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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JAN.

1879.

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# New Dominion Monthly.

JANUARY, 1879.

## THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.



VIEW FROM MAIN ENTRANCE OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Twenty-two years ago the Earl of Dufferin wrote to his favored correspondent who was the recipient of his *Letters from High Latitudes*, "The Saga of the Clan Campbell." At the time

of its relation he is supposed to be standing on the mica slate ridge which pens up Loch Fyne on its western side, and overlooking "the loveliest scene in Scotland," whose central feature is the town of Inverary. His companion was a young Icelander named Sigurdr, who was to assist him in snatching from the frosty hand of the Ice-king some of the frozen secrets of the North. This is the "Saga :"

"I told him how in ancient days three warriors came from green Ierne, to dwell in the wild glens of Cowal and Lochow; how one of them, the swart Breachdan, all for the love of blue-eyed Eila, swam the gulf, once with a clew of thread, then with a hempen rope, last with an iron chain; but this time, alas! the returning tide sucks down the over-taxed hero into its swirling vortex; how Diarmid O'Duin, *i.e.*, son of 'the Brown,' slew with his own hand the mighty boar, whose head still scowls over the escutcheon of the Campbells; how in later times, while the murdered Duncan's son, afterwards the great Malcolm Canmore, was yet an exile at the court of his Northumbrian uncle, ere Birnam Wood had

marched to Dunsinane, the first Campbell, *i.e.*, Campus-bellus, Beau-champ, a Norman knight and nephew of the Conqueror, having won the hand of the Lady Eva, sole heiress of the race of Diarmid, became master of the lands and lordships of Argyll;—how six generations later each of them became notable in their day—the valiant Sir Colin created for his posterity a title prouder than any within a sovereign's power to bestow, which no forfeiture could attain, no act of parliament recall; for though he ceased to be Duke or Earl, the head of the Clan Campbell will still remain MacCalan More,—and how, at last the same Sir Colin fell at the String of Cowal, beneath the face of that fierce lord whose grand-daughter was destined to bind the honors of his own heirless house round the coronet of his slain foeman's descendant;—how Sir Neill, at Bannockburn, fought side by side with the Bruce, whose sister he had married;—how Colin, the first Earl, wooed and won the Lady Isabel, sprung from the race of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, thus adding the galleys of Lorn to the blazonry of Argyll;—how the next Earl died at Flodden, and his successor fought not less disastrously at Pinkie;—how Archibald, fifth Earl, whose wife was at supper with the Queen, her half-sister, when Rizzio was murdered, fell on the field of Langside, smitten, not by the hand of the enemy, but by the finger of God;—how Colin, Earl and boy-General at fifteen, was dragged away by force, with tears in his eyes, from the unhappy skirmish at Glenlivet, where his brave Highlanders were being swept down by the artillery of Huntley and Errol,—destined to regild his spurs in future years on the soil of Spain.

“Then I told him of the Great Rebellion, and how, amid the tumult of the next fifty years, the Grim Marquis, Gillespie Grumach, as his squint caused

him to be called—Montrose's fatal foe, staked life and fortunes in the deadly game engaged in by the fierce spirits of that generation, and, losing, paid the forfeit with his head, as calmly as became a brave and noble gentleman, leaving an example which his son—already twice rescued from the scaffold, once by a daughter of the ever-gallant House of Lindsay, again a prisoner, and a rebel, because four years too soon to be a patriot—as nobly imitated;—how, at last, the clouds of misfortune cleared away, and honors clustered where only merit had been before; the martyr's aureole, almost become hereditary, being replaced in the next generation by a ducal coronet, itself to be regilt in its turn with a less sinister lustre by him—

“The State's whole thunder born to wield,

And shake alike the Senate and the field;”  
who baffled Walpole in the cabinet, and conquered with Marlborough at Ramilies, Oudenarde and Malpalquet;—and, last, how at that present moment, even while we were speaking, the heir to all these noble reminiscences, the young chief of this princely line, had already won, at the age of twenty-nine, by the manly vigor of his intellect and his hereditary independence of character, the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and a seat at the council board of his sovereign.

“Having thus duly indoctrinated Sigurd with the Sagas of the family, as soon as we had crossed the lake I took him up to the Castle, and acted cicerone to its pictures and heirlooms,—the gleaming stands of muskets, whose fire wrought such fatal ruin at Culloden;—the portrait of the beautiful Irish girl, twice a duchess, whom the cunning artist has painted with a sunflower that turns *from* the sun to look at her;—Gillespie Grumach himself, as grim and sinister-looking as in life;—the trumpets to carry the voice from the hall-door to Dunnaquaich;—the fair beech avenues, planted by the old Marquis, now looking with their smooth gray

boles and overhanging branches, like the cloisters of an abbey ;—the vale of Esehassen, to which, on the evening

Happy Icelander he must have been, to have visited the classic pile of Inverary with such a companion and have



INVERARY CASTLE.

before his execution, the Earl wrote such touching verses ;— the quaint old kitchen-garden ;—the ruins of the ancient Castle, where worthy Major Dalgetty is said to have passed such uncomfortable moments ;—the Celtic cross from lone Iona ;—all and everything I showed off with as much pride and pleasure, I think, as if they had been my own possessions ; and the more so as the Icelander himself evidently sympathized with such scald like gossip."

its glories pointed and described by the future Governor-General of Canada, who was to make the subsequent vice-royalty of the heir of all these memories a thing of no small difficulty from the high excellence of the example set. That the latter holds a high appreciation of his heirship there can be no reason to doubt, and that it is to him an incentive to valuable labor the following song from his poem, *Guido and Lita : a Tale of the Riviera*, is sufficient evidence.

## I.

"Noble names, if nobly borne,  
Live within a nation's heart :  
If of such thou bearer be,  
Never let that name for thee  
Point the scorn !

## II.

Shrined within its narrow bound  
Other hopes than thine have part :  
For it once in life was theirs,  
Who from weight of earthly cares  
Peace have found !

## III.

They who wore it, free from blame,  
Set on Honor's splendid height ;  
Watch, as spirits, if its place  
Love the night, or daylight's face,—  
Shame, or Fame.

## IV.

'Tis a precious heritage ;  
Next to love of God, a might  
That should plant thy foot, where stood  
Of thy race the great and good,  
All thine age !

## V.

Yet remember, 'tis a crown  
That can hardly be thine own,  
Till thou win it by some deed  
That with glory fresh shall feed  
Their renown !

## VI.

Pride of lineage, pomp of power,  
Heap dishonor on the drone,  
He shall lose his strength who never  
Uses it for fair endeavor ;  
Brief his hour ! "

The crown of glorious ancestral remembrances is a rich one for any heir to the title of Argyll, dating back till lost in the mists of tradition, as so vividly described by the Earl of Dufferin.

The first recorded event in the history of Argyllshire is its settlement about the end of the fourth century by a body of Irish Scots under the leadership of Eric, who in a short time had grown so much in power as to establish a dynasty, whose most famous king, Aidan, became the friend of the holy Columba. In the eighth century the district fell into the hands of Norwegian adventurers, under whose control it remained until the rise of the deliverer,

Somerled, Thane of Argyll and Lord of the Isles, who bullied the Scottish king, Malcolm, until slain at the battle at Renfrew. He married a daughter of Olaus, King of Man, by whom he had two sons, Ronald and Dougall. Ronald was the ancestor of the Lords of the Isles or Macronalds, while Dougall bequeathed his surname to the Lords of Lorne or Macdougalls. He resided in the stronghold of Dunstaffnage, of historic memory even then. The Pictish chronicles relate that previous to 843 it was the seat of government, but that in this year Kenneth McAlpine selected Forteviot, in Perthshire, in its place. It is probable that this movement was caused by the attacks of the Norwegians, and that Dunstaffnage became the centre from which they robbed. It was here that the Scots transferred the celebrated stone, called in Gaelic "Lia Fail," which they had brought with them from Ireland to the holy Isle, Iona, after they had wrested the supremacy of the country from the Picts. From this place it was removed to Scone Abbey, near Perth, and held a prominent place in the coronation of many Scotch kings, until carried away to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. of England and imbedded in the seat of the sacred coronation chair in which have sat the kings and queens of England, while on their heads were being placed the crown as the sign of the royal authority, down to the time of our own Victoria. At the present the Castle is a large square ruin, commanding a magnificent view. It is built in a quadrangular form, eighty-seven feet square within the walls, and has round towers at three of the angles. The walls are sixty-six feet high and nine thick ; their outside measurement is two hundred and seventy feet. The Castle surmounts a rock three hundred feet in circumference, and is entered from the sea by a staircase which probably belongs to more mod-

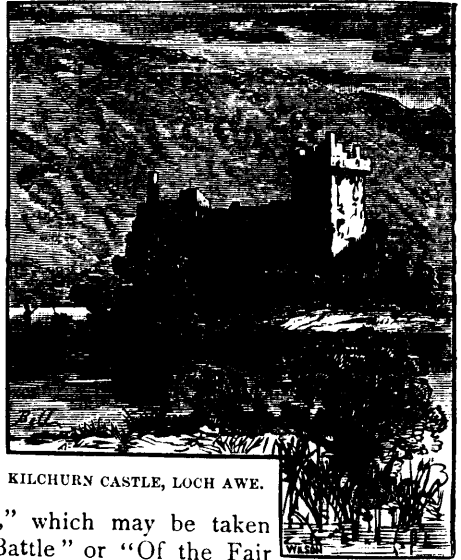
ern days, having been substituted for a draw-bridge.

But to return to the days when the picturesque ruin was in its glory. The Macdougalls rapidly grew and multiplied, until at last they came to represent the Celtic race, and were the greatest enemies to Mac-Colin-More, who is viewed as the real founder of the greatness of the Campbells. A second account of their origin traces their descent back to the Celtic Dhugalls or Black Strangers. It was they who gave the name to Galloway, where many of their descendants are to be found at this day. But the increasing pride and prosperity of this race, for it was more than a clan, was destined to receive a sudden check.

It is a matter of dispute as to whether the Campbells are of Norman or Gaelic origin. This, however, seems certain, that they descended from one named "De Campo-Bello," which may be taken to mean either "Of the Field of Battle" or "Of the Fair Field." This name may have been confirmed by either a Norman or a Scotch king, or have attached itself to one who had done some great deed on a battle field which deserved to be commemorated for all time. However this may be, it is generally believed that Gillespie Campbell, the first of the name, became Lord of Lochow in the district of Argyll, through marriage with Eva, the heiress of O'Duin, the last of the Sial (race) of Diarmid, the name which the Gaels ever since have bestowed on the Campbells.

The ancient seat of the Campbells was Kilchurn, at Lochow, but not the castle which is now there, which was built in 1440, during the Crusade era. The picturesque ruin stands on a rock at the upper end of Loch Awe, which was originally an island, but is now connected with the shore by a flat alluvial meadow. It is a ghostly ruin, picturesque at all times, but

impressive in the moonlight, and grand when the mists cover the Loch and the waves, impelled by the spiteful winds, lash the rocks at its feet. Then, says Robert



KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

Buchanan, it "stares through the air like a human face, strangely relieved against the dazzling greenness of the meadow which links it to the land. What, indeed, are all the effects of moonlight to that desolate look of loneliness and woe, mingled with secret strength to resist elemental strife ?

"But a mere footstool to you, sovereign lord,  
Huge Cruachan (a thing that meaner hills  
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered  
harm) ;

Yet he, not loth, in favor of thy claim  
To reverence suspends his own ; submitting  
All that the God of nature hath conferred,  
All that he holds in common with the stars,  
To the memorial majesty of Time,  
Impersonated in thy calm decay."

"Truly does the old ruin remain paramount, while mountains, torrents, lakes, and woods unite to pay it homage. It is the most perfect foreground possible for a mountain picture, forming not only a poetic centre of human interest, but a fine scale wherewith to measure the mighty proportions of the hills and the wild expanse of troubled waters."



In front of it Ben Cruachan towers to the heavens, interesting alike from its beauty, its size and its legendary and historical record. At its foot that decisive battle was fought in the Pass of Awe which decided the fate of Scotland. The grand old mountain stood there,

“ Struggling with the darkness all day long,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,”  
years ago, as it does now.

But “ there were giants in those days,” and heroes grand, and men whose right arms as well as sturdy minds, ruled. Then the mountain heights were covered with great deer, and more savage animals lurked in its fastnesses. But there rose on its side a fatal well about which certain dire prophecies had been made. Bera, the daughter of Grinan, the last of the sages, was charged to keep watch of it, that it might not gather strength to overflow its mouth ; and day after day she watched, and night after night, as the sun sank behind the mountain, secured it with a mystic stone covered with the runics of the sages. But she hunted also. She was very fond of the sport, and one day she wandered so far away that she grew tired, and sitting down on the stone beside the well, fell asleep, and its mouth was uncovered. The sun pursued its course, dipping gently down behind the mountain, and the beautiful Bera awoke not. The sun gradually sinks lower and lower ; still Bera dreams of the mighty herd of deer that she had been hunting that day. The last golden rays of the pitying sun throws over her face a roseate shade, as if to arouse her, and seems to arrest its course out of pity for the gentle maid. It has reached the trees, and still its light glints through the branches and sparkles on the surface of the crystal waters. Will she not awake ? At last it can delay no longer. There is half of the world to be warmed and cheered by its light and heat, and the last ray disappears ; and the maid sleeps on. Now there is

a thunder-clap. The maid awakes. A fearful storm rages, and the generous trees which opened their branches to admit the last glints of the sun are being lashed by the fearful storm, and the fertile valley, illumined by the lightning, is flooded by rushing, roaring waters, and Loch Awe is formed.

Is this legend the one that the Marquis of Lorne so beautifully expresses in the following lines ?—

#### THE LEGEND OF LOCH UISK.

Yon vale among the mountains,  
So sheltered from the sea,  
That lake that lies so lonely,  
Shall tell their tale to thee :  
Here stood a stately convent  
Where now the waters sleep,  
Here rose a sweeter music  
Than comes from yonder deep.  
Above the holy building  
The summer cloud would rest,  
To listen to the echoes  
Of hymns to God addressed ;  
For the hills took up the chanting,  
And from the emerald wall  
The sounds they loved would, lingering,  
In fainter accents fall.

Hard by, beside a streamlet  
Fast flowing from a well,  
A nun in long-past ages  
Had built her sainted cell.  
To her in dreams 'twas given,  
As sacred task and charge,  
To keep as first she found it,  
The bright spring's mossy marge.  
“ Peace shall, with joys attendant,  
For ever here abide,  
While reverently and faithfully  
Ye guard its taintless tide.”

And when she knew her spirit  
Was summoned to its rest,  
To all around her gathered  
She gave that high behest :  
And many followed after  
To seek the life she chose,  
Till, like a flower in glory  
The cloistered convent rose.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Full many a gorgeous summer  
Woke heather into bloom,  
And oft cold stars in winter  
Looked on a sister's tomb,  
Before the joy had withered  
That virtue once had nursed ;  
Before their lord and master  
Grew love for things accursed.  
Lo ! then the stream, neglected,  
Forsook its wonted way ;  
In stagnant-pools, dark-tainted,  
Its wandering waters lay,  
Where choked by moorland ridges,

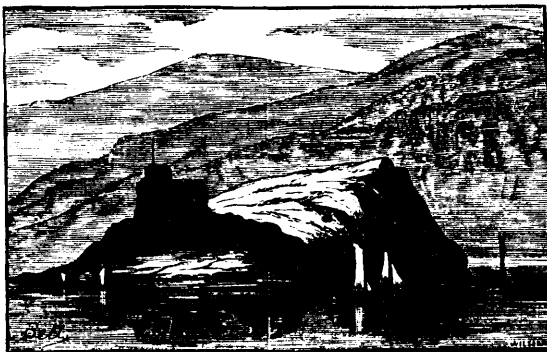
Black with the growth of peat,  
 Beneath the quaking surface  
 The fetid floods would meet,  
 Till rising, spreading ever,  
 Above the chalice green  
 Of that fair well they covered  
 The place where it had been.

And near the careless convent,  
 Within the hills' deep shade,  
 The fate that works in silence  
 A lake had slowly made.  
 As evil knows no halting  
 When passions strongly  
 flow,  
 So year by year did deeper  
 Those threatening waters  
 grow ;  
 Till on an awful midnight,  
 When through the windows  
 flamed  
 Bright lamps, and songs un-  
 holy  
 The vesper hour had  
 shamed,  
 And wanton sin dishonored  
 The time Christ's birth had  
 crowned,  
 They burst their banks in darkness,  
 And with their raging sound  
 The rocks of all the valley  
 Rang for a few hours' space—  
 Then this wide loch at morning  
 Reflected Heaven's face.

No voice is ever heard there—  
 Around the wild deer feed,  
 And winds sigh loud in 'autumn  
 Through copse and rush and reed.  
 Men say, in nights of darkness  
 They pass the water's verge,  
 And hear 'mid sounds of revel,  
 The "Miserere's" dirge ;  
 That faintly, strangely, ever,  
 Upon the loch's dark breast,  
 Beneath, above, around it,  
 Shine lights that will not rest.  
 Of all such ghastly phantoms  
 Bred of the night and fear,  
 By hope of our salvation,  
 None meet the daylight clear.

The great grandson of Gillespie Campbell and Eva O'Duin was Sir Colin Campbell of Lochawe, with whom the history of the family looms up out of the shades of tradition into the clearer light of history. From him the Campbell chieftains derive the appellation of Mac-Colin-More, or sons of Colin-More, Colin the Great, as he himself is known. He is mentioned in the statutes of Alexander I. and in 1293 as Dominus Colinus Camp-

bell, miles. He added largely to his estates. and from Alexander II. seems to have gained the hereditary serfdom of Argyll. At this time commenced those disputes with the Macdougalls of



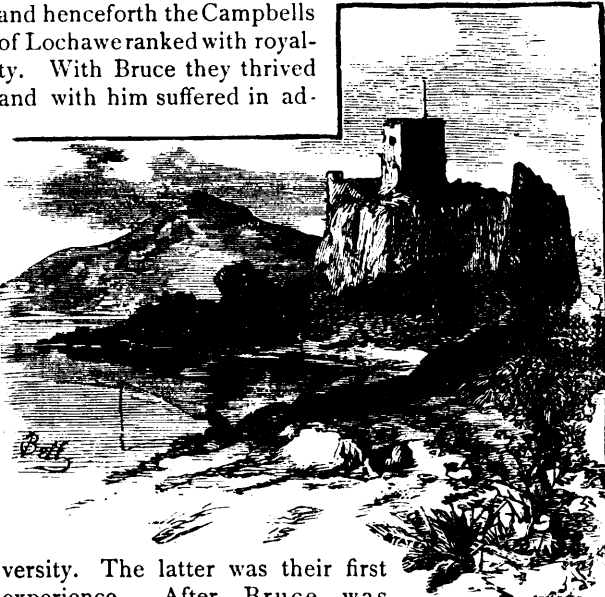
ARDTORNISH CASTLE.

Lorne which ended in their overthrow.

In 1274, Robert Bruce, the most celebrated leader of a noble race, was born; in 1296 he swore fealty to Edward I.; in 1299, the year after Wallace had resigned the regency, he was one of the four regents who ruled the kingdom in the name of Baliol; and for six years remained faithful to Edward and was consulted in the settlement of the government. In 1305, or a year later, he quarrelled with John Comyn,—the Red Comyn,—nephew of Baliol, during an interview in the church of the Minorite Friars, Dumfries, and, overcome with rage, stabbed Comyn with his dagger. He then, rushing out of the church, exclaimed, "I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn." "You doubt," said one of his attendants, "I mak sikker!" (sure) and rushing into the church, attended by his companions, he completed the crime, and also slew Comyn's brother, who attempted to defend him. Bruce hastened to his castle, assembled his vassals, was crowned king at Scone, and prepared himself to defend his claims. Alexander, Lord of Lorne, the chief of the Macdougalls, was a near relative

of the Red Comyn, having married his aunt, and was ready to avenge the wrong, and thus became allied with King Edward, whom Bruce defied.

Sir Neil Campbell, son of Colin-More, allied himself with the Bruce, becoming one of his chief supporters. Of such importance was he that the King gave him the hand of his sister, the Lady Mary, in marriage, and henceforth the Campbells of Lochawe ranked with royalty. With Bruce they thrived and with him suffered in ad-



DUNOLLY CASTLE.

versity. The latter was their first experience. After Bruce was crowned at Scone, he was defeated by the English, and on his way to the West of Scotland to take refuge in Ireland was encountered by Alexander of Lorne at Dolree, on the borders of Argyll. He fought his best, and was so energetic in encouraging his men that Barbour tell us :

“ That none durst out of battle chase,  
For always at their hand he was ;  
So well defended he his men,  
That whosoe'er had seen him then  
Prove so deserving of vassalage,  
And turn so often the visage,  
He should say he ought well to be  
The king of a great royalty.”

But neither his kingly qualities and valor, nor the courage and strength of his followers, could win him success against the Macdougalls, and he was compelled to retreat. But even this

was a matter of difficulty, more especially for the King, who in the retreat was last. Three brothers named Macindrosser, henchmen of the Macdougall, resolved to kill the monarch or die in the attempt. They followed close, and when King Robert entered a narrow pass where he had to trust to himself for his defence, threw them-

selves on him. He was on horseback. The first blow of the royal battle-axe severed the arm of one of the assailants, while at the same time he held another by the hand which had been incautiously thrust between the King's stirrup and his foot. The third clansman of Lorne had audaciously sprung on the King's horse behind the royal rider, but Bruce, turning half round, forced him to the front of the saddle and “claved the head to the horns.” Then being thus relieved he slew

the unfortunate who was hanging from his stirrup at one blow. But one of the assailants had torn off the monarch's cloak, and thus the brooch by which it was fastened fell into the hands of the victorious Macdougalls. Another account affirms that Alexander of Lorne, nephew to the Red Comyn, resolved to slay Bruce in the battle. He searched out the monarch amongst all the fighting throng,—no very difficult matter, one would think, for he is said to have kept a clear space before him, as a mower does in a field of closely-growing hay. Undeterred by this, the Lorne chieftain rushed at Bruce, who was hewing down his unfortunate ene-

mies, only to be met by his unerring axe. Another blow would have killed him, but two Macindrossers, father and son, seizing the King's plaid drew him aside and the historic brooch was lost, and subsequently found and treasured by the Lords of Lorne.

Sir Walter Scott makes good use of this brooch in his "Lord of the Isles," when to the one whom the minstrel Ferrand thus describes he is made to sing the insulting song:—

Marked ye the younger stranger's eye,  
My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,

How fierce its flashes fell,  
Glancing among the festal rout  
As if to seek the noblest out,  
Because the owner might not brook,  
On any save his peers to look?

And yet it moves me more,  
That steady, calm, majestic brow,  
With which the elder chief even now

Scanned the gay presence o'er ;  
Like being of superior kind,  
In whose high-toned, impartial mind  
Degrees of mortal rank and state  
Seem objects of indifferent weight.

Perhaps the minstrel's voice trembled as he sang, subject to the gaze of these unwelcome visitors:—

Whence the brooch of burning gold,  
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,  
Wrought and chased with rare device,  
Studded fair with gems of price,  
On the varied tartans beaming,  
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,  
Fainter now, now seen afar,  
Fitful shines the Northern star?

Gem ! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,  
Did the fairy of the fountain,  
Or the mermaid of the wave,  
Frame thee in some coral cave ?  
Did in Iceland's darksome mine  
Dwarf's swarth hands thy metal twine !  
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,  
From England's love, or France's fear ?

No !—Thy splendors nothing tell  
Foreign art or fairy spell,  
Moulded thou for monarch's use  
By the over-weening Bruce,  
When the royal robe he tied  
O'er a heart of wrath and pride ;  
Thence in triumph went thou, torn  
By the victor hand of Lorn !

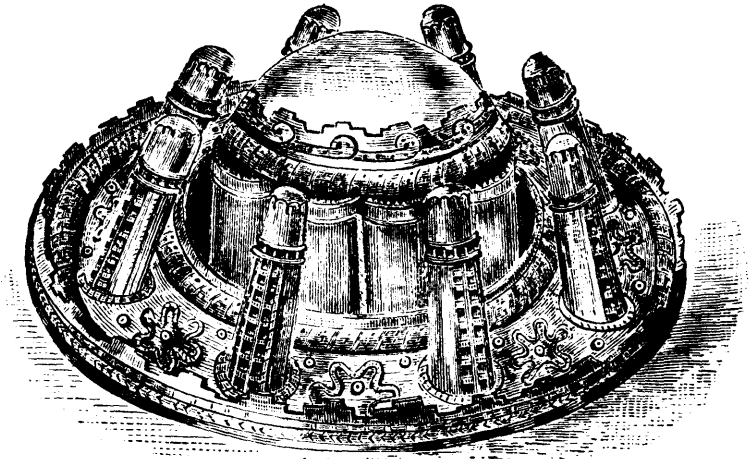
While the gem was won and lost,  
Widely was the war-cry tossed !  
Rung aloud Bendourish Fell,

Answered Douchart's sounding dell,  
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrom,  
When the homicide o'ercome,  
Hardly 'scaped with scath and scorn,  
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn !

Vain was then the Douglas brand,  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,  
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,  
Making sure of murder's work ;  
Barendown fled fast away,  
Fled fiery De la Haye,  
When this brooch, triumphant borne,  
Beamed upon the breast of Lorn !

Furthest fled its former Lord,  
Left his men to brand and cord,  
Bloody brand of Highland steel,  
English gibbet, axe and wheel.  
Let him fly from coast to coast,  
Dogged by Comyn's 'vengeful ghost,  
While his spoils in triumph worn,  
Long shall grace victorious Lorn !

It is almost painful to turn from Sir Walter Scott's vigorous lines to resume the accepted later history of this brooch, which is not of "burning gold," but of the less romantic silver. During the civil war in the reign of Charles I., the Macdougall of the time, who adhered to the cause of the King, was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. He held out, but Coolen castle was sacked and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who was amongst the leaders in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, but lest the Macdougall should endeavor to secure the much-prized relic by force, did not make his good fortune known. Thus time rolled on till, near the early part of the present century, the relic came into the possession of a member of the Inveraw family, who, in his will, ordered that it be sold and the proceeds divided amongst his younger children. It was exposed for sale in London in 1819, the price placed upon it being a thousand pounds. King George the IV., before his accession, is reputed to have offered half the amount asked for it, but without success. In 1825 General Campbell, of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow a mark of "grateful regard" on his friend and neighbor, Macdougall,



THE BROOCH OF LORNE.

purchased the brooch, and at a social meeting of the landholders of the county, caused it to be presented to that gentleman by the Duke of Argyll. Thus this cause of so much ill-will in the days of chivalry, in this degenerate nineteenth century was made a means of cementing still closer the friendship of those whose ancestors fought for it and lesser things for centuries.

But this gossip about the brooch has brought us far away from Sir Neil Campbell, he who fought at Bannockburn, where

“Unflinching foot ’gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met ;  
The groans of those who fell  
Were drowned amid the shriller clang,  
That from the blades and harness rang,  
And in the battle-yell.”

His successor was his son, Sir Colin, who also distinguished himself in the Brucean wars. It was he who, galled by the shots of two English bowmen, left the Scottish ranks to wreak his vengeance on them in defiance of the orders of his royal uncle. Bruce, following him, struck him a lusty blow with his truncheon, saying, “Return ! your disobedience might have brought us all into jeopardy.”

It is a matter of doubt when the

Campbells were first elevated to the peerage. The first regular proof dates from the year 1445, when Sir Duncan Campbell was summoned to Parliament as Lord Campbell. Twelve years later his grandson and heir, Colin, was raised to the dignity of Earl of Argyll by James II. Colin was also destined to advance the fortunes of the family in another direction, for he married the co-heiress of the Stewarts of Lorne, the immediate successors of the Macdougalls, and through this means a large share of the barony of Lorne came into the hands of the Campbells. He also advanced the family interests in many other ways, he evidently being a man quick to see advantages and not slow to benefit by them.

At the present time the House of Argyll is chiefly remembered from its constant adhesion to those “liberal religious principles which were destined to throw at once a glory and a gloom on the annals of the house.” These emanated from John Douglas, the first Protestant bishop of St. Andrew’s, who was the teacher of the fifth Earl of Argyll, whose opposition to the unhappy Queen Mary was unswerving. The earl died without heirs,

and the estate and title reverted to his brother Colin, the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, whose son Archibald, was also eminent for his influence and talents. At eighteen he was a general, and although unsuccessful as a leader was nevertheless fortunate in adding to the family estates. The Macgregors and the Macdonalds of Kintyre became obnoxious to their neighbors and the peace of the realm, and the Earl of Argyll, allying himself with the Gordons, nearly exterminated the Macgregors, while the Macdonalds were partly expelled and their estates added to those of the Campbells of Lochow.

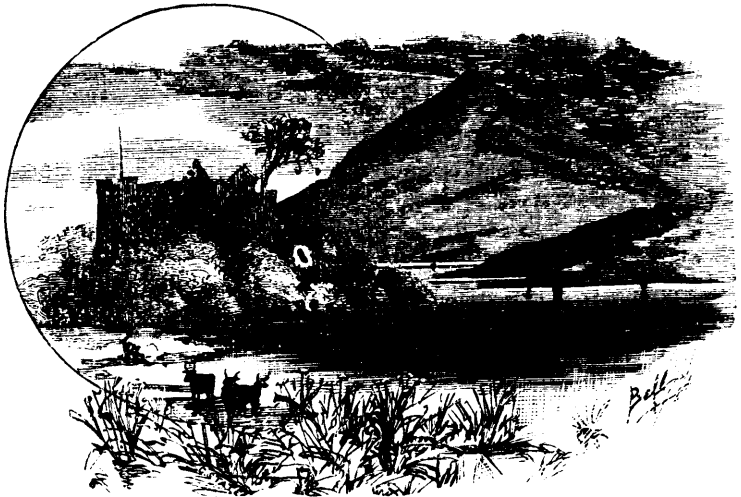
The record of Archibald, the eighth Earl and first Marquis of Argyll, is one of the brightest on the roll of the Argylls, or on that of any of the patrician families of England. He was born in 1598, and educated in the religion of the Reformation, and on his father's renunciation of Protestantism was put into possession of his patrimonial estates, and by order of the government rapidly advanced in positions of trust and power. In 1638, on visiting London, he found that Charles I. had sanctioned an invasion on the west coast of Scotland by the Irish under Lord Antrim, a Macdonald, who was, as part of his reward, to receive the whole of Kintyre, which Argyll's father had fought for and gained. This, with other reasons, induced him to join the popular party in Parliament and in the General Assembly after it had been dissolved by the King's commissioner, and, with others, to sign the Solemn League and Covenant. At once he became the recognized leader of the Presbyterian cause both in the cabinet and in the field. But this did not prevent him from receiving royal favors. Perhaps his influence was so great that it must be obtained at any price, and although in 1639 he raised nine hundred men of his own clan to repel Charles' proposed invasion of Scotland, the King two years later, on

his visit to Scotland, raised him to the dignity of a marquisate. But the war very soon followed after this, and the Marquises of Argyll and Montrose were brought face to face. Both were men of great ability: the Campbell calm, sagacious, far-seeing, and devoted to the rights of the people; the Graham ambitious, dauntless, and devoted to the King—both heroes after different models. The battle was fought at Inverlochy and the Campbells were defeated, their leader escaping over the lake by means of a boat, thus saving his life at the cost of his reputation for courage. A second time the Covenanters were overthrown at Kilsyth by Montrose, who was himself defeated a month later by Leslie at Philiphaugh.

After this follows a passage in the history of the Marquis which has been looked upon in many different ways. Charles, trusting to the love of his Scottish people, although they fought against him, put himself into their hands. It is a matter of history how he was given up to those who were only satisfied with his blood, being convinced that either he must die or they. The discussion which resulted in giving Charles into the hands of the English Parliament was a momentous one. In it the Marquis of Argyll took no part. But if there is guilt this inaction did not take it from him; if glory, he is deprived of it. In any case he was one of those who lost their heads for their treatment of the first Charles, although faithful to the second of the name. It was he who crowned Charles II. at Scone in 1651, and whose allegiance to that monarch was rewarded by a letter announcing the Royal intent to create him Duke of Argyll as soon as circumstances should permit, and also pay him the forty thousand pounds sterling due to him, "whenever it shall please God to restore me to my just rights." But later, when Charles' hopes were completely overturned, the Marquis, on

being brought a prisoner from Inverar to Edinburgh, admitted Cromwell's government. Charles was restored to the throne in 1660. Great was the short-lived joy,—so great that the monarch is reputed to have wittily expressed

Argyll defended himself in a speech remarkable for its moderation and ability, and its effect was such that fears were felt that he must be acquitted. In the meantime his two sons, Lord Lorne and Lord Neil Campbell,



DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

his regret that he should have stayed away so long when everybody was waiting to receive him with open arms. But no sooner was he on the throne than his popularity began to wane. The general pardon and amnesty he had promised were revoked by act of Parliament. Argyll, the man who had crowned the King at Scone when his fortunes were low, and who had gone to London to welcome him "to his own again," was sent back to Scotland a prisoner. He was there placed on trial on fourteen charges so ridiculous that the court was reluctantly compelled to acquit him from all blame in the execution of Charles. But the King owed him forty thousand pounds sterling, which must be paid or arranged for, and the crown lawyers therefore indicted him for compliance with the English during Cromwell's usurpation. When the charges came up for trial

were in London working in high places in their father's behalf, while the Scottish Parliament, finding their evidence insufficient to substantiate the charge of treason, sent the Earls of Glencairn and Rothes to General Monk for advice. The closing scene of this foul trial has thus been described: "The Scottish Parliament being again met to consider the whole case, and appearances being strongly in favor of the Marquis, a messenger, who had come expressly from London, knocked violently at the door of the Parliament house. Upon his admission he presented a packet to the commissioner, which every one concluded contained a remission or some other warrant in favor of the Marquis, especially as the bearer was a Campbell. But upon the packet being opened, to the amazement of Argyll's friends, it was found to consist of a great many letters ad-

dressed by his lordship to Monk, while he was Governor of Scotland, and which with unparalleled baseness he had reserved, to see if they were absolutely necessary, and having been informed by the commissioner's envoys of the scantiness of the proof, he had sent post by an especial courier. The letters were decisive as to the fact of *compliance* with the usurpers—that is of Argyll being a *passive*, while Monk himself had been an *active* agent; and on this ground alone was the Marquis found guilty of treason by a majority of a parliament almost all of whom were more culpable than he was. Argyll was condemned to death, and on the occasion the young Lord of Montrose, now restored to the honors of his ancestors, refused to give a vote, thus repaying the chief of the Campbells for his forbearance in declining to assent (in 1650) to the execution of the great Marquis of Montrose."

The death sentence was passed. The Great Argyll was to be beheaded, and his head placed on the same pinnacle, at the end of the Tolbooth that had borne that of the Great Montrose. Two days only was allowed to elapse between the sentence and its execution. As it was pronounced he knelt, and rising, remarked, "I set the crown on His Majesty's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own." He met the Marchioness at the Tolbooth, and on seeing her said, "They have given me till Monday to be with you, my dear; therefore let us improve it." She wept bitterly and embracing him, exclaimed, "the Lord will requite it! the Lord will requite it!" He was calmer, and—although his persecutors, even while weeping at his noble demeanor when receiving his sentence, refused to give him ten days, respite—answered, "Forbear! Truly I pity them; they know not what they are doing; they may shut me in where they please, but they cannot shut out God from me. For my part, I am as

content to be here as in the castle, and as content in the castle as in the Tower of London, and as content there as when at liberty, and I hope to be as content on the scaffold as on any of them all." Let us hasten over the intervening time before the execution, although it was one of great glory to the condemned one. On quitting the jail he said to one of the prisoners, "I could die like a Roman, but I choose to die like a Christian." To those who walked beside him to the scaffold he spoke of serious things, warning them that religion must be a main, not a secondary object; that no magistrate could absolve them from the covenant, their oath to God. And on taking off his doublet, and just before laying his head on the block, he spoke his last words:—"Gentlemen, I desire you, and all that hear me, again to take notice and remember that now, when I am entering into eternity, and to appear before my Judge, and as I desire salvation, and expect eternal happiness from Him, I am free from any accession, by knowledge, contriving, counsel, or any ways, of his late majesty's death; and I pray the Lord to preserve the present King and to pour out His best blessings upon his person and government, and the Lord give him good and faithful counsellors." He knelt down, laid his head upon the block, lifted up his hand, and his soul passed into eternity.

The son and successor of this noble man was worthy of him. Unlike his father, he adhered firmly to the King's party and refused to ally himself with the Covenanters. Under the commonwealth he was committed to prison and jealously watched; but on the restoration the King remitted his father's forfeiture and restored his grandfather's title, Earl of Argyll. He acted as privy counsellor, a commissioner of the treasury, and an extraordinary Lord of session, and remained in high favor until the passage of the Test Act, he



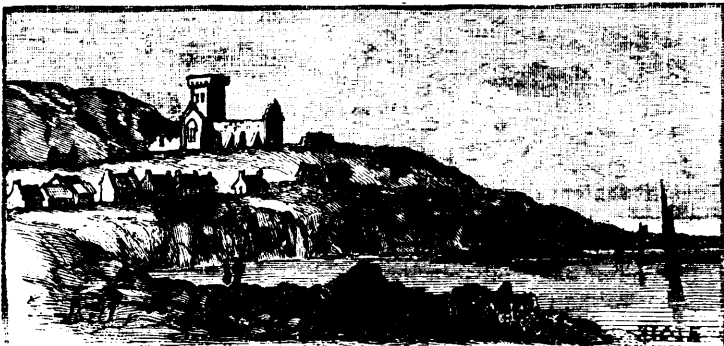
opposing the exemption of princes of the blood from the oath. This drew upon him the ill will of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. On James' arrival in Scotland the Earl was compelled to take the oath, although with the following protest, which he believed was accepted by James, and which was entered on the books of Parliament: "I think no man can explain this oath but for himself; accordingly, I take it as far as it is consistent with itself and the Protestant religion." The intent of this reservation was too obvious for James, the Catholic heir, to overlook, and accordingly, after being allowed to sit in the coun-

wasted away, and the small army ultimately separated to secure the safety of its members. Argyll, in the disguise of a countryman, was wounded, and exclaimed on falling, "Unfortunate Argyll!" thus revealing his rank. He was brought to Edinburgh and executed on the sentence he had once escaped from. His last hours were calm, and in them he wrote his own epitaph:—

"On my attempt though Providence did frown,  
His oppressed people God at length shall own;  
Another hand, with more successful speed,  
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's  
head,

Though my head fall, that is no tragic story,  
Since, going hence, I enter endless glory."

The epitaph was prophetic. Three



IONA.

cil for a few days, Argyll was accused of high treason, committed to prison, found guilty, and condemned to die. But the execution of the sentence was suspended.

One day while lying in prison he was visited by Lady Sophia Lindsay, his daughter-in-law, who managed to get him safely out in the guise of a page carrying her train. The Earl for some time remained hidden in Scotland and then sailed for Holland. About four years later, on the death of Charles, his enmity to James showed itself very prominently. In 1685 he returned to Scotland with a number of his friends to raise his vassals against King James; but his friends deserted him; his leaders were disunited; his troops

years later William of Orange landed in England, and James' power dropped from his grasp. Amongst William's most influential supporters was Archibald, the son of the Campbell who landed three years too soon to be a patriot and died as a traitor. He was one of the three deputed by the Scottish convention to present the crown to William, and was created Duke of Argyll in June, 1701, and to him reverted the title previously held in the family, Marquis of Lorne. He died in 1703.

His successor was one of the greatest men of his name, of whom Pope, not often accustomed to compliment, could say:

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field."

John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, called by his clan Ian Roy (John, the Red), was born 1678. He commanded a regiment of foot under King William; served under Marlborough at the sieges of Ghent, Bruges, Tournay and other cities, and later distinguished himself at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, exposing himself fearlessly to the enemy's bullets. Before he reached the age of twenty-five years he had been advanced to the rank of a privy councillor and made an extraordinary Lord of the Session. When twenty-seven he was Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, and was one of the first to advocate a treaty of union with England. In 1711 he was sent to command the troops in Spain; but being unable to obtain money or men from home, and no assistance, had to quit Spain with all his forces. He led the royalist troops at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and though the battle is not yet recognized as a victory by either party, it was successful in checking the southward advance of the insurgents.

It was on the occasion of this event that the words of "The Campbell's are Comin'" are generally believed to have been written. The music is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Lochleven Castle, in 1567, during the time of the fifth Earl of Argyll. Both are given in another part of this magazine.

After their defeat Argyll exerted himself to the utmost to obtain for the insurgent Highland chieftains the best possible treatment, but with the only result of losing for himself the royal favor, and in 1716 he was stripped of all his offices. But this did not destroy his influence or break his spirit, and he was that opponent of the bill to retaliate against the city of Edinburgh for the Porteous riots whom Sir Walter Scott, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, quotes as replying in answer to the charge of interested motives, "I am no minister,

I never was a minister, and I never will be one. I thank God I had always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given to me to employ them in doing any drudgery, or any *job* of any kind whatever." His boldness went even further than this. Queen Caroline, who was regent at the time, the King being in Hanover, threatened the Duke that "she would turn Scotland into a hunting-seat." The Duke coolly and courteously observed, "If that be the case, Madam, I must go down and prepare my hounds." The Queen saw the terrible force of this reply and restrained her temper in future. As a result of Argyll's great influence, even when in disgrace, Edinburgh was pardoned on payment of a fine. In 1719 he was again admitted into favor and received the additional title Duke of Greenwich, by which he was entitled to sit in the British House of Lords. During the remaining portion of the reign he was in the administration, and also after the accession of George II., until 1740, when a violent speech against the action of Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle led to his dismissal. On their resignation and the appointment of a new ministry he was given the command of the army, but other appointments not suiting him he resigned all his positions. Perhaps ill health had something to do with this action, for soon afterwards, in 1743, he died, and a monument by Roubiliac in Westminster testifies to the high character and ability of him in whom Thomson, in his "Seasons," says Scotland beheld

"Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honor and her courage tried,  
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace enwreathes thy brow;  
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate."<sup>5</sup>

This illustrious man left no son to possess his titles, and the Dukedom of Argyll passed to his brother Archibald,



Claremont, Surrey, the English residence of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

Earl of Islay, while the British title, Earl of Greenwich, became extinct. The career of Archibald, Earl of Islay, closely resembled in many respects that of his brother. Both served with Marlborough, both were earnest advocates of the Union, both fought at Sherrifmuir, both were men of extraordinary ability. Archibald, however, always remained faithful to the house of Hanover and its ministers, and therefore always basked in the sunlight of the royal smile. Thus it was that he obtained the title Earl of Islay and was chosen one of the sixteen peers for Scotland in the first Parliament of Great Britain. He was made keeper of the privy seal in 1725, and entrusted with the principal management of Scottish affairs. In 1734 he was made keeper of the great seal, and held the office till his death in 1761. He was a lover of literature and the fine arts, and founded a splendid library in Inverary

Castle, the erection of much of which was also due to him.

He died without any issue, and his personal titles, Earl of Islay and Lord Oransay, became extinct. The title Duke of Argyll descended to John Campbell of Mamore, who then held a seat in the British House of Commons. He held his honors for but nine years, dying in 1770.

His eldest son John became fifth Duke of Argyll. The latter, also, had sat in the House of Commons before his accession and in the House of Lords under the title of Lord Sundridge, to which he had been advanced in 1766, during his father's lifetime. It is by this title that the head of the Campbells now sits in the House of Lords. He served with distinction in the army, and, besides, did much to encourage the pursuit of agriculture in Scotland. He married the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton, by birth Elizabeth Gunning, an Irish lady

of marvellous beauty and accomplishments. To her the sovereign gave the personal title of Baroness Hamilton, which on the failure of male issue by her first marriage descended to her children by the Duke of Argyll, and remains one of the titles of the Campbell house. It is by her that Lord Lorne obtains that narrow streak of Irish blood to which he referred so gracefully on a recent occasion. He died in 1806 and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, George William, who became sixth Duke of Argyll. The latter died in 1839, and was succeeded by his brother, Lord John Douglas Edward Henry, seventh Duke of Argyll, who died in 1847.

He was succeeded in that year by his only son, George Douglas, the eighth Duke of Argyll, the present holder of the title. His full titles are something startling. He is Duke and Earl of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochow and Glenilla, Baron Campbell and Baron of Lorne, Inverary, Mull, Morven and Tiry, in the peerage of Scotland; and Baron of Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of Great Britain. He is a Knight of the Thistle, a privy councillor (1853), Lord-Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of the County of Argyll; Hereditary Master of the Queen's Household, Keeper of the Great Seal, and one of Her Majesty's state councillors for Scotland; Admiral of the Western Isles; Keeper of Dunoon Castle, and of Dunstaffnage and Carrick; Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews (1851); LL.D., Cambridge (1862); a Trustee of the British Museum, etc., etc. He was born in 1832 and early evinced marked ability, at the age of nineteen publishing a "Letter to the Peers, by a Peer's Son," in regard to the principles involved in the Auchterarder case, which both from its subject and the style in which it was written attracted considerable attention. His career to the pre-

sent has been in accordance with this beginning, he having served in the Ministry under both Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone. In the latter instance he fulfilled the important duties of Secretary of State for India in a manner which pleased not only the English people, but also those of the unstable colony.

Following the example of his ancestors, the Duke of Argyll's eldest son, George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland, heir-apparent to the titles and estates, and Marquis of Lorne, entered the House of Commons at an early age. He was born in August 6th, 1845, and when very young was brought under the notice of Her Majesty the Queen. In her *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands from 1843 to 1861*, she writes regarding her reception at Inverary in 1847: "Our reception was in true Highland fashion. The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair, little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet." He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. In February, 1868, he was elected to represent the County of Argyll in the House of Commons, which he continued to represent till his resignation to fill the office of Governor-General of Canada. In December, 1868, he was appointed private secretary to his father at the India Office. His first literary work, *A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America*, was published in 1867. He subsequently published a poem, *Guida and Rita*, from which an extract has already been quoted. The designs for the illustration of this poem have been attributed to the Princess Louise. His most important

work is *The Book of Psalms*, published in 1877.

We reproduce his versions of the 1st, the 23rd and 100th psalms, selected from this work, as also the authorized version that they may be compared. It will be noticed that the author has first rendered the psalms almost literally and in the case of the 1st. and 23rd., given a second version in different metres, which afford the writer more latitude in expression.

## PSALM I.

1.

1 That man is bless'd who walketh not  
By godless counsels bound ;  
Nor stands in sinners' ways, and ne'er  
Hath seat with scorers found.

2.

2 But in the Law of God, the Lord,  
Hath ever his delight ;  
And on His law doth meditate  
By day and in the night.

3.

3 Like planted tree, by water-streams,  
Forth-bringing fruit each year,  
All-prosp'ring shall he be ; his leaf  
Unwither'd shall appear.

4.

4 Not so the wicked ; they are like  
The chaff winds sweep aside ;  
5 They shall not in the Judgment stand,  
Nor with the just abide.

5.

6 For unto God, the Lord, is known  
The way of the upright ;  
But the ungodly and his way  
Shall perish in His sight.

## SECOND VERSION.

1 Bless'd is he who walketh never  
In the counsel he should fear  
Of the godless, and who standeth  
Not in ways to sinners dear.

2 Bless'd is he who never loveth  
In the scorner's seat to be ;  
But in laws that God hath given  
His delight alone doth see.

3 He who meditateth ever  
On His law by day and night,  
Shall be like a tree that's planted  
By the streams of water bright.

4 Like a tree that in its season  
Bringeth forth its fruit always,

Never shall his leaf be wither'd :  
All he doth shall, prosp'ring, stay.

5 Not like those are men of evil :  
Chaff wind-driven are they all ;  
Never therefore shall the wicked  
Stand when sounds the judgment-call.

6 Nor the godless where are gather'd  
Righteous men. The Lord doth know  
His belovèd's way, and perish  
Shall the sinners' course in woe.

## AUTHORIZED SCOTTISH VERSION.

1 That man hath perfect blessedness  
Who walketh not astray  
In counsel of ungodly men,  
Nor stands in sinner's way,  
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair :  
2 But placeth his delight  
Upon God's law, and meditates  
On His law day and night.

3 He shall be like the tree that grows  
Near planted by a river,  
Which in his season yields his fruit,  
And his leaf fadeth never :  
And all he doth shall prosper well.  
4 The wicked are not so ;  
But like they are unto the chaff,  
Which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore shall not stand  
Such as ungodly are ;  
Nor in th' assembly of the just  
Shall wicked men appear.  
6 For why ? the way of godly men  
Unto the Lord is known :  
Whereas the way of wicked men  
Shall quite be overthrown.

## PSALM XXIII.

1.

1 My Shepherd is the Lord, and I  
In want of nought shall be ;  
2 To lie down in His pastures green  
Jehovah maketh me.

2.

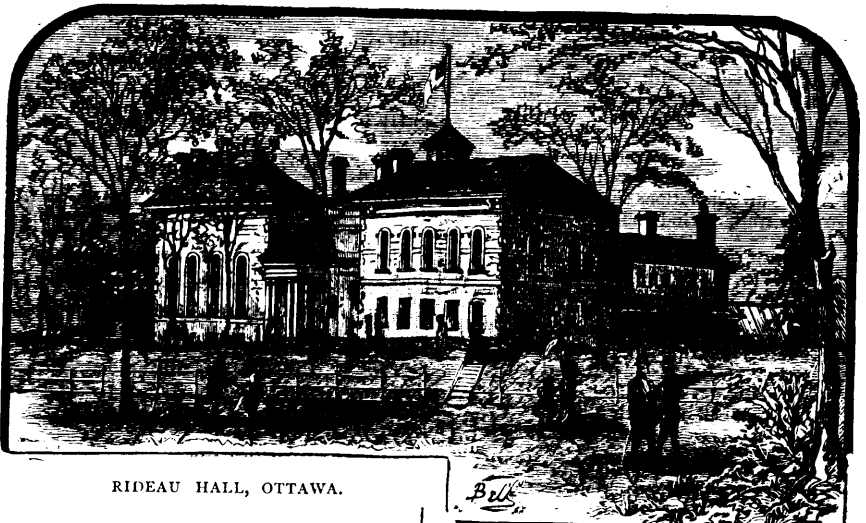
He leadeth me by quiet streams,  
3 My soul He doth restore ;  
For His Name's sake in righteous paths  
He leads me evermore.

3.

4 Yea, though I travel through the vale  
That Death's dark shadows fill  
No evil will I ever fear,  
For Thou art with me still.

4.

Thy rod and staff my comfort are,  
Within my sight for me  
5 A table Thou preparest Lord,  
Before mine enemy.



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.

5.

My head with oil Thou dost anoint,  
My cup still runneth o'er ;

6 Goodness and mercy after me  
Shall follow evermore.

6.

With me those surely shall abide  
Throughout my life's brief day,  
And in the house of God the Lord  
Will I for ever stay.

SECOND VERSION.

- 1 God Almighty is my Shepherd,  
Want to me shall ne'er come nigh ;  
In the midst of grassy pastures  
He doth make me down to lie.
- 2 By the streams of rest He guides me,  
And my soul He doth restore ;  
For His Name's sake makes me follow  
Righteous ways for evermore.
- 3 Yea, though I shall walk the valley  
Of Death's shadow, there shall be  
In mine heart no fear of evil,  
For 'tis Thou Who art with me.
- 4 For Thy rod and staff, Jehovah,  
They give comfort in my woe ;  
Thou a table set'st before me  
In the presence of my foe.
- 5 Thou with oil mine head anointed'st,  
And my cup now runneth o'er ;  
Lord, Thy goodness and Thy mercy  
Shall be mine for evermore.
- 6 Following after, these shall always  
Still be with me till I die ;  
Mine abode shall be for ever  
In the house of God on high.

AUTHORIZED SCOTTISH VERSION.

- 1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
- 2 He makes me down to lie

In pastures green :  
He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

- 3 My soul He doth restore again ;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'en for His own name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill :  
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 5 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me :  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

PSALM C.

1.

- 1 Shout to the Lord with joy aloud,  
All lands, and evermore
- 2 With gladness serve the Lord, and come  
With songs His face before.

2.

- With singing to His presence come ;  
And be this surely known—
- 3 That He, the Lord, is God ; and we  
Are made by Him alone.

3.

He made us, and not we ourselves ;  
His people He doth keep ;  
We are His people, we His flock,  
His pasture's chosen sheep.

4.

- 4 Into His gates then enter ye  
With thanks and loud acclaim ;  
Enter His courts with praise, to Him  
Be grateful, bless His Name.

5.

- 5 For He is good, for evermore  
His mercy is most sure ;  
And to all generations shall  
The truth of God endure.

## AUTHORIZED SCOTTISH VERSION.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.  
2 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.  
3 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make :  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.  
4 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto :  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.  
5 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

By his marriage to the Princess Louise, in 1871, the Marquis of Lorne was placed in a different position from that occupied by any other peer of the realm. To this may be ascribed his appointment to the position he now occupies, and which he has up to the present filled to the satisfaction of the

people ; and in matters of this kind first impressions are generally lasting. On his marriage he was presented by the British Parliament with Claremont in Surrey. Now his residence for several years will probably be Rideau Hall, at Ottawa. It is an interesting pile of buildings, rich with the historic remembrances of late days. It is probable that very soon it will be torn down to make room for a building erected in a less composite style of architecture, and better adapted to the necessities of a viceregal household, and one which will not require the artist to take a rear view to obtain anything like a creditable picture. The good wishes of the people are with the present residents of the building, and the general wish is that the manly, independent spirit of the Marquis, and the womanly accomplishments and virtues of his wife, will enable them to steer clear of the quicksands which are perpetually opening under the feet of those who occupy high positions in the government of the country ; and that at the expiration of their viceregal term the regrets at their departure may be much greater than the joy at their arrival.

G. H. F.



THE ISLAND OF MULL.

K E A T S .

---

Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats !  
Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear  
And careless eye, once in some sliding year,  
Like some fair-plumaged bird one rarely meets ;

And when it came that o'er thy page I bent,  
A sudden gladness smote upon my blood ;  
Wonder and joy, an aromatic flood,  
Distilled from an enchanted firmament.

And on this flood I floated, hours and hours,  
Unconscious of the world's perplexing din,—  
Its blackened crust of misery and sin,—  
Rocked in a shallop of elysian flowers.

All melodies of earth and heaven are thine ;  
That one so young such music could rehearse  
As swells the undulations of thy verse  
Is what Hyperion only might define.

The voices of old pines, the lulling song  
Of silver-crested waterfalls, the sweep  
Of symphonies that swell the booming deep  
To thy immortal minstrelsy belong.

Nor less the whispered harmony that falls,  
Like twilight dews, from heaven's starry arch  
For gentle souls that listen to the march  
Of airy footfalls in ethereal halls.

Unhappy, happy Keats ! A bitter-sweet  
Was thy life's dream ; Death grinning at thy heels,  
While Fame, before thee, smiled her grand appeals,  
Tempting to dizzy heights thy winged feet.

Methinks thou didst resemble (over-bold  
May be the fancy) thy Endymion,—  
Now charmed with earth-born beauty, and anon  
Finding some imperfection in the mold,

He sued a heaven-born Splendor to allay  
The hunger and the fever of his heart ;  
And thus to Cynthia he did impart  
The fearful secret of his misery.



And thou, impassioned poet, never, never  
Did other mortal kneel at Beauty's shrine  
With any offering fairer than the line,  
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Oh, had I missed this Hippocrene, and slept  
Without full measure of the choicest draught  
That ever gods or men divinely quaffed,  
Some pitying angel o'er my loss had wept :

And would remind me in bright ages hence—  
Glancing to earth from some celestial height—  
That nothing in his world of chaste delight  
My ignorance of Keats could recompense.

GEORGE MARTIN.



## LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

"'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly  
While the dread tempest passes by;  
God sees His well beloved's face,  
And spares us in our hiding-place."

H. K. WHITE.

My burnt-offering brought me no peace, only a sense of failure. I listened eagerly for any word from Donald Monroe, for he and I seemed to belong to those to whom the Lord had forgotten to be gracious. His wife came down to the Squire's and acknowledged that the tale was true. Donald was really another man. The grim taunt, the contemptuous neglect that had so irritated her, had passed entirely away.

"He is as kind as husband can be," she said; "as tender of me as in the short wooing time, but in sore trouble. He rises in the night to pray; he settles to no work, but wanders about seeking rest and finding none."

She could not understand his anguish: he had broken off from all open sin; he would not be provoked,—she confessed to having tried just a little. His goodness and unrest alarmed her; the quantity and quality of religion which she had, ought to be enough for Donald; that it was not, made her fear for his reason. His companions, who feared, admired and loved him, found the relish gone out of their roistering, rollicking life. Donald's fiddle, his songs, so readily produced to commemorate every laughable incident, his wit, that cut and flashed like a Highland broadsword, his manliness and sense of honor, all these qualities made

him so much the more missed from among them. He left such a blank that they felt some effort must be made to get him back.

So Donald, who was the son of Donald, who was the son of another Donald, bethought himself of some neglected work as an excuse for a bee and a spree, to which Donald and his fiddle must be brought. "One good spree," said they, "will put the nonsense out of him." The keg was filled, a sheep slaughtered, numerous fowls lost their lives, pies and cakes were made on a grand scale, for this was to be the bee of the season, and all the harum-scarum, rattling squad were to be invited.

Donald was sitting by the fire, trying to think out the awfully solemn problem, "How can mortal man be just before God?" His wife spun beside him, thinking of him, fearing for him. She would have been glad even of a quarrel to rouse him from his gloomy musings, but he was too much absorbed to be ready to take or give offence. His fiddle in its case hung idly on the wall. The clock ticking, the birr of the wheel were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The neighboring Donald came in with a kindly good-evening, to give warning of the bee.

He had met Evander outside,—he was coming. He did not directly ask Donald to go for fear of a direct refusal; he took it for granted that he and his fiddle would be there, spoke of other bees of which Donald had been the life, spoke of the high estimation

in which he was held by all Glenshie in general, and by his neighbor, this very Donald in particular. Without Mrs. Monroe's help it would have been exceedingly difficult to have carried on the conversation. Just as he left, when the door was held ready to be shut, so that an answer would have been difficult, he said, "See that you come early, Donald," and was gone.

To-morrow came, a crisp October day, radiant with sunlight; in the forest the last ripe leaves were fluttering down. But none of the gladness of the bright Indian summer had power to reach Donald, sitting in the shadow of his own thoughts. His wife gently reminded him of the bee as the morning wore away, and he showed no sign of going. He gave her a swift look out of his bright, dark eyes, started up and began to pace up and down the kitchen floor, but answered her nothing. His wife would have urged him to go, arguing to herself that anything was good that would rouse him from his gloom, but she dared not.

When evening drew on and the guests at the bee saw that he did not come, Ronald Colquhoun, the best loved companion of the by-gone days of folly, came to fetch him, determined not to return without him. He pleaded and coaxed, seeming to have no idea of failure, and Donald's wife, her fears for her husband's reason, and her love of approbation, both being excited, joined her entreaties to his.

"Donald," she said, "do not refuse a neighbor. Go among your friends and pleasure them and enjoy yourself. You were always a good neighbor, and well liked, and Ronald has been a good neighbor to you; do not refuse him."

She lifted down the fiddle and laid it in its green baize case across his knee. "Here," she said, "you'll be late."

Donald stripped the fiddle of its case and laid his hand on it with a caressing movement. "Mary," he said, "I made that fiddle in Glenelg, across the sea,

when my heart was glad and my foot light on the heather; she has been companion and friend to me for many a year. Have you not?" he said, addressing the fiddle. "You told my story for me when I courted the mother of my boys; you sung the praises of Mary when she was the fairest brown-haired girl on the Scottish hills; you sounded the lament when I left the graves of my people for the new country; you have been my companion through long years of folly and sin. How often have I said that you were dearer than any wife or sweet-heart to me! But, *mo runsa*, I have set my foot on a road where there is no turning back. I thought to take you with me and teach you a new song, even to sound the praises of Everlasting Love, but you will not be the means of turning me back to the husks I have left. I could give up dearer than you are for Him who loved me." He took the fiddle, broke it across his knee, and put it in the fire. As it blazed, he turned to his friend. "Ronald Colquhoun," he said solemnly, "I love you better now than I ever did through all the years when we enjoyed the pleasures of sin together. I will be true until death to my Captain, who has called me to follow Him. You have to face death and judgment as well as I have, let your own soul be precious in your sight, and come with me instead of trying to turn me back."

This was Donald's first effort to say, "Come." The fiddle was in ashes, and Ronald Colquhoun, convinced that his mission was a failure, left silently, with new thoughts stirring in his soul. Donald turned to his wife. "Mary," he said, tenderly, "a few weeks ago you lay at my feet; it was God's mercy that saved me from blood-guiltiness that day. Do not try to turn me back to what I was when you had to fly for your life from your husband's hearth."

He rose without another word, went into the room and shut the door.

When he came out again, his face shone; a new light was in his eye,—he had found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth. I heard of this, and it dawned upon me that there was a difference between Donald's burnt offering and mine. I had given up my books, that I loved dearly, to purchase favor, I am afraid. Donald burned his fiddle lest it might become a snare to him. There came to me a sense of my own belief in my goodness, and a desire to take my own place honestly before God as a sinner, vile and unworthy in His sight. I went to the next meeting with a feeling of despair, saying, I am a sinner, lost! lost! My pride of godly descent, my pride of education in the Word, my pride of my prayers, of my endeavors after God, came up before me as abominable things that God hated. My goodness and myself had come to open war.

I listened to the sermon without hearing it, for I was lost, shut out with my own self-righteousness as my portion forever. I do not know what the text was, but in the course of the sermon I was arrested by a truth I had heard often, oh so often before:

"Let go your own goodness,—it is but filthy rags in His sight. Lay hold of Christ by His promises. Cast yourself on Him. You are sinful. He is a mighty Saviour. He speaks in Righteousness, and says He is mighty to save. You are unworthy; worthy is the Lamb. I entreat you by the mercies of God to lay hold on Him as the culprit did on the horns of the altar. The altar sanctifieth the gift."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." I do not know how it was, but I did see how my unworthiness might be covered by the skirt of His garment who is worthy; how the altar sanctified the gift. I got up and went home dumb with gladness. I

was afraid of being overtaken by my companions. I could not speak to them just then lest the joy of my soul should find wings in words and flee away from me. I did not feel the frosty air as I walked rapidly over the three miles that lay between the place of meeting that night and my home at Morrison's. I stopped a little while beneath the great elm tree in the lane, stopped there to try to realize what had come to me. Was it really true that I could now say "Whereas, I was blind now I see"? The great elm seemed like a friend to me, I had so often sat under its shadow when my thoughts troubled me. I had stayed there again and again to feel after Him for whom my soul hungered. Under its branches Walter told me of his new-found peace. I saw the whole world filled with glory. A new light that was not of the sun, nor of the moon, illuminated everything. I looked up through the elm branches to the Heaven above me that seemed so near, and said aloud "My Lord and my God!—My Beloved, mine—mine!" I was an orphan no longer, nor lonely, nor desolate. I had a place in the universe, the place His hand assigned. I was akin to every one that He loved, that loved Him. I did not need to tell my secret,—everything on earth knew it and rejoiced with me. The moon and stars were the brighter of it; the big elm clapped his hands. The glory of the Lord was about me,—even me, and all the world was filled with breathless thanksgiving. That spot in Glenshie draws me back to it after all these years, because there did my Lord crown me with loving-kindness and tender mercies, in the day when He gave me gladness of heart. I had found a new life. School always pleasant, now became delightful. The Bible lessons were glorified, because we found Christ in every page. The friends I had parted from came nearer to me. Annie had written to me of Miss Borg's

death ; but death was no longer separation. She seemed nearer to me in Heaven than in Himmel-en-Erde. I grew loving in my mind to Aunt Henderson, and willing to acknowledge that my waywardness had been a great trial to her.

Time passed pleasantly till Christmas, when we had a public examination. The scholars and I made an attempt at ornamenting the school-room. With my remembrance of the Himmel-en-Erde church, in its garlands of laurel and box, holly and ivy, what could be done with spruce and balsam seemed a failure ; but the children were proud of it. I got praise enough to make me vain, and a re-engagement at much higher wages.

I was over at Mr. Jessop's for New Year's day, so was Walter. Since Mr. Jessop had succeeded in establishing a relationship between us, however shadowy, the whole family claimed a right to us, which was pleasant for Walter and me.

Walter was to be, during next year, farther away from me. He was to teach near Deerfield, and study Greek and Latin after hours with the grammar school teacher there. It was best for him, but it was a hard trial for me. Walter is so independent, and he is also so popular, has such a talent for adapting himself to others, that he is at home wherever he is, and does not feel the useless regrets and longings that I do. He felt already adopted into the country, and Ireland is a name to him and no more. He teased me about my adhesiveness to the old sod, as he irreverently called it.

"If more came out of the crowded little island there would be less to feed, and famine would not be possible," said Richard Jessop one evening.

"You might have a famine in Canada ; it is not impossible, if God so willed it," I said.

"Of course famine would be impos-

sible in Canada ;" said Mr. McAlpine, who was present.

"I do not like to hear you say that. It is like defying your Maker," I said.

"Not so," said Mr. McAlpine. "There are always natural causes for these great calamities. We produce too much in proportion to our population to be in any danger of famine."

"In the old country," said Richard Jessop, "the rich are so rich, and the poor are so poor, that very little scarcity makes the poor starve. We have no poor here."

"No poor !" said I, laughing,— "that is a little too good. What do you call the people over the river in that little shanty whom I saw the first day I came here ? Are not they poor ?"

"Not poor in the sense in which old country people are poor ?"

"She is speaking of Jack Somers, mother," said Richard, turning to Mrs. Jessop,— "you would not call him poor."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Jessop ; "not poor in the sense in which old country people are poor."

"You see, Miss Ray," said Robert, "he is paying for his place. To accomplish that he works hard and lives roughly ; but his shanty is his own,—no man can put him out for the rent. When he has his place paid for, it, and what he raises on it, will be his own for ever, to be used for his own comfort. By and by he will have a new house, and will count as necessities of life, luxuries about which an old country laborer dare not dream."

"That's true," said Walter. "There was John Ferris that managed uncle's fields, he was in steady work and better off than most. It seemed to take all he could make to pay his rent. He always kept a pig ; when it was fat it was sold for the rent. Happy were his family if they could keep any of the worst bits of it for themselves. The butter from his cow, the eggs from the

poultry—all were sold to help to make up that dreadful rent."

"That rent was a terror," said old Mr. Jessop; "it swallowed up everything. When we came here first we had hardships, but there was hope to enable us to endure it. See that big maple tree beyond the verandah. We set up a tent under it when we came here first. We slept on a bed of balsam boughs till I put up my first shanty. Mother and I knew what hardship meant in those days. I had to saw with the whip-saw all the lumber for our first house. It was a week's journey to take a grist to mill. You may think what a blessing our mills were to the settlers that came in after us. We had hard struggles with circumstances, but when we hewed out prosperity, it was our own, not a landlord's."

"And do you never wish to return to the old country?" I asked, for I was often home-sick secretly.

"No, not much. The old country is a pleasant remembrance to us. We have an obligation on us to live worthy of the land we came from, and the people who have gone before us, that is all."

"It is pleasant and strengthening," said Mrs. Jessop, "to remember that we are by both sides descended from men valiant for the truth, who stood for Kirk and Covenant. Our forefathers two hundred years ago, as McComb sings, planted the banner of the cross in County Down, and suffered for the faith when godly Mr. Livingstone ministered in Kilinchy; but Richard has forsaken all that now."

Mr. McAlpine looked with a sly smile at me. "I have not forsaken, I have imitated these great men, mother. They followed, at all hazards, what they thought right; I have, in a smaller way, done the same," said Richard solemnly.

I noticed during this visit to Mr. Jessop's that Mr. McAlpine was much

taken up with Amelia Marston, and no wonder, for she is a good, sweet girl, and very, very pretty.

I felt parting with Walter very much. He had to go away to his new place, for some reason, before the schools took up again. Deerfield was eighteen miles away, so it was not likely I would see him often. I was ashamed of the trouble I had given to the Jessops, and I slipped away when Richard was at Mount Pleasant, and walked back to Morrison's by myself. I was getting to be a good walker. I returned to my school with a determination to live for my scholars more devotedly than I had done. I was not satisfied with the education which most young farmers possessed after spending years at school. I determined to lay down a plan for myself over and above the routine we were accustomed to follow. They were learning to read understandingly,—I hoped they would always take pleasure in good books. In addition to this, I wished to make sure that every one of them should be able to express their thoughts with some readiness on paper so as to be able to write a decent letter, fold and seal it properly—envelopes had not penetrated to the backwoods at this time; to drill them in mental arithmetic so that they could make up small accounts readily in their minds, to have them write accounts out neatly, and to know the geography of their own country, including routes of travel, as correctly as possible. Humble enough acquirements, yet many left school without them, who could follow the hat of plums through a summer's day of tossing and scrambling, and divide the seventeen camels successfully without any cutting up.

To carry out my little plans a long time was necessary, and I made up my mind to stay in Glenshie, Providence permitting, long enough to see the result of my labor. Pleasure mingled with labor, and one of my greatest pleasures was to see Donald Monroe at

prayer-meeting, and to hear his voice in prayer and praise. It was a great pleasure and joy also that the young minister, in recovered health, labored in the Highland settlements for many months yet, with what result will be better known another day. Those who had professed religion that winter formed a band of brethren and sisters, meeting often to speak of Him, the Saviour, who had had mercy on them. The time came when the young preacher went away, called to carry the message to the distant heathen. As he was loved with no common love, so he was mourned with no common sorrow. I am afraid that his grey maud was none the better for the night of parting, for I noticed that my scholars—I had eighty-five on the roll now—had each a twist of the fringe laid in their Bibles as a keepsake. I had wondered at the last meeting what my dark-eyed Katie and my blue-eyed Annie were about, whispering and fidgeting at something by the desk where the maud was thrown; I know now that they were demolishing the fringe. I wonder if he ever noticed it, or noticing it ever suspected the cause, or did mice get the blame? He left Canada behind forever, and we heard that he had sailed as a missionary to distant China. I felt as if something had gone out of my life, I missed him so much, and yet I did not feel separated from him. It was only a lengthening of the cords that bound us together. There is pain in this, but when every cord is anchored in the same place within the veil, there is no real separation. Personally I was not much acquainted with him. I never had any conversation with him but that once up at Squire McPherson's; nevertheless, I was akin to him, and loved him dearly because he could say, "The seal of my apostleship are you in the Lord." If he lives he is no stripling now; grey mingles with his locks. Does he ever think of Glenshie, or the work God

gave him to do there, and the blessing that rested on his labors?

I saw Walter only two or three times all that summer. It was almost as dreary as if the Atlantic Ocean lay between us. Walter thought me a little unreasonable and exacting in my love for him, and perhaps I was; but I did crave to see him oftener, and longed for a home where we should be together, as had been planned in our castle-building many and many a time. Somehow this castle of ours seemed more airy as the time went on, and less likely to drop from cloudland down to earth.

The second summer in Canada had ripened into autumn, the maples were flaming in crimson, and every color and tint of yellow was lit up by sunlight into glory in the autumn woods. This lovely time, so peculiar to this clear-skyed Canada, seems to me like the sabbath of the year,—it is so still, so restful, and so glorious.

One evening when I came home from school there was an ominous stillness about the house. I was a little later than usual, for as I was leaving school, a young girl came to have me cut the waist of a dress for her. Mr. Morrison had gone to a spree with his fiddle, as a substitute for Donald Monroe; the rest were out engaged in some harvest work; only Fergus, the youngest curly-head, was in the house. He was a born carpenter, and was always tinkering at something in that line. Neil, the eldest boy, complained that he spoiled the tools. It was altogether likely that he had avoided helping in the harvest work to be able to finish something on which his heart was set. He had, when he found himself alone, climbed up to where the draw-knife hung, which he was specially forbidden to touch, and took it down. He was hurrying to get what he purposed to do done before some one came. He held the piece of wood against himself as he sat on the floor;

drawing the knife towards him, the edge met some slight obstruction, he put out more strength to overcome it, the wood slipped aside—and Fergus himself received the edge of the knife. Some presentiment caused me to hurry in, not waiting to speak to Mr. McAlpine, who was riding across the little bridge. I found Fergus on the floor, the bloody draw-knife beside him. He had imitated a Japanese custom too successfully. I was thankful for Mr. McAlpine's shadow crossing the threshold. We lifted him up and laid him on the bed; I ran to call his mother, while Mr. McAlpine was on his horse in a flash, and galloped off for the doctor. It was an anxious time till the doctor came, and then only Mrs. Morrison had nerve enough to hold the candle while the wound was examined and dressed.

"Will he live?" I said waylaying the doctor, when he came out after a time that seemed hours to our anxiety.

"Of course he will live," said the old doctor. "We will not let the little hero die if we can help it." The child had never uttered a groan all the time.

Mr. McAlpine sat up all night with Fergus to carry out the doctor's directions, who went to take some hours sleep because he had been up the night before. There was no sleep for any of us that night, we were in such a state of tumultuous thanksgiving for the danger having passed.

I devoted a good deal of my time out of school to amusing the little sufferer. He was a very patient little fellow, and amused himself, when he began to recover, with his lesson book. Whenever I came from school he would say "Read to me, Miss Ray, about Harry's cake stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron. What is an orange like?" The child had never seen an orange.

It was quite natural for Mr. McAlpine to come to see him when he was passing, and to bring him little niceties

to tempt his appetite. I was glad when he came one evening and brought some fine oranges; a box had come to Mount Pleasant, and he had secured some. It was delightful to see how Fergus enjoyed them. It is wonderful how some children almost leap back into health. It was not a great while till Fergus was back to school again, a trifle paler and thinner, a trifle more easily managed, and a great deal fonder of me. There was one thing about his illness that annoyed me greatly. The people would not attribute Mr. McAlpine's visits to Fergus's accident, but began to couple his name with mine in a way that troubled me. I was afraid that he might hear and resent this idle talk. Perhaps he did, for his calls ceased altogether a short time after Fergus recovered.

I did not seem to enjoy life as I had done. The school was very large,—the average attendance was over seventy. Sometimes I thought I was very weary, and came home with dragging step. I scolded myself for being ungrateful; reminded myself of the privilege of being independent, of being at liberty to plan my own work, of the measure of success which God had given me, and the changed relation in which I stood to Him. I found it difficult work to keep my eyes on my mercies as much as I should have done. It was at this time that my dear brother and distant relative, Robert Jessop, died peacefully, and I missed his face and his voice very much when I went over to Jessop's mill.

The day's work began to be very heavy, and I was troubled for fear I was going to be ill.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

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Here we go a galloping, galloping.  
OLD SONG.

It was a little before this time that the Superintendent or Inspector (the little man who had attempted to teach



the boys that wonderful bow) absconded with the teachers' money, and of course we could not get our wages without as much trouble as if we were the guilty parties.

I had to travel all the way to the county-town, fifty miles away, to prove that I was myself, and to sign any amount of documents. The question was how to get there, for I had no money; I had not the faculty of keeping it, and if I had any money there was no stage. Mrs. Morrison advised me to take a horse and ride to Mr. McAlpine's, which was more than half way, ride into the county-town next day, sign the papers and return to McAlpine's the same day, and come home the next; that would be three days' journey. I would have much preferred going in some conveyance with a boy to drive, but Morrison's light cart was broken, and the only other one-horse conveyance in Glenshie had gone with its owner to the front.

"You have learned to ride well," said Mrs. Morrison; "suppose you borrow Colin McDermid's saddle-horse and ride there? I will lend you my saddle, so that you will be as comfortable in it as if you were sitting in a rocking-chair."

I was in high favor when I was offered the side-saddle. She had refused the loan of it the week before to Ronald McPhee when he went to bring home his bride, telling him that the regulation backwoods saddle, a piece of home-made blanket, was good enough for any bride he would bring home.

I had to accept this offer or lose my money, which I could not afford to do, especially as I feared that my health was giving way. I had been learning to ride on horseback since I came to Glenshie. Mrs. Morrison had during the first summer kindly dedicated to my use a colt of thirty years, a great trotter in his day. I would not like to tell of the distances he had travelled from sunrise

to sunset, for fear of seeming to exaggerate; but age had done for him what it could not do for the Douglasses, cooled his blood, so that he was not likely to run away with the *bhean sgoilear*. Many a ride had I taken with him through the gay, green wood, along bush-bordered roads. He sometimes threw me off, but always waited politely till I picked myself up, and allowed me to mount and try again. I got so well acquainted with this elderly colt in the course of time that I knew very well what he would be likely to do under any circumstances. I would have felt quite safe to travel in easy stages to the county-town mounted on him, but he had mired in the back-clearing in the spring, and not having strength to get out, had ended his long and useful life there. On the appointed day I started on my long ride with a horse that was a stranger to me. He was a pretty cream-colored animal, in good condition, and not so badly groomed considering everything. Indeed, Colin McDermid had the name of taking more care of his horses than of his wife. It was a pleasant day overhead, but the roads were muddy from recent rains. I got along pretty well at first, although I wondered at Mrs. Morrison giving him the character of a good saddle-horse, for he was not, but lifted his knees to his mouth and went almost as awkwardly as an ox. I rode through a long stretch of hardwood bush, then through a cedar-swamp, and came to a tavern at a cross road. Here my horse stopped and no persuasion of mine could take him past. He tossed his head and snorted in reply to urgent hints, given by jerking the bridle, and when I struck him with the whip he lifted his feet pretending to rear, but always subsided into the same place with a determination to stay there. The tavern-keeper came to my help. "This is Colin McDermid's beast," he said; "he is accustomed to stop here, and is not willing to pass. You are

the school-mistress, I suppose? Where are you going?"

"To the town, if my horse will let me," I answered.

"Not all in one day, surely?"

"Oh, no; I will stop with a friend by the way."

I had become accustomed to free questioning since I came to live in the country; I did not resent it. I knew it was not rudeness but interest that dictated the questions, and I had really nothing to conceal.

"Colin should have given you the other horse, the one his own girls ride, instead of that ill-willy brute."

He took the horse by the bridle and led him past the stopping-place, and most unwilling to move he was; then, with good wishes for my safety to my journey's end, he left me. I suppose I had journeyed ten miles when I came to a village by a river where there were large mills. This I knew by description to be the village of Glendalough. The moment I crossed the little bridge at the entrance of the village, my horse began to act strangely. He put his nose down to the ground, as if he had lost a needle and was looking for it. He humped up his shoulders as I have seen naughty, self-willed children do, and in this funny way, never heeding the bridle any more than if it had been a rein of worsted, he darted down a by-way and came to a dead stop before a most disreputable-looking tavern. From within came the sounds of revelry on the edge of a quarrel. My wilful steed stopped close to the doorway as if wanting me to alight. It was no use for me to try to coax or compel him to stir; there he stood as firm as the rock of Cashel. In a little while a man, whose appearance matched the house, came to the door, and before he looked who was there enquired with an oath what I meant by stopping up the way.

"Nay, friend," I said, "you must ask the horse, which has brought me here much against my will."

The man actually took off his battered hat. "I beg your pardon, Miss, I did not look. It is Colin McDermid's beast, and he is used to stopping here," he said. Then raising his voice he called inside, "Here Colin! Come out here, you rascal!" "It is an everlasting shame, Miss, to lend you an obstinate brute like that," he said to me.

Colin, with red eyes and inflamed face, appeared at the door.

"I think, Mr. McDermid," I said, "that it will be as well for me to turn home again, for I cannot manage this horse of yours."

"Oh! don't turn back, Miss Ray, when you've come so far. I'll send the boy to lead him past the village, and then he will be on a strange road and go first-rate," said Colin. "Let him out into a gallop and you will find he goes well. He's a hard trotter, but in a canter or gallop he goes as easy, bless you, as a rocking-chair. I'm glad I happened to be here on a little business about oats when you came up."

I was provoked into saying, "Oats, Mr. McDermid? See that it's not barley bree."

"Ian! Ian!" he called, willing to change the subject. When Ian appeared he gave his orders to him in Gaelic, which I was beginning slightly to understand. Ian was to lead the horse quite through the village and up the long hill to where the road turned, and then leave me to go on by myself. Ian, who was encumbered with a pair of boots belonging to a bigger brother, and a pair of trousers of the same, made to fit him by the simple process of cutting off the superfluous length, and an old straw hat with half a rim, took the bridle obedient to orders, but the horse refused to stir. His master gave him a sharp cut with a switch, when he threw up his heels and started slowly, the boy dragging at the bridle with all his might. I did not look to the right hand or to the left, but I felt as if every

pair of eyes in the village were looking after me. Ian shuffled along, holding up his nether habiliments with one hand and the bridle with the other; the horse with his head down, pulling backwards like an unwilling mule, and I sitting on the saddle as if I were doing penance.

In this way we got through the village and up the hill to the turn of the road, where Ian gladly gave me the bridle and left me. The horse stood still, looking after him down the long descent. I gathered up the bridle in a manner that I intended should show him that he might as well behave, for I was going to be mistress. I gave him the whip, determined to push him into a gallop and perhaps he would not have leisure for any more tricks. The moment he felt the whip he wheeled round with the bit in his teeth and galloped down the long slope and through the village of Glendalough and back by the way we came, along the bush road—on,—on. He did gallop easily, if he had been galloping in the right direction. We swept along, my long skirt streaming in the wind, all my attention taken up with keeping my seat. As we passed the tavern where we had halted in the morning, I thought he would stop and give me time to breathe, but he shot past like an arrow, and soon after I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. At this my horse laid himself down to his work and galloped as if we carried despatches. The horse behind was determined to overtake us, and he came on at a long, swinging gallop. The sound of his hoofs made my horse redouble his efforts; but in spite of him the other horse overhauled us, and we galloped neck and neck, as if we were racing for a wager, I holding on breathlessly. After a while both horses slackened speed, and I began to breathe freely. I saw my companion was the old doctor from Mount Pleasant, mounted on a strong black horse.

"You are a daring rider, Miss Ray. Few women could ride at that pace for so long."

"I came because my horse would come," I quoted, and then told him of my adventures.

"Bless my heart! You do not say so?" and he laughed loud and long.

"I have as little wish to be ridiculous as any one, Doctor, but when we cannot master a situation, we must give in. That dishonest treasurer has a good deal to answer for."

"Yes. He should be whipped to death by the teachers of the three counties."

When he had his laugh out, he said: "It was what you would call a providence that we met to day. I have to go to town anyway this week. I will go to-morrow. I can drive through in a day, and I will take you with me. It will be less fatiguing for you than riding on horseback, though you do ride as well as Paul Dempsey."

I did not know who Paul Dempsey was, but I did know that I was thankful for the opportunity of getting my journey made in the company of the old doctor.

Mrs. Morrison's surprise when I appeared back again may be imagined, and I pity Colin McDermid, for he did get a dressing the first time she saw him.

I had a pleasant journey in the doctor's buggy to the town, got my business done and returned home again, to wait for my money till a great many round-about performances had been gone through. I do think still, as I thought then, that it was a little hard, all the inconvenience we were made to suffer for Mr. Maulyer's fault. One thing surprised me greatly, when I saw the teachers of three counties assembled, to see among them men wearing the unmistakable traces of dissipation. I wondered that parents would trust their children, their dearest treasures, into the care of men who had

fallen below self-respect. And yet people do, or did in those bygone days, trust their children to the care of men with whom they would hesitate to trust their horses.

On my way to and from town the old doctor advised me to give up teaching for a while. He said I was overworking, and would break down entirely if I did not take care. I told him I was perfectly well, only a little tired, and could not afford to rest, and my trip to town was both rest and recreation. But when the summer was over and the cold weather closed in, my daily work grew heavy to me. The stove-heat made my head ache; the close atmosphere of the school-house, so many children in such a small room, was oppressive. I wilted down and became paler and thinner every day. I felt more depressed than I had done since I knew that Jesus was mine and I was His.

One day I was going to school in the beginning of winter. The wind was cold and stinging; the snow was drifting like smoke, and the walking was very heavy. I felt cold to my very heart. As I came to the end of our lane, a fine sleigh drawn by a splendid team of black horses in silver-mounted harness swept past. I knew by the pine tree on the back of the sleigh, even if I had not known the poise of his head above it, that it was Mr. McAlpine. He had three ladies in the sleigh with him. He noticed me and stopped the sleigh till I came up, and invited me to take a seat with them. I told him that I preferred walking, and that his sleigh was already fairly loaded, but he insisted so earnestly, seconded by the ladies, that it would have been ungracious to refuse, and I took a seat among the ladies. There were his sister Donalda, Miss Eiver Cameron, and Miss Twisdon. I had met with Donalda McAlpine before, but not with the others. They were returning from a merry-making beyond

Glendalough. The ball had been kept up till morning, and Mr. McAlpine was taking the ladies to their respective homes. They came into the school-house to warm themselves, they said, and Mr. McAlpine left them with me, while he went to a house near by on some business. There was a good fire in the school, for one of the boys always came early to have the house warm for me. I got a good many compliments from the ladies about my school, my talents, my independence.

"I wish it were possible for me to change places with you," said Miss Eiver Cameron, with a pretty little shrug of her shoulders: "I am such a very helpless person, so inefficient." She said this as if helplessness and inefficiency were a mark of distinction, like her seal jacket, or the jewellery which she wore in such barbaric profusion.

"How do you manage, my dear Miss Ray, to please every one, and have them praise you so? It must be a delightful life," she went on.

Her words were smooth and complimentary, but there was a triumphant insolence in her manner that was a little trying.

"You cannot judge how delightful my life as a school-teacher is until you try it for yourself. You might be a great success as a teacher and find the life quite desirable," I said.

"Mercy no! What a failure I would be! I have not your talents or strength of mind. All my energies go in the direction of spending money,—I have a talent in that line."

"So have I," said Miss Twisdon; "I believe I would be equal to spending a million."

They then began to talk among themselves of the last night's gaities, of the admirers who were ever so nice, of others who were perfect idiots, of the young ladies who were ill-dressed, over-dressed, odious, and frights. Donalda McAlpine ran on about a

magnificent ball she was to attend in Montreal. "It is the Highland Society ball, Miss Ray," she said to me, politely wishing to draw me into the conversation. "Miss Cameron and I are to appear in velvet dresses of the clan tartan. Ronald has bought mine; it cost an immensity. He gave me a set of cairngorm jewellery to match. The shoulder-clasp for my plaid is something exquisite, and cost oh! ever so much. Is it not lovely, Eiver?"

"Yes, it is simply gorgeous, as much so as cairngorms can be. Ronald may well give you things. He is getting to be immensely wealthy. He made a fortune out of that last timber of his," replied Miss Cameron. I had thought he was doing well; the sleigh and robes and everything about the whole turn-out spoke of recent and lavish expenditure.

He soon came back and took the ladies away; I wondered as I saw the tender courtesy he bestowed on Miss Twisdon, if he remembered his wholesale denunciation of the family to me on the way home from Mount Pleasant. Well, he could not help being polite to a young lady under his care. Angus McErracher, the only scholar yet arrived, told me that Mr. McAlpine and Miss Cameron were to be married soon; "she is counted a great beauty," he said. She did not strike me as a great beauty. She was stylish-looking, with fine eyes, which she spoiled by trying to make them so very effective. She was just a rather brilliant-looking brunette. Miss Twisdon was handsomer; a tall, well-featured blonde with a mass of flossy golden hair puffed and frizzled above her forehead. She certainly did not inherit her clear skin and golden hair from her father. Neither of them was to be compared for a moment in beauty to Amelia Marston, who was as lovely in delicate bloom as a wild rose.

"He used to go to see Miss Marston at Jessop's mills," said my communica-

tive Angus, "but he has given her up since he made such a pile on his timber. Miss Cameron's more of a swell."

I wondered if he had also given up all desire to be a Heavenly footman, I wished him a great deal of happiness with his choice, and turned to my work again. I had a painful yearning after my brother. I thought sadly how I had crossed the sea to be near him and was so divided from him. I am ashamed to say that I had jealous thoughts of Donald McAlpine and Eiver Cameron; and yet, oh my foolish inconsistency! I would not by any means have exchanged my life for theirs, my labor for their leisure, but I thought, as many a lonely heart has thought, "Am I to be always alone, always unsheltered, always uncared for."

Dr. Raper, the old doctor from Mount Pleasant, had some business at Morrison's, and he made a point of speaking seriously to me about giving up the school.

"I must speak frankly to you," he said, "You are breaking down very fast. And that airless hutch you sleep in is very unhealthy. You will be under my hands soon, if you go on as you are doing."

"I am heartily obliged to you, doctor, for your interest in me. I am not really ill, only a little tired. It would break my heart to part with my children," I said, resolutely.

The old doctor shook his head, and left me to my own self-will and what it would bring, he said. It would have been too hard to give up my school just then. Walter was so far away, and, having decided to give himself to the work of the ministry, between studying and teaching, his time was so fully occupied that my long letters, written frequently, because my heart ached after him, were answered by a note at long intervals. I heard incidentally that our dear young preacher had arrived in China, and had begun his labors there. I sometimes longed for the sound of his

voice in counsel or reproof. Robert Jessop had gone home, my feet were weary because of the way, but it would have taken more resolution than I possessed to enable me to separate myself from the fresh young hearts of my scholars, and the company of those who came to Bible-class. What a comfort was Donald Monroe's voice in prayer-meeting. It had the trumpet tone of worshipping exultation that is in the Psalms. I felt sorry for Mr. McAlpine, the fair-faced, fair-haired, kindly young man who had been a seeker for the Kingdom, whose lumbering operations were bringing him speedy riches, but who had gone back from his aspirations after running a heavenly race for a crown of glory, and was contenting himself with a brilliant share of this world's success and the glory attending on it. He had married Eiver Cameron, and I heard of their gay doings as items of news from the high life of the backwoods.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

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I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died;  
I began to be tired a little.

TENNYSON.

My mercies were as precious to me at this time as ever, my hope as bright, my Lord as near; but I held all these things with a nerveless grasp. Walter came to see me about this time. I had not seen him for so long, so very long, that I was wild with joy to see him. I had now been for all of three years teacher in Glenshie. During the last year I had only seen Walter twice. He came to tell me that he was going to college far away in the United States. We had to part again, perhaps for years, and perhaps forever. This was not the worst. He was changed, very much changed. When he used to come to see me he had always something to tell of leading and deliverance, of the goodness of the Master he served. I missed

this now. My love for Walter was "exacting," he thought,—I suppose it was; I wanted something back, I wanted love to be paid with love; but I saw that my darling brother was slipping away from me. I was born without any catches to my fingers, and could not hold the treasure I prized most on earth, do what I would. I was jealously afraid of this; but still if he kept close to the Master the love of Christ would constrain him to love me a little. I could not tell where the change was,—it pervaded everything. The more I felt this change the closer I kept to his side, as if my presence and nearness would dispel it. I had made some little presents for him, a pair of slippers, a purse, such other little trifles as would come useful in college, and I was delighted to see how much he appreciated them. I begged of him to write oftener to me to cheer up my solitariness, and, half-playfully, complained to him of his short notes in answer to my long, frequent letters.

"Why, Elizabeth!" he said a little testily, "do you know anything of how busy I have been? I taught a large advanced school in a village—and village children are proverbially hard to manage; it took hard study to prepare for my classes I tell you, and then I had to travel five miles after school for my Greek and Latin lessons, and sit up at night to prepare them. I had little time, I can tell you, to waste upon writing to you."

He did not mean what my exacting heart took out of his words. "I know you must have been very busy; I should have thought that it would have been a rest for you to write to me, and I should have rejoiced so much to have known how well you were getting along. But I daresay I am unreasonable," I said sadly.

"Of course you are unreasonable. It's your nature and you cannot help it, I suppose. Living here in the backwoods, away from everything, you have

no idea how things rush in the world, and how one must strive to keep up, or be jostled aside and run over. You cannot see it; you are behind the age out here."

"O Walter! oh, my brother! not behind the age in loving you, in being true to you!" My heart almost cried out in its painful desire to tell him this; but I crushed it down and said calmly enough, "I daresay this is a little off the thoroughfare. Tell me about yourself and your plans."

Then Walter confided to me all his arrangements for college. He had, he said, studied so hard that he hoped to stand pretty high on entering. "I do not mean to be content with an ordinary course; I mean as a scholar to stand as high as my father did, or higher," he said resolutely. "Mr. Lane, with whom I boarded, would not hear of my paying for my board. Friends in Durfield have loaded me with presents of necessary things, so that I have almost all my salary to help me along. Uncle Tom has sent me out a box of such of my father's books as I need now, and a present of money besides. Uncle Tom's a brick, and Annie sent me a pair of worked slippers—a real fancy pair, in the box with the books. Was not that nice of her?"

"Was there any news from home in your box?" I asked.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you I had a letter from Tom; he is going to college—going to be a doctor, and Annie is going to be married at Christmas time to a minister. Won't Miss Priminie, as we used to call her, make a perfectly correct minister's wife? I am glad to hear of all sorts of success and welfare happening to them," he said heartily.

"So am I," I echoed. "They gave us a home for quite a long time, and I suppose they are all the kindred we have and they meant nothing but our good."

I waited to see if my darling brother would notice any change in me, or express any regret over the long separation that was coming between us. I could not make allowance for all he had to take up his thoughts. He was evidently very much preoccupied.

"I am going to tell you a secret," he said, blushing like a rose. He put his hand into his pocket and took out a daguerrotype case with a shy delight. "This," he said, opening the case, "is a likeness of the daughter of one of my greatest friends. Is she not beautiful?"

I looked; it was Miss Twisdon? I recognized at once the fair face and locks of pale gold.

"Is she a Christian, Walter?" I asked, while my heart lamented over this new misfortune.

"She has made no profession yet," he answered, gazing fondly at the likeness; "but that will come all right in time. Her father is an influential friend. He has given me excellent advice. It is something for my inexperience to have found so wise and powerful a friend as the Hon Didymus Twisdon."

"Do not let earthly considerations sway your love, Walter, my brother. If you become an ambassador for Christ, think of the clog a worldly, fashionable wife will be to your usefulness; and oh, Walter! be careful, if you involve your honor, you will have to keep to your word, may be to your ruin. If you take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these are, the daughters of high life in this land, what good will my life do me?"

"It is too late for you to advise or warn, Elizabeth? I am committed to her,—I love her?"

"O Walter! oh, my brother!"

I rose from my seat, went over and pressed my lips to his forehead. I could not speak all my sympathy and all my sorrow.

"Do not give way to tragedy airs and heroics," said Walter, pulling me

down beside him. "Be sensible and confess. Is she not lovely?"

"Lovely in your eyes she must be, Walter, when you have chosen her."

"Lovely in any eyes she is! Look at her clear complexion, and her hair, and her eyes. You will not see such a girl every day. And her mother is a perfect lady. I think I am very happy to be preferred by such a girl."

"I should have thought she would have selected some rich lumberman instead of one who will at best be but a poor preacher," I said.

"That is what I wonder at; but I am determined to become such a one as she will be proud of. I will bring her name and fame, if she will bring me money."

I could not tell him any of my adventures with the Hon. Mr. Twisdon. He would not listen, and what end would it serve? I sat quiet with my hand on his shoulder, making a mighty effort to keep back the tears that would anger him, I knew.

"By the way, Elma—is not that a pretty name?—told me she met with you coming up from Glendalough with the McAlpines last winter. She praised you highly. It will not be long till I get through college, and then when I have a home you will come and live with us.

"And that McAlpine is married to Eiver Cameron the belle and the beauty? Richard Jessop thought he had a fancy for you," said Walter enquiringly.

"Richard Jessop was mistaken, Walter," I said quietly.

When he stooped to kiss me good-bye—the good-bye that was to be so long—I had not, I could not say what my love of him and my fears for him made me think. I clung to him and whispered amid my tears, "O Walter, keep close to the Master. Hold Him; do not let Him go."

"No danger! There's no danger, little sister," he said, and kissed me hastily and was gone. I thought he

was glad to go, glad to have the parting over, glad to enter on the brilliant career he had mapped out before him. I could not rest that night; I was warring with my love and the pain it brought. A separation, I felt, had come between my brother and me, worse than distance, worse than death—the separation of thought and purpose. I could not sleep; all my thoughts of him and for him surged up and down in my mind till they partly shaped themselves in words, which I called

## SEPARATION.

He has come, and he has gone,  
Meeting, parting both are o'er;  
And I feel the same dull pain,  
Aching heart and throbbing brain,  
Coming o'er me once again,  
That I often felt before.

For he is my father's son,  
And in childhood's loving time,  
He and I so lone, so young,  
No twin blossoms ever sprung,  
No twin cherries ever clung  
Closer than his heart and mine.

He is changed, ah me! ah me!  
Have we then a different aim?  
Shall earth's glory or its gold  
Make his heart to mine grow cold?  
Or can new love kill the old?  
Leaving me for love and fame.

Oh, my brother, fair to see!  
Idol of my lonely heart,  
Parting is a time of test.  
Father, give him what is best,  
Father, keep him from the rest, —  
Bless him though we fall apart.

Well I know love will not die,  
It will cause us bliss or pain;  
We may part for many years,  
But my loving prayers and tears,  
Rising up to Him who hears,  
Will yet draw him back again.

From the fount of tenderness,  
All the past comes brimming up;  
When his brow is touched with care,  
When no grief of his I share,  
When we're separated far,  
It will be a bitter cup;  
Bless him from before Thy throne.  
Thus my heart to Thee makes moan,  
Keep him, Lord, where he is gone.

The lines were a relief to me, and a comfort too, under a sorrow that certainly was the greatest I could know.



He was everything to me, and I could only be a part to him, and loneliness and illness exaggerated my feelings and the change in him perhaps—no, that I could not exaggerate; it was too real, too apparent. Even Mrs. Morrison had remarked to me, "Your brother is forgetting you. He is getting highfalutin. I guess he has taken cabin passage for heaven."

Next morning on attempting to rise my head swam round and I fainted. Mrs. Morrison found me insensible, and I was quite unprepared for the love and tenderness she lavished on me. My scholars also bewildered me with tokens of their love. The doctor came and reminded me that he had warned me of this. "She is worn out," he said to Mrs. Morrison, "and she must have rest."

It was the rest of the grave I wanted. I resolutely turned my face to the wall. Walter was away, very busy, with a long career of usefulness and honor before him. I was not needed on earth by any one except my scholars, and there were teachers in plenty for them. Over where all my friends were was the most desirable place for me. But I got better without any wish of my own, and the birds sang and the flowers bloomed for me again. I grew very fond of Mrs. Morrison, she was so tender with me, so motherly to me. I was sorry I had ever underrated her heart. I did not know very well what to do as my strength came back to me. I felt unequal to the work of the school. There were, as I said before, I believe, eighty-five names on the roll. I felt that I could not go back to do the work inefficiently. I must give it up; I could not honestly do otherwise. The old doctor came to me with an offer. A friend of his, a lady who resided on the upper Ottawa, wanted a governess for her own family and had written to him to engage a suitable person for her. The salary, he said, was larger than I was receiving, and the change of air, and the motherly kindness of his friend,

Mrs. Forsythe, would set me up again. "The duties are so light," he urged, "compared to your work here that your teaching will be comparative rest."

I looked at the matter and took counsel, and I saw that I had no choice: I must accept the situation as a providential opening. I consented to go as soon as I was at all able to travel. The first time I was able to be out on horseback I rode a piece up the road, Neil Morrison accompanying me. I had some thought of calling on Donald Monroe. We rode slowly over the hills, past the white house of the Squire—past the saw-mill; and at length at a turn of the road we came in sight of the bard's dwelling. Mrs. Monroe, looking many years younger, with a soft flush on her cheek, stood at the door; she was looking in another direction and did not see us. She called Donald, and he came to the door, and laid his arm round her shoulders, as he listened to what she was saying. In both their faces shone restored love and confidence, proving that the verdure of a late spring-time had come to her withered life, and that

"Above the little grave

They had kissed again with tears."

"Will you go in?" said Neil. I could not bear to break up the picture, and felt more willing to turn home; so it happened that this was the last time I ever saw the bard and his wife, so the picture lives in my memory. I have to travel further, a wanderer through the wilderness. I may sometimes meet bands of doubters belonging to the great army of Diabolus; I shall be glad in passing them to sing,

"My eyes have seen the glory of the presence  
of the Lord."

I said to Neil, as we rode slowly home, "Whatever comes to us in the future we can never forget that we have seen the power of the Gospel in subduing and saving."

"We cannot forget," said Neil, ear-

nestly, "if we are living witnesses, as I trust we are this day."

I took another day to ride over to Jessops to bid farewell to those who had so kindly claimed kindred with a stranger. They could not be strangers to me any more forever; and our parting was the parting of near and dear friends. It was hard parting from Glenshie; parting pain must be good for us, it occurs so often here below. Every memory of my life in Glenshie is sweet, for truly it was a blessed place to me. I was still weak after my illness, and tears mingled freely with my farewells—to the school-house, where I went to add the last lines to my manuscript record of what it had been my lot to see, and think and feel in pleasant Glenshie—to my darling children, my black-eyed Katie, my blue-eyed Annie, and my sweet dove, little Alice, and my boys, all my dear lads with their bothering ways, it was hard parting with them all. My good-bye to dear Mrs. Morrison was so tender that I wondered if it was true that I ever felt afraid of her. My last farewell was to the kind old grannie who in a trembling blessing committed me to the Lamb of God, and so ended my life in Glenshie.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

Through many an hour of summer suns,  
By many pleasant ways,  
Against its fountain upward runs  
The current of my days.

TENNYSON.

"You are not going to end it that way?" says my familiar spirit—a home critic.

"Why not? It purports only to be Life in Glenshie, and I have left Glenshie behind and have scarcely an excuse to write any more."

"Never mind that; add one more chapter to finish off your school life."

"But it is not finished off yet."

"Well it is—at least there is an interregnum before you take up a new scholar, 'who will task all your ener-

gies.' I am so used to obedience during my whole life long that I do as I am told instinctively."

\* \* \* \* \*

My worldly goods were not sufficient to embarrass me with a great amount of baggage. Doctor Raper kindly drove me all the long miles to the station, where for the first time in my life I set my foot on a railway car. I looked out of the window at the moving landscape of bush and clearing farm and village, mount and stream. It was a surpassingly beautiful panorama and exhibited free. The engine panted along swiftly, like something flying for dear life, that occasionally came to a gasping stop and squatted down to take breath. They said they were taking in wood, or laying off, or taking on freight. I saw nothing of all this, so stopping to breathe was a thought as good as any to me. At last with a rush and a scream we dashed into Ottawa. I had been directed by my kind friend the doctor to stop at Matthews' Hotel, which he characterized as "clean, comfortable and homelike," and to my satisfaction I found the description true. I was treated with as much attention as if I did not travel alone. In Ottawa I remained till the next morning. During the evening I wandered out a little to see the town, but felt too lonely and weak to hunt up points of interest, and I returned to the hotel. Early next morning I and my belongings were transferred to a crowded, top-heavy stage and driven a good many miles over a rather smooth road to a village where the boat lay that was to bear us upward on the mighty Ottawa. This drive took us across the new and wonderful suspension bridge that spans the river at the rapids of the Chaudiere. I got a hasty look at the falls as we drove past and felt the air laden with "the fragrance of the enriching pine," for there are many saw-mills here and immense piles of lumber. The stage

passed under an arch made entirely of sawn lumber that was erected in honor of the visit of the young Prince of Wales. It was worthy of admiration indeed. When we got on board the boat I went down to the ladies' cabin at once and lay down. I was still weak, and the motion of the boat made me feel sick. I was not able to go to breakfast, which was announced shortly after the boat started by means of a bell, loud enough to startle nervous people. The long drive might have given me an appetite, but it had failed to do so. One of the maids on the boat brought me a cup of tea, and I was refreshed. She advised me to go up to the upper deck and sit in the air and I would feel better. "We have a great many on the boat to-day," said the communicative maid. "There is a party of officers from Quebec going to see the Upper Ottawa, and shoals of lumbermen."

I made my way to the upper deck and sat down on one of the white benches, securely iron-fastened in their places, which ran round the stern. On the bow the group of officers were seated, surrounded by a good many gentlemen-passengers, who were making themselves agreeable to the military. There were a good many ladies and children on board, but every lady was in care of some one. I only was by myself a bird alone. I turned my back resolutely to this thought and looked at the prospect. Very fair it was, and romantic enough to be the setting for any tale of love or adventure, or for any poem that the poet of the future may write. After long sailing we came to an enchanting prospect. I never in my life before saw a more delightful scene. The mighty river rushed in innumerable cascades over the rocks, among woody islets; swept round points where the great trees crowded rank on rank to the water edge, here twisting between little islands in streams beaten into foam, there falling in

smooth sheets over the rocks into the seething, tumbling, boiling channel below. Every variety of cascade, waterfall, rapid, torrent, was roaring, leaping and gambolling here. Every movement of the boat brought us opposite a new phase of this beauty, where the green of the woods and the gleam of the waters met, mingled, receded; the sound of many waterfalls, the whisperings of the pines blending in Nature's wild rejoicings. Nature is a constant friend, and never disowns or forgets kindredship. She made me as welcome to her beauties as if I had come a queen attended by any number of maids of honor.

When our boat somewhat suddenly stopped at a wharf, all the passengers hurried ashore and up a lofty wooden staircase, leading up like Jack's beanstalk to higher regions. I found that the falls I was admiring so much made it necessary to invent some way of passing them. I was about the last to ascend the stairs.

When I arrived at the top new wonders awaited me. I found the passengers seating themselves hastily in cars to be drawn by horses over a sort of wooden railroad. It looked a little insecure; and it made me slightly dizzy to look down in places where the track swung high from peak to peak and the trees and shrubs were far below. The officers were in the foremost car, and were, as I saw by their gestures, enjoying the scenery and pointing out noticeable things to one another. The cars came to a stand-still at another wharf, up to which a boat was making her way, bowing and courtseying across the swells, and leaving a wide, spreading wake behind her. I felt a nearness to something, I knew not what, make my heart beat irregularly. As the passengers crowded from the horse-cars to the boat, I thought one of them in the turn of the shoulder and carriage of the head bore a strong resemblance to Arthur. I went into the ladies' cabin

as soon as I got on board, feeling quite excited. After a while I ventured to the upper deck, desirous to satisfy my curiosity and be sure if it was any more than a resemblance that I saw. They were at the bow as before, and I soon singled out the figure I sought, and watched him from a distance till he turned his face, and sure enough it was Arthur. Arthur changed, oh! so much for the better, but still Arthur. There was the old imperative ring in his voice and the keen, bright glance of fun and command in his dark eye; but he was graver and more manly-looking, as be-seemed his years. I did not know whether to be glad or sorry that I had met with Arthur, glad I was, certainly, to see the great change for the better in him. But as I was weak and alone I dreaded his old teasing humor if he recognized me. I went down and shut myself up in the depths of the ladies' cabin. A recollection of old times led me into the triangular closet called by courtesy a dressing-room, to take a good look at myself in private and see if it was likely he would recognize me. I had changed a good deal,—my late illness had left me very thin and white. The marks of three years' absolute rule over my darling scholars in Glenshie, had given me an older and more worn look than my years warranted. I think I have set down that I was not handsome; I was not. It had prevented me from thinking anything of Richard Jessop's flowery compliments or believing him much in earnest when he professed to feel a tenderness for me. My large black eyes, that used to remind Aunt Henderson so unpleasantly of my mother, looked larger and blacker in contrast with the whiteness of my face. My hair, also like my mother's, was very long, and black, and silky. I had always worn it in curls. I am afraid I was a little vain of my hair, regarding it as my solitary beauty. I got some hairpins from my satchel and coiled it away, concluding that if I kept

my eyes cast down, I was so altered that he was not likely to recognize in the grave, sickly-looking woman the child he had loved to torment.

"I wonder if he is as great a tease as he used to be!" I said to myself.

Dinner was rather late on the boat and I was hungry, my strange discovery having banished sickness. When I took my place at table I found myself right opposite to Arthur. I kept my eyes persistently on my plate, and avoided looking up even to answer the waiters who were supplying our wants assiduously.

Arthur was engaged in an animated conversation with the officer beside him on some point of comparison between the scenery of the Ottawa and that of some other river, I did not catch the name, where they had been together.

Their playful discussion kept his eyes from wandering across the table, and I could now and then look up to see how little he was altered. In fact I thought the only change was that he had lost the traces of dissipation that he had when I last saw him. "He cannot be a drunkard now," I said to myself, gladly. At this moment, as we rose from the table, he turned quickly, and our eyes met. He knew me at once, and sprang to meet me, saying,

"Elizabeth! Is it possible that you are here?"

"I did not think you would remember me, Arthur."

"Remember you! Do you think I would not remember your eyes if I met them alone? There never were any other eyes like yours."

He introduced me to the officer with whom he had been disputing, a Lieutenant Halliday, and then we went to the stern of the boat and sat down to talk of the strange chances that led to our meeting on the Ottawa.

"Where is Walter?" was his first question.

"He has been teaching and study-

ing, both. He has gone to a college in the States lately. He is determined to be a minister," I said.

"Yes, that is his manifest destiny. He ought to be a minister. But—" he paused, and then said, earnestly, "Do you think Walter's determination is because he is called of God to the work, or because his father was one?"

"Walter is a Christian, Arthur," I said, "and he is very popular and energetic. I know he believes he is called, and I hope and trust he will be a power for good."

I looked at Arthur, hoping—yet afraid to ask the question that trembled on my lips. He looked at me and smiled his old teasing smile. "What are you thinking about? Do you think One who came not to call the righteous, but sinners, would not call me?"

I did not answer; I just looked at him.

"I did not seek Him, Elizabeth; He sought me, and found me," he added, reverently.

I was so glad I could say nothing, only look my gladness. I told Arthur of the Enbridge news which I had heard lately from Walter, of my life in Glenshie, my school, and of the young minister who had done the work of an apostle in the place.

"And where are you going now?" he enquired.

"To teach in a family at a place far up the river."

"You do not look fit for teaching. You do not look like one well enough to go round alone. You need some one to take care of you."

"When Walter gets through and is a placed minister somewhere, I will keep house for him. I look forward to our living together," I replied.

"Do you not think your handsome brother will take to himself a wife by that time?" said Arthur.

"It may be, but that will not hinder." While I was saying this I

thought with a shudder that if ever he married Miss Twisdon his home would not be a home for me. Then Arthur told me how he had fared since he came that deplorable Sunday into the large kitchen at Enbridge to see me.

"I thought I should have died of shame when I became sober," he said. "I have never touched liquor since. That was a turning-point with me. I worked steadily, dressed well, reformed outwardly like the Pharisees of old. One day I met, by accident, an old friend of my father's. He took hold of me, and managed aunt somehow, so that I got an ensign's commission. I have worked my way up. I am a captain now."

"How did you become a Christian, Arthur?"

"It is a long story to tell; I will tell you all about it some day. There were good men who followed us to the Crimea. We were in need of the Gospel message, when death was hourly so near. I believed and was saved."

We were interrupted by Lieutenant Halliday coming to ask us to go forward to see the boat steaming up a rapid. We did so and watched with great interest the battle between the little boat and the current. She worked her way up, hung on the verge for a moment, as if uncertain whether to slide back or go forward, then with a tremble and shiver steamed on into the calmer waters above the rapid. We were over. When this boat stopped we were transferred to wagons and driven across a long rocky portage. These changes are necessary to pass the rapids that prevent the navigation of the river where they occur. Across this portage was a long, weary drive, but I had Arthur now to take a brother's care of me. I found it very pleasant to be cared for. It was quite dark before we came to the end of the portage, and again we took passage on a little boat—a boat that looked much too small to hold so many. She

swallowed us all up, however, and piles and stacks of freight besides, and worked away with us, puffing and snorting in a patient and contented manner, breathing out a shower of sparks that streamed in a fiery veil behind her. We had a most comfortable supper served in the little crowded cabin, and the attendance was so cordial and homelike that it was very enjoyable. When we landed we found stages waiting for us. They carried lanterns, which seemed necessary, the night was so dark and the roads were so bad. It was now after eleven o'clock, and we journeyed along at a slow walk. The road was dreadful. Every little while the horses floundered into deep holes, in which they threatened to go out of sight altogether. The stage before us held a mother with a large family of children, going up the river to rejoin her husband. After every plunge into a gulf, and jolty scramble out of it, the stage driver stopped his horses and solemnly counted over the children for fear that any had been jerked off in the struggle. About one in the morning we came to a fine town, in one street, like Jack's long-backed mare. The houses were all lofty and pretentious, ready when the town became a city, to become part and parcel of its splendor. We stopped at an immense galleried hotel, where princes of the blood royal had put up we were informed. I am sure none of them were more glad than I was to lay down a tired head and snatch a few hours sleep. Early in the morning we were roused and driven to another landing to take another boat. I asked Arthur how far he intended to go.

"When we started," he said, "I intended to go with my companions up on one of the tributaries of the Ottawa to hunt. I do not know but I have altered my intentions."

This day's journey was through scenery more wildly romantic than any I had yet seen. The mountains in

some places were bare of the least vegetation, lifting brown, rocky shoulders to the sky. In other places the hills, rising one beyond the other, their backs covered with spiky pines, looked like some immense water monsters that had crawled up to sun themselves, and been changed into mountains by enchantment as they lay. In one place the river widened out and was dotted with many islands, again it narrowed into a deep channel. Where the river was wide and islands lay out from the shore in profusion there was a wharf and a couple of houses. To one side, where a clearing swept round a little bay below a wooded ridge, a small steepled church and a school-house stood like sentries, alone and lonely-looking. When the boat stopped here the captain told me I had come to my journey's end.

"And here is Mr. Forsythe waiting for you," he added.

Mr. Forsythe came on board when the boat stopped, and was introduced to me by the captain. My trunks were pushed ashore and I found myself on the wharf, and the boat steamed on and left me; I turned, Arthur was beside me, asking for an introduction to Mr. Forsythe.

"Are you leaving your company?" I asked in astonishment.

"I will get enough of them," he said. "It is a long time since we parted, little sister, and I have not yet been satisfied with your company."

A few words of explanation and Mr. Forsythe extended a hearty invitation to Arthur. "A visit from an officer of Her Majesty is an honor we do not often enjoy away up here," he said.

We left the wharf and struck into a natural avenue of trees, along which we walked for a little way and came out on a clear space in sight of the river and its islands. Here stood a large rambling wooden house, and at the door stood Mrs. Forsythe waiting to receive us—a very stout, portly

woman. When I came near enough to speak to her, imagine my surprise to find that it was Jane Geddes! I knew her at once, and she knew me. How she did kiss and cry over me till Arthur put in a claim to be noticed.

"Have you forgotten me, Jane?" he asked. She looked at him.

"You will not let yourself be forgotten if you are the same Arthur you used to be," she said, laughing. We laughed and cried, Jane and I, and were beside ourselves with joy.

"To think it was my darling that was coming to me, and me expecting a stranger," said Jane.

"To think that I was coming to you, Jane, when I needed a rest so much!" I said, clinging to her like a child. "God was leading me to you and I knew it not," I whispered.

"I am left out in the cold altogether," said Mr. Forsythe in good-humored complaint. "It seems I am the only stranger here."

"You are just as much rejoiced as I am," said his wife, "and if you and Miss Elizabeth—yes, and Mr. Arthur are strangers it is not because you have not heard about them often enough."

How we did rejoice over one another, Jane and I! What delight she took in showing me her children!—she had five, and there was both a Walter and an Elizabeth among them. What talks we had of Grey Abbey and Enbridge days, of her old adversary Jane Drennan!

I knew how tired I had been when I felt free to rest, and I did rest, and Jane said I got to look more like my old self every day.

Although Arthur had let the hunting expedition go on without him, Mr. Forsythe took pains to show him what sport could be got where he was.

With a very little teaching, a great deal of rest, and delightful companionship with Jane and her family, and with Arthur, the days flew by. Every day I

learned more and more to glorify the transforming power of the Gospel as exemplified in Arthur. He was a thoroughly Christian man. He was one who would be a leader of men, but his wilfulness was changed into firmness. "He had," he said, "got a Captain worth following, worth obeying." He had so learned Christ that he would not—could not hide his influence. When his leave of absence expired, he returned to his regiment, deeply regretted by Jane's boys, whom he used to drill on the sands by the river to their great delight. He said to me in his masterful way, "I shall take care of you always, Elizabeth. We will never part any more. I will come for you one of these days, and you will be ready. We need one another."

I will not put down the nonsense he talked, which he had learned in the army. He insisted we were engaged in Enbridge, when we touched thumbs. It was in vain I reminded him that he then thought me too ugly for anything but to pray for him. And he answered, "It is the fairest and truest that goes in unto the King for us. We belong to one another. I am to come back for you," he said. And being so very self-willed I suppose he will have his way.

Sorrows never come singly, they say; I know that joys have come to me—gladness upon gladness, till my prayers are all thanksgiving.

Only think! Walter has come, really come, come back to me! Miss Twisdon has made a suitable match, and forsaken him. The Lord has opened his eyes to see the escape he has had from mating with one who would not be a help, but a hindrance, to him. He has found that the friendship of this world worketh no happiness to those who are Christ's friends. The cup is bitter now; it will be joyful by and by.

Arthur is here for the last time. Walter and he are talking together in the long room while I write these last

words. To-morrow is Christmas day. | day, and, as I said before, being wil-  
Arthur says it is to be his marriage | ful, he will have his way.

THE END.



TO THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! is't thy step, New Year?  
With sure but stealthy pace thou aye dost come;  
And in thy train are gladdening gifts for some;  
O haste thee, glad New Year!

*Too* swift thy step, New Year!  
The past had gathered friends from many lands,  
And thou dost come to part their clasped hands:  
Alas, *so* near, New Year!

“O haste!” “Delay!” New Year;—  
Two prayers together rising up to Heaven:  
Trust in the answer; is it not God given?  
Meet bravely the New Year!

Welcome the new, New Year!  
O clear-voiced Truth, lead in the coming morn;  
And gentle Charity, our lives adorn:  
Hope lives in the New Year!

GOWAN LEA.



## IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

“NIHIL EST ALUID MAGNUM QUAM MULTA MINUTA.”

“It is only a trifle,” said again the sweet voice of a fair young face to me. But, my dear, I replied, reading and experience make me doubt our capacity to judge what is a trifle, or, indeed, whether there be such a thing. The influence which so-called little things have exercised, and are exercising, should lead one to believe that none can determine anything to be unimportant. A morsel of ice on the doorstep, a piece of orange peel on the sidewalk, have brought death into households. The picking up of a pin led to the promotion of Lafitte into a banker, a millionaire, and a minister. The skill of a peasant boy in making bird-traps led to his becoming the Duke of Luines, and accelerated the first French Revolution. The fate of an empire at one time depended upon the cry of an infant, and dynasties on the delay at a dinner-table.

There is no anecdote I have read of the late Duke of Wellington which, to my mind, so vividly illustrates the cause of his invariable success as a soldier, as that which represents him, on the eve of one of his great battles, sitting in his tent and writing on the comparative merit of tin and copper canisters for soldiers' use! Nor in the life of his great rival, Napoleon, have I found a better illustration of a similar trait than that which took place when he came on board the “Bellerophon.” It is said the first object which attracted his notice on deck, was the manner in which a sentinel carried his musket; and his first remark was to show the soldier a superior method of carriage. The watchfulness of, and attention to what weaker minds would have regarded as trifles, which caused one great general, though burdened with the anx-

ieties of an approaching battle, to write folio after folio; and another, who had conquered empires, to watch and instruct a private soldier, although suffering at the moment the loss of all his conquests, and himself a prisoner;—this regard for so-called trifles, I repeat, under such circumstances is to my mind the strongest illustration of the means by which Mr. Wellesley became the Duke of Wellington, and a poor Corsican adventurer an Emperor of France!

Unfortunately for themselves, men of genius are not always distinguished for carefulness. With some of them, as poor Goldsmith said of a poet, “his conversation was that of a man of sense, while his actions were those of a fool.” But even “Goldy,” with all his thriftlessness, was the most careful of writers. He would empty his pockets into the hands of a beggar, and waste his time until the importunities of his creditors and the cravings of hunger compelled him to work, yet in his labors in that field on which his fame is based, no man was more observant of every trifle,—he would alter and realter a sentence, and devote a whole day to the improvement of a couplet.

The lives of eminent men—the history of important inventions, and of political events, furnish many interesting illustrations of the important influence circumstances, very slight in themselves, have exercised. Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him on a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he passed by. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the

thunder-storm at Erfurt. If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, said Pascal, the condition of the world would have been different.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," tells us that the taste of Vancauson for mechanics was determined by an accident. In boyhood he was compelled to accompany his mother in her long and frequent visits to the confessional, and while this pious lady "wept with repentance," her son sometimes "wept from weariness." At one of these visits his attention was attracted by the uniform movements of a pendulum attached to a clock. He approached and examined the mechanism. This stimulated his curiosity, and he continued from thence to study mechanics with unwearied zeal and eminent success up to his death. He also became the founder of that magnificent collection of machinery in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, at Paris. A similar incident directed the genius of Galileo. While reclining against a pillar in the Cathedral of Pisa, during his boyhood, his attention was drawn to the movements of the pendulum of the Cathedral's clock. He thereupon applied his fingers to his pulse, and observed that the beatings of both the pulse and the pendulum corresponded. This suggested to him the idea of applying this measurement of time to the ascertainment of health by pulsation. The instrument he made to attain these objects enabled Newton to determine the resistance of fluid media, and Cavendish to ascertain the density of the earth. In this little event in the Cathedral we see developed one important discovery after another, and the revelation of a law which regulates all intellectual progression. As the physical world was created in successive stages, step by step, we have no right to expect that we can make any startling progress by an intellectual *coup de main*. Nearly all important discoveries are the result of

experiments made from time to time. It would be as unjust to ascribe the sole merit of the steam engine to Stephenson because he first applied it to the locomotive, as to give to Watt the sole merit of discovering the property of steam because he first applied it to manufacture. Give them all the praise they deserve, but let us not forget, nor let us be ungrateful to their pioneers in science. Though steam was not successfully applied to machinery until the close of the last century, its capabilities as a motive power were known and experimented upon, and valuable facts learnt centuries before the advent of Watt or Stephenson. In this history we may trace, step after step, the successive developments of its properties, from the experiments of Hero and Savary, through Newcoman and others, until we reach its conquest at the hands of James Watt. Nor in looking upon a handsomely printed volume should we ascribe all our praise to Gutenberg; for the invention of printing, you know, was attained by a similar graduating process. Chinese blocks, wood cuts of saints, and the printing of playing cards, afforded as much assistance to the German as did the experiments of Hero, Savary, and Newcoman to the Scotchmen. What a lesson these facts suggest! The experiments of Hero and Savary, and the printing blocks of the Chinese, we should regard in themselves as little things; but when the former are considered in reference to the steam-engine, and the latter in reference to the printing press, then what an importance they suddenly assume! And if the history of all important discoveries were investigated, I believe it would be found that if one, here and there, arose suddenly like one of the mysterious islands in the Pacific, the rest may be traced to an incident at first apparently trifling, and like the physical world to the geologist, gradually ascended stratum after stratum,

through many minds, through many experimental steps, and much time, ere they fully developed themselves.—Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, though attributed to the fall of an apple, is no exception to the rule. The apple's fall may have suggested the existence of the law, but antecedent discoveries of Copernicus and of Galileo enabled him to find it, and a prior discovery of Kepler's enabled him to prove it. And in contemplating the *nadir* of modern science, during which these and other great men existed, the mutual assistance which they unintentionally rendered each other, and the relationship which one discovery bore to another, forms by no means its least instructive feature. The solar system as discovered by Copernicus, opposed as it was to the theory entertained for some centuries previous to his time, simply proved the doctrine of Ptolemy's anterior to the Christian era. The invention of spectacles by a Dutchman suggested to Galileo the invention of the telescope, and Kepler admitted that his celebrated discovery of the laws of motion of the planetary bodies, by which many other astronomical discoveries have been made, would never have been found by him without the astronomical observations of Tycho Brahe.

Biographies are rich in examples of the great result of little things. Lord Clive, who may be called the founder of the British Empire in India, was occasionally subjected to mental depression. During one of those attacks he attempted, like Wallenstein under a similar affliction, to commit suicide. To his astonishment the pistol missed fire. This escape induced him to believe he was saved by the special interposition of Providence, and that he was therefore reserved for the accomplishment of some important undertaking. This belief was fully realized.\* The

\* A similar belief in their future was early entertained by Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon I.,

rapidity with which he stepped from his position as a clerk in the counting-house to that of a skilful general, a mighty conqueror, and an able diplomatist, appears in his life more like a romance than a reality. Thus the absence, or the dampness, of a few grains of gunpowder, or an imperfection in the mechanism of a pistol, was the means of adding over eleven hundred thousand square miles to British territory, and nearly two hundred and forty million of subjects to the British Empire.

An oft-repeated anecdote of King Robert Bruce bears so strong a connection with this subject that I must be pardoned for its reproduction. It is said he was infused with the perseverance which enabled him to rescue Scotland from the English, by means of a spider. While he was concealed in a cave, and despairing of success, he observed this little insect trying to ascend his web. Objects like these, uncared for or unnoticed by us in active life, become in solitude subjects of watchfulness and interest, of which Silvio Pellico, in his prison experiences, gives many pleasing examples. Thus Bruce, in his hiding-place, watched the movements of a little spider, and learnt from them a lesson which crowned his aims with success. "Ah!" he cried, "you have won at last. In my six efforts to regain my country, I have failed. But I may, like the spider, win by the seventh." He left the cave, and the battle of Bannockburn was the result. Thus a monarch may be taught by a worm, and a country saved through a spider!

A similar tradition is related of Mahomet. It is said that when pursued by his enemies he escaped them, and his life was thus saved by a web which was spread across the entrance of the

Goethe, Swift and Byron. Perhaps all destined to be distinguished above their fellows have thus the consciousness of the power long before it is called into exercise.

cave shortly after he had entered it for concealment. When his pursuers reached it they declined to enter, because the web was to them sufficient proof that Mahomet was not within. If this be true (the moral is, if not the anecdote), what a wonderful example it furnishes of the importance of a trifle! A spider's web, when it appears in our homes, is a signal for the thrifty housemaid to rush after her broom and dustpan, and with these, consign it to immediate destruction; but in this tradition it was an agent for effecting one of the great revolutions of the world. This uncleanly offspring of an insignificant insect was a means of founding the Mahomedan Empire,—an empire which embraced the greater part of Asia, a part of Africa, and threatened to overrun Europe; for had not Charles Martel won his victories over the Saracens in France, we might be worshipping in a mosque, instead of a Christian church, and studying the Koran, instead of our Bibles! If this little thing had not then and there manufactured his trap to catch a passing fly, Moslemism would have had no existence, and Europe would now be spared the cost and anxiety of how best to deal with Turkey.

Another anecdote, suggestive of a similar moral, occurred at the commencement of the first French Revolution. According to Madame Tussand, who was a *dame d'honneur* to Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI. was prevented from escaping from France by his unnecessary delay at his dinner, at an inn on the road from Versailles to the frontier. That delay enabled his pursuers to overtake him, his wife, his sister, and their companions. That meal, we may say, cost him his life, and that of those two beautiful and amiable, but badly-advised ladies. Had they escaped, France might have been spared many of her excesses, and Napoleon might have lived and died an obscure soldier.

And writing of the first French Revolution, the late G. P. R. James, in his reminiscences, narrates the following incident appropriate to the subject of this paper: "The present state of France," said he, "the whole mass of facts, incidents, and events which are there going on, may all be owing to a lady, whom I knew well, having splashed her stocking fifty years ago. She was going out of her house, with a relation, in the town of Douai, when, carelessly putting her foot on a stone, she splashed her stocking. She went back to change it. The delay occupied a quarter of an hour. When she went out again, she met at the corner of the *Place* a man, since too famous in history, then commonly known as nothing but a clever fop. His name was François Maximilian Robespierre. Instead of going on, he turned with her and her relation, and walked up and down the *Place* for half an hour. In one of the houses hard by a debating society was discussing some political question. As they passed to and fro Robespierre listened at the door from time to time, and at length, pronouncing the debaters to be all fools, he rushed in to set them right. From that moment he entered vehemently into all the fiery discussions which preceded the Revolution, in which he had never taken part before, and grasped at power which opened the doors of the cage, and let out the tiger in his heart. Thus, had the lady not splashed her stocking, she would not have met the future tyrant,—he would have pursued his way, and would not have turned back upon the *Place*; he would not have heard the debate that first called him into action, for he was going to leave Douai the next day, and who can say how that one fact, in combination with other facts, might have affected the whole social world at present?"

Miss Pardoe, in her history of the court of Louis XIV., also furnishes another proof of the startling conse-

quences which sometimes follow a little thing. This monarch, on one occasion, she says, went to inspect the progress of the building of the Trianon, near his palace at Versailles. He was accompanied by Louvois, his war minister. In his tour of inspection he declared one of the windows to be out of proportion. Louvois, jealous of the royal works, said he was mistaken. Summoning Le Notre, the architect, the King requested him to measure it. While this was being done, he walked to and fro, in an irritable manner, at the pertinacity of his minister, who continued to persist in the accuracy of the window. The King, however, was right, the minister wrong; the window was a few inches too small. Becoming still more angry at the discovery of the truth of his charge, Louis angrily declared it was fortunate he had inspected the work, or the building would have been crooked. This scene, which took place in the presence of several courtiers and workmen, so stung Louvois, that on entering his house he declared,—“I am lost if I do not find an occupation for this man, who can interest himself in such trifles. There is nothing but a war can divert him from his buildings, and a war he shall have.” He kept his word, and he plunged Europe into a bloody conflict, because a window had been made a few inches too small.

A mere accident also prevented Mr. Jefferson's plan for the extinction of slavery in the United States from the year 1800. He introduced this measure as a delegate from Virginia in 1784. The vote was taken by States, and no State could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six of the thirteen States which then comprised the Union voted in its favor; three against it. One vote more would have given the majority of the Confederation. Georgia and Delaware were then unrepresented. North Carolina's influence was neutralized by the division of her delegates.

New Jersey, whose vote would have saved the measure, was rendered powerless by the accidental absence of one of her representatives. This was fatal; for when a similar measure was proposed three years later by Mr. Dana, of Massachusetts, it was found that the South, in the meantime, had taken a more decided opposition, and the proposition was modified to the exclusion of slavery north-west of the Ohio, which restriction was, however, nullified by the admission of Louisiana in 1803, and subsequently by the admission of Texas, and repeal of the Missouri compromise, which excluded slavery from the territory ceded by France north of 36° 30' N. lat. not included in the State of Missouri. We may thus assume that had this New Jersey delegate been present in 1784, the United States might have been spared the recent civil war, the loss and suffering it inflicted, and the thousands of lives it sacrificed.

But while some great and good measures may have been defeated by an accident, there have been others gained by a similar manner. The bill granting one of the most important elements in the liberty of Anglo-Saxon nations, that of Habeas Corpus, was carried by a joke, in the House of Commons of England. In taking the vote, a witty member exclaimed on the appearance of a portly member, who voted for the yeas, that he ought to be counted as two. The clerk of the House, not perceiving the joke, and supposing from the remark two more had voted, entered it accordingly, and the bill was passed by a majority of one!

So, also, that noble institution the British and Foreign Bible Society owes its origin, humanly speaking, to a very little thing. The Rev. Daniel Wilson, in a recent address at a public meeting of the Society in London, speaks of it as follows:—“How wonderful the history of this Society is! How little could that Welsh girl who, in the year

1802, was met by Mr. Charles of Bala, in her seven miles weekly walk to read the Bible—how little could she then imagine that the very fact of Mr. Charles's meeting her at that time would lead him to come up to London to ask for Welsh Bibles; and then the idea struck our venerable friend Joseph Hughes—'Why not establish a society for sending Bibles to Wales? If to Wales, why not to England? If to England, why not to Europe? If to Europe, why not to the whole world?' Thus the small mustard seed has spread and increased, so that within the life of a single man, the fact of that little girl going seven miles weekly for a Bible has led to this wondrous distribution of 76,000,000 copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, throughout the length and breadth of the World!"

Who has not read and admired those two charming narratives by the Rev. Legh Richmond, entitled the "Dairyman's Daughter" and the "Young Cottager"? If it be possible you have not, lose no time to do so. The conversion of the dairyman's daughter is attributed to the following incident: A British transport, with troops for India, was wind-stayed off the Isle of Wight. On a Sunday morning the military chaplain went ashore, and preached in the parish church in which Legh Richmond was incumbent. This sermon, she said, changed her heart, and none but the great Heart-searcher can know the numberless souls to which this narrative of her life has given comfort, in the forty languages into which it has been translated.

So, also, a book bought from a pedlar, at the door of Baxter's father's house, was instrumental to the change in the author of the "Saint's Rest;" and this author's works moulded the character of Dr. Philip Doddridge, whose "Rise and Progress of Religion" converted Wilberforce, whose "Practical Chris-

tianity" brought Legh Richmond to the knowledge of Divine truths. If this "golden thread" from this pedlar's pack could be traced further, it may be that even more momentous and beneficial results would disclose themselves.

Sir Walter Scott informs us that one day, while walking along the banks of the Yarrow, he saw Mungo Park, the African traveller, throwing stones in the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles which they produced. Sir Walter, smilingly enquired the object of this amusement? "I was thinking" he replied, "how often I had tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time elapsed before the bubbles appeared on the surface, and how often my life depended on these trifling circumstances." So, also, we are told that the discharge of a musket on the field of Lutzen determined the fate of Protestantism in Europe; that the success of a battle by Charles Martel prevented the Saracens from over-running Europe; that a satirical medal was sufficient to induce Charles II. of England to wage war against the Dutch in 1672; that an insulting remark towards Franklin by the then British Ministry precipitated the grievance between England and the States into the War of Independence.

And how often has a word of encouragement changed a person's destiny for the better! A look,—one kind look—who has not felt its influence, and who can limit its power? A tear,—"the smallest dew-drop sparkling on the eye,"—a tremor on the lips, a whisper or a sigh has caused the weal or woe of thousands. These things are within the compass of all. May they be always exercised for good!

"Little words, in love expressed;  
Little wrongs, at once confessed;  
Little graces, meekly worn;  
Little slights, with patience borne,—  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the shining skies."

JOHN POPHAM.

## THE OLD HOUSE AT FORT ARROW.

“ Walls that have echoed to our pleasure,  
Walls that have hidden us in grief.”

Upon ground sufficiently elevated to overlook the adjacent city and broad blue waters of our somewhat renowned harbor, in the midst of fine fields, and extensive, though now ruined gardens, stands a very old house. The property is bordered on all sides by limes and chestnuts, and the Scotch elm-tree, which, beautiful and umbrageous as it is, lacks the feathery grace that distinguishes the elm of our own river-sides. The shade adds to the seclusion of the place, which now in the long summer days is silent and lonely as enchanted ground, though but a mile or two from church and market.

I said the house was very old, forgetting that our houses are all of the upstart kind, and scarcely calculated to attain a dignified and venerable age. But this one has the honor of being the oldest human dwelling standing within the city or its suburbs, and looks antiquated enough now as the more modern town daily marches nearer, planting its scattered habitations closer to the flowering chestnuts, and defiling the thorn-scented roads with noisy little shops redolent of baser perfume.

When we first went to live at Fort Arrow, house and lands were fast falling into disrepair and poverty. The house was low, and built in a discursive manner. At the time of its erection there had been no scarcity of land, and the building had consequently spread itself over the surface of the earth with no limitation but the will of the architect. Its geography was so intricate that for some time after our arrival we felt like a party of explorers, and were constantly coming into possession of unexpected nooks of territory, the discoverers taking as much credit to them-

selves as if they had invented the places in question for the general benefit.

The farm had been granted to its first occupant at the settlement of the town of H—, and took its name from a fort, which had been erected as a defence against the barbarous raids of the Indians, and the constantly dreaded assaults of the French Acadians, upon the high ground which rose directly behind the cultivated lands. The hillocks of the old fort are green enough now, and the pastured cattle roam peacefully around the grass-grown trenches, searching for the cool water which never fails in the hottest summer day. Naturally, government people were the first tenants, and traditions are still heard of the gay folk who held their revels in these quaint-looking rooms. A royal duke\* has dined under the broad beam that still traverses the low ceiling, and women, whose beauty was a matter of Provincial pride, shone upon the festivities like rival stars. Then came gentlemen farmers, with an unlimited capacity for spending money, and no genius for work; who, getting finally into debt and inextricable confusion, disappeared, and gave place to others; and with each change of tenant the old house underwent some extension and improvement. One newcomer built on a parlor at the side, while another ran out a kitchen behind with scullery, porch and pantry attached,—an immense kitchen, into which opened six doors, designed for the convenient admission of the high winds which roamed that breezy hill, and furnished with a cooking apparatus sufficient for the production of a dinner as extensive as that subterranean feast to which Prince Riquet with the Tuft invited his friends upon his wedding day.

\* The late Duke of Kent, father to the Queen.

But from first to last no barbarian hand attempted to re-form the front of the old-fashioned cottage. This front was wholly composed of a wide door in the middle, and two long, large latticed bay-windows, with diamond-shaped panes, extending from floor to ceiling of the pleasant, antique parlors. The eaves were curtained with multiflora rose, and scarlet-trumpet honeysuckle, and that large-leaved, shining creeper, of which I forget the name, whose luxuriant summer green is only less beautiful than its gorgeous autumn flame. The trailing foliage swung through the open lattice, and the linnnet and the wren built in the shelter of the vines, none making them afraid. When our reign began the place had little but the loveliness of its situation to recommend it. Neglect and disorder were fast effacing all trace of the care and culture for which it had been remarkable. But the lilac-trees were still crowned with pyramids of odorous blossoms, the brilliant tulips opened their classic cups to the morning sunshine, the fine old maples had the freshness of early June upon their branches, and the interspersed patches of sward were very green, and made a gracious picture in our eyes, accustomed, as they had mostly been, to the barrenness of a dusty town. But money was spent, more indeed than was strictly profitable, and order was slowly evolved from out that chaos. By-and-by we had gardens and shrubberies which acquired some fame. From over sea and land we obtained the rarest flowers and flowering trees which could be induced to endure our climate. We had broad gravel walks, and trim thorn hedges. We had a flourishing kitchen-garden, and noble fields of grass and grain covered the wide eastern slope of our hill-side farm. And there we dwelt for many of our best years—years brightened and sweetened by pure pleasures, dear companionship, and dearer expecta-

tion. That time which now seems so happy to the backward glance was not an unchastened season. Great griefs, cruel awakenings, and irreparable loss shadowed our sunshine, and several of our number were carried out from our little Paradise to their not unwelcome graves. But in those days hope was fresher, and the gay spirit was its own compensation for the daily evil, and its own support in the darker hour of exceptional sorrow. Our present trials may be no greater than they were then, but the hues of life are greyer and we feel sometimes, thank God not always, that

“The magnet of our course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which our shivered sail shall never stretch again.”

We had all sorts of visitors while we lived at the old farm, some of them unpolished and curious enough. I think, with a touch of genuine pleasure, of a mahogany-colored, knotty old man from a certain part of our coast known as the “Ragged Islands.” He was captain of his own vessel and a dealer in lumber. This occupation had brought him into acquaintanceship with the head of our household, who occasionally invited the old trader, when in port, to exchange the solitude of his cabin on Sunday for the little comforts of our society. He was full of shrewdness and twinkling humor, and had an endless stock of queer stories which he would impart with great zest and simplicity to our delighted ears. Plain and in the ordinary sense uncultured as he was his native qualities were apparent in these anecdotes, Modesty and good taste might listen without fear of offence, for the fun of the innocent-hearted old man was without a taint of coarseness, and the fairest ones among his auditors never grudged him their smiles. He loved our company, and was very proud of our little attentions, and, although unused to intimacy with gay



young ladies, by his simple worth early won for himself a respect which he never forfeited. He liked to spend the Sunday with us, and we would take him to church, not feeling in the least ashamed of his square-tailed home-made coat, and weather-beaten hat, the model of which must have been invented in the "Ragged Islands," as no other of the same pattern ever came under our notice. One of his stories used to amuse me vastly, but I despair of telling it as he did, and can give no adequate idea of the quaint and jovial manner in such perfect keeping with every line of the face and figure of the genial old mariner. One of his neighbors, whose earthly possessions were limited, had a favorite goose which was almost as precious to the poor man as the "one ewe lamb" had been to its owner. The time of the singing of birds had come, and also of the hatching of goslings, and the particular goose of this history was ensconced with her eggs in a snug little house of her own, in what was supposed to be safe proximity to her master. Notwithstanding his care, her proprietor, feeling a little anxious, got up early one fine May morning to look after his feathered friend, and discovered, with a speechless dismay that merged rapidly into fluent wrath, the torn plumes and fragmentary remains of the devoured bird; and an audacious wild cat, her murderer, triumphantly seated upon the eggs. His rage was increased by an instantaneous conviction that his enemy would escape, for he remembered that an accidental circumstance had deprived him of his gun for a day or two; and to his excited mind the beast seemed to be aware of the fact. He stamped wildly about, making fruitless and irreverent enquiries of the perfectly indifferent animal, as to the end and meaning of his creation. "What did the Lord make you for?" he said, honestly doubtful of the creature's utility in the scale of being. "What did He make you for, I say?"

he repeated, as the brazen composure of the marauder increased the aggravation of his feelings.

"I don't know," said the old captain, with a serious look, when he reached this point of his narration, "whether I'd have asked him that or no, but I think if I'd been Noah, and seen him comin', I'd ha' shut the door."

When we first came to the house the tottering fences were leaning helplessly in all directions, and proved totally inadequate to protect the grass-plots and flower-beds from the incursions of the cow, as I found to my cost. We had come into possession of this cow, along with many other effects of the last resident, and she had evidently been accustomed to the range of the premises, subject to no law but her own pleasure. I had previously spent a vast amount of time and skill upon the embroidery of a certain pocket-handkerchief, looking forward with much pride to the time when I should exhibit it to envious admirers. Having washed the precious article with my own hands, I deposited it under an old tree which stood in the middle of a little mound of grass immediately in front of the parlor windows. There it lay for some days under constant inspection, growing, like one of Moore's heroines,

"Pure, by being purely shone upon,"

when suddenly, one afternoon, there arose an awful outcry to the effect that the "cow was in the front garden," accompanied by a rush from the kitchen and barn-yard of various individuals armed with impromptu weapons suitable to expel the invader. When the tumult had subsided, and the others were reviewing with satisfaction their unimpaired plots of bloom, I bethought me of my treasure. It was no longer visible upon the grass, but was discovered shortly, after some conflict, by our zealous and sympathizing man Maurice, in the mouth of the intruding cow

crunched and riddled into patterns of more intricate design than any with which I was familiar.

We had a colony of birds and beasts, not without special individualities. Among the former was a handsome grey hen, whose conduct was a notable contradiction to the fine stories we hear of the maternal instinct. She would lead her young brood about with a great show of dignity, but with small concern for the difficulties to which she subjected their tottering little legs. As the stumpy-tailed, downy creatures, not yet arrived at feathers, staggered after her she would suddenly, without the least visible provocation, turn fiercely upon one or two of them, and with her mature and cruel beak pick open their little skulls, and proceed loftily upon her way with the terrified remnant of her flock; leaving the writhing bodies of her slain children to mark her progress. Her mistress having endured several of these outrages with a troubled mind, being the most merciful of women, and not given to administering the law, felt unable to devise a remedy, until, happening one day to witness the latest slaughter of the innocents, in a transport of wrath took true feminine vengeance upon the offender. In an instant of time she had seized upon the unnatural mother and wrung her neck with a celerity that left no room for repentance on the one side or mitigation of punishment on the other. The remaining orphans cost their protectress much care and an immense expenditure of corn-meal, but they grew into happy, thriving chicks, and forgot the dread guardian of their early days.

I recollect a fine young cock which was also at that time a conspicuous character on the premises. He was not content with his natural sphere, but was constantly intruding into places of more distinction, and as often ignominiously expelled without learning the first rudiments of humility. He had a

stomach, perhaps I should say crop, of great capacity, and was especially active-minded, not to say greedy, where his appetite was concerned. Indeed, his effrontery was remarkable when there was anything eatable in prospect. On one occasion he noticed his proprietor on his way to the back-garden with a bowl of pease in his hand, and when the gate was opened he contrived to enter unobserved, keeping prudently in the rear until the former reached the foot of his previously prepared drills. Up the first drill proceeded the unsuspecting gardener, slowly dropping his pease, one by one, steadily followed by the shameless bird. Upon gaining the top the owner of the pease turned about, intending to make his deposits in the second row as he travelled downwards, and in one comprehensive glance beheld the vacant drill, upon which he had bestowed pains and pease, and his depredating companion who, quite unmoved by the just indignation he had provoked, stood his ground unflinchingly, and eyed the bowl with undiminished desire. He was young at that time, but I am afraid youth was not the sole cause of these objectionable traits in his behavior, for he grew up and grew old but never reformed, though he was always regarded with unusual favor. It is possible that his bright brown eyes and glossy feathers, the changeful green and scarlet of his conscious neck and the graceful curve of his stately tail, may have influenced our sober judgments, for beauty has its privileges as well as its drawbacks, and it is certain that he lived and crowed prosperously all his days.

We had rosy-footed pigeons in many varieties, and dainty guinea-fowl calling to each other in an exclusive manner which seemed to keep the more plebeian birds at a proper distance. We admired the pretty creatures, with their delicate pencilled feathers, so much that we took it as a singular merit on

the part of each hen to give us two delicious little creamy eggs in one day.

We at first could not believe in such generosity, although we brought arithmetic to bear upon the fact and counted hens and eggs backwards and forwards in our bewilderment. But we recovered from our wonder, if not from our gratitude, and learned, as we are apt to do with greater blessings, to accept these gifts with composure. The hens loved to wander and hide their nests in the long grass, and sometimes the master of the house would come in bare-headed from a distant field, carrying his hat filled to the brim with treasure, the little brown shells glistening with the dew of the morning.

Calamities were not quite unknown in our heritage. A young Devonshire heifer of great beauty and value, having partially choked herself with a piece of mangel-wurtzel, was almost instantly killed by an active neighbor who came to her assistance with the kitchen tongs. With this homely surgical instrument he made an aperture in her windpipe which quickly ended poor "Betty's" trouble, while "old Roberts," our own idiotic servant, stood looking on, exclaiming now and then, "I guess there's somethin' the matter with her."

This was a sad affair and a grief to us all, but we were not exempt from lesser afflictions of the sort, and when our gorgeous peacock got into difficulty it was a distress of a minor and more ludicrous nature. That aristocrat had a mean drop in his distinguished blood. He coveted his neighbor's goods, and did not disdain to pry into situations quite inconsistent with his general pretensions, even forgetting himself so far as to stretch his haughty blue neck over the rails of the pig-pen in his predatory rambles. While thus demeaning himself, regardless of the rights of the proper occupants of the sty, he was apt to be imprudent, and if opportunity favored him, would descend to the trough and gobble with as much relish

as his mythological ancestors could have betrayed when pecking ambrosial corn on the slopes of Olympus. But his celestial origin was of no account in swinish eyes, and the defrauded pig, being of an unimpressible and vindictive temper, was as little dazzled by the splendor of his stars as the porcine fraternity are said to be affected by pearls; and one day, when a favorable chance occurred, he avenged his wrongs by making a violent rush upon the magnificent invader, who fared ill in the conflict. His loud vociferations brought assistance before it was quite too late, but he was rescued only by valorous effort in a humiliated and bedraggled condition, and was long in regaining his original glory.

We had our migratory friends too. The dear robins came back year after year to build in the big lime that stood a green pyramid of leaf and bloom in front of our parlor windows, and peacefully reared their broods in that tower of security. The old birds had familiar ways on their return which assured us of their identity, and we liked to fancy that the cheerful swallows, so bright and busy in repairing and reconstructing their houses under the barn-eaves, were the architects of the preceding year.

There was a bit of swampy woodland in the neighborhood lying beneath a round green knoll, which was crowned in its turn by a group of noble beeches, which made a more lovely and melodious aviary than skill or money could devise. In the June evenings, when the receding light lay in golden streams over the grassy hill above and touched every varied tint of the delicate foliage beneath with one harmonious glow, we had sunset concerts which could, I think, be only rivalled in heaven. Nor was the charm less of sight and sound when, under the more solemn glory of a September sky, the little grove mingling its weird scarlet and orange hues with the tassels of the pensive larch or

darker branches of the fir, thrilled with the fitful notes which express the plaintive beauty of the declining year. These musicians used to come over to our gardens, and we never grudged them a share of our currants and cherries, or our first and finest strawberry. The kind old bachelor brothers upon whose land they lived and sang, and who were almost as innocent as the birds, would sometimes share a crimson linnet, and if he happened to be a "beauty," would send him to me as a present. I remember one splendid fellow that arrived in a little covered basket, with "Mr. Frederick's love," but the prisoners never seemed to take kindly to captivity or thrive well in our keeping. When they were hung out among the vines they could hear their friends and relatives rejoicing in the liberty themselves had lost, and were often ungracious enough to escape from our confiding hands without remorse. And how could we blame them? They were not

"Captives void of noble rage  
Who never knew the summer woods."

But change came upon us, and, as mostly happens, the tide that brought it came in with an imperceptible flow. The time came when it was wise for us to leave our pleasant hill-side farm and go city-ward.

We have a tenant who pays his rent with prompt punctuality, who raises miraculous crops of turnips, and fills his barns to bursting from fields of fragrant clover and nodding timothy.

But desolation reigns in shrubbery and garden, to the affliction of our souls. And we have exchanged that constant, yet ever-shifting, panorama opposite our doors, of the undulating hills dotted with cleared patch, and pleasant little homestead, and ancient wind-mill, and luminous with the blue sunlit water that flowed between, for the monotonous aspect of the streets and the dreary weather-washed houses of the town. In lieu of syringa-trees and great pink cabbage-roses, an ugly yellow lily, planted in some remote age, and apparently destined to be immortal, persistently pokes its head through the gravel under our front windows each successive spring-time, and successfully resists such efforts as have been made for its destruction. And in place of that wide crescent of leaf and blossom which was our daily delight, we have a small depressed piece of ground at the back of our present abode, where the gilly-flowers literally "waste their sweetness" and a superb foxglove paints her creamy bells in vain, and waves her head forlornly like an empress gone into exile. Instead of the whirr of the humming-birds and the early whistle of the happy robins we have the music of two factory-mills, and the doleful performance of the organ-man in the court.

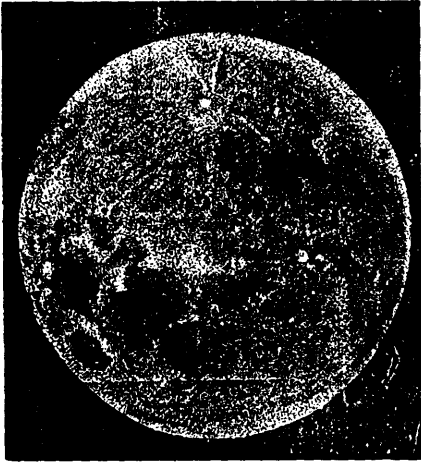
But there is a dark side to every story, and deplorable as some of these statements may appear, we are not without our compensations.

Io.



## THE MOON.\*

BY DR. AL. SOMMER.



FULL MOON IN MEAN LIBRATION.

It is well known to us all with what reverence men in long-past ages regarded the sun. They had early recognized the importance of this great luminary, and many nations worshipped him as a good god, as Jupiter, *lucis pater*, the father of light and life. But with this worship there was commonly associated a subordinate worship of the moon, and among some nations the moon was esteemed the greater deity. So the Hindus and all the Indo-Germanic races considered the moon as the evil god, the principle of destruction and death, according to her phases, and even the modern German language makes the moon masculine, and associates with the sun, the idea of a female character.

\* In the course of this paper various English, French and German authorities are made use of, but the names are only mentioned when particular and important facts and observations are referred to.

All ancient nations saw in the moon the personification of darkness and death. Astarte was the moon-goddess most known to us from our Bible reading. In most ancient nations the first day of the week, the day of the birth of the week, was dedicated to the light-bearer, the sun, hence the word Sunday, Dimanche, Sonntag. The last day of the weekly cycle was devoted to the moon, the bringer of death and destruction, the evil spirit, the Satan. From this is derived the name Sabbath, Samedi and Samstag, in contrast with Saturday; and it is remarkable that the real meaning of the word Sabbath is not "Day of the Lord," but "Day of destruction, Satan's day." In Deuteronomy iv. 9, the Jews were forbidden to worship the moon, but not before the seventh century before Christ. The moon was worshipped by the Jews and called מלכת השמים, (*Meleket ha shamaim*) heavenly queen. The Romans also called her *Siderum regina bicornis*, the double-horned queen of the stars. In accordance with this pagan idea, the Catholics of our days picture Mary, the mother of our Lord, as the *Regina calorum*, the queen of the heavens, standing on a crescent. Nomadic tribes worshipped the moon almost exclusively on account of her greater fitness for time-keeping, and as a guide for wanderers, the Nomads, for instance, on the great plateaus of India and South America. The moon-goddess was, therefore, the goddess of wanderers, of hunters, of war and warriors, of death and sterility. The representative of this character is Diana of the Romans, the Upis of the Egyptians, and the Artemis of the Greeks, the childless,

virgin goddess of hunters and warriors. Nations in the lowest state of culture and development worshipped the moon herself, for example, the Pelasgians, the Germans, the Celts and the Peruvians. Among others she was worshipped in an anthropomorphic way as Astarte, Artemis, Pallas, Athene, Diana, Juno, Neith, Upis, and Isis. According to the Zendavesta, the Zend people worshipped the moon (Ma) as the promoter of all growth and fruit-bearing, and called her Anaitis. Herodotus calls the moon the highest ward-god of the Persians.

Without dwelling any further upon the moon as an object of adoration, we now look for the reasons of her being worshipped, and it is not difficult to detect many of them. Our satellite is a power on earth. Most men consider that this power lies in her luminosity. But I regret to have to say with Nasmyth, Laplace and others, that she fulfils this her duty as a "lesser light" in a way more poetical than practical. Fine moonlight nights are indeed very beautiful, but in fact too scarce to be of practical use. Out of fifty-two weeks of the year there are only twelve partly illuminated by our satellite, and out of 4,368 yearly hours of night there are only 504 that are sufficiently brightened by moonshine; and even this small number will be lessened if we take the fogs and haziness of many of our nights into account. Though I confess that the sky of Canada is generally very favorable for astronomical observations, I registered during the last year only eleven nights which were suitable for close observations. Thus the use of the moon as a luminary, of which poets and lovers talk so much, is for us only of secondary importance. Of much more importance for the terrestrial inhabitants is the moon as a sanitary agent. Motion and activity in the elements of the terraqueous globe appear to be among the prime conditions of life in creation. The sun keeps the at-

mosphere in constant and healthy circulation by its air-tides, and what the sun does for the air, the moon does for the waters as a chief producer of the water-tides, and twice a day we see the organic matter, which rivers have floated down in a decomposing state towards the shore of the oceans, swept away by the tidal wave caused by the moon's revolutions around our globe. Further, the moon is an immense motive power. You are aware of the large quantity of merchandise transported by the flood and ebb tide from one shore to another. Thus a vast amount of mechanical work is gratuitously performed by the moon, which, if it had to be provided for by artificial means, would amount to a sum too high to be imagined. In the existing state of civilization we do not utilize the power of the lunar tides nearly to the extent of their capabilities. About one hundred years ago London was supplied with water chiefly by pumps worked by tidal mills at London Bridge. Coal is the prime motor in our day, but water tides will be the motor of future days, as Nasmyth so happily suggests, after our coal banks are exhausted. He says: "The sea-side might then well become the circle of manufacturing industry, and the millions of tons of water, lifted several feet twice daily by the moon, might be made to furnish power for hundreds of factories. A tide-mill might convert its mechanical energy by an electric-magnetical engine into electricity, and in this form its force could easily be conveyed inland by proper wires, and there changed back to mechanical power." As the duty of the engineer is to turn the indestructible forces of nature to use, there is a rich field of investigation and invention in the tide as a source of power.

The moon is also for the navigator a *leading* power. All know that an exact knowledge of longitude and latitude is needful for the seaman to determine the position of his ship. Latitude is

easily found; it is simply equal to the altitude of the celestial pole at the place of observation. But the determination of longitude has always been found a difficult problem. And here the moon again forms the chief mark by which longitude can be most accurately determined. The moon becomes to the navigator the mere hand of a timepiece, of which the stars are the hour and minute marks, and the whole being set to Greenwich time, the experienced eye of the observer is able to read from this the true position of his gallant ship. How many precious lives are kept safe every year by the quiet and unerring revolution of the moon among the stars! What would be our navigation, what our commerce and trade, if it were not for the moon? I wonder whether Columbus would ever have dared to start for the coast of Domingo, whether Cartier would ever have seen the Indians of Hoche-laga, if they had not been guided towards the Western World by the revolutions of our satellite!

But the moon is also of no little importance as a *timekeeper*. According to the lunar phases ancient nations held their meetings. The Lacedæmonians, for instance, did not go to war before full moon; the Romans held their Curia and Senate according to the moon's phases. And truly the moon with her regularly returning quarters was suited, as no other heavenly body was, for measurement of time. Therefore she is called in Sanscrit "Ma," and in the Indo-Germanic languages, "Moon," "Mond"—that is, the Measurer. This task is assigned to her also in the Bible, Genesis i., 14-16, and the Psalmist says: "He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down." Psalm 104, 19 (compare Serach 43, 6-8). The Jews already called a period of twenty-eight days according to the circuit of the moon יָרֵאֵה (*Jareah*). The weeks in the month also originated in the four phases of the moon, and are but a mere

*natural time division* found among many civilized nations of antiquity. (Bähr *mosaishe Cultur* II., 526, 585, Keil, *bibl. Archäol.*, I. 346). But among the Hebrews as well as among the Indians, Arabs and Persians, the lunar year was always based upon the solar year, or rather the terrestrial year, and with more or less skill regulated by it. (Hammer, *Wiener Jahrbücher*, 1818). Now all civilized nations, except the Jews, adopted the solar year, and therefore it is said in the book *Sohar* in the *Kaballa* of the Jews, in a note on Genesis, fol. 238: *Gentes in computo solem sequuntur, Israelitæ lunam.*

Before drawing this portion of my subject to a conclusion, I would call attention briefly to two other features of the moon, which, though they do not tend in any way to increase the comforts of the human race, have yet been of great importance so far as their acquisition of knowledge has been concerned. I refer first to the near agreement in point of apparent size between the sun and the moon. It is obvious that if this strange relation had not existed between two such widely different bodies, we should know little or nothing about the contents of our sun; for if the moon's apparent disc were much smaller than the sun's, there would never be a total eclipse of the sun, we should not know anything about solar spectroscopy or chemistry, about prominences or coronas, and consequently we should be deprived of the source of all the analogies upon which is built up our modern science about the constituents of the universe; and the same thing would result if the moon's apparent disc were larger than the sun's. The other fact is that geologists learn the formation of the earth from the moon's face, which is spread before us like an immense map, shining with a glory undisturbed by mists and clouds, which tells us the hidden tale of long past centuries. All the igneous formations of the moon, so beautifully de-

scribed by Proctor, are revealed to the eye, uncovered by the sea, undisturbed by the traces of huge glaciers and aqueous sediments: a true picture of our former earth with its fire and mould marks exposed to view. And would it not be of extreme interest to all, as it has been to me for years, to listen to these tales of the Queen of Night, proclaiming to us the glory of creation and the almightiness of its Creator? Let us endeavor for a short time to understand her language.

We all know that the moon is attracted by the earth towards its centre. By the universal law of gravitation, as it was discovered by Newton, not only is the moon linked to our earth, but the latter also to the central body of our planetary system, the sun, and even it is linked to a central sun, invisible to our eyes, near the Pleiades (Mädler's theory).

Everyone has heard the story of the apple, how its fall suggested to Newton the great discovery for which his name will be celebrated to all time. Newton certainly did not ask why the apple fell, since the power of the earth's attraction was already well understood in his day, and had been known for centuries; but it is quite possible that Newton, who had been engaged in profound meditation on the laws of planetary motion, should have suddenly had revealed to him the possibility that a far wider law of attraction existed. It was the sudden combination of astronomical laws with terrestrial, physical forces that led his mind to the great idea: "What if one and the same form of force be universal, on earth as well as on the sun, moon and planets? What if the sun draw the planets towards him, as the earth has drawn the unsupported apple towards her?" Newton at once saw that it was to the moon we should look for an answer to these questions. We may add then, as Proctor suggests, to the advantage we derive from having a moon, the fact

that but for her we should assuredly not be acquainted with the law of the universe; for the moon supplied Newton with an intermediate stepping-stone, enabling him to pass over the wide gap separating terrestrial gravitation from the attraction of the sun as ruler of the planetary system. He tracked the moon through all her movements, and measured the sun's action upon her in all positions; he showed where her motion would be accelerated, where retarded, where she would be drawn away from the earth, where drawn closer, where her path's eccentricity would be increased and where diminished. So great is the fitness of Newton's hypothesis of gravitation as the prime motive power of all heavenly bodies, that within a short time all scientific men were thoroughly convinced of its correctness, and the law of gravitation has not been seriously questioned from that day to this, though Mr. McDonald has published his able pamphlet on a new motive power of the heavens.

The moon's distance from the earth is 238,818 miles. Her surface is 14,600,000 square miles, and her diameter 472 miles. Her surface is about  $\frac{3}{11}$  of the earth's surface, and her volume  $\frac{2}{97}$  of the earth's volume. In general it is said that the moon is 4 times smaller than the earth.

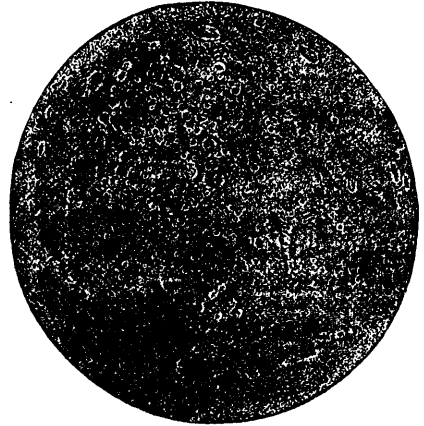
I do not intend to give here a lengthy exposition about the cosmical position of our satellite with all its mathematical difficulties. They are too easily forgotten if only briefly mentioned, as they are more fit for the solitude of the astronomer's studio than for a monthly magazine. I prefer to invite you to accompany me on a short trip to the moon. Don't be afraid. We shall be satisfied with an imaginary one, and there is no danger of dropping down into the open space of the universe and of being lost in its infinitude. But when Groovehead, of



San Francisco, has finished his huge balloon we may enjoy a real moon excursion with him. Now let us start! We bid good-bye to our friends on earth. We take ample provisions, condensed air, all our instruments and books, and a goodly supply of courage along with us. Now we are among the clouds, and like fairy land the vast prairie of the St. Lawrence River, with Mount Royal in its centre, is spread beneath us, glittering in golden sunshine. A gentle breeze carries us eastward; the expanded hydrogen brings us to loftier regions. Dimly we see the shining thread of the St. Lawrence. This must be Quebec, this Halifax. Oh! this is the Atlantic beneath us. Farewell, earth! Canada farewell! We have started for the moon!!

It is a somewhat tedious journey we have undertaken. Without friction or resistance of air it could be accomplished by rail in eight months. Our gallant balloon, however, overcomes the distance in far less time; eight days are sufficient for our journey, and what are eight days for a trip to the moon? Now we are in open space; there is no longer blue sky above us. The earth's form is shrinking together into an immense ball of phosphorescent light. Hydrogen has done its utmost, and we abandon our balloon to the power of an ingeniously arranged electro-magnet with a lifting power of twenty tons, that drags us higher and higher towards the moon, away from the attraction of our earth. It is dark around us, cold and silent. Though the sun shines with dazzling brightness, he gives neither sufficient light nor heat. We speak to each other, but, alas! we see only the moving lips and no uttered sound touches the tympanum of the ear, for want of that transmitting medium of sound, the air. Luckily we have lately received the first report of our deaf and dumb asylum. We have hurriedly learned their manual alphabet, and now we are enabled to display our

digitalic skill in conversation. One of us makes the remark that he feels a declining motion of our skiff, and truly we have already reached the regions of gravitation towards the moon. There



MAP OF THE MOON.

(Copy of Bähr & Mädler's large map.)

she swims before our very eyes in the inky sky. Here is a map of our satellite, a small sketch of what we see as we drift along 15,000 feet above the moon.

By diminishing the power of our electro-magnet we sink slowly down, and at last reach lunar ground in the vicinity of the mountain Copernicus. We set to work at once, for we feel as uncomfortable as possible. There is no air for us to breathe, and our lungs in vain expand for the refreshing draught. Our own supply of condensed and solidified air is but scanty. Everything that we touch is as hard as iron; there is no difference in the sense of feeling between metal, stone, wool or our own skin. We see to our great disgust that there is not a drop of water anywhere on the moon,—nothing but oxidized matter, basalt, porphyry and granite in lofty cliffs and deep abysses, spongelike rocks in all possible shapes and forms, only no laminas, no stratifications. One of us moves forward and, lo! how marvellous, with every step he flies up

eighty feet and comes down to the ground without any injury or inconvenience, for the attraction of the moon is 80 times less than that of the earth; 80 pounds of weight will represent only one pound on the moon, and a man weighing three pounds would there be a man of weight. For these and other reasons it is obvious that beings of our kind cannot exist on the moon. And while the laws of gravitation, expansion, density, &c., vary on every planet it is easy to understand that beings like ourselves are only adapted to life on earth. Nevertheless we do not mean to say that these immense globes swaying in our heavens may not be inhabited at all. It is remarkable indeed that while we are ready to speak of the goodness and wisdom of God, we very often approach the question of life in other worlds as though the Almighty's power and wisdom were limited. If He possessed the might and will to create these huge worlds above us, then He certainly has also the power to call forth creatures upon them endowed with reason like ours, but embodied in forms suited to the conditions prevailing in these worlds. Therefore, although but little inclined to believe that there are human beings upon the moon, yet we are quite convinced of the possibility that there may be reasonable beings there.

We see no vegetation around us on the moon, although traces of coal-like minerals convince us that even there a time may have been when this now dead field was covered with lofty and fragrant trees. For truly there was a time when our heavenly neighbor also was surrounded with an atmosphere dense with vapors and saturated with moisture. A deadly silence reigns over these lofty regions of Diana, not only because there are no living beings that could make a noise, but also because noise is an impossibility owing to the want of atmosphere. With the dreams of our youth there was closely

associated the idea of a silvery moon, but we search now in vain for such a thing as silver or gold; the silver of the moon exists only in the heads of love-dreamers and in the minds of poets. Indeed spectroscopy has failed as yet to discover the lines of gold or silver in the incandescent vapors of the sun, or in the reflected rays of the moon. It is midday, for the earth, the great hour hand on the heavenly dial-plate of the moon, stands in our zenith, and on earth they would say it is full moon, since one day upon the moon lasts nearly twenty-eight terrestrial days. We see the sun on the sky, a mere point of intense white light that is shed around us, broken by dense black shadows. There we see all the stars, not in the least obscured by the sunlight, yea even shining with a brightness that can never be thought of on earth. Like a monster ball thirteen times the size of a full moon, we observe our mother earth on the black background of the sky. Her light is phosphorescent and changeable, a large corona caused by her atmosphere surrounds her. Indeed the wildest dreams of an astronomer could not imagine an observatory more exactly suited for the study of the heavens than the moon would make. But our precious time passes, our stay upon the moon can only be of very short duration, and we have not yet seen any of these wonderful lunar landscapes. Let us therefore roam among the hills and valleys of our heavenly neighbor.

Since first Galileo Galilei constructed his telescope with a magnifying power of thirty, the scientific and astronomical world has learned more distinct ideas about the physical conditions of the moon. However, the first attempts of Galileo to sketch a map of the moon's surface had no success; and Scheiner, Schirrlaus, Hirschgartner and Langren also attempted in vain to make a drawing of the moon. Langren was the first who named her peaks, ranges and

craters. Hevelius published a bulky volume containing fifty maps of various phases, and five hundred pages letter-press in 1643. He was the first to sketch a correct map of our satellite, and was followed by Grimaldi and especially by Riceoli in his "Almagestus Novus." For over one hundred years Hevelius' map was the best, and was commonly considered as correct. Tobias Mayer in Göttingen published a small but most carefully measured map of the moon. Wilhelm Gottheff Lohrmann, of Dresden, published another in 1838, elaborated with the utmost care and experience. This work was the result of twenty-eight years of hard labor and observations, (Generalkarte des Mondes 1838). Mädler called this work a master-piece of science and art. English and French moon maps are as yet only of relative value, and even that value is small; they are in most cases poor reproductions of elaborate German works. The best of all maps of the moon is that drawn by Professors Bähr and Mädler in Berlin (1edn. 1836). It represents the moon in her mean libration, and the details are made out by a careful process of triangulation; 176 triangles plotted accurately upon an orthographic projection of the hemisphere formed the reliable basis for their charting work; 300 subsequent divisions formed the skeleton of the map, that was filled up by drawings from the telescope. James Nasmyth, perhaps our best English selenographer, says about this map: "The long and patient labor bestowed upon their map and upon the necessary measurements deserve the highest praise which those conversant with the subject can bestow, and it must be very long before their efforts can be superseded."

The full moon shows to the naked eye light and dark spots, and the telescope develops colors of several tints, from the most brilliant white to a sombre steel gray and a greenish hue (Humboldt, Kosmos III., 331). Kepler,

and perhaps Hevel also, took the gray patches for oceans and the lighter spots for terra firma. Of course this conception of Kepler is entirely given up, although names such as *Mare Criseum*, *Oceanus Procellarum*, &c., remain. In a more minute observation of the moon we find the gray part comparatively level and the light spots mountainous; but there are many exceptions, as we often find very light plains and very dark, lofty mountains. There is a fundamental formation of the moon that totally differs from that of the earth,—I mean the ringlike form of her elevations; but if the formation of the earth were not due to the influence of water, it would very likely present the same aspect as the moon now does. Galileo mentions the Bohemian crater as a terrestrial representation of lunar craters. James Nasmyth, whom we have often had occasion to quote, compares, in very fine photographs, the craters of Sicily with those of the moon. But he does not mention our terrestrial ring-mountains, especially those in the heart of Europe and Asia. The reader may excuse me for quoting here Galileo's own words: "*Eundem facit aspectum Lunæ locus quidam, ac faceret in terris regio consimilis Boemiæ, si montibus altissimis inque peripheriam perfecti circuli dispositis occluderetur undique.*"

German astronomers class these rings under three different names: Ring-mountains, circumvallations and craters. True these are mere names taken from the impressions given by terrestrial objects. They by no means prove that there are mountains and craters upon the moon like our mountains and craters. I may here mention an event that happened in the time of Herschel the elder. He observed one night the appearance of Aristarchus, Copernicus and Kepler on the night-side of the moon as light, phosphorescent points, and called them volcanoes, because, as he says, it was

# MAP OF THE MOON

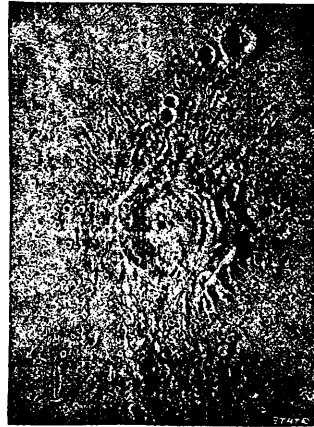
Drawn by Dr Al. Sommer



necessary to give these things a significant name. At the same time he protested against the idea that he intended to signify by this word the true character of the things he had seen; but soon after the whole world, especially all newsmongers, spoke and dreamed of working, eruptive volcanoes on the moon. The greatest formation of this kind, where a common circumvallation is surrounded by a complicated range of mountains, is found in the southern and south-western part. A great chain runs from Ptolomæus and Hipparchus towards the south, commencing in a continuous range, but then running on in separate and intersected spurs. Two other ranges running off west and east at angles of  $60^\circ$  from the former may here be mentioned. These three ranges begin near the equator and end near the south pole. This conformity does not seem to be accidental, and is either the result of the librations of the moon in her earlier days, or else we find in them the oldest formations of the moon. And this later hypothesis is the more likely to be true, as we see that these earlier formations have been partly depressed, partly replaced by newer craters and eruptions. As the sun rises on the moon we may perceive most distinctly this original elevation, and the more recent formations are only scattered among these in a subordinate manner. The higher the sun rises the more this picture disappears, and only a few days later at full moon Hipparchus becomes a tabula rasa on which we perceive several larger and smaller peaks. The most striking features we observe upon the moon are: 1, *her craters and their central cones*; 2, *the mountain chains*; 3, *the smooth plains*; and 4, *the radiating streaks of several systems and the rills*.

The ring-shaped craters vary in diameter from 82 miles to five miles, and there are of even smaller ones not a few. The writer of these lines counted

in his telescope with an object glass of four inches diameter nearly 2,800 smaller craters. Mädler has mapped over 20,000 of these craters, which are mostly placed in groups from two to 12 together. It is generally supposed that these ring-mountains are circular ranges of elevations, including a deep plain of from 80 miles to one mile in diameter,

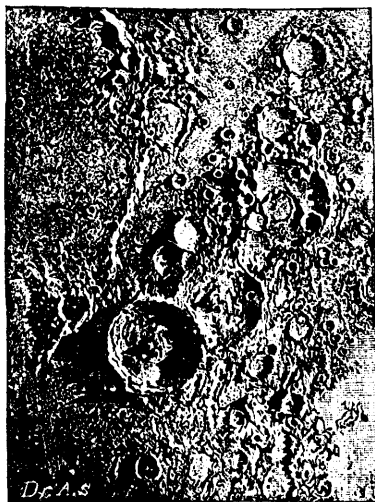


COPERNICUS.

and one or more cones in their centres; but this idea is entirely wrong. First of all, we must remember that there is no great level upon the moon like that on the earth, because there is no water. Further, the depth of the inner and outer sides of these ring-mountains or craters are out of all proportion. Some of these inside plains yawn so deep that the sun never shines into the gulf. Some, as *e. g.*, Copernicus, are a great deal deeper than the surrounding outside plain, and some are entirely filled up and form a high plateau on the top of the ring-mountains, as in the so-called *Mare Criseum* (300 miles across). James Carpenter endeavored, in a very able way, to account for this remarkable phenomenon, but it would lead us too far to follow his explanations here. Generally the central cone is described as the orifice of a volcano, and the surrounding ring walls as the deposit of their lava. Irrespectively of the truth of this hypothesis we may consider

that the centre cones are in no case higher than 6,000 feet, but the surrounding mountains are often 12,000 to 16,000 feet deep. The depths of the inner and outer sides of these ring-formations are out of all proportion. Mädler has mapped with his instrument of five inch focus 15,000 to 20,000 craters. They are mostly placed in groups of two to 12. All these craters resemble each other, and prove that they are products of the same force.

I have spoken of different ages or periods of formation in the moon. In the annexed photograph, which represents the overlapping craters of Theophilus, Cyrillus and Catharina,



THEOPHILUS, CYRILLUS AND CATHARINA.

sufficient proof of this will be found. You see here two craters overlapping each other, one towering aloft on top of the other. It is obvious that the topmost, Theophilus, must be the younger, and these lower, partly destroyed circumvallations are the products of more remote ages. In the vicinity of Erasthotes and Copernicus we find fine specimens of overlapping craters, as the landscapes of Sossurides and Prondius, the surroundings of Capella and Censorinus, the walls and

plains of Albategnius. So we have our selenography as well as our geology, and the former is not less attractive than the latter. To the left of the picture you observe all the main features of the



TRIESENECKER.

moon's surface united. It is the crater Triesenecker. Its valley is 20 miles in diameter. The long, narrow fissures are rills, and belong to the most recent period of the moon. (Lava that has filled the cracks on the moon's broken crust). You observe, also, a range of mountains that connects this crater with the mountains Pallas and Bohde. But Triesenecker is a great deal smaller than he seems in the representation given here, for Theophilus has a circumvallation 64 miles in diameter. Its plain is 16,000 feet deep, and its central cone is 5,200 feet high. Cyrillus is 60 miles in diameter, and 5,000 feet deep, with a central crater of 5,800 feet, while the crater of Catharina is superseded by some subsequent eruptions of minor force, that formed ring-mountains of smaller dimensions on the crest of the mountain and on the level of the plain. Towards the north shore of the *Mare Humorum* we find Gassendi,

(54 miles in diameter, 9,600 feet deep, three central cones 2,000 feet high.) It forms one of the finest views in the



GASSENDI.

morning or evening of the moon, more beautiful, perhaps, than even Tycho, the king of all lunar craters. Tycho is 54 miles in diameter, 16,000 feet deep, and its central cone has an elevation of 5,000 feet. We find it towards the north of the moon's disk, and its luminous streaks may even be observed by the naked eye. It is not mere size that makes it superior to all other craters, but another feature that is visible during full moon only. A high telescopic power shows on a clear moonlight night the long, bright streaks that radiate from some of the more conspicuous centres of light on the moon, and enables us to see that those streaks do not arise from any perceptible difference of level on the surface; that they have no very definite outline, and that they do not present any sloping sides. Indeed, one great peculiarity of these streaks is that they come out most distinctly wherever the sun is shining midday upon them, and they disappear entirely if there is morning or evening on the moon. Another peculiarity of these

streaks is that they are not diverted by elevations and mountains on their path, as they traverse craters, mountains and plains alike. There are in all seven great ring-mountains that form the centre of these radiating streaks. When the libration favors, the radiating system of Tycho covers more than one-fourth of the disk of the moon. The systems of Anaxagoras, Byrgius and Olbers are too near to the lunar margin to be observed. I measured some of these streaks, and found their width differing from one to five miles. No doubt endless smaller lines will be revealed to the eye by larger telescopes. The most extensive of those systems of streaks is that radiating from Tycho, in which we discern more than 100 bright lines, and therefore I called it the king of the lunar mountains. Similar but smaller systems of streaks, whose nature no astronomer till now has sufficiently explained,\* are observed around Aristarchus, Kepler, Copernicus, and the Carpathians. Another interesting feature of the moon is her mountain ranges. We count about five of them. They do not present such diversity of formation as the craters, or at least the points of difference are not so apparent; but they display a large variety of combination. There are a few perfectly isolated examples, that cast long shadows over the plains on which they stand, "like those of a towering cathedral in the rising or setting sun." Sometimes they are collected in groups, but they are mostly

\* Robert Hooke, *Micrographia*, 1667, obs. 4 x pp. 242-246. These streaks, he says, seem to me to have been the effects of some motion within the body of the moon, analogous to our earthquakes, by the eruption of which, as it has thrown up a brim or ridge higher than the ambient surface of the moon, so has it left a hole or depression in the middle, proportionately lower. Hooke tried an experiment with boiling alabaster to get a representation of the forms of the streaks, and says: "Presently, on ceasing to boil, the whole surface appeared covered all over with small pits, shaped exactly like those of the moon."

arranged in a stupendous chain. We may mention the Apennines, the Alps, and the Carpathians. The range of mountains that Hevel called the



LUNAR APENNINES ARCHIMEDES, AUTOLYCUS AND ARISTILLUS.

Apennines is 90 miles long; its highest summit is 11,000 feet high, and it shows about 800 peaks. It is nearly as long as the Italian Apennines, but of a relatively greater height. The three mountains in their neighborhood are Archimedes, Autolycus and Aristillus. But our reader will ask, What are these dark spots on the moon, which we observe with the naked eye, so closely resembling a face? The fanciful mind of the olden time made pictures of the lunar spots representing the plains, oceans or lakes of the moon. Untutored gazers detected in them the indications of a human countenance. Plutarch wrote a work "*De Facie in Orbe Luna,*" about the face in the moon. The same old naturalist tells us that Anaxagoras had already drawn a sketch of the moon. Others recognized in the dark spots the configuration of a human form. German fairy tales tell us of an old man that carries fagots on his humped back. A French supersti-

tion sees in the man in the moon Judas Iscariot. An Indian notion connects the lunar spots with a representation of a roebuck or a hare, and hence the Sanscrit name for the moon *mrigadhara*, or roebuck-bearer. Humboldt relates to us that some old moon-gazers described the moon as a mirror, reflecting the irregular formation of our earth's surface, and it is strange to see that this idea prevails yet in Persia. In the earliest days of telescopy these spots were thought to be seas, lakes, gulfs and oceans, and although the idea that water exists on the moon is entirely given up, these names still remain. To the naked eye they appear as smooth plains, but even a glass of small magnifying power shows in them some unevenness, and a telescope of higher power reveals in them hills, small ranges of mountains, wavelike elevations, innumerable small craters, luminous points, streaks and rills. These dark spots have also, under the telescope, different colors. The *Mare Crisum*, which is a high plateau, the *Mare Serenitatis*, and perhaps also the *Mare Humorum*, have a somewhat greenish tint; the *Palus Somnii* and the *Mare Lichtenbergii* incline to redness, &c. Arago takes these faint tints as mere effects of contrast, rather than actual coloring of the surface. Formerly the greenish tints were explained as the products of extensive vegetation. The most reliable information of this difference of colors, will perhaps be given by spectroscopy, and we shall dwell on this subject a little longer when we come to speak of the moon's atmosphere. Among the other things seen in these vast oceans of the moon, the rills and the radiating streaks, which lead like highways over the plains, are the most important. No wonder that one of them is called the Railroad. They were formerly considered as the key to the question whether there is human life on the moon or not. The largest of these so-called seas is the



*Oceanus Procellarum*, 90,000 square miles; the *Mare Imbrium* contains 16,000 square miles; the *Mare Tranquillitatis*, 5,800 square miles, and the *Mare Crisium* 3,000 square miles. Allow me now to discuss the often-mentioned question of the moon's atmosphere, and then to point out the different ages of Selenology, and to close with the somewhat metaphysical question whether there are living beings on the moon or not.

I, Since Mayer's time it has been commonly believed that there is no atmosphere whatever around the moon. The greatest astronomers adhere to this theory, and it is more than bold in the face of such heroes of heavenly science as Herschel, Humboldt, Arago and Mädler, to pronounce a contradictory opinion. The main reasons that lead our astronomer to the theory of absence of atmosphere on the lunar globe are briefly the following:—1. The undiminished and unchangeable distinctness of the moon in the most minute details of her surface. 2. The entire want of mists and traces of clouds. 3. The want of a penumbra around the moon's rim on the occurrence of a solar eclipse. 4. The absence of distortion of the exceedingly delicate cusps that the crescent of the sun forms during a solar eclipse. 5. The absence of diffused light and of twilight upon the moon. 6. The undiminished time observed for the passage of stars behind the lunar disk. Disregarding the opinions of the earliest astronomers whose fanciful and uncritical eyes observed rivers, roads, seas and clouds on the moon, we have only one modern astronomer who boldly asserted and defended the idea of a lunar atmosphere in despite of all others, and that was Schroedter of Dresden. If this able and diligent observer had been armed with a spectroscope, to prove what he had a presentiment of, surely his results had been happier and would not be disre-

garded by his fellow-astronomers. The main argument of those who still cling to the idea of a lunar atmosphere are: 1. The change of color upon the bright face of the moon, which I have mentioned already. 2. The dark gray appearance of the moon's disk a few days before or after new moon.\* 3. The apparent sticking of the stars to the margin of the moon.† 4. The red disk of the moon in a lunar eclipse due to diffused sunlight.‡ 5. The green spectroscopic lines in the moon's light. Impelled by comparatively new reports in the Poggendorfer Annalen on the observation of certain green lines outside the photosphere of the sun, I endeavored to find the origin of these lines, and discovered them not only in the sun's atmosphere far beyond the loftiest protuberances, but also on the moon's edge, and even on the rim of an intense kerosene oil flame I detected a corresponding line in the ultra-violet part of the spectrum, and found that these lines are coincident with the main lines of nitrogen.§ (Here I may state that I found it extremely difficult to detect any other lines than the solar spectrum in the sun's reflected light upon the moon. But of course this is no reason why a lunar spectrum should not exist. Huggins and Miller made numerous observations upon the spec-

\* Humboldt III. p. 332. This light is often taken as reflected light from our own planet. But it is not generally so. The reflected earth-light, on Lambert and Schroedter's minute examinations, has been found to have a different color, and may be distinctly observed besides the gray, general appearance of the moon.

† Poggendorfer Annalen, 1842, pp. 79-128 and 405-443.

‡ Kepler, Paralipomena, pars optica, p. 893. Humboldt III., 333. This intense red color is due to diffused light in the lunar atmosphere, and not, as some say, to the refracted sunbeams in the earth's atmosphere. For if this latter explanation be correct, why does the moon sometimes totally disappear, as happened 9th Dec., 1601, and 10th June, 1816?

§ Nitrogen gives two distinct spectra: 1, the band spectrum, if traces of oxygen are present; and 2, a line spectrum, if it is perfectly pure.

trum of the moon's light, which are detailed in the philosophical transactions of 1864, and their result, quoting the words of the report, was: "That the spectrum analysis of the sun's light reflected from the moon is wholly negative as to the existence of any considerable lunar atmosphere." But since then Richter, of Dresden, has shown us by the examples of Mars and Saturn and by our own terrestrial atmosphere that Huggins' premature conclusion is wholly negative.) Now, to continue, it is obvious that the surrounding rim of air (N. + O.) about the flame of a burning candle is constantly being deprived of its oxygen. The draft produced by heat introduces every moment a new current of air, whose oxygen feeds the flame, and burning continues only so long as there is oxygen in the surrounding air to be burnt up. But the remaining nitrogen before it is separated gives evidence of its presence by the appearance of these remarkable lines.

Let us now leave the candle and look on the moon. Cosmology tells us that all the bodies belonging to our solar system are obviously composed of the same solar elements. Spectroscopy proves that we find most of our terrestrial elements in the solar rays, and that the disappearance of others is only due to side causes. So we cannot help concluding that the elements of the moon are and must be the same as those existing on the earth, the sun or Uranus,\* though the laws of their combining force may be considerably altered under the influence of gravitation. Therefore if I say that oxygen and nitrogen are present in the moon, I do not mean to say that they

\*Turnor (Collections for the history of Grant-ham, p. 86) says: "Sir Isaac Newton said he took all the planets to be composed of the same matter as this earth, viz., water and stones, but variously concocted." Nasmyth (The Moon, p. 179) says: "We behold in it a mighty medal of creation, doubtless formed of the same material and struck with the same die that

form a gaseous body like our air. The moon was originally an igneous body, as the sun is, and as our globe was. Combustion went on, and oxidation followed as long as there was any free oxygen in the moon's former atmosphere to combine with, and as the last atom of oxygen was transformed into an oxide, combustion must have ceased and nothing remained except a cold mass of oxidized elements, surrounded by a layer of nitrogen as a lunar atmosphere. In my opinion, as the result of many spectroscopic observations, made in Canada's clear winter nights, there is certainly a layer of nitrogen existing around the moon; but as to the thickness of layer I neither possess the suitable instruments for measuring it, nor am I sufficiently prepared to lay before the public my hitherto unfinished calculations. So much only I may remark that the density of the lunar atmosphere must be at least  $\frac{1}{10000}$  times\* rarer than the density of our own air; it must be perfectly translucent, and does not cause the sun's rays to diverge; it must be, by force of gravity, 50,000 times denser than the surrounding cosmical air or atmosphere; and it must be free from all combinations of nitrogen known to our terrestrial chemistry.

moulded our earth." Humboldt (Kosmos, p. 86, I.) says: "Why should not all bodies belonging to the same planetary system be formed of the same element, if we suppose that these planets, all these larger and smaller bodies revolving around the sun, have been separated once out of the far extended solar atmosphere in the state of vaporous rings?"

\*Schroedter assumes the lunar atmosphere as  $\frac{1}{2000}$  rarer than the terrestrial air. Bessel corrects this calculation, and finds that the lunar air may only possess  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of the density of our atmosphere. This calculation nearly approaches my own. If we consider Hansen's remarks, that the centre of gravity upon the moon is eight geographical miles beyond her mathematical centre, then it is obvious that the density of the moon's atmosphere upon her dark hemisphere increases to  $\frac{1}{3100}$  of our own.

II. I promised to give next, a short synopsis of Selenology, treated like our own Geology. There are evidences of various epochs of formation, afforded by several classes of details, among which is the condition in respect of brightness, which proves freshness of material. 1. First we have an age of mountains, *e. g.*, on the earth our own Laurentian age, of which we have spoken already. 2. Then follows the age of craters, divided into several periods: and as a rule the larger craters are older than the smaller ones. We find, *e. g.*, craters formed on mountain chains. We might assume, then, that mountain chains are the older formations. But on the other hand, there is nothing to prove that the two classes of features, *viz.*, ranges and craters, where they intermingle, as in the Apennines and the Caucasus, were not thrown up and formed contemporaneously. 3. In the course of ages the power of eruption diminished, and in selenology we place the bright streaks as the next epoch of formation. The eruption of the craters was followed by the cracking of the solidified surface of the moon, radiating from the blown-up centres of volcanic action. These cracks are filled by oxidized lava, forming the streaks. In accordance with our hypothesis of the moon's transition from a fluid to a solid condition, the cracking of the surface forms the last formation of the moon. But the overflowing of the lava had ceased already, and so we have to mention—4, the age of the rills, corresponding to our own modern period. And now arises the question, Is there now no change going on in the moon, is there an eternal death upon her, is she only mechanically whirling round the earth? We deny this emphatically—not on metaphysical or religious ground, for both have little to do with astronomy. But we are convinced of changes upon the moon's surface from our own experience as well as from

observations made by an able German astronomer in Athens, upon the crater Linné, which has changed its appearance several times since 1841. Schmidt is one of the very few observers whose long familiarity with the moon entitles him to speak with confidence upon such a question as that before us, upon the sole strength of his own experience. Let us give a report from him: To the list of our lunar mountains where signs of present volcanic activity are believed to have been recognized, must be added a small crater situated in the middle of the *Mare Serenitatis*. This crater, which is found indicated on old maps of the moon, is very distinctly figured on the map of Bähr and Mädler, is known as Linné, and is clearly visible even during full moon. Mr. Schmidt, director of the observatory at Athens, who has observed it since 1844, was greatly astonished when in October, 1866, he noticed its disappearance. Different astronomers, advised by Mr. Schmidt of this singular change, directed their attention to this portion of the moon's disk. By the aid of powerful instruments, Messrs. Secchi, Wolf and Huggins recognized that instead of a circular mountain with well-defined borders, as it was represented on the map of Bähr and Mädler, there only remained a whitish spot, or aureola, surrounding a black cavity indicating the presence of a crater, but a crater much smaller than that known under the name of Linné. The edges, instead of projecting above the surrounding plain, appeared now to present nothing more than a slight declivity. By referring to former maps and observations it seems probable that the recent condition of the crater Linné had already presented itself in former ages; thus everything would lead us to believe in the reality of successive eruptions, which at various times have caused a partial filling up of the interior cavity of the crater, and overflowing its exterior have levelled

the surface about its walls. It would result, then, from these interesting observations, that, using the expression of M. Elie de Beaumont, "geologic life still exists in the interior of the moon as well as in the interior of the earth." Also the Rev. T. W. Webb, of England, while apparently indisposed to concede the supposition of changes in the moon, has yet found that there are minute variations, which seem to indicate that eruptive action in the moon has not yet entirely died out, though its manifestations are very limited in extent. If we accept the idea that there is still cosmical life upon the moon, some astronomers have taken one step further and acknowledged the possibility of individual life on our satellite. But that life must be throughout quite different from vegetable matter and animal life on the earth. We cannot think of a terrestrial plant or animal that could live under the entirely different conditions existing in the lunar world. But if the law of continuity teaches us to hold that there is life in all heavenly bodies, the law of adaptation forces upon us the conviction that the life, the order and structure of beings upon the moon must be different from ours. Only one class of conditions holds true throughout the whole visible universe, viz., the *logical*, *physical*, and *mathematical* laws. If there are reasonable beings upon the moon, they must think as we do, they must adopt the same mathematical doctrines, and act on the same physical principles.

Finally, we may state that we have not *discovered* any life on the moon, while we have been roaming about her hills and plains, climbing up her lofty mountain sides, and descending into her deep abysses.\*

\* Just while I am closing this paper for the press I received the report from the "Luna Rediviva" of Dr. Herrmann Klein, of Bonn, Germany, who shows very ably that the moon exhibits many traces of former water-basins. He explains the rills as rivers, and

But now it is high time to turn back to Copernicus, where we started on our lunar travels. There he is! we see him from afar, for he is one of the highest of the mountains upon the moon. He is 12,000 feet high; his central cone is 2,400 feet, and its diameter 56 miles. He is a very respectable yet wild-looking fellow, surrounded by radiant streaks and belonging to the earliest formation of the moon. There we find our gondola with provisions, books and instruments, and as soon as we are all aboard, the mysterious power of our electro-magnet lifts us again into the air—no, perhaps, rather into space. We are bound homeward, our heads bewildered with the impressions of this visit to a strange, unearthly land, tired of the long exertion, and longing for the pleasant firesides of our own homes.

It is said that sometimes the moon has a great influence upon our mental and moral powers. Only a few score years ago people were generally convinced that blood-letting in time of new moon was absolutely necessary for the health. Every barber tells us, and every young lady knows it, that hair must be cut during waxing moon if we would have it grow more vigorously. The housewife looks gloomy if the moon happens to be full on washing day, for then the weather will assuredly change. Sick people always grow worse—so it is said—if the moon waxes, and better if it wanes. The gardener likes to plant in full moon, for then the herbs grow quicker; but

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doubts not the existence of small quantities of water upon the moon. He corroborates this idea by proving the existence of fogs and the green color of which we have spoken above. This green color is, after Dr. Klein's theory, the product of extensive vegetation. Hence the disappearance of the color during the winter-time. Dr. Klein's observations prove that during the last 10 years considerable changes on the moon's surface have taken place. Perhaps time and the favor of our readers may allow us to speak at some future time about these highly interesting facts of modern life in the moon.

all plants growing downward, like potatoes, onions or carrots, must be planted in waning moon. If the sun shines upon the face of a sleeper it produces blindness. The moon determines the hours of birth and death, disturbs our quiet sleep, and alters our appetite. It has a depressing influence upon our mental powers, and destroys our memory. Lunatics take their lofty promenades on the roofs of houses, in scanty garments, during full moon. Hundreds of old ladies assure us of these and many other sad effects of the moon upon mind and body, and therefore they must be true. Though medical men, astronomers and physicists

assure us that these things are erroneous and superstitious, we cannot help believing them. We are convinced, and therefore I do not attempt to destroy such superstitions.

We have been now in very close proximity to the queen of our sky. I would be sorry if she had exercised any of these baneful influences upon our minds or bodies; but if you feel annoyed and tired, if your ear has been hurt by so many big words and the barbarous sounds of Latin and Greek, remember that you were with a stranger in a strange land. But it was not the author who did you harm, it was solely the moon.



## A WOODLAND REVERIE.

Here, as I lie in rest outspread,  
With mossy carpet girt around,  
The great trees green above my head,  
And flowers bespangle all the ground.

Low, drowsy murmurs go and come  
Among the spikelets of the pines;  
Close by I hear the wild bees hum  
'Mid strawberry and arbutus vines.

Above my head the wood-pecker  
Drives coffin-nails in giant boles,  
And all the maples are astir  
With clear-pitched notes of orioles.

And somewhere near, I know not  
where,  
But like the voices of a dream  
Far off, yet near, the hazy air  
Shakes with the laughter of a  
stream,

A little noisy rill that brawls  
In mimic cataracts through the  
woods,  
And whirls its pebbles over falls  
Of inches into inch-deep floods.

I cannot see it, but the ear  
Can track its thousand fantasies,  
Now rippling on distinct and clear,  
Now loud with petulant little cries.

I know that as it flows along  
With dancing sand-specks in its  
train,  
Some stone has jarred upon its song,  
And turned its gold-motes back  
again;

And there it thrusts, and pants, and  
raves  
(As we, too, rave o'er little woes),

Till myriad foam-drops fleck its waves,  
And gather, whirling, round its  
throes.

But hark! a rush, a fairy-cry,  
A crash along its water ways,  
And all its rage and agony  
Are turned to songs of peace and  
praise.....

There comes a butterfly, and flits  
To yonder ferntop's dizzy height,  
Folds for awhile his wings, and sits,  
Then opes them, quivering, in the  
light,

And dallies with the sunbeam's kiss,  
And shuts his wings, and opes again  
In such great ecstasy of bliss  
It almost seems a throb of pain.

So fair, so frail! so weak, so strong  
For happiness in little things!  
So mute, yet e'en the voice of song  
Seems poor by those wing-quiver-  
ings.

Hither and thither, in and out  
Amid the tangled maze of grass  
The little ants, a busy rout,  
In never-ending concourse pass.

And as I watch them hurrying by  
With eager footsteps to and fro,  
I seem to wonder lazily  
What mighty passion moves them so.

Not love, nor anger! Each alone  
Pursues his independent way:  
None gather by some corner-stone  
To pass in gossip half the day;

Nor see I in the varying throng  
That passes and repasses by,  
Some portly insect pass along,  
Slow paced, in wealth's own dignity.

Some aim directs the zig-zagged ways  
Of all the pigmy multitude,  
Some business that allows no stays,  
Some pleasure eagerly pursued.

And yet methinks their rush of feet  
Is with a stronger instinct rife,  
And through their slender pulses beat  
The dancings of the joy of life,

In secret haunts of sweet perfume  
To work and play the hours away,  
Companions of a world of bloom,  
And flower-shaded from the day.

To feel the tangled grasses stirred  
With the cool breezes' soft caress,  
And hear, high up, the brooding bird,  
Croon little notes of tenderness;

And 'mid such scenes as these to take  
And do their work, however small,  
For Him who made ant, bird, and  
brake  
And loves the service of them all.

And as in deepest sympathy  
With all this little world I lie,  
The same strong spell comes too on  
me,  
And pierces me with ecstasy

So great that when I fain would seek  
For words, they loom up faint and  
dim;  
And well I ween them all too weak  
To bear the burden of Life's Hymn.

O Lord omnipotent! How just,  
How strong in love are all Thy ways!  
Who peoplest e'en a grain of dust  
And from such worlds perfectest  
praise;

Who deckest out with loveliness  
The meanest creatures of Thy hand,  
And deignest to protect and bless  
Lives smaller than a grain of sand.

What heart can paint the perfect bliss  
Of Heaven in nature's second birth,  
When love reigns in such scenes as  
this,  
And such strong joy in things of  
earth?

JOHN J. PROCTER.

# Young Folks.

## NANNIE'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE HEATHEN.

A June sun was pouring its hot rays upon Hong Kong harbor, glittering in its green waves, scorching the bare old mountains that stand about it like giant sentinels, and brightening the gay colors of flags that streamed from the mastheads of vessels from many nations lying quietly at anchor there, while the scene was made lively by the constant passing to and fro of Chinese sampans, great junks with their heavy, creaking sails, and various smaller craft of all descriptions. For any one lately arrived in this Eastern port such a panorama would have a strange fascination, and from the deck of one stately ship a pair of childish eyes watched curiously the moving life on the bright water all around. They belonged to the little daughter of the captain, who had taken his motherless Nannie away from her city home and school to roam over the wide seas with him, and gain more useful lessons in geography than books could teach her. Nannie hadn't the least objection to learn geography in this practical fashion, and the wild, free life on ship-board agreed with her health rather better than with her manners, for she had not the best of moral training on the "Albatross," where she had reigned like a little queen over sailors, officers, and even the grave captain, ever since the day they sailed out of New York harbor.

On this June day Nannie's face was cloudy, as she leaned on the vessel's rail, and gazed longingly across the narrow space between herself and the strange foreign city at the foot of the

great hills. "Oh, if I could only get there!" sighed she. "Here we have been for three days, and every morning I tease papa to take me ashore with him, and he says 'No, Nannie, it is too hot; you would be sick if you went about the streets with me, for you are not used to a Hong Kong sun. Wait till some evening, just after sunset, when I am not too busy to take you.' But, oh dear, I'm tired of waiting, and I want to ride in those funny sedan-chairs he told me about."

So Nannie grumbled till a fancy took her to go on the gangway, a long flight of steps down the ship's side reaching almost to the water, and sitting on one of the lower steps she amused herself with floating one of her slippers loaded with orange peel, and dignified by the name of a cargo-boat, and pulling it in by a long string. The good servant-woman who had left her native land to take care of Capt. Ellsley's little daughter was busy in the cabin, or Nannie would not have been left to play with her cargo-boat on the gangway; as it was, however, she sat there unmolested, only half consoled for her disappointment in not going ashore. Soon one of the numerous fruit-boats drew near, and Nannie looked so admiringly at the shiny red persimmons and plump bananas with which the tiny craft was laden, that the Chinese owner, with two or three swift strokes of his oar, brought it close to the gangway to see if "little missy" wished to buy any of his wares. She shook her head, but still looked wistfully at the boat, and then the China-

man, with his small stock of broken English aided by gestures, invited her to step in and go ashore with him.

"Oh, that would be great fun!" thought Nannie. "I wouldn't stay but a little while, and I could find a sedan-chair and have a nice ride; then this man would row me back again, and papa wouldn't scold me if I came back all right." Jane was in the cabin, sailors and officers busy with the cargo in another part of the vessel, and naughty Nannie, concluding that this temptation was too great to be resisted, let the Chinaman help her into his boat, where, enthroned among great bunches of bananas, she clapped her hands with delight as they glided over the smooth water toward the city. The mountains seemed to grow more high and grand—the houses more distinct—and soon the busy hum of life upon the stone wharves reached her ears; but to her surprise the boat, instead of stopping at one of the landing-steps, shot away past the crowded street at the water's edge and went up a narrow canal in a retired region just beyond the city, and landing there with her conductor, who left his wares in charge of another yellow-skinned individual, she ran along by his side, asking in some dismay where she was going, and protesting that it was the city and the sedan-chairs she came on shore to see—not a lonely country road. No response did John Chinaman make but "My no savee. My wanchee you walkee chop-chop" (I don't understand. I want you to come along quickly), and vouchsafed no other information till they came to a wretched little hut, which he motioned her to enter, and Nannie's bold spirit being somewhat quelled, she dared not refuse.

There were two or three women there, and while the little adventurer took a seat, as directed, on a heap of straw, and gazed about her in half-frightened wonder, the Chinaman pro-

ceeded to inform them in his own language that he was going to keep the little white-faced girl till her father, who was captain of a grand ship, should advertise her loss and offer money to anyone who could find her, when he would let his friend Ning Se produce her, with the tale that he had found her, lost, and wandering about the streets, and then they would share the reward. The women approved of the plan, and when the boatman went out again one of them came to Nannie, and with threatening gestures gave her to understand that she was to sit still where she was; so through the long, weary afternoon the little runaway sat there, imagining all sorts of horrible things that the yellow people might do to her, and deeply repenting of her naughtiness in coming ashore. At night the inmates of the hut sat on the floor around a bowl of smoking rice, and invited her to eat with them, and then they lighted two little sticks that were placed before a hideous wooden idol standing on the table, and put some rice on a small plate between them, and one of the women knelt before the idol, muttering, and bowing her head till it touched the floor. "And this is what I used to read about," thought Nannie, watching curiously. "In Sunday-school they used to sing a hymn that says, 'The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone,' but I never thought I should be in a real heathen house and see them do it;" and her thoughts of former days in a Christian land brought a sense of desolation. She was far away now from those who loved her, and the dear ship and her father might have to sail away from China without her—all because of her wilfulness. Then a remembrance of words heard long before in Sunday-school of a Heavenly Father, and a good Shepherd who, her teacher said, died to save the lost sheep, came with great comfort. She had been a careless little scholar in



those days, but the good seed sown then was not lost, and Nannie, with bowed head, thanked God that He had taught her to believe in *Him*, instead of idols like the poor people around her, and prayed as she had never done before that she might be forgiven for her naughtiness and brought back to her dear papa. Then she lay down on the straw and slept as peacefully as if she were in her pink-curtained berth on the "Albatross."

The Chinaman was right when he supposed that Capt. Ellsley would lose no time in advertising the loss of his daughter. The next day in the afternoon he returned from the city with the information that placards were put up all along Queen's Road offering a large reward to anyone who could find a lost child ten years old; with short curly hair and brown eyes; but his joy was turned to wrath when his wife tremblingly confessed that their little captive, whom she had guarded most carefully all the morning, had taken advantage of her conversation with a neighbor at the door to climb out of the window and run away, and she had not dared to leave the hut long enough to make a thorough search for the child, though she had looked all about the premises in vain. What was to be done! All the pains and the risk of concealing her taken for nothing, the reward lost! and who could tell where the foreign imp had gone?

John Chinaman couldn't stop to beat his wife just then, but hurried up the road he thought Nannie would be likely to take, hoping to find some trace of her. Nannie would in all probability have gone that way had she not espied two fearful-looking creatures with red caps and faces black as a rusty stove,—they were Sepoys, and more terrible to her eyes than even Chinamen; so she ran as fast as she could in the opposite direction, and when obliged to stop and take breath she found herself in a lonely place sur-

rounded by hills. Where could the harbor be? there was no glimpse of sparkling water and tall masts anywhere, and Nannie must find the harbor as soon as possible, for if she could but see her father's ship she might get somebody to take her to it, and at that very moment the row-boat might be bringing her father to the Praya, the street by the waterside, to hunt for her.

The hills threw long shadows around her as the sun slowly sank behind them. Night was coming on, and she must find some other place to sleep in beside the dusty road. In the distance two men were coming toward her—"Those awful black creatures!" Nannie thought, and without stopping to consider in what direction she was going, she rushed up the first turning, a stony, hilly path closely shaded by trees, and every step took her farther from the harbor she longed to see.

When at last she stood still the shadows were deeper around her path, no footsteps sounded behind her; the sharp note of a bird flying past her to its nest made her start and tremble. "There's no use in standing here," thought Nannie; "I had better go on, for this path perhaps leads to some house where I can stay till morning," and the poor, tired child toiled on up the hill with a sinking heart. "What if there shouldn't be any house here! How dreadful it would be to spend the night in these woods!" But, oh joy? there was a house just before her, almost hidden by trees, a house built in real Eastern style, that had been elegant in years past, but now was dreary and weather-stained. It was surrounded by a stone-paved courtyard, and in the silence of the place the sound of her own feet on the stones almost startled herself, and aroused a sleeping dog, which began to bark furiously, pulling at his chain as if he wanted to fly at her. She crouched in terror behind a clump of feathery

bamboos, and through the branches saw an old man with gray hair and a haggard face look out of one of the windows. Not seeing the object of the dog's excitement he turned away, and then a woman appeared at the door, to whom Nannie rushed, and crying with mingled fear and weariness told her she was lost, and begged her to take care of her. The woman was Chinese and very old, about as ugly, moreover, as it is possible for a human being to be; but she looked kindly at the sobbing child, pointed to her own ears and mouth and shook her head to signify that she was deaf and dumb, which didn't matter much, for if she had not been so it is unlikely that Nannie and she could have understood any of each other's conversation, and then patting her shoulder soothingly she led her into the house.

A gloomy old place it was; the plastering had fallen from the ceilings in many places, and white ants had damaged the stairs. Everything looked desolate, and Nannie felt that the place was worthy of its owner, if the grim old man she had seen was he. She looked around her in dread of meeting him, as the servant led her through several dark silent rooms and passages to her own private apartment. The old woman knew that the white child was lost, and hungry, and weary, so she gave her some supper directly, then piling cushions upon a wide bench, she motioned Nannie to lie down on them and rest, and went away, probably to wait upon her mysterious master. But Nannie, though tired out, was in no mood for sleep. The twilight loneliness of the room, the rustling of the bamboos in the evening wind, the idea of all the dark, shut-up rooms in the mouldy old house, and the pale, stern face that had looked out into the court seemed fearful to her, and she thought she would have been better off in the Chinaman's hut; for there, at least, there were peo-

ple enough, and anything was better than such silence and loneliness. The thought of the dear father who was full of anxiety and trouble for his wayward Nannie, and her longing for him, brought a flood of tears, and she sat in the darkening room, sobbing with the heaviest trouble her short life had ever known, till the comforting verse of a psalm learned long ago came almost like a tender human voice. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber," and then "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing! and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." Nannie knelt down on the stone floor and asked the Lord to help and guide her; a quiet sense of comfort and trust stole over her, and she knelt there till all her fears were forgotten in a heavy sleep. The Chinese woman, returning, found her still upon the floor with her head resting on the cushions of the bench, and she kindly lifted her to a more comfortable position among them, then supposing that her little guest was safe in dreamland, she commenced her "Joss-pidgin," or evening worship, before a small idol, lighting the "joss sticks" and bowing down repeatedly before it, till Nannie, who had waked and was looking on, wondered if she were not dizzy. "How I would like to be a missionary and tell that poor old soul about our Lord," thought she; "but even if I could speak Chinese, it would be hard to teach a deaf and dumb woman anything," and she watched the devout worshipper with a sorrowful pity, then sank into a quiet sleep again, but not before she had asked Him who is the Light of the World to shine upon her, and in some way to show her His truth.

Nannie's plan the next day was to reach the top of the great mountain that towers above Hong Kong, for from there she could see in what direction the harbor lay, and the man who lived in the little house by the flag-pole

could tell her how to get to it; so she made her kind friend understand that the Peak was her destination by pointing up the hilly path, and the old Chinese woman gave her a little basket of cakes and fruit, and with evident doubt and reluctance let her go. Nannie longed to thank her for her hospitality, but didn't know how to express herself in a deaf and dumb Chinese alphabet, so she gave the wrinkled hand a hearty squeeze, and looked into the ugly yet kindly yellow face with a grateful smile which the woman seemed to understand, then commenced her rough climb up the mountain path.

The morning sunshine inspired her with new hope, and after several haltings to rest and to prove the contents of her lunch basket, and renewed exertions toward her goal, the cooler air assured her that she was nearing the summit. At noon she found herself standing there—the fresh sea wind tossing her curls—and such a scene of glory all around her that it seemed as if she must have been taken suddenly into another world. On one side was the blue ocean glittering in the summer sun, dotted with islands; on the other, far below her, the city and the longed-for harbor with its fleet of vessels, and beyond, the many-colored hills of the Chinese coast, reaching far off into the hazy distance.

It was too much for the excitable child; she sank down into the long, soft grass and cried, half with joy, half with weariness, and a great longing to fly off the steep cliff to the beloved ship that now seemed so near, yet so hard to reach.

"Where did you come from, child, and what is the matter?" said an astonished voice, and Nannie, looking up, saw the man who had his solitary dwelling on the top of the Peak, whose business is the hoisting of signal flags when any steamer arrives in the harbor. She told him all the strange history of the past two days, and why she had

sought that lofty mountain top, while the man's amazement expressed itself in various exclamations of wonder.

"Well! I never did hear of anything so queer," said he at last; "but you are a brave little thing, that's certain, and I'll find some way of sending you back to your father if you'll only wait here awhile. Some people from the city come up here almost every afternoon, and if any come to-day they'll take you down with them. Come into my little house, child, and rest, won't you?" "It is so beautiful here," said Nannie; "I never saw anything like it; I want to look a little longer, and I'll stay here right under the flag-pole till the people come;" so she sat gazing at the loveliness all around and below her, till the quietness of the place soothed her to sleep. The kind-hearted man found her so, and spread a huge British flag over her as a protection from the breeze, and there lay tired Nannie, much nearer sky than she had ever been before, with the soft folds of red and blue bunting covering every bit of her except the top of her curly head.

"Poor little girl! did she really walk all the way up here, and alone, too?" were the first words that roused her. They were spoken in a sweet, clear voice, and Nannie's brown eyes looked up wonderingly and met a pair of loving blue ones belonging to a young lady who was kneeling on the grass to look at her. There were several gentlemen and ladies with her, and when they heard the flag-man's account of the young pilgrim they cried, "Why, yes, she must be the lost child about whom there has been so much talk in the city." "It was Capt. Ellsley's daughter, wasn't it—the captain of the 'Albatross'?" "What was the description on the placards that were put up all along Queen's Road and the Praya?" "Curly hair—brown eyes?" there is no doubt that we have found the little runaway," said

the young lady who knelt by Nannie, "and we'll have the pleasure of taking her back in triumph to her father."

Seated beside one of the ladies in a sedan-chair which was borne upon the shoulders of four Chinamen, Nannie was carried down the Peak with great rejoicing, and countless were the questions asked her on the way about her strange adventures. She was taken to the house of one of the party, and the good news came to Capt. Ellsley as swiftly as messengers could carry it, and very soon her father's arms were folded around Nannie, while she, her face half smothered in his great rough beard (of which she had used to say playfully that it scratched her worse than any barberry bush), with tears and smiles asked forgiveness for her disobedience, and didn't mind the scratching in the least, she was so glad.

Several weeks after the "Albatross" spread her white wings and moved quietly out of the harbor, and as the rugged outlines of the mountains grew softer in the widening distance and the golden haze of the afternoon sun, Nannie leaned over the vessel's stern and watched them—not longingly as on that June morning, weeks ago, but

more lovingly, for under their shadow she felt that the Lord had taught her lessons she could never forget of trust and love toward Him who had proved her "very present help in trouble;" and when twilight came softly over the waves, and the faint blue outlines of the coast of China were rapidly disappearing, Nannie thought sorrowfully of the idolatry she had seen there, and of the millions of people in that land who bow down to wood and stone, and she said to her father, who stood beside her, "When I am a grown-up woman I would like to come back to live in China, and tell those poor heathen about the Saviour."

Will the wish grow stronger and deeper with advancing years, or will it be forgotten as Nannie leaves childhood behind her? We cannot tell how God may lead her, but we may be certain that to every child of His who loves to serve Him will be given work to do; and not only in the great harvest-field of heathen lands may that work be found, but wherever even "a cup of cold water" is given for His sake. And the Master has said that even for such small service, those who do it with love to Him "shall in no wise lose their reward."



# PUZZLES.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

#### I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—CHRYSLIS—BUTTERFLY.

C r a B  
H o n o l u l u  
R o u T  
Y a c h T  
S c h e h e r a z a d E  
A v o i R  
L e a F  
I s a b e L\*  
S o r c e r y  
\*(Tennyson's "Isabel").

#### II.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.—I. Pansies. 2. Verbena. 3. Orchis. 4. Peony. 5. Aster. 6. Arbutus. 7. Lilies. 8. Calla. 9. Forget-me-not, 10. Pink. 11. Cypress-vine. 12. Daisy. 13. Syringa. 14. Feverfew. 15. Lilac. 16. Clematis.

#### III.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.—

O S W E G O  
U T D R  
S E A  
E X E T E R A  
A A N  
S W E G  
T A L S A C E  
O V A L  
N E V A D A

#### IV.

TRANSPOSED BLANKS.

1. Nathan, go to Nahant.
2. Won't you go to town?
3. Mary loves Myra.
4. I shall go to Rome no more.
5. Which do you prefer, Lemon or Melon?
6. Alice loves Celia.
7. He does not have a ton!

#### V.

SQUARE WORD.

N E A R  
H I N D  
I D E A  
D A R E

#### VI.

REBUS.—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

F

#### VII.

HIDDEN QUOTATION.

"But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"  
*Tennyson's "Break, break, break!"*

#### VIII.

REVERSALS.—I. Par. 2. Rap. 3. Fen. 4. Nef. 5. War. 6. Raw. 9. Bag. 10. Gab. 11. Gar. 12. Rag. 13. Pot. 14. Top. 15. Bac. 16. Cab. 17. Not. 18. Ton. 19. Gas. 20. Sag. 21. Bud. 22. Dub.

#### IX.

GEOGRAPHICAL LOVE STORY.

Miss *May* had numerous admirers: there were *Charles*, *Henry* and *James*, besides many others. Now poor Miss *May* was sadly puzzled as to which of her numerous suitors she should give the preference, and after taking counsel with a married lady, *Mrs. Sippi*, determined upon acting with her lovers as the princesses in fairy tales so often did with theirs. So she sent them travelling to find some very precious thing for her, and the one who succeeded in bringing back the greatest treasure was to be chosen as perpetual friend of Miss *May*.

The conditions were no sooner made known than there was a great race to see which would succeed in starting first in pursuit of the treasure; but as several, such as *M.*, *Clintock*, *Nelson* and many others, were very far away from Miss *May*, they determined to give up all thoughts of ever being other than distant admirers of her. When they had once formed this resolution they despatched their *slave* to inform Miss *May* of it. The *slave* was a long time in reaching the end of his journey, but he arrived at last, and found that *Henry*, *Charles* and *James* had said *farewell* to Miss *May* and taken their departure during fair weather. The message was soon delivered, and the *slave* played a tune on the *horn* to show that he was a superior sort of a *slave*.

Meanwhile *Charles*, *Henry* and *James* had started on their search for the mysterious something which Miss *May* wished for, and the name of which she would not mention. *Charles* and *Henry*, being near neighbors, resolved to travel together, leaving *James* to go alone. He cared very little about this, for he was a bright, active sort of fellow, and rather liked being free from his slow-going rivals.

Starting on their Journey, *Charles* and *Henry* pushed boldly across the Atlantic Ocean, keeping in as straight a line as they could till they touched the coast. "Ah!" cried one, "I will take back their *guinea* and this *ivory*, too."

"And so will I," replied the other, "for I am sure one of these must be just what Miss *May* wants;" so after resting a little while they sailed off northwards, and each took a cask of *Madeira* and a pair of *Canaries*.

Just at this time whom should our travellers meet but *James*, who laughed heartily when he found that his rivals were each taking home to Miss *May* the very same gifts.

"How will Miss *May* ever decide between you if you carry back the same things?" asked he of *Charles* and *Henry* so soon as he could stop his laughter. "Ah," sighed *Charles* and *Henry*, "We never thought of that;" they therefore decided to give up each other's *society*, and after a friendly chat they parted company.

I shall not follow the travels of *Charles* and *Henry*, but will merely say they went all over the world, brought back everything they could think of that Miss *May* would care for, and were terribly disappointed to find they had brought everything but the right thing.

They brought *sauwiches*, a *hawk*, and *spices*, *oranges*, an *atlas*, *olives*, a *turkey*, *china*, *greece* (grease), a *cork*, a *ffe*, *lions* (Lyons), and a great many other things, and as they neared Miss *May*, one, at any rate, carried a light *heart* in his breast (Brest), for, hidden away at the very bottom of his travelling trunk lay *flattery*, and he felt sure that Miss *May* could never refuse it, even if she were so silly as to pretend not to care for *gold*. But Miss *May* would scarce look at what *Charles* and *Henry* presented to her, till one of them, who was a passionate kind of a fellow, threatened to *knock her down*, (Knockadoon), while the others ran away in *terror* lest he should endeavor to carry out his threat, but he soon recovered from his fit of ill temper, and gravely informed his friend that it was all *blarney*. "All very *fine*," replied his friend, "still I think we had better say *farewell* and depart, for I for one have no longer any *good hope* left." So *Charles* and *Henry* departed to their homes in *Virginia*, where they remained ever after.

Meanwhile *James* wandered over the very places his rivals had been to, but not one single thing would he carry with him—nothing was good enough in his estimation for his dear Miss *May*, not even the *gold*, which had so delighted one of his rivals, nor the *guinea*, nor even the *flattery* which the other rival had considered as irresistible. On and on *James* wandered, for his *resolution* was strong not to return *home* till he had found what he was in search of, so he once more dined of a cod caught by a slave, and re-commenced his journey.

At length he came to cold, cheerless, barren *Siberia*, and there in the very coldest part, east of the *Lena* river, he found the long sought treasure—*love* (Amour)—and carried it off to Miss *May*. Of course the gift was accepted, even though presented in a foreign language, for as Miss *May* wisely said, "*Love* can make

itself understand in any language, and can live in any climate."

We received fifty-three answers to the prize Geographical Puzzle given in our December number, the best of which were from the following:—*May Agnew*, Kingston; *Anna Hudson*, Ottawa; *Harry Horne*, Cannington, Ont.; *James Stanley Lane*, Thornhill, Ont.; *C. E. Bland*, Montreal; *Jennie A. Robertson*, Bell's Corners, Que.

There was considerable difficulty in selecting from these the two best papers, for as far as the geography was concerned they were nearly all correct. As was stated, however, in the December number, the writing and spelling had also to be taken into consideration; and in this respect the answers sent by the first two were much the best. Miss *May Agnew*, aged fifteen, of Kingston, takes the first prize, and Miss *Anna Hudson*, aged thirteen, of Ottawa, the second.

## I.

## A SPELLING TEST.

Here is an amusement for a winter evening. Let a party of young persons imagine they are in school again and write as dictation the following paragraph, and see who will spell the most words correctly. The words in parentheses denote an allowed different spelling, Webster's Unabridged being taken as the standard.

The most skillful (skilful) gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's (pedler, pedlar) wagon, using a mullein (mullen) stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks (caulks). He was a German Sadducee, and had phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious, intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy" (gypsey, gipsy) went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of pease (peas, definite number) and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without singeing or dyeing the ignitable cue (queue) which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for delebe purposes, a ferule, a clarionet (clarinet), some licorice (liquorice), a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance wheel, a box of dominos (dominoes), and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishoner of mine, preferred a woollen (woollen) surtout (his choice was referable (referrible) to a vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apophthegm: "Life is chequered (chequered); but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy (villany) shall be punished."—*Selected*.

# The Home.

## “ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.”

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

It was my little sister Gertie's morning text, and she repeated it to Aunt Mildred, who is staying with us for a few months.

Dear Aunt Mildred! How I wish I could describe her! I do not care so much you should know she is a little body with kind grey eyes that can sparkle and dance when her heart is touched.

“Grey eyes sparkle?”

“Yes, hers can.”

That she has soft brown hair un-mixed with silver threads as yet, is always neat, but never prim; wears quiet colored dresses with bright ribbons, and ever dons the brightest on rainy, gloomy days. No, I did not mean that when I said I wanted to describe her. It is what she is, not how she looks, that I wish you to see.

Can Miss Waring's lines ever become hackneyed? I do not mind if they are—

“A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.”

That is Aunt Mildred.

“At leisure from itself.” I have just looked in my pocket dictionary to see what it says of leisure. “Freedom from business and hurry,” is what I find. Freedom, yes, that is it. Always free is dear Aunt Mildred for the moment she is wanted; never too hurried to go where she is needed. Self does not clasp a little chain of “important business” or “not a second's time” round her, when some aching heart is

longing for sympathy, or some tired hand is craving for rest. It is not with her “I must accomplish so much in a given time,” but, “What do they want, dear souls?” and therefore so many come to her as to a burden-bearer.

From the worn-out mother, who has counted over and over again that twenty-five dollars, which must get Carrie's boots, and the three elder girls' dresses, and an over-coat for delicate little Bennie, and those “other things for the house;” to little Bennie himself, whose eyes are filling with tears because his spelling lesson is so hard, or is sobbing his heart away over the loss of his pet kitten.

Mother's face brightens as Aunt Mildred makes a list, and suggests Elsie's old dress being renovated for little Mabel, and “the middling sized bear,” who is very natty, having a cheap material nicely made; while Elsie, as elder and helper, may come in for a better one this time. And Bennie's tears are dried when Aunt Milly says the lesson to him and tells him stories of her own childish days.

But as you do not know her, you will tire of my picture, I am afraid. I hope you know some one like her, though I never met anyone quite the same; so do not wonder that I linger so long over her portrait. But my rough sketch is a mere daub to the reality.

Oh! that I knew how to touch it, and all the more tenderly where the shadows deepen, that you might behold its fair beauty.

"Will she ever see this?"

"I do not know; if she should she will only say 'How thankful I ought to be!'"

Aunt Mildred is never very strong on these warm, sunny days; yesterday the walks to church tired her a good deal, so on this Monday morning she was resting on the sofa in our little morning-room when Gertie came and said her text. After the child had gone she asked me to bring my work and "talk to her nicely,"—that is a home-word of ours meaning an unreserved little chat, that always makes one feel better and fresher afterwards.

"But are you wanted elsewhere, dear?"

"No, Aunt Milly; it is Mysie's 'week' and I am free."

"Did you ever think," said Aunt Mildred, when I was seated beside her in a little sewing-chair, "did you ever think, Effie dear, of the 'one another' in that text?"

"No, Aunt Milly. 'One another?' It means every one's burden, does it not?"

"Yes, but don't you think we often run to lift far-off burdens, while some weary people very near us are bowed down by a load and we will not see it or raise a finger to help in lightening it? Let us think of pecuniary aid only, for though there are countless burdens where money is of no avail, there are very many which it can help to relieve.

"Have you never seen dear Christian people give largely to charitable societies when some near and loved ones would be so cheered and comforted by one half of their subscription?"

"Yes, dear Aunt Milly, but it seems right and it is such a pleasure to give to the poor and to every good work."

"Indeed it is, Effie, and not only our duty but privilege to do this and all true followers of Him who 'went about doing good' long to contribute what they can to the blessed work that

is being done in our day on every side. But it is just here the difficulty comes in. We see a great burden, that every one acknowledges to be one, and all are trying to lighten, and we long to add our tiny strength to theirs, and to do something with them, though ever so little. But perhaps at our side there is a load bowing some one very low with its crushing weight. There are but few to see this,—it may be known only to God and ourselves. Are we not apt to look away from it because it is such an every-day thing?—a sort of accustomed weight that cannot be avoided, and borne so uncomplainingly that we scarcely notice it at all. And we are so fervent about that other well-known one that we could deny ourselves anything to give to it; but this is so prosaic; we must help alone, too, with no eye to see us, and let us be honest, with no voice to applaud.

"Aunt Milly!"

"Remember, dear, I do not speak now of the luxury of gratifying the tastes of those around us,—we must often practice self-denial on *this* that we may give to God's cause, but I am talking of the burdens we may bear for 'one another.' For are the Lord's poor only found in 'districts'?—their names nowhere recorded but in the list of 'applicants'? Effie, there is a kind of searching, bitter poverty that 'district' people never know. Give some food and clothing, warmth and shelter, and they are well off; but where there has been luxury, and now is penury, where the comforts which birth and station make real necessities are wanted, ah! it is there poverty has a meaning indeed. Last winter, you know—"

Just then I caught a certain storytelling expression on Aunt Mildred's face which I have always hailed with delight since childhood, and I will leave you now, dear reader, to hear her own words.

"Last winter," she continued, "I spent several weeks with Alice Renaud.



Such a pleasant visit as it was! Alice is very happy in her married life, and her husband is always willing they should give of their substance to every good cause that is presented to them. Alice is a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, and sews at the Dorcas every week. I went with her of course, and, as a stranger among them, had little to say, and could quietly watch the varied expressions of those gathered in the sewing-room.

Mrs. Temple, an intimate friend of Alice, was busy one day with some heavy scarlet flannel, helping to cut it into warm garments for the poor. Some one wanted a jacket pattern, and I volunteered to go for it to Mrs. Temple's house. A delicate-looking little girl showed me into the drawing-room, and while I waited there I could not help reading the story which it told, of taste and culture in the past, and of a weary struggle with poverty in the present. Pictures and ornaments spoke of bygone wealth, the faded drugget and chintz of how it was now. The child was a perfect little lady in her manner, but her deep cough was enough to make any mother anxious, and her thin summer dress made me think of the flannel I had left at the Dorcas. When I returned with the pattern I looked at Mrs. Temple's care-worn face with deeper interest. She was busy as ever doing 'what she could' for her Lord and His poor. Money she had not to give, but this hour on Thursday afternoon, with her skillful handiwork, she could and did bestow gladly. For her Lord's poor, did I say? Was she not herself among them? Could no member of the 'Ladies' Aid' do anything for her?

"Impossible!" said Alice, as we talked it over by the glowing fire in her pretty room that evening, "Impossible! dear Aunt Mildred,—it would offend her!"

"Now, Alice dear," I said, "a great many well-meaning people are terribly

afraid of giving offence in a thing like this; they will tread on each other's toes in a hundred other ways, but of this kind of offence they have a most wholesome dread."

"Oh, Aunt Mildred," laughed Alice, "how sarcastic for you; but I don't mean, that is—do tell me how could one really aid a person like Mrs. Temple? Charlie says it is not their fault; it is want of interest that has really militated against Mr. Temple having a higher salary, and as the children grow up, less and less to feed and clothe them is of course the result. But I never thought—"

"Let us think for a moment," I said; "do you see them often?"

"Not very often," said Alice, "but, yes—we will ask them with the Beverleys to dinner on Tuesday."

"And the cost of that entertainment would lift so many burdens from Mrs. Temple's heart," I rejoined.

"But how could I, Aunt Milly?"

"I think if we really want to lift a burden," was my answer, "we will be guided to the way by our great Burden-Bearer. If we want thus to fulfil the law of Christ, He will show us how, as we wait on Him for direction."

Alice assented, and then we talked of 'good things' dear to both.

The next morning, as we lingered over the breakfast table, there was a ring at the door, and Miss Russell, the children's governess, a very sweet, intelligent-looking girl, came in. She looked so cold and would not come near the fire, but rubbed her hands as she talked to us. I saw she was really in pain from them, and tried to warm them in my own. I saw too *why* the little hands were so blue as she laid her thin cloth gloves on the table.

Alice scolded her for not bringing a muff; she colored a little at that, and then the children were ready, and we left the room.

"Tell me all about Miss Russell," I said to Alice; there was a burden there

I felt sure. It was an old story. Mrs. Russell an invalid, with nothing but the pension of a half-pay officer's widow, Jennie her only prop, and a boy to be educated.

"'Alice,' I said somewhat sternly, 'do you ever keep Miss Russell waiting when her quarter's salary is due?'

"'Well, the last time, dear Aunt Milly, I really had not the change, and waited till the next day,—I remember, it was a fortnight ago, and then I forgot. I am so sorry.'

"'Yes, dear,' I said more gently; 'to receive it regularly must be of great importance to her,' and Alice hurried off to attend to it at once.

\* \* \* \*

"Can you see now, dear Effie," said Aunt Milly, when her little illustration had been given, "can you see now what I think of these next-door burdens?"

"Indeed I can," I replied. "I did not want to interrupt you, Aunt Milly, but I must tell you now that Jennie Russell is a dear friend of mine, and I am so glad you have met her. We are very open with each other, and she wrote to me of that fortnight. It was a most trying one to her. Their landlord never waits a week for his rent,

and in order to make this up Jennie could not supply her mother with things she required; even the doctor's prescriptions could not be paid for, and they did not send for him during a severe attack for this reason. I think Jennie would really have asked for the money, but Mrs. Renaud kept saying now and then 'There, Miss Russell, I am so forgetful!—but to-morrow.'

"Well, dear," said Aunt Mildred, "I think Alice will be very careful another time."

"Yes, I am sure she will," I said, and just then the postman's knock was heard and a letter was brought to me from Jennie. I read to Aunt Mildred: "I must tell you of a delightful arrangement Mrs. Renaud has made, dear Effie. Nettie Temple is to come to me for lessons with the little Renauds, and I am to teach her everything I can, so the extra music, French and drawing lessons make me very thankful."

"That is so like Alice," said Aunt Milly, fondly. "The Temples were straining every nerve to educate Nettie, and this will indeed remove a burden."

And then the lunch bell-rang, and our little talk came to an end for that time.

W.



# Chess.



(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

## ADIEU!

It is with the deepest regret that we in company with our coadjutors—those who have worked with might and main for this serial, THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY MAGAZINE, have to-day to bid final Adieu to our readers, in consequence of the enterprising publishers, Messrs. John Dougall & Son, finding the continued publication of the journal attended with too great a loss.

That the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY should with this number become extinct—a thing of the past—cannot but be viewed in the light of a national loss; but that the disaster should be attributed to the apathy of a public who have so inconsiderately failed to support so excellent a venture, is a sore reflection on that good taste and culture which we expect and ought to find in a young and ambitious country like ours.

Whatever personal feelings of pain may accompany the relinquishment of *our* peculiar though not onerous position on the talented staff that conducted the Magazine, those feelings in a great measure must give way to the sympathy—a sympathy which must find an echo in all the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, which we desire to extend to Messrs John Dougall & Son, who despite the difficulties they encountered at the inception of the journal, which increased tenfold as it developed to its present stage of usefulness and high merit—despite their efforts to establish a serial to popularize science, to encourage art, and to foster native talent—despite their laudable and successful attempt to equal if not to rival some of the best monthlies of the United States, and even of England, are now, with well-earned victory within their grasp—the very laurels shading their brow—by the force of untoward and irresistible circumstances, mainly on account of the universal depression associated at the present day with all commercial enterprises, compelled to renounce their project. We, however, indulge in the hope

that at no far distant date the times may be more propitious, and warrant a revival of the Magazine, which already had entwined itself around the sympathies and intelligence of its supporters.

Very reluctantly and with a heavy heart do we as Chess Editor ring the prompter's bell to make our final bow to an audience ever indulgent and never unappreciative. We feel, taking a retrospective glance, that our task, though at times laborious, has been one of keen and protracted pleasure, if we compute our work by the kind appreciation it has received. And here let us take this opportunity of extending to all our exchanges—ranging as they do in a circle from the remote antipodes to our own Dominion—our hearty and warmest acknowledgments for the consideration and friendly criticism accorded to us at their hands. Our intercourse, comprehending the interchange of chess thought—its lore—its intricacies—its marvellous beauties, has been one of short duration; but it has spanned a bridge of our life with memories most bright and pleasant, and which never can be effaced.

We admit that during our term we diverged from the well-beaten and orthodox track of Caissa. Not out of eccentricity did we essay to present the spirit of the game under a satirical or comical guise; nor did we desire, even if it were possible, to infuse a new or foreign element into its composition; our aim was simply an endeavor to suggest to others, what we so indifferently accomplished ourselves, that the varied associations of chess rendered it one of the most fanciful and fertile of topics on which the mind of man can ponder or his pen dilate.

We are sensible that holding an important post as guardian of at least a portion of the chess interests in Canada, we may in our expressed opinions have erred sometimes through excess of zeal or hasty judgment; if so we fain would lay the flattering unction to our soul that

the spirit of good-will which ever animates the entire brotherhood of chess will be invoked, to condone the imperfections of the actor for the sake of the cause in which he was engaged. We certainly can lay claim to the constancy of our affection for the cause, and if our endeavors have served to disseminate in our midst a better knowledge and a more ardent love for the noble game, then we shall not have labored in vain; nor will the wreath of pleasant memories in connection with the editorship of this column have a brighter flower than this conviction. To the individual contributors to this column and more especially to J. W. Shaw, Esq., our best and warmest thanks are due, for the unflinching interest taken in seconding our endeavors, and devoting countless hours in furnishing a good portion of the matter we have been enabled to lay before our readers. To them, to our exchanges and to our readers we now, at least for the present, make our *exiit* from the mental bustle of the editor's office, our *dictum*, our personality *ex-cathedra* merged in the solid phalanx of players only, silent but not the less zealous observers of the world of chess.

J. G. A.

GAME NO. 54.

(VIENNA OPENING.)

Interesting encounter between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

BLACK.

*Mr. Saunders.*

WHITE.

*Mr. Ascher.*

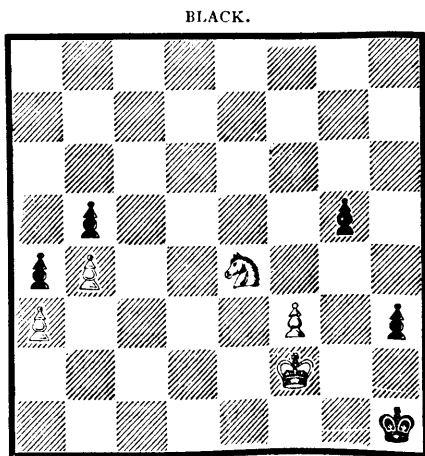
- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| 1. P. K. 4.         | 1. P. K. 4.                               |
| 2. Q. Kt. B. 3.     | 2. K. Kt. B. 3.                           |
| 3. K. Kt. B. 3.     | 3. Q. Kt. B. 3.                           |
| 4. B. Q. Kt. 5.     | 4. P. Q. R. 3.                            |
| 5. B. x Kt.         | 5. Q. P. takes B. (a)                     |
| 6. Kt. x P. (b)     | 6. K. B. Kt. 5.                           |
| 7. P. Q. 3. (c)     | 7. Q. Q. 5.                               |
| 8. K. Kt. B. 3.     | 8. B. takes Kt. (ch)                      |
| 9. Kt. P. x B.      | 9. Q. takes Kt. P. (ch)                   |
| 10. B. Q. 2.        | 10. Q. B. 4.                              |
| 11. P. K. R. 3.     | 11. Q. K. R. 4.                           |
| 12. Castles.        | 12. Castles.                              |
| 13. B. B. 3.        | 13. B. Q. 2.                              |
| 14. Q. R. Kt. sq.   | 14. P. Q. Kt. 4.                          |
| 15. B. R. sq.       | 15. Q. R. Q. sq.                          |
| 16. Q. K. sq. (d)   | 16. B. takes R. P.                        |
| 17. B. x Kt.        | 17. Kt. P. takes B.                       |
| 18. Q. R. 5.        | 18. K. R. sq.                             |
| 19. Q. x Q. Kt. P.  | 19. B. takes P.                           |
| 20. Kt. R. 2.       | 20. K. R. Kt. sq. (e)                     |
| 21. K. R. Q. B. sq. | 21. B. B. 6. (dis. ch) (f)                |
| 22. K. B. sq.       | 22. Q. R. 6. (ch)                         |
| 23. K. K. sq.       | 23. B. takes K. P. (g)                    |
| 24. P. x B. (h)     | 24. Q. Q. B. 6. (ch)                      |
| 25. K. B. sq. (i)   | 25. Q. Q. B. 5. (ch)                      |
| 26. K. K. sq.       | And White announced<br>mate in two moves. |

NOTES TO GAME 54.

- (a) We think Black's position is not at all compromised, notwithstanding the doubled pawn.
- (b) This capture is questionable.
- (c) Either Q. K. 2. or castling seems preferable.
- (d) Very hazardous, involving loss of pawn immediately with very little equivalent of position.
- (e) We are inclined to believe this is better than gaining the exchange by taking R. with B.
- (f) Losing time B. should have taken K. P. when dis. ch.
- (g) This sacrifice is legitimate.
- (h) Not good. R. Kt. 4. or Q. Kt. 3. would have prolonged the game.
- (i) He has nothing better; if K. K. 2. Black plays R. Q. 7. (ch) and on K. moving to B. sq. mates in two.

Position in End-game played in Correspondence Tourney :

BLACK.	WHITE.
<i>Dr. J. Ryall,</i>	<i>J. Henderson,</i>
<i>Hamilton.</i>	<i>Montreal.</i>



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in seven moves.

SOLUTION.

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| BLACK.              | WHITE.             |
| 1. Kt. Kt. 3. (ch). | 1. K. P. 7.        |
| 2. Kt. K. 2.        | 2. P. Kt. 5. or a. |
| 3. P. x P.          | 3. K. R. 8.        |
| 4. Kt. Kt. 3. (ch). | 4. K. R. 7.        |
| 5. Kt. B. sq. (ch). | 5. K. R. 8.        |
| 6. P. Kt. 5.        | 6. P. R. 7.        |
| 7. Kt. mates.       | (a) 2. K. R. 8.    |

- |                   |                           |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 3. K. Kt. 3.      | 3. P. Kt. 5. <i>or b.</i> |
| 4. P. B. 4.       | 4. P. R. 7.               |
| 5. K. B. 2.       | 5. P. Kt. 6 (ch).         |
| 6. Kt. × P. mate. |                           |
|                   | (b)                       |
| 4. K. B. 2.       | 3. P. R. 7.               |
| 5. Kt. mates.     | 4. P. Kt. 5.              |

GAME No. 55.

Played some time ago in New York, between A. P. Barnes, Esq., and an amateur of considerable skill.

Evan's Gambit.

Mr. Barnes.

WHITE.

1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.
3. B. B. 4.
4. P. Q. Kt. 4.
5. P. B. 3.
6. P. Q. 4.
7. Castles.
8. Q. Kt. 3.
9. P. K. 5.
10. Kt. × P.
11. B. R. 3.
12. Kt. × P.
13. Q. R. 4.
14. Kt. Q. 6. (ch). (e)
15. P. × P.
16. P. × Kt.
17. Q. × B.
18. Kt. K. 5.
19. Q. × R.
20. K. R. sq.
21. P. K. R. 3.
22. Q. R. 5.
23. K. R. K. sq. (ch).
24. Q. K. 5. (ch). (g)
25. B. Q. 3. (ch).
26. P. B. 4.
27. Q. × Q. (ch).
28. P. × Kt.
29. K. R. 2.
30. R. K. 7.
31. R. K. Kt. sq.
32. B. K. 4.
33. B. × B.
34. R. × B. P.
35. K. R. × Kt. P.

White mates in two moves.

NOTES TO GAME No. 55.

(a) We should prefer here taking off the Queen's Knight.

(b) Why not castle?

(c) In excellent style.

(d) Loss of piece was inevitable, as if here, Kt. to B. 4, then White checks with Rook, entailing much disaster.

(e) We think the system of defence here wrong. Knight takes P. followed by P. Q. 3, seems to ward off attack of White fairly enough.

(f) A flash in the pan.

(g) If P. B. 4, Black plays Kt. to K. 5, and when White takes Q. regains the Q. by Kt. Kt. 6, check.

JACOB G. ASCHER.

The talented chess editor of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* was born in Plymouth, England, in 1842, and came to Montreal—where his father entered into business—at an early age. He had acquired a knowledge of chess before his tenth year and quickly became proficient in the game, with which his name has been identified for the last quarter of a century. As a player he has been remarkably successful, his style being fervid and dashing in the extreme. As a brilliant, off-hand player he has few, if any, superiors—rapid in conception, fertile in resource, with an eye which grasps the situation



JACOB G. ASCHER, ESQ.

at a glance, he is a most formidable antagonist. Did Mr. Ascher but possess the quality which chessmen call *solidity*, he would be one of the foremost players of the age; but, alas! he will often follow a refined and strategical combination by a blunder as gross. His games have been chronicled in the *Illustrated London News*, the *London Dramatic News* and other English as well as American journals over a long series of years.

It is, however, as a writer and contributor to chess literature that Mr. Ascher has perhaps achieved his greatest popularity. A couple of sketches which appeared some time ago in these pages, the *Chess Tyro* and the *Uninvited Guest*, are capital examples of his versatile and agreeable style. The former, recounting the experiences of a country player in the "pursuit of

chess under difficulties," abounds with genuine touches of humor, enlivened by a pleasant vein of satire.

Mr. Ascher has also been a most useful member of the chess community in other respects, having filled the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Montreal Chess Club for the last ten years, and a similar office in the Canadian Chess Association, now in the seventh year of its existence. Apropos of the latter organization, it may not be out of place to state that in its 1878 Tourney (not yet completed in consequence of unavoidable delays) Mr. Ascher has made the highest score in a company of players representing the best skill in Canada,—to only one of whom, Dr. Howe, the President of the Association, is yet allowed the chance of dividing first honors with him.

Mr. Ascher is also not unknown in the literary world outside of the chess arena, having been for years a casual contributor to many American

and Canadian journals of humorous verse and prose, occasionally his pen essaying successfully the higher walks of the divine Muse. But in this latter respect his name must recall the well-won fame of his brother, Isidore G. Ascher (for many years a resident of London, England), whose volume entitled "Voices from the Hearth" and numerous minor poems, have been a rich contribution to the literature of the Dominion, which is proud to own him as one of her sweetest singers.

As a chess-player, Mr. Ascher is a model of urbanity and courtesy. Himself prompt in delivery, so to speak, he refrains from the exhibition of any impatience at an opponent's tardiness of play,—a mark of politeness as rare as it is pleasing. Mr. Ascher's many-numbered friends wish him a long and prosperous career in the chess world! May the reputation he has gained therein be "*Ære perennius.*"

S.

## Draughts.



### DRAUGHTS ITEMS.

THE MATCH between A. Brodie and A. Valin, both of Quebec, terminated at the 72nd game, the result being Brodie 31, Valin 11, and drawn 30. Mr. Brodie was 21 games ahead.

THE LEEDS "INDEPENDENT" SAYS: "From a communication received from Mr. Wyllie, we are sorry to learn that on one of the evenings during his late visit to Glasgow, he was subjected to a savage assault from a gang of thieves, who followed up their outrage by robbing him of his gold watch. The veteran would have experienced additional loss and ill-treatment but for his determined resistance and the opportune arrival of assistance. On the completion of his tour, he intends to enter a cabinet-making business at Glasgow, in partnership with his son, Mr. John Wyllie."

"CLIPPER" PROBLEM COMPETITION.—Mr. J. D. Janvier, of Wilmington, Del., has carried off first honors, in the shape of a gold medal, in the draughts problem competition promoted by the proprietors of the New York *Clipper*. Mr. H. D. Lyman, of Washington, comes second; and Mr. James McDonald, of Pueblo, Colorado, is third. The competition was confined to residents in the United States.

MR. W. J. WEAVER, of Point Edward, Ont., writes to point out that in game 43 White can win by playing at the 30th move 20.16, 6.15, 30.25, and White wins.

### WYLLIE AND THE CANADIAN CHAMPION.—

The London (Ont.) *Free Press* states that "preliminaries of a match are being arranged between Mr. Dykes and Mr. Wyllie for £200 a side and the championship of the world. The match will probably come off in New York or Glasgow some time in January."

THE "NATIONAL CHECKER JOURNAL" offers over \$30 in prizes to be contested for by the players this winter. Among the prizes is one \$10 gold piece for an analysis of the Switcher proving that Black wins.

THE MATCH between Mr. Davie, of New York, and Mr. J. A. DeCon, of Brooklyn, was concluded on Monday last, and resulted in a decided victory for Mr. Davie, with a score of —Davie, 13; DeCon, 1; drawn, 4. Total 19.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 21.

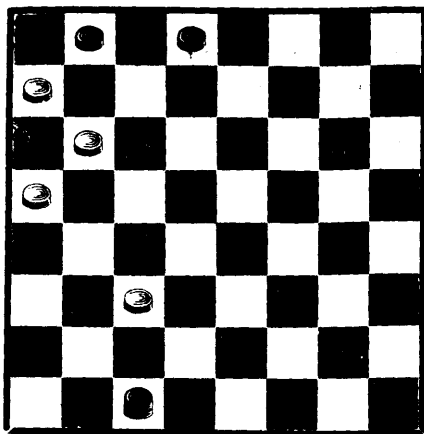
13.17	1.10	15.18	27.32	27.20
22.13	27.24	16.11	7.2	6.15
5.9	11.15	18.27	32.27	20.24
13.6	20.16	11.7	2.6	

Black wins.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 22.

19.15	6.15	18.2	
21.14	13.6		Drawn..
15.10	2.9		

PROBLEM No. 23.



Black to play and win.

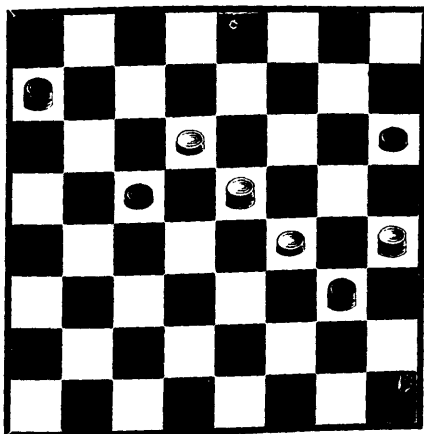
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 23.

30.26	9. 6	22.13	2. 7
*22.17	2. 9	6. 2	9.14
26.22	13. 6	13. 9	Black wins.

\* If 22.18, 26.23, 18.15 or 14, 2, 7, Black wins.

PROBLEM No. 24.

End Game between Messrs. Brodie and Valin.



White to play and draw.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 24.

10. 6	1.10	6. 9	Drawn.
5. 1	15. 6		
20.16	24.15		

The following four games were played at Quebec in the match between A. Brodie and A. Valin :

GAME No. 59.—GLASGOW.

Valin's Move.

11.15	20.11	9.14	27.18	27.31
23.19	3. 7	22.18	12.16	19.15
8.11	28.24	14.23	25.21	31.26
22.17	7.16	17.14	16.19	15. 8
11.16	24.20	10.17	26.23	26.22
24.20	16.19	21.14	19.26	18.15
16.23	25.22	8.11	30.23	22.18
27.11	4. 8	31.27	24.27	15.11
7.16	29.25	19.24	23.19	18. 9

Drawn.

GAME No. 60.—WHILTER.

Brodie's Move.

11.15	17.13	15.18	15.10	24.27
23.19	1. 5	23.14	7.14	21.17
9.14	30.25	10.26	22.17	27.31
26.23	14.18	31.22	14.18	25.21
8.11	23.14	11.16	17.14	31.26
22.17	9.18	19.15	18.23	
3. 8	27.23	16.20	14.10	Black
25.22	18.27	24.19	6.15	wins.
5. 9	32.23	20.24	19.10	

GAME No. 61.—FIFE.

Valin's Move.

11.15	15.18	10.14	11.15	19.23
23.19	25.22	19.10	17.13	11.15
9.14	18.25	6.15	15.24	18.22
22.17	29.22	24.19	9. 6	15.18
5. 9	8.11	15.24	2. 9	23.27
17.13	24.19	32.28	13. 6	18.25
14.18	4. 8	3. 8	10.15	27.32
19.16	28.24	28.19	6. 2	25.22
12.19	8.12	8.11	15.19	32.28
26.23	24.20	22.17	2. 7	25.18
19.26	11.15	7.10	14.18	White
30. 5	27.24	13. 9	7.11	wins.

GAME No. 62.—GLASGOW.

Brodie's Move.

11.15	28.24	8.11	22.17	11.15
23.19	7.16	22.18	24.28	20.11
8.11	24.20	5. 9	31.27	27.20
22.17	16.19	25.22	28.32	22.17
11.16	25.22	10.15	17.13	15.22
24.20	4. 8	32.28	1. 6	23.19
16.23	29.25	6.10	30.26	20.24
27.11	19.24	13. 6	12.16	
7.16	26.23	2. 9	27.24	
20.11	9.14	28.19	32.27	Drawn.
3. 7	17.13	15.24	26.22	

# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

*Allegro marcato.*

*mf* *cres.*

The first system of music features a treble clef with a 7-measure rest, followed by piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The tempo is marked *Allegro marcato.* The piano part begins with a dynamic of *mf* and includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O - ho! The Campbells are comin'. O -

*f* *p* *p*

The second system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O - ho! The Campbells are comin'. O -". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

ho, O - ho! The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch-le-ven, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O-ho!

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ho, O - ho! The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch-le-ven, The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O-ho!". The piano accompaniment concludes with a double bar line.



Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I

look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And saw three bon - nie per - ches play.

Great Argyll, he goes before,  
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar,  
 Wl' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
 The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!  
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
 Wl' banners rattling in the wind,  
 The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!  
 The Campbells are comin', etc.

## “ F A R E W E L L . ”

It is not with unmixed regret that we say “Farewell.” Although we have for nearly twelve years endeavored to establish the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and although the labor has been one continual grappling with apparently insurmountable difficulties, it has had its pleasures, the greater from the heat of the struggle. The enterprise was not engaged in under the most encouraging conditions. Although the country was but young, several good magazines of undoubted merit had been well begun, were conducted with ability and vigor, but had ended only in loss and premature death. It seemed that Canada did not possess readers enough to keep alive a magazine devoted to a class of literature other than that supplied by the newspaper. But when, in that July eleven years ago, the different scattered North American Provinces were united by a closer tie than ever before had bound them, the opportunity appeared one fit to be seized, and immediately after the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* began to exist.

At first the magazine met with much encouragement as is indicated from the following announcement in the second number:—

“The *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* was commenced with considerable diffidence, in the hope of supplying a long felt and growing want in Canada, namely, that of a high-class literary magazine; and we are happy to have the general testimony of the press of Canada, that the design has been, so far, pretty successfully carried out. We have also the still more substantial testimony of a prepaid subscription list of sixteen hundred, which is receiving considerable additions daily, and this within about two months of the issue of the specimen number.”

A month later the following still more cheering report of progress was made;—

“We have again to repeat, with thankfulness, that the reception which our magazine has met with throughout the Dominion of Canada has

greatly encouraged us. We continue to receive, from every quarter, the most flattering expressions of appreciation and good-will. The newspapers of the Dominion, especially, we have to thank for their cordial notices. We have also been much gratified with favorable notices both from Britain and the United States. \* \* \* \* \*

We have been under the necessity of putting to press a second edition of one thousand copies of the October number of the *NEW DOMINION* (being the first of the volume), as the first edition of 5,000 is about exhausted. This makes 6,000 in all; and those who wish to obtain the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* from the beginning of the volume, are requested to forward their orders, accompanied by the money, without any delay, as when this last thousand is exhausted we will not be able to supply any more of Number One.”

The magazine’s circulation continued rapidly to increase until in a very short time it reached eight thousand, when it began gradually to decline. The reason was obvious. The reading matter which first appeared in the magazine was afterwards inserted in the *WITNESS*. It was only by this means that the magazine could be sold at the very low price asked for it, one dollar a year; but at the same time the field of *WITNESS* readers, a very large and important constituency, was cut off from it.

This error was very soon seen and remedied. But irretrievable damage had already been done. Many people, ever ready to remember anything derogatory to any enterprise in which they have not an immediate interest, could never forget that long, long ago a large proportion of the matter in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* used afterwards to appear in the *WITNESS*, and even now there are some who believe that the magazine has been conducted on that principle to the present time.

One object which the publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* had in view was the republication of choice

articles from foreign periodicals, and at first the contents of the magazine were principally of this class. It was not long, however, before Canadian writers began gladly to avail themselves of this medium in order to place their productions before the public, and for some years the magazine was abundantly supplied with voluntary contributions, all the more valuable, perhaps, in a literary point of view, because not written for money, but for the writers' own satisfaction. After some years, however, it was decided that all original contributions should be paid for, which of course added considerably to the cost of production. About this time it was enlarged and the price increased, and afterwards, year by year, it grew larger, more expensive, more original, more valuable, and its circulation smaller, with a slight delusive rise here and there that all hope might not be lost. During these years pictorial illustrations were added, although for a time, they were little credit to the publication. But soon the care, attention and expense devoted to them produced more satisfactory results. Each number grew better than the preceding in matter and execution, until such a number as the present or preceding ones could be turned out each month. But at this time it became painfully evident that the magazine was being carried on at altogether too great an expense for the returns received.

Had the country been in a better condition, and the public more free to spend money on articles not necessities, at the beginning of this year, it is most probable that the publishers would have continued the magazine even at a loss, in the expectation of an early return. But, on the contrary, the outlook was the dreariest imaginable. Some, even, who had begun to love the

DOMINION as a personal friend were compelled to do without it. Again much competition had grown up, and a country which could hardly support one magazine was called upon to carry three of greater or less worth, the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY having much the largest circulation of any of them. Under these circumstances it was thought best to say "farewell."

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has not lived entirely in vain. It has already accomplished one of the objects it had before it. It has exerted an important influence in the direction of the cultivation of a taste for a better class of reading, and has done some good in encouraging Canadian writers to use their pens in the building up of a Canadian literature. Thus, while regretting that the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY'S career has not been a longer one, there is cause for thankfulness that it has accomplished so much even at a great sacrifice to its publishers.

It is quite possible that at some future time, when a fitting opportunity again arrives, the publishers may pick up the tangled threads of the unfinished coil and locking them together, profiting by the experience so dearly gained, bring to a successful conclusion the efforts they have already made.

The editors and publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY cannot part with their contributors without another word. For many years the intercourse has been pleasant. The encouragement given by them has been most stimulating in its nature. All have worked together with one end in view, and from many letters and verbal communications received there is no doubt that the separation caused by the dropping of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY from their world, even if but a temporary, is a painful one.



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*Gallant Major.*—"No, I CAN'T; BUT YOU DON'T LOOK IT!"—*Punch.*

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