections on this side the Atlantic. To him we are indebted not only for much of the information which this paper contains, but also for a pleasant and instructive visit to the Company's station at Rye.

W. AHERN.



THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

MARION'S STORY.

"AT SEA," }
Jan. 21st, 1871. }

The "Lyra's" bow is at last turned homeward, and I, on deck this bright afternoon with my writing, have allowed the pen to rest idly in my hand for a long, long time, while watching the dim outline of Luzon, now fading from our view. Not without regret have I sat here gazing back at that fair island, yet my reverie has been rainbow-tinted, for the memory of happy times is a treasure that cannot be wholly lost; it is something laid up to be glad of and better for in future years.

We stop at Anjer in about ten days to get a pile of letters, as we fondly hope, and from there will this one be conveyed to you by steam, while the winds bear us onward more slowly. At least a hundred days of sea life stretch out between us and the arrival in America, and the sudden cessation of Manila gaieties, with this quiet prospect ahead, gives me the feeling of having suddenly awakened from a remarkable dream.

Of all episodes in our Manila life, the crowning one occurred a week ago, and to ensure my peace of mind for the homeward voyage an account of it must be left at Anjer to speed on to you, or I shall rehearse it to you in imagination both night and day.

I had often watched longingly the little steamer "Dwende" from our corridor, as she came puffing up the river on her trips to Lake Bay, the great lake of which we had only a tantalizing peep when we took that excursion to it after an evening dinner-

party, and as we heard descriptions of the great mountain Majajay (pronounce Mahahai) on the farther side, and of the tropic loveliness at its feet, it seemed hard to leave Luzon without going there. There appeared to be no prospect of such a trip, and the time of our departure was drawing near, when an unexpected proposal came from two of our friends, Messrs. Searle and Carleton. If it would be agreeable to Mrs. Irvine and her guests, they had thought of hiring the "Dwende" for an excursion across Lake Bay. In addition to the household at Santa Ana, and the gentlemen from whom the proposal came, the party would comprise Captain Roslyn, and Messrs. Wellington, Flanders, Emerson, Sydney, and Von Prockoroff.

This was indeed a climax to the pleasures of seven weeks! The answer returned was to assure those obliging young men that their design met with our cordial assent, and the next evening as the sun was throwing long, golden rays over the Pasig and its banana groves, there were two expectant maidens out on the "azatere" that overlooks the river, gazing toward the city for the first glimpse of the little "Witch," as in English we designate the steamer "Dwende." A faint strain of music is our first warning of her approach, and as she turns the last curve and stops before the house, we wonder what is that lively air, unknown, yet strangely familiar, which the Indian band on board play with increasing enthusiasm. "What is that pretty tune?" I enquire of Mr. Searle, who is

conducting me to the river bank, and he asks with some chagrin if I do not recognize my country's melody, "Yankee Doodle," which he, as a special compliment to the ladies from America, had taught to the band leader by singing it to him until he was hoarse. A convulsion seizes me at this, and I nearly fall into the water. Is it the Englishman's imperfect knowledge of our time-honored tune, or the Indian's incorrectness of ear that has caused this air to improve so greatly upon "Yankee Doodle," and to be hardly more than fourth cousin to it?

But if my friend's musical ability was at fault, I could do justice to his powers in the commissariat, when, as the steamer went her way in the gathering darkness, we all repaired to a brightly lighted and bountifully spread dinner-table on the lower deck. The "Dwende" makes no pretensions to convenience or comfort in respect to cabins. She has one small room which we ladies viewed with disfavor as a place to sleep in, and leaving our travelling-bags there, went to the upper deck after dinner, resolved to spend the night in our chairs rather than be stifled in such a den.

Warmly wrapped in all the shawls and overcoats that could be mustered, our party of twelve journeyed across Lake Bay, while Mr. Von Prockoroff's violin music and Mr. Flanders' Scotch songs filled the pauses in our merry talk, and kept drowsiness at a distance until one o'clock in the morning. Then an elderly and lop-sided moon arose over the dark edge of the island Talim, near the middle of the lake, and somebody ventured to suggest that the few hours before sunrise might be profitably spent in sleep.

Two sofas were brought on deck, and arranged in such a way as to form a convenient little nest for Amy and me. Mrs. Irvine dozed in a great chair near us; Arthur, rolled up in a rug, reposed on the deck, and the others made

themselves comfortable in various ways. It seemed as if no more than half an hour could have passed when I started up, and with half-opened eyes saw a great mountain. There was one white cloud floating below its level crest, and the sky was tinted with the soft, pink hue of dawn. The "Dwende" had come to anchor before Majajay, with the village of Santa Cruz at its base, and after an early breakfast we set out in a large banca in quest of adventures. Followed by our Indian band, playing merrily in another canoe, we turned into the Pagsanjan river, far too lovely a stream for such a name (but be sure you pronounce the j as if it were h); and followed its winding course for hours. Its low banks were in some places covered with a thick growth of trees that bent over the water with their weight of luxuriant vines; then we passed wide, level groves of the palm or mango, where opening vistas, bright with sunshine streaming through the branches, darkened, as they converged, into a sombre green, and there were glimpses of distant mountain-tops above all.

Our banca was of sufficient size to accommodate several chairs, which were occupied by the lady excursionists, while the gentlemen sat at their feet and made themselves so agreeable that we might have wished to sail on (paddle I mean) forever, if it had not been for feeling rather stiff and cramped after many miles of river-travelling. As it was, we were quite ready to land, when they proposed it, on a wooded knoll, by which the river makes a sudden turn, and dashes on in a series of wild little rapids between high rocky walls. Indian boatmen were there with two small bancas, and it was the plan of our leaders to leave our large canoe for these and mount the rapids. The two frail crafts could not carry all of the party with safety, but all did not care to go, and Amy and myself embarked in one with Mr.

Carlton and Mr. Emerson, while four others followed us in an equally small and more ricketty banca.

On both sides of the narrow river, steep cliffs towered to the height of three hundred feet. Ferns and moss clothing their rugged sides, were kept fresh and brilliantly green by the mist of tiny cascades that leaped out from among them, and, with trailing vines and waving boughs, were reflected in the clear, quiet pools between each rapid, as if in a Claude Lorraine glass. After every one of these still places came a furious little torrent, where the water was shallow enough for the gentlemen to get out and push the banca. Mr. Carlton, armed with a paddle, made violent exertions to battle against the opposing force of the stream; Emerson acted as pusher. We girls grasped the sides of our craft to avoid being spilt out, and shrieked with fear and glee combined, thinking that in all our lives we had never been on such a "lark" before.

The water dashed in and we were getting a regular soaking, when coming to a rapid that was more violent than the preceding ones, Mr. Carlton thought we had better get out and walk past it on the rocks—a matter of some difficulty, for they were wet and slippery; but assisted, one at a time, by our guides, we made the pilgrimage, and then rested on a great boulder to watch Mr. Emerson trying to drag the canoe through the rushing water, which almost swept him downward in its course. While we were waiting the other party joined us, and by the time our banca had been taken through the rapid and tipped over on one side to let the water pour out, Mr. Searle concluded to take passage in it; for the other one, he said, was unsafe if heavily laden. Mr. Searle is no trifling weight, and when we went on he bore down the end of the banca where I sat to such an extent that the water came over me in bucketsful, I might say, and

the little craft, turning broadside to the stream, narrowly escaped being swamped.

Another landing on the rocks had to be made, and I proceeded to wring my dress, which had absorbed so much of the Pagsanjan river that its weight nearly dragged me over on my face. There stood poor Marion, looking like a drowned rat; French kid boots, the delight of her heart, entirely ruined; white dress stained a dark brown color about half-way up the skirt, and rivulets pouring from every ruffle. The gentlemen asked us if we would try another rapid, and I would have gone on with joy, for, being already drenched, what did I care for a little extra dampness? But there was a chance for Amy to be a good deal wetter than she was, and deciding to run no more risk, we shot down the river easily to the grove, where waited those of our party who had not ascended the rapids.

"Well! you are sights for an exhibition," were the words that greeted our return; and obviously the next thing to be done was to get dry. Mr. Carlton advised sitting in the sun, and Mr. Searle was positive that to walk up and down would accomplish our end more quickly. Now it is a curious fact that Mr. Searle generally makes me do just what he wants me to, though it may not be with a good grace, and this time we both promenaded the river banks, while, as a poem called the "Excursion" (but not written by Wordsworth) sweetly expressed it:

"From sunstroke they were only saved by an umbrella's shade;
All stained with mud, a truly dismal spectacle they made."

—*M. Gilmer, Poetess.*

Soon the other boat-load arrived, even more drenched and muddy than we were; and a desire was felt by everybody for the provisions that had been sent on before us to the village of Pagsanjan. Therefore were all the excursionists, whether wet, damp, or

dry, impelled by hunger to crowd into their large banca, and follow the "parvo y jamon" (turkey and ham) to the place where those edibles were waiting to be consumed.

The house of the principal Indian in the village was hospitably open for our accommodation, and there the dinner-baskets were unpacked, and around the festive board our famished company disposed themselves; not too hungry and tired, however, for much merriment during the progress of the meal. At its close graceful speeches were made relative to the ladies from the United States, whose visit to Luzon had occasioned this excursion; and in their behalf Capt. Roslyn arose to make a polite reply.

He gave our companions to understand, that if the coming of said ladies to Luzon had given pleasure to any of them, it was in no wise beyond what they themselves experienced in making such delightful acquaintances. It takes Arthur to do up this sort of thing in style, and my opinion is that he overdid it. I felt like sticking a pin into him, but unhappily the table was between us; for even if there was a fair amount of truth in his remarks, did I want those people to believe we thought so much of them that we should sail from Manila the next week with aching hearts?

After dinner came a stroll through the village and into the venerable Catholic church (such a dirty, dilapidated set I don't think ever had honored Pagsanjan before), then carriages were ready to take us to Santa Cruz, the town near which the "Dwende" lay at anchor. The wide, smooth road led through groves of tall cocoa palms and open paddy fields, and beyond them Majajay rose grandly in the twilight. That was a sober drive for me, because Mr. Searle was my *vis-à-vis* in the barouche, and we did not feel quite serene, or even cheerful. Good friends as we are, it seems to be

a peculiarity of ours to aggravate each other every now and then, and during this day we had succeeded in doing it better (or worse) than ever before.

My fault chiefly I knew it was, and felt remorseful, for we owed this glorious trip to the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Searle and his friend Carlton, and I had spoilt his enjoyment of it by my contrariness!

The pleasures of the day had been fatiguing, and when once more on board the steamer their effects began to appear in several of our number. First, Mr. Flanders grew pallid and had to leave the dinner-table on account of faintness, but it would take something more than a slight indisposition to keep his tongue quiet, and on deck during the evening it made itself heard, perhaps a *little* more faintly than usual. Mr. Sydney's share of the Pagsanjan rapids had given him a violent chill, so that he shook from head to foot, and naturally could not be entertaining. Mr. Searle, enveloped in a huge blanket, with even his head buried in its folds, allowed it to emerge once while he favored us with a Spanish song, "Cual mariposa di rosa en rosa," after which his energies collapsed, and he retired from the scene. But my Amy's brilliancy, and that of a few others who vied with her in repartee, had not been quenched by water or clouded by fatigue, and I sat on a cushion, resting my weary head in her lap, and listened to conversation that resembled an exhibition of fireworks, and sometimes I had to start up and send off a feeble rocket on my own account when it became too inspiring for me to keep still.

The next sunrise found us again in the familiar Pasig River, and at Santa Ana the "Dwende's" pleasant party broke up. It re-assembled in a few days to sit for a photograph, because everybody wanted to perpetuate the excursion in some form, and we arranged ourselves on a green sward, with

banana leaves for a back ground, while a Spanish artist fussed over us with his camera for the best part of one afternoon before he could produce a pictured group that satisfied the originals.

Then came our sailing day; it was yesterday, yet Luzon is hardly out of sight now, our progress has been so slow. We were escorted from the Manila quay to our ship by a party of faithful friends who wished to see the last of us, they said, and then contradicted themselves by declaring that they were sorry to do so. A steam launch conveyed us across the harbor to the vessel, where we all tried to be gay after our usual fashion until good-byes had to be said, and some of them were hard to say. It was proposed that all of the Pagsanjan party, English, Irish, Scotch, American and Russian, should meet in 1880 at Niagara Falls to renew their acquaintance, but that hope failed to cheer anybody sufficiently, and as one after another descended the gangway and looked up at us for a second farewell we thought "it may be for years, but it is far more likely to be forever."

I trust that I am not growing sentimental, and for fear you may thus accuse me, I will close now with the words that, looking up from my paper, I say to Luzon, sinking below the horizon, and to all those who remember us there, and have watched the *Lyra's* white sails go out to sea, "Adios! adios!"

MARION.

CONCLUSION.

The little settlement of Anjer nestles among the wide-spreading banyan trees on the southern side of Java. Its red roofed Dutch houses peep out from the dark foliage with suggestions of comfort to be enjoyed on their generous verandahs, where the blinds, shutting out the blazing sun, are drawn up at the day's close to admit the refreshing

sea breeze. Mountains, green with never ending summer, form a background to the pretty picture of the town as seen from the water, and the eye follows the curving white shore to the point of the island where a tall light-house stands to ensure the safe passage of vessels through the Straits of Sunda.

On the afternoon of February 1st, 1871, the good ship "*Lyra*" floated before Anjer, awaiting the return of her captain and passengers, who had gone ashore for their letters, and then, having driven to the lighthouse, were surveying sea and land from an attitude of three hundred feet. Looking downward from that dizzy height upon a garden of brilliant flowers directly below them; and, beyond, on the landward side, over a verdant country, sloping upwards into mountains of velvet green, Amy and Marion stood entranced, taking a mental retrospect of their months in the beautiful East, while below waited their noble vessel to bear them over the wide ocean to their far-off home.

"Before we go down," said Amy, "I feel like singing that chorus from the Oratorio of St. Paul, 'How great is the depth.' For wonderful, indeed, are the ways in which we have been guided since leaving home up to this time."

With precious packages of letters the three voyagers left the shores of Java as moonbeams were glistening on the waves over which their boat sped to the waiting ship, that, with her sails set, drifted slowly from them, as if impatient to begin the long homeward passage; and as they climbed her gangway the girls said to each other,

"When we go down these steps again it will be with a last leave-taking to the "*Lyra*."

For a hundred days, at least, their home was to be upon the deep, and that those days should be profitably spent was the determination of Capt.

Roslyn's companions, and not only so with regard to themselves. They meant that the voyage should be time improved to that young man as well. They knew he had the best of reasons for longing to reach American shores, where was a magnet toward which his heart turned as truly as the needle of his compass to the North, and those young females, with wisdom beyond their years, determined upon a course of treatment for his case. With two ends in view—to keep him from thinking unduly about America, and themselves from indulging harmfully in Manila reminiscences, they set to work to improve their minds, and his, too. The Captain had injured his eyes by taking lunar observations, and the days would have been very long to him had it not been for his indefatigable sister and cousin, who made him learn with the help of their eyes whatever they did, and listen to whatever they wanted to read. Perhaps his own choice might have been more romances than they considered profitable, but they always kept some light literature on hand to be taken like maple sugar after Peruvian Bark, never treating him to it, however, until a good dose of deep reading and study had been faithfully administered.

Captain Arthur could listen with equanimity to the "Life of Rufus Choate," and the "Memoirs of Henry Crabb Robinson." His special dread was a book of general information that Marion insisted his committing to memory with her as a mental tonic.

"You can't feel romantic when I am cramming this book into both our heads at once," said Marion, in answer to his protestations, "and no more can I, so don't you say a word against it."

In spite of these afflicting circumstances Captain Roslyn was not greatly to be pitied, for his girls had some compassion in their hearts, and amused him with zeal as great as that with

which they gave him tonics. Exciting games of chess on deck shortened the afternoons so much that four bells (six o'clock), struck by the man at the wheel, and the prompt ringing of the tea-bell in the cabin, often came as a surprise to the players.

Lovely evenings those were in the Indian Ocean, famed for its sunsets, where the monarch of the day calls for the admiring, and oft times the awed attention as he sinks below the far blue water-line. One evening they must watch the snow-white cloud masses in the East glow with reflected crimson and then turn to gray; at another time they wonder at the deep, translucent blue, dotted with ashes of roses, while westward stretched a flaming sheet of red and gold, and when the sky has faded and moonlight whitened the sails, Amy brings her guitar, and with its vibrating chords the murmuring waves join in to follow her sweet voice.

Or sometimes, instead of listening to ballads, they join in singing hymns, Mr. Duncan lending his deep bass to make up a quartette, whose music caused the sailors on the lower deck to tread softly and lower their tones. If a sudden shower dispersed the singers, they gather around the cabin organ, and perhaps end the evening with a reading-circle under the swinging lamp.

That no one need imagine these favored voyages to be wholly exempt from annoyance, it should be stated that their happy evenings terminated with a fierce warfare waged against cockroaches in their respective staterooms. A cargo of sugar ensures the presence of these insects, who only keep quiet in the daytime to be livelier tormentors at night, and a black roach, measuring from one to two inches, who may spread his wings and fly at your head if the notion seizes him, is not the best company to induce sleep.

Amy and Marion, in opposite rooms, are armed with slippers, which descend with resounding whacks upon the prey,

and a shriek frequently testifies to the escape of some swift insect, while the Captain dances about his little office, flapping a wet towel at one or two flying specimens. One night when they had all retired, Amy's door opened hastily and she called "Marion, do come here—quick! I've got a great worm with horns in my room." The intruder proved to be a centipede, but he was apparently without kith or kin on board the ship; certainly none of his kind was seen again in the cabin.

It will not do to omit mentioning the new passenger who sailed from Manila in the "Lyra," for she was considered a member of the family-party quite as much as Mr. Duncan. A small Spanish poodle deaf, and rather stupid, but pretty, with her pathetic brown eyes and curly white hair, had been the parting gift of a friend, and Marion, who always denounced the folly of woman petting small dogs, could not resist the loving ways of this one any more than the rest, who opened their hearts wide to little "Luna." When she was discovered one day with a family of four, some dismay was expressed, and the question "What can we do with so many dogs?" was asked, but never answered in words. They were suffered to live, however, and when all were on their legs it was difficult to cross the cabin without stepping on a soft, woolly ball that squealed piteously at the attention. The girls read, studied and worked with Toddles and Poddles (named after the twins in "Our Mutual Friend") and Fleecy and Posy actually swarming over them, and Luna generally lying close to one of her friends with her nose on the book, or her paw on the sewing. Amy seemed to attract the quadrupeds more than any one; they loved to gather around her, and nestle in the folds of her dress when she was sitting in a low easy chair, and it was a pretty sight when she wore a certain blue

dress, the Captain's favorite, and the row of sleeping poodles upon the edge of the skirt made it appear like a robe bordered with white fur.

Calm days often tried the Captain's patience, and he was almost ready to scold his girls for not being in so great a hurry as he was to get home; but the springs of his good nature were too deep for him to be readily irritated, even by the flapping of the sails—that sound so trying to a sailor's nerves and temper—and any amusement that they found to beguile these still times he would join in, whistling perseveringly for a breeze meanwhile. One afternoon, when the sea was like azure satin for smoothness and shining color, a fleet of nautili were noticed sailing along under the shadow of the vessel, and designs quickly made upon them were only given up after long and patient fishing with a bucket and rope. Each tiny voyager in his fragile boat floated by the snare, and as the three heads bending over the rail were raised at last, a sudden breeze ruffled the quiet deep, and bore to them something not quite briny—hardly an odor, but a suggestion of land.

"Now, we smell Africa!" cried Captain Roslyn, "and we are not far from it. Girls, take a long breath, and imagine forests over in the direction this wind comes from. The calm is over, and I'm a happy man again."

It was over, indeed, for that time, and a gale in store for them. In two days the changeable ocean lifted up its waves and took on a wild appearance; the heaving surface streaked all over with white, while great breakers came rolling up behind the stern, pitching the ship forward in the deep hollows, from which her bow rose triumphantly shaking off the water from its figurehead, the nymph with a lyre in her arms. A strong, cold wind blew the spray like drifting snow in the faces of the girls as they stood by the taffrail, finding it difficult to keep their balance

unless clinging with both arms, yet too much in the spirit of the scene to go below to safer and warmer quarters. The Captain finally seized a rope, and passing it around their waists, bound them firmly to the railing. Finding them after dark sitting on the steps of the companion-way that led up on deck, and despatching enormous green pickles, he enquired what set their avaricious minds to covet the sailors' especial stores.

"Won't the cabin pickles satisfy you, without stealing from the old shell backs?" he demanded.

"Oh, they can't compare with these!" they cried. "Mr. Duncan got them for us, and on such nights as this we must have something sour."

"Are my brave sailor girls sea-sick?" asked Captain Roslyn, suspiciously.

"No, indeed; only 'kind o' funny,' as Nora the stewardess used to say; and who wouldn't be on a ship acting as this one does to-night."

The Captain was forced to confess that even he was near that state of disturbance in which pickles are the first requirement, and he joined their feast on the steps. After this, when a gale came it was made an excuse to eat pickles, and the supply in the sailors' keg would soon have been low if fairer weather had not set in before they saw Cape of Good Hope light.

On a pleasant Sunday morning Table Mountain appeared, and all day was plainly seen. No table could present a more level surface than that wide mountain-top, as seen from a distance of several miles. "It would be nice to play croquet there if it were as flat and smooth as it looks," was the girls' comment upon it.

The island of St. Helena was the next point of interest on the homeward voyage. Looming up from the horizon, the bare, rocky side by which the "Lyra" approached it gives the idea of a frowning fortress—a safe prison for the emperor who made Europe

tremble. On that side there is one enormous square rock called "The Barn," more than a thousand feet high; and far above it, on green heights, is Longwood, where the captive Napoleon looked out from among the trees upon the track of almost constantly passing vessels. Rounding the corner of the "Barn," Jamestown comes in sight at the foot of towering hills, and a few vessels are at anchor before it. Captain Roslyn set out in his boat to visit one of them, the English man-of-war "Rattlesnake," and returned after some hazard, caused by a rough sea and leaky boat, with London papers and a few cabbages and potatoes; and then they sailed away from the historic island, leaving it bathed in a flood of afternoon sunlight.

St. Helena passed, there was nothing for our voyagers to anticipate but the Highlands of Neversink, and they went on as before to improve the time, and enjoy each other's society. Services were held in the cabin every Sunday, and on Wednesday evenings the sailors' Bible class. Passengers were not admitted to the latter, but a deep interest in it, rather than idle curiosity, sometimes led them to look down through the skylight upon the cabin table, where the men gathered around it, pored over their Testaments, some whose knitted brows testified to the difficulty of their task in making out a few verses; others, with earnest upturned faces, listening to their captain as he made the truths of God clear to them. Saturday evenings were frequently devoted to simple lectures upon such subjects as mariners must find it desirable to understand, though comparatively few have any but vague ideas of them—trade winds, for example, on one Saturday, cyclones, the Gulf Stream, and astronomy succeeding, and all set forth so clearly that the youngest lad could not fail to understand what was said, while an occasional pleasantry of the captain's never failed to excite a

broad grin upon the weather-beaten faces. Before the end of the voyage the series was closed by a temperance lecture, designed as a preparation for the temptations soon to assail them in port.

At last came a day, the one hundred and seventeenth day of their passage, when the Highlands outside of New York harbor rose from the sea—a signal to the inmates of the "Lyra" that the end of their happy voyage drew near. Staten Island, covered with the fresh verdure of May, was a welcome sight to eyes long used only to the blue of water and sky; never had grass looked so green to them as that around the forts, and on all sides the land seemed rejoicing in Spring-time. What a change from ocean solitude was the busy life and stir of that wide harbor! The white pilot-boats, skimming by like fleet-winged birds, outward bound steamers crowded with passengers for Europe, puffing ferries, threading their way among the anchored or mooring vessels, and beyond all the great metropolis to which, nineteen

months before, the sailor-girls had bidden farewell.

New York's tall spires were rosy with sunset as the "Lyra" moved slowly up to the dock. There Amy and Marion saw dear familiar faces watching the ship's approach with as much longing and eagerness as if she brought them the treasures of the East, and soon her cabins resounded with welcoming voices.

So the girls' voyage was ended, and they returned to home scenes and duties with a new song of gladness and praise in their hearts—a stronger desire to be useful and faithful in all future paths of life. Many a time they may realize that it is easier to go round the world than to go through it; but believing the Divine Presence who led them so safely will not fail them, even unto the end of life's journey, they need fear nothing, and may it be true of them which was written of some disciples long ago, who had known that Presence with them on the deep—who, "when they had brought their ships to land, followed Him."

[THE END.]



SOME BOOKS WRITTEN IN PRISON.

How few remember that some of the best known books in our language have been the result of a compulsory leisure in gaol. This thought has induced us to review a few, from the long list of the wise and good, whom the world has rewarded and honored with persecution. Monarchs, statesmen, warriors, martyrs, poets and philosophers are to be found on the bead-roll of prison history—their names are almost legion. How to appreciate and treat its wisest children is a lesson the world has been long in learning—has scarcely learned even yet. From time immemorial the prophet has been stoned; gaols, stakes and gibbets have been the crowns of glory awarded to those who have labored to improve mankind, to increase knowledge, and to liberate truth; and such treatment has always failed in its object. We have

“Sages, patriots, martyrs mild,
Going to the stake as child
Goeth to its little bed.”

The dark and lonely cell has become a holy place, which the song of the poet, the story of the novelist, the truths of the philosopher, the prayers of the martyr, the aspirations of the patriot have glorified. The unconquerable mind has made

“Imprisonment a pleasure,
Aye, such a pleasure as engaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.”

And many a prison has become a shrine of glory more worthy of a pilgrimage than most of the places to which our forefathers directed their steps.

“Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,” said the wise son of Israel, and the experience of all ages confirms the

deep truthfulness of his words. The abiding influences of suffering are pure and holy, and strengthen the soul for endurance, and prepare and fit it for final victory. The power of joy is of a light and transient nature compared with the perennial power of sorrow. Laughter compared with tears is as the light ripple on the face of some sweet lake, kissed by the slightest summer breeze, to the glorious rollings of the tempest-tossed billows of the sea. Mirth is bright and beautiful, and lovely to look upon is the face radiant with smiles, but it has not the serene and ineffable light which beams from the countenance of the long and sorely-tried child of sorrow.

The passage in the Divine Book has found its echo in the deepest poetry written since. All tragedy is more lasting than comedy. Dante's song stands like a giant above all the other songs of Italy, glorious as is the “Jerusalem Delivered,” and Milton's “Paradise Lost,” whose very name is a pathos, is the greatest epic the world possesses. A volume might be filled with quotations from the most inspired poets, proving how deeply they had experienced the beneficent influence of grief and suffering. “Blessed are the uses of adversity,” says England's greatest child of poesy; Shelley tells us that poets

“Learn in suffering what they teach in song,”
and Wordsworth has left us these melancholy lines:

“We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
Wherof in the end cometh despondency and
madness.”

A young living poet has in two verses sung exquisitely upon this theme:

“The flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies ;
And life would have no joys at all
Were there no watery eyes.

Love then thy sorrow ; grief shall bring
Its own relief in after years ;
The rainbow—see how fair a thing
God hath built up from tears.”

Such being the blessed influence of sorrow, we need not wonder that some of the world's greatest books have been written in prison. The cell of the poor sufferer has thus been converted into a palace of thought, and rendered more glorious by the halo which suffering but triumphant genius has thrown around it than is the throne of the most successful conqueror with which the world has been cursed or blessed. Dearer to our memories, and dearer to all future generations will the prison house of Boethius be than the palace of Theodoric, great as the Goth undoubtedly was.

Who of us would not prefer seeing the cell in which Tasso was confined to all the splendor of the house of Este? And great and notable as were the life and deeds of Charles V., who of us would not rather make a pilgrimage to the prison of Cervantes than to the Emperor's cloister at Valladolid? Silvio Pellico has made the house of Hapsburg a thing of shame, and his narrow home of iron and stone a more glorious spot than the crime-stained court of Vienna.

Bedford Gaol is dearer to the memories of Englishmen than Whitehall, and Bunyan has made a damp, miserable and narrow cage more glorious than the throne upon which sat he of the Revolution.

So true is it, as Richard Lovelace sings,

“Stone walls do not a prison make,”

that a workingman, by trade a shoemaker, shall be imprisoned for Chartist riots, and shall convert his cell into a temple for the Muses, and sing his “Purgatory of Suicides,” without let or hindrance. Truly a noble record of

the power of the mind to make its own kingdom, a perennial teaching of the benign influence of sorrow, and a glowing monument of genius, are the world's Prison Books.

What reader of English history, what lover of English poetry, has not glowed with admiration, and burned with indignation, while perusing the life and poems of the gallant Earl of Surrey (1516-1547). One debt, above all, we owe to Surrey, and when we consider the priceless treasure of poetry enshrined in blank verse in our language—the wonders of Shakespeare, the glories of Milton, the delightful pictures of Cowper, the unrestrained sweep of Thomson's song, the rich music and variety of Tennyson—when we conjure up these, and the thousand others who have made blank verse the national metre of our tongue, how great is our debt to the man who first introduced the instrument upon which so many have so gloriously played. To Surrey we owe this. His translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid* is the first example of blank verse in English, and he was a prison poet. A relative of Anne Boleyn, of course he incurred the hatred of Henry VIII., and after several imprisonments, ultimately quitting the Tower only for the block, he was beheaded in 1547, and the king died within a week after. During his incarceration he wrote his first prison poem, entitled “A Satire against the Citizens of London,” an extraordinary production for that day. Its satire is sharp and biting. His next attempt was of a graver kind, a deeper vein, and far more worthy of the poet's genius. He was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, and here he wrote “Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth the pleasures there passed.” His trial was like most of the state trials of the period, a mere mockery. His chief crime was having quartered the royal arms on his escutcheon. Before his arrest his fate was determined, and he was one more

added to the long list of victims which make Henry's reign such a bloody one in England's annals.

Surrey was the bosom friend of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and to this friendship we are indebted for three charming poems. The elegies on the death of his friend are amongst Surrey's happiest efforts. Noble, manly, generous and poetically beautiful, they are alike honorable to the man whose memory inspired, and to him whose love produced them.

We must pass from Windsor Castle and the Tower of London to the prison at Seville, where Cervantes (1547-1616) planned his immortal *Don Quixote*. Like the lives of most of earth's great men, the life of Cervantes was hard and severe. He was no darling of fortune in the usual acceptance of that word. He was a brave man, and though sorely tried he never was less the noblest, boldest, truest and most thorough hero of his time. As soldier, as prisoner, as author, he was the same, — a wise, noble, joyous-hearted, truthful man, an object worthy of reverence and love. Nearly three centuries have passed since he was gathered to his fathers, but he still lives, and will ever live, the type of the highest and purest of his race. The greatness of his nation has passed away, her influence has ceased, her glory has departed, the Spain of the old ballads belongs to the past, yet Cervantes still lives in his writings, to tell us what she once was, and what a great, large-hearted, universal genius she once possessed.

The genius of Cervantes can never die, and *Don Quixote* will cheer, delight and instruct as long as people can read, and hearts are of the same material as they are now. Of *Don Quixote* it may be said that it stands alone. Its humor is its own, its plan is peculiar, and is only possible once. It was and still remains unique in the literature of the world.

But we must once more return to the

Tower of London to a genius contemporary with Cervantes—one, the greatest child of a nation about to decay; the other, a great child of a nation just about to assert her supremacy, and prove herself a match for the world in arms. What a glorious period that great Elizabethan age was for a man to live in—great in deed and great in thought—equal to all things, and great in all. Then had we the world's greatest poet—Shakespeare; then had we the world's greatest philosopher—Bacon; then had we the world's purest knight of chivalry—the spotless Sir Philip Sidney; then had we the world's greatest statesman—the cautious Burleigh; then had we the terrible Admiral Blake, and amongst them all, and the friend of all, doing deeds equal to the bravest, the darling of Spenser, lived the founder of Virginia, soldier, sailor, statesman, poet and author of that notable prison book, "*The History of the World*."—Sir Walter Raleigh, (1552-1618).

In his Bible the following lines were written in his own handwriting. They are generally attributed to him, but they are inseparably associated with him, as they are certainly the last lines written by him, whether his own or as a quotation :

"Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust!"

His "*History of the World*," written during his prolonged imprisonment, is a book which for the exactness of its chronology, curiousness of its con-texture, and learning of all sorts, seems to be the work of an age. It would be an extraordinary work to be produced by one of the greatest scholars of the age, but to be the work of one who had been "a soldier, a sailor and a courtier" it is indeed a marvel.

Heroism, liberty, law, honor, life, death, God, religion, the soul, immortality, man and his doings and misdoings, these are some of the subjects on which Raleigh writes—writes eloquently, earnestly and attractively; as a man so wise and so interested will ever write on such matters.

To idle readers, to those who read to kill time, this book does not belong. To readers who seek for wisdom, who love it enough to dig deeply in heavy soil, and are rewarded for their labors by coming to its sweet root, this "History of the World" stands among the great works of the literature of England. And what a book it is to be a prison book! How can this brief notice of the noble victim's work be better summed up than in his own solemn, eloquent and sublime words:

"O eloquent, just and mighty death! whom none could advise, thou has persuaded; what none had dared, thou hast done; and when all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words 'Hic jacet.'"

Another noble book we may trace to the Tower, viz., "The Monarchy of Man," by Sir John Eliot, a work which for grandeur of thought and eloquent language may well take its place by the side of Raleigh's great production.

Before speaking of the greatest of all these "caged linnets"—John Bunyan—we must not pass without notice George Wither, the Puritan, and Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier, who, as the varying tides of fortune ebbed and flowed, changed places in prison. Wither in 1613 published his satire "Abuses Strip't and Whip't," and soon won the crown of persecution in an imprisonment of some years, and here he wrote his "Shepherd's Hunting," and other poems, which are among the best of his productions. Judging from

his own words, his treatment seems to have been most disgracefully severe, nevertheless, his lines on the joy and consolation that poetry had afforded him have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Wither is also remembered as the author of the song which has come down to our day,

"Shall I wasting in despair."

It is cheering to find from some of the last words traced by his pen that after all the storms and roughness of life his faith remained unshaken, and that he waited his final summons with the calm fortitude of a Christian.

In dismissing this brave songster, we may say of his works what he himself so beautifully said of woman's beauty:

"Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart—
Thoughts too deep to be express'd,
And too strong to be suppress'd."

The very opposite of Wither in almost every particular, for Wither lived a life of the utmost simplicity, Lovelace was a devoted loyalist, and a nobler, gayer, more gallant one, or one more devoted to the cause, could not be found. In turn, however, he had his share of imprisonment, and here he wrote some of his best poems, including that delightful one to "Althea," and to "Lucasta."

Lovelace's poems are not all free from the coarseness of the time, but strange to say, when in the stone walls of his cell he lifts up his voice and sings in honor of love, of constancy, of loyalty and truth. He strikes a chord so true, so national and so universal that we cheerfully lend him an ear, willingly give ourselves up to the delight of his verse, and yield him our warmest praise. A more generous, chivalrous and noble-hearted man than Richard Lovelace never made a prison famous, or glorified a dungeon by the power of song.

Let us now turn to Bedford Gaol, where lived, suffered and wrote one of those rarely bestowed upon earth, a man of genius. For twelve years John Bunyan was here imprisoned, during which he wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," a fact which has made the gloomy cell which looked upon the sluggish waters of the Ouse one of the shrines of England, and shed a renown upon the town of Bedford which cities may envy, casting a glory around that old prison-house which the throne of the Stuarts never won.

Of the book itself we need not speak; it has been published in every known language, and, thanks to the printing press, it can be had to-day, in the strong, sterling English of which Bunyan is so powerful an exponent, for a penny—the book upon which Macaulay said he would stake the reputation of the English language rather than any other.

Fancy the judges threatening John Bunyan with banishment, and that "his neck should be stretched." Bunyan had learned that "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom," and that "the fear of man is a snare;" he had the fear of God, and no other fear in him. On November 12th, 1660, Bunyan was sent to gaol; into that wretched place did an English government put its second greatest living man. The first was old and blind, and, though he had fallen on evil days, was preparing for the world a legacy which would have been cheaply purchased at the loss of all the Stuarts.

Bunyan was a large-hearted man. He belonged, by accident partly, and, perhaps, afterwards by choice, to the Baptists, but he preferred being called a Christian to the name of his own sect.

He says: "Since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you I would be, and hope I am, a Christian, and choose, if God should count me worthy, to be

called a Christian, a Believer, or other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost." Words which are as full of wise meaning now as when written by John Bunyan.

Some other prison authors we may briefly refer to. Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery, and his "Prison Thoughts" are well nigh forgotten; James Montgomery, of Sheffield, who twice suffered imprisonment for what was held to be a libel, published in his newspaper, *The Sheffield Iris*, in 1795. To him the spirit of poetry came, and cheered him with her bright presence. He was a kind-hearted, gentle, amiable and pious man, and his poetry displays these characteristics, but few of his lines have become the common property of the world, or helped to increase the store of popular wisdom, which does so much to advance the growth and development of a people.

The last verse of his "Theme for a Poet" is a fair specimen of Montgomery's versification:

"Thou whom I love, but cannot see,
My Lord, my God, look down on me!
My low affections raise,
The spirit of liberty impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
And while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work, and make it Thine."

Two other prison poets, of the present century, may serve as our modern instances. Firstly, Leigh Hunt, who died only a few years ago, the friend and companion of Byron, Shelly, and Coleridge. Hunt suffered two years' imprisonment for calling the Prince of Wales (afterward George the Fourth) "although an Adonis in loveliness, a corpulent man of fifty." Probably Hunt's political opinions had more to do with his conviction than the mere words which were held to be the libel. However, Hunt served through his term of two years, and the world is thankful for his two poems, "The Descent of Liberty" and "The Story of Rimini," which were written during his in-

carceration. His writings at seventy-five years of age bore all the freshness, the buoyancy, the genial light-heartedness, the faith in human goodness, and progress, of his writings at twenty-five. A better companion for a summer day's ramble than the pocket edition of Leigh Hunt's poems it is scarcely possible to find—one whose company would never become tedious. Secondly, it would be an injustice to omit Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, and his prison poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides." Its subject is against it, and will probably prevent its ever becoming a popular book, and its harsh and angry outbursts of passion render it unpleasing, but, remembering that it was written while the author was smarting under the sentence which he felt was an injustice and a tyranny, we may well

forgive our poet much for the real merit of the work, which abounds in true and genuine poetry.

It is pleasant to know that Thomas Cooper has long ago given up his doubts and troublings, and that he is now, at a green old age, an eloquent, earnest and powerful teacher of the Christian religion.

We have seen that all our "caged birds" have sung sweetly and harmoniously through their prison bars, and we can realize the carol of Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
A spotless mind and innocent
Calls that a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA.

THE PIECE OF SCULPTURE.

The Master stood within his studio,
His chisel lying by him on the floor,
And motionless his tired, folded hands.
Around him there were groups of statuary,
The imaged *thoughts* of the great master's mind,
Which he had wrought upon in bygone hours;
And as a father on his children smiles
With tender reverence for their innocency—
Or, as a man who walks among his friends—
So did the Sculptor in his lonely hours
Pace to and fro, and find companionship
Here in the voiceless, marble statuary.
They sympathized in all his wayward moods,
He thought, these groups of ideal loveliness;
Some with bent heads, and others lifting up
Their faces to the happy morning sun,
That shone upon them through the diamond pane.

And wreathed their brows with waves of tender light ;
 And after gazing on them he would find
 His weariness all drift into repose ;
 For they had breathed within the Master's soul
 Murmurs of subtle, deep-toned harmony.
 But, all forgetful now the Sculptor stood,
 Even of these most soothing presences,
 Wrapt in the contemplation of one work,
 Finished but now by his still, folded hands.
 It was the Angel of Humility,
 Wrought in pure marble ; and the drooping wings
 Seemed to be clothed with the unconscious grace
 The Statue faultlessly personified.
 Between the fingers of her out stretched hand
 There lay a little lily of the vale.
 Art was so true to nature, here one paused,
 Half doubting that the sun had never kissed,
 Or the wind woo'd, or the shy dewdrop crept
 Into the little flower's virgin cup ;
 It almost seemed that nature, stooping low,
 Had breathed a soul into that marble form.
 Yet, tho' it was not so, perchance the voice
 Of God—which men call genius—awoke
 Within the Sculptor's soul such mighty thought,
 That it had struggled into utterance
 Here, in the Angel of Humility.
 As in a dream, the Master recognized,
 Slowly, the power he held within himself ;
 And, with a thrill of exquisite delight,
 He gazed upon his work with loving eyes,
 Which grew more dark and tender as he felt
 The long, long labor ended, and the rest.
 But over all this peacefulness there came,
 After a little space, a thoughtfulness,
 That like a mountain mist that grows and grows,
 First deepened into sadness and then pain.
 For, ah, those hours, now past, had been so dear !
 When he was weary and his soul cast down,
 This work had soothed him with a solemn power ;
 And in his slow, sure progress, day by day,
 He came to love the image as a friend
 To whom his deepest heart he had revealed.
 But now those days were gone forevermore,
 And there the Angel stood, most beautiful,
 His highest ideal fully realized ;
 And yet, before the Master's earnest eyes,
 There crept a shadow as of coming tears,
 And with a mute, lone gesture, turning round,
 He went his way and softly closed the door,
 As one who over a lost friendship sighs.

PERIL IN THE BUSH.

It was in the fall of 186— that I took charge of a party for the purpose of exploring certain timber limits in the Lake St. John country. I left Quebec by the last Saguenay boat and arrived at Ha! Ha! Bay the following day, and drove to Chicoutimi, a distance of nine miles, where I engaged my party of eight men, all of whom were half-breeds well accustomed to camp life. From Chicoutimi we walked to Lake Kenogami, which is twenty-six miles long, the outlet of which is the Chicoutimi River. We then portaged the strip of land between Lakes Kenogami and Kenogamishish, up which we sailed in a sort of bateau or barge; at the mouth of the river we made use of bark canoes, and then passed into the Belle, or Kispaganish, a very rapid river, one of whose rapids is so dangerous that many persons have been drowned in it. We then arrived at the mouth of the river on the east shore of Lake St. John, and the lake being too rough for canoes we were obliged to walk ten miles along the shore to the Hudson Bay Company's station on the east or right bank of the Metabetchouan River. The station was then in charge of Mr Skene, a Scotch gentleman, who treated us most kindly during the three days we were obliged to remain there on account of the extremely stormy weather, which rendered the lake unsafe for canoes. The wind having subsided, we started for Pointe Bleu, and arrived there at six o'clock in the evening. Pointe Bleu is a promontory of limestone rock, the beds of which are nearly horizontal, and very rich in fossils, jutting out into the lake from the north-west side. A rich loam lies on the lime stone beds on the border of the lake, and a settlement of over one thousand families there is in a prosperous condition. The Montagnais, an Indian tribe of about one hundred families, are also there located, and carry on a flourishing trade in furs with the Hudson Bay Company. They go out hunting twice a year, and generally each hunter clears two hundred dollars a year. One of these Indians, known as Grand Père, was, it is said, obliged to eat his own child to save himself from starvation. We found the climate on the border of the lake changeable, and the ice was not strong enough to bear passage on it till near Christmas. Myriads of ptarmigan flew about in large flocks, and were delicious eating. In this tract of country, stretching from the lake towards the valley of the Batiscan, the timber—consisting mostly of birch and maple, although other kinds are abundant—is very fine and large, some trees measuring three and four feet in diameter; but to the east of the Metabetchouan it decreases in size and is of little value, for the country is hilly and rocky, while in the valleys of the large rivers Chamouchouan, Parebanka and Mistasini the land is rich and wonderfully suitable for settlers, who are rapidly filling up these valleys. My party was encamped near the latter river in January, when with five men I started on an exploring tour, leaving the others in the camp, telling them that I would return on the following day. I completed my survey, but had been so long occupied in it that in returning to the camp darkness fell upon us, and we were unable to continue our tramp. We determined to build a temporary shelter and proceed to camp on the following morning. My men commenced felling a half decayed tree to procure firewood, when

one of the men discovered a hole in the tree, and putting his hand in to find the depth of it, it was immediately seized by a bear inside. He screamed out with pain and terror, when another of the men, taking advantage of the bear exposing his head, buried his axe in the skull, killing him instantly. What was next our surprise to see two cubs make their appearance, both of which we instantly despatched. We then proceeded to complete the construction of our camp, but had hardly done so when we found ourselves surrounded by a large pack of wolves, attracted no doubt by the smell of the dead bears. We had but one gun, and this we discharged as rapidly as possible among the pack, and killed two; but the brutes were so ravenous with hunger that we found ourselves closely pressed, and we were obliged to find refuge by climbing up a large tree, round which, after eating the bears, the infuriated brutes yelped and barked. We were, however, safe from their attacks, and were exceedingly thankful for our deliverance. But another danger soon threatened us: the night was piercingly cold, and in our cramped position, without the means of increasing the circulation of the blood, we were exposed to its full intensity. A numbness seized our limbs, and a drowsiness and stupor were gradually overpowering us, and we saw death before us in the horrible form of being frozen, or falling from the tree in our stupor and being devoured by the wolves. To prevent this latter we managed to tie each other to the branches by means of our sashes and leather belts. We continued firing off our gun at intervals, so as to attract the attention of my men whom I had left in camp, in the event of their coming to seek us. Our shot had given out, so that we were unable to kill any more of our assailants; and worse still, our powder failed us, and we could not signal our friends as to

our whereabouts. The night was intensely dark, and the cold unbearable. Already two of the men had their feet and hands frozen. Nothing could be seen around, for the sky was inky black, and even the white snow was not visible from our position in the tree. Nothing could be heard save the unabated yelping and barking of the wolves. Inevitable death from freezing stared us in the face, when suddenly a report from a gun was just audible; but we had no means, save by our weak voices, to answer the signal. We endeavored to raise a united shout, but it was drowned by the yelping brutes beneath us. With help so near at hand we were in the depths of despair. It was too horrible. The hours had passed like days, but I knew that daylight could not be far off; yet daylight could bring us no succor if the pack of wolves did not leave us, or we received no help from the party in search of us. Daylight did at last appear, but it was faint and gloomy; still we were relieved from the horrible darkness, and we could distinguish the jumping forms of the brutes which thirsted for our blood. Shortly after we were astonished and overjoyed to see the whole pack start off at a gallop, and looking in the direction they took, we saw two moose in full flight to escape their pursuers. We then prepared to get down from our dangerous position in the tree, but were almost unable to effect our purpose, for our limbs were so benumbed with the cold that we were helpless, and indeed the two men whose hands and feet were frozen would have fallen to the ground had their bands been loosened. We were debating what was to be done, when we heard a distant shout, which we answered as loudly as our exhausted state would permit us. To our unspeakable joy it was heard and replied to. We were saved. In a few moments the rest of our party made their appearance, and took us down from our perches on the

tree. They immediately lit a fire and made the camp as comfortable as possible, for it was out of the question for us to attempt to march in our weakened condition. By friction the two men whose hands and feet were frozen had them restored, and at the end of two days we were able to return to our own camp, unwilling to renew such experience, and thankful for our providential escape.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.*

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Ignorance of the future can hardly be good for any man or nation ; nor can forecast of the future in the case of any man or nation well interfere with the business of the present, though the language of colonial politicians seems often to imply that it may. No Canadian farmer would take his hand from the plough, no Canadian artisan would desert the foundry or the loom, no Canadian politician would become less busy in his quest of votes, no industry of any kind would slacken, no source of wealth would cease to flow, if the rulers of Canada and the powers of Downing Street, by whom the rulers of Canada are supposed to be guided, instead of drifting on in darkness, knew for what port they were steering.

For those who are actually engaged in moulding the institutions of a young

*The paper which we here reproduce appeared some six months ago in the *Fortnightly Review*. It was republished at the time in both Canada and the United States, and widely circulated, provoking a great deal of discussion ; and no apology is required for laying it before our readers even at this late date, as it is of the first importance for Canadians to know how thinkers regard the future of Canada, however unpalatable their conclusions may be. Heretofore, the narrow limits of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* have prevented us from reproducing important articles of this kind as they appear from time to time in English and American magazines ; but the enlargement inaugurated in this number will enable us to do so in future.

country not to have formed a conception of her destiny—not to have made up their minds whether she is to remain forever a dependency, to blend again in a vast confederation with the monarchy of the mother-country, or to be united to a neighboring republic—would be to renounce statesmanship. The very expenditure into which Canada is led by her position as a dependency in military and political railways, in armaments and defenses, and other things which assume the permanence of the present system, is enough to convict Canadian rulers of flagrant improvidence if the permanency of the present system is not distinctly established in their minds.

To tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd. No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event without having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival. On the other hand, mere party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour. Under the system of party government, forecast and freedom of speech alike belong generally to those who are not engaged in public life.

The political destiny of Canada is here considered by itself, apart from that of any other portion of the motley and widely-scattered "empire." This surely is the rational course. Not to speak of India and the military de-

pendencies, such as Malta and Gibraltar, which have absolutely nothing in common with the North American colonies (India not even the titular form of government, since its sovereign has been made an empress), who can believe that the future of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of the West Indies, and of Mauritius, will be the same? Who can believe that the mixed French and English population of Canada, the mixed Dutch and English population of the Cape, the negro population of Jamaica, the French and Indian population of Mauritius, the English and Chinese population of Australia, are going to run forever the same political course? Who can believe that the moulding influences will be the same in arctic continents or in tropical islands as in countries lying within the temperate zone? Among the colonies those, perhaps, which most nearly resemble each other in political character and circumstances, are Canada and Australia; yet the elements of the population are very different—and still more different are the external relations of Australia, with no other power near her, from those of Canada, not only conterminous with the United States, but interlaced with them, so that at present the road of the Governor-General of Canada, when he visits his Pacific province, lies through the territory of the American Republic. Is it possible to suppose that the slender filament which connects each of these colonies with Downing Street is the thread of a common destiny?

In studying Canadian politics, and in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada, the first thing to be remembered, though official optimism is apt to overlook it, is that Canada was a colony not of England but of France, and that between the British of Ontario and the British of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are interposed, in solid and unyielding mass, above a million of unassimilated and politically antagonistic Frenchmen. French Canada is a relic of the historical past preserved by isolation, as Siberian mammoths are preserved in

ice. It is a fragment of the France before the Revolution, less the monarchy and the aristocracy; for the feeble parody of French feudalism in America ended with the abolition of the seigniories, which may be regarded as the final renunciation of feudal ideas and institutions by society in the New World. The French-Canadians are an unprogressive, religious, submissive, courteous, and, though poor, not unhappy people. They would make excellent factory-hands if Canada had a market for her manufactures; and, perhaps, it is as much due to the climate as to their lack of intelligent industry that they have a very indifferent reputation as farmers. They are governed by the priest, with the occasional assistance of the notary; and the Roman Catholic Church may be said to be still established in the province, every Roman Catholic being bound to pay tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, though the Protestant minority are exempt. The Church is immensely rich, and her wealth is always growing, so that the economical element which mingled with the religious cause of the reformation may one day have its counterpart in Quebec. The French-Canadians, as we have said, retain their exclusive national character. So far from being absorbed by the British population, or Anglicized by contact with it, they have absorbed and Gallicized the fragments of British population which chance has thrown among them; and the children of Highland regiments disbanded in Quebec have become thorough Frenchmen, and prefixed Jean Baptiste to their Highland names. For his own Canada the Frenchman of Quebec has something of a patriotic feeling; for France he has filial affection enough to make his heart beat violently for her during a Franco-German war; for England, it may be safely said, he has no feeling whatever. It is true that he fought against the American invaders in the Revolutionary War, and again in 1812; but then he was animated by his ancient hostility to the Puritans of New England,

in the factories of whose descendants he now freely seeks employment. Whether he would enthusiastically take up arms for England against the Americans at present, the British War-Office, after the experience of the two Fenian raids, can no doubt tell. With Upper Canada, the land of Scotch Presbyterians, Irish Orangemen, and ultra-British sentiment, French Canada, during the union of the two provinces, led an uneasy life: and she accepted confederation, on terms which leave her nationality untouched, rather as a severance of her special wedlock with her unloved consort than as a measure of North American union. The unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions was plainly manifested on the occasion of the conflict between the French half-breeds and the British immigrants in Manitoba, which presented a faint parallel to the conflict between the advanced posts of slavery and anti-slavery in Kansas on the eve of the civil war; Quebec openly sympathizing with Riel and his fellow-insurgents, while Ontario was on fire to avenge the death of Scott. Sir George Cartier might call himself an Englishman speaking French; but his calling himself so did not make him so; much less did it extend the character from a political manager, treading the path of ambition with British colleagues, to the mass of his unsophisticated compatriots. The priests hitherto have put their interests into the hands of a political leader, such as Sir George himself, in the same way in which the Irish priests used to put their interests into the hands of O'Connell; and this leader has made the best terms he could for them and for himself at Ottawa. Nor has it been difficult to make good terms, since both the political parties bid emulously for the Catholic vote, and, by their interested subserviency to those who wield it, render it impossible for a Liberal Catholic party, or a Liberal party of any kind, to make head against priestly influence in Quebec. By preference the priests, as reactionists, have allied themselves with the Tory party

in the British provinces, and Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle, witnessed for the first time in England at the last general election, of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll. Fear of contact with an active-minded democracy, and of possible peril to their overweening wealth, has also led the priesthood to shrink from annexation, though they have not been able to prevent their people from going over the line for better wages, and bringing back with them a certain republican leaven of political and ecclesiastical unrest, which in the end may, perhaps, lead to the verification of Lord Elgin's remark, that it would be easier to make the French-Canadians Americans than to make them English. Hitherto, however, French Canada has retained, among other heirlooms of the *Ancien Regime*, the old Gallican Church, the Church of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet, national, quiet, unaggressive, capable of living always on sufficiently good terms with the State. But now the scene is changed. Even to French Canada, the most secluded nook of the Catholic world, Ultramontanism has penetrated, with the Jesuit in its van. There is a struggle for ascendancy between the Jesuits and the Gallicans, the citadel of the Gallicans being the Sulpician Seminary, vast and enormously wealthy, which rises over Montreal. The Jesuit has the forces of the hour on his side; he gains the day; the bishops fall under his influence, and take his part against the Sulpicians; the Guibord case marks, distinctly though farcically, the triumph of his principles; and it is by no means certain that he, a cosmopolitan power playing a great game, will cling to Canadian isolation, and that he will not prefer a junction with his main army in the United States. Assuredly his choice will not be determined by loyalty to England. At all events, his aggressive policy has begun to raise questions calculated to excite the Protestants of the British Provinces, which the politicians, with all their arts, will hardly be able to smother, and which

will probably put an end to the long torpor of Quebec. The New Brunswick school case points to education as a subject which can scarcely fail soon to give birth to a cause of war.

Besides the French, there are in Canada, as we believe we have good authority for saying, about 400,000 Irish, whose political sentiments are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother-country, as any reader of their favorite journals will perceive. Thus, without reckoning a considerable German settlement in Ontario, which by its unimpaired nationality in the heart of the British population attests the weakness of the assimilating forces in Canada compared with those in the United States, or the Americans, who, though not numerous, are influential in the commercial centres, we have at once to deduct 1,400,000 from a total population of less than 4,000,000 in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons, or of persons professing to know Canada, but deriving their idea of her from the same source.

Confederation, so far, has done nothing to fuse the races, and very little even to unite the provinces. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, besides being cut off from Ontario by French Canada, have interests of their own, separate, and in some degree divergent, from those of Ontario, New Brunswick especially being drawn by her commercial interests towards New England. The representatives of each of the smaller provinces form a separate group at Ottawa, giving or withholding their support to a great extent from provincial considerations. Each of the two political parties has its base in Ontario, which is the field of the decisive battles; and they can hardly be said to extend to the maritime provinces, much less to Manitoba, or to British Columbia. When the Ontarian parties are evenly balanced the smaller provinces turn the scale, and Ontarian leaders are always buying them with "better terms," that is, al-

terations of the pecuniary arrangements of confederation in their favor, and other inducements, at the sacrifice, of course, of the general interests of the Confederation. From the composition of a cabinet to the composition of a rifle-team, sectionalism is the rule. Confederation has secured free-trade between the provinces; what other good it has done it would not be easy to say. Whether it has increased the military strength of Canada is a question for the answer to which we must appeal once more to the British War-Office. Canadians have shown, on more than one memorable occasion, that in military spirit they are not wanting; but they cannot be goaded into wasting their hardly-earned money on preparations for a defense which would be hopeless against an invader who will never come. Politically, the proper province of a federal government is the management of external relations, while domestic legislation is the province of the several states. But a dependency has no external relations; Canada has not even, like South Africa, a native question, her Indians being perfectly harmless; and consequently the chief duty of a federal government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. English statesmen, bent on extending to all the colonies what they assume to be the benefits of confederation, should study the Canadian specimen, if possible, on the spot. They will learn, first, that while a spontaneous confederation, such as groups of states have formed under the pressure of a common danger, develops mainly the principles of union, a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree; and, secondly, that parliamentary government in a dependency is, to a lamentable extent, government by faction and corruption, and that by superadding federal to provincial government the extent and virulence of those maladies are seriously increased. If an appeal is made to the

success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is, that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation.

It is of Canada alone that we here speak, and we speak only of her political destiny. The ties of blood, of language, of historical association, and of general sympathy, which bind the British portion of the Canadian people to England, are not dependent on the political connection, nor is it likely that they would be at all weakened by its severance. In the United States there are millions of Irish exiles, with the wrongs of Ireland in their hearts, and the whole nation retains the memories of the Revolution War, of the War of 1812, and of the conduct of the British aristocracy toward the United States during the rebellion of the South—conduct which it is difficult to forgive, and which it would be folly to forget. Yet to those who have lived among the Americans it will not seem extravagant to say that the feelings of an Anglo-American toward his mother-country are really at least as warm as those of the natives of dependencies, and at least as likely to be manifested by practical assistance in the hour of need. A reference to the history of the opposition made to the War of 1812 will suffice at least to bring this opinion within the pale of credibility.

The great forces prevail. They prevail at last, however numerous and apparently strong the secondary forces opposed to them may be. They prevailed at last in the case of German unity and in the case of Italian independence. In each of those cases the secondary forces were so heavily massed against the event that men renowned for practical wisdom believed the event would never come. It came, irresistible and irrevocable, and we now see that Bismarck and Cavour were only the ministers of Fate.

Suspended of course, and long suspended, by the action of the secondary forces, the action of the great forces may be. It was so in both the instances just mentioned. A still more remarkable instance is the long post-

ponement of the union of Scotland with England by the antipathies resulting from the abortive attempt of Edward I., and by a subsequent train of historical accidents, such as the absorption of the energies of England in Continental or civil wars. But the union came at last, and, having the great forces on its side, it came forever.

In the case before us, it appears that the great forces are those which make for the political separation of the New from the Old World. They are :

1. The distance, which may be shortened by steam and telegraph for the transmission of a despot's commands, but can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government. Steam increases the transatlantic intercourse of the wealthier class, but not that of the people, who have neither money nor time for the passage. Everything is possible in the way of nautical invention; fuel may be still further economized, though its price, is not likely to fall; but it is improbable that the cost of ship-building or the wages of seamen will be reduced; and the growth of manufactures in the New World, which we may expect henceforth to be rapid, can hardly fail to diminish the intercourse dependent on transatlantic trade. A commonwealth spanning the Atlantic may be a grand conception, but political institutions must after all bear some relation to Nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.

2. Divergence of interest, which seems in this case to be as wide as possible. What has Canada to do with the European and Oriental concerns of England, with her European and Oriental diplomacy, with her European and Oriental wars? Can it be conceived that Canadian traders would allow her commerce to be cut up by Russian cruisers, or that Canadian farmers would take arms and pay war-taxes in order to prevent Russia from obtaining a free passage through the Dardanelles? An English pamphlet called "The Great Game" was reprinted the other day in Canada; but

the chapter on India was omitted, as having no interest for Canadians. For English readers that chapter had probably more interest than all the other chapters put together. On the other hand, whenever a question about boundaries or mutual rights arises with the United States, the English people and the English Government betray, by the languor of their diplomacy and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference to the objects in which Canada is most concerned. A Canadian periodical some time ago had a remarkable paper by a native writer, showing that the whole series of treaties made by Great Britain with the United States had been a continuous sacrifice of the claims of Canada. It was not, assuredly, that Great Britain wanted either force or spirit to fight for her own rights and interests, but that she felt that Canadian rights and interests were not her own. Her rulers could not have induced her people to go to war for an object for which they cared so little, and had so little reason to care, as a frontier line in North America. Another illustration of the difference between the British and the Canadian point of view was afforded by the recent dispute about the Extradition Treaty: England was disposed to be stiff and punctilious, having comparatively little to fear from the suspension of the treaty; while to Canada, bordering on the United States, the danger was great, and the renewal of the treaty was a vital necessity before which punctiliousness gave way. One object there is connected with the American Continent for which the British aristocracy, if we may judge by the temper it showed and the line it took toward the American Republic at the time of the rebellion, would be not unwilling to run the risk of war. But that object is one with regard to which the interests of British aristocracy and those of Canadian democracy not only are not identical, but point directly opposite ways. With regard to economical questions, the divergence is, if possible, still clearer than with regard to diplomatic

questions. The economic interests of Canada must evidently be those of her own continent, and to that continent, by all the economic forces, she must be and visibly is drawn. Her currency, whatever may be the name and superscription on the coin, is American, and it is the sure symbol of her real connection. In the British manufacturer the Canadian manufacturer sees a rival; and Canada at this moment is the scene of a Protectionist movement led, curiously enough, by those "Conservative" politicians who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.

3. More momentous than even the divergence of interest is the divergence of political character between the citizen of the Old and the citizen of the New World. We speak, of course, not of the French-Canadians, between whom and the people of Great Britain the absence of political affinity is obvious, but of the British communities in North America. The colonization of the New World, at least that English portion of it which was destined to give birth to the ruling and moulding power, was not merely a migration, but an exodus; it was not merely a local extension of humanity, but a development; it not only peopled another continent, but opened a new era. The curtain rose not for the old drama with fresh actors, but for a fresh drama on a fresh scene. A long farewell was said to feudalism when the New English colony landed, with the rough draft of a written constitution, which embodied a social compact and founded government not on sacred tradition or divine right, but on reason and the public good. The more one sees of society in the New World, the more convinced one is that its structure essentially differs from that of society in the Old World, and that the feudal element has been eliminated completely and forever. English aristocracy, fancying itself, as all established systems fancy themselves, the normal and final state of humanity, may cling to the belief that the new development is a mere aberration, and that dire exper-

ience will in time bring it back to the ancient path. There are people, it seems, who persuade themselves that America is retrograding toward monarchy and church establishments. No one who knows the Americans can possibly share this dream. Monarchy has found its way to the New World only in the exceptional case of Brazil, to which the royal family of the mother-country itself migrated, and where after all the emperor is rather an hereditary president than a monarch of the European type. In Canada, government being parliamentary and "constitutional," monarchy is the delegation of a shadow; and any attempt to convert the shadow into a substance, by introducing a dynasty with a court and civil list, or by reinvesting the viceroy with personal power, would speedily reveal the real nature of the situation. Pitt proposed to extend to Canada what as a Tory minister he necessarily regarded as the blessings of aristocracy; but the plant refused to take root in the alien soil. No peerage ever saw the light in Canada; the baronetage saw the light and no more; of nobility there is nothing now but a knighthood very small in number, and upon which the Pacific Railway scandal has cast so deep a shadow that the home Government, though inclined that way, seems shy of venturing on more creations. Hereditary wealth and the custom of primogeniture, indispensable supports of an aristocracy, are totally wanting in a purely industrial country, where, let the law be what it might, natural justice has always protested against the feudal claims of the first-born. To establish in Canada the state Church, which is the grand buttress of aristocracy in England, has proved as hopeless as to establish aristocracy itself. The Church lands have been secularized; the university, once confined to Anglicanism, has been thrown open; the Anglican Church has been reduced to the level of the other denominations, though its rulers still cling to the memories and to some relics of

their privileged condition. As a religion, Anglicanism has little hold on upon the mass of the people; it is recruited by emigration from England, and sustained to a certain extent by a social feeling in its favor among the wealthier class. More democratic churches far exceed it in popularity and propagandist force: Methodism especially, which, in contrast to Episcopacy, sedulously assigns an active part in church-work to every member, decidedly gains ground, and bids fair to become the popular religion of Canada. Nor is the militarism of European aristocracies less alien to industrial Canada than their monarchism and their affinity for state churches. The Canadians, as we have already said, can fight well when real occasion calls; so can their kinsmen across the line; but among the Canadians, as among the people of the Northern States, it is impossible to awaken militarism—every sort of galvanic apparatus has been tried in vain. Distinctions of rank, again, are wanting; everything bespeaks a land dedicated to equality; and fustian, instead of bowing to broadcloth, is rather too apt, by a rude self-assertion, to revenge itself on broadcloth for enforced submissiveness in the old country. Where the relations of classes, the social forces, and the whole spirit of society, are different, the real principles and objects of government will differ also, notwithstanding the formal identity of institutions. It proved impossible, as all careful observers had foreseen, to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and antislavery. To keep the same political roof over the head of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless. A rupture would come, perhaps, on some question between the ambition of a money-spending nobility and the parsimony of a money-making people. Let aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism be content with the Old World; it was conquered by the feudal sword; the New World was conquered only by the axe and plough.

4. The force, sure in the end to be attractive, not repulsive, of the great American community along the edge of which Canada lies, and to which the British portion of the population is drawn by identity of race, language, religion, and general institutions; the French portion by its connection with the Roman Catholic Church of the States; the whole by economic influences, against which artificial arrangements and sentiments contend in vain, and which are gathering strength and manifesting their ascendancy from hour to hour.

An enumeration of the forces which make in favor of the present connection will show their secondary and, for the most part, transient character. The chief of them appear to be these :

a. The reactionary tendencies of the priesthood, which rules French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign. Strong this force has hitherto been, but its strength depends on isolation, and isolation cannot be permanent. Even the "palæocrystallic" ice which envelopes French Canada will melt at last, and when it does French reaction will be at an end. We have already noted two agencies which are working toward this result—the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French-Canadians who have sojourned as artisans in the States, and the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.

b. "United Empire Loyalism," which has its chief seat in Ontario. Every revolution has its reaction, and in the case of the American Revolution the reaction took the form of a migration of the royalists to Canada, where lands were assigned them, and where they became the political progenitors of the Canadian Tory party, while the "Reformers" are the offspring of a subsequent immigration of Scotch Presbyterians, mingled with wanderers from the United States. The two immigrations were arrayed against each other in 1837, when, though the United Empire Loyalists were victorious in the field, the political victory ultimate-

ly rested with the Reformers. United Empire Loyalism is still strong in some districts, while in others the descendants of royalist exiles are found in the ranks of the opposite party. But the whole party is now in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the house of Stuart. England has formally recognized the American Revolution, taken part in the celebration of its centenary, and through her ambassador saluted its flag. Anti-revolutionary sentiment ceases to have any meaning, and its death cannot be far off.

c. The influence of English immigrants, especially in the upper ranks of the professions, in the high places of commerce, and in the press. These men have retained a certain social ascendancy; they have valued themselves on their birth in the imperial country and the superior traditions which they supposed it to imply; they have personally cherished the political connection, and have inculcated fidelity to it with all their might. But their number is rapidly decreasing; as they die off natives take their places, and Canada will soon be in Canadian hands. Immigration is generally falling off; upper-class immigration is almost at an end, there being no longer a demand for anything but manual labor, and the influence of personal connection with England will cease to rule. The press is passing into the hands of natives, who are fast learning to hold their own against imported writing in literary skill, while they have an advantage in their knowledge of the country.

d. While the British troops remained in Canada, their officers formed a social aristocracy of the most powerful kind, and exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion. The traces of this influence still remain, but, with the exception of the reduced garrison of Halifax, the military occupation has ceased, and is not likely to be renewed.

e. The Anglican Church in Canada clings to its position as a branch of the great state Church of England, and, perhaps, a faint hope of re-establish-

ment may linger in the breasts of bishops, who still retain the title of "lords." We have already said that the roots of Anglicanism in Canada do not appear to be strong, and its chief source of reinforcement will be cut off by the discontinuance of upper-class emigration. It is rent in Canada, as in England, by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists; and in Canada, there being no large endowments or legal system to clamp the hostile elements together, discord has already taken the form of disruption. As to the other churches, they have a connection with England, but not with England more than with the United States. The connection of Canadian Methodism with the United States is very close.

f. Orangeism is strong in British Canada, as indeed is every kind of association except the country. It retains its filial connection with its Irish parent, and is ultra-British on condition that Great Britain continues anti-papal. Old Irish quarrels are wonderfully tenacious of life, yet they must one day die, and Orangeism must follow them to the grave.

g. The social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little court of Ottawa over colonists of the wealthier class. With this (to dismiss at once a theme more congenial to the social humorist than to the political observer) we may couple the influence of those crumbs of titular honor which English aristocracy sometimes allows to fall from its table into colonial mouths. If such forces cannot be said to be transient, the tendencies of human nature being perpetual, they may at least be said to be secondary; they do not affect the masses, and they do not affect the strong.

h. Antipathy to the Americans, bred by the old wars, and nursed by British influences, military and aristocratic, not without the assistance of the Americans themselves, who, in the case of the Fenian raids, and in other cases, have vented on Canada their feelings against England. This antipathy, so far as it prevails, leads those who en-

ertain it to cling to an anti-American connection. But, generally speaking, it is very hollow. It does not hinder young Canadians from going by hundreds to seek their fortunes in the United States. It does not hinder wealthy Americans who have settled in Canada from finding seats at once in the Canadian Parliament. It never, in fact, goes beyond talk. So far as it partakes of the nature of contempt, it can hardly fail to be modified by the changed attitude of the British aristocracy, who have learned to exhibit something more than courtesy toward the victorious republic; while the Americans, it may be reasonably presumed, now that the cause of irritation is removed, will not think it wise to make enemies of a people whose destinies are inextricably blended with their own.

i. The special attachment naturally felt by politicians, as a body, to the system with reference to which their parties have been formed, and with which the personal ambition of most of them is bound up. Perhaps, of all the forces which make for the present connection, this is the strongest; it has proved strong enough, when combined with the timidity and the want of independence which life-long slavery to a faction always breeds, to prevent any Canadian politician from playing a resolute part in such efforts as there have been to make Canada a nation. In some cases it is intensified by commercial connections with England, or by social aspirations, more or less definite, which have England for their goal. In this respect the interest of the politicians, as a class, is distinct from, and is liable to clash with, the real interest of the community at large. So, in the case of Scotland, it was the special interest of the politicians to resist the union, as, without special pressure and inducements, they would probably have persisted in doing. It was the interest of the people to accept the union, as the flood of prosperity which followed its acceptance clearly showed. In the case of Scotland, the interest of the people triumph-

ed at last, and it will probably triumph at last in Canada.

Such, we say, are the chief forces that make for the existing connection; and we repeat that they appear to be secondary, and, for the most part, transient. United, all these strands may make a strong cable; but one by one they will give way, and the cable will cease to hold. This conviction is quite consistent with the admission that the connectionist sentiment is now dominant, especially in Ontario; that in Ontario it almost exclusively finds expression on the platform and in the press; and that the existence of any other opinions can only be inferred from reticence, or discovered by private intercourse. A visitor may thus be led to believe and to report that the attachment of the whole population to the present system is unalterable, and that the connection must endure forever. Those who have opportunities of looking beneath the surface may, at the same time, have grounds for thinking that, on economical subjects at least, the people have already entered on a train of thought which will lead them to a different goal.

What has been the uniform course of events down to the present time? Where are the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland? Those on the continent, with unimportant exceptions, are gone, and those in the islands are going; for few suppose that Spain can keep Cuba very long. Of the English colonies on the continent, the mass, and those that have been long founded, have become independent; and every one now sees, what clear-sighted men saw at the time, that the separation was inevitable, and must soon have been brought about by natural forces, apart from the accidental quarrel. If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent

question about appeals, are successively settled in favor of self-government. Diplomatic union between two countries in different hemispheres, with totally different sets of external relations, common responsibility for each other's quarrels, and liability to be involved in each other's wars—these incidents of dependence remain, and these alone. Is it probable that this last leaf can continue to flutter on the bough forever? Lord Derby some years ago said that everybody knew that Canada must soon be an independent nation. Now he thinks the tide of opinion has turned in favor of imperialism, and he turns with the tide. But what he takes for the turn of the tide may be merely the receding wave; and he forgets what the last wave swept away. It swept away the military occupation, with all its influences, political and social. Even since that time the commercial unity of the empire has been formally abandoned in the case of the Australian tariffs; and now the marriage-law of the colonies is clashing with that of the mother-country in the British House of Commons.

It is, perhaps, partly the recoil of feeling from a severance felt to be imminent, as well as the temporary influence of Conservative reaction in England, that has led to the revival in certain quarters, with almost convulsive vehemence, of the plan of imperial confederation. Certainly, if such a plan is ever to be carried into effect, this is the propitious hour. The spirit of aggrandizement is in the ascendant, and the colonies are all on good terms with the mother-country. Yet, of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to make a practical step toward its fulfilment. On the contrary, they are accessory to fresh inroads upon imperial unity, both in the judicial and in the fiscal sphere. Colonial governors talk with impressive vagueness of some possible birth of the imperial future, as though the course of events, which has been hurrying the world through a series of rapid changes

for the last century, would now stand still, and impracticable aspirations would become practicable by the mere operation of time; but no colonial governor or imperial statesman has ventured to tell us, even in the most general way, to what it is that he looks forward, how it is to be brought about, or even what dependencies the confederation is to include. It is, therefore, needless to rehearse all the arguments against the feasibility of such a scheme. The difficulties which beset the union under the same parliamentary government of two countries in different parts of the world, with different foreign relations, and differing internally in political spirit, would, of course, be multiplied in the case of a union of twenty or thirty countries scattered over the whole globe, bound together by no real tie of common interest, and ignorant of each other's concerns. The first meeting of such a conclave would, we may be sure, develop forces of disunion far stronger than the vague sentiment of union arising from a very partial community of descent, and a very imperfect community of language, which would be the sole ground of the federation. Even to frame the agreement as to the terms of union with the shifting parties and ephemeral cabinets of a score of colonies under constitutional government would be no easy task. The two Parliaments, the one National, the other Federal, which it is proposed to establish in order to keep the national affairs of England separate from those of the Imperial Federation, would be liable to be brought into fatal conflict, and thrown into utter confusion by the ascendancy of different parties, say a war party and a peace party, in the National and the Federal House. The veriest Chinese puzzle in politics would be a practicable constitution, if you could only get the real forces to conduct themselves according to the programme. It was not in the programme of Canadian confederation that the provinces should form separate interests in the Federal Parliament, and force the party leaders to bid against each

other for their support; though any one who had studied actual tendencies in connection with the system of party government might have pretty confidently predicted that such would be the result. That England would allow questions of foreign policy, of armaments, and of peace and war, to be settled for her by any councils but her own, it is surely most chimerical to suppose. A swarm of other difficulties would probably rise out of the perpetual vicissitudes of the party struggle in each colony, the consequent inability of the delegates to answer for the real action of their own governments, and the estrangement of the delegates themselves from colonial interests and connections by their necessary residence in England. An essential condition of federation appears to be tolerable equality among the members, or freedom from the ascendancy of any overweening power; but, for a century to come, at least, the power of England in the Federal council would be overweening; and to obviate this difficulty, some advocates of the scheme actually propose to repeal the union of England with Scotland and Ireland, so that she may be reduced to a manageable element of a Pan-Britannic confederation. They have surely little right to call other people disunionists, if any opprobrious meaning attaches to that term.

Supposing such a confederation to be practicable, of what use, apart from the vague feeling of aggrandizement, would it be? Where would be the advantage of taking from each of these young communities its political centre (which must also be, to some extent, its social and intellectual centre), and of accumulating them in the already overgrown capital of England? Does experience tell us that unlimited extension of territory is favorable to intensity of political life, or to anything which is a real element of happiness or of greatness? Does it not tell us that the reverse is the fact, and that the interest of history centres not in megalosaurian empires, but in states the body of which has not been out of

proportion to the brain? Surely it would be well to have some distinct idea of the object to be attained before commencing this unparalleled struggle against geography and nature. It can hardly be military strength. Military strength is not gained by dispersion of forces, by presenting vulnerable points in every quarter of the globe, or by embracing and undertaking to defend communities which, whatever may be their fighting qualities, in their policy are thoroughly unmilitary, and unmilitary will remain. Mr. Forster, in fact, gives us to understand that the Pan-Britannic Empire is to present a beneficent contrast to the military empires; that it is to be an empire of peace. But in that case it must, like other Quaker institutions, depend for its safety on the morality and forbearance of the holders of real and compact power, which is very far from being the dream of the advocates of "a great game."

In all these projects of Pan-Britannic empire there lurks the assumption of a boundless multiplication of the Anglo-Saxon race. What are the grounds for this assumption? Hitherto it has appeared that races, as they grow richer, more luxurious, more fearful of poverty, more amenable to the restraints of social pride, have become less prolific. There is reason to suppose that in the United States the Anglo-Saxon race is far less prolific than the Irish, who are even supplanting the Anglo-Saxons in some districts of England, as the home-rule compliances of candidates for northern boroughs show. But the Irish element is small compared with the vast reservoir of industrial population in China, which is now beginning to overflow, and seems as likely as the Anglo-Saxon race to inherit Australia, where it has already a strong foothold, as well as the coast of the Pacific.

Canada, however, with regard to the problem of imperial confederation stands by herself, presenting, from her connection with the United States, difficulties from which in the case of the Australian colonies the problem is

free. Of this some of the advocates of the policy of aggrandizement show themselves aware by frankly proposing to let Canada go.

It is taken for granted that political dependence is the natural state of all colonies, and that there is something unfilial and revolutionary in proposing that a colony should become a nation. But what is a colony? We happen to have derived the term from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political outposts of the imperial republic. With the Roman colonies may be classed the Athenian *cleruchies* and, substituting the commercial for the political object, the factories of Carthage. But colonies, generally speaking, are migrations, and, as a rule, they have been independent from the beginning. Independent from the beginning, so far as we know, were the Phœnician colonies, Carthage herself among the number. Independent from the beginning were those Greek colonies in Italy which rapidly outran their mother-cities in the race of material greatness. Independent from the beginning were the Saxon and Scandinavian colonies, and all those settlements of the Northern tribes which founded England herself with the other nations of Europe. So far as we can see, the original independence in each case was an essential condition of vigor and success. No Roman colony, Athenian *cleruchy*, or Carthaginian factory, ever attained real greatness. New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation, the attention of the English Government being engrossed by troubles at home; but she retained a slender thread of theoretic dependence by which she was afterward drawn back into a noxious and disastrous subordination. That thread was the feudal tie of personal allegiance, a tie utterly irrational when carried beyond the feudal pale, and by the recent naturalization treaties now formally abolished; yet probably the main

cause of the continued subjection of the transatlantic colonies, and of the calamities which flowed both to them and to the mother-country from that source.

It is natural that British statesmen should shrink from a formal act of separation, and that in their brief and precarious tenure of power they should be unwilling to take the burden and possible odium of such a measure upon themselves. But no one, we believe, ventures to say that the present system will be perpetual; certainly not the advocates of imperial confederation, who warn us that, unless England by a total change of system draws her colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift farther away.

Apart from lingering sentiment, it seems not easy to give reasons, so far as Canada is concerned, for struggling to prolong the present system. The motives for acquiring and holding dependencies in former days were substantial if they were not good. Spain drew tribute directly from her dependencies. England thought she drew it indirectly through her commercial system. It was also felt that the military resources of the colonies were at the command of the mother country. When the commercial system was relinquished, and when self-government transferred to the colonies the control of their own resources, the financial and military motives ceased to exist. But the conservative imagination supplied their place with the notion of political tutelage, feigning—though, as we have seen, against all the evidence of history—that the colony, during the early stages of its existence, needed the political guidance of the mother-country in order to fit it to become a nation. Such was the language of colonial statesmen generally till the present conservative reaction again brought into fashion something like the old notion of aggrandizement, though for tribute and military contingents, the solid objects of the old policy, is now substituted "prestige." That the political connection between England and Canada is a source of

military security to either, nobody, we apprehend, maintains. The only vulnerable point which England presents to the United States is the defenseless frontier of Canada; the only danger to which Canada is exposed is that of being involved in a quarrel between the aristocracy of England and the democracy of the United States. Defenseless, it is believed, the frontier of Upper Canada has been officially pronounced to be, and the chances of a desperate resistance to the invader in the French province can scarcely be rated very high. It is said that the British fleet would bombard New York. If Canada were in the hands of the enemy, the bombardment of New York would hardly alleviate her condition. But the bombardment of New York might not be an easy matter. The force of floating coast-defenses seems now to be growing superior to that of ocean-going navies. Besides, America would choose the moment when England was at war with some other naval power. Soldiers and sailors, and of the best quality, England might no doubt find in Canada; but she would have to pay for them more than she pays for soldiers and sailors recruited at home. Whether morality is embodied in Bismarck or not, modern policy is; and Bismarck seems not to covet distant dependencies; he prefers solid and concentrated power.

"Commerce follows the flag" is a saying which it seems can still be repeated by a statesman; but, like the notion that dependencies are a source of military strength, it is a mere survival from a departed system. Commerce followed the flag when the flag was that of a poorer power which enforced exclusive trading. But exclusive trading has given way, as an imperial principle, to free-trade, and the colonies, in the exercise of their fiscal power of self-government, have dissolved the commercial unity of the empire. They frame their independent tariffs, laying in some cases heavy duties on English goods. It will hardly be contended that, apart from commercial legislation,

colonial purchasers inquire whether goods were produced under the British flag. "The best customer," says Sir George Lewis, "which a nation can have, is a thriving and industrious community, whether it be dependent or independent. The trade between England and the United States is probably far more profitable to the mother-country than it would have been if they had remained in a state of dependence upon her." As to Canada, what she needs, and needs most urgently, is free access to the market of her own continent, from which, as a dependency of England, she is excluded by the customs-line. With free access to the market of her own continent, she might become a great manufacturing country; but manufactures are now highly specialized, and to produce with advantage you must produce on a large scale. Nor is the evil confined to manufactures; the farm products of Canada are depreciated by exclusion from their natural market, and the lumber-trade, which is her great industry, will be in serious jeopardy, since, by the fall of wages in the States, the production of lumber there has been rendered nearly as cheap as it is in Canada, while Canadian lumber is subject to a heavy duty. The projects for opening markets in Australia merely serve to show how severely Canada feels the want of a market close at hand. Cut off any belt of territory commercially from the continent to which it belongs, industry will be stunted, the inflow of capital will be checked, and impoverishment will follow isolation. The Canadians will find this out in time, and the discovery will be the first step toward a change of system.

It is true that Canada has drawn a good deal of British capital into works little remunerative to the investors, though, perhaps, not more than the United States and other countries with which there was no political connection. But, if we consider credit as well as cash, the gain must be pronounced doubtful, and it is balanced by such a work as the Intercolonial

Railway, into which Canada has been led by imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly "pay for the grease upon the wheels." The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the imperial connection.

That emigration is favorably influenced by political dependency is another lingering belief, which seems now to have no foundation in fact, though it had in the days when emigration was a government affair. The stream of emigration, in ordinary times, sets, as has often been proved, not toward Canada, but toward the United States; and of the emigrants who land in Canada a large proportion afterward pass the line, while there is a constant exodus of French-Canadians from their own poor and overpeopled country (overpeopled so long as it is merely agricultural) to the thriving industries and high wages of the States. Emigrants, whose object is to improve their material condition, are probably little influenced by political considerations; they go to the country which offers the best openings and the highest wages; but English peasants and artisans would be likely, if anything, to prefer the social elevation promised them in a land of equality to anything like a repetition of the social subjection in which they have lived at home, while by the Irishman escape from British rule is deemed escape from oppression.

Whether the tutelage of the mother-country has ever been useful to a colony, even in its infancy, except where there was actual need of military protection, is a question to which the language of the adherents of the colonial system themselves, when reviewing the history of colonial government, seems to suggest a negative reply. "Hitherto," says Mr. Roebuck, "those of our possessions termed colonies

have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan. Caprice and chance have decided generally everything connected with them; and if success has in any case attended the attempts of the English people to establish colonies, that success has been obtained in spite of the mischievous intermeddling of the English Government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance." Such is the refrain of almost all the works on the colonies, whether they treat of the general administration or of some special question, such as that of the crown-lands, which appears to have been solved by Downing Street in various ways, but always wrong. Not by government, but by fugitives from the tyranny of government, the great American colony was founded; unaided and unregulated it grew, and laid the deep foundations of society in the New World. With tutelage came blundering, jobbery, mischief of all kinds, and at last a violent rupture, which, injurious as it was to the mother-country, inflicted a still greater injury on the colony by launching it on the career of democracy with a violent revolutionary bias, whereas it needed a bias in favor of respect for authority. The presence of the British ambassador at the Centenary was not only the ratification of the revolt, but the condemnation of the colonial system. After the American Revolution, the next step of the British Government was to divert the stream of English emigration from America—where there was abundant room for it, and whither, the pioneer work having then been done, it would have been most profitably directed—to Australia, where the pioneer work had to be done over again, measures being at the same time taken to taint the new society with convict blood. To what good this scattering of English emigration has led, beyond the poetic conception of a boundless empire, it would seem difficult to say; and Canada, before she expresses conventional joy at the annexation of Feejee, should ask herself whether a new colony is anything

more to her than a new competitor for the labor which is her prime need. In Canada herself, tutelage, while it was really exercised, led to every sort of evil. Government was jobbed by an oligarchy called the Family Compact, which Downing Street supported, not from bad motives, but from sheer ignorance of facts, till the misrule ended in the insurrection of 1837. Things have gone smoothly only since real tutelage has departed, and left nothing but an image of royalty which reigns with gracious speeches and hospitality, but does not govern. There has been no want of good intentions on the part of English statesmen, nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there has been any special want of wisdom; probably no other statesmen would have done so well; but the task imposed upon them was hopeless. One tree might as well be set to regulate the growth of another tree, as one nation to regulate the growth of another nation; and in this case the two trees are of different sorts and planted under different skies.

We can imagine the single mind of a despot moulding the political character of a colony, if not well, at least with adequate knowledge, with intelligence, and upon a definite plan. But England is not a single mind. England is the vast and motley mass of voters, including, since the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns—people who, in politics, do not know their right hand from their left, who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party, who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery, or by beer. These are the political tutors of Canada, a country in which both wealth and education are more diffused than they are here. How much does the average Englishman, or even the educated Englishman, know about Canadian politics? As much as Canadians know about the politics of Tasmania or the Cape. In "Phineas Finn," the hero of the tale, being under-secretary for the colonies, goes on a message to Marylebone "to

find what the people there think about the Canadas." His report is: "Not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States, because, though they don't love the Canadians, they do hate the Americans. That's about the feeling in Marylebone, and it's astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world." It will hardly be said that this is an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind with regard to Canadian questions, or that Dorsetshire and Tipperary are better informed than London. When did a Canadian question influence an English election? How often is Canada mentioned in an election address? Canadian journals are never tired of exposing what they deem the scandalous ignorance of the leading journals of England on Canadian subjects, but they fail to draw the obvious moral. If the *Times* blunders, are the leaders of English opinion generally, and their constituents, likely to be better instructed and to decide aright? Burke, writing of the American Revolution, said that he could trace all the mischief "to the single source of not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations." To say nothing of the ordinary holders of political power, in how many English statesmen, occupied as English statesmen are with home questions and party struggles, would Burke have found this comprehensive view, or the knowledge necessary for the formation of it? The colonial secretary himself is as often as not a man personally unacquainted with the colonies, not called to his post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience. He must often depend for his information on such colonists as may find special access to Downing Street, or on the reports of governors, who, being images of royalty, are apt, like royalty, to be screened from truth. A peer he may be, but his peerage will

not make him a Providence. The annexation of Manitoba and of British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step; it was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the government to make set speeches.

If any one supposes that the retention in Canada of the forms of monarchy excludes or mitigates any of the political evils, or even the coarseness to which democracy is liable in its crude condition, a year's residence in the country, a month's perusal of the party newspapers, or an hour's conversation with any Canadian man of business who has watched politics without taking part in them, will probably settle his opinion on that subject. That monarchical forms are no safeguard against corruption is a fact of which, unhappily, the colony has of late years had decisive proof. If the inquirer wishes to enlarge the basis of his induction, let him go through a file of Australian journals; he will there find a picture of public life, public character, and senatorial manners, decidedly below the level of the better States of the Union. Canada has escaped the elective judiciary, but so has Massachusetts; and both that and the removable civil service were the work not of real Republicans, but of the Democratic party—that is, of the slave-owning oligarchy of the South, using as its instruments the Northern mob. Her exemption from the civil war and its consequences Canada owes merely to her separation from the States. It would have been the same had she been an independent nation. Had the political connection with Great Britain never existed, and had the weight of Canada been early thrown into the scale of freedom, there might have been no civil war.

In the case of the Pacific Railway scandal, the Governor-General may be said to have formally avowed himself a *faineant*. He decided that he

was absolutely bound to follow the advice of his ministers, even when those ministers lay under the heaviest charges of corruption, and even as to the mode in which the investigation into those charges should be conducted; and his conduct was approved by the home Government. He, has, therefore, no authority, and of nothing nothing comes.

Most readers of the *Fortnightly* are probably prepared to regard with tolerance the proposition that figments and hypocrisies do no more good in politics than they do in general life. In Canadian politics they do much evil by blinding public men, and the people generally, to the real requirements of the situation. The hereditary principle was dead at its root; its work was done, and its age had passed away in the more advanced portion of humanity when the communities of the New World were founded. It lingers on, as things do linger on, in its native soil; but it can furnish no sound basis for government in the soil of reason and equality. The only conceivable basis for government in the New World is the national will; and the political problem of the New World is how to build a strong, stable, enlightened, and impartial government on that foundation. That it is a very difficult problem, daily experience in Canada, as well as in the neighboring republic, shows, and to be successfully resolved it must be seen in its true bearings, which the ostensible retention of the hereditary principle as the security for good and stable government obscures. Canada, though adorned with a paraphernalia of eight constitutional monarchies (one central and seven provincial), is a democracy of the most pronounced kind; the Governor-General was not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective king, and where the Senate, which though elective is conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a mere cipher. Demagogism and the other pests of demo-

cratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases; they can be repressed and prevented from ruining the state only by developing remedial forces of a really effective kind, and by adjusting the actual machinery of the constitution so as to meet the dangers which experience may reveal. The treason-law of the Plantagenets with which, as well as with the Lord-Chamberlain's code of precedence, Canada is endowed, is not of much use to her while she is left without any legal means of repressing her real cancer, political corruption. Loyalty to the *faincant* deputy of a distant crown may be in a certain sense real; it may be felt by those who profess it; but it probably does not often prompt to a good political action, and it certainly never restrains from a bad one. Among Canadians, as among American politicians, the most "truly loyal" are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt. They are often, through the whole course of their public lives, disloyal to everything that represents public honor and the public good. A provincial court adds flunkeyism and demagogism without making the demagogue less profligate, less dangerous, less vile. It does not even make him less coarse. No refining influence can really be exercised by a few dinners and receptions even over the small circle which attends them; while the social expenditure and display which are imposed on the Governor-General as the condition of his popularity in the colony, and of the maintenance of his reputation at home, are anything but a wholesome example for colonial society, which on the contrary needs an example of hospitality and social enjoyment cultivated in an easy and inexpensive way.

At present the bane of Canada is party government without any question on which parties can be rationally or morally based. The last question of sufficient importance to form a rational and moral basis for a party was that of the Clergy Reserves and the Church Establishment, since the

settlement of which there has been absolutely no dividing line between the parties or assignable ground for their existence, and they have become mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office by the means which faction everywhere employs. The consequences are the increasing ascendancy of the worst men, and the political demoralization of a community, which, if a fair chance were given it, would furnish as sound a basis for good government as any community in the world. Of course, England cannot be charged with introducing the party system into Canada; but she does fling over it the glamour of British association, and beguile a country really abandoned to all the instability and all the degrading influences of government by faction with the ostensible stability and dignity of the hereditary crown. Indeed, the provision in the draught of confederation that both the parties should be considered in the first nomination of senators is, perhaps, the only authoritative recognition which the party system has ever received. In common with the other colonies, Canada is deemed happy in being endowed with a counterpart of the British Constitution. The British Constitution, putting aside the legal forms and phrases, is government by party; and whatever government by party may be in England, where there are some party questions left, in Canada it is a most noxious absurdity, and is ruining the political character of the people.

When Canadian Nationalists say that patriotism is a good thing, they are told to keep their wisdom for the copy-books; and the rebuke would be just if those who administer it would recognize the equally obvious truth that there can be no patriotism without nationality. In a dependency there is no love of the country, no pride in the country; if an appeal is made to the name of the country, no heart responds as the heart of an Englishman responds when an appeal is made to the name of England. In a dependency every bond is stronger

than that of country, every interest prevails over that of the country. The province, the sect, Orangeism, Fenianism, Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, are more to the ordinary Canadian than Canada. So it must be while the only antidote to sectionalism in a population with strongly-marked differences of race and creed is the sentiment of allegiance to a distant throne. The young Canadian leaving his native country to seek his fortune in the States feels no greater wrench than a young Englishman would feel in leaving his county to seek his fortune in London. Want of nationality is attended, too, with a certain want of self-respect, not only political but social, as writers on colonial society and character have observed. Wealthy men in a dependency are inclined to look to the imperial country as their social centre and the goal of their social ambition, if not as their ultimate abode, and not only their patriotic munificence but their political and social services are withdrawn from the country of their birth.

Mr. Trollope finds himself compelled to confess that in passing from the United States into Canada you pass "from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less." You pass from a country embracing in itself the resources of a continent, into one which is a narrow section of that continent cut off commercially from the rest; you pass from a country which is a nation into a country which is not a nation.

On the other hand there were reasons which, not only to patriotic Canadians, but to patriotic Americans, if they took a comprehensive view of the interests of their country, seemed strong for wishing that Canada should remain politically separate from the United States. Democracy is a great experiment, which might be more safely carried on by two nations than by one. By emulation, mutual warning and correction, mutual supplementation of defects, they might have helped each other in the race and steadied

each other's steps ; a balance of opinion might have been established on the continent, though a balance of power cannot ; and the wave of dominant sentiment which spreads over that vast democracy like the tide running in over a flat, might have been usefully restricted in its sweep by the dividing line. Nor was there any insurmountable obstacle in the way. Canada is wanting in unity of race ; but not more so than Switzerland, whose three races have been thoroughly welded together by the force of nationality. She is wanting in compactness of territory, but not more so, perhaps, than some other nations—Prussia, for instance—have been. In this latter respect, however, the situation has been seriously altered by the annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia, which in their present raw condition have no influence beyond that of distant possessions, but which, when peopled and awakened to commercial life, will be almost irresistibly attracted by the economical forces to the States which adjoin them on the south, and will thus endanger the cohesion of the whole confederacy. The very form of the Dominion indeed, drawn out and attenuated as it is by these unnatural additions, apart from the attractive influence of Minnesota and California, would seriously imperil its political unity, as will be seen, if, instead of taking Canada as it is presented by the political map, the boundary-line is drawn between the habitable portion and that which belongs only to arctic frosts. In the debate on confederation it was urged by the advocates of the measure that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a fagot would be strong. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends."

As to the expense of a national government, it would probably not be greater than that of the governor-generalship and the seven lieutenant-governorships is at present. Diplomacy in these days of rapid communication may be cheaply done, and Canada would not

need much of it : she has no Eastern question.

The question of military security has reference solely to the danger to be apprehended on the side of the United States ; and danger on the side of the United States, supposing Canada disentangled from English quarrels, we believe that there is none. The Americans, as has been repeatedly observed, have since the fall of slavery given every proof of an unambitious disposition. They disbanded their vast armaments immediately on the close of the civil war, without waiting even for the Alabama question to be settled ; they have refused to annex St. Domingo ; they observed a policy of strict non-intervention in the case of Cuba, which they might have made their own with the greatest ease ; they have declined to take advantage of the pretexts furnished them in abundance, by border outrages, of conquering Mexico ; it is very doubtful whether they would even have purchased Alaska, if Mr. Steward had not drawn them by secret negotiations into a position from which they could not well retreat. Slavery wanted conquest for the creation of new slave States, but with slavery the spirit of aggression appears to have died. Welcome Canada into the Union, if she came of her own accord, the Americans no doubt would. They would be strangely wanting in wisdom if they did not ; for she would bring them as her dower not only complete immunity from attack and great economical advantages, but a political accession of the most valuable kind in the shape of a population, not like that of St. Domingo, Cuba, or Mexico, but trained to self-government, and capable of lending fresh strength and vitality to republican institutions. It is true that, slavery having been abolished, the urgent need of adding to the number of the free States in order to counterbalance the extension of slavery in the councils of the Union no longer exists ; but there are still in the population of the United States large elements essentially non-republican—the Irish, the em-

igrants from South Germany, the negroes—to which, perhaps, may be added a considerable portion of Southern society itself, which can hardly fail to retain something of its old character while it continues to be composed of a superior and inferior race. Against these non-republican elements, the really republican element still needs to be fortified by all the reinforcements which it can obtain. Welcome Canada, therefore, into the Union the Americans no doubt would. But that they have the slightest inclination to lay violent hands upon her, that such a thought ever enters their minds, no one who has lived among them, and heard the daily utterances of a by no means reticent people, can believe. Apart from moral principle, they know that, though a despotic government may simply annex, a republic must incorporate, and that to incorporate four millions of unwilling citizens would be to introduce into the republic a most dangerous mass of disaffection and disunion. That the Americans have been litigious in their dealings with Canada is true; but litigiousness is not piracy; and, as we have already said, the real object of their irritation has not been Canada, but England. The Monroe doctrine was held by Canning as well as by Monroe; and, irrespectively of any desire of aggrandizement, the intrusion of an American power here would probably give as much umbrage to England as the intrusion of the English power in their own continent gives to the people of the United States. That the Americans would feel pride in behaving generously toward a weaker state will appear credible only to those who have seen enough of them to know that, though supposed to care for nothing but the dollar, they have in reality a good deal of pride.

As an independent nation, Canada would, of course, be at liberty to negotiate freely for the removal of the customs-line between herself and the United States, and for her admission to all the commercial advantages of her own continent. At present not

only is she trammelled by imperial considerations, but it can hardly be expected that the American Government will place itself on a lower international level than that of England by treating with a dependency as a nation, especially as there are constant intimations that the dependency is retained and is being nursed up with the view of making it a rival power to the United States, and thus introducing into the continent the germs of future jealousy, and possibly of war.

That Canada can ever be made a rival power to the United States—that, if she is only kept long enough in a state of dependence, there will be an indefinite increase of her population and her strength—seems to be little better than a rhetorical fancy. The barrier of slavery being removed, the set of population is likely to be, not towards the frozen north, where the winter, besides suspending labor and business, eats up the produce of the summer in the cost of fuel, but toward those countries in which warmth is provided by the sun, and work may be carried on during the whole year. The notion that the north is the natural seat of empire seems to have no more solid foundation. It is apparently a loose generalization from the success of the northern tribes which conquered the Roman Empire. It is forgotten that those northern warriors had not only been hardened by exposure to the full severity of the northern climate, but picked by the most rigorous process of natural selection. Stove-heat is not less enervating than the heat of the sun. But a nation Canada, so far as we can see, might have been, had the attempt been vigorously made at the propitious moment, when, owing to the effects of the civil war in the United States, the balance of prosperity was decidedly in her favor, when her financial condition appeared immensely superior to that of her neighbor, and when the spirit of her people had been stirred by confederation. That opportunity was allowed to pass, and, in all probability, it will never return.

A movement in favor of nationality there was—one which had a twofold claim to sympathy, because it was also a movement against faction and corruption, and which, though it has failed, has left honorable traces on public life. But it was not strong enough to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court of Ottawa, and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity, seeing clearly that the success of the higher impulse would not suit their game. Moreover, the French province, interposed between the British provinces of the east and west is a complete non-conductor, and prevents any pulsation from running through the whole body. It must further be owned that, in industrial communities, the economical motives are stronger than the political, and that the movement in favor of Canadian nationality had only political motives on its side. Perhaps the appearance of a great man might after all have turned the scale; but dependencies seldom produce great men.

Had the movement in favor of nationality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union, which would in time have quelled sectionalism, and made up for the deficiency of material size and force by moral solidity and unity of spirit. Canada, as was said before, is hardly a proper subject for federal government, which requires a more numerous group of states and greater equality between them. Confederation as it exists, we repeat, has done little more than develop the bad side of democratic government. A project is now on foot for a legislative union between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island; but this will only make matters worse by reducing the number of important states to three (Manitoba and British Columbia being in the merest infancy), two of which will be always combining against the third. That there would have been opposition to a legislative union of the whole of Canada on the part of

Quebec is more than probable; but Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given way.

Canadian nationality being a lost cause, the ultimate union of Canada with the United States appears now to be morally certain; so that nothing is left for Canadian patriotism but to provide that it shall be a union indeed, and not an annexation; an equal and honorable alliance like that of Scotland and England, not a submission of the weaker to the stronger; and at the same time that the political change shall involve no change of any other kind in the relations of Canada with her mother-country. The filaments of union are spreading daily, though they may be more visible to the eyes of one who sees Canada at intervals than to that of a constant resident. Intercourse is being increased by the extension of railways; the ownership and management of the railways themselves are forming an American interest in Canada; New York is becoming the pleasure, and, to some extent, even the business, capital of Canadians; American watering-places are becoming their summer resort; the periodical literature of the States, which is conducted with extraordinary spirit and ability, is extending its circulation on the northern side of the line; and the Canadians who settle in the States are multiplying the links of family connection between the two countries. To specify the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible, however assured the event itself may be; and in the present instance the occurrence depends not only on the circumstances of Canada, where, as we have seen, there is a great complication of secondary forces, but on the circumstances of the United States. If the commercial depression which at present prevails in Canada continues or recurs, if Canadian manufactures are seen to be dying under the pressure of the customs-line; if, owing to the depression or to overcostly undertakings, such as the Pacific Railway, financial difficulties arise;

if, meantime, the balance of prosperity, which is now turning, shall have turned decisively in favor of the United States, and the reduction of their debt shall have continued at the present rate—the critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognizing the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of continental union. It will be fortunate if a misunderstanding between the Canadian Government and Downing Street, about some question such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions, does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.

To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse; it will be the introduction into the councils of the United States, on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic, of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will

be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war, her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both. As to glory, we cannot do better than quote in conclusion the words of Palmerston's favorite colleague, and the man to whom he, as was generally supposed, wished to bequeath his power:

“There are supposed advantages flowing from the possession of dependencies, which are expressed in terms so general and vague that they cannot be referred to any determinate head. Such, for example, is the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire. We will merely remark, upon this imagined advantage, that a nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political condition, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.”



Young Folks.

DAISY ARNOLD'S MIDNIGHT RUN.

A TRUE STORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

One evening, early in January, 18— a group might have been seen on the verandah of Maida Hall, the residence of Mr. Arnold, a wealthy squatter in one of the most fertile districts of New South Wales. This group consisted of Mrs. Arnold and her two little daughters, Daisy and Jeannie, Miss Cory, sister of Mrs. Arnold, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, who had lately arrived from England to occupy a neighboring station, but were to be guests of the Arnolds till their own dwelling was ready for them.

It had been one of those days peculiar to the summer season in Australia, when a hot wind blowing from the interior of the continent caused the thermometer to rise to 120 degrees. The afternoon particularly had been most trying. A steady hot breeze swept over the station, blowing up clouds of dust and sand. All nature seemed to languish. The flowers and trees looked withered and shrunk up under the scorching influence, and now, towards evening, the sun appeared like a huge ball of fire glowing through the hazy aspect of an almost cloudless sky.

Mrs. Arnold, who had been anxiously watching the thermometer for some minutes, rose to go in doors, saying to her little daughters, "I wish papa were here, for we shall have a heavy thunder shower before long." She had another reason for anxiety. Her husband had left home some days before to visit a distant station in charge of his sons.

He was to take stock from thence to a large cattle sale, and would, doubtless, on his return have a considerable sum of money about his person. Bush ranging was then at its height in Australia, and it was quite common for travellers to be "stuck up," particularly if known that they carried money with them. Some few months previous to this time, Mr. Arnold, on a journey to Sydney by coach, to deposit a sum of money in the bank, had been brought to a stand by some masked highwaymen, and, in common with the rest of his fellow-travellers, robbed of his watch, money, and everything valuable he had about him. Mrs. Arnold had good reason to be anxious, and her joy was great when she saw her husband riding up to the house, accompanied by the servant who generally attended him. They had not been long in, when the barometer, which had been gradually getting lower and lower, suddenly fell to forty degrees, a violent squall came on, which in a few minutes was followed by a deluge of rain and heavy thunder. In the course of an hour or two the air was quite cool and refreshing, and after tea the whole party gathered on the verandah again to enjoy the agreeable change. Mr. Arnold had quieted his wife's fears by telling her that he had been able to send his money on by the armed escort from the gold diggings.

Then the little girls had their talk with papa, and listened with delight to

his messages from their big brothers, who promised to come early in February for a visit. The conversation was interrupted by a message being brought up from the men servants, asking leave to go to an aboriginal settlement near, to witness festivities in honor of a native marriage. Permission was given, and then they all settled down into the quiet enjoyment of the cool evening and song after song from Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, who possessed great musical talent. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, four armed men, with crape over their faces, came quietly up from behind, and before there was time to offer any resistance, our friends were all marched into the parlor and seated, while two of the new comers kept guard over them with loaded guns, threatening to shoot them if they moved or stirred. The other two made a diligent search through the house, from top to bottom, not troubling themselves about keys, but breaking open every locked drawer or desk in the most ruthless manner. Angry and disappointed at not finding the large sum they expected, they returned to the parlor, bringing with them the terrified female servants they had picked up in their way through the house. These were soon added to their other prisoners; then turning towards Mr. Arnold, one, who seemed to be the leader, said: "Now, I know there must be a large sum of money hidden somewhere; let us have it, and we will soon rid you of our company." In vain Mr. Arnold assured them there was none in the house but what they had taken possession of. They threatened and threatened, and finally took him and his wife outside, bound him to a tree, and while one pointed his gun ready to shoot him, the other stood with his over poor Mrs. Arnold, telling her that if she would not confess where the money was hidden, she should see her husband die, and then share his fate.

At last, finding that nothing was to

be gained from them, they gagged them, and after binding them hand and foot each to a tree, returned to the parlor to see what they could gain from the rest. After satisfying themselves that Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt were only visitors and new arrivals, they asked them no further questions, but would not allow them either to speak or move. It was a night never to be forgotten by that terrified household. The lawless ruffians dragged Miss Cory out into the darkness of night, and kept her some time in the bush, doing all in their power to terrify her by the most dreadful threats. Towards morning, when they found no information could be got from her, and fearing a surprise, they threw her down in a fainting state, intending to depart before sunrise.

But let us return to the house and see how things have been going on there. When Miss Cory was dragged away the distress of the women and children was something terrible to witness. Mr. Hoyt started up to rush to her rescue, but he was quickly pushed back, and a loaded gun pointed at his breast warned him that interference was useless. He sat down in despair, and tried vainly for some time to think of any plan. He had a brace of pistols in his own room, but it was impossible to get them, for at the slightest movement his guard warned him to be careful. Oh, if there was any way of getting word to the aboriginal settlement of the position they were in, for there would be not only the natives and Mr. Arnold's men, but doubtless servants from all the neighboring stations. These festive occasions among the natives were generally well attended by the friendly whites, both from curiosity and a desire to share the fun. They were called corobbaries, and the noise could sometimes be heard for miles.

At last an idea seemed to strike Mr. Hoyt, and he said to the man who was guarding him:

"Will you allow my wife and me to take those little girls up and try to comfort them? They seem so terribly frightened."

The man made no objection, and Mr. Hoyt took Daisy, the eldest, on his knee. Jeannie soon nestled in the arms of Mrs. Hoyt, who tried to comfort her. Daisy was ten years of age, and her little sister eight. Both had been carefully trained by their parents and aunt, but the former seemed wise beyond her years, with a quick perception rarely found in children. Mr. Arnold was one of the early settlers, who came to the colony a rich man, determined to do all the good in his power. Towards the natives particularly his conduct had been most exemplary and judicious, and it was owing to this that the tribes near his station were infinitely superior to those for many miles around. He employed them for herdsmen and messengers, and had always, with few exceptions, found them faithful and trustworthy. His two best stockriders, Johnny and Peter, were aboriginals. He had also established a school for native children, and the progress they made in reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic was wonderful, considering their nomadic habits. Mrs. Arnold and Miss Cory visited Rundi, as the settlement was called, regularly twice a week, and the little girls often accompanied them, carrying many a comfort to the aged and infirm. Every member of Mr. Arnold's family was revered by the tribe, and it was considered a great honor to be employed in their service. The road to the settlement was through the bush for about half a mile—a lovely and inviting walk in daylight and sunshine, among the beautiful wild flowers and shrubs for which Australia is so famous, but gloomy enough at night, when the howl of the dingo in search of his prey might be heard, and the kangaroo, opossum, and other nocturnal

animals bounded round after their food.

It was now getting towards midnight, and Mr. Hoyt thought it possible that the bushrangers would take fresh horses from Mr. Arnold's stable and try to be out of reach of pursuit before daylight. With a good start, and particularly if they left their pursuers without horses, their capture would be impossible. He was almost frantic, and so powerless too, for what could he do unarmed against two such ruffians with loaded guns? The more he thought of the matter, the more convinced he became that the only way to get word to the settlement of the position they were in was to send Daisy. The children were the only ones allowed to move about the room. The difficulty first was to get Daisy to understand what he wanted her to do. And, next, could she feel brave enough to go by herself at night over such a lonely road? Lastly, the great trouble would be to find an excuse for getting her out of the house. Taking out his pencil and pocket book as if to amuse her, he managed to whisper, "Read what I write," and he wrote: "Will Daisy be a brave little woman, and go to Rundi by herself to tell all the men they must come quickly and save papa, mamma, auntie and the rest of us from being killed?"

Then he said aloud, putting the pencil into her hand, "Now, it is Daisy's turn to write." The poor child knew that he meant her to answer, but she clung to his arm and hid her face, not even looking at him for some minutes. After a short struggle with her fears, the thought of her dear papa and mamma's danger seemed to overcome every other feeling, and, looking up at Mr. Hoyt, she took the pencil and wrote: "I will go, Uncle Frank, but, oh, do keep praying to God to take me safely! Shall I go now?"

Her uncle wrote, "We must both

watch for an opportunity, and then you must run, and do not be afraid. God will take care of you."

The female servants had shown very little fortitude all through, and every now and then they burst into loud cries and lamentations till told to "keep quiet" by the man who stood over them as guard. Presently Sarah, the children's maid, fainted, and the man said to Daisy, "Bring a little water for this young woman."

Mr. Hoyt whispered to Daisy as he put her down, "Now is your time—never mind the water; run as fast as you can, and may God bless and keep you."

Daisy never forgot that midnight run. The first part of it was the most trying. It seemed so dismal when she left the house and went out into the darkness alone. It was well for her that she had been brought up so far in the love of God, her heavenly Father. She stood for a few minutes at the end of the verandah very much frightened, then covering her face with her hands she prayed, and said, "Oh, God, I am afraid; help me to trust Thee, for the darkness and light are both alike to Thee. Jesus was once a little child just my age, and He can know how I feel. For His sake hear me and make me brave enough to do right. Amen." When Daisy uncovered her face, she felt the comfort that believing prayer is sure to bring, and looking up at the stars she said to herself, "It is not so very dark after all. I will run all the way, and how glad I shall be to bring help." Then she started in earnest. Just as she was leaving the last gate of their own grounds, she heard the well-known bark of Cæsar, a splendid dog, who always accompanied them in their rambles, and in a moment more he was at her side. Daisy put her arms round his neck, saying, "I am so glad! Oh! you dear, darling Cæsar; have you come to take care of poor Daisy? We must not stop to talk, we must go to

Rundi, doggie, as fast as we can." Then on and on the two ran, the child's fears very much lessened by the company of her four-footed friend, who seemed quite to understand that he was her protector.

As they passed some old gum trees, a party of opossums were just emerging from their holes to take their supper of green grass. At any other time Cæsar would have hunted them down but now he frightened them away by making a little run at them, and was almost immediately back beside his little mistress.

It would be no easy matter to describe the wonder and astonishment of the crowd assembled at Rundi when they first caught sight of Daisy, as she rushed into their midst, bareheaded and almost breathless, crying out, "Oh, come! do come quickly. They have taken away papa, mamma and auntie, and two men are in the parlor with loaded guns, and will not allow any one to move."

Harry, an old and faithful servant of Mr. Arnold's, who had lived with him in England, came forward, as soon as he saw Daisy, and taking the trembling child by the hand said:

"My dear Miss Daisy, what can have happened, that you are out alone at this time of night? Why did you come here at all, or why did not some one come with you?"

By the time he had finished Daisy was quite overcome, and burst into uncontrollable sobs, which shook her from head to foot, and seemed as if they would never cease, and allow her to speak again. Poor Cæsar, too, seemed distressed for his little mistress, and kept looking up into her face in a very wistful way. Harry brought a pannikin of water, and persuaded Daisy to swallow a few mouthfuls, saying:

"Miss Daisy, you have been so brave as to come all this way alone, do not give way now; try to be calm, and tell us what is the matter up at the Hall."

Daisy made a great effort to choke

down her sobs, and told what we already know, adding, "And indeed, Harry, I believe that one of the men in the parlor is Sam, the boundary rider. I could not see his face, but he spoke just like him."

"I have no doubt of it," said Harry. "I have always told master that that fellow was not to be trusted, but he is so good himself that he would never believe in his villany; besides, Sam was present at the sale to-day, and knew all about the money Mr. Arnold would be likely to receive. As soon as the sale was over, he asked leave to go and visit some friends. He went off before master arranged about sending the money to Sydney by the armed escort, so he knew nothing of that, and no doubt thought there would be a large sum of money in the house to-night. Very likely if the storm had not induced them to take a short cut across the paddocks, and hurry home, Sam and his friends would have stuck them up by the way. But now we must not lose a moment, or the wretches may be off before we can secure them. God grant that my beloved master and mistress are safe!"

Harry soon explained to the natives the state of affairs up at the Hall, and they were only too eager to assist in the capture of the bushrangers, who were their terror. There was no time to form much of a plan. Harry took the lead, and sent messengers off to the nearest police station at B—, with orders to bring a force with all speed to the Hall. Next, having provided himself with strong rope and cord, he ordered all, both whites and blacks, to follow him as quickly as possible. He charged them particularly to make no noise for fear of giving an alarm. He wanted Daisy to allow some of the servants from a neighboring station to take her there, knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, who were friends of the Arnolds, would be glad to take care of her. But Daisy begged so earnestly

to be allowed to go back and see what had become of her parents and aunt that he consented to take her with him, but told her that as soon as they got to the Hall she must slip quietly in somewhere, and keep out of sight, for the bushrangers might suspect that she had given warning, and do her some injury. Daisy promised, and they set out quietly, she keeping a tight hold of his hand, Cæsar beside her, and all the rest moving along with them.

Mr. Hoyt's feelings after sending off poor little Daisy were anything but agreeable. If she succeeded in reaching the settlement and bringing help, all would doubtless be well, but if anything happened to her on the way, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold would be very apt to blame him. What would the end be? How intently he listened to every sound.

Sarah soon recovered from the faint, and the rest, finding that Daisy did not come back with water as they expected, began to worry. Jeannie sobbed and cried bitterly for her sister. At last Mr. Hoyt, who was painfully on the alert, thought he heard footsteps, and it was not long then till deliverance came. Harry had brought all the party up near the house. He stationed a number near the stables, to be on the watch for the outside two, feeling sure they would try to get fresh horses. His plan was to take about twenty on the verandah, and after putting Daisy into a safe place, he and a few others were to slip into the parlor, try to surprise the bushrangers, and wrench their guns from them before they had time to make any resistance. In a few minutes after Mr. Hoyt had heard the sound of footsteps, a terrible struggle was going on in the room. Harry and his party slipped in and tried to get possession of the guns first, knowing that with the numbers they had at command the two men could easily be overpowered. And so it turned

out. The surprise was so great, and they closed round them so quickly, that the guns were soon wrenched from them, and with very little mischief attending. One exploded, but did no harm except making a hole in the ceiling. A loud coo-ey soon brought in more than the room could hold, and after a short struggle both the men were lying on the floor, securely bound, waiting the arrival of the police to take charge of them. The other two, who had been so long engaged in trying to terrify poor Miss Cory into telling where the money was hidden, hearing the explosion of the gun, thought it was time to return, and they made for the stables, intending to be sure of fresh horses, and then summon their companions. They little dreamed of the mob of natives and others who were lying in ambush. As they neared the stables, they rushed out upon them. The bushrangers were determined not to surrender easily. They both fired their guns, and their assailants being so close together, several of them were severely wounded. In a little time, however, they had to yield to numbers, were overpowered, bound securely and carefully guarded.

Daisy was right about Sam. As soon as the crape was torn off his face, the ungrateful wretch was recognized by the servants and natives, and loud and deep were the execrations that followed his discovery. It was owing to him, of course, that the dogs gave no alarm at their approach, for he had shut them up, far away from the house. In the midst of the confusion Mr. Hoyt found time to ask after Daisy, and was delighted to hear from Harry that the brave little girl was safe in her father's office. As soon as the capture of the bushrangers was complete, he went in search of her, and found her standing by the window anxiously waiting to be released. He took her in his arms, and kissing her tenderly, said, "My dear, brave little cousin, you have

done good service to-night. Now let us hasten to find papa, mamma and auntie, and then we will all have a long talk together."

But Harry was beforehand with them. No sooner had he seen a strong guard placed over the bushrangers, than he hurried to away find his beloved master and mistress. As Mr. Hoyt and Daisy came out of the office they met a sad group on the verandah—Mr. Arnold leaning heavily on the arm of his faithful servant, and scarcely able to get along, even with all the assistance he could give him; Mrs. Arnold could not stand at all, and had to be carried, her ankles being nearly cut through, so tightly had the cords that bound her been drawn round them.

It was quite daylight before they found Miss Cory. After a great deal of seeking, she was at last discovered a good way from the house, lying in the bush near the sheep dip. She was in a deep swoon, and at first they thought she was dead. After a little she revived for a few minutes, but when they tried to get her up, the remembrance of all she had gone through seemed to return with new force, and she sank back more helpless than before. They carried her home, and sent immediately for Dr. Clymar, but as he lived two miles from the station, the delay was considerable before his arrival. Mrs. Arnold insisted on being carried to her sister's bedside, and under her direction every remedy that could be thought of was applied, but swoon succeeded swoon, and they waited anxiously the arrival of the doctor. In the meantime a strong police force came from B., and the four bushrangers, heavily ironed, were taken away to be lodged in the Paramatta jail.

When Dr. Clymar came, he seemed very anxious about Miss Cory. She had always been delicate, and now her nervous system had received a shock from which it seemed doubtful she could recover. By noon she was in a high

fever and quite delirious, calling out continually, "Oh, do let me go home! Indeed, I know nothing of any money!" The doctor spent as much time at the Hall as he could spare from his other patients, though he felt from the first that there was very little hope of recovery. After a few days Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were able to go about the house, but their sorrow on Miss Cory's account kept them from getting well and strong again. Daisy, too, was very miserable. The excitement of that dreadful night told upon her afterwards, and it was a long time before she could sleep quietly.

When the fever left Miss Cory she gradually sank, was conscious for very short intervals, and so weak that they could only discover her breathing by holding a glass to her mouth. One evening, however, she revived so as quite to encourage her friends, but the doctor shook his head very gravely, after spending some time at her bedside. She herself seemed to feel that the end was near. She asked her sister to read the twenty-third Psalm, and when she had finished the last verse, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," &c., said, quite audibly, "I shall soon be in the house of the Lord, and oh, Mary, dear, it is such a comfort to feel that you are all travelling thither."

She soon after relapsed into unconsciousness, and quietly breathed her last on a lovely evening, just three weeks after that dreadful night. She was buried on a hill belonging to the station, and her grave may be seen there now, enclosed by a neat railing and surrounded with weeping willows, cedar and rosewood trees. Her funeral was attended by all the squatters for miles around, for Mr. Arnold and his family were widely known and much esteemed, besides the peculiar circumstances of Miss Cory's death had excited general sympathy.

After the funeral Mr. Arnold was

strongly advised to go to Britain for a visit, in hopes that travelling and change of scene might have a beneficial effect on Mrs. Arnold and the children, who felt Miss Cory's death very much. They were obliged to wait till after the trial of the bushrangers, as they were required for witnesses. It turned out that two of these midnight robbers were noted highwaymen, and had murdered a settler and his son a few weeks before the attack on Mr. Arnold's station. These two were hanged, and the others imprisoned for a term of years. Mr. Arnold sold the station in charge of his sons, and left them and Harry to take care of Maida Hall. Then, after seeing the Hoyts comfortably settled in their new home, he, with his wife and little girls, sailed from Sydney for London in the ship Utopia. After a prosperous voyage of twelve weeks they reached their destination. They remained in Britain a year, visiting old friends, and seeing every object worthy of notice. Then feeling much better for the entire change, they returned to their Australian home, taking back with them a good English governess for Daisy and Jeannie.

The above story is substantially true, though, of course, the names are changed as the parties are still living. The writer visited New South Wales not long ago, spent six weeks with the Arnolds and Hoyts, heard the facts from both parties, was shown the spot where the bullet went through the ceiling, and one lovely Sabbath afternoon walked to the grave of Miss Cory, and picked a spray of the beautiful wild Australian fuchsia, also gathered some of the pure white manna, which was dropping from the leaves of the gum trees flourishing close by. These gum trees, we were told, shed their bark annually instead of their leaves. The leaves hang vertically from the branches, instead of horizontally, as in most English and American forest trees.

ANEITA.

FUN FOR A HOLIDAY PARTY.

Of course fun that will answer for the holidays will do for any other days; but as holiday week is given up to enjoyment, and there are more children's parties then than at any other time, some talk about them is in season. Those of you who have been to young folks' gatherings know that some are very pleasant, and that the time passes away all too quickly, while others are so dull that you are glad when it is all over. When you think of it afterwards, you will find that a party was pleasant when the person giving it knew how to furnish amusement for *all*; and dull when either no amusement was provided, or of a kind that all could not enjoy. It is better not only for young folks, but for old ones too, not to give a party at all, than to bring a lot of persons together, and leave them to amuse themselves. Persons who give parties take great pains to furnish refreshments, as if eating were the great object, and think of nothing beforehand that will amuse their friends. When a girl or boy gives a party, let the first care be, not the cakes and apples, but the games and other entertainment. If you cannot manage this yourself, most of you know some friend—no matter if older than yourself—who has a tact at keeping things lively, and before one game is "played out" is ready to propose and start another. It is well to consult such a friend, and if possible get his or her help. Games in which all can take a part are desirable, but if kept up constantly are fatiguing, and there should be now and then something which will amuse all while resting in their seats. Music comes in for such a purpose, but all can not have music, and there may be too much even of this. Of little tricks or feats in which one or two persons can amuse a whole company, one amusing thing is the

INFANT GIANTESSE.

This requires two boys, a girl or two, a tall stool, and some articles of women's dress. The show should be



Fig. 1.—THE BEGINNING OF THE GIANTESSE.

held in another room from that in which the company is assembled. If there are two parlors, all can be asked to step into one for a few minutes, and the doors be closed while the giantess is getting ready. The boy to play the part should be a round-faced youngster, and bright enough to play his part well. He is stood upon the stool as in Fig. 1, only the stool should be taller in proportion than shown there. He is then dressed by the girls in some grown person's skirt; large size may



Fig. 2.—THE GIANTESS FINISHED.

head-dress, and a fan, the larger the better, will complete the outfit. If a show-bill is put up to amuse the company while the "giantess" is dressing, it will help, like: "The Wonderful Infant Giantess, from the steppes of Russia, only six years old and as many feet high, understands English, but does not speak it," and such other Barnum-like nonsense as may be desirable. The second boy is to act as showman, to keep the spectators from coming too near. The sight of so small a face on so large a body is droll enough, and if the one who plays the part can use the face cleverly and "put on airs," it will be still more so. If the two boys can get up some kind of a jargon, and talk a "*risky-hitchky-owsky-humbug-ivitch*" kind of Russian, and the showman pretend to put the questions and interpret the answers between the giantess and the company, a great deal of fun may be made. The exhibition may be brought to a most ridiculous end by having some man take the giantess from the room by lifting the stool; if the boy can only stand steadily while this is done, it will be very laughable. There are many other amusing tricks managed

be managed by the proper use of pillows and newspapers; then the upper part requires an overskirt, or some such garment, so that when dressed the "giantess" will be a foot or more taller than a tall man, as in figure 2. Any ingenious girl can so arrange the dress as to conceal the trick. The clothing need not match, but the more ridiculous and showy it can be made, the better. Some kind of an odd

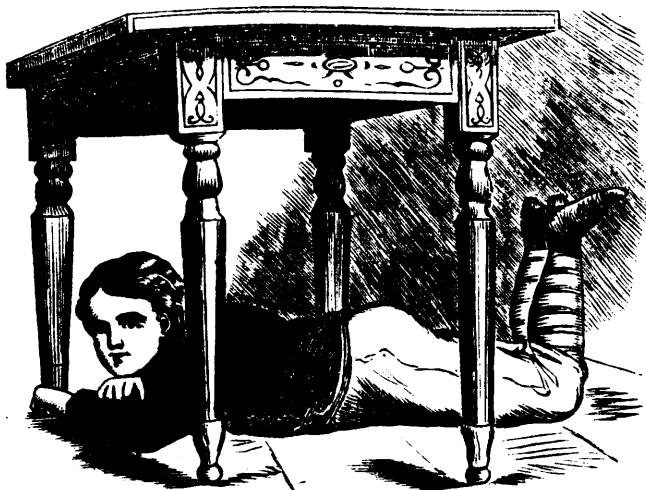


Fig. 3.—THE FRAMEWORK OF THE DOLL.

in a similar manner, but we have room for only one more.

THE DUTCH OR CHINESE DOLL,
 or the doll of any other nation, as you may fancy to dress her. The materials required for this are one boy, a piano or large table, a mask, home-made or otherwise, and a lot of outlandish or fancy clothing; besides there must be a boy to act as showman, and a girl or two to dress the doll. The boy who plays the doll should be one who has some patience, and has practised the trick before. He lies at full length, face downward, on the floor beneath the table or piano, with his feet turned up, as in figure 3. He should be made comfortable with rugs and pillows, else he will find it tiresome. Of course the preparations, as for the "giantess," must be made in another room. The feet are covered with any old cloth, to make a head to hold the mask, then the dress, which must have the sleeves, etc., stuffed, is attached, some kind of head-dress or cap arranged to hide the edges of the mask, and a hat of some kind must be securely put on. Any kind of toggerly can be used, the more ridiculous the shape and colors, the better. The table or piano is then covered with shawls or table covers in such a manner as to hide the boy beneath, as in figure 4. He should practice beforehand to nod his feet,

which are of course the doll's head, for yes, and to shake them for no. The company being admitted, the fun will then depend greatly upon the showman, who should introduce the doll as one of the most wonderful inventions of the century, in which mechanism has reached great perfection; the doll does not yet speak, but can answer yes and no to any questions that may be put, "and will tell fortunes quite equal to any living fortune-teller," etc. A wide awake boy can make much sport by asking the doll questions about persons who wish to have their fortunes told—of course avoiding anything that can give offence. In order that the boy who plays the doll may know of whom the questions are asked, each person should be introduced to the doll, who will make a low bow. A little forethought in preparing a few such tricks, and there need be no dull parties. But recollect that any of these tricks, if poorly done, are very stupid; and you must be careful to pick out the right boys or girls, and rehearse, or go through it all beforehand. The giantess and doll do not walk about; their dresses may be pinned in any way to produce the effect.—*American Agriculturist.*



Fig. 4.—THE DOLL FINISHED AND DRESSED.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

Hurrah for the hunting, the hounds are all out !
 All blithe are the sportsmen with laughter and shout ;
 Yet vain the halloos that are rending the air,
 And tasteless the sport should my *First* not be there.

My *Last* has been worn in all stations, 'tis said,
 By monarch and statesman, by lady and maid,
 Though many, I doubt not, with brave hearts and true,
 Without it the by-ways of life have gone through.

My *Whole* is a plant that we all may know well,
 Physicians the power of its healing can tell.

E. H. N.

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ANAGRAM.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence so that they shall make the familiar proverb which the picture illustraes :—"As for events here—give the sly lad one sermon."



—St. Nicholas.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADES. I.—Whip-poor-will. II.—Assassination.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

During the month of March, dressed in a full suit made of nankin, which was lined with cashmere, and wearing shoes made of morocco; having in the soles cork, and trimmed with large brass buckles, and attended by a negro, I said farewell to my friends, Charles and Henry, and picking my teeth with a bristle (Bristol), I started to form an alliance with a girl who had refused an offer of marriage from a rude fellow. When I arrived, her mother, being filled with wrath, was swearing (Schwerin) at two noisy guineas and a shanghai, but who, after all, had a superior daughter. When I met her I called her my dearie (Madeira), and gave her an orange and a pound of bologna (Bologna). Then she set before us, on a Japan dish, a turkey which was very full of grease (Greece), and some fish balls made of cod, with a clear cup of Java coffee, and retired to milk the cows (Coves). When I spoke to her about being her man, she said I was silly (Scilly), which was not flattery; so I told her to go to Halifax; put on my panama and went home, feeling worse than I ever did since the day I was born (Borgne).



The Home.

G R E A T G A I N .

BY BLUENOSE.

Little Mrs. Appleton came out of her large closely-walled garden in quite a flurry. She held a shining tin pail of currants in her hand, which she soon emptied into a big white platter in her cool pantry; and sitting down, began arranging the red, luscious fruit in a pretty glass dish, which was to grace her neat tea-table. She looked from the window now and then to see if Henry were coming. She seemed to be quite moved with some intelligence or other, which she longed to communicate to her husband.

At length his step was heard, and dropping the clusters from her pink fingers, she ran to meet him, in quite an excited manner.

"What is it, Lizzie?" asked Henry Appleton, smiling at his wife's eager face.

"Oh, Henry! I'm just sure it's all been left to Mrs. Coverley! Isn't it great? I thought it would be, and now I'm sure!"

"What has been left to Mrs. Coverley, and why are you so excited, Lizzie? Come in and tell me what you mean," said Mr. Appleton, playfully pinching his wife's pink ear, and leading her out to the dining-room, where he bade her "be seated and proceed to inform him in a calm and deliberate manner as to the cause of her evident perturbation."

Lizzie laughed at his long words and mock dignified air, and went on rapidly.

"Why you remember Mrs. Coverley's aunt, old Mrs. Sally Heatherwell, don't you? as rich as—I don't know who—

and when she died, six months ago, we wondered if she had left her money to Mrs. Coverley, as she had no other relative; but we never found out—never heard anything about anyone's getting the property; but I guess it's settled now; and won't Mrs. Coverley fix up?"

"But how do you know she has got it?" asked her husband. "Did she come over and tell you the news herself?"

"Oh, she wouldn't do that, Henry. I ought to have called on her when she first came here, and been sociable; but I didn't; I have only been in once, and that was to see her sick child, and I believe she came in and brought me some early lettuce once; but I haven't been free enough with her, that she should come and tell me of her good fortune. I must be more friendly now; though I suppose she'll think I want to get in her good graces because she is rich. You see I was in the garden picking currants, and she was in her's getting strawberries or something. I couldn't see her, but I heard her saying something to herself which I could not make out; then she said, quite loudly, 'Great gain—great gain! Yes, it is great gain!' Now, Henry, of course she has the fortune, for what else could she mean?" Mrs. Lizzie's black eyes shone with excitement.

Mr. Appleton smiled, a trifle incredulously, and said, "Well, wife, I only hope your surmises may prove correct, for Mrs. Coverley is a worthy woman, and has a hard time of it since her

husband was killed in that railroad catastrophe; but, somehow, it does not seem to me that she meant money when she said what you heard. However, I do not pretend to have such wonderful powers of find-outiveness as you women possess; so I will leave the matter in your busy little hands, and to your marvellous feminine brain. You were speaking of currants, my dear; where are they? I feel uncommonly hungry to-night."

"Oh, you masculines are so prosaic! You can't enjoy feminine gossip one bit, and can't bear to hear it, I believe. Now, I delight in thinking over what Mrs. Coverley will do with her hundreds, and what people will say, and so on," said Mrs. Appleton, as she bustled in and out of the pantry completing her arrangements for tea.

"I keep thinking what I would do if I had the fortune instead. Wouldn't I have an elegant bedroom set and carpet for my spare room! It just makes me cross to see that old-fashioned high poster up there; and the Morrisons have a beautiful set—buff and brown, with carpet to match—and they're no better off than we."

A slight cloud appeared on Mr. Appleton's brow. He often was treated at his meals to a not very palatable dish of discontent, and he wearied a trifle at its constant appearance when he came from his business to gain relaxation and cheerfulness at home.

"You would not envy Mrs. Coverley, my dear, if she should have come into possession of this property, would you?"

"Oh, no, Henry—it belongs to her of course. But how beautifully her house will be done over! Ours will look shabby enough beside it. I do wish we could have had another coat of paint on the front, at least; and the fence is getting quite weather-stained."

"Well, I know of no way to put on extra repairs just now, unless we bor-

row some of Mrs. Coverley's money," said her husband, trying to smile and speak in a jovial tone. "I told you when we were married that the place was passable, and would do for a year or two, when probably I would be able to fit it up more stylishly."

"Yes, I know; but we've been living here a year and a half, and it does look so shabby—so dilapidated—doesn't it, Henry?"

"It doesn't look nearly so shabby as Squire Woods', and he is fifty times richer than we."

"A miserly old skinflint! I don't want you to compare yourself to him."

"What light, nice biscuit you make, Lizzie!" cried Henry, by way of changing the unpleasant conversation. "Don't you remember I always used to praise your biscuit when I went out to Speedside to tea on Saturday evenings?"

"Yes, Henry, what delightful times we had then, when dear father and mother were alive. I used to take especial pride in getting a good meal ready for you when you came to see us."

"That's why you never fail in your cookery, my dear. Practice makes perfect."

Thus, by deftly changing the talk now and then, and mentioning bits of news gathered during the day, the husband warded off the never forgotten subject of the spare chamber and the paint-needing house and fence. Henry went out in the garden after tea, and found neighbor Dayton leaning over the wall, admiring his fine corn and cabbages; so he stayed for a social chat, and Mrs. Appleton, after rubbing up her white china tea service and setting it away in her cupboard, went up to have another discontented look at her spare chamber.

What though she had a neat, comfortable home, a good garden, a good wardrobe, and beyond and above all, a good kind husband, whom she dearly loved—her spare chamber was "so shabby." What though her parlor was carpeted nicely, and contained every-

thing necessary for comfort and elegance; she cared not that the rest of her abode was to her taste so long as that guest room remained carpetless, and her visitors must lie upon that uncouth bedstead. She always went up there to indulge in her repinings, this foolish little woman. She could bemoan her impecuniosity so much better with the sad effects thereof around her.

There were nice white curtains at the windows, and soft falling folds of white drapery over bright pink on the pretty toilet table; the high poster did not look so very hideous, with its knitted shell counterpane, wrought valance, and lace-edged pillow shams; neither did the carpetless floor give one a very unpleasant sensation on entering; for gay, tasteful rugs in various patterns, their lines quietly harmonizing with the prevailing color of the room, adorned the painted floor. Nevertheless Mrs. Appleton's face grew careworn, and almost cross, as she sat down in her blue and white chintz easy chair, and looked around.

"Oh, if I had that money—I don't want hers, but if some one would leave me a fortune—wouldn't I make things shine in this house! I'd have me a carpet like the Morrison's first—roses and vines, and lilies on a dark blue ground; and a set of bedroom furniture handsomer than theirs if I could get one, and fixings to correspond. It should all be as elegant as I could make it. How soon that carpet wore out. And to think that Henry says there's no way to get one yet—he can't afford it. I wonder if men really mean they can't afford things when they say so. I believe it's only a habit they get into, so that they can put their wives off, and make them do without carpets and nice things—because if it were really so, it would be dreadful. Just as if Henry wasn't worth the price of a bedroom carpet! I wish my own room carpet was larger; I would put that on this floor; but it

would only be a patch in this great room. It ought to be papered, too. How lovely that gilt vine looked on the paper at the Morrisons'! And there are Fannie and Dell coming in August. Oh, dear!"

Those Boston cousins would feel so dreadfully, she argued, coming from beautiful suites of rooms to her plain chamber.

She rose, and looked out as the sound of wheels was heard on the smooth road before the house.

"There are the Dudmans in their easy carriage; a boy to drive them, and all! What fat, sleek ponies! How that Emma Dudman leans back there among those cushions! And what an elegant shawl she has! I'm sure I need a drive as much as she; but I must stay in and watch others, or go on foot, if I want to see anything outside. Oh, how their house shines in the sunset!" she cried, as the golden glow rested on the large white house among the elms, a little distance off. "They've been painting up for ever so long. I do love to see a white house and fresh green blinds like theirs. How they must enjoy having everything look nice and clean, though I've as good a right to have my house painted as they have. I expect they've painted their woodpile, too," she said, a little spitefully, as she stood there cherishing the black imp of discontent. The gleams of the dying day which lingered on the blue waters of the lake, or glimmered among the dark firs on the hill, could not draw out her soul in admiration of the peaceful and beautiful. She could only watch the carriage rolling away down the road, and gaze on the Dudmans' mansion.

The twilight deepened, and quiet evening sounds only disturbed the balmy air. Henry's voice was calling from below, and she went down listlessly. He was in the hall holding a large bunch of creamy lilies—glossy, long-stemmed water lilies—in his hand.

"Aren't these beautiful, Lizzie? Helen Airlie gave them to me for you as she went by the fence a minute ago. She had a great many."

"How nice they would be for an ornament to my spare room, if Fannie and Dell were coming to-morrow," she said, as she took the wet beauties from his hands; "only there should be a carpet on the floor with lily buds to match!"

"Can you not forget that carpet, my dear? I really am weary of hearing about it so often. Come in and give me 'The Rose of Allandale,' Lizzie," he said, opening the parlor door. "I love to hear songs in the twilight, and you sing them as sweetly as ever."

Lizzie was forced to smother her discontent for a season as she went in and opened the organ. The sweet sounds soothed her spirits a little, and as they sat on the sofa quite lover-like she said, rather penitently, "I suppose I do pester you dreadfully about that carpet, and about other things too; but, Henry, if you only could be a woman for half an hour, you would know a little of the delightful feeling of arranging one's furniture and all to suit one, and of having nice, pretty articles around one. And if I can't have everything nice that I want right away, it makes me vexed; I can't help it. Yes, I suppose I *could* help it; but I don't feel like trying to," she admitted, with a toss of her head, and a wee bit of a pout.

"Just have a little patience, my dear, and all will come along in due time—carpet, paint, paper, perhaps even a carriage like Mrs. Dudman's," laughed Mr. Appleton.

"I was watching her to-night," said Lizzie, "and wishing we might afford one some day. Do you suppose Mrs. Coverley will buy a carriage? Of course she will; she will want to show that she can afford luxuries as well as anybody else. She will have her old, white-washed house painted

up. How dreadfully it looks! I suppose it *was* white once. Or perhaps she will buy a new one in some large town; but no, I rather think she will repair this one. It is good as far as strength and durability go, but she can find plenty of ways to spend her dollars on it. Why, she hasn't even a carpet on her dining room, only ugly braided mats," cried Mrs. Appleton, glancing down proudly upon her pretty, bright parlor-carpet, and remembering the serviceable ingrain which covered her own dining-room floor.

"Well, you've *something*, then, if you haven't everything you wish, in the house, Lizzie," said her husband.

"Oh, yes, I've three good carpets. I take pride in having *good* ones—good, strong ones, however dear, or none—while she has but one, and that is darned and patched to death. How the clerks down at Butterley's will have to fly round waiting on her when she goes to purchase her carpets and curtains! I really must go over to-morrow, Henry, and learn the news in full. What excuse shall I invent for going?"

"I did not know that a woman was ever at a loss for an excuse for anything. I'm sure I don't think I can give you any assistance in the matter. You must depend on your woman's wit alone."

"I have it! I'll tell her I have my sewing done, and will lend her my little sewing machine for a while to make her boys' clothes with, if she wishes it. That will be sure to bring out the truth, if she really has the fortune. But she must have it, of course. What else could she mean by 'great gain?' You see, she will buy a sewing machine, certainly, and will hire a seamstress to make her boys' jackets and trousers. And won't she feel proud to be able to decline my offer. Of course I will not dare to hint that I know anything of it, for I don't want her to know that I *was*

listening in the garden. I wonder if she will buy a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl, or a lace bonnet. She may take a freak to wear her old yellow straw just the same. These rich people are so stingy sometimes. I don't think she would be, however."

About ten o'clock next morning Mrs. Appleton might have been seen in her neat "brilliant" wrapper, standing on Mrs. Coverley's rickety front steps, knocking at her dingy front door. "How things will be changed here," she said to herself, glancing down the wooden walk, edged with neat trailing moss and bunches of pretty flowers. Mrs. Coverley came to the door, and asked her visitor in with a pleasant greeting. She was a tall, thin, dark-eyed woman, whose face bore traces of much sorrow and endurance, yet there was a patient, peaceful expression in her quiet eyes which told of a soul at rest, so far as rest can be attained below.

Mrs. Appleton followed her into the little sitting room where were the despised braided rugs Lizzie had slightly mentioned. It was the family living room, but everything was neat and nice looking, and bore marks of the taste and industry of the mistress of the house, who gave Mrs. Appleton a seat by the window in a small, cushioned rocker, and seating herself in another opposite, took up the work she had put down, and stitched quietly on.

"Patching old corduroy pants, I declare!" said Lizzie, mentally. "I don't believe she has the money, after all."

She took an inventory of the room as she chatted on various topics. The walls were covered with faded and worn paper, patched here and there with different colors. The well-scrubbed chairs stood sadly in need of paint, and how the clean curtains were darned—in twenty places, certainly.

Presently Fred Coverley rushed in,

shouting gleefully, "Oh, mother! Mr. Turner says he will give you as many slabs as you want from his mill, and Joe Cunningham says he'll haul them down for you. Ain't that jolly, though!"

His mother could not restrain his evident delight, even in the presence of a stranger—he danced and clapped his hands, crying as he went out, "Now we'll have lots of wood without having to pay for it, when we ain't got any money!"

Mrs. Coverley said, gratefully, that Mr. Turner was a very kind man, and always had been. She did not know how she should have got along through the previous winter had it not been for the kindness of him and his family.

"Now I'm sure she hasn't got it!" said Mrs. Appleton to herself, disappointedly. "I must tell my errand, though, just the same."

"Mrs. Coverley, I thought you might like my sewing machine for a while to finish up your sewing. It is only a hand machine, but I find it very useful to me. I have finished my summer's sewing, and would be glad to help you a little in this way, if you will allow me."

Her face was painfully red as she spoke. How Henry would laugh at her rash conjectures! But, "what did the woman mean by speaking so?"

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Appleton. I will gladly borrow it for a few days, as I wish to finish the boys' new jackets in order that they may go to Sabbath School. You are very kind, really. I value the neighborly feeling and kindness of my friends in Arfordale very highly. It seems to me that I never had so many kind neighbors since I was a young wife living in Oldford, away down east. The people there were very neighborly indeed."

"That was where your aunt, Miss Heatherwell lived, was it not?"

"Yes; but she did not have much to do with me while I lived there." Mrs.

Coverley spoke sadly, Mrs. Appleton thought.

"Who will have her money, Mrs. Coverley?" she asked, reddening again.

"A vagabond brother of hers, I believe, who has lately come to light. No one, not even Aunt Sally, knew that he was living, as he ran away to sea when thirteen, and they had heard he was dead. However, he is alive, and being the true heir, inherits all his sister's wealth, as she made no will."

"And all the fortune would have been yours if he had really been dead!" cried Mrs. Appleton. "And he will probably squander it as fast as he possibly can; not a bit of good will it do him; while you could have made such a good use of it, you needed it so much, you and your children. If I were you, I would feel terribly indignant—indeed I would." Mrs. Lizzie's eyes flashed fire.

"Ah, Mrs. Appleton," said her neighbor, calmly, sighing just a faint little sigh, "you haven't gone through as much suffering as I have, or you would have learned to be quiet and contented as I have, through much exercising, learned to be, although I have daily to learn my lesson over and over. I do not allow myself to think of that fortune, of its being given to a dissipated, worthless man, though he be my own uncle. If I did I should be tempted to murmur and repine at my lot, and that would be unchristian, would it not?"

"Ye-es," admitted Mrs. Appleton, feeling a little ashamed of her own complainings in the presence of this widow, so much poorer than she, and yet so grateful and patient.

"But you could have so many comforts and luxuries, too, if it had been yours instead of his. You might have had your house repaired—though it is a pretty good one as it is—and you would have enjoyed spending it so much. I always love to spend money when I have it to spend," cried Mrs. Lizzie eagerly.

"Oh, it would be very pleasant to buy whatever one would fancy for their house or themselves; but while I have food and raiment, I try to be content."

Lizzie glanced sideways at the mended tweed dress, short and faded, and the well patched gingham apron.

"You know if God had meant for me to have the fortune, He would have given it to me, Mrs. Appleton; but He knew best what to do. He will give me all I need in this world; He knows what I need and will unfailingly supply me. All I must do is to be contented and cheerful, and wait patiently for Him. I don't know as I should say it, but I was out in the garden last night weeding, and I happened to glance up at the old dingy house, and I got thinking, very foolishly, how much better I could make it look, and what nice things I could get if I had got the fortune; and I had to stop myself, for I knew it was a sin; so I said that verse over and over to myself—you know what Paul said to Timothy—'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' 'Yes,' I said to myself, or rather aloud, 'to be a child of God and have a calm, contented mind is indeed great gain!' I could not help repeating it again and again, the verse seemed so new to me somehow, though I have often had to study its meaning since my poor husband died, and left me to struggle through the world as best I can. Isn't it great gain, Mrs. Appleton—greater than anything that worldly wealth can bestow?"

Mrs. Appleton was looking down upon the innocent blue and green rug at her feet, her eyes full of tears and her face crimson. She looked her neighbor in the eyes, however, and answered tremblingly, "Oh, dear Mrs. Coverley, I have been dreadfully discontented lately, I know. If you knew all my murmurings and fault-finding, you would despise me I am sure. I have fretted because my house needed painting, and because I couldn't get

everything I wanted for my rooms, and oh, I have been so very wicked, and here you are contented and happy when you have far less of worldly comforts than I. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I must come to you often now to learn contentment, Mrs. Coverley."

"You have your God and your Bible, dear Mrs. Appleton—you need not come to a poor creature like me for that. I had to learn it from the great Teacher, and so must you. You see," she added, smiling, "I fancy myself quite rich sometimes when I look at others far below me. When you look at the Dudmans' splendid house you feel quite poor, I daresay; but compare your lot with mine, your by no means bad-looking dwelling with my scantily whitewashed one, and you can feel that at all events you are better off than I; while I, in my turn, looking out on Jim Wheeler's shanty, which has never known either paint or whitewash, can think how much better off I am than he."

"Charming philosophy! I must go home and think now, Mrs. Coverley. Do let us be more neighborly than we have been. We can help each other so much, and I really need your experience to guide me in a measure, though I know we have a Heavenly Guide."

"I will do anything in my power for you, Mrs. Appleton," answered her friend, as they parted at the door.

"Well, I've learned something this morning, if I did go out of mere curiosity, and I don't believe Henry will laugh at me after all when he knows what I shall certainly tell him," she said, as she entered her tidy kitchen. "I must find that verse and learn it—write it on my finger nails, so I shall never forget it."

She went to the shelf in the dining room and took down the Bible.

Henry found her sitting in the rocking chair half an hour later, her finger marking the passage, her head leaning on her hand, and traces of tears on

her cheeks. She started up wonderingly.

"All's well, dearie? No wonder you look scared to see me before one. I don't see any preparations for dinner in the kitchen, anyway. Did you have a premonition that I was going to Ashton with Frank Howell at half-past twelve—it's nearly that now, I believe—and was coming home to get a bit of a lunch in a hurry. But what's the matter, Lizzie? You're not crying about the carpet, are you? and have you found out about Mrs. Coverley's fortune yet?" he said, quizzically.

"Oh, Henry," said the tearful wife, coming up and putting her arm round his neck, while she hid her face on his shoulder, "she hasn't the fortune after all. She is a better woman than I am, for she's contented with what she has, and she has been teaching me lessons of content. I was reading and studying her Bible verse, which she was saying to herself last evening: 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' Isn't it true, and to think I've been finding fault so long, and plaguing you with my murmurings."

"Why, the truth is this, Lizzie," answered Henry, sitting on the lower step of the front stairs, and drawing his wife down beside him, "I've known for a good while that Howard's furniture and carpets were to be sold to-day, and meant to go and get you something nice that I knew you wished very much, as I knew they would be cheap, and I could afford to get them if they were, for money is downright scarce now; so here they are. Now, aren't you pleased? But the house must wait for paint, Lizzie."

"You dear fellow!" Lizzie cried, "don't mention that again. I'll never say another word if it's never painted! It will do very well for a good while yet, as everything around is nicely whitewashed. I am going to keep Mrs. Coverley's verse in my mind after this, Henry."

FANCY WORK.

This is the season for preparing Christmas presents and articles for

lookout for something new and pretty in the way of fancy-work. The patterns which we give this month are selected from various quarters, and will be found useful in suggesting new ideas, even to those who may not wish to imitate them exactly.

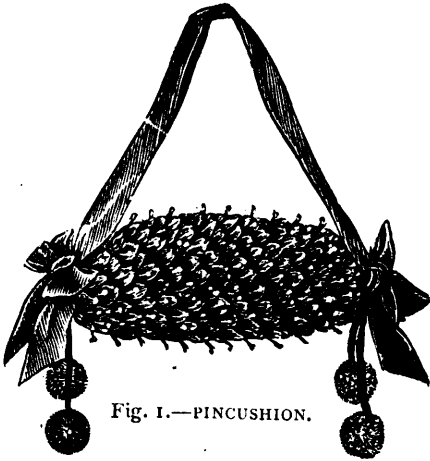
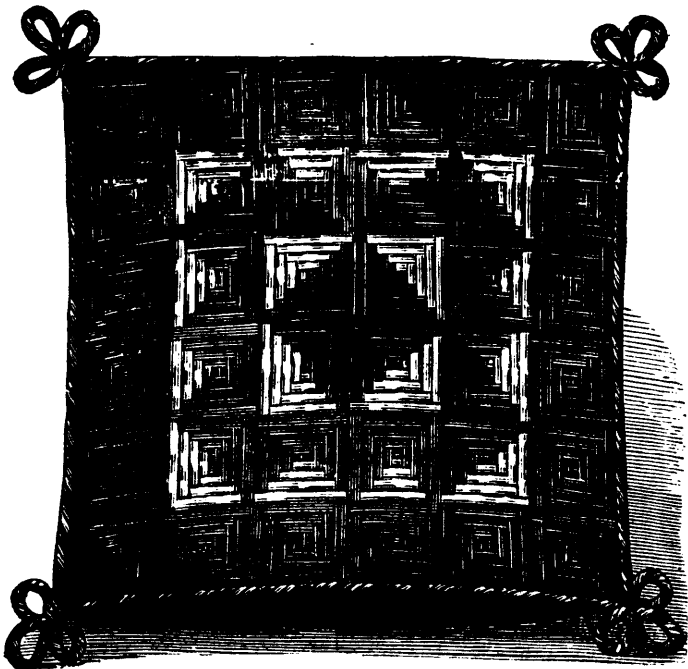


Fig. 1.—PINCUSHION.

A PINE-CONE PINCUSHION.

This pincushion is made of a pine cone which has been soaked in water for some time, so that the scales have opened out evenly. Wind the pine cone diagonally with green silk cord, the ends of which are finished with green worsted balls, and are left to hang at the sides. To hang up the pincushion, set on a handle of green silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide and twelve inches long, and finish it with bows of similar ribbon.

bazaars, and most ladies are on the



PATCHWORK SILK SOFA PILLOW.

FLOWER POT COVER.



Fig. 3.—COVER FOR FLOWER-POT.

PATCHWORK CUSHION.

Only those who have plenty of time on their hands and a number of pieces of silk of different colors can undertake the manufacture of a cushion such as we represent in figure 2. It is, however, a pleasant way of preserving mementoes of the past, for many a similar piece of patchwork derives its chief value in the owner's eyes from the fact that it "embalms," so to speak, pieces of "grandmother's brocade," "mother's wedding gown," or "my first silk dress." A good deal of ingenuity and patience is required to fit the pieces, and it is only the very industrious who will have the courage to increase the size of their patchwork until it is large enough to form a little quilt or foot covering for the parlor sofa; those who do so, however, will have their patience rewarded by becoming possessors of a very pretty and useful article, which will be a joy forever, or at least as long as it lasts.

When a favorite plant in the window garden or conservatory comes into bloom our first thought is to remove it to the spot where all may best enjoy its beauty. We wish to place it perhaps on the centre of the dining table, or in the drawing room, but are deterred by the rough and clumsy appearance of the pot in which it grows. With a little ingenuity, however, covers for pots may easily be made which will obviate this difficulty. Figure 3 presents a pattern for these covers. It is made of sections of equal size of glazed brown cardboard embroidered in cross stitch with brown wool, and ornamented with tassels of the same wool with gilt studs. Black cardboard bound with green ribbon, and ornamented with scrap pictures, will also

prove very effective.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.

The sides of this pretty book are cut in the shape of our illustration out of silver canvas (*jardinière*) and embroidered with bright green filoselle in



Fig. 4.—EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.

point russe. A feathery star in the centre and two lines following the scalloped outline form the design, and are edged by a row of green sou-

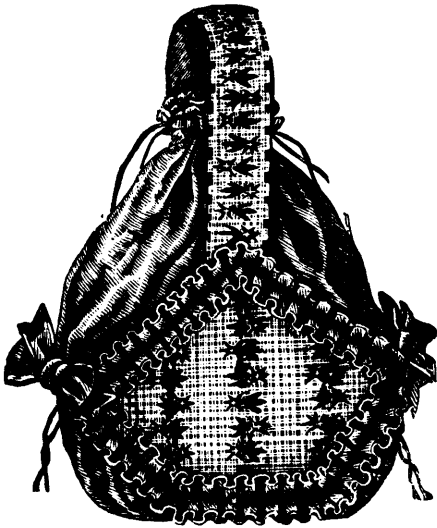


Fig. 5.—FANCY WORK-BASKET.

tache. Inside the book is fitted with leaves of fine white flannel prettily vandyked and embroidered with a feather stitching of green silk. A broad green ribbon with bows and ends is sewed on as shown in our illustration. The sides of the needle-book are lined with green silk.

FANCY WORK-BASKET.

Basket and handle of cardboard covered with gilt jardinière canvas, embroidered with claret-colored chenille, filoselle of the same shade and gold thread. The basket is then fitted with a claret-colored silk bag, drawn up with a cord, and round each section of the canvas is a box-pleated ruching of claret-colored sarcenet ribbon. Bows of the latter are placed as shown in the illustration.

DRAWING ROOM WORK CASE.

The pretty case for needles, pins, &c., represented below is made with the following materials:

“An oval piece of mill-board covered with drab satin; a cushion, flat on one side, made with cardboard, pieces of flannel to stuff it with; a bit of thin muslin to cover it, and a piece of drab satin over that. Some pieces of fine flannel for needles; the flannel cut at the edges as in engraving. The cover is made of three melon-shaped pieces of cardboard, covered with satin, first embroidered, then laid on the cardboard, the edges turned neatly over, and then lined with rose-colored silk; the pieces are then sewed together neatly. The cushion is attached to the oval with glue, and a piece of cerise ribbon, waved with needle and silk, conceals the place where it is glued. A pleated cerise ribbon is placed round the oval. The cover is finished with a

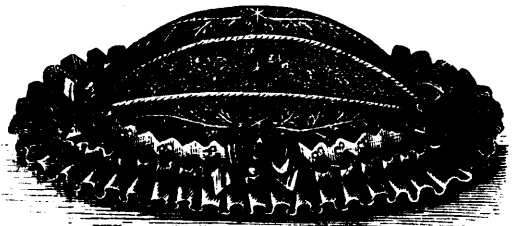


Fig. 6.—DRAWING-ROOM WORK TIDY—CLOSED AND OPEN.

vandyked ribbon and tiny pearl buttons as ornaments. It is tied to the oval

with small bows and ends of ribbon. | fastens down in front with loop and
Two of these are placed as ornaments, | button, concealed by bows and ends of
one at each end of the cover, which | ribbon."

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(From the Ladies' Treasury.)

(Continued.)

Just then Mrs. Newton entered, and when the girl had gone to the scullery, asked, "Have you any objection to my coming and taking lessons in cookery—just as you give them to Ellen?"

"Indeed, I shall be very glad if you will. Servants, good or bad, are in many ways intolerable. Those termed good are so wedded to old customs, that to suggest a new and more approved way of cooking or serving any article gives so much offence that notice to leave is at once given. I believe that any mistress who can cook well—not by guesswork, but by absolute rule—is, in a measure, independent of servants. Anybody can do the house-work, either ill or well, and, if ill done, it is not a matter to grieve over; but a badly-cooked dinner is; it spoils temper, digestion, and good food. Moreover, cookery is not a fussy or uncertain work. To be perpetually lifting covers to try if a thing is done argues sad unskilfulness. If there is uncertainty as to the length of time fish, meat, or a pudding is to be dressed, depend upon it failure must result. Cookery for everyday dinners in middle class life is, in its variety of food, the simplest thing imaginable—if you know *how* to do it. There are certain laws for this which must be implicitly followed, always at one time the same as another, and you are at once master of the situation. The very simplicity of the rules prevents people from following them. They argue, without trial, that a thing cannot be good because it is so simple; and, indeed, bad cookery is so universal that a taste

for it has arisen. I know of some people who object to boiled fish unless it comes to the table broken to pieces, and say if it comes whole and unbroken it is not cooked enough. They will not eat cabbage unless it is boiled to a mash, when it is almost poisonous, causing most unpleasant effects from its having first had its hurtful properties boiled out, and then being boiled till these are again absorbed. So with over-boiled potatoes, only these are considered good, notwithstanding they are really very hurtful, and the water they have absorbed is almost poisonous, and then the blame is laid on the ill-treated vegetable."

"There is some sense in what you say, but why is it that cooks will not do the right thing instead of the wrong, when you say the right way is the least trouble?"

"On this point I can't answer you, excepting that a little knowledge of anything is misleading, and that for many years the ignorance of mistresses has been a profitable matter to servants. If they do a thing ill, the mistresses cannot teach them better, and if it be well done, all the same, there is no praise; and, again, they have rarely been taught the right way. I think many cooks will excel in making sweets when they cannot cook anything else. To boil a piece of fish, to fry fish, to cook a chop or steak to perfection, is beyond them, because no certain rules have been given them. 'Cook it till it is done' is no rule for ignorance; 'Put it into water,' but at what temperature is never named. This I would impress on every

gentlewoman not born to a certain independence, and at even this I would not stop. Let her be independent of her servants by herself learning to do all household work well. Would Mr. Newton be able to detect error in his clerks if he did not understand his profession? Would any man engaged in business, of whatever kind, be able to manage it successfully if ignorant of all its workings? Depend upon it, women are much behind the time of their great-grandmothers, who, according to the conditions of life at that period, were far more highly-educated young women than are now to be met with."

"You are very young to have had this experience," said Mrs. Newton.

"It is not so much my experience as that of my mother and father, the latter particularly, though both have described to me all they knew in their early days, and with such knowledge educated us to understand thoroughly what we applied ourselves to. I have reaped immense benefit from their teachings, and my own observation has led me to know that they were right."

"Would all girls were so educated!—would that I had been! But it is not too late yet; so I will become your pupil. One thing I must not forget. I promised to send Ellen for the spinach, which we can have also for luncheon, if it will not be too much trouble to clean it. I know it is troublesome, and often gritty."

"There is no trouble to dress spinach or to clean it, and if you would like to learn how to cook it, I shall be pleased to show you."

While Ellen went after the spinach, Mrs. Newton asked if the girl was teachable.

"Not better nor worse than other girls whose ideas of progress are dormant. She will in time be like other young people, tired of work. It is human nature, and one must expect an outbreak and its result—'If you please to suit yourself this day month.'"

"Oh, dear, what is to be done then?"

"Just nothing, but begin over again. If you are mistress of the situation, you will never be placed in the misery you have been. Here comes Ellen with the spinach, and no great quantity either."

"It looked so much. I thought there was a great deal," said Mrs. Newton.

"It looks a great deal, but when cooked will not be more than a saucerful. The stems have first to be picked from the leaves, and when thi

is done the leaves are washed, a handful at a time, in warm water, and well tossed about (and, mind, not more than a small handful at a time); the sand and insects will thus readily drop out. Then quickly throw it into cold water; the pans of hot and cold water must be placed close together. After all is done in this way, throw away the warm water, fill the pans with cold water, and again lift the spinach from the cold into the second pan of cold water. This is simple enough, and is the only way to cleanse all vegetables with but little trouble and no uncertainty. Now you may be quite sure that no grit is in the spinach, and the latter, far from being limp by the action of the hot water, is firm and crisp, because the water was not too hot, nor was the spinach allowed to remain in it. Now, telling this, and even showing how to do it, to a thoughtless girl, would not benefit maid or mistress. She would say, 'The missus do worry so over the cooking,' and straightway go and put the whole of the spinach into hot water and spoil it. This is not imaginary, for the very thing happened in our own home.

"In ten minutes the spinach is drained and put into a sauce-pan, with two tablespoonfuls of water to prevent burning at the bottom, a little salt on the top, is covered closely, and put on the fire. In ten minutes stir it down and round, and turn it over. In another ten minutes it will be done; it is then drained and the water pressed from it, then chopped while in the colander, and again the water is pressed from it; then it is turned into a basin, chopped again, one teaspoonful of moist sugar, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and half an ounce of butter, a little salt and pepper, added; stir well in the basin, and put the latter over a saucepan of boiling water to rewarm, and serve hot on buttered toast; a round cut into eight sippets, so that one can be helped with each spoonful of spinach." All this Miss Severn told Mrs. Newton, who then proceeded to act according to her directions, Ellen standing meanwhile very much interested in the operation, particularly in the washing process. At last the spinach was done, to the intense gratification of both. Mrs. Newton had learned something, and Ellen had tried her best to understand.

"Never mind, Ellen, 'Practice makes perfect.' We must now attend to the potatoes and the meat."

The meat was cut in slices from the under

side of the shoulder, close to the blade-bone, was dipped in melted dripping, then into flour till it was well covered, then fried in boiling dripping. In a few moments it was cooked.

"What an extraordinary way to fry meat, and what a little fat you fry it in!" remarked Mrs. Newton. Ellen, too, was watching the process, and said, "You told me to fry the fish in plenty of fat."

"Fish, yes, and meat also with eggs and bread-crumbs, such as lamb chops; but meat like this, dipped first in fat and then floured, does not require much, and chops and steaks, if you fry them at all, in scarcely any fat, only enough to grease a very hot, almost red-hot, frying-pan. In dressing chops and steaks the last is the secret. If they are put into a cold pan the gravy is drawn from them and they are tough; but as neither broiling nor frying will make tough meat tender, it is good policy in every household where chops and steaks are consumed, to have a loin of mutton well-hung, and a piece of beef from which steaks can be cut, kept in the house.

"We once lived some miles distant from shops; the butcher brought us meat only once a week, so we were obliged to contrive, especially in summer."

"But how could you keep meat sweet in the hot summer weather?" Mrs. Newton asked.

"This is easily done, and I will tell you how some other time—not only meat, but fish."

"Ah, yes, I know—you had a refrigerator."

"No, nothing of the kind. It is a simple matter to keep meat fresh, or to restore it when slightly turned; but as we don't need it to-day we had better defer it till another opportunity. Meanwhile your luncheon is nearly ready. The meat is nicely cooked, as you see; the gravy must be made with a tablespoonful of flour and two of cold water, stirred to a paste, then set with sufficient boiling water to make it like thin starch. If I were making this for the dining-room, I should stir in a bit of butter melted, the size of a walnut, with the flour, before I put the boiling water. Now for the coloring which I made just now."

"You made the coloring?" questioned Ellen.

"When?"

"While you were washing your hands. The kettle was boiling, the chicory was on the shelf, the coffee-pot was clean and free from coffee flavor. I put about two ounces of chicory in,

and poured a pint of boiling water upon it. Now, see the result. It is a beautiful deep color, fine as wine, although it has been standing only half an hour, and a few drops suffice to color the mixture. A half pint of the finest and most innocent coloring in the world to be had for a penny is not very expensive, particularly as it is ready at a moment for soups or broths, or for whatever coloring is needed; besides, chicory is not only useful in this way, but it is very wholesome. A tablespoonful colors the gravy beautifully. There is but little fat in the pan. The mixture of flour and water is added to this, and allowed to come to the boil, but is not boiled; it is then strained into the hot dish, and the meat placed upon it. All gravies should be made in this manner. Whether dripping or butter is used, it never disagrees with those who eat it, because the flour absorbs all fat, which is thus converted into nourishing food. A piece of hot buttered toast is very nice, but the butter is too often retained in the stomach, and cannot be digested. This is not the case with gravies made with flour and butter, or with dripping."

"You have certainly enlightened me on some points," said Mrs. Newton, "and I do think this is a very delicious little luncheon—not to say dinner—you have cooked, if the meat is not hard."

"The meat is never hard cut from under a shoulder, neither from the inside of a loin, whether beef, mutton or pork."

"I don't quite understand the part of the joint you mean."

"Where the kidney is situate in a loin of veal, as it is in any other loin, as in lamb and beef and mutton only we never see it sent to table with beef, and rarely with mutton,—with loins of lamb and veal always. It is from this meat, so short in its grain, that delicious sausages are made to perfection, and from beef the mincemeat is made, when meat is used."

The luncheon served in the dining-room, all cookery implements were removed, the kitchen and the hearth swept, the cloth was laid for dinner with as much care as if it had been in the dining-room. Ellen, with clean hands and a white apron, waited upon Mrs. Newton, and when the meat came down, it was kept hot on the top plate of the outside of the oven till the girl was quite ready for her dinner, and, watching Miss Severn's manner at the table, she began to imitate her. This time there was no

dipping the knife in the salt, and no biting off bread. She was beginning to awaken from her barbarism, and, as all that she saw was new to her, she was like a child delighted with a toy.

"Were you ever shown how to wait at table, Ellen?"

"Law, no, Miss Severn! There's not much in that—anybody can wait at table."

"Ill or well do you mean?"

"There's no mean about it, Miss Anna. There's nothing to do—just put the dishes down and take 'em away."

"True, that's one way, but I want you to wait at table in the style ladies and gentlemen are accustomed to be served. By which side of the lady or gentleman do you put the plate down?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm not particular."

"Listen to me, and try to remember. We can eat our dinner all the same. You put a plate down on the left-hand side for the reason that a lady or gentleman oftener uses the right hand than the left, and possibly the right hand might be lifted at the very moment you are trying to put down the plate, and thus the contents of it would be upset or scattered. But remember to take the plate in the right hand from the master or mistress, and when you come to the guest, put it with your left hand down on the left-hand side of the person you are serving. Come now and try to wait upon me in the same way I have told you."

Two or three attempts were made by Ellen before this simple rule could be remembered. Still, Miss Severn bore in mind that, like the growth of plants, the awakening of dormant faculties is a matter of patience to produce perfect work, and that "many failures are necessary to success."

After the dinner a lesson on the taking away of the plates was given. Ellen began to take off the knives and forks, and so to drop the gravy and pieces on them on the cloth, and then to pack the plates, one on the other, on the table. Before she could accomplish this last Miss Severn said, quickly:

"No, no, Ellen, not so! Never take the knives and forks off the plates at the table, but remove the plates, one in each hand, with the knives and forks upon them, and place them on the tray that is here on the dresser; but if it were in the dining-room you would have the tray on the sideboard."

"Law, Miss Anna, how very particular you are! What can it matter? It takes so long your way."

"Supposing, Ellen, you were a lady, with a very expensive silk dress on, and the servant removed the knives and forks as you were doing, very probably the pieces on the knives would drop on the dress and grease it, and, if not, then they would fall on the carpet. How would you like this?"

The idea of being a lady and her possession of a silk dress amused the girl to the detriment of the lesson. This Miss Severn saw.

"I will put it in another light. Have you a good Sunday dress?"

"Yes, I have got a very good one. Shall I show it to you?"

"Not now; but we will suppose you sitting at this table and I getting up and removing the knives and forks as you do, and should drop the grease on your dress, would you like it?"

"Of course not; it don't stand to reason."

"Well then, what you would not like done to yourself don't you do to others. Besides, it is not respectful to those you are serving to come to the table and pack the plates as if you were in the scullery. Your way also takes more time. In removing the plates you take away the plate with your right hand and on the right side of the guest, not as you put the plates down, on the left. There is no danger of your hand being knocked, because as you put it on the right-hand side the hand is seen. You take the plate away and put it in your left hand, then proceed to the next guest and remove another with your right hand, and on the right-hand side, and if you have a number of people to wait on, and no help, you may as quickly remove four plates, putting them one on the other in this way, as two. And before you take away the plates you should quietly put the knives in the tray and the silver by itself; but this noiseless work is only to be acquired by careful habit and quickness; be sure that noisy people do little work. Some day—perhaps to-morrow—you shall put the plates on the table, and we shall have an imaginary dinner party, and I will show you these things.

"Now it is time to wash the silver, not by throwing it into a pan of hot water, where the grease will float on the top, and, as you take it out, will settle upon the edges. You see this pattern is termed the 'threaded pattern,' and, if you do it your way, you will soon have, as it

has now, a black instead of a bright line round it. Find a wide jar, and long enough to reach the top of the small forks, put a little soda in it, then the silver, and pour the boiling water from the tap or kettle upon the silver, then you will see the dirt run down to the bottom of the jar ; wipe them quickly and singly while they are hot, rub them quite dry, and lay them regularly in the plate-basket. Then dip your knives in singly ; don't put the handles into the water, as this melts the cement which fastens on the handles. First wipe each in a piece of waste paper, which burn afterwards, and then wipe them dry in a cloth ; you see, just as I am doing."

"I always wipe 'em in a cloth first."

"And does that method keep your cloth from being greasy?"

"Why, of course not ; I've got to wash the cloth."

"By the number of cloths that I saw yesterday that were greasy—even the glass-cloths you had used as knife-cloths—you could not have washed them for a long time. By wiping the knives first in paper your cloths, time and soap are saved. The dishes have now to be washed in hot water with a little soda in it, and, as each is washed, put it into plenty of cold water ; by this method no pieces of dirt stick to them. Don't put more than three plates into your pan at a time, and tie your dishcloth in a bunch on to the end of a stick, and see how nicely you can clean them without stewing your hands in the hot water ; besides, by this method you can have the water hotter. A hard iron-bound brush is better than a dishcloth. When I am my own servant, depend upon it, I shall find out plenty of contrivances for doing my work in a cleanly manner and not soiling my hands more than I can help."

"Mine do chap so with the hot water."

"That is your own fault. A pennyworth of glycerine and an equal quantity by measure of water mixed together and rubbed on the hands at night will keep them free from chaps and roughness."

CHAPTER VIII.

At this moment came a knock at the hall door, and with it the bell rang.

"Why, that's the master's knock," said Ellen.

"What's he come home so early for ? And I'm so dirty, won't I catch a black look ?"

Miss Severn glanced at Ellen for a moment, then went to open the door. She found Mr. Newton and two gentlemen. The latter lifted their hats as they passed in.

In a few moments Mrs. Newton came into the kitchen and said :

"My husband has brought two clients of his, and is anxious to show them some hospitality. They leave by the six o'clock train ; it is now nearly three. What can be got for their dinner that may be quickly done ? He has brought some salmon with him."

"Salmon and caper sauce, lamb and mint sauce, and spinach, mutton cutlets, young carrots, and potatoes, will not be a bad impromptu dinner, for they can't expect anything else, except sweets," said Miss Severn. "You see there will not be two hours to get the whole done, which must be on the table at five o'clock, or a quarter to five is better. So we can only reckon upon an hour and a half to cook it. Men don't care much for sweets. We can have stewed rhubarb and macaroni cheese."

"But can all this be done in an hour and a half ? If so, I shall think you are a conjurer as well as a contriver. Why, the salmon will take all that time."

"We will see," replied Miss Severn. "Ellen must go to the butcher's for four mutton chops, and bring from the green-grocer's a bunch of young carrots. I suppose the cheese and macaroni are in the house ; the rhubarb I know is. The water is boiling and the saucepans are clean, and that is a good way towards cooking a dinner. The salmon, I see, weighs four pounds—"

"Before you say more, may I stay and learn how to cook this dinner ? Mr. Newton says he wishes to be alone in the drawing-room to talk over business matters, so I am not wanted there."

"Certainly ; the kitchen, as I have said before, is, as you know, your own, to come into and go out whenever you like ; and, truly, I shall be delighted if you will learn the delicate art of cooking ; it will always be such a help to you. Indeed, a knowledge of this alone renders mistresses independent of the impertinence and wastefulness of so-called cooks.

"The salmon weighs four pounds ; that will take, after it boils, just twenty-four minutes ; that is six minutes to the pound. The lamb

is the same weight; that will take twenty minutes to the pound, one hour and twenty minutes, ten minutes for warming through in addition. The chops, egged and bread-crumbed, will take quite half an hour. The carrots twenty minutes, potatoes half an hour. Macaroni twenty minutes or half an hour, if browned. The rhubarb, to prepare and cook, twenty minutes. There will be ample time. Perhaps you will prepare the rhubarb, grate the cheese, and prepare the bread-crumbs."

"All this with pleasure. We have dried mint in the house. I dried and sifted it last winter."

"The meat is the first thing," said Miss Severn. "The oven is hot and—"

"You don't mean to say you bake the meat? Mr. Newton will discover it in one moment. Pray, don't bake it."

"I have heard this said many times, but I have never found any who made the discovery. On the contrary, they have praised the baked meat as being perfectly roasted, always finishing up with, 'I could detect baked meats in an instant.'"

"How do you prevent the horrid taste that baked meat has?"

"By having the oven very hot when the meat is put in, and then never quite closing the door till the meat is cooked and taken out. The science of the matter is, that the hot air, permeated as it is by the steam from the meat, rushes out at the opening instead of, with the door shut, remaining in and being heated over and over again, at last depositing itself upon the meat, and imparting to it the flavor of burnt oil. If the oven door be closed for one instant while the meat is cooking, the burnt air flashes over the meat and spoils it. Not even pastry should have the door closed after the first ten minutes, but meat not

at all. It is not alone by baking the meat in this way that the full flavor of the meat is retained, but by the following simple process: For want of a baking-tin proper for meat, I take this cake tin; it is large enough for the meat, being oval. Into this tin I put just one-half pound of dripping. Let it melt in the oven, then put the meat in, and baste it all over with this fat. And thus it cooks in the fat. You may suppose, as many have who have seen the process, that this method makes the meat taste greasy. Not in the least, but on the contrary. There is a little science in this, too. The meat being rolled in the hot fat, the latter prevents the watery juices or gravy of the meat from exuding. And as fat absorbs heat, the meat is cooked in a greater heat than if no fat were used, and so left to bake and dry into tasteless food. Before serving, every portion of fat is drained from the tin, then the gravy put into it, and made hot, or, for those who like it best—and I do not—the baking tin is rinsed with a little hot water and salt, which is poured over the meat—a bad practice. Meat cooked in this manner requires only once turning, and then it should be floured, for no other purpose than to brown over in flakes. The meat will also brown, but the flour, when browned, makes the meat look and taste so appetizing.

"The meat now ready, I put it in the hot oven; in ten minutes it will have warmed through, and at the expiration of this I shall reckon the time it is to remain in the oven, allowing twenty minutes to each pound. There is no trouble about the matter, no keeping the meat basted, or, as some more sensibly call it, dripped—no dust, no cinders, and no trouble, and as the result you will see a delicious, juicy joint."

(To be continued.)



Literary Notices.

"THE JUKES." A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity; also, Further Studies of Criminals. By R. L. Dugdale, Member of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association, New York. With an Introduction by Elisha Harris, M. D., Corresponding Secretary Prison Association. Third edition, revised. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.

This volume will furnish social reformers with much food for reflection. "The Jukes" is a pseudonyme used to represent an immense family of criminals, which has been studied through six generations by Mr. Dugdale, and his enquiries into the natural history of crime and pauperism in their case, and in the cases of other criminals, are well calculated to establish a sound basis for the effectual repression of the causes of crime. The loss caused to the community by this family, 1,200 strong, in 75 years, is calculated to be over a million and a quarter dollars, without reckoning the cash paid for whiskey, or taking into account the entailment of pauperism and crime of the survivors in succeeding generations, and the incurable disease, idiocy and insanity, growing out of debauchery. Our extracts, which give some of the conclusions to which Mr. Dugdale has come, are worthy of careful perusal:

INTERMITTENT INDUSTRY.

Dr. Bruce Thomson, surgeon to the General Prison of Scotland, of eighteen years' experience, thus speaks of disease among criminals: "In all my experience I have never seen such an accumulation of morbid appearances as I witness in the *post mortem* examinations of the prisoners who die here. Scarcely one of them can be said to die of one disease, for almost every organ of the body is more or less diseased:

and the wonder to me is that life could have been supported in such a diseased frame. Their moral nature seems equally diseased with their physical frame; and whilst their mode of life in prison reanimates their physical health, I doubt whether their minds are equally benefited, if improved at all. On a close acquaintance with criminals, of 18 years' standing, I consider that nine in ten are of inferior intellect, but that all are excessively cunning."

These remarks, although substantially true of our own criminals, would present an overdrawn picture, and, after all, when we come to analyze cunning, it is a modified form of intellectual aptitude, the result of a very careful education of the faculties to escape detection, which training, had it been directed to the other modes of gaining a living, would probably have produced the intelligence which Dr. Thomson here contrasts with cunning. Nor can the results of *post mortem* examinations be held to express the general physical condition of convicts, for those who die must necessarily be those in whom disease has worked its utmost ravages. But the substantial truth expressed in the foregoing statement makes the question one of the important branches of investigation, and one on which much of our treatment of the criminal class must depend if we propose to deal with the crime problem intelligently. Let us look to the effect of sickness upon the reputable classes. See how a bad cold, which "stops up the head," and brings with it ear-ache, stiff neck and sore throat, causes the most industrious man to lay up for a few days because he cannot work. How many of our merchants retire from business, preachers from their pulpits, lawyers from their offices, because ill health compels cessation from labor! Now, during the time these gentlemen are recuperating, away from their professional duties, be it one or more years, no one thinks of accusing them of laziness; we justly call them invalids of different degrees. But when we cast our severe eye upon the criminal class, human beings who, in many cases, have inherited or acquired deep-seated constitutional diseases, we cease to reckon that disease with them will produce the same inability for continuous labor which we admit to be true among the worthy, and stigmatize their inaptitude for work as laziness. Now, the word laziness explains nothing. It merely describes a state which may be the result of any given twenty causes, or any combination of these, the true explanation becoming as complex a problem as human nature itself. But where we note the effect of physical and mental disease on the ability to work, we have at least

one tangible and definite reason furnished to us for the laziness of the unbalanced, and we can then appreciate that certain congenital mental deficiencies and hereditary diseases have the effect of depriving the man of the power of sustained energy, and account for those cases where "indolence is stronger than all the passions."

We find that 79.40 per cent. of the criminals examined have never learned a trade; and while it is true that physical disease does not account for all the inaptitude of criminals, it does account for a great deal. As was said in the "Jukes," one of the most conspicuous of the characteristics of the criminal is that, if he does work, he adopts some kind of intermittent industry which requires no special training.

DOES CRIME PAY.

With certain political economists it has become customary to assert that crime does not pay. The main point relied on to sustain their view is that, on the average, the net booty obtained by crime is less than the average rate of wages, that criminals are subject to frequent imprisonment, and that they forfeit the advantages of the good opinion of their neighbors. All these positions are true if they were predicated of reputable people who are sensitive of their good name; but they are not true when affirmed of habitual criminals. As to the good opinion of the righteous, that is a negative advantage which sinks to a level of absolute insignificance in the estimation of a clever pickpocket. The "habituals" have a community of their own; they seek for the approbation of this circle and not that of the philanthropists and diviners, whose code of propriety is incomprehensible to them, and not infrequently a subject of derision.

We must also dispossess ourselves of the idea that crime does not pay. In reality there are three classes with whom it does: 1st. The experts, who commit crimes which are difficult to detect, or who can buy themselves off. These are the aristocrats of the profession. 2nd. The incompetent, who are too lazy to work and too proud to beg, or too young for the poor-house. 3rd. The pauper, who steals because prison fare and prison companionship offer higher inducements than poor-house fare or poor-house society. This stock amounts to 22.31 per cent. of all criminals, as seen by table XII. The whole problem, so far as these three classes are concerned, resolves itself into the economic axiom of relative efficiency. The question with them is not: Does crime yield a rate of income less than that of a skilled mechanic? But, does it yield a rate higher than any employer would be willing to pay for an inefficient, careless and untrained class such as the habitual criminals usually are? How incompetent they are for ordinary avocations of industry is seen when we find that 78 per cent. of criminals in State prison are without trades, although their average age is 27 years, while only about 44 per cent. are 20 years old and under, and none less than 16.

In the second place, some criminals make large fortunes, compound their felonies, and

form examples of successful crime which allure the ambition of lesser rascals, just as the mercantile success of A. T. Stewart stimulates the ambition of a neophyte trader. It is quite true that they run the risk of imprisonment, but the average human mind is constituted to run risks. The miner, the engineer, the sailor risk their lives without hesitation for wages averaging from \$15 to \$150 a month and board; why should not the criminal be satisfied to run the lesser risks of his profession just as other men do in theirs? The question ceases to be: "Does crime pay on the average?" but "Will it secure a prize in the lottery of chances?"

REFUGE BOYS.

Under this title are included all boys who have been sent to a reformatory, school ship, industrial school, or house of refuge. The total number of refuge boys is 53, or 22.74 per cent. of the prisoners examined—the great mass of them being city boys. Dividing the total number of criminals into two categories, those who are not refuge boys and those who are, we find that 68.88 per cent. of the former are habitual criminals, while the latter rise to 98.15 per cent of their number. Thus, while the refuge boys furnish a little less than one-fourth of the prison population for all crimes, they yield 29.41 per cent. of the total number of habitual criminals, or nearly one-third. It may be thought that the percentage of refuge boys is too great; but I have reason to think these numbers are below the reality, because to be a refuge boy is among criminals a term of reproach, and for this reason many of them deny having been inmates of a reformatory. In confirmation of this there are 11 cases scheduled who it is most probable are house-of-refuge boys, but who have not been included in the tables as such, because they are not known to be of that class.

Comparing crimes against property and person with each other, we find that while the first show 25.13 per cent. of refuge boys, or over one-fourth, the latter show only 11.90 per cent., or about one-ninth of this class. Dismissing crimes against person and confining ourselves to crimes against property, we find that while they commit over 25 per cent. of crimes against property, they commit 26.37 per cent. of robbery, 31.24 per cent. of burglary, and 65 per cent. of pocket-picking. Why do these boys commit crimes against property, and of these burglary and picking pockets by preference? In the first place it seems to be owing to the "congregate system," which allows abundant opportunity for criminal training. In a conversation growing out of the examination, one of them says: "I never learned a thing in my life in prison to benefit me outside. The house of refuge is the worst place a boy could be sent to." "Why so?" "Boys are worse than men; I believe boys know more mischief than men. In the house of refuge I learned to sneak-thief, shop-lift, pick pockets and open a lock." "How did you get the opportunity to learn all this?" "There's plenty of chances. They learn it from each other when at play." "But when you are

at play you are otherwise occupied?" "Boys don't always want to play, and they sit off in a corner, and they get it" (criminal training). This man confessed to thirty arrests besides his sixteen convictions, and on the books of the prison is registered "second offence." Another boy, after he had answered my questions, asked: "Please, sir, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Why do they send boys to the house of refuge?" "I suppose it is to teach them to be better boys." "That's a great mistake, for they get worse." "How should that be?" "I wouldn't be here, only I was sent to the refuge." "What did you learn there that should have caused you to be sent here (Sing Sing)?" "I didn't know how to pick pockets before I went, and I didn't know no fences; that's where you sell what you steal, you know." "Yes, I know. How many fences did you learn of?" "Three." "What else did you learn in the way of thieving?" "I learned how to put up a job in burglary." During the cross examination, when he was asked if he had learned a trade, he replied: "No, sir, only a branch of a trade." The answer was quite uncommon, so I asked why it happened. "That was in the refuge; they never learn you a trade; they learn you a branch of a trade, and keep you at it while you stay there." These statements may be exaggerations, but they certainly have great ground for probability. The fact is that the average refuge boy steals in the direction in which he is trained, and picking pockets and locks are the arts which can be taught in the reformatory with less chance of detection by the officers, than any others. In the 53 cases presented there is not one of forgery or false pretences, for these require educational advantages which they do not get. It would be useful to know how much of the criminal recklessness which is found among the refuge boys is owing to the imprisonment to which they are consigned at an early age becoming itself a training in cell life which effaces the wholesome dread of prison which the reputable youth universally entertain.

HEALTH AND EDUCATION THE TWO LEGS OF MORALITY.

In discussing the question of intermittent industry, it was shown that one of the causes of idle habits was, primarily, physical and mental disease. Now, a large part of the disease which prostrates the community is entirely controllable by sanitary precautions. The first condition, therefore, of social and moral regeneration is public health. Public health will react against intemperance in all its forms, and this again will react in maintaining and perfecting public health. In a community in which its infants are blessed with the advantages of perfect hygienic training, the body will assume that steady, uninterrupted growth which is the first requisite for the organization of a sound mind and its concomitant—a well-balanced life. Then will

be possible the next great step in the larger domain of crime cure, the educational question. Those who comprehend the specific process of moral education, that it begins with certain concrete acts which, by repetition and variation, organize in the mind definite permanent abstract conceptions of right and wrong, will see at once that the foundations of the moral character must be laid in the earliest infancy and must begin by the education of the senses. Various materials, such as those suggested by Froebel in his Kindergarten education, must be given to the child to be fashioned into multiform objects, so that knowledge will be gained by the use of the hands and eyes. This exercise of the hands forms the basis of industrial training, and unconsciously organizes the habit of industry, so that it becomes not only of easy performance but an essentially necessary activity of the waking hours. Given a taste for steady work and you have the best possible safeguard against the unbridled indulgence of the passions, and with this, an effectual check to the formation of criminal practices, which are, in a majority of instances, the direct result of indulgence in exhausting vices, or in the feverish pursuit of indulgence which a hard-working man does not think of, and for which thefts and embezzlements are committed. But the industrial training here advocated must not be the arbitrary imposition of a formal task. Work is not an education, in its proper sense, unless it enlists the putting forth of the powers of body and mind, simultaneously and cheerfully, to accomplish a predetermined result. For this reason, the "team system" of industry for children and youths, which is almost universal in our houses of refuge, is an educational blunder, and not industrial training in its proper sense. It does not produce habits of industry because it fails to employ the mind, and as the fraction of a trade it teaches soon becomes a purely automatic operation that requires no attention, the mind is left free to rove over the recollections of vice and schemes of mischief, which it is the purpose of the reformatory to obliterate by training.

Thus public health and infant education conforming, in general plan, to Froebel's Kindergarten school, are the two legs upon which the general morality of the future must travel. It may be objected that the general community is not sufficiently trained to understand and to establish rational education, as here indicated. If this be so, it is at least possible to order that a few hundred of the large number of the orphans supported by the State shall be dealt with according to the most approved methods of education. In St. Louis, Missouri, the Kindergarten education has been introduced in the public schools, and observers of its effects say that it has a marked tendency to prevent hysteria among girls. If this is true, how important an auxiliary must it be to a class of human beings who are, according to Bruce Thomson, seventeen times more liable to nervous disorders than the average community.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS is out again in a novel—three volumes this time—entitled “Lutchmee and Dillo.” It is written with the evident intention of making public the wrongs of the British Guiana Coolie; but inasmuch as the most harrowing incidents are decorated with notes which gravely state that the events referred to occurred somewhere else than in British Guiana, the result in the reader's mind is hardly what was anticipated. “Uncle Tom's Cabin” has not yet been eclipsed.

MR. ERASMUS WILSON was evidently reveling in the delights of anticipation when he sent to press his “People's Edition” of “Our Egyptian Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle.” It contains in popular language everything that is known of the monuments, and if the obelisk ever reaches England will be of great service in giving those who may gaze upon the monolith a better idea of it and its history than might be obtained from the mere observation of it. A history of the value of the monolith from the auctioneer's, the historian's and the antiquary's points of view, in anticipation of the amount of salvage likely to be charged, might now be considered in order. “GOOD WORDS” will begin publishing a new story by Mr. Black entitled “Macleod of Dare,” in January. The plot is laid in London chiefly, but partly in the Highlands of Scotland. This will give the author full opportunity to indulge his readers with descriptions of sea and mountain scenery, in which line he is almost unrivalled.

THOREAU, whose book about Canada will be remembered by all Canadians who may have read it, has found a biographer in Mr. H. A. Page. The book is said to be one of the most interesting of the kind published, and takes up the man as a study, entering into his motives, acts, conversations and writings. Certainly, the subject of the work deserved this attention, for he was a study. In accordance with Emerson's suggestions, he buried himself in the woods for two years, living there as a hermit, earning his living by the labor of his hands under the belief that “to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely.” He faithfully tested his views, working slowly for want of cattle and implements; growing intimate with the habits of his vegetables; scalding his yeast

but learning that bread could be made without it by Cato's receipt, some two thousand years old; going without bread when he could not afford to buy it; becoming intimately acquainted with his feathered companions; endeavoring to impress his views on his unimpressible neighbors of the kind described in Mrs. Moodie's “*Roughing it in the Bush*,” an attempt which ended with the feeling in one special case, that to undertake the culture of such a man was an enterprise which required a kind of “moral bog-hoe;” and going to jail for a day to vindicate his loyalty to the theory that “there is a sphere where government has no right to follow a man, if you can only find it,” which theory he considered inconsistent with paying his poll tax. On his return from the woods he followed his family business of making lead pencils, subsequently becoming one of the most noted directors of the “underground railway,” and we can forgive him for the hard knocks given Canada now that we know him better.

THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS is the imposing title under which Mr. St. John's letters to the Toronto *Globe* concerning Lord Dufferin's tour through British Columbia have been published in England. An English critic says that the only really valuable parts of the work, so far as English readers are concerned, are those portions of the second volume that describe the condition of the Indians in British Columbia, and the effects of Chinese immigration.

CURIOSLY ENOUGH the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood turns out to have been Servetus, who, partly at least, anticipated Harvey's discovery by a century. Dr. Willis, the author of a life of Harvey, announces this in his new book, “*Servetus and Calvin*,” and presents good evidence of the truth of his statement.

BRYANT has written a sonnet in memory of John Lothrop Motley, which appears in the *International Review*. It is as follows:

Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the wars that yet shall be.
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that—ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men—
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

R. S. K.—There was an error in placing the black bishop, which should be on Black's Q. B. 5th. With this correction you will find the problem and solution well worthy of study.

J. W. SHAW.—Your several communications are received. We appreciate the interest you take in this column.

A. L. L.—Drawn games are considered as *nil* to both players. It is very strange that continually chess players will imagine a draw constitutes a victory.

QUESTION.—The first record of chess is a question of doubt. The game, however, is known to be very ancient, as one of the compilers of the Talmud—a work dating B. C.—is the author of a Hebrew poem on chess, describing in euphonious measures the powers of the pieces.

GAME 20.

Interesting *partie* lately played in the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club, at the odds of Queen's Knight.

WHITE.
Mr. Ascher.

BLACK.
Mr. —

Remove White's Queen's Knight.

EVANS GAMBIT.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4. |
| 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | 4. B × P. |
| 5. P. to Q. B. 3. | 5. B. to Q. R. 4. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. P. to Q. 3. |
| 7. P. to Q. 4. | 7. P. × P. |
| 8. Q. to Q. Kt. 3. | 8. Q. to K. B. 3. |
| 9. P. to K. 5. | 9. Q. P. × P. |

WHITE.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 10. Q. B. P. × P. | 10. P. to K. 5. |
| 11. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5. | 11. Q. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 12. Kt. to K. 5. | 12. Kt. × Kt. |
| 13. P. × Kt. | 13. Q. × B. (a) |
| 14. B. × P. (ch.) | 14. K. to B. sq. |
| 15. B. × Kt. | 15. R. × B. |
| 16. Q. to R. 3. (ch.) | 16. K. to B. 2. |
| 17. Q. × B. | 17. B. to K. 3. |
| 18. P. to B. 4. | 18. Q. to K. 2. |
| 19. P. to B. 5. | 19. B. to Q. B. 5. |
| 20. P. to B. 6. | 20. Kt. P. × P. |
| 21. R. × P. (ch.) | 21. K. to Kt. 2. |
| 22. Q. to Q. B. 3. | 22. B. to Q. 6. |
| 23. Q. R. to K. sq. | 23. K. R. to K. B. sq. |
| 24. Q. to Q. 2. | 24. R. × R. |
| 25. Q. to Kt. 5 (ch.) | 25. K. to K. B. 2. |
| 26. P. × R. | 26. Q. × P. |
| 27. Q. to Q. 5 (ch.) | 27. K. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 28. P. to K. R. 4. (b) | 28. Q. × K. R. P. |
| 29. R. to K. 3. | 29. R. to K. B. sq. (c) |
| 30. Q. to K. 6 (ch.) | 30. R. interposes. |
| 31. Q. to K. 8 (ch.) | K. to Kt. 4. |
| Q. to K. 5. | R. interposes. |
| R. to Kt. 3. (ch.) | Q. × R. (d) |
| Q. × Q. (ch.) | King moves. |

BLACK.

The game was continued for several more moves and finally abandoned as drawn.

NOTES TO GAME 20.

- (a) Hardly judicious.
 (b) Sacrificing a pawn to gain the all-powerful move of bringing the Rook on the field of action.
 (c) We believe R. to Q. sq. would have been better.
 (d) Absolutely forced; anything else would bring about mate in a very few moves.

GAME 21.

Mr. Bird.

Mr. Steinitz.

WHITE.

BLACK.

RUY LOPEZ GAMBIT.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 2. Q. to Q. B. 3. |
| 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5. | 3. Kt. to K. B. 3. |
| 4. P. to Q. 4. | 4. P. × P. |
| 5. P. to K. 5. | 5. Kt. to K. 5. |

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 6. Kt. × Q. P. | 6. B. to K. 2. |
| 7. Castles. | 7. Kt. × Kt. |
| 8. Q. × Kt. | 8. Kt. to Q. B. 4. |
| 9. P. to K. B. 4. | 9. P. to Q. Kt. 3. |
| 10. P. to B. 5. | 10. Kt. to Kt. 6. (a). |
| 11. Q. to K. 4. | 11. Kt. takes R. |
| 12. P. to B. 6. (b). | 12. B. to Q. B. 4. (ch.) |
| 13. K. to R. Sq. | 13. R. to Kt. Sq. |
| 14. P. to K. 6. | 14. Resigns. |

(a) Brilliant, but of no avail.

(b) With the characteristic energy ever present in Mr. Bird's games, white presses forward with a vigor that humbles to the dust even such an adversary as Mr. Steinitz.

GAME 22.

THE ZUKERTORT END-GAME.

So remarkable and wide-spread is the interest evolved from this difficult problem that a complete *resumé* of its history will, we feel sure, be highly acceptable to our readers. The game was played in Holland by Dr. J. H. Zukertort, published in *Ueber Land und Meer*, and called to our attention by Daniel Jæger. It ran thus :

ZUKERTORT.

AMATEUR.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. Kt. B. 3. | Q. Kt. B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. B. 4. | K. B. B. 4. |
| 4. P. Q. Kt. 4. | B. × Kt. P. |
| 5. P. Q. B. 3. | K. B. R. 4. |
| 6. Castles. | K. Kt. B. 3 |
| 7. P. Q. 4. | Castles. |
| 8. K. Kt. × P. | Q. Kt. × Kt. |
| 9. Q. P. × Kt. | K. Kt. × P. |
| 10. Q. her 5. | K. B. takes P. |
| 11. Q. Kt. takes B. | K. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 12. Q. K. B. 3. | Kt. Q. R. 5. |
| 13. Q. K. Kt. 3. | K. his R. sq. |
| 14. Q. B. Kt. 5. | Q. K. sq. |
| 15. Q. R. K. sq. | Kt. Q. B. 4. |
| 16. Q. K. R. 4. | K. Kt. K. 3. |
| 17. Q. B. K. 7. | K. R. Kt. sq. |
| 18. K. B. Q. 3. | P. K. Kt. 3. |
| 19. Q. B. B. 6. + | Kt. his 2. |
| 20. Q. R. K. 4. | P. K. R. 4., and Dr. |

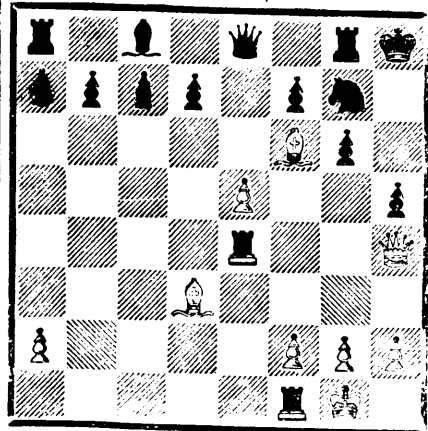
Zukertort announced mate in 7 moves. Its subsequent history, epitomized, is as follows : Herr Dufresne, in Europe, analyzed the position, and announced that it could not be solved in 7—because Black should play 2. Q. to K. B. sq. ; and Col. S. S. Nichols, in America, independently arrived at the same result. Our contributor, Daniel Jæger, affirmed that it could be done in 7—but by a different attack from Dr. Z. ; but finally succumbed to the defeating analysis, and gave it up. Then Mr. Block, of Galveston, announced mate in 6, but was soon beaten. At this stage of affairs, Mr. L. Steffen,

discovered, and substantiated by a long and full analysis, that mate can be given in 7. Lastly, comes again Col. Nichols, outflanks the position, and carries it by storm in 6 moves!—at least such is his bulletin of victory now before us. "Far West," one of our most patient and successful solvers, pronounces the position impossible, and says he won't believe in 6 moves till he sees them. A. P. Barnes, Esq., of New York, we understand, thinks it can be done in 6.

We present the ending of this now renowned combat in the form of a problem, and for which, together with the game itself, we are indebted to the *New York Clipper*.

PROBLEM No. 13.

BLACK.
(Amateur.)



WHITE.

(Dr. J. Zukertort.)

Dr. Zukertort announced mate in 7 moves.
Col. S. S. Nichols announces mate in 6 moves.

GAME PROBLEMS.

GAME No. 23.

Correspondents are invited to give the solution of this second study in our series of *game problems* viz., to point out at what particular point Black virtually, though not actually, lost his game.

WHITE.

BLACK.

Mr. S. W. Kirk.

Mr. Teror.

EVANS GAMBIT.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P. K. 4. | 1. P. K. 4. |
| 2. K. Kt. B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. Q. B. 4. | 3. K. B. Q. B. 4. |
| 4. P. Q. Kt. 4. | 4. B. takes P. |
| 5. P. Q. B. 3. | 5. B. Q. B. 4. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. K. Kt. B. 3. |

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>BLACK.</p> <p>7. P. Q. 4.
8. P. × P.
9. P. K. 5.
10. K. B. Q. 5.
11. B. × K. Kt.
12. K. B. × R. P. (ch.)
13. Kt. K. Kt. 5 (ch.)
14. Q. K. R. 5.
15. Q. R. 7. mate.</p> | <p>WHITE.</p> <p>7. P. takes P.
8. B. Q. Kt. 3.
9. K. Kt. K. 5.
10. Q. Kt. K. 2.
11. Castles.
12. K. takes B.
13. K. Kt. sq.
14. Kt. K. Kt. 3.</p> |
|--|---|

—Glasgow News.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 14.

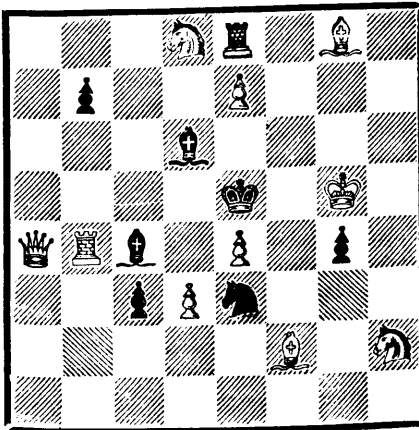
“To locate eight pawns on the chess-board so that no two shall occupy the same file or diagonal.”

The above enigma, like the Knight's Tourney, has several solutions. We do not think the problem has ever attained the dignity of print. We recommend it to the attention of our more juvenile readers, and will give diagram of the solution in our January number.

PROBLEM No. 15.

BY J. P. TAYLOR, (Eng.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 11.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <p>1. R. to B. 7.
2. Kt. to Q. 7. (ch.)
3. B. to Q. B. 5. mate.
(a)
3. B. takes B. mate.
if
2. R. to K. B. 7.
3. Kt. to B. 4. mate.
(a)
3. B. to B. 7. mate.</p> | <p>BLACK.</p> <p>1. B. takes R.
2. K. to Q. 3. (a)
2. K. to B. 5.
1. B. × Kt.
2. K. to Q. 3. (a) (b)
2. K. to B. 5.</p> |
|---|--|

(b)

2. B. moves.
3. Kt. to B. 4. mate.
if
1. K. × Kt.
2. K. to Kt. 3.
3. R. to Kt. 7. mate.
if
1. K. to B. 5.
2. K. moves.
3. other Kt. mates at B. 4.
if
1. B. to K. 2.
2. anything.

The correspondent who sends us this problem remarks with justice: “This elegant specimen of strategy is well worthy of Mr. Blackbourne's high reputation as a master.”

CHESS WAIFS.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—We are happy to be in a position to state that the little misunderstanding in reference to the protest is being amicably adjusted, and that in a few days we may expect the award of prizes. We are requested to give publicity to the following:

BRITISH CHESS PROBLEM ASSOCIATION.—It is proposed to form a society under the above title for the purpose of, firstly, holding periodical tourneys with adequate prizes; secondly, forming a code for the guidance of those who take part in them. The subscription will be five shillings per annum, or, for solvers only, two shillings and six pence. Most of the leading composers have agreed to join, among them being Grimshaw, Campbell, Pierce, Callander, &c. The working committee are Abbott, Andrews, Thomas, W. T. Pierce, Nash and J. Paul Taylor. British-born subjects, wherever resident, are eligible. Letters to be addressed to H. J. C. Andrews, ‘The Ferns,’ Addington Grove, Sydenham, Kent, England.”

CHESS AND THE FAIR SEX.—The St. Louis *Daily Globe* publishes a game between Mrs. Gilbert, Hartford, and Mrs. Berry, Beverley, Mass., Ruy Lopez gambit. At the 23rd move, Mrs. Gilbert announces mate in nineteen moves. If this is a sample of the higher education of woman, certainly a new and wonderful era is dawning for the royal pastime.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—“The chess editor of the *Detroit Free Press* has received a letter from Dr. Coleman, of Seaforth, Ont., conveying a challenge from the Seaforth Chess Club to the club of that city to play a series of matches during the present season. It is proposed that five Seaforth gentlemen shall play an equal number of Detroit players over the wires. The Seaforth Club has for several years past been the acknowledged champion Club of Ontario. Its match team consists of Dr. Coleman, Dr. Vercoe, Dr. Gouinlock and Messrs. G. E. Jackson, H. Jackson and E. Cresswell.”

—*Detroit Free Press*, Nov. 10.

Notice.

LÉON GAMBETTA.

The foremost man in France is Léon Gambetta. It is well to write a sketch of his life now while he is the foremost man in France, for in that country of tremendous and sudden changes it is possible that he may suddenly disappear, and as far as his name is concerned almost be as if he had not been. There is no life which illustrates better than his the old adage that "the child is father to the man;" for both his birth and education were such as to indicate him an "irreconcilable" of the darkest dye, whether in the small village or in the grand arena of the country's Legislative Assembly where giants strive and toil.

Soon after the opening of the Languedoc Canal, the Gambetti, a Genoese family, established a bazaar in the town of Cahors. In 1827 the *National* newspaper was founded by MM. Thiers and Armand Carrell. It was a regular visitor at the bazaar, and was eagerly read by the young wife who reigned there. This was Gambetta's grandmother. Her children were by her carefully trained in the republican teachings of the *National*. As time passed on Gambetta's father entered into the sole charge of the bazaar, having previously married one who, like her predecessor, evinced an absorbing passion for the *National*. Her son was Léon Gambetta, who was reared on the *National* as her husband had been, and thus this paper was instrumental to no small extent in impressing those views on the young Frenchman of Genoese-Jewish descent which have placed him in the position of foremost man in France to-day.

He was a self-willed boy, frank and boisterous, and went to ramble alone, investigating the nooks and corners of his native town. Next to this means of obtaining pleasure was the hearing of the speeches of Thiers and Guizot read from the *National* by his mother, who doubtless gave them with all the vim and passion with which they were originally delivered. But his father, whose mind was more influenced by the stern realities of life, and the desire, if

not necessary, of gaining money, was beginning to feel that the advocacy of the opinions of the *National* were not likely to advance the interests of any one in the Empire; and when young Léon was seven years old, he sent him to the Jesuits' preparatory school at Monfaucon, to learn accounts, writing, and other practical branches, instead of having his education confined to the "frothy" oratory of his favorite exponents of opinion. Léon became a diligent student; his teachers soon learned to be proud of him, and perhaps it was this feeling which caused them for a time to allow him free scope in his reading, and even to declaim to his fellow students choice morsels of speeches and leading articles from his favorite paper. During the exciting months previous to the presidency of Louis Napoleon, Madame Gambetta rewarded her son for honors obtained by smuggling into the seminary the papers received at the bazaar which most suited her taste, and their incendiary articles lost nothing in flavor or influence by being rendered or read by the young agitator. When Louis Napoleon became President young Gambetta was not allowed to continue in this course. His *Nationals* were confiscated, and he himself scolded, locked up and otherwise punished. His mother, learning this, used to cut out the most remarkable details from the paper and send them to him in cakes, pies, and articles of clothing, and the young man gave voice to them as he had done before. The priests, finding no other means to silence him would avail, sent him home in disgrace, with the message to his father that he was forming the school into a club of Jacobin urchins. His father frowned; his mother thought of her journalistic cakes and pies, and the wordy linings of the youth's jackets, and was grieved, and the neighbors with one accord prophesied that Léon Gambetta was born to be shot.

The same year, 1849, government agents were sent into departmental towns to overawe the easily influenced and enroll the names of those likely to oppose the re-establishment of the

empire. No sooner had the agent in Cahors begun his work than Léon's father committed him to the Lyceum, where he remained almost a prisoner till he left it with a bachelor's degree. On his return his father advised him to leave his books and devote himself entirely to trade. This did not agree with his taste, but his father was determined on the point, the more especially as the bazaar had been in the family for several generations, and it remained with Gambetta the younger to continue the unbroken succession. The mother did not agree with this plan, but with her son was compelled to yield, and the latter set his unwilling mind to buy and sell.

The efforts of the government agents had already become painfully apparent at this time. The *National* was a visitor at the bazaar no longer; neighbors began to be unneighborly, lest they should be entrapped into saying injudicious things; and such a thing as open expression of opinion was unthought of. Léon Gambetta grew more and more tired of his occupation, and was thinking of running away to Paris and supporting himself as best he could, when an event occurred in his life which gave him new vigor, courage, and strength.

His mother's watchful eye quickly noticed his anxiety, discontent and longings, and one day beckoning him to her side she placed a bag of money, which she had secretly obtained, in his hands, saying, "This, my boy, is to pay your way for a year. A trunk full of clothes is ready for you. Try and come home somebody. Start soon, and take care to let nobody suspect you are going away. Do not say good-by to a single soul; I want to avoid a scene between you and your father." This intimation was not lost on him, and a few days after he might have been seen at the famous Sorbonne at Paris hiring the cheapest room. In a short time we hear of Professor Valette being attracted by the boy's assiduity in the law school, drawing from him his history and aspirations, dissuading him from becoming a law teacher, and urging him not to throw away his remarkable voice in a class room, but to prepare for the bar. His adviser also wrote to the father, who had been greatly enraged by the son's unceremonious departure, remonstrated with him for nursing his anger, and gently intimated that a little money spent on Léon would be the best investment the family had ever made. Such a letter as this

could not help but become public property in Cahors, and the delight of the mother would be hard to describe. The neighbors, reversing their decision of a few months before, took the boy's part, and the father, perhaps not unwillingly, gave him an allowance. In less than two years Léon Gambetta had passed all his law examinations with distinction, and in 1860 was called to the bar. After pleading his first case, M. Cremieux, the leading jurisconsult, requested his services as private secretary, which were given, and from that time the upward course of Léon Gambetta was rapid and the incline steep.

He was chiefly employed as a lawyer in political causes, and became very popular amongst certain classes of the Parisians, because of his advanced Republican opinions. At the general election of 1869, when the Second Empire was tottering before the fall, Gambetta was chosen as a representative for the "Irreconcilable Opposition" by two constituencies—one in Paris and the other in Marseilles. Much interest was taken in his choice, and his preference was given to Marseilles. Very much was expected of him. When he entered the Corps Legislatif, he cast himself with all the earnestness of his nature against the government of Napoleon III., and in the following January, while attacking the Ministry of Ollivier—who on deserting the Republican ranks, expressed the opinion that he could serve his country better by some sort of compromise, thus attaining what could not in this generation be gained by the hopeless conflict then going on—declared that before long a republic would be peacefully established. His prediction came true, although not perhaps in the manner he anticipated when, after Napoleon's surrender at Sedan, the Ollivier Government fell, the Emperor was deposed, and the Provisional Government of Natural Defence instituted. Under the new régime Gambetta was elected Minister of the Interior, and soon showed that he was possessed of considerable administrative ability.

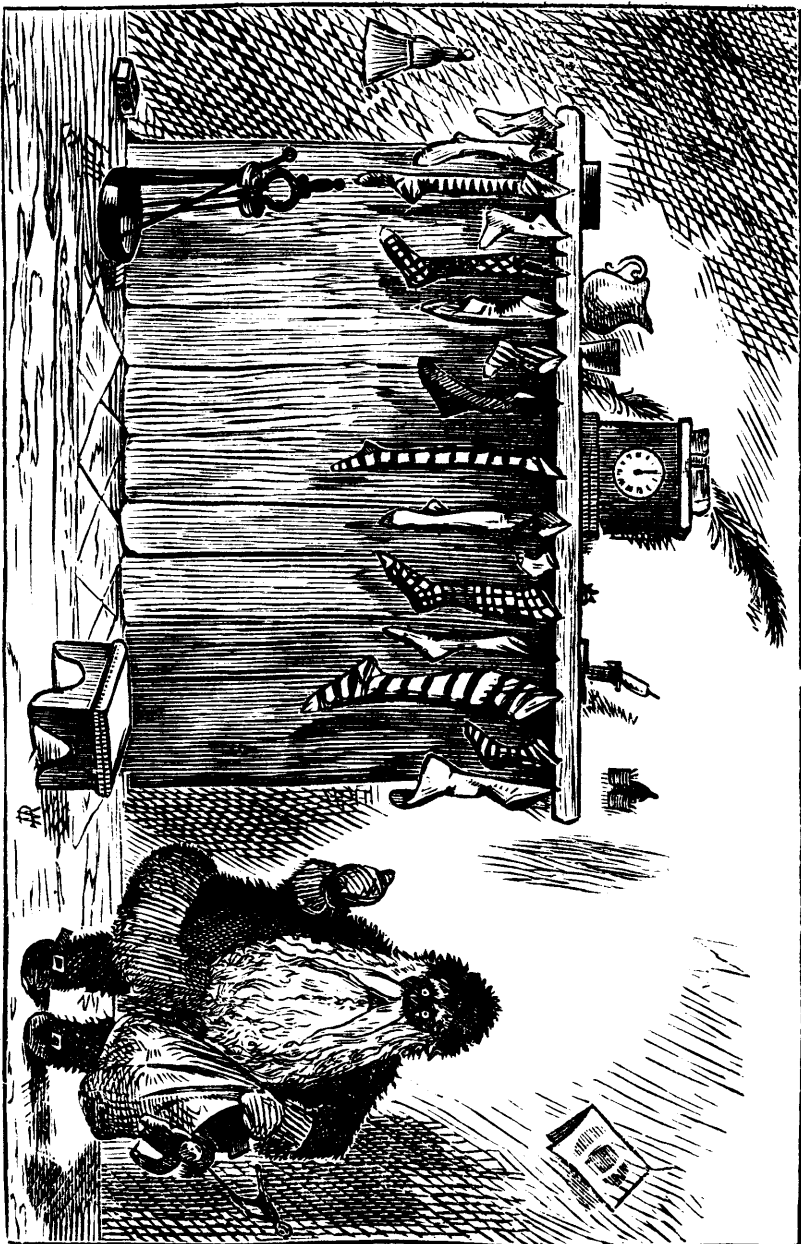
The German lines closed around Paris, and the capital and the nation's Provisional Government was imprisoned. France was ruled by a committee, whose messages and commands to its armies were transmitted through the agency of balloons. But such a means of communication, even in the best condition of any country, would be sure to cause embarrassment, much more in France, when the novelty of this unprecedented

mode of government had worn off, which hardly took a month. Then all over the provinces men in some or no sort of authority thrust themselves forward as rulers, and it appeared in Paris as if the nation would learn to live without reference to its heretofore governing centre. Gambetta was chosen to communicate with the country outside the city, and with numbers of their photographed sheets, whose print was smaller than that in the photographed calendar sent to our readers last year, entered his balloon. It did not rise in Paris on that day, and it was said that Gambetta, the undaunted, was afraid of dangers in the air. But the following day, the wind being more favorable, the balloon rose slowly and ascended beyond the reach of the armies below. Had a chance bullet struck it, or had it fallen within the German lines, it is hard to say whether it would have been better or worse for France; but the history of the latter part of the war would have been very different. The breeze carried it along safely, and as it glided over the investing army little did the foes of France know that it contained him who was to prolong the war many days.

Gambetta arrived safely at Tours, where he met those delegates to whom the Government had committed some measure of authority. They were on the point of making terms with the Germans when he arrived, but the effect of his determined attitude of uncompromising antagonism to the invaders at once became apparent, and for some time longer France did not publicly acknowledge herself beaten. He endeavored to revive the spirit of 1793, when the allied armies were hurled back, but was not successful. At Tours, and subsequently at Bordeaux, he assumed the general direction of the movements of the armies outside of the capital, taking charge of the interior, war and finance departments. He made desperate attempts to regain his lost cause; published false reports of French victories; underrated German victories, which he ascribed to treason, and endeavored to raise new armies of defence. But these efforts resulted in nothing; he was considered visionary; peace was made; Gambetta resigned his office, and for a time fell almost out of sight in

the general management of the nation. He was doubly fortunate in this, for while he became a greater favorite than ever with the people, it prevented his name from being mixed up with the deeds of the demoniacal commune, which he most cordially hated.

On February 8th, 1871, he was elected as representative to the National Assembly by no less than ten departments, and chose that of Bas-Rhine, though it was certain that he would lose it by the annexation of Alsace to Germany. In July he was re-elected in the departments of the Seine, Var and Bouches-du-Rhone, and took his seat for the last named. In November of the same year the *Republique Française* was established as his special organ. During the excitement of 1872 he visited Southern France, stirring up the people everywhere. In his memorable speech at Grenoble he attacked Thiers, denounced the Bonapartists and the National Assembly, and insisted on the removal of the government from Versailles to Paris. A number of officers who attended the banquet in his honor on that occasion were sentenced to sixty days' arrest, and then transferred to another regiment. In 1873 he promoted the election of Barodet and Rone to the National Assembly in opposition to the candidate put forward by Thiers, whom he afterwards vainly endeavored to uphold in the presidency when the Assembly was determined on his overthrow. His efforts to prevent the prolongation of Marshal MacMahon's powers proved equally futile. During the recent elections the attempts to prevent his words from being heard in France show the dread his opponents have of him. His Italian blood shows itself to be a prominent feature in his composition, and he has recently in the face of coming victory shown himself capable of being calm when calmness is best, as well as fiery when it is necessary for the furtherance of his cause to excite the passions of his followers. His recent apparent forbearance has stood him in good stead when attacked by all the malignity of the present dominant governing party, and no furious verbal onslaught, even by Gambetta, ever produced half the effect as his recent half smothered phrase in reference to MacMahon, "Submit or resign."



HARD TIMES.

—Harper's Bazar.

IN ENGLAND ALREADY.



NO MISTAKE THIS TIME.

Lodger.—"DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

Landlady.—"OH, NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USBAND SAYS HE B'LIEVES IT'S THE COLLERLARDA BEETLE!"—*Punch.*