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MAY, 1871.

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The New Best Name
The Passing Bell.
The Patter of the Rain.
The Wandering Refugee.
The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.
Welcome, Sweet Spring.
Who can Tell?

J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F. R. S.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1871.

BRAZIL'S CIVILIZATION.

In taking a comprehensive survey of that seemingly strange anomaly of nature which is presented in the case of Brazil, it is presupposed that the fundamental laws which govern a nation's advance in civilization, together with the necessary and antecedent causes deduced from the history of previous ages, are generally known and believed. That such supposition is a valid one cannot be denied, until some master mind shall be able to confute these theories by supplanting them with others more acceptable, and more in accordance with the philosophical revelations of the time.

I have said that Brazil presents to the student of history a strange anomaly of nature, and one which, at first glance, might seem to be not only an exception to the general rule of intellectual development, but one even in direct opposition to it; for here we have an immense tract of land, favored by nature far above all other sections of the globe, and we should naturally expect to find an intellectual culture of the highest order—a general civilization equal to that of Europe or of our own country. And to the superficial observer, the existence of any other condition would be deemed an aberration—a problem incapable of solution. But that such prosperity is not the case; that Brazil occupies the lowest position among nations; that her civilization is only a little superior to her primitive barbarism, are facts so well established as to be beyond dispute. It is my present purpose to bring forward such arguments as will account for this position of a large empire, and to show from comparative historical evidence that such intellectual stagnation might have been anticipated as an inevitable result—that this country does not exist as an isolated case in proof of the non-existence of a law, but that it is in just harmony with the demands of that law.

The four great causes to which I attribute this anomaly are:—1st. Physical laws and the aspect of nature; 2nd. The phonetic change and dialectic regeneration of its language; 3rd. Slavery; 4th. Its religion and the character of its clergy.

In following out this train of reasoning, and deducing from these four causes a solution of the present question, I shall be guided almost entirely by the modern discoveries of history and philology, which as branches of the highest order of study, even of the human mind, have made unprecedented strides into the operations of the intellect of man, and have pointed out the intimate relations existing between a nation's progress and its language. They have revealed to us facts of which the most learned of men a half a century ago were entirely ignorant. Nay, more; he who would have had the temerity to advance such opinions at that time, would have been pitied as a madman, and his doctrines received as the effusion of an unbalanced and unreliable mind. But the skepticism of our age, that hard belief in the infallibility of tradition, which has elevated science to its present position, and is by degrees raising our standard of morality to a perfected toleration, has furnished a key by the aid of which the long-closed doors of history, with their rusty, obstinate hinges, have been thrown wide open, that

the whole world might see and believe. I shall not hesitate, therefore, to avail myself of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of this period of our advancement, being convinced that such arguments, emanating from men of the highest order of intellectual culture, attested by incontrovertible facts, will be received with the respect which they merit and will carry with them their just measure of conviction. Hence it is that such a subject as this can lay claim to but little originality, since it bears the impress of former discovery. Indeed, he who now advances a theory of weight, hitherto unknown, the influence of which shall be felt in the literature of the time to come, is the genius of his age—one of those bright illuminations in the wide field of science which occasionally flash through the world, the wonder of all men.

The physical laws by which the civilization of Brazil has been retarded are, the influence of the trade winds and the exceeding fecundity of nature. These winds, blowing constantly from the north-east or south-east across the Atlantic Ocean, become in their passage surcharged with vapors, which, at certain intervals, are condensed into rain. The whole mass of water is poured down upon the eastern shores of South America, being turned backward from its passage westward by the chain of the Andes. This supply, together with the vast river system peculiar to Brazil, accompanied by a sufficient amount of heat, has enriched the soil to an extent unequalled by that of any other section of the globe. It possesses a vegetation of unsurpassed beauty and profusion. Nature revels, without a check from the advance of man. Vast forests and mighty trees bound immense tracts of meadow, teeming with the richest food for all descriptions of cattle. Birds of exquisite plumage, flowers of the most delicate coloring and texture, insects of every variety, make up the wondrous picture. But while this flow and abundance swell the magnificence of nature beyond expression, it dwindles man into insignificance; for in comparison with the surrounding majesty, he is as nought. While a nation is in its infancy, its inhabitants are always adverse to enterprise, and possessing no knowledge of the arts by which physical impediments are removed, they never attempt to grapple with them. The objects that oppose them seem so formidable that they never rally from the accumulated pressure. In the case of Brazil, this indolence is not confined to the natives, for even the resources of European civilization have not been sufficient to conquer the difficulties. So active are the physical laws, and conducted on a scale of such magnificence, that it has been impossible to escape their effects. Dense and well nigh impenetrable forests prevent extended husbandry, while numerous insects never allow the gleaning of a harvest. The spirit of man, hampered by nature, has not the power to rise, but is ever maintaining an unequal struggle. Such is the reproductive power of its indigenous plants that the natives subsist without the necessity of manual labor. Without taking into consideration the relaxing effect of this species of food, such a lack of physical exuberance and activity will breed a torpidity of intellect from which a nation seldom if ever arises.

Another cause, in connection with this, may be cited in further proof,—the lack of accumulated wealth. This, in the early days of a nation's advance, is a death-blow to the expansion of the human intellect; for since men cannot have leisure until they have wealth, and cannot think advantageously until they have leisure, it follows that the want of that by which alone leisure can be obtained, will affect the whole mental progression of a people. The returns made to labor are governed by the fertility of the soil, and the energy with which such labor is conducted is dependent upon the climate. But although the soil of Brazil has all the natural advantages of chemical composition, irrigation and heat, the physical impediments are so vast as to render agriculture almost impossible; and, even were it otherwise, the heat is so intense as to enervate the powers of man, and we could not expect to find that untiring industry and zeal which are the characteristics of those in more northern climates. Thus it is that, in this Empire, there have never been discovered the relics of an anterior civilization in any way superior to the present.

The aspect of nature, by stimulating the imagination, breeds superstition and cherishes ignorance; for an ignorant race will always attribute to supernatural causes those phenomena, which, though dependent upon well-defined scientific laws, are not of everyday occurrence. Such ignorance resolves itself into an idolatrous religion, worshipping the very phenomena themselves. The peculiar diseases of the country are another cause of superstition, since, when reason becomes lost in the contemplation of the great unknown hereafter, imagination takes up the thread to weave itself into endless conjectures and hopeless entanglement; for the medical knowledge being somewhat backward, and the nation peculiarly ignorant, every pestilence or fever is regarded as a manifestation of Divine anger, while the eradication or cure is looked upon as a Divine interposition. Thus, then, we see how nature, ministering to the imaginative faculties and developing them into a rich growth of superstition, starves the struggling intellect at birth. Come we now to the next cause—Language.

In discussing this point, I shall adopt the very happy division of Muller, which seems to me to be the best and most comprehensive that has yet been advanced:—

"Phonetic corruption consists of that agglomeration of foreign material by which the most original and essential quality of a language becomes at first weakened and then lost forever; and it is by the aid of the most scrupulous analysis only that the early history of the language can be discovered; for, as soon as phonetic change strikes at the root, and words exist artificially or by tradition, when a distinction is drawn between what is radical and what is grammatical, the life of language becomes benumbed and extinct. The Spanish for 'twenty' is *veinte;* but how many Spaniards are there who recognize in this word the two forms of *dos* and *diez*, *two-ten.* This presupposes the more primitive *viginti* of Latin, so that this *viginti* with the Greek *eikati* and the Sanskrit *vinsati*, presupposes an earlier language, from which these are in turn derived, and in which, previous to these forms, there must have existed a compound similar to that which the Chinese possess to this day. Sometimes the whole body of the language becomes mutilated by this corruption, and the word of a century ago assumes to-day a new and unrecognizable garb. To dialectic regeneration may be attributed that want of common intercourse which characterizes the Brazilian nation. Cases are not rare of villages bordering upon each other with entirely different languages, manners and customs; so that the two, from being unable to understand each other, cannot intermingle, but live on as separate tribes, with a very limited sphere of action. The commonest words of everyday conversation receive entirely different names among the different classes of people. For instance the word 'butter' in Spanish is *manteca*, in some parts of Brazil is *mantequilla*, and in others *manteiga.* As we journey inland, the Spanish and Portuguese dialects have coalesced, and a curious construction has arisen, which possesses but little similarity to either. New words, springing from such union, are in common use, which are incomprehensible to the inhabitants of the sea coast. Indeed, owing to the wandering life of many of the inland natives, one generation has often been sufficient to work an entire change. Fathers who have left their offspring behind, return after a long absence to find a new dialect spoken by their young. This infant progeny—some of whom are just beginning to lisp, while others can master a whole sentence—mingling and playing with each other without controlling influence, construct a language of their own. Thus from the baby Babel arises a host of mongrel words, which, during the life of that generation, becomes the spoken language."

Such is the primitive, natural growth of language, which can attain permanency through the medium of literature only. To turn these countless dialects into a common stream for father, family, clan and nation, is the business of literature—not necessarily a written or classic one, but one of speeches, ballads and public meetings, couched in such wise as shall be comprehended by a large class, and by them transmitted to their posterity. From my limited observation, I am unable to state how many dialects are spoken in Brazil; but I am of the opinion that they could be reduced to four families, and perhaps a lesser number still. How such diversity of dialect would retard civilization must be very apparent to those who recognize the necessity of a common language for a common intellectual growth. Unless the inhabitants of a country are able to intercommunicate, unless they have a literature which shall be readable by all, there can be no general advance, no general education, no universality of thought. Perhaps

it is this very infancy of its language which, more than any other cause, has retarded the civilization of Brazil and placed her where she now is—the lowest among nations. In a nation where but a minority of the inhabitants are educated, any actual progress is impossible. With no extended system of schools, there can be no common sympathy above that of ordinary domestic affections. Such lamentable backwardness is aggravated by the distinction made between the education of the males and females—the one struggling into existence, the other existing not at all.

If it were possible for the moral and intellectual growth to keep pace with its physical endowments, Brazil would hold an enviable position. But a fatal disease gnaws at the root of her advancement—a great moral evil, which time alone can eradicate. Although slavery has been abolished quite recently, and was, perhaps, the after effect of emancipation in America, its moral death must be slow—wasting and consuming the body as it passes away forever. The effects which it will leave behind will influence the progress of generations to come, and will disappear only as the people approach to a more perfected intercommunion of the races, which will arise from the steady progress of intellectual culture. The retarding influences of universal application, which result from a wide-spread condition of slavery, have been so thoroughly discussed in our country during the present decade, and as a first condition of the great Civil War, have become so thoroughly familiar to all in common, that it is needless to enter into a lengthy argument of the ultimate results of such human degradation. It is sufficient to state that in Brazil slavery operated in the same adverse manner, and through the same channels as it did in the United States. One of the lesser evils was the influence exerted by slaves upon the character of the young generation of the wealthier and more aristocratic classes. The internal arrangements of the household were governed by slaves, who ministered as domestics, and, in many cases, had absolute charge of the children. Low in their tastes and appetites, uneducated and immoral, they had no difficulty in moulding the pliable natures of those confided to their charge into channels of life assimilating to their own; and, as these infants developed into manhood, it became impossible to throw off the association of their childhood, and from youthful sinning they grew into the full development of a man's evil. The race of men grew weaker, and approached nearer to the lower orders of the animal kingdom—from miscegenation and from ignorance of the moral laws which protect society and increase the mental and physical development of man.

But there is another and fourth cause against which Brazil has to struggle, and that is its religion and character of its clergy. In a country where education is so closely connected with a State religion, as in Brazil, it is of paramount importance that the religion itself should contain such innate strength and adaptability as shall the best meet the wants of the people, as shall be the best suited to their limited comprehension, and shall, itself, be the most powerful means of inciting them in the race of intellect. Religious oppression is contrary to the spirit of Brazilian institutions, and Protestant clergymen, as well as those of other denominations, are allowed perfect freedom; but, notwithstanding this, there is no independent thought, for the Brazilians have unbounded belief and no skepticism. The Roman Catholic religion is a purely selfish one. It delights to foster ignorance, to encourage superstition and blind belief in the efficacy of its doctrines. It is a religion which concentrates all learning in its priesthood, to be doled out in small and well-guarded parcels to the congregation. I have said that it encouraged ignorance, and hence kept alive the spirit of superstition; for if you spread abroad the spirit of inquiry and aid in the development of the intellectual faculties, you at once weaken that feeling of superstition on which this religion depends for much of the blind adherence to its faith, and to which its sensational ceremonies and miracles appeal. A man who is ignorant of physical laws, who knows nothing of God's revelations to mankind, who, within the limited scope of his knowledge, cannot account for seeming mira-

culous phenomena, will always attribute their existence to supernatural causes. The forms and much of the belief of the Roman Catholic religion do appeal, most unquestionably, to the imagination; hence it is but natural that the clergy of such a religion should exert themselves to the utmost to keep alive the spirit by which such faith is nourished, and as a well diffused education would scorn such childish superstition and weaken the power of the Church, it becomes a matter of the first importance to keep the mind of the public in absolute ignorance. When one sees such barbarous displays as are of constant occurrence in Brazil, of priests attaching the prayers of the people to a rocket, in order that it may ascend to God's Kingdom, and propagating the idea that such will actually be the case, it cannot be doubted that to the thresholds of such mischief-workers will the burden of the sin come back.

The very clergy are an unlettered, dissolute and selfish class of men, with unbounded influence. They have immense power to do good, and yet they advance evil. They have no institutions of learning, no profound scholarship, no other thought than that of personal advancement. Then they aspire to political preferment, and there arises that most pernicious evil of a union betwixt Church and State. To maintain this double power — ecclesiastical and political—the priests annihilate their holy calling and become fawning slaves, obedient to the command of the Government. This latter protects the union to strengthen its own dominion and power. Thus, as the power of wealth, learning and position rest with the Church, its influence becomes infinite, and, while such connection lasts, there can never be any progression in civilization, for that which would cause the advance would destroy the power of the Church. To attain temporal power, the priest forfeits his honesty and becomes a hypocrite. With one hand he scorches with the most burning anathemas of the Church the heretical poor man, at the same time that he outstretches his other to bless the ruler ten-fold worse in his heresy.

Such are some of the reasons which have led me to believe that the Roman Catholic religion is one the most ill-suited for a national civilization, particularly when such civilization is in its infancy.

In closing this article I most earnestly disclaim any intention of conveying erroneous impressions in regard to the universal ignorance which I have briefly noticed. There are some exceptions in this case, as, indeed, there always are, to every general rule. There are many good and noble men in Brazil, who recognize the evils by which they are surrounded, and who are bravely giving daily battle against them. At their head stands the Emperor—a man of large liberality and great scientific attainments—a sovereign who embodies in himself all that is most ennobling in human nature. But the struggle being an unequal one, there can result no ultimate good. These men scarcely serve to illumine the gloom in which they move, and, by their own efforts, can accomplish nothing; but they may sow productive seed, which future generations will nurse with care, and which, some day, may ripen into the full harvest of universal good and advancement.

THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

The stories in circulation among the Indians of the Lower Provinces of the Dominion are of two kinds. The one kind, while embodying the habits and customs of the ancient Indians with their religious beliefs and superstitions, are manifestly fictitious, and abound in such monstrous absurdities as are only to be equalled in extravagance by the metamorphoses of Ovid, the legends of Scandinavia, or the fictions of "Tennyson's Holy Grail." The other kind record their history, chiefly the incidents of their wars with other tribes of Indians and with the white people. These have, doubtless, a foundation in truth, though occasionally wonderfully colored by the medium through which they have passed down. More civilized historians are apt to twist their narratives a little to the prejudice of their enemies and in favor of their own nation. 'Twere surprising if the untutored Indian did not do the same. I have seldom heard of an encounter between the Micmacs and any other tribe where the latter, according to the statements of the former, did not, on the whole, get worsted.

A little of the marvellous, too, must be mixed in. Their braves were always great magicians, and fully as much is ascribed in their victories to the supernatural as to strength of arm and skill, though of these latter qualities there was no lack.

Their mode of warfare, as described by themselves, agrees with the descriptions of our own historians. They avoided, as much as possible, open field combat. To steal upon a village, or a solitary wigwam, and kill the women and children or carry them off, while the men were absent, was a common custom. Then they describe very vividly the manner in which prisoners were tortured, with an occasional dash of furious cannibalism, too horrid to be recorded; and they delight especially to describe the various ways in which their enemies were outgeneraled and destroyed.

Their principal encounters were with the Kwedeches and the Kenebecks. The former are generally supposed by themselves and others to have been Mohawks. All that is certainly known, however, is that they were a Canadian tribe.

In this paper I will relate, as nearly as possible, in the very words of the tradition, the commencement of the war, with two or three of the subsequent incidents.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE KWEDECH WAR.

On the opposite banks of the Restigouche River, near its mouth, were two towns—one inhabited by Micmacs and the other by Kwedeches. They were at peace with each other, and frequently attended each other's festivals.

On one of these occasions, while the Micmacs were feasting with the other tribe, and the children of both parties were mingling in the sports and petty quarrels of the day, a Micmac boy was killed by the other party. Nothing was said of it, however, at the time. It was passed over as an accident; but the circumstance was remembered.

Some time afterwards a feast was celebrated on the other side of the river by the Micmacs, to which, as usual, the other party were invited. The women and children attended.* The Micmac boys had

* On those state occasions the men first took their food inside the tent—all that was placed before each man belonging to him—and after their lords had dined, the ladies, who all this time had remained outside with the children, were called in, and each one took away the dish that was before her husband with what was left on it, on which she and her children dined outside. Something like this evidently obtained in Bible times. See Gen. xliii., 34, and Ruth ii., 14—18. This Eastern custom has not quite died out yet among the Indians of these Provinces. I have often sat at table and taken my dinner with the "man of the house," while the wife ate with the

been instructed beforehand how to manage the matter, and so they contrived accidentally to kill in a quarrel two of their comrades of the Kwedech party.

It was now evident that the accident happened on purpose, and while nothing was said openly, the Kwedeches resolved on a revenge upon a larger scale.

Time passed. Spring came, and the season for catching salmon arrived. The regulation between the two tribes was this: they took their turns annually for the first and best part of the fishery. This year it was the Micmacs' turn to go first to the fishing-ground, which was at some distance from the villages up the river. About fifty of the younger men went up with their canoes, and it took them several days to reach the place.

They had not been there many days before a son of the Kwedech chief planned and matured a scheme for revenging the death of the boys. Collecting a company, they marched up the river by land—neither the old chief nor any of the old men of the tribe knowing anything of the matter—intending to surprise and cut off the whole hunting party, so that none might be left to tell the tale. They came within a short distance of the place, and there hid themselves till night, when they cautiously approached the camp to reconnoitre.

The Micmacs were all out in the river spearing salmon by torchlight. The Kwedeches waited till they returned. After they came ashore, the Micmacs prepared their evening meal. Fires were kindled outdoors, the fish were split open and attached to suitable sticks and placed before the fire to roast—the lower end of the stick being fastened in the ground. While the cooking process was proceeding, the men were talking, jesting and laughing—all unconscious of the storm that was ready to burst upon them. The Kwedeches crept quietly up to them in the darkness, and assisted by the crackling of the fires, and the noise of their laughter and loud talk, got so near that each one could select his man and take deadly aim, when they let fly a shower of arrows that killed every Micmac save one. This one was wounded, but not mortally, and he made a rush for the river, and, before he could be seized, plunged in and crawled under the shelving rock. There he was discovered by his enemies, but being a great *pow-wow*, and withal a skilful warrior, he managed to evade all their attempts to reach him, and ultimately made his escape down the river and baffled his pursuers. Next day he was discovered on the shore wounded and unable to walk, and was conveyed back to his village by a man and his wife, who were on their way in a canoe up to the fishing-ground, but who returned home on hearing of the fate of their companions and spread the news.

The wounded man recovered after a few days, and went over to the other village and entered a complaint against the men who had perpetrated the foul deed. He was able to identify the parties, and the chief blame was thrown upon the young chief.

The whole village of the Kwedeches were required to depart, and to remove to a great distance. Three days were given them to comply with this decision, and they were told that unless they were gone by that time, they would end their days where they were—every one of them would be destroyed.

As the Micmacs greatly outnumbered the Kwedeches, the latter thought it prudent to comply, and immediately began to make preparations for their removal. In three days they were ready and started,—the young chief being severely reprimanded by his father for the trouble he had occassioned; but he was not punished.

Before they left the Micmac chief visited his brother chief of the other party. He says to him:—

"We will remember each other, and, when there comes over me a longing to see you, I will go up, and when you desire to see me, you can come down."

Such was the smooth address; but the meaning was: "This affair is not yet settled. When I am ready I shall go up after you and wreak my vengeance upon

children on the floor; and on one great occasion I dined with a host of men inside the tent, after which the women, who had been waiting respectfully outside, were allowed to dine on our leavings. I cannot say I feel proud of the feat.

you; and if, at any time, you think you are able for us, why come on as soon as you like, and you'll find us prepared to receive you."

The Kwedeches now depart, and halting from time to time during the summer, get far up into Canada by the next winter, where they pitch their tents on the borders of a large lake.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR—THE KWEDECHES ATTACKED.

The war thus commenced continued for many years with long intervals of intermission, however, and many are the thrilling and bloody incidents relating to it, which have been handed down by tradition. The Indians, as a rule, never acted from mere momentary impulse. They took time to consider, and kept cool; but they did not forget an outrage, and the time for vengeance was pretty sure to come.

The following winter the Micmac warrior who had been wounded at the fishing-ground, felt that the time had come to make his friends the promised visit. He makes a proposal to this effect to the young men of his tribe, and they are all eager to accompany him; but he limits the number, selecting his men, and, when all is ready, they start upon the enterprise.

They follow the trail of the others—their different places of encampment being indicated by the deserted wigwams, &c., and they can easily judge when the final winter quarters are nearly reached. When they come to the lake, at the further end of which the Kwedeches are encamped, they halt. There is a high hill at the other end of the lake, and the Kwedech village is beyond the hill.

A little before nightfall the Micmac leader sends down four of his men upon the lake to explore. They see on the top of the distant hill a Kwedech upon the look-out, who turns on seeing them and goes back over the hill. They return to their chief and report.

"We saw a Lynx—*Abooksigun*—a *loup cervier*—standing on the top of the hill, and he immediately slunk away on discovering us, and glided back down the hill."

This Lynx was no other than the young Kwedech chief who had caused all the trouble. He had been out reconnoitering, and his report was to the following effect:—

"I saw four White Bears on the east end of the lake, walking out upon the ice one after another, looking all round and then returning to the woods."

The warriors know what all this means. The old Kwedech chief tells his son:—

"To-morrow you will be paid for your rashness. See now what you have done for us. Every one of us will be killed."

But the young man will not own that he is frightened. He swaggers and blusters, and boasts of what he will do.

On hearing the report of his scouts, the Micmac chief informs his followers that the Lynx is the man he wants. "To-morrow," says he, "we meet."

And meet they did; but very different was their first meeting from the manner in which hostile armies meet among more civilized men. The invading force was allowed to enter the village without molestation, and the Micmac chief calls, apparently in the most friendly manner, upon his old friend—the Kwedech chief. They mutually ask after each other's welfare and the head man of the village prepares a repast for their friends.* After a while the Micmac chief proposes to his friend that the young men shall go out and play on the ice.† To this proposal the other agrees, and the young men go out to play.

They begin by dancing the "war-dance," and soon they become so excited that the thick ice bends and cracks under their feet, rolling like the waves of the sea. The play soon becomes pretty rough work. They seize each other and wrestle, and, as soon as one falls, the victor draws his knife and stabs him to the heart.

The two chiefs, with the son of the

* This is truly worthy of note. I do not remember to have seen it stated by any writer on Indian customs that it was one of their customs to feast their invaders before fighting them. But in these Micmac legends the statement occurs so frequently, and withal so naturally, that I conclude it must have been really one of their customs, strange beyond all account as it appears to us.

† This will remind the reader of the Bible of the manner in which the battle commenced between Joab and Abner—II. Samuel, ii., 14.

Kwedech, and also a sister of the latter, are seated in the wigwam. As soon as the men on the ice have got thoroughly in earnest, the Micmac chief leaps up, draws his knife, rushes upon the poor girl and plunges his knife into her bosom, catches his doubled hands full of the warm blood and drinks it; then fills them again and rushes up to her brother and tells him, "drink!" This is a fiery challenge to single combat, which he accepts by swallowing the horrid draught.

Intoxicated and maddened by the horrid potion, they seize their hatchets, rush out, and uttering the most unearthly yells, begin the fray. But the poor Kwedech is not equal to the task. He is soon cut down, and this is the signal for a general *melee*, in which the Micmacs are the victors. They destroyed nearly all the men of the other party; but they spared the women and children, and took no prisoners. They meant to give them a chance to recruit their strength and to retaliate, telling them that when they should find it convenient to return their visit, they would be most happy to see them. They then returned to their own village.

And the time did come for the visit to be returned, and returned it was; but many years had to elapse first—to allow the children to grow up, and the tribe to be sufficiently multiplied to warrant the undertaking.

(*To be continued.*)

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

At a time when the progress of events is bringing San Domingo into notice, our readers cannot fail to be interested in the following lines, which were written some years ago. Toussaint L'Ouverture was a negro, the son of African slave parents, and was himself a slave in San Domingo during the greater portion of his life. In the stormy scenes, which, in that island as elsewhere, succeeded the French Revolution, he took an active part, and by his eloquence, his generalship, and his political skill and firmness, he made himself chief of the negroes, who were finally the victorious party. Throughout he was careful not to sully himself by joining in any of the atrocities which marked the furious struggle; and when he had reduced the part of the island which had belonged to the Spaniards into complete submission, he formed and maintained a regular army of black soldiers and black officers disciplined after the European fashion, revived commerce, introduced a system of labor and administered justice with stern and impartial vigilance. Notwithstanding the severity of his rule, he was idolized by the negroes, who regarded him as a type of the eminence which their race was fitted to attain. Toussaint preserved a nominal allegiance to France; but Napoleon was not satisfied with this, and in 1801 sent a fleet to reduce the island, and the negro general, after a brave struggle, was obliged to make his submission and retire to a farm in the interior. The French, however, jealous of his possible influence over the negroes, had him treacherously arrested and sent a prisoner to France, where he died in confinement in 1803. He was a bright example of the intellectual energy and greatness of which the maligned negro race is capable, and the story of his exile and death is one of the saddest in history.

THE VISION OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

All along the prison floor
Crept the sunbeam chill and lonely;
But the prisoner evermore
Saw by it his prison only.
All the features of his face
Moulded into patient pain—
Only in his eyes we trace
Fierce contempt and strong disdain.
Young and strong and proud and brave
When he passed that prison door,
Now his eyes see nothing save
That pale sunbeam on the floor.

Sitting there alone all day,
Visions pass before his eyes
Of his country far away,
Under blue and sunny skies,
Children's voices on the calm breeze,
Sounds of stories long since told,
And his home among the palm trees,
Calm and peaceful as of old;
Even while the sight was sweetest,
Quickly would it fade away
As the moments pass the fleetest
We would wish the most to stay.

After many weary days,
Marking all the hours with prayer,
Praying as a doomed man prays,
In completeness of despair,
Something waked him in the night
With a touch upon his brow,
And he knew by dreamy light
All his sorrows over now—
Scattering all the prison gloom
With the brightness of its shining,
Forming in the prisoner's room
Visions strange for his divining.

Lo! a rock-bound island fair,
Far away in ocean lonely,
And a king was walking there,
King of vanished visions only,
Walking underneath the blue,
Where no storm could leave a trace.
Ah! how well the prisoner knew
That proud form and steady face;
Then a voice beside him took
Up an echo from above,
You have seen God's vengeance, look
On His faithfulness and love.

So when once again his eyes
Fathomed the fair flood of light,
He beheld his Hayti rise,
Now no longer wrapped in night.
Calm and peaceful as of old,
But no longer ruled in pride,
By the men whose thirst of gold
All the rights of man denied.
All her sorrows, all her sighs
Past and distanced, and forgotten
Bloody stain no longer lies
On the whiteness of her cotton.

But the vision died away,
And another took its place,
Beckoning the soul's delay
For a little longer space.
Two decisions far apart
Fell together on his ear,
And the prisoner's lion heart
Stilled its anxious throbs to hear.
Joy! for Britain now lays down
Her accursed trade of slaves—
Freedom, Life and Hope are born
In her home beyond the waves.

Let this triumph, oh! glad-hearted,
Compensate for all thy pains,
Though this vision has departed,
Lo! another yet remains!
See where rages angry storm—
'Tis a sad yet joyful sight—
On a nation's prostrate form
Freedom rises, clothed in light.
Weep! America is crushed
By contention's angry wave.
Joy! America is flushed
With the triumph of the slave.

But the prison habitation
Could no more detain its guest—
He has seen the Lord's salvation,
Now he enters into rest.
Peacefully his soul departed,
And his jailers when they came
Found the smile of the glad-hearted
Come the poor dead lips to claim;
Then they knew his great heart broken,
Buried him with careless mien,
Leaving in the dark no token
Of the sight his soul had seen.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RACE CONTINUED—ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE—HOPE FOR MARRIED MEN, ETC. —SAD ANTICIPATIONS—ORDER TO "LIE TO"—BOARDED—THE SCENE ON DECK—A SICK MAN—MASQUERADING—THE IMPRESSMENT — AFTERWARDS — ICEBERGS — ARRIVAL.

While the passenger-ship went bounding over the waves under an almost perilous press of sail, the captain stood grimly observing his formidable pursuer, withdrawing his attention from her only at brief intervals to cast an anxious glance at the strained sheets and cordage, and the bending masts of his own overtasked vessel. Thus the chase continued for a time that seemed almost interminable to those who were its objects; some of them feeling that their whole future lives were to be influenced by the result, and others that their all of happiness was at stake. How gladly would they have hailed the blackest night, for then they might have hoped, under cover of the darkness, to have eluded the ship which their own seemed unable to out-sail, and which their present circumstances forced them to regard as an enemy, though they doubted not that she bore the flag which most of them had so loved and honored, and for which not a few of them had fought and bled. But the long summer day was yet far from spent, and long before night would have shrouded the wild waste of waters in darkness, the vessel so determinedly following in their wake would have overtaken them, and brought to some of them a sudden and sorrowful reversal of their life plans.

Though, in compliance with his promise to do the best he could for his passengers, the captain had tested the sailing capabilities of his ship to the utmost, yet, to his disappointment and chagrin, he discovered that she was no match for the cruiser, between which and himself he saw the distance steadily diminishing. In vain the sympathizing crew scanned the horizon hoping to descry another sail which might perchance divert the attention of their relentless pursuer—none appeared.

When it had become evident that escape was impossible, the captain, having ordered the ship to be brought into her right course, went to join the sad company awaiting their doom, and to prepare them, as best he might, for the impending crisis.

The mental anguish depicted in the countenances, or manifested in the attitudes, of those who dreaded the sundering of tender ties, might well have caused a harder heart than that of the sturdy tar to shrink from adding to their distress, by informing them that all hope of escape was over. Having announced the stern, inevitable fact, he endeavored to encourage those upon whom the severing of family ties would have borne most heavily. Married men, who were accompanied by their families, he said, he thought would be allowed to remain with them; and each widow, who had grown-up unmarried sons with her, would probably be allowed to retain one of them for her protection and support; but all the other men, he expected, would be taken—to them, he said, he could afford no protection.

They were strictly charged that none should attempt to conceal themselves, as he would be obliged to show his passenger-list, and to produce or account for all whose names appeared there. Therefore, they were advised to present themselves promptly on deck when called for, and to arrange themselves in family groups, each father carrying one of his young children in his arms.

The captain having thus given his unfortunate passengers the benefit of such counsels as his experience in such matters had suggested, withdrew from the painful spectacle of grief which he was unable to alleviate. On his return to the deck, he per-

cieved that the cause of all the wretchedness he had been witnessing was rapidly nearing his ship; and he proceeded to prepare for the reception of his ill-omened visitors.

Meanwhile the passengers manifested or controlled their emotions as accorded with their diversified characters. Those who had learned to put their trust in God, raised their hearts in prayer to Him; others, who were without hope in God or man, groaned in anguish, or sat stupefied by despair; and yet others cursed their hard fate, and poured out imprecations on sailors and marines, king and council. Husbands and wives tried to drive away their fears and to reassure themselves in the hope that what the captain had told them might prove correct; while parents and sisters gathered about sons and brothers that were their pride, and had till then been their joy, mingling with their caresses, prayers, and blessings, terms of fondest endearment and final injunctions, choking sobs and bitter wailings, such as are wrung from breaking hearts.

Amid it all, a sound came booming over the waters that arrested alike the bursting sob and the flowing tear, the pious prayer and the profane imprecation—it is the report of a gun fired from the man-of-war across the bow of the emigrant vessel. Succeeding it soon was heard the trumpet thundering out the order to "lie to." These sounds fell upon the ears of the alarmed and excited passengers as if the knell of their doom.

The peremptory order was immediately obeyed by the passenger ship, and she was soon boarded by a party of men from the man-of-war. The officer in command of the party demanded the passenger-list, which the captain delivered to him. The passengers were summoned to the deck, where they forced themselves to appear with only unavoidable delay, and arranged themselves as they had been previously instructed by the captain. Mr. Webster's family at that time consisted of a wife and two children. He and his wife presented themselves, each carrying in their arms one of their children; while his aged mother, being a widow, leaned upon the arm of her youngest, and only unmarried son.

The list was examined and heads counted. The captain passing round in company with the officer, explained to him the relationships existing between the parties respectively, and the latter agreed that no man should be separated from his wife; and that any unmarried man, who was the dependence of a widowed mother, should likewise be exempt. All the other unmarried men, he declared it his purpose to impress.

At the side of the ship stood two young men whose sudden transformation, even at that trying moment, attracted the attention of their fellow-passengers. The one, though known to them as a healthy and active young man, was seen then with a pallor like that of death overspreading cheek and brow, and intense suffering depicted on every lineament of his countenance. He leaned against the side of the vessel, evidently too ill to maintain his position without its support.

The secret of his illness was, that he was unaccustomed to the use of tobacco, and had prepared himself for the present ordeal by smoking freely, thus inducing the symptoms and aspect that marked him as an invalid.

The other young man, habitually precise with regard to his personal appearance, had removed his ordinary clothing; and, having by some means possessed himself of an old coat and pants, of the raggedest description, he clad himself in these. His usually well-kempt hair he tossed and tangled till it looked as if it might have been doing the duty as a broom in some very dusty apartment. His face, hands, and other exposed portions of his person, he besmeared and besmutted till they indicated as remote an acquaintance with soap and water as his hair did with brush or comb. His old coat, unconfined by buttons or belt, hung open from the throat to its termination, betraying the absence of shirt or vest; and thus arrayed, or unarrayed, stockingless, shoeless, and hatless, he presented himself on deck. Apparently without interest in the scene, or comprehension of its purpose, he sauntered over to the bulwarks, and stood there with the matted masses of his hair drawn down over his eyes, looking the personification of stolid imbecility. Consistently with the cha-

racter he had assumed, and to complete the disgust he wished to inspire, he occupied himself by scratching his head, or, regardless of exposing his undraped chest, he diligently explored his tattered garments, conveying to the looker-on the impression that they were indeed populous by the frequency of the captures he pretended to make and to dispose of summarily.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the officer did not linger long in the vicinity of either of these men—a very slight glance satisfying him that they would not suit his purpose.

The cunning artifice they had practised, though understood by crew and passengers was not exposed by either, and they were left unmolested; while every other unmarried man on board, except the exempts previously mentioned, was impressed and carried away to the man-of-war.

Swelling with rage, or passive from fullness of sorrow, burning with indignation, or sternly calm from resolute determination, it mattered not how they accepted their inevitable doom. With brief space for tender leave-taking, they were all hurried off from the parents and kindred whom many, perhaps most of them, would never more behold.

The man-of-war having accomplished her object, bore away with her quota of outraged manhood, few heeding the disappointed and sorrowful spirits they carried with them, or the bleeding hearts they left behind.

The lamentation and woe that prevailed on the passenger-ship was indescribable. Even those whose families had not been dismembered, while thankful for their own exemption, were saddened by sympathy for their bereaved fellow-passengers. The painful event clouded the remainder of the voyage, only the most elastic spirits rising to their former level.

Among these were the successful tricksters who had so distinguished themselves on the day of the impressment. Time and fresh air had soon restored to the pretended invalid his wonted bloom and activity. A thorough application of soap, water, &c., with a change of raiment, re-transformed the masquerader to his former self. There was small reason to fear that either of them would suffer much when brought into competition with Yankee shrewdness.

The impressment was not the last of the troubles of their voyage, for a few days after they found themselves among icebergs. From this danger, through the good providence of God, they escaped, and after a tedious voyage of seven weeks they arrived safely in the United States.

Chapter XLV.

CHANGE NOT ALWAYS IMPROVEMENT—AN ENCOUNTER—A DIFFICULT POSITION—ALIENS ORDERED FROM THE SEA-BOARD—LEAVES THE CITY—REQUIRED TO ENTER INTO BONDS, ETC.—A PLEASANT RESIDENCE—REASON FOR LEAVING IT—DEPARTURE—DIFFICULTIES—A NIGHT IN THE SNOW—HOW PASSED—A MERRY COMPANION—A CONTRAST.

Mr. Webster had not been long in New York when he discovered that his new abode was not likely to afford that peaceful security and exemption from party strife and contention to obtain which he had abandoned his native land. The popular mind was in a tumult. The war spirit ran high, and everything that savored of Britain was at a discount. He found that he had exchanged one scene of disquietude for another; that in relieving himself from one class of annoyances he had exposed himself to others scarcely less irritating.

Walking in one of the streets one day, he met a pure Milesian, who, approaching him with an air of familiarity, exclaimed:

"Och, Webster, and is this where you are?"

Mr. Webster, being unable to recollect ever having seen the individual before, civilly intimated that such was the case.

"Well then, I know you right well;" rejoined the stranger; "but if you don't mind me, may be I could help your mem'ry a bit. I'm thinkin' you mind the gran' bonfire the bhoys made of your father's house an' barns in '98. Its meself that had a han' in that night's work, an many's the other of the same sort."

Making a strong effort to suppress his indignation, Mr. Webster remarked that

his prudence was commendable in having refrained from boasting of that exploit till he had found himself in a place where he could allow himself the indulgence without endangering his safety.

"That's thrue for ye," replied the fellow. "We have it all our own way in this free country. Its a pity but you an' the likes of ye'd a'gone to Canada while ye'd a been let."

Heartily echoing the wish, and not choosing to prolong the altercation, Mr. Webster proceeded on his way, the other calling after him: "Ye'll see the Irish Greens 'll pay off some ould scores wid the —— before this is over."

Whether owing to this encounter or not, henceforth Mr. Webster found himself harassed in his intercourse with his new-made acquaintances, by expressions of astonishment at his not having "declared his intentions,"* or by urgent representations that he certainly ought to do so forthwith.

Though desirous of living in peace with the people among whom he had come to dwell, and being also without any inclination to plot against the government of the country, he yet could not feel himself at liberty to forswear his allegiance to the crown under which he had been born.

Finding himself, therefore, in the then state of the public mind, exceedingly uncomfortable in the city, he had purposed removing to some quiet country place in its vicinity; but an order being promulgated requiring all aliens to retire into the interior of the country, to at least the distance of forty miles from tide-water, he and his family took their departure thence, to join some friends who had preceded them to the town of Eaton, Madison County, N. Y.

Among the everlasting hills of that portion of the State, they found a much more congenial home than the city had afforded.

Soon after his arrival there, he was informed that it would be necessary for him, as an alien, to go before a magistrate, and make a statement of his name, occupation, age, and birthplace, with the number of members in his family; and that be would also be required to obligate himself by bond to conduct himself peaceably while he remained in the country, and not to act as a spy for the enemy, or in any other way give him aid or comfort.

Having complied with these regulations, he was thereafter required to report himself to the magistrate at stated periods. These proceedings were, however, divested of anything irksome which might have attached to them, by the cordial, Christian sympathy which Mr. Webster found to exist between himself and the pious magistrate.

So agreeable did they find their associations and circumstances that they thought of making the locality their permanent home. But, when it came to obtaining a title for property, the old difficulty confronted him—he could not forswear his allegiance.

The war being over, some of his friends had gone into Canada, and brought back such encouraging accounts as determined him to break up the home he had made in the land of his sojourning, and seek one on British soil. Loyalty to the British crown was his only reason for leaving the beautiful and picturesque region in which he had made his first American home; and to whose genial inhabitants he and his family had become so much attached.

About the middle of Febuary, 1819, they left Eaton, and without any very remarkable incident having occurred on the journey, they reached the abode of a settler, situated not far from what is now the Dorchester station on the G. W. R., but on the opposite side of the river. Thus far, they had been travelling somewhat frequented paths; but on the morning of the 18th of March, they turned into the untracked forest. The snow, which lay deep upon the ground, was covered with a crust, which made it extremely difficulty for the team to travel. Mr. Webster, and a nephew who accompanied them, seeing that otherwise it would be impossible for the poor animals to proceed, went before them, and broke the crust, the team following in the track thus broken, and drawing the sleigh, which contained Mrs. Webster and her children, with their indispensable household effects.

They had learned that Mr. Thompson had settled contiguous to their point of destination, and they had expected to reach

* The initiatory step to becoming a citizen.

his place that night. But their being obliged to break their way through the great depth of crusted snow had so retarded their progress, that they were overtaken by night before they had accomplished more than half the distance.

They could not proceed in the darkness as they had nothing but a "blaze" to guide them. There was no other dwelling nigher than the one they had left in the morning. There was no alternative; there they must pass the dreary night on the snow-clad earth, exposed to the keen March wind, with only the skeleton arms of the massive trees stretched out for a canopy between them and the wintry clouds.

This was an introduction to backwoods life that none of them had calculated upon; and Mr. Webster's heart reproached him for having brought his kind, uncomplaining wife and his helpless children into a situation of so much suffering and peril; but that was no time for usless regrets.

Already his energetic young nephew was busying himself with cheerful alacrity in preparations for the night. A huge fire soon flickered and glowed, lighting up the bleak scene with its ruddy gleams, while the sparkling surface of the snow gathered up the brightness and flung it back again in softened radiance. The snow was cleared away from a space sufficient for the occupation of the family, and there the group gathered to partake of the supper which had been hastily prepared. But much as strong food was needed, to enable them to withstand the intense cold, the odors of the meat, while cooking, caused them to regret having given such an incentive to the wolves.

Kind-hearted Tom Belton was equal to every requirement, from serving his aunt's tea, or soothing the frightened children, to assisting his uncle in shoveling snow, or felling trees for the cattle to browse upon. He was the life of the party, exerting himself to enliven their drooping spirits with witty sallies and pleasant anecdotes; affecting to regard the whole affair as a most amusing and enjoyable adventure; and to find fresh food for mirth in each discomfort.

After supper, the sleigh box was taken to pieces and boards spread down within the space from which the snow had been removed; upon these the beds were made up. Then, they all knelt together in that wild waste of snow and timber while the father, in a few earnest petitions, implored the protection of Him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, and whose Angel encampeth round about them that fear Him.

Comforted and strengthened by this approach to Him in whom they trusted, they laid themselves down in their novel resting-place.

Mrs. Webster was suffering from injuries incurred by the upsetting of the sleigh a few hours previous, and consequently slept little. But nothing more alarming than the snapping of the trees from the severity of the frost occurred to disturb the repose of those who could sleep; the howling of a single wolf—even in the distance—not having been heard.

On the return of daylight they prepared to resume their journey, and before doing so they again knelt as a family to render to God grateful thanksgiving for their merciful preservation through the dangers of the night.

That evening they arrived safely, as mentioned in a previous chapter, at the dwelling of Mr. Thompson. The comforts of a human habitation, and the cordial welcome of their kind host and hostess, were doubtless more fully appreciated from the pleasing contrast with the previous night's bivouac in the snow.

Chapter XLVI.

SETTLERS IN LONDON TOWNSHIP IN 1818 —RICHARD TALBOT ESQ.—ARRANGEMENT WITH EARL BATHURST—LARGE NUMBER WHO AVAILED THEMSELVES OF IT—DEPARTURE—LONG VOYAGE—SOLICITATIONS TO SETTLE IN LOWER CANADA—UPPER CANADA PREFERRED—LONDON RECOMMENDED BY COLONEL TALBOT—CROSS THE LAKE—SHIPWRECK —DEATH OF MRS. LEWIS—KINDNESS OF STRANGERS.

A large number of persons came into the Township of London in the autumn and early part of the winter of 1818, and settled on the north side of the north branch of the Thames. These persons belonged to a large company who had emigrated from

Ireland during the summer of that year, under an arrangement made between Earl Bathurst, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Richard Talbot, Esq.

This gentleman was descended from the Shrewsbury branch of the ancient house of Talbot. In early manhood he obtained a commission in the army, which he held for six years. On his marriage he retired from the service, carrying with him the esteem and friendship of his Colonel, the Earl of Rosse. Afterward, he however became an officer in the Cloughjordon Yeomanry.

Being partial to a military life himself, he educated his sons with a view to their entering the army; but the peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon, closed that avenue against them. Finding himself then not in circumstances to establish them in any other career which he esteemed fitting for them, or to provide according to his wishes for the future of the other members of his large family, his thoughts turned towards emigration.

The reverses from which so many were suffering, particularly agriculturists, in consequence of the falling off of war prices, led him to think that not a few would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to go out to one of the colonies, if the Government would afford sufficient encouragement.

Opening his plan to the Earl of Rosse, that nobleman gave him a flattering recommendation to the favorable consideration of Earl Bathurst.

The result of the application was that the government agreed to make Mr. Talbot a grant of land proportionate in extent to the number of settlers that should accompany him; and also to provide the necessary tonnage for their conveyance, on certain conditions. Having complied with the conditions, Mr. Talbot, accompanied by fifty-four families, consisting of about two hundred persons, set sail in the ship "Brunswick" from the harbor of Cork, on the 13th of June. The vessel arrived at Quebec on the 27th July. There the settlers were transferred to a steamboat, on which they reached Montreal on the 5th of August.

Strong inducements were held out to Mr. Talbot to influence him to locate the party in Lower Canada; but the order he had from Earl Bathurst authorized him to select the land in any part of the Provinces, and neither he, nor those who were with him, liked the idea of settling among people of a different language, religion, &c.; they therefore determined to proceed to Upper Canada as designed at first.

At York (Toronto) Mr. Talbot met the well-known Colonel Talbot, of Port Talbot, by whose advice the Township of London was selected as the location of the party.

They crossed the Lake from York to Niagara in a schooner, thence by land to Fort Erie; there, on the 19th of September, they re-embarked on another schooner, bound for Port Talbot. Adverse winds arising, they were driven on to the southern shore of Lake Erie, and wrecked near Dunkirk, on the 21st of the month. Though the passengers were in great peril, and some of them suffered much from the water and cold, in escaping from the wreck, yet none of them were drowned. One of them, a Mrs. Lewis, died from the effects of cold and fatigue. It was rather remarkable, and certainly called for special thankfulness, that in a company so largely made up of women and children, this was the only life lost

The effects of the settlers were much damaged by the water, and considerable quantities of clothing, books, and other valuables, were irrecoverably lost. This disaster, just when they supposed that they had almost reached the termination of their long protracted voyaging, was indeed disheartening. When they and their shivering little ones, emerged from the dangers of the deep, with what desolation of feeling they must have realized that in the country on which they were cast in such pitiable plight, there was not an individual upon whom they had a claim of kindred or friendship; that in their distress, they were truly strangers in a strange land.

But although strangers, and in a country with which their own had so recently been at war, they soon found that they were among a people who fully recognized the claims of human brotherhood. And while their misfortunes obliged them to remain there, the inhabitants bestowed upon them much considerate kindness.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

BY A CANADIAN.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

One long, wild wail rent the air. I thought her spirit was departing; but, though she sunk to the ground and remained prostrate for a little while, there was a calmer look in her face, her poor worn hands lay gently by her side and her chest heaved less convulsively. Then tears, blessed tears, gushed from the bright wild eyes, and soft sighs told of relief. I knelt beside her, and entreated, "Come! I but wait for you. I bless you here in the Holy Name, and I promise you many a prayer and many a grateful word from those you will serve by saving me; and I hope, too, for days of peace for you. Ah, come! delay but risks the loss of all."

She arose, swayed from side to side for a minute or two, as if dizzy and weak, then turned to a small door and disappeared for a short time. As she came forth I saw her trying to thrust something into her bosom; but, in her agitation, it fell to the ground. I stooped for it and put into her outstretched hand. Ignorant as I was of such matters, I could tell that it was an infant's garment.

"Now," she said, "take more food. You will find it within there, and I will prepare for the journey."

She was wonderfully calm. I did as she desired hastily, and turned to ask her to partake of something likewise; but she shook her head. In the meantime she had procured a kind of little panier, and put into it some provision of a simple kind and a bottle of wine; then with a look all round the hovel—painful even to me in its intensity of feeling—she said, "We go," and led the way down the rugged mountain side.

Day and night we toiled, stopping for rest only when our limbs refused to carry us farther, and eating sparingly, lest our little store should not hold out to the end. At last, after weary days of travel, we gained the shore.

"This is the Adriatic," she said. "We must find a boat to carry us to the south;" but spent nature asserted its claims, and, unable any longer to resist them, we yielded to sleep. I chose for poor Maria the most sheltered nook I could find, and for myself such a spot as would leave me a view of all around. But little watch I kept that night. My sleep was so profound that no sound reached my ear—no thought flitted through my brain. My senses were dead for hours. Yet a slight shake aroused me, and as I opened my eyes and looked in bewilderment around, I perceived Maria standing near, and presently understood her words.

"Up! we must not loiter. We are not safe in this lonely spot. I have been looking for a boat; but in vain. We must go farther south. I begin to know our position. As a child I wandered many a time on this shore. It looks now as it did then; but how changed am I?"

She seemed more disposed to talk than I had found her since we left the hut. So I ventured to ask her how it happened that her language was so good and her accent so superior to the class she had told me she had belonged to.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I was the idol of my parents. They never wearied meeting my wishes, and heaping kindness on me. No self-denial was too much for them to exercise on my account. They thought me beautiful, and were proud of this. My voice attracted attention by its richness, and they resolved on having it cultivated; so they left their happy little home on the Adriatic, and carried me across the Appenines to Florence, where they spent time and money on my education. My musical

abilities soon obtained me notice amongst a class superior to our own, and I quickly learned to desire the means of making a more brilliant appearance. I accepted many sacrifices from my poor mother in order to dress gaily, and whilst indulging in this base selfishness, I fell into the snare which has proved my ruin. My love for display led me amongst the light and thoughtless, and at some *fête* I met and learned to admire the man whose heartlessness has crushed me. He soon discovered my preference for his society, and encouraged it in every way, taking pains to flatter and stimulate my vanity. He gave me many presents, and talked of his ability to indulge me in every whim, however extravagant. I grew blinder every day, and it ended as I have already told you."

"And where do you wish to go now, Maria?" I asked.

"Ah! as for me I desire but to hide myself. I once knew a fair young girl whose heart was broken, and in her misery she sought out a convent where the strictest laws of self-denial prevailed, and there she buried herself. My desire is to do the same."

I tried to dissuade her from this and to inspire her with the hope of reunion with her parents and child; but she seemed to have grasped despair as her portion, and gave no heed to me.

CHAPTER VI.

We were still walking along the coast, and even in the midst of our weariness and depression, I could not but utter exclamations of delight and admiration at the lovely scene around me. Not only was the sea a vast sheet of moon-lit silver, but even the low sands on which we walked had caught the rippling sheen, and each rock or tufted mound glistened in the clear, soft radiance. Perfect repose was the character of the hour. No sound disturbed the stillness. The low murmur of the waters as they crept in on the shore but added to the lull, and blended harmoniously with the whispering winds.

From time to time Maria paused and gazed wistfully around, then she would sigh deeply; but seemed reluctant to be drawn into conversation. Indeed, there was a sacredness in the silence which awed both of us, but without pain or fear. It seemed like a solemn sanctuary from the turmoils of life, and it brought rest to the poor grief-worn pilgrim. As her sighs came slower, and her hands were folded over her heaving chest, her eyes gazed with a pleading look to the clear blue arch above. My heart was full of smypathy for her, and I noted with delight the growing peacefulness of her face; but forbore to disturb her by a word, and so we passed on till arrested by the sedgy border of a large marsh. Here we paused in perplexity. There seemed no possibility of our crossing it where it met the sea, and we knew not how far inland it might penetrate. I asked her what she deemed it best to do. Her reply was a soft dreamy smile as she seated herself on some drift-wood which lay close by. Reluctant to disturb her, and yet impatient to get on, I again ventured the same question.

She started as if hearing me for the first time, and said confusedly, "What shall we do? Ah! I had forgotten. We must not rest."

But I continued, "We cannot cross this swamp, nor can we tell how far in from the shore it runs."

"Ah! this is hard," she replied; "but I have been dreaming of sweet peace, and can scarcely think of anything else now. Could you leave me and secure your own safety? I feel as if it were best for me to lay me down here. 'Tis long since all was so calm within."

"But Maria," I said, urgently, "this is a deadly place. It must be as unsafe as the Maremma. Let us hasten away. But see! what is that glowing like a red star amongst the trees?" I pointed to a twinkling light some little distance up the hill which rose from the side of the marsh.

She was much startled, and coming close to me, whispered, "Can they be our enemies?"

I told her to conceal herself amongst the low shrubs, and I would go cautiously forward to ascertain what the light meant. I was soon near enough to perceive two

figures, still busy heaping dry wood on the fire which had attracted our attention. Presently the blaze rose high, and the men flung themselves down close to it. I advanced a little farther and felt convinced that we had nothing to fear.

The strangers seemed rough, simple fishermen. They spoke unrestrainedly and laughed gaily; but I still waited to ascertain more, if possible, before I would venture to draw their attention. I could not fully understand them, they used so many words unfamiliar to me; but I gleaned from what I heard that they meant to remain on shore till dawn, and then set out again in their boat; then one of them proposed boiling some fish, saying, "We will still have plenty left for the women and children."

This gave me confidence, so I walked boldly up and saluted them civilly. They sprang to their feet and seemed not a little alarmed; but I quickly convinced them of my friendly disposition towards them, and asked if I might bring my companion to sit by their fire. They readily consented, and I soon led poor Maria to them.

The uncouth-looking men seemed shocked at her ghastliness, and kindly asked her to be seated and to partake of their simple supper. Her look and voice were very mournful; but she thanked them and sat down, and we persuaded her to taste a little of the broiled fish.

Her countenance had quite changed. It had lost all its wild fierceness, which formerly only gave place to sullen gloom as her mood varied. Now, although there was a prevailing expression of deep sadness, there was blended with it a look of tranquil resignation, and her manner was subdued and gentle. I could not but look on her again and again with surprise, and wonder whether all this had been produced by a few hours' silent walking in the clear, cool moonlight. I have since then discovered a truer explanation of it. A voice had spoken to her which for years she had not listened to. Hope had told her of pardon and peace in the better land, and she was stretching out her hands for the precious gift and losing sight of the dreadful past.

The frugal meal was over, and the men, proposing to lie down and rest, I asked them when they meant to resume their little voyage.

They said they wished to set out at early dawn, and had only put in to repair some injury done to their boat, which had kept them busy till shortly before we joined them. Their home was at Otranto, but they had been to Ancona, and were now returning.

I asked them if they could carry us to Brindisi, as that was the place Maria desired to reach.

They readily consented, and after a short sleep we all set sail, fortunately having a favorable wind. So we sailed pleasantly for some time; but I could see that the experienced sailors were not without fear of a change of weather before long.

Ignorant as I was of the navigation of this sea, I could not understand on what their apprehensions were founded. The sky was bright, with but few clouds, and there was little wind; but they showed me that this was north-east, and increasing in strength. They called it the *Bora*, and were evidently suspicious of its proving troublesome. Nor were they mistaken. Before long we were in the midst of a squall, and reluctantly obliged to put over to the east and take refuge in a small but safe harbor in the island of Lissa.

I feared that this would prove a new trial to poor Maria; but she took it very patiently, uttering no regret. Her face, even in the midst of the violent squall, wore a placid look which surprised me. In fact, it seemed as if her mind was quite disengaged from present anxieties; but her strength was evidently failing. It was necessary for us to carry her from the boat, and all the time the men and I were looking to the safety of the little vessel, she lay without motion on the spot where we had placed her.

I sought for some females into whose charge I might give her, and had the satisfaction of seeing her kindly cared for by some of the hospitable people of the place.

Then I returned to the companions of our little voyage, and found them looking rather doleful. They told me that the *Bora* was not only the most dangerous wind, but that which lasted longest, and that it was

possible we might be detained for eighteen or twenty days in our present refuge. This to me also appeared a sad disappointment. I thought with deep regret of poor Fred's anxiety being prolonged, and entreated the sailors, if possible, to find some means of forwarding letters for me to the different places in which I supposed they might reach friends; but it was several days before any opportunity occurred, and then the route was so tedious that I could feel but little cheered by it.

But for Maria I could have crossed from our little island to the shore of Hertzek, and made my way down to the straits of Otranto with the hope of being able to cross the narrow waters, and reach Italian ground once more; but I could not make up my mind to forsake her, even for a short time. The females about her made me understand that she was very low indeed. I had not been allowed to see her for a couple of days; but on the third received a message from her that she much wished to speak with me. I, of course, immediately attended her, and was painfully surprised at the change in her appearance. Wretched as her looks had been from the first time I saw her, I could now observe a still greater wasting of nature. Thorough prostration showed in every feature and tone. It was with difficulty I caught her words as she sighed them forth; but her kind attendants gave her some restorative from time to time, and bathed her head and hands when she would allow them.

At last she said, "Tell them I wish to be alone with you. They must not hear what I say. You have seen and know more of me than others, and to you I wish to speak my last words."

I signified her wish to the women, and with a look of surprise they retired to the end of the room.

Then poor Maria's whispers told me that in Pescaro—a town on the Italian coast, nearly opposite—she was born, and spent her early years; that from that she had induced her parents to take her to Florence, and that there she supposed they now were, if living, as it was probable they had left the scene of their trouble and returned to their native town.

"I want you," she said, "to spend even a little while in an endeavor to discover them. Not now — not yet for a few hours. When they see me it will be in death, if, indeed, their eyes should ever behold their lost child again. Then they will weep and know that I repented. Tell them that it was my love for them and for my child which made me human. Without it I should have sunk into a state lower than the poor senseless brutes. But tell them, too, that a brighter love than mine for them has shone in on my soul. It is heaven's gift of mercy. It came in the midst of darkness, when I was incapable of even asking for it. It was free and full as from God, and it has saved me. This will comfort them more than aught beside. Then tell them that I placed my child, my only one, in the arms of their old friend—Arlotta, and leave it to them to do as they please regarding my darling. I go to wait, I trust, in God's presence for them, and would return to you tenfold the blessing you uttered in the mountain hut. It was a sound unheard there before your lips pronounced it. It was, I believe, the first word of the message of peace which has since been fully declared to me. May peace be yours eternally. I wish you to take and use the money you will find wrapped in this little garment." She pressed the latter to her lips as she drew it from her bosom. "My child wore it," was her only comment. "'Tis for my mother, with the hair you already have. The money is justly yours. It may help you to your friends. You will wait, I know, to close my eyes. 'Twill be but a little while I rejoice to think, because you know I hope now for a happy home in the heavens. An Englishman need not be told who has gone there to prepare it for penitent sinners. Your creed tells you of the only Saviour. He is mine—I am His."

She paused and closed her eyes. I thought she had departed, and I beckoned to the women to come. They were beside her in an instant, and tenderly endeavored to restore her. To my surprise she again opened her eyes and smiled brightly on us. 'Twas wonderful the change this smile made in her poor worn face. I can never forget it or the peaceful convictions it impressed on my mind. I almost uncon-

sciously dropped on my knees, and with upraised hand exclaimed, "I thank God!" Another smile, if possible brighter still, and a grateful look spread over her features; then the lids fell softly and the lips closed never again to open in this life. Maria slept in perfect peace.

I laid her in a lowly grave with all the attention to respect and solemnity in my power. There were tears of sympathy, yes, and of love, too, shed for the departed one. Her kind nurses felt as I did, that to her death was great gain; yet we grieved to see her sink on a foreign shore amid strangers, —she who had been the bright and beautiful, the gifted and the beloved; but her sorrows had been many—as she had said herself, her sin was the deepest grief of all.

Poor Maria!

CHAPTER VII.

It was as the old sailors had predicted. The gale from the north-west lasted many days, and crowds of vessels had been obliged to seek shelter on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Illness had prevented me from making any attempt to undertake a journey by land, and wearily weeks passed over as I lay racked with fever and pains, almost indifferent to life. But a brighter day was coming. As the weather cleared, and the balmy breezes from the south took the place of the angry north wind, I began to feel life and hope reviving, and soon all my eagerness for reunion with my friends—poor Fred in particular—returned.

I had been tenderly cared for by my simple companions on the island, and now gladly and gratefully shared with them the little hoard left me by poor Maria, and with their assistance was soon on board a small vessel and crossing to Pescaro, anxious to fulfil my promise by searching for the bereaved parents of the departed one. I had little to guide me, but, using that little diligently, was enabled to ascertain that Maria's father and mother had returned, as she thought, to their native place, and spent a few mournful years there; but were not now living to hear the soothing tidings I brought of their loved and lost one. Of the child nothing had ever been heard. It probably had grown up in innocence and happiness amongst kind friends in the valley.

A few days more and I was again at Florence; but found not my brother there. However, I had the satisfaction of believing that a short time would suffice to carry my letters to their various destinations, and then I might hope for relief for myself and my friends.

It happily proved so. Poor Fred had unremittingly pursued everything which seemed to afford the slightest clue to the mystery of my disappearance, and he had wandered about for many miles in every direction; but, of course, in vain. From time to time he had returned to the hotel in which we had taken up our quarters, and always with some faint hope of finding me there; and from those about I heard many a touching comment on his sadness and bitter disappointments; so, considering all, I concluded that to remain there a little longer at least, gave me the earliest chance of meeting him.

Nor did this prove fallacious. A few days brought the dear, faithful fellow to Florence once more, and this time to escape from the miserable solicitude which had so wasted him that his appearance startled and alarmed me. I believe I could not have looked more wan or wasted myself than he did; but joy soon set us both up again, and with relieved and thankful hearts we prepared to return to our home, and summoned our landlord to our room, that we might meet his demands and bid him adieu.

He expressed vastly grateful sentiments, and was full of regrets for our departure, urging on us every inducement he could think of to prolong our stay; and, at length, as if some project certain to bring us round to his views had occurred to him, he said, "Ah! 'tis not possible that my lords can leave the city before they have witnessed the execution of these most terrible of bandits—the Farnetti brothers. We are all full of the importance of the affair. The city prepares herself to rejoice unusually. The mountains and valleys will pour in their grateful inhabitants to

see at last the defeat of their enemies. The whole proceedings are meant to be on a grand scale. As we have suffered at the hands of those wretches, so we mean to compensate ourselves in their punishment."

I asked their distinctive names; but our informant laughed, as he said with a low bow, "Impossible, gentlemen, is this thing to me. They have assumed so many that in each district they are known by a different one. Here we had called them Farnetti; but some eight or ten years since, when there was a stir made amongst us by some poor parents, whose only child had been carried off from them by a young stranger met at some *fête*, the name of the robber was given as Clement Bernardi, and little doubt was ascertained as to his being one of the terrible gang; but should you care to see them, I, doubtless, can procure you a ticket of admission to their cells. They lie in chains amongst their guards, and have had many to gaze on them; but they are too sullen to take any notice."

An irresistible impulse induced me to accept our host's offer of an introduction to the prisoners. I felt as if I should like to know as a certainty that poor Maria's persecutors were about to suffer justice; and my brother, regarding them as my foes, thought he, too, could look on them for a moment—yet not, I am sure, with any feeling of malignity or revenge, but that sort of unaccountable, it may be morbid, curiosity, which most men are conscious of at times.

We set out for the prison as soon as the necessary permission was obtained, and my first glance at the wretched men who lay on the floor laden with heavy chains told me all I came to ascertain. Maria's husband and the other two men whom I had seen in the hut on the mountain, as well as in the valley, where they asaulted me, and whom it appears were really brothers, now glared on me for an instant as I uttered, "Bernardi! Maria!" but with a sick heart I turned away and tried to forget the sight.

A few hours afterwards we were *en route* for our English home, thinking thankfully of the comfort and peace it afforded, and I could say humbly feeling still more the privileges of living in a land enlightened by the unclouded beams of the sun of truth and cheered by the glad voice of liberty.

We sat in the old porch once more, each nearly in the same attitude of that day months before when we decided on the mode and place of our proposed wanderings. But other, and I trust better thoughts filled our minds and drew our hearts closer to each other. We had both learned practically the folly of supposing virtue or nobility of nature confined to rank or place. We felt that wherever there were men taught of God, there must be worth such as deserved respect, ay and love, too; that in the city, the valley, or the mountain, on the rough waters of a tempest-tossed sea, or in rude home of the simple peasant, as well as in the ancient palace of the noble, or the gorgeous dwelling of the wealthy, the school of the learned, or the cottage of the untutored ploughman, truth, which is earth's most glorious visitor, may be made welcome and shed her brightness around, bringing in her train such sweet influences that to separate from her is to retire again into darkness and malaria.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. A. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N.F.

THE ICE-LADEN RIVER IN THE OCEAN.

The heavy ice from the Arctic regions has already (Feb. 8,) made its appearance along our shores; and, although the harbor is quite clear, great fields of it are met with at no great distance, and the mouths of the northern bays are beset with it. The great ocean river from the Arctic regions, that constantly rushes along our coasts, bears on its broad bosom in the spring months thousands of icebergs and ice floes,—not unfrequently icebergs two hundred feet above the surface of the sea are met with. The size of these huge masses may be judged of from the fact that nine-tenths of their mass is beneath the surface. Numbers of them drift into our bays, and there at times get aground, presenting a most beautiful sight as the bright sun glances along their dazzlingly white summits, and brings into view their fantastic carvings and glittering peaks. By moonlight they are not less grand with the shadows of the great rocks adding solemnity to the view. I have often seen an iceberg twice the size of Westminster Abbey aground near the entrance of our harbor, having domes, spires and pinnacles all complete.

After a time the rays of the sun begin to tell upon the ice-giant. Streams of water are seen trickling down its sides. At intervals a tower, loosened by the warmth, falls with sullen plunge into the ocean, or a projecting mass from its broad shoulders meets the same fate, making the water in the harbor boil and rush upon the shore as if a storm were brewing outside. After being in this way lightened of a portion of its cargo, it floats off and resumes its lonely voyage, ploughing its way to the neighborhood of the Great Banks, where meeting the warmer water of the Gulf stream, and encountering a higher atmospheric temperature, its destruction is completed. Shorn of all its glittering glories, and shattered into fragments that strew the ocean far and wide, it melts into the great deep, dropping its cargo of rocks and earth torn from the bowels of Arctic mountains. These spoils, sinking to the bottom, add to the bulk of those submarine elevations that are destined one day to rise above the waves, and, as new continents and islands, to afford space for fresh developments of our race. It rarely, if ever, happens that an iceberg floats farther south than the latitude of the Banks. The Arctic current on which it is borne here encounters the force of the Gulf Stream as it turns eastward towards Europe, and, of course, its speed is much retarded; while at the same time the increasing warmth relaxes the joints and dissolves the masses of these roving frost-giants.

HOME OF THE ICEBERG—ITS BIRTH AND DEATH.

The icebergs that drift along our shores are formed on the coast of Greenland, or on those of Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, and require from six to twelve months to reach these latitudes, so slow is their progress. The larger bergs are all land formations, having their origin far up amid the Arctic mountains, where for ages they are slowly reared, pushed seaward, and, like a ship, at length launched on their destined element. The glacier is, in fact, the parent of the iceberg. The cone of ice and snow which covers the higher part of the Arctic ranges, sends down into each of the diverging valleys a long, sluggish stream of ice, with a motion so slow as to be almost imperceptible. Kane discovered on the Greenland coast a gigantic specimen of these glaciers—the largest known to exist—extending for sixty miles along the shore, and having a perpendicular front of three hundred feet. He named it the "Great Glacier of Humboldt," and no doubt it is the parent of many thousands of

the icebergs that pass along here. The great propelling power behind forces the masses onward into the deep sea, so that its margin is lined with an enormous crystal precipice. For a time this ice-cliff overhangs the waves, whose tides gradually wear away its base, and at length the crisis comes—an iceberg is about to have birth. A noise louder than thunder is heard. The ice-mountain snaps asunder, and the detached mass comes grinding, crushing down. The ice-giant leaps into the waves that start back at his approach, as if in terror, fling up clouds of spray, and madly toss themselves, as if in agony, upon the shore. The young ice-monster dives as he touches the waves, rises slowly—the water streaming from his huge sides—and tumbles repeatedly as he tries to secure his balance.

THE PRODIGAL LEAVING HOME.

His front is now two hundred feet above the waves, and to keep him steady there must be nine times as much beneath. He is now fairly launched in life, and, borne on the southern current, he starts for a warmer clime, bearing on his broad shoulders many a huge rock detached from Arctic cliffs by frost, and tons upon tons of sand and gravel collected in his slow, crushing movement down the valley. On he drifts through the Arctic night, the stars tremulously reflected from his peaks and from the green depths of caverns measureless to man. Emerging from the gates of the north, he gains brighter skies and calmer seas. But he is rushing on his own destruction. What the fury of the tempest and the beating of the Arctic ice-covered billows could not do, is done by the gentle rays of the sun.

Still he had an important work to do. He and his race, age after age, are acting as gigantic mountain-levellers, hurling the great masses to the plain, as in the Alpine regions, and carrying away from the Arctic solitudes, as has been said before, vast rock fragments, to deposit them at the bottoms of seas, there to lay the foundations of new continents. Ever since the earth cooled sufficiently to allow of the formation of ice, these glaciers have been at work, and have played no unimportant part in the economy of the globe.

ICE NAVVIES.

The glaciers of the Arctic regions are constantly at work pushing forward their bergs into the sea. For the most part they discharge the bergs slowly and quietly, propelling their masses step by step, year after year, until they reach water deep enough to float them, and then they quietly rise from the waves. But while the grander ones come quietly and gradually, the smaller ones are generally broken off violently in the way I have described and hurled into the waves. Greenland, the great parent of the icebergs that pass our shores, is about 1,200 miles in length, and may be regarded as one huge glacier—its whole centre being one deep, unbroken sea of ice. Downward this great ice river moves, seeking outlets at every valley, and rolling its icy cataracts into the ocean. Greenland is now in the same condition that the British Isles and parts of Europe were ages ago during the glacial period. This vast country, is, in fact, swathed in an icy mantle, which is ever receiving fresh accumulations from atmospheric precipitations, and is thus constantly pressing downward to the sea. Its seaward edges, broken off and floated away, form the ice-fields and icebergs that cover the bosom of the North Atlantic in certain latitudes during the early months of the year. In this way its huge ice-sheet is grinding down the Greenland Continent, and depositing it piece-meal at the bottom of the ocean. The striated rock surfaces of Britain show that, at one time, it was wrapped in a similar sheet, and was denuded by glacier action, as Greenland now is. If we could examine the bottom of the sea about the banks of Newfoundland, we should find them strewn with mighty rock fragments, deposited there by the icebergs. When another continent or group of islands shall arise there, future generations may quarry these boulders, employ them in the erection of churches or palaces, or hew them into monuments of the illustrious dead. Thus is fact far stranger than fiction—thus do the fairy tales of science surpass all that

the imagination has dreamed of the wonderful.

WINTER'S PALACE.

It is estimated that within the polar circle, a space 2,000 miles in diameter is occupied by frozen fields and floes of vast extent. Here icy masses of fantastic form rear their heads,

> "Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
> Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky,
> With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
> The slow creation of six thousand years.
> Amidst immensity they tower sublime,
> Winter's eternal palace built by Time."

This region, however, is not always locked in the stillness of an icy death. The long Arctic day relaxes the grasp of the frost, and the ice is broken up and floated away southerly on the great northern current, to dissolve in the warm breath of the south. Did not this Arctic ice, in its great southerly march, approach our shores, Newfoundland would have no seal-fishery; so that we are partly dependent on the Frost King for our bread. Away in his grim domains the ice-meadows on which the seals bring forth their young are manufactured, and then floated down to us. During March and April our seal-hunters find here their game. When the summer arrives, the cool waters leaving our shores, are the resort of the cod; and thus is created for us a mine that can never be exhausted. Wherever this Arctic current touches, the most valuable species of fish are found, while the fish of warm or tropical seas are comparatively worthless.

MARY LYON.

Every now and then Divine Providence raises up some remarkable individual to accomplish a great work, whose life may be regarded as a grand epic poem, replete with interest for the world. Such an one was Luther, who found his Homer in Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. John Wesley was another whose life has been the theme of five or six writers of celebrity. The life of Missionary Schwartz, of India, or that of John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, is as full of romance, interest and adventure as those of Orlando or Amadis, and for romances in home life commend us to the career and labors of Pastor Fliedner, or Müller of Bristol.

As the architect and engineer of the highest system of female education on the lowest scale of expense, and as a most striking instance of what well-directed enthusiasm can, by the Divine blessing, accomplish, the life of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, stands in the front rank of interest for the world, and especially for this continent, to all parts of which her system might with great advantage be extended; and as in every case where an instrument is used to accomplish a great work, there is a previous course of Providential preparation, so it was in her's, and one of the most interesting chapters of her life is the brief sketch of her mother which introduces it. From this chapter also the true source of New England's influence and power may be learned. Happy the country which has many homes, however lowly, like those which bred Mary Lyon's mother and herself, and her most distinguished pupil, Miss Fisk, the Persian missionary, from whose recollections of her teacher and friend, we make the following extracts:—

MARY LYON'S PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

"I AM MORE INDEBTED TO MY MOTHER THAN TO ALL OTHERS EXCEPT MY MAKER."—*Mary Lyon.*

We have recently found an old family register, in which is the following entry: "Jemima Shepard, born January 25th, 1765." When this record was found, there lay close by it a little manuscript book, with a coarse brown paper cover, so unlike anything of the present day, that it might be supposed to have had its origin in the 17th century. On opening the book, we find that it was written by this same Jemima, in her words, "for her own meditation." It carried us back to the time, when, at the age of fourteen, she opens before us her

home among the hills of Western Massachusetts, and an evening hour when she is watching for the return of her parents from a neighboring meeting. She says: "They came, telling me that the minister preached very powerfully, that some were struck under concern, and in particular one of my mates." She adds: "This was the first thing that fastened with any weight on my mind. I thought she was going to be taken and I left. I knew that I stood in as much need of a Saviour as she did; but how I should find him, I could not tell." She was shown how to find him; but not till she had seen what an evil and bitter thing is the sin from which he saved. "Trying to pray," she says, "God appeared to me an angry and frowning judge." She found no fault with this, but adds: "I saw myself justly condemned by his holy and righteous law." She realized that the Spirit of God was striving with her, and the trembling child feared lest she should grieve him; for she says: "I saw that I was entirely helpless without the Spirit of God." But she was to see still more of her heart. In the silent hour of a night when she was alone with God, she says: "It appeared to me that Christ was offered to me, if I was only willing to accept him upon the terms of the gospel. Then I looked into my heart and said to myself, Are you willing to forsake sin and vanity, and all the pleasures of time and sense, and accept of Christ as he is offered to you? Then my stubborn heart replied, I am not willing. I saw my dreadful, stubborn will against God, and that it was as much impossible for me to bow my will as to create a world. I cried out: 'Lord, bow my stubborn will.' I had not a word to say if God should cast me off for ever; for Jesus was offered to me, and I would not accept." She saw herself an enemy to God and all that was good, and with no power to help herself out of this condition. She continued to cry unto God for mercy, and with such a view of her guilt, that she says: "There was no strength left in me." "Totally lost, totally lost," was all that she could say of herself as she sought her chamber one day, after weeks of anguish. She lay before her God, "totally lost." And "there," she says, "my load of guilt was removed,—my stubborn will bowed. I breathed in a new air, and the very first breath was love to God and holiness. I could not bear to sin any more, and I felt my soul drawn out in love to holiness, because God is holy, and to love God, because he is just such a God as he is." For about a week she delighted herself in a holy God, when there came a season of deep distress and darkness. She had not as yet fully learned the way to her Saviour. Jesus had not been clearly revealed to her; but he knew her as his own; and there was given to her, to use her own words, "a longing after Christ," and she was "willing to receive him as Prophet, Priest, and King."

She now delighted herself particularly in the text, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and says of it: "I stood amazed to think the gospel was preached to me, whom I viewed to be the vilest of Adam's race. But why not be preached to all the rest, and I left out? I thought it would be so just. I viewed myself so vile. But here it was,—'to *every* creature,'—and therefore to me. Oh, wonder of wonders! I felt my soul drawn out in love to this glorious Saviour, who had died to save the vilest of sinners. I wanted to praise him for ever and ever."

Such was the work of conviction, and such the entrance of light into the heart of this young girl, whom God had chosen, and was now preparing to be the mother of Mary Lyon. As she went on in the Christian life, she makes this record of herself: "Those that I thought loved Jesus appeared to me very lovely and beautiful. I thought they were the only excellent ones of the earth, in whom was all my delight; and when I heard the word preached, my soul would feed thereon." She adds, in charming simplicity: "I had many gracious visits from my blessed and glorious Redeemer. The word of God appeared very precious to me, and many times opened with abundance of clearness to my mind. The cry of my soul was, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The soul commencing the Christian life, loving God because "he is what he is," and going on with his word opening with "abundance of clearness," while the Saviour's "gracious visits" are "many," is always allowed to glorify that Saviour on earth. And when that soul comes to the close of life, the Father will not chide if its Redeemer's words are made its own: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

When nineteen years of age, Jemima Shepard became the wife of Aaron Lyon. He seems to have very closely resembled the young man in the gospel. And if he said not "What lack I yet?" others said it of him. The young girl, like her divine Master, "beholding him, loved him;" but she said to him, "One thing thou lackest." Love never blinded her to the fact that "one thing" was wanting.

Her own simple record of her feeling is: "I had a great desire for my companion, that he might believe in Christ, partake of the gospel feast, and travel with me on my heavenly journey."

When she first saw him interested in the subject of religion, she adds: "I was in great distress about him. I was afraid that his convictions would wear off without

sound conversion." It was *sound* conversion, no other, that she desired, and for this she prayed most earnestly. But, before it was granted, she was led to say: "I felt willing to *wait* upon God;" and her experience was just that of all God's waiting ones, for she says: "It was not long before the Lord wrought wonders and brought him out of darkness into his marvellous light, and fulfilled all my every desire. When I saw the glory shine into his soul, and saw him so filled with the love of God that he could not forbear crying out 'Glory to God,' and praising him with all his might, I felt myself, as it were, shrink into nothing before the Lord. I viewed the mercy so great, which I had received, that I wanted to call upon the angels to praise God for me, for I thought myself utterly unworthy to attempt the glorious work while here in the body. But I could not help lisping forth some broken accents of praise to God for his wonderful condescension to me, a poor, unworthy, creature."

And now they could walk *together* in all the commandments of the Lord blameless, and they were rich in faith and good works.

It was to such parents that Mary Lyon was given, in 1797. That was a year of rich spiritual blessing to the little community among whom they resided.

As that mother folds her precious child in her arms she says: "I hear the birds of Paradise on the boughs of free grace, singing redeeming love. My soul can join in the blessed song, and I rejoice to see the work of the Lord prosper in the hands of the glorious Redeemer."

So she who was to labor so long and so faithfully in revivals, began her existence where God was pouring out his spirit, and she was, as it were, prayed into the work by those believing parents.

For nineteen years Aaron and Jemima Lyon walked together on earth, and fifteen of those years they were "one in Christ." Eight children were given them, all of whom were consecrated to the Lord, while one whom Jesus asked to be with him, became the "family treasure in heaven." "Little Ezra" had been in the Saviour's arms six months, when Mary was welcomed to the mountain home, as she expressed it, "to feel in that family circle the sweetly chastening influence of a babe in heaven." She ever carried this with her, as well as the influence of another scene "where there were sorrowing hearts, bursting sighs and flowing tears," because death had come to the same house "to take away that affectionate husband, that kindest of fathers." The mother's manuscript tells us how he said in his last days, "Oh, lay me near my Ezra to sleep! Oh, that I had strength to tell you what the Lord has done for me!"

And her own words will give us the account of his last Sunday morning, while we remember that Mary, then the child of six years, quietly lingered, not only to hear and treasure every word, but to receive an impression upon her young heart that she was to give to many others.

The mother writes: "He said to me, 'I want you to forgive me whatever you have seen in me that was wrong, for I know that I have done wrong a great many times.' I said, 'I think I have more need to ask your forgiveness than you mine, for I think I have been most out of the way.' 'Oh!' said he, 'I can freely forgive you; I have nothing against you.' I said, 'I have nothing against you; I can freely forgive you, and I hope the Lord will forgive us both; and I hope you will recover, and that we shall walk together as heirs of the grace of life, that our prayers be not hindered.' He said: 'Oh, I don't know about that! I wish I had talked more to you when I could. But you must not be too much cast down.'"

During all that day, his feelings were expressed in his own words: "Let me rise upon the mount and wing away."

Monday, the last day of his life, was, in the words of his widow, passed in speaking in holy ejaculations to God, in words like these: "Thou art my rock and my fortress, my high tower and my deliverer.—The name of Christ is as ointment poured forth.—Virgin souls love thee—Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Tuesday morning, the watching mother brought the seven children to their dying father. The little one of sixteen months in the sister's arms added tenderness to the scene, for in plaintive tones she would say, "Papa, papa," while he blessed them and bade them

> "Closer draw that gentle chain
> Round the loved who yet remain."

They stand in weeping silence to see their mother draw close to their father's side, and to hear her say: "Are you willing to go and leave me to pass through the troubles and trials alone?" An answer is heard in the father's tender question: "Do you feel your cords long enough and strong enough to wade through the river alone?" She and they heard his last words, and felt that he had gone to be with Christ. They entered "December 21st, 1802," in the old family Bible, as a never-to-be-forgotten day.

The mother says: "I was constrained to say Amen to the will of God, though my nature struggled hard; I seemed to but just survive the shock." As she stood alone she said: "Oh, the weight that rolled on my mind for my dear children, and how I should bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Her great desire

was that the affliction might be sanctified to her and to them. But she tells us that for ten weeks she prayed in great sorrow and with mourning and weeping before God. Her own words are: "The grief of my heart no tongue can tell. The dearest comfort of my life taken from me, I felt myself stripped of all earthly comforts, and my Lord hid his face from me." She felt that she could bear all things if she might but once more feel the fullness of her Saviour's presence. And she tells us that after weeks of sorrow, at the communion-table, he was made known to her in the breaking of bread. She heard him say: "Return, O backsliding daughter, for I am married to thee!"

Now she had new and precious views of the union of believers with Christ their head. In relating the experience of those days, at one point she says: "The Spirit of God worked powerfully upon me. I wanted nothing but to see the glory of God and see and feel his Spirit poured out more and more on myself and others." At one time after wrestling for hours for souls, she tells us that she "went to rest and slept very quietly till some time in the night, when," she says, "I waked with these words running through my mind with great sweetness, 'Wonderful—Counsellor—the mighty God—the everlasting Father—the Prince of Peace.' I cannot describe the joy and peace that succeeded."

Miss Lyon valued her mother's prayers above all earthly treasures, and she learned their worth while yet a little child, when that mother often tarried long in the closet, and, coming forth, would sink down upon her bed exhausted, while the older sister would whisper to the little ones, "I think there is going to be an awakening."

Eternity alone can reveal the connection between the prayers of this mother in Israel, and the many precious revivals of religion in which the daughter was permitted to labor. Never can we forget the deep emotion of that daughter, as she said, in 1840, "I have no longer a mother to pray for me and my dear pupils," She rests from her prayers, but they do follow her.

The next chapter develops the mode of home training which was so successful in raising great and good men and women, and which illustrates so well the Divine maxim, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

HOME DUTIES AND TRAINING.

In a letter written by one of Miss Lyon's pupils long years since, we find the following: "I have just been looking out the passages which were read to us this morning from Miss Lyon's Bible; and when she reads to us, it always seems to me that there are treasures in her Bible that were left out of mine. But as usual I have found all, and here they are: "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law. And Moses was content to dwell with the man. And he led the flock to the back side of the desert. And when forty years were expired, there appeared unto him in the wilderness of Sinai an angel of the Lord, in a flame of fire in a bush. The same Moses did God send to be a ruler and deliverer." Her subject was, "God's ways of preparing individuals for service in his church."

She said: "When God has a great work for any one to do in the world, he usually gives him a peculiar training for it; and that training is just what no earthly friend would choose for him, and sometimes it is so long continued that there seems to us to be but little time left for him to work. *We* should not have led Moses into Midian to prepare him to guide a nation, and certainly we would not have left him there forty years. But God knew that the life of the humble shepherd, and in the desert too, would best fit him to lead his people like a flock, and that he needed to be in that school no less than forty long years to be the truly meek Moses. He who was to bring water out of the rock for all Israel, must first humble himself to draw, and perhaps many times, water for the sheep of the daughters of Jethro. He who was to receive offerings for the tabernacle till he should say, 'Let neither man nor woman make any more offering,' must needs know what some of these cost, by seeing the daughters of Midian spin and dye with their own hands. He must have long years of quiet, under the shadow of Sinai, for meditation on the character of God, before he could meet that God on the top of the mount, and there receive the lively oracles to give unto us.

"I cannot tell you, young ladies, how I felt while pondering this Scripture this morning. It did seem to me most delightful to feel that we may be led of God all the time, and, like Moses, we should be content with the place where he bids us dwell. I doubt not that some of you may feel that you have been, and even now are, kept back from the greatest usefulness. The sickness of friends, and other circumstances, may have hindered you in your studies, and may be you sometimes long for wealth, and other friends to help you rise in life. I would not have you feel thus, but rather use very carefully all that the Lord gives you. And don't be afraid of the 'back side of the desert,' and never think you are forsaken of God because kept long there. He knows just how much of quiet, humble life we need to serve him in the best manner hereafter. The man who cared faithfully for the sheep in the desert, led Israel to Canaan;

and he who kept 'those few sheep in the wilderness' was afterwards Israel's king and sweetest singer."

We can hardly feel less interest in Mary Lyon's early home, where Conway, Ashfield, and Buckland made the "Three Corners," than in Moses' dwelling in the desert. Her twenty years in that "mountain home" were as surely the Lord's preparation for guiding the thousands of the daughters of America, as were Moses' forty years in the wilderness a preparation for leading the thousands of Israel. In that pure mountain air, among those hills and streams and the rocks and the trees, she acquired that physical strength which enabled her to bear a pressure of labor and care in after life that might have carried others to an early grave. And there in the care of a mother, who, she tells us, "was a sort of presiding angel of good works in all that little neighborhood, and whose cheerful spirit helped not a little to make her brow as noble and as lofty at forty as on her bridal day," she learned to love all, and to have so much of cheerfulness and sunshine in her heart, that Dr. Hitchcock could say, after thirty years' acquaintance: "Never did I see a cloud on her countenance."

That "wild, romantic, little farm, made more to feast the soul than to feed the body," on which was that little mountain home, yielded so abundantly, under the widowed mother's care, that none of her seven children "ever thought of being dependent or depressed," least of all the sunny-faced Mary.

The simple school-day dress, so neat and clean, satisfied her, and she learned its worth as she watched the growing flax, and later saw the hired man or her own brother break and swingle, and, may be, hatchel it, and then saw it wound upon the distaff of the little wheel, and her own mother spinning the web. She longed to help her, but they told her that "little girls must learn to spin filling before warp;" and so the mother made the warp, and Mary the filling, at "the great wheel," from the rolls that had been carded for her. Then came the day for dyeing the linen. The little country store furnished the indigo or copperas, as might be called for, and the farm contributed other excellent dyestuffs, in the form of birch-bark, peach-leaves, and smart-weed. Then she saw it spooled and warped and woven in the loom in her own home, where she could watch that same mother as she "sprung the treadle," and "threw the shuttle," and Mary wound all the quills till the work was done. We do not wonder that she was satisfied with such a dress for those bright summer days; and then the winter dress was of hardly less interest to her, for she watched the sheep-shearing, the wool-picking and washing, the sending of the wool to the carding-machine, and the sacks of rolls as they were returned. Again there was spinning, in which Mary had a large share. Sometimes that "unbanding wheel" would trouble her; then the mother would sing to her,—

> "It's not in the wheel, it's not in the band,—
> It's in the girl who takes it in hand."

And so the girl who took it in hand learned many a valuable lesson for life at the wheel. Weaving again followed spinning; the cloth was sent to the mill, and the bright red flannel came home for the winter dress, in which she was never afraid of the snow. The pretty linen aprons of blue and white check, from the same piece with the mother's short-gown, more than satisfied her. And who could wish better shoes than the tanner and currier and neighborhood shoemaker produced from the skin of their own fatted calf?

She helped her mother make the butter, which they sold at the store for sixpence a pound, to buy the "rare gift of the Sunday suit, kept expressly for the occasion," and which, she says, "formed an era in the life of the possessor, and was remembered with grateful smiles for many days to come. She helped make the blankets, and bedquilts too, and last, but not least, the summer and winter coverlet, from which, she used to tell us, she learned many a valuable lesson in the building and arranging of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

We did not understand all she said about it, but we remember just what she said: "For you know, young ladies, it had a blue side for the winter, and a white side for summer, so we could use it all the year round."

She was learning valuable lessons also, as she stood by her mother's side, sorting and arranging those little autumnal stores that were to travel hand in hand through the long winter, like the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil in another widow's home; and when there came a season in which the sugar-orchard gave only fifty pounds of maple sugar instead of the 200 it was accustomed to give, she saw that even that would not fail before the warm sun and sparkling snow told that sugar-days were again near. Often there was a pound of sugar, a basket of apples, or some other good thing to be sent to one who had failed to gather manna enough for the winter, and that one would ask: "How is it the widow can do more for me than any one else?" We find the answer to this inquiry in her own words, which thousands have heard fall from those lips that ever opened in wisdom: "Comfort and economy, good taste, and true Christian liberality, may be found together, but their union requires rare forethought and good judgment." "Never destroy anything

that God has made, or given skill to others to make." Never think anything worthless until it has done all the good it can." "Economy and self-denial are the two great springs which feed the fountains of benevolence. Practice them for Christ's sake, but talk very little about them." "Be very thankful for a little, and you will receive the more."

The sweet little garden, loved as soon as seen, was proverbial in that section, and more than one asked to place rare plants in it, "because nothing ever died in Widow Lyon's garden." There was a lesson learned there, which led her in after years to care for every plant in the garden; and not a few felt that what they placed there *must* live for ever. She tells us that "the roses, the pinks, and peonies, which keep time with Old Hundred, could nowhere grow so fresh and so sweet as in the little garden." "And nowhere else did she see wild strawberries in such profusion and richness as were gathered in those little baskets." "Nowhere else were rare-ripes so large and so yellow, and never were peaches so delicious and so fair as grew on the trees of that little farm; and the apples too contrived to ripen before all others, so as to meet in sweet fellowship with peaches and plums, to entertain the aunts and the cousins." Where, better than there, could she have learned that comfort may be found closely joined with economy and liberality?

There was not a nook or corner of that little farm or house which was not loved by Mary, and from which she did not draw lessons for the future. A few years before she was called to her heavenly home, she wrote: "How sweet did I find it once more to linger around the dearest scenes of that loved spot, long since laid up among the cherished jewels of memory's most sacred casket!" She thanked God that her father was spared to her for six years. It was a brief period, to be sure, but none of us who have ever heard her talk of her father's love can doubt her feeling its sacred influence; and we believed that her little heart had trusted and obeyed a father too, when we heard her say: "Young ladies, be very slow to depart from a Christian father's counsel. In your father you have a divinely appointed safeguard; trust him, lean upon him, and there learn your relation to your heavenly Father. If you can lose your will in your father's, you will much more easily say, 'Not my will, but thine be done, my Father in heaven.'"

She often said to her pupils: "There is nothing more pleasant on earth than a cultivated, refined, well-organized Christian family." She knew well the blessed influence of such a family, for she says of her home: "Nothing was left to take its own way. Everything was made to yield to the mother's faithful, diligent hand. Early and late she was engaged in the culture of the olive plants around her table." As she watched her, she found, to use her own words, that a mother whose time and thoughts are necessarily engrossed with the care of her family, may yet have much enjoyment in God."

"When the Christian father had gone to his rest, there was still a family altar in that house, though Mary calls it a "bereaved family altar," but adds: "What child of that household can ever forget the extraordinary prayers of that sorrowing mother for the salvation of her fatherless children, as they were offered up day by day through that first, long, cold winter of widowhood?" As one after another of those dear children were brought to Christ, till they could not only say we are seven, but we are seven in the fold, that mother's agonizing prayers were remembered even by Mary, then the little one of six years. We seem to see that mother, in what we once heard Miss Lyon say in her school: "Our grandmothers were not house-keepers *only*. True, they read but few books, but they read those thoroughly, thought deeply, and many of them had much mental culture." Miss Lyon always desired to make her schools strictly family schools, for she said: "Young ladies can nowhere be so well cared for as in the family. There the government may be so mild, yet so undeviating and inflexible, that there will only be advice on the part of the parents, and compliance on the part of the child." This gives another picture of that home, and we have yet another when she looks back and says: "I can see through a veil of forty years, in that mountain home, growing on the perennial stalk of great principles, the budding of sentiments, of customs, and of habits, which if spread over the country and fanned by the gentle breezes of intelligence, influence, and Christian sympathy, would produce a rich and abundant harvest for the treasury of the Lord." And we may add, they *have* produced not not only a rich harvest for the treasury of the Lord, but abundant fruit for the garner of eternal life

Mary loved and honored her mother; and she only asks her pupils to be like herself, when she says: "Let your letters to your mother be a picture of a warm-hearted, loving, confiding daughter. Bestow your choicest expressions of affection upon your mother."

Miss Lyon as a teacher and as the Founder and Principal of Mount Holyoke Seminary, must form the subject of another article.

MYSTERIES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Philosophers are proverbially skin-deep only; as a prominent instance of which I may remark, in relation to the present subject, that the inquiring mind which, some time since, led the writer of 'Two o'clock in the Morning' to investigate the causes why, at that particular hour, the clock ticked unusually loud, the wardrobe creaked, and the bedroom-door opened of itself, might have still farther extended its researches with advantage into the mysteries of every-day life. I should like, for instance, to have had a chapter explaining what becomes of all the pins; and calling attention to the fact, that for one pin ever picked up by the thriftiest old maid, at least a thousand go the way of all pins, whatever that may be, Talk of the source of the Nile, or the distance of the fixed stars—here is a mystery which comes home to us all; yet at the present moment is as far as ever from being cleared up. Inquire from the intelligent gentleman who presides over the great pin-manufactory at Gloucester; he will tell you nobody knows and very glad he is nobody does know where all the millions of pins annually turned out there go to, else they might, some day, all turn up again, to the great detriment of Messrs. Kerby, Beard, and Kerby, and other partners in the prickly trade. It has indeed been suggested, that inasmuch as needles have been known to enter the hand and come out of the foot of human beings, so pins find their way from the surface to the centre of the earth; which, if so, must at the present time be pretty full of them. Without entering on the merits of this theory, it is one, though not a very satisfactory, way of accounting for the disappearance, by hundreds of millions annually, of objects which can neither melt nor wear out. I shall not stop now to inquire why bread always falls on the buttered side, especially where the carpet beneath is fluffy and well adapted to adhere —that is a clear case of awkwardness having its own reward, and one that follows much more quickly than it is to be found in the apocryphal case of virtue so placed; but I should like to know why it is, that, on the few occasions in my life when I have been obliged to breakfast in bed, the mere introduction of a harmless cup of tea into the room should immediately cause that bed to be full of crumbs? Any one who has had the gritty experience in question will testify to the fact, as also to the desperate efforts immediately made to get rid of the intruders, and to the inevitable result—viz, that the clothes are all got rid of, the crumbs alone remaining, to give a lively sense of a night passed upon a gravel-walk.

In like manner, I should desire some hints as to the origin of what may be called the inevitable tack or small nail, with a flat head, which, by extreme dexterity, stands erect thereon, point upwards, at my bedside, whenever I chance to get up to light a candle at night, and receives my foot as I descend? No amount of previous sweeping will insure against the intrusion of this piquant object. I should be obliged too by having my scientific aspirations gratified, as to why eclipses of the sun or moon are always visible with particular advantage in all the uninhabitable parts of the earth, and rarely, if ever, in a country where there is anybody to see them? I put it to any person possessed of an almanac and common sense, whether Central Africa, Cochin China, the Carpathian mountains, and the South Pacific Ocean, have not for ages enjoyed an undisturbed monopoly of astronomical phenomena, to the utter exclusion of all parts of the world where anybody dwells. Once more coming to terrestrial subjects; as a matter of speculation, it would be interesting to ascertain the relations between dust-carts and rain—whether the advent of dust-carts produces rain, or that of rain produces the dust-carts. It has been a subject of contention in alpine regions, whether the snow produces the cold, or the cold produces the snow; and after severe rheumatic attacks by parties in their zeal for discovery, much is found to be said on both sides. I am a particularly careful person; it is therefore very mysterious to me by what means varieties of fluffy substances get into the corners of nearly everything I possess—as, for instance, my ink-bottle, which appears to generate small rags of its own accord; and the pockets of my waistcoats, which seem to possess the property of producing an unfailing supply of soft *cottony* deposits, for the sole purpose of getting into my watch-key.

Will any one account to me for a phenomenon of daily, I may almost say hourly, occurrence—viz, the manner in which inanimate objects get themselves out of the way the moment there is a demand for their services? This applies to everything; the very pen with which I wrote the foregoing passage has *sui proprio motu* got from my study-table into the next room, and is found upon my dressing-glass, near which I have not been since nine this morning! If I am going from home for a few days, my clothes all seem to be aware of the intention, and hide themselves in places where they never were before; my papers—usually most regular in arrangement—of a sudden become topsy-turvy; a love-ditty gets into an Essay on Chemistry, and a Christmas tale into the British Constitution. For the faculty of jumbling themselves together in inextricable confusion, however, on these occasions, and at the shortest moment, commend me to the keys! —they beat all. The scissors you have just

laid down may indeed be found in a book you have not opened for months; the razor you shaved with this morning in a drawer locked-up last summer; and your gloves and card-case have seized the opportunity of getting into the deepest corner of a portmanteau you don't intend opening till your journey's end days hence. But all these are nothing to the keys: there they are, a bunch stuck together in a manner that defies all attempts at extrication; the large keys have got into the small ones; the small ones, webs, pipes, rings, and all spontaneously intermingled with a complexity of entanglement that hours of perseverance would not have enabled one to achieve. I should like, too, to be informed what it is that takes possession of my pens. I am most particular about them; yet I constantly find their nibs in one of two conditions—either the form of a letter V split up to the feathers; or as sharp, and, for the purposes of writing, as useful, as a skewer. —*English Society.*

"SUPPOSE NOW."

BY JOHN HALL, D.D.

One of the most acute and persuasive men I ever knew had a favorite method of upsetting objections by allowing them to be put in a positive form, as far as possible, and embodied as the alternative of that against which they were directed. An ardent young moralist declaims to him: "No honest lawyer should defend a scoundrel in a court of law." "Well, suppose now," he would say, "that a scoundrel is charged with murder, and generally believed guilty; is it your theory that he should be hung without judge or jury?" "No! let him be tried, of course." "Well, suppose now he is tried, and the ablest counsel put all the evidence against him, and no one speaks a word on the other side; is that what you aim at?" The young moralist sees by this time that something can be said on the other side, and begins to tone down his assertion.

This mode of dealing with propositions —familiar enough to mathematicians—is not perfect in morals. But it is good as far as it goes; its application is well fitted to check hasty and arrogant adjustment of difficulties in things too high for us. Let us try it on a few cases.

1. "Why should children die in infancy, and comparative innocency, leaving sad hearts behind them, as empty, sometimes, as their little cots?"

Suppose now all that are born uniformly lived to be threescore and ten, or sixty or forty, or even twenty? As it is, the tendency to put off the settlement of eternal interests is all too strong with multitudes. "Time enough yet," they say, while at the most varying and irregular periods death is carrying off their very friends and companions. How much stronger would the tempation be if all could say, "We can certainly count on reaching even twenty years!"

Suppose now all children lived to maturity; the temptation to many parents is to over-solicitousness about the temporal welfare of their children. For this they neglect the most momentous interests, and justify their neglect under the plea of lawful care and providing "for their own." But how much stronger would the temptation be if all children uniformly reached say maturity! As it is, God comes to the garden of the home, and gathers this flower and that, when his visits are not looked for. A wise and candid parent, not schooled to ignore the facts of life, will surely then be helped by observation, and still more by experience, to say, "I need not be overcareful about laying up for my children. God may please to provide for them elsewhere and without me." Parents,—whose household treasures are in heaven, this is not the only thought you should think; but it is one of many you ought not to put away.

Suppose all children survived at least till fifteen? As it is, how often the religious teaching of the children is deferred, from indolence and other causes! How much stronger would the inducement become if a parent could reckon the time yet remaining in which his child is still sure to him! On the Lord's present plan, a parent will say, "My dear one may be taken at any time. Let me meet the opening intelligence with news of Christ and the open door into Heaven!" Parents,—who have little Harrys and Marys in Heaven, apply this lesson to those remaining, whose tones and looks so often recall the departed.

2. "The wicked often prosper, and the good are often in trouble and adversity. I wish it were otherwise."

Suppose now a good man necessarily prospered—that is, prospered because he is pious—how would it go, say, in trade? The temptation now is strong enough, if we may judge by results, to give second-rate articles and charge first-rate prices. But how much stronger if the pious man could count upon prosperity, irrespective of the laws of demand and supply! If it be said that by the hypothesis the man would give first-rate articles, being a pious man: that implies piety perfect, and therefore not human, which is imperfect, and is influenced by a variety of motives.

Suppose all pious men prospered, walking by faith and serving God for his own sake would be difficult of exhibition. Satan could then ask concerning every pious man, as of Job, "Doth he serve God for nought?"

Disinterested service is hard enough to reach in ourselves, and to find in others. How much harder it would be to secure it if piety and prosperity were hid together! Suppose this the law, a constant series of miracles must ensue. In fact, miracles must become the rule. A storm must not destroy a ship, however rotten or ill-manned because she belongs to, or carried, or even held, the property of a pious man. This plan would not help the world's progress, and it would multiply hypocrites. It is better that pious people should have to study natural laws and obey them, take their place in the competition of life, bear their share of its ills, be disciplined thereby, and have their weal or woe here bound up even with the bad, that they may be stimulated to seek their good and learn a little of the essential properties of good and evil as principles. So they have motives supplied to walk by faith; and the inevitable evils of earth beget a deeper longing for Heaven.

3. "I wish the Bible told us everything; so much is open to question and uncertain."

Suppose now it did: it would, first of all, be an enormous book—how enormous no man can tell, because every addition to knowledge raises a new set of questions—"Alps upon Alps." It would, therefore, be hard to circulate; and people who enter on it in its present manageable form would despair of beginning were it, say, in twenty volumes folio. But suppose it told us everything, answered all the questions of La Place and Newton, of Des Cartes and Hamilton, of Herbert Spencer and Stuart Mill, of Livingstone and Sir John Franklin, how much of it would be intelligible to most readers?

Suppose now it told us everything, all inquiry, all healthy investigation, all "Pursuit of Knowledge," all invigorating search for truth would be out of the question, and the human race would lose all the benefits that have thus been reached; for the pursuit is a blessing apart from the acquisition.

It is better that the Bible should be manageable, intelligible to the average of mankind, and mainly dealing with spiritual and moral interests common to all men.

4. "I wish there were no difficulties in the Bible, but that we had plain sailing from first to last."

Suppose now the Bible were as lucid, consecutive, and level to every comprehension, without effort, as "Robinson Crusoe." As it is, some men think it a mere human composition, and its writers inspired simply as was Milton. But how much more likely would they be to think so if no part of the entire volume ever rose into a region where man's mind sees dimly or not at all? When a man has read 'Robinson Crusoe' once, or at most twice, he is usually content; but you can find hundreds of thousands who have been reading the Scriptures for years, publicly and privately, and with ever increasing interest and knowledge. Would it be so, could it be so, in a Bible all of which a single reading would enable every one to master and exhaust? But this is the only kind of Bible conceivable entirely without difficulties.

5. "I wish the Bible were 'abreast of science,' and that we had not to get so much from the natural philosopher."

Well, suppose now it were, with the science of what time would you have it "abreast"? Say your own time. But it would be then behind the science of A. D. 2071, and it would have been immensely before the people of the first century. Their difficulty in receiving it would have been immensely increased. But the great point was, remember, to get Revelation received at first among men. It is with the New Testament as with a human will. Its being propounded at the time, and before competent witnesses, and accepted, is held to be presumptive evidence in its favor. You or I may inherit under a will of which we never saw the Maker, or the witnesses, or the executors. It was executed a century ago. But the men of that time examined it, with the means of doing so, and held it valid. That is enough for us. Now all this kind of proof for revelation would be wanting on the plan of making the Bible abreast of the science even of this century.

But we have no right to fix the limit at our century, Who can set a bound to human knowledge? The sum of all the knowledge of all the race in the last year, or the best year of its existence, must be in the Bible. It must contain a perfect science of mathematics, of mental philosophy, of physics in every department, and of all the 'ologies, now alarmingly increasing in number. It must not only state all results and conclusions, but put them unquestionably; which is the same as to say it must anticipate and answer every objection, and give entire, incontrovertible, and intelligible proofs of every result. Who will then understand it throughout? Only a few men—each a living encyclopædia of the one or best period of the race; and for their sakes all their predecessors must be tantalized with a divine revelation of which the major part is beyond their reach of comprehension, as closed against them as if in an unknown tongue!

Would this be a gain?

6. "I wish prophecy were exact and precise, so that we should undoubtedly know what is coming."

Suppose now it were so. You cannot mean only the prophecies of *your* future. You have no right that was not equally a right to all who went before you. Now, suppose the prophecies of the Old Testa-

ment had been so clear regarding our Lord and so incapable of misconception that no man could have mistaken them, then where had been the free action of human will? How hard it would have been to prove that the Messiah did not contrive to serve himself heir to them! All the evidence now founded on men's doing to him as it was predicted, without their knowing that they fulfilled prophecy, would be lost to us. Moral qualities would, moreover, cease to be of any account in reading the Bible, which appears contrary to God's plan of giving a revelation.

Suppose now that all prophecy regarding the future were simply history lucidly written in advance, there would not be much heroism, faith, or merit in being on God's side. Common sense would put men on the side that wins in the end. "Proving all things" would cease to mean anything. We should only inquire, What is the victorious side, and take our place there. As it is, God leaves prophecy to be certainly understood by the event. He is his own interpreter, as Jesus said: "I tell you these things, that when they come to pass ye may believe."

We are getting further and further away from the miracles, and so to superficial minds their convincing power appears to diminish. But with the lapse of time the convincing power of the prophecies grows, and we have an ever-accumulating body of evidences for the inspiration of God's Holy Word. And the crowning glory of this evidence is that men have supplied it "not knowing what they did."

On the whole, therefore, none of these suggested improvements of God's Word would be without drawbacks. Perhaps it is the same of all others. Perhaps when men are the wisest they will say of the Word, as they can hardly help saying of the works: "He hath done all things well."

THE STORY OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.*

The invention of the telescope put into existence new worlds, and, at the same time, enlarged the already vast boundaries of human thought. It constituted a mighty and dazzling advance. It opened splendid highways out upon and around the shining borders of the stellar world. It permitted men to gaze upon unheard-of marvels, and pointed to prospects the view of which was almost too splendid to be borne. Human sagacity, it was believed, could go no further, human achievement could do no more.

And yet we have to-day another equally marvellous advance. Notwithstanding the victories gained over the wandering planets, the blazing sun, and the gentle moon—

> "Whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views"—

it was reserved for the spectroscope to accomplish still greater things, and to give, in reality, a new heaven, if not a new earth. While the telescope brought to men's knowledge the existence of many new globes, showed the forms of suns, and brought almost within apparent reach the huge belted sphere, it could do no more. But the new wonder goes further, and does not leave the child when gazing through some astronomer's glass at the glittering specks, sown like diamond-dust along the sky, to wonder what they are. With this new instrument in his hand, the philosopher smiles at the old difficulties before which he once stood aghast, and reveals with precision the secrets of the nebulous region which he formerly thought must forever remain unknown.

But what is the spectroscope?

In the language of science, this is an instrument for forming and examining spectra produced by artificial or natural flame, in order to determine, from the position of the spectral lines, the composition of the substance which is in process of combustion; or, in simpler language, it is an instrument to observe the lines which cross the spectra of natural or artificial light. This instrument, in reality, involves an adaptation of the telescope. Yet the light may pass through a tube, either from a candle or a star, and, instead of entering the eye, it passes through a prism, when it may be viewed by a common telescope.

In a still simpler way the object may be accomplished.

Let a beam of sunlight pass through a hole in a shutter, go thence through a triangular prism, and on through a bi-convex lens, and fall upon a white screen. Now to the ordinary observer, nothing will be seen on the wall; but look more closely, and there will appear certain dark, parallel lines, which will be developed more strikingly by the aid of a good spy-glass. Here you have the principle of the spectroscope, which has effected within a brief time a marvellous revolution in demonstrative science.

Now, therefore, one word more of explanation:—

By spectra, of course, are meant the different-colored rays of which the light is composed, and which by the prism are laid upon a white screen. When the light is natural, as from the sun, the spectra will be crossed by a multitude of fine, dark lines; but when the light is artificial, the spectra are crossed by bright lines. And the relative positions of the lines are always fixed, so that the spectrum has been carefully mapped. Every element, when in a

* Spectrum Analysis. Six lectures delivered in 1868, before the Society of Apothecaries, in London. By Henry E. Roscoe.

state of combustion, is found to produce certain lines in its spectra, so that by examining the spectra we may know for a certainty what substance is burning and producing the light.

Here again, therefore, we are led to express our amazement at the results which follow from so simple and beautiful a process, which gives us the long-dreamed-of connection with the sun, and enables us to say with certainty what must be the composition of that vast fiery globe.

It would be interesting to trace the progressive development of the spectroscope, or, perhaps, it might be said, spectrum analysis, did time permit. Beginning in Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the solar spectrum in 1675, the idea emerged in 1814, in "Frauenhofer's line," afterward to be carried on by Brewster, Herschel, and other eminent men. In 1822, Brewster found strontium and copper in the flame of a common lamp, and observed and found the bright lines of the spectra varying with the color of the flame. In 1834, Mr. Fox Talbot was able to tell lithia from strontium by means of the spectrum; and, in 1845, Professor Miller mapped the spectra of several incandescent, metallic vapors. In 1861 Mr. Cook took up the subject with great success, being followed by Roscoe. But it remained for Kirchoff to reveal the mystery that had baffled critical minds for half a century. And this fairly led to the inspiring utterance of the old, but now intelligible, cry, "*Sic itur ad astra*"—this way leads to the stars!

And now, to speak more particularly, what are the present results of these investigations? They must be summed up as briefly as possible. Take first this specimen. Says one writer:—

"Let us look, for a moment, as if through Mr. Huggin's beautiful spectroscope, at the well-known star Sirius, of whose amazing distance mention has been made. It appears to us a brilliant point only, albeit we may not doubt it has sixty times the bulk of our great sun, while yet giving us only the six-thousand millionth part of his light. But this light is enough for the prism's work. The slender beam that has been travelling from the star earthward, with a velocity of more than eleven million miles every minute, glides along the telescopic tube, and then steals through the almost imperceptible slit of the spectroscope, and, if we may be pardoned a play upon a word (which we protest is only fair in treating of so *light* a subject), it *hues* its way through the prism, and writes upon the screen in unmistakable colored symbols, some of them as plain to us as English words, the nature of the fiery home from which it has been an exile, for as long a period as it requires among us to transform a new-born babe into an independent man!"

And again let us quote:—

"In May, 1866, a small star in the con-constellation Northern Crown blazed out for several days with a splendor which almost put the first magnitude stars to the blush. The spectroscope served to reveal to us the scarcely hypothetical explanation of the phenomenon. The tell-tale prism detected bright lines in its spectrum. Our readers know, by this time, what bright lines signify. There was manifestly intense gaseous inflammation upon the star. It blazed to a magnificent splendor, and then gradually died out, while its spectrum lines also dwindled. Was this a grand hydrogen combustion, a star on fire? So the markings indicated. Is there nothing here significant to us, as dwellers upon one of the satellites of a fiery star, which has with its luminous shell a probably concentric stratum of hydrogen, so vast in its extent, that it can shoot up from its furnace-throats rose-tinted flames that stretch a hundred thousand miles up into its atmosphere?"

But now we must epitomize. First, then, note how the spectroscope has reversed the opinion of astronomers in regard to the state of certain nebulæ which they thought were composed of clusters of stars. Some of these nebulæ give no more light than a single sperm candle at a distance of a quarter of a mile, and yet that feeble ray is sufficient to tell the story. In the spectroscope, these supposed worlds fly, and all that is left is a little gas, which writes the story in certain faint, dark lines! Hail, therefore, noble Laplace! The spectroscope proclaims the much-scoffed nebular hypothesis possibly true. Only forty of the seventy nebulæ examined told of a white-hot nucleus by its "absorption bands."

So, likewise, the spectroscope dissipates the notion of a nucleus in comets.

Then it turns to the earth, and reveals metals which have hitherto been unknown. It goes into practical operation in the manufactory for the production of steel, and tells by the "carbon lines" in the spectra the *exact instant* when the air must be shut off to secure the perfect work.

It leads Bunsen to evaporate forty-four tons of water to detect a new mineral in the Durkheim Spring. It tells of the decomposition of light. It informs us of the substance of the sun, and declares that Sirius, a star sixty times larger than the sun, is rushing away from the earth at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles a minute.

These are results that astronomy alone could never achieve. Without doubt, the spectroscope, as the scientific community become more familiar with its wonderful adaptations, will be made available, not only in giving us a more minute acquaintance with the mysterious worlds of nebulæ, but also by advancing the common arts of civilization.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Young Folks.

MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(*Continued.*)

Chapter VII.

CHURCH MATTERS.

"Your gold and silver are cankered, and their rust shall eat into your hearts as it were fire."

Friendship and sympathy united to give Ralph Morley the position of cashier in the Alden Bank. The cashier's salary was a good one, and furnished Ralph something to speculate with; for he speedily turned his family into producers rather than consumers.

Mrs. Morley was as anxious as her husband to retrieve their fallen fortunes: she had just begun to taste the sweetness of being rich, when the cup of delight was struck from her lips. She was willing to toil and pinch and save, in order that she might once more command fine clothes, fine furniture, plenty of servants and a full purse. Mrs. Morley was a woman of sound health and accustomed to exertion: she dismissed all her servants but Stacey and a small boy, sent her grand furniture and rich carpets into a retirement of chintz and brown linen, and filled her house with boarders.

Frank and Freddy were taken from school, and given clerkships. They were young for this, especially Freddy; but their father said he could not afford to educate them any further, and they were only wasting their time at school. This was but too true. Frank and Freddy were emphatically idle and wicked boys: their father had been too busy making money, either to set them a good example, or correct their faults, and his sons were virtually lost before his money.

To have learned from his heart Agur's prayer would have been eternal wisdom to Ralph Morley. "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain,"—a prayer earnestly to be recommended for the daily use of every young man setting out in life, who would not, like Ralph Morley, grasping for this world, come short of heaven.

Long, very long, seemed the next two years to Ralph Morley; daily he cursed his poverty in his soul, daily he rebelled against the providence of God, daily he craved wealth as to him the one thing needful. Much of this strife and bitterness he locked in his own heart. He sometimes said to his wife, "I will be rich again, if I die for it!" Sometimes at some fancied slight he would grind his teeth, and mutter, "Wait until I am rich again, and then, and then,"—but this was only in hearing of his family. The world said he was an energetic, trustworthy, praiseworthy, business man; the Church said he was saddened by misfortune, and, if he were rich, would be very useful, a leading man in the Church. They took this view from himself. Ralph knew there was capital in good opinions, and he laid out considerable well-sounding speech to win them.

During these two years we have mentioned, Ralph and his wife were too busy and too stingy to visit Pittsburg; but Aunt Stacey so pined for a sight of her "old missey and her youngest missey," that she laid by enough of her small wages to make them a visit. She offered to take Helen with her,—gentle, pretty little Helen, the only one in the family who in these days of vexation was allowed to study and to play. Mrs. Morley thought she could not spare the girl: it was spring vacation, and Helen must help her about the housework while Stacey was gone. So Stacey went alone.

Stella's home was an entire contrast to her uncle's; the three rooms where she lived with her grandmother were so tasteful, so quiet, and so daintily neat. The laundry work was put out. Stella had a secret understanding with the baker's wife, by which her table was nicely provided. The remainder of her household tasks vanished as if by magic before her active hands. Prayer began and ended the day. There was never an unblessed meal; the Sabbath was a holiday spent in God's house and service; the weekly meetings of the church were never neglected; and, as the apostle had commanded them, these two women weekly laid by in store for the Lord's service, as the Lord had prospered them.

After the noise, the bustle, the private avarice, and the spiritual coldness of Ralph Morley's big boarding-house, Stacey felt that here she had drifted to the gate of Paradise.

"O child!" said Stacey on the first evening of her stay, after she had insisted upon

finishing the work and waiting upon old Mrs. Morley to bed, and had come back to Stella. "O child! dis seems right hebbenly. What a peaceable life we poor sinners might live in dis yere worl', if we only knowed it?"

"How is my uncle getting on, Stacey?" asked Stella. "He doesn't write very often: he says he is too busy."

"Dar now," said Stacey, "dat's just it. He is too busy for any ting but bein' busy. Dear child! how he toils and moils for dis yere ebil and wicked worl'! Your poor uncle is been trying to do what nobody ebber made out yet: to serve God and mammon, and get 'em both. It's clean agin' Scripter, and it can't be done. I keep hopin' de Lord will bring him up wid a short turn yet. Sometimes I tink he will, and sometimes I tink he won't. 'Pends on wheder he's got any root in him or not. 'Dat which is crooked cannot be made straight, and dat which is wantin' cannot be numbered,' says de preacher; and, if he's dat kind, why all de Lord's dealin's won't make him different. You can't raise grain whar dar ain't nuther seed nor soil."

"Uncle Ralph had pious parents," said Stella meditatively; "and the promise is unto Christians and their children."

"Dat's so," said Stacey; "but many anudder ting comes in right dar; and it's my mind, dat, if his fader and mudder had him to bring up over agin, they'd brung him up different."

Aunt Stacey was keen-eyed, and had her opinions about almost every one with whom she came in contact. The last evening of her visit, she was again alone with Stella. Stacey had washed the supper-dishes, and made all preparations for breakfast, and now sat down to pare apples near the door of the room used for a kitchen and dining-room.

Stella had finished reading the evening paper, and laid it away. "Well, chile!" cried Stacey, "how's you comin' on yourse'f? What's de Lord been doin', and how you growin'?"

"There, now, Stacey," said Stella, "I've not been growing at all. I feel that I am at a stand-still; and next comes going backwards, you know, unless one takes heed in time. I am very busy with my work: I love it; my thoughts are on it. I try to keep grandma comfortable and happy. My time seems all filled up, and I feel as if I progressed more in every thing else than I do in religion; and that isn't as it should be, you know, Stacey."

Stacey had been waiting for something of this kind. She pared an apple carefully, cut it in quarters, and put the quarters in the preserve-kettle. Then she slowly pared another, and laid it down. She was ready to speak at last. "Chile! you just clean starved: dat's what de matter wid you! You can't work, 'less you eat. You can't grow 'less you eat. Yon don't thrive on nibblin'; nobody don't. What you want is a good, square meal. You wouldn't tink of keepin' up your strength day by day, just peckin' here and dere at a bite of somethin' and doin' dat in a hurry. De law wa'n't for de Jews to eat in a hurry but onct a year. Ef they'd done it often, would hab give dem de dispepsissewa, No, chile! and how you sarves your body is how you must sarve your soul. You needs to read, larn, an' inwardly digest. Take your time for your religion, like you takes for oder tings; feed your soul as fair as you feeds your body; and you thrive wonderful on de milk ob de word, and on good solid meat doctrums, too. Yes, honey!"

This plain talk came closely home to Stella. She saw that Stacey was right; that she had been giving too much attention to her work, and her favorite amusements of reading and music; taking for these part of the time that should have been devoted to her spiritual improvement.

"There, Stacey," said Stella, "I am glad to hear what you say. I know it is true. What a wise old woman you are!"

"Laws, no, chile dear; but when an ole woman lives so long like me, and keeps dere eyes open, why dey sees, and dey speaks. Wish it did more good to some people," added Stacey, with a thought of Ralph Morley.

Ralph Morley's ruin was hastened, or made sure, by his obtaining the desire of his heart. He might have been ruined even if he had been denied his wish. His fortune was made the second time almost as suddenly as it had been lost the first. There was a certain furnace at Alden; the owner died, and the property was offered for sale below its value. The iron market was depressed; indeed, was at its lowest.

Ralph saw the change that was coming; and, desperately gathering all he could borrow on his house, all he had saved and made, he became the owner of the furnace, brought in his sons as clerks, and threw his whole energies into the iron business. He reaped his reward, when the opening of the war trebled the value of his new property, and created a demand for all iron that could be made. Ralph said the tide of fortune had changed at last. It set towards prosperity, and was a spring-tide at that. Whatever Ralph put his hand to brought him money in these days. He looked hopefully towards the million now.

There was no mortgage on the house; the boarders were banished; the furniture came out of retirement, and found itself in good society. Mrs. Ralph Morley did not care to buy new furniture just for fashion's sake, when what she had was good and handsome. These people had felt the want of money too keenly to be willing to waste

it. But Mrs. Morley was prepared to indemnify herself for past distresses by bringing in a fine corps of servants, and coming out gorgeously in the matter of dress; tribute was levied on nearly every land beneath the sun to afford a wardrobe for Mrs. Morley and Helen.

In these days, when Helen, quietly dressed, should have had exercise in plenty, and attended carefully to her studies, her foolish mother transformed her from a little girl to a young lady, with scarcely any warning at all. The miserable performance one beholds every day—the unformed girl coming out as "grown-up and finished;" and presented, all awkward, bashful, and immature, to a society that has already too many such members shuffling through their roles—must be re-enacted with Helen, who, for her part, was a modest blossom, thriving best in the shade, and very unwilling to be forced into prominence by her ambitious mother.

Clerks in their father's iron business, Frank and Freddy were not indifferent to the change of fortune that had come to them. Money, to them, meant fast horses and fancy suppers; trips to great cities; and theatre-going and card-playing. Just this it had meant to poor Richard, whose body was not carried to the new cemetery, but slumbered, apparently forgotten, under the evergreen.

The fires in the furnace roared and glowed. From the chimney, smoke and flame poured forth night and day; night and day, through the vivid light and the black shadows, rushed sooty-faced men with leathern aprons and bare, brawny arms, stirring the mighty fires to fiercer heats, turning the streams of burning metal upon beds of sand, or clashing down upon each other the heavy bars of iron. Daily, we said; and so it was, for the fires in this great Alden Furnace never went out. When Sabbath bells summoned God's people to the house of prayer, the clangor of the furnace mingled with the music; and, though Ralph obeyed the morning call to worship, the men he hired to work his fortune out continued at their ceaseless toil. From twelve till twelve one set of laborers kept their place; from twelve till twelve again, another gang succeeded them; and in all the months there was no day of rest. Seven years, in the hands of a man who openly avowed himself an infidel, this iron furnace had defied all Sabbath law; and now, under the authority of a man who called himself a member of Christ's visible body, the profanation still went on.

Is it necessary to tell you of the astonishment, the grief, the indignation, of Christians at Alden, when smoke and flame, ascending from the tall black chimneys, made it plain that Ralph, like his predecessor in the business, was resolved to trample on the sacred day?

We gave you only a glimpse of Ralph Morley's life at Fenton. There he commenced his career, a poor man, and during his stay became possessed of but very moderate means. At Dodson's Ralph was richer, but he was far from all the ordinances of religion. He told much of what he would do in more favorable circumstances. Now, at last, he is at Alden, beside the church, surrounded with Christians, a wealthy man, with good work waiting to be done, and with ample means to do it; and we propose now to show you Ralph Morley as a member of a church.

We may as well plainly state that his course will prove that "he that is unfaithful in that which is least will be unfaithful also in much." The Ralph, who, because he was not rich, would not be diligent and liberal in Christ's cause at Fenton, nor at Dodson's because he was busy, is the very Ralph who will not be helpful at Alden because he does not want to be. Here I may be assailed with the objection, that it may have a bad effect on the youth of our land to show them the deceived and deceiving church-members. It may make them undervalue religion.

Dear friends, we have just such church-members as Ralph Morley, and young people are sharp enough to discern their deficiencies. Let us meet the matter fairly in the face. It will only bring religion, vital piety, into contempt, to cry out: These men and women are without fear and without reproach, *because* — they are church-members! No! Let us rather admit the truth. Since Judas walked among the twelve, and since Ananias and Sapphira lied to Peter, there have been false, fair, and flourishing professors of piety. We do not esteem these people, we do not ask you to esteem them. They are hateful in the eyes of God. That God would have his Church rid of these false professors he made plain, when he brought such a judgment on Ananias and Sapphira as terrified all hypocrites, and probably kept the Church pure of them for the next generation. Behold how loathsome are these false ones stripped of their disguises! See how poor a thing is piety that is a name, and nothing more! Examine yourselves, all ye who would enter the Church on earth, and see that ye hold in your hearts the root of grace, the earnest of the Spirit, that shall surely secure you entrance into the Church in heaven! Having such root, nourish it as your chiefest wealth and joy: let it bring forth blade, ear, and full corn in the ear, that great may be the sheaves of your life-harvest. Let none despair of obtaining. Lo where stands Jesus! with whom is the residue of the Spirit; "who giveth unto all men liberally,

and upbraideth not;" and who supplies the need of every desiring soul. It is only to ask and to receive.

Men like Ralph Morley are foils to show off better men. This is the pretender; but there, beautiful contrast, stands the true Christian. Ralph's devious ways show in full relief that right line that daily leads some men nearer to God.

The church of Alden was not wealthy: it had some hard struggles to get along. It had been an unfortunate church in loss of property and members, and in accidents that had incurred heavy expenses. It was an honest, earnest, hard-working little church, and had the sympathy and respect of the community. When Ralph Morley became rich the second time, the members of the church thought they might rely upon him for a good deal of help which they greatly needed. This rich man, who had talked so well, would doubtless be an excellent example of generous giving. The giving did not begin immediately, but people were willing to think it would come in time. To give Ralph a chance, if he were bashful or forgetful, those whose business it was to obtain the pastor's salary, went to Mr. Morley for a subscription suitable for his circumstances. Ralph gave them about one-fourth what they expected, fully one-third less than he might easily have given; but then, as he told them, he gave twice as much as any other man in the church. Oh, this contemptible habit of measuring one's self by other men, rather than by one's personal duty and ability!

Ralph Morley made his house very beautiful; he ornamented it with frescoes and mouldings, with balconies, and rare and beautiful woods. He had good taste, and a perfect right to exercise it. His home became a pleasure to look at. But from the airy balcony that graced the left wing of Ralph's house could be seen the miserable, leaking, paintless, shutterless, beggarly place where lived Ralph's pastor. Such a place for a minister's home was a disgrace to the congregation. Hardly a church-member, perhaps not one church-member, but had a better dwelling than that. The bedroom seemed prepared for the suffocation of those who slept in it. The study was seven by nine, the dining-room crowded the kitchen. The cellar was delivered over to rats and mud, the attic was but five feet high in the centre. The parlor was in the upper story! Yet here Ralph allowed his minister to live; and the minister, whose patience had amounted to a vice, made no complaint.

Ralph, pacing pompously towards his furnace, was met by the pastor of another church at Alden. This was a pastor who owned his parsonage, and had money in his pocket. He stopped and shook Ralph's hand. Did he say, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Morley. Hope you'll find time to call, and I'd be happy to see you over at our church some day"? No: he said with delightful frankness, "I've been to visit your minister; and I am surprised to see what a wretched hole you let him live in. You should build him a nice parsonage which would be an ornament to the place, a credit to your church, and show suitable respect for a servant of God. It is your duty to look to it, Mr. Morley. If no one was ready to help you, you could do it yourself. But plenty will help. My congregation will help."

Did Ralph walk on thinking, "This is true. Here is the opportunity I have waited for. My minister shall have a decently-comfortable home." No: he said, "Oh, confound it! What an everlasting bore it is to be the richest man in a church! No end to the demands upon one, as if I toiled for my money to give it away. A parsonage! His parsonage is no worse than it was before I got rich. What would they have done if I had remained poor?" Then, as Ralph hung his hat above his desk, he said "Confound" again; but this time it was, "Confound those boys!" For Frank and Freddy dashed past, each smoking a stogy, and seated in a buggy behind a reeking horse. The lads were racing, careless of their beasts or of the safety of people on the streets.

The matter of a parsonage was not mentioned soon again. But one hapless day, the church-bell slipped from the stanchions, and came crashing down in such fashion as to get an ugly crack. It must be re-cast. The pastor and one of the church officers went about the congregation to get subscriptions. They went to Ralph Morley.

"How much do you expect me to give?" asked Ralph, grimly.

"If you would give half," said the gentlemen, "we could easily raise the remainder."

Now, as Ralph did not intend to give a parsonage, he might have made the renewal of the bell his thank-offering to the Lord for his prosperity. Instead of this, he put down twenty-five dollars, and growled that he had "so many demands upon his purse."

"Papa," said Helen, "our Sunday-school needs a new library. May I be one of the committee to collect for it?"

"No," responded Papa Morley promptly: "you are not to turn beggar. It is just one requisition after another on a man's pocket, until he has not a cent that he can call his own."

"The mirrors for the parlor are come by express," said Frank, at the front door. "Collect on delivery, five hundred dollars."

"Yes: I will draw a check when I go to the office," said Ralph, complacently.

"I'm so glad they've come before our card-party," exclaimed Mrs. Morley.

The pastor, officious man,—though he did not object to living over a quagmire, and under a sieve,—did object to Mrs. Morley's card-party.

"My boys are gay," said this truly estimable woman and mother: "if I did not let them have a card-party at home, they would have it elsewhere. It is Frank's party. I try to do what is best. No one understands how we are situated."

Other girls than Helen went about to collect funds to buy a new library for the Sunday-school. Ralph gave them two dollars, saying, "he thought that was his share; only one member of his family attended." Ralph's two dollars nearly killed the undertaking. For, after the rich man put down his name for that trifle, nobody felt called upon to give any greater sum; and the amount raised was contemptibly insufficient for its purpose. Ralph felt that he had had a good many aggravations in his life; but he came to consider the aggravation of being the richest member of a poor church the greatest of the grievous list.

A donation was proposed. Would Ralph help? No! emphatically no! He gave on the salary all he felt it a duty to give. Pay was pay. He did not believe in supplementing it with donations. Nobody gave him a bonus on any transaction of business.

O Ralph Morley! You wretched miser! What was the Lord giving you every day? When did you ever make anything like a return for favors conferred? Nay, more: when did you show ordinary gratitude to the Giver? Did God not give you existence: the condition of your service being implied? and did he not give you as a "bonus" all you possess? And did you ever perform for him any work,—even any that could be discovered with a magnifying glass of a thousand-fold power? Verily, Ralph, if it were not that you were now—well, no matter. One very nearly despises you; and it puts me to the blush to write your history.

This downward course Ralph Morley was not left to pursue unhindered. In all his life, Mercy was calling after him, "Return! for why wilt thou die?" And there were times when this voice pierced his heart, and stayed his steps; caused him to weep and tremble, and *almost* be saved. But "almost saved" is only another form of speech for "entirely lost."

Frank had pursued a reckless course of extravagance and rioting. He was known, as Richard had been, as one of the worst youths in Alden. An attack of fever prostrated him: in his feeble state, consumption was rapidly developed. Drinking had destroyed his constitution; and a few weeks sufficed to bring the lately gay and careless Frank to the borders of the grave. The physician was a Christian man: he would not permit his patient to die unwarned; and honestly told him that his case was hopeless, and that he had but a little while left in which to make preparation for eternity.

Richard had met his fate cold, hard, unbelieving. There had appeared to be no religious instinct in Richard. Frank was different: his emotional nature was deeply stirred by his danger. All the great truths of religion were to Frank matters of fact. He did not cavil at eternal loss and gain; he did not accuse God of injustice in allowing a sinner to perish; he knew himself an open and flagrant transgressor of God's laws; he believed repentance a necessity; he believed there was no hope out of Christ; he was in an agony of fear; groans and tears testified to his anguish. To the distressed son the parents could minister no consolation. He openly upbraided them. "You did not bring me up to be a Christian. You never seemed to care very much about it. I was always easily led; and you let everybody lead me wrong, and never tried hard to lead me right. Father! why did you not act as if this was a matter of life and death? Mother, why did you only take care for this world, and never show me such an hour as this?"

Again he would turn to Freddy, and warn him to prepare for death. "Richard is dead and I am dying, and it will be your turn next, Fred; and you are not ready any more than I am! The doctor says it is drinking that brings us into this horrible consumption. Oh, if I had never broken my pledge! but nobody seemed to care but grandma and Stella, and they were so far away. Yes, Stacey often talked to me, but I didn't mind her so much: if *mother* had only talked like that, then I would have listened."

What dark days were these! This greatly culpable mother wept uncomforted. She could not endure to be absent from her son, neither could she endure to listen to his reproaches.

The father, who, in sacrificing his own soul, had done so much to destroy his children, was in the bitterness of despair. His lips were sealed; he could neither encourage nor instruct.

While Fred and Helen fled from their brother's room, unable to endure the horrors of that unhappy death-bed, and wandered weeping about the house, or in the library strove, by reading, to distract their minds from present griefs, the pastor and Christian friends were constantly endeavoring to afford help to this unhappy Frank. They read, they prayed, they reasoned, they exhorted; but ever Frank's mind went back to the past. "Why was not this or

that said or done long ago? Why have I been permitted to take this course? Why cannot I get well? Why did nobody care? Why, oh, why, must I die?" This excitement and distress aggravated the young man's disease. It made rapid advances. Feeling himself growing worse, his terror augmented. "O mother!" he cried, "why were you not such a Christian as Stella, as grandma? Then I would have been one too. Father, you cared more for making money than for making me a Christian; and your money has ruined me. If I had been a poor fellow, I might have grown old, and been a good man."

Evening was closing in, when the door-bell rung, and Aunt Stacey went to answer it. The bell was continually ringing now: people came to sympathize, to read and pray with the dying youth, or to share in nursing and watching by his bed. It was one of these kind people, old Stacey thought as, heavy-hearted, she passed along the hall. She opened the door,—and there stood their old friend, Luke Rogers.

"De Lord bress you, Mister Rogers!" cried Stacey: "You hab come to a mighty mis'able house dis time. Come in den. Dat boy allus liked you more'n anybody almos'; and 'mebby de Lord send you 'long wid a message for him now."

Luke knew that the Morleys had been living some time at Alden. He had heard of their reverses, of Richard's death and Ralph's present financial prosperity. Passing through the town, he had concluded to stop one night, that he might visit them. Of Frank's illness Luke had not heard. As soon as Frank learned that Luke Rogers was in the house, he greatly desired to see him.

"He always could do me more good than any one else," cried Frank. "He used to talk to me, and I could feel what he said. I can't feel what anybody tells me here."

Ah! Luke had talked with Frank in the sunny, impressible days of early youth, when the heart is as open to good influences as the earth to spring-time showers. If parental example and faithful teachings had followed up Luke's instructions in those auspicious days, what would have been the result? Surely, not this early and despairing death-bed.

When Luke was brought to Frank's side, the poor lad grasped his hand with feverish energy. "Oh, help me, help me! no one does me any good; and I am not prepared to die. *Can* any one feel ready? *Can* any one die, and not be afraid?"

"Yes, Frank," said Luke: "the hour of death *can* be the most blessed hour of one's existence; dying can be but going home, and a very glad going home."

"How can it be" asked Frank. "It all seems so dark, so far off, so cold and cheerless."

"It would not if you had a Father, and Jesus the Elder Brother, waiting to welcome you."

"But I haven't!', cried Frank; "and how can I have them?"

"All power is in that Elder Brother's hands, and he is willing," said Luke, sitting down on the edge of Frank's bed, and looking earnestly in his face. "He has set the door of his house wide open, and says 'I will not cast out *any* that come. Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Come, for all things are now ready. Behold, I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it.' All you have to do is to take the Elder Brother at his word."

"Stay with me; don't leave me; stay until I die, and talk to me!" cried Frank with desperate eagerness, holding fast to Luke.

For three days, Luke remained at Frank's side, reading to him, praying for him, urging him to pray for himself, arguing, exhorting, entreating; soothing him to rest with low, tenderly-sung hymns. Frank would hardly suffer his friend to leave him for an hour. As Frank took short naps, Luke would watch him with tearful eyes. Was this haggard, wasted, trembling creature, the joyous, rollicking, lovable, easily-moved Frank of other years? Oh, what a miserable wreck! such a contrast to what might have been!

Gradually Frank grew calmer. One could not tell whether it were a spiritual peace and a rest in Christ, or whether it were exhaustion, and the stupor that precedes death. In Luke's presence and words seemed Frank's greatest comfort. "You have done me good. I am glad you came. I like to hear you pray: keep on praying."

Ebbing, slowly ebbing, the tide of life was drawing back, at every pulse-beat growing feebler. You could mark the lapses of the life-wave in the cold, gary face and purpling fingers, as walking on the sea-shore you note the falling of the tide by marks upon the sand.

Silently, surely, through all the mid-watches of the night, the tide ran out. Drifting, drifting farther and farther away, the son and brother who had been with them so long was being carried out by the retreating tides on a shoreless sea. He would be out of hail very soon—so far out, that he might not tell whether it were with him well or ill. Luke bent down and put his lips near the deadening ear: "Frank! Frank! tell us, are you now ready to die?" Painfully Frank's lips formed the word, "Perhaps!"

"Frank, O Frank! once again, before you are out of call, and while you can come within sound of our voices,—once more tell us, do you trust in Jesus? have you peace in him?"

And slowly now Frank replies, "I hope so."

"Frank, yet this last time, answer us. Can you cast your soul on Jesus, that he may save you freely and fully?"

But Frank has drifted so far away that our call and his answer are lost in immeasurable distances; the tide has entirely run out. It is a gray, cold dawn; it is neither night nor day. And so for Frank we have a gray, cold hope, that is neither assurance nor despair.

The son was dead. The father, self-reproachful, yielded to despondency. He roamed about the house, groaning, wringing his hands, recalling every bitter but truthful word of Frank's upbraiding. Christian friends strove to improve this time of affliction: they deemed it might be the good hour of grace to this perishing soul.

Mrs. Morley was far less affected than her husband. She mourned for her child, because he was hers, and death is always mournful. But eternity and the future existence were to Mrs. Morley so intangible, so hard to realize. Hers was a shallow nature; and its strongest movings were feeble enough. She said Frank was penitent, converted, saved. It was hard to lose one's children; but her loss was his gain of course. She had known for many weeks that she must part with him; she was thankful that he was ready. She wept a good deal, and was much interested in getting sufficiently deep mourning.

They laid Frank in the garden beside Richard. People thought it strange that these sons lay just before the house, where feet and voices echoed every day, their graves unmarked except by the green things that would thrive beneath the evergreen's broad arms. Ralph said he was weary of Alden, since so much trouble had come upon him there: that he should move before long; and when he went, he would take the coffins of his sons, to lay in a cemetery near his new home.

With much solemn parting counsel to the family, Luke left Alden.

When the funeral was over, Ralph became more calm. He began to take his wife's view, and his anxieties were quieted. They did not die—these distressful thoughts—all at once: they wore out by degrees. Stacey found him sitting alone in the dining-room; the Bible, so long unused, lying on the window-seat, and a wan, pained look brooding in his face. Her faithful heart ached for him. Going up to him, she laid her withered hand on his arm, and, with the plea she would never use for her own sake, urged his confidence.

"Mr. Ralph, don't you know I've followed you all your life, carried you 'bout when you was a baby. Dar', now, won't you tell dis ole woman what ails you."

"Well, Stacey," said Ralph, reluctantly, "I feel, as if, well — as if I had not made religion what it should be to me. That — well, that the Lord is a long way off, and I do not exactly find him, and — and — I feel unsatisfied."

"O chile!" cried Stacey in her uneasiness, "de Lord *is* far off from you, 'cause, in huntin' money, you go so far from him. Course you ain't satisfied. Dere's no satisfaction outside of him. Don't look for it. Turn and run after de good Lord. He's been runnin' after you dis many years. Don't you *know* ef you seek Him he'll be found of you? Didn't He say so? Dar', now, I speak plain to you. You've got to seek Him wid *all* your heart. He ain't to be found ef you go huntin' Him, and countin' your coppers all 'long as you go. No, sah. Seek Him like He was gold and jewels!"

(*To be continued.*)

LADYBIRDS.

No doubt you have often taken upon your hand the pretty, little, pink and black spotted beetle called the ladybird, or ladybug, and after admiring its beauty to your satisfaction, attempted to hasten its flight by the alarming information,—

"Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!"

Do you know how that curious couplet came into use? Its origin is probably this: In England and other European countries, the ladybird larvæ, or young, feed principally on the aphides, or plant lice, which infest the hop vines; and when, in spite of the efforts of the ladybird, these aphides multiply excessively in the hop gardens, the usual remedy is to let a fire run through the latter, and thus burn up leaves, plant lice, ladybird larvæ, and all. It was their acquaintance with this practice, which, many generations ago, suggested to the children of those countries the warning lines now so familiar on both sides of the ocean.

The ladybirds, although such small and inconspicuous insects, have received very great distinction and honor. Their very names—"Ladybird," "Ladybug," "Our Lady's Key Maid," "Lady Cow," etc., are designed to recall their dedication to the Virgin Mary, and by many of the associations and superstitions connected with them, which prevail in northern Europe, we are reminded of the worship of the "sacred beetles" by the ancient Egyptians.

They are relied upon to foretell various kinds of happiness and prosperity, by the circumstances under which they are seen, or the manner in which they take flight after certain mysterious words have been repeated over them. In Germany, where

they are great favorites, they are usually connected with the weather. Mr. Cowan, in a very entertaining book called "The Curious History of Insects," tells us that at Vienna, the children throw them in the air crying,

> "Little birdie, birdie,
> Fly to Marybrun
> And bring us a fine sun."

Marybrun being a town not far distant from the Austrian capital, where there was an image of the Virgin supposed to be capable of working miracles, the little bettles were sent, with all faith in their powers, to solicit good weather from their patroness in behalf of the "merry Viennese."

Everywhere in Europe, it is considered a good omen to see ladybirds, and extremely unlucky to kill them. (How daring the professional bug-hunters must be in those countries!) In earlier times, they were also much used in medicine. There was no remedy, we are told, for toothache, equal to ladybirds; one or two of them being crushed and placed in the hollow of the aching tooth, were said to relieve the pain instantly.

The predictions made by means of these beetles regarding the crops, have a foundation in well-known facts; for their aid is often invaluable in destroying the insect foes of certain grains, fruit and vegetables; and if the ladybirds are numerous, it is quite safe to foretell that they will keep the plants clear of aphides and the like, and consequently the harvest will be abundant in proportion. Within the last few years they have been discovered to be the most formidable enemy of our destructive Colorado potato beetle.

There are, in all, about one thousand different species of ladybirds, and as they are, for the most part, cannibals, it will be seen that they rid us every year of vast numbers of insect pests. Their larvæ are very voracious, ugly-looking, little creatures, in color dark-brown or black, spotted with orange, and roughened with small tubercles and spines. When full grown they are rather more than one-third of an inch in length, and are very active in securing their prey and eluding capture. When ready to undergo transformation, the larva fastens itself at one end, with some gluey substance, to a stem or leaf; the larva skin then gradually wrinkles up and hardens, and is retained as a protection to the pupa within. It does not long remain quiescent, for the beetle issues in seven or eight days. It is in the perfect state that they pass the winter, sheltering under loose bark of trees, in crevices of buildings and fences, under fallen leaves, etc.

In the spring, as soon as the herbage appears, and plant lice and potato beetles begin their depredations, the ladybirds are ready for a fresh attack. Thus we see that, aside from their beauty, there are good reasons why they should be guarded from injury and treated with consideration.

Besides their other distinctions, ladybirds are among the few insects that have had the honor of stirring the poetic fancy, owing probably to the superstitions which attracted attention to them. Hurdis devoted quite a long dialogue in one of his dramas to the description of the appearance and virtues of a ladybird; and Southey immortalized the same insect under the name of the "Burnie Bee," in two fine stanzas, with which I will close this little history:—

> "Back o'er thy shoulders throw thy ruby shards,
> With many a tiny coal-black freckle decked;
> My watchful eye thy loitering saunter guards,
> My ready hand thy footsteps shall protect.
>
> "So shall the fairy train, by glowworm light,
> With rainbow tints thy folding pennons fret,
> Thy scaly breast in deepest azure dight,
> Thy burnished armor decked with glossier jet."

A CHAPTER OF PUZZLES.

"Two brothers," began the Professor, impressively addressing the hostess, "were walking together down the street, and one of them, stopping at a certain house, knocked at the door, observing, 'I have a niece here who is ill.' 'Thank Heaven,' observed the other, 'I have got no niece,' and he walked away. Now, how could that be?"

"Why, it's a riddle!" exclaimed Mr. Funnidog, delightedly.

"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the Professor, confidently. "Come, ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."

"I see," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.

"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a top. "Don't let 'em hear it. Niece by marriage. Stuff and nonsense! The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all;" and once more he glanced with hostility at Funnidog, as much as to say: "Such as he would ask you."

"Nothing can be simpler than my question," said the Professor. "'I've got a niece that's ill,' says one brother. 'Thank heaven, I have not got a niece,' says the other. How can that be? You all give it up? Well, the invalid was his daughter."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Housewife, despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out!"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," answered the remorseless *savant*. "That failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."

"And also," observed Mr. Aloes (who was much displeased at being classed

among "ordinary minds"), "and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality of the father's remark. Now, that is in itself 'a catch,' in my opinion."

"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the Professor, coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to one another? Come, tell me that."

"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.

"No, sir," answered the Professor, regarding Thunderbomb with interest as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."

"They might be brothers-in-law," suggested Funnidog.

"Undoubtedly they might," replied Puzzleton, with a pitying smile; "but they were not."

"Stop a bit," said McPherson, hurriedly, like one who has not got his answer ready, but yet does not wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar, you say, had a brother, and the brother died. Well, of course, if one was dead, you know, they could not be brothers any longer."

"The idea is novel," observed the Professor, gravely, "but you have not hit on the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, a blind beggar may be either male or female. In this instance she was a female. They were brother and sister."

"I call that a catch," said Aloes, gloomily.

"Well, at all events, it was an easy one, and you all missed it," returned the Professor in quiet triumph, "Now, I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which will be in all respects *bonâ fide*. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I shall ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on paper. A man went into a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign (twenty shillings) and the cobbler, having no change, sent to a neighboring public-house, and gave it to him. Later in the day the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobbler making it right, which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction? There is no play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic."

"Why, it is the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course, the cobbler lost just—"

"Be quiet, sir!" cried Puzzleton, very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you can write."

"Scratch a Professor and you will find a Tartar," whispered Aloes. "You had better do as he wishes."

So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sustained, and it was wonderful how opinions differed within such narrow limits.

The colonel made him lose two pounds.

Mr. Aloes made him lose just two pounds and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose six and thirty shillings.

Mr. McPherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots (which, said the Professor, it is not necessary to take into consideration.)

Mr. Scale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Housewife wrote: "Why, of course, he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves. "They had never been taught," they said, "the Rule of Three."

"You are all wrong," said the Professor quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained. The landlord and the whole story of his changing the sovereign may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better nor worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

"If one only had a room to one's self, and the whole day before one to do it in," sighed Mrs. Housewife, "I think I could answer any of these questions."

TWO INCIDENTS IN DICK'S LIFE.

BY SARAH D. RAYMOND.

Fortunately it happened when all the children were in the nursery. You see it was such a stormy day, that even Harry, stout as he was, and little as he cared for cold, could not go out-doors. So like a good elder brother, he devoted himself to playing with his sisters—Lotty and Mabel. Little Dick, the canary-bird, was taking his usual recess outside of his cage, flying from one curly head to the other, or perching on the toilet-bottle to gratify his vanity in the looking-glass, when in stole Kitty! Now, Kitty was regarded with affection by the warm-hearted little folks, but though love is often blind to the faults of its beloved object, in this case, the tenderest affection could not induce these small

people to repose the slightest confidence in the good intentions of Kitty, as far as Dick was concerned.

Poor Dick had flown down from the toilet-bottle, having twisted and turned his vain little head as much to his satisfaction as if he had been the most beautifully curled and mustachioed young dandy. His bright eyes had spied some stray seeds scattered under his cage, and he had set himself to work to save Norah the trouble of sweeping them into the dust-pan. Kitty meanwhile crouched low, made herself as much like a snake as possible, and came creeping along very stealthily and quietly, when a strange sound caused Harry to start.

The sight that met the three pairs of horror-stricken eyes made them forget everything. There was little Dick fluttering in naughty pussy's mouth! Norah exclaimed, "Murther! he's kilt intirely!" and Lotty and Mabel screamed with fright and grief; but Harry, being a man of seven years, lost neither presence of mind nor time, but sprang to his pet's assistance. Kitty, half fierce, and half frightened, jumped on the table, then down and across the floor under the big bed, followed by wrathful Harry. For a moment Harry thought it was all over for poor little Dick, for the bed was too low for him to creep under, and puss would not stir for all the pokings of the blow-gun that was Harry's weapon. But, quick as thought, he squeezed himself as flat as a plump boy could, and by dint of scraping and bruising his arm and shoulder, managed to reach Kitty's tail; and oh! how he pulled when he did get hold! Now, Kitty felt terribly hurt and grieved when she felt the pain; for a moment she tried to keep her position by sticking her claws into the carpet, but Harry pulled with the force of love and justice, and had nearly dragged her forth, when a wild desire for revenge took possession of her. She opened her jaws in order to bite Harry's hand, and out dropped Dick, his feathers wet and broken, his strength exhausted. Kitty drove her sharp, white teeth into Harry's little fat hand, and then, mad with pain and the overthrow of all her plans for a choice bird-dinner, rushed out of the nursery.

Harry had borne the sharp bite without a murmur, though his blue eyes filled with tears that he could not keep back; but when he took up little Dick and saw his condition, thinking his pet was dying, he burst into tears. Lotty and Mabel joined the sad chorus, and Norah was in vain trying to comfort them, when mamma, having heard the commotion down-stairs, came in.

Mrs. West soon heard the whole story, broken as it was with tears and ejaculations, and took the bird on her left palm to see how far he was injured. Little Dick was very sensible, and he had also unlimited faith in his kind mistress, for it was she who had taught him his pretty tricks, and brought him sugar and apple and the earliest spring chickweed. So he lay quite patiently, his little heart beating very fast from his fright and suffering, while she examined his wings, claws, and body, to see what must be done for him.

Pretty soon, to the children's unbounded joy, she pronounced him all right, and told them that she would put him back in his cage, and when he had forgotten his adventure, she thought he would be as lively and gay as ever. Sure enough! after several hours of dejected hopping from one perch to another, and long, sad meditations on the bottom of the cage, Dick cleared his voice with a chirp or so, and then timidly essayed a feeble song; and the next morning he woke them all as early as usual with his cheery trill.

Now this part of my story is the first incident I thought important enough to tell. The next is a still stranger history, and I hope all my young readers will be anxious to hear it.

About a week or ten days after Dick's hair-breadth escape, and while Harry's sore hand was still bound up with ointment that Dr. Jones had prescribed, the events took place that form the second of the two incidents in Dick's life.

The children had been having a perfect carnival in the nursery. Without really meaning to be mischievous, they had managed to do a great many wrong things. Altogether, both the mistress and the nursemaid had a great feeling of relief and rest when the last good-nights were echoed faintly from the three small beds in the chamber beyond the nursery.

Norah had carefully turned down the gas light, so that Dick should not chirp and disturb the little trio of "troublesome comforts," had disposed a small towel-rack full of aprons airing, at a safe distance from the grate, and had gone down to sit in the kitchen with Bridget. Mamma had smoothed her sweet face into its usual serene expression, and was deep in a rubber of backgammon with papa; and for a while everything was safe and quiet.

Now, when Mrs. West had bought Dick of the bird-fancier two years ago, the man had repeated over and over again, "Splendid singer he is, ma'am; warranted to sing by daylight or gaslight!" Mrs. West did not think much of this at the time, but she soon found that the lively little fellow would hop and chirp all night if he saw the least spark of light. Often when one of the children was sick at night, Dick would have to be hung in another room, such a singing would he keep up.

On this occasion Dick was deep in

dreams, with his bright eyes closed and his saucy head snugly tucked under his wing when, in the midst of his slumbers, he was suddenly waked by a light. Instantly he was on two legs instead of one, and in a few seconds was chirping in a very lively tone. Thinking that a nocturnal lunch would taste good, he hopped down to the seed-box, and was busily engaged in eating. Brighter and brighter gleamed the light and presently it attracted our wise little bird, so that he flew into his ring, and began a soft little song. But the light that pleased little Dick, was far more dazzling than the ordinary gaslight, for a live coal had snapped from the midst of the glowing fire, and in a moment the aprons began to blaze! One of them, falling off, lay on Mabel's little heap of clothes and these were soon on fire; the chair near by contained Lotty's clothes, and just beyond that, through the open door, was the foot of Harry's white bed. The three precious lives were steeped in a sound childish slumber, while the hearts around which the little lives were entwined, were beating calmly and unconsciously in papa's and mamam's bosoms. Could nothing save them? Had they prayed in vain for God to watch over them that night and keep them from harm? Would He look down from heaven and see them perish, without stretching forth His arm to help?

No, God did not bring this great sorrow upon our friends ; he told little Dick to sing, louder and yet louder.

The children, tired out with their play, slept on, and did not hear the friendly voice; but Mrs. West, downstairs, started and held her dice-box still to listen.

"Why don't you throw, my dear?" said her husband.

"Hark! George," said she ; "I think I hear Dick singing!"

"Well, what if he is singing?"

"Why, he never sings unless there is a light."

"Probably Norah is up there for some reason. Throw again. Doublets, I declare! What a little woman you are!" So on went the game, while upstairs the fire had got possession of Harry's bed-clothes, and the smoke began to be very thick. Little Dick seemed to think something was wrong, but sang on bravely; and at last Mrs. West, being afraid he would wake the children, told her husband to wait until she had been up to see into the matter, promised him his revenge in another game, and ran upstairs.

Opening the door where her treasures were, she was blinded and choked by a sudden smoke. Beyond, in the adjoining room she could still hear little Dick. She joined her voice to his, and Mr. West came flying upstairs, soon followed by Norah and Bridget, and Bridget's cousin, John Thomas, whom the dreadful cry of "Fire!" had roused in a moment.

Mrs. West, though almost fainting with terror, caught up Harry, and made Norah and Bridget understand that Lotty and Mabel must also be snatched out of bed; and Mr. West, with John Thomas's help, emptied the water-pitchers, and the pails from the bathroom near by. The little ones, hardly comprehending what had taken place, were quickly tucked in mamma's bed, and the two servant girls ran back to help fill the pails at the faucets. It was all done so quickly, that it hardly took as long as it has taken me to write about it.

Mamma had been very courageous until everything that she could do had been done, and then she felt her strength leave her, and sank upon the floor. Lotty and Mabel, after a few ineffectual attempts to ask some questions, fell fast asleep; but Harry had been more thoroughly aroused, and now suddenly asked, "What's the matter, mamma? why did you bring me into your room?" Receiving no immediate answer, he sat up in bed, and began again, "I thought I heard Dick singing."

"Oh, Harry!" burst out mamma, through her tears, "Dick's singing saved your life!" and then she fell into such a passion of joyful weeping that she could say no more. Harry did not know why he should cry, but cry he did, in sympathy with mamma. Mamma, seeing this, tried to compose herself, and coming to the bed, soothed and patted her darling boy until he fell asleep.

Presently papa came in, and after some more tears and prayers of heartfelt thanksgiving, he took Harry up to the spare room, while mamma had her two little daughters with her in her bed all that long night. In the morning, papa told his little children what a terrible danger they had escaped; how God had taken care of them, and how little Dick was the one who had told mamma that something was wrong. They listened with wide-open eyes, and this is all Harry said: "Dick remembered that I saved his life, and now that he's saved mine, I'm gladder than ever that I hung on to Kitty's tail so tight; but my! wasn't she mad, though?"

Papa and mamma laughed and wiped their eyes, and took the children in to see the blackened and disordered nursery. Mamma passed through the open folding-doors into the day-nursery, and went up to the cage. As she opened the door, out hopped little Dick upon her finger, and the grateful mother pressed her lips again and again upon his bright feathers. I can tell you, Dick had an extra big lump of sugar that day; and they loved him more and more every day since.—*Christian Union.*

THE DEADLY SUMAC.

Johnny and George Cooper (they lived just about two miles the other side of old Mrs. Hannah Smith's place—perhaps you knew them) were great fellows for rabbits. In the winter-time, they used to set their traps all over their father's farm, and sometimes they caught a little "bunny," as they called it. But the great place for rabbits, in that part of the country, was the "Green Swamp," a vast tract of swampy forest that lay about half a mile from Mr. Cooper's house. There were rabbits enough there—if you only could catch them. But the hunters of the neighborhood used to go early every morning to the swamp to shoot rabbits for market, and Johnny and George were of the opinion that when their traps did happen to come down on a rabbit and shut him up tight and nice, these wicked men would be sure to come first and take him out. This may have been the case, but the matter was never brought to trial, and Johnny and George never knew for certain how it was they got so few rabbits. But going to the Green Swamp so often in winter made them familiar with the edges of it at least, and they often said they would go right through it some day in search of adventures. They had a very particular reason for wishing to do this. They had heard that right in the middle of the swamp there grew a great sumac-tree. They knew all about the common sumac, which grows along by the fences, but this, they were told, was the swamp-sumac, a deadly poison. They thought and talked a good deal about this tree, and came to the conclusion that it must be very much such a one as the deadly upas-tree, of which they had read in their school-books. They had no doubt that if they could but once penetrate to the centre of the swamp, they would see that great tree, towering above all the others; and as they approached—not too near, of course—they would see the skeletons of every cow, sheep, dog, or horse that had ever mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood. And, perhaps, they might see a human skeleton or two—"one of those wicked hunters," as George suggested.

It would never do to miss finding such a splendid, deadly tree as this; and so, one summer day, when they thought it would probably be in blossom, and so be more fearfully poisonous than usual, they started out.

As they walked down the road, George said:

"Johnny, suppose an eagle, a real American eagle, was to be flying over the tree just as we got there, and he was to fall down dead, would you make a rush and get him?"

"No, indeed!" cried Johnny, "We're not to go anywhere near it, no matter what falls down."

"We can go near enough to see the skeletons—can't we?" said George.

"Yes, that near, but you're to keep hold of my hand, as soon as we see it."

When they reached the swamp, they found that walking through it was a very different thing from what it was in the winter time, when everything was frozen hard. There was no solid ground at all to speak of, and they had to step from hommock to hommock, and sometimes the steps were very long. After wandering for an hour or so, George began to get tired. He was only ten, and people's leg-power don't last forever at that age. In endeavoring to step from one bunch of grass to another, he slipped, and down he went into the oozy mud. He sank up to his knees in an instant, and there is no knowing how much deeper he would have gone if Johnny had not seized him by the shoulders and pulled him out. Johnny, who was three years older than his brother, now perceived that they must give up all idea of finding the deadly sumac that day, and must get home before dark. It was already getting dusky there among the trees.

But it was not so easy to go home. After about half an hour's scrambling and jumping and slipping, Johnny admited to himself that he had no idea which way his home was. As for George, he was so tired that he seemed on the point of falling down and giving up everything. Johnny could help him no longer, and to carry him was impossible. So he determined to leave the little fellow and to go for help.

I have not room to tell all Johnny's adventures in getting out of the swamp, but he did get out just about dark, and farmer Miller's man Jacob, who was the first person he saw, brought a lantern, and after a long search, they found George fast asleep.

When Jacob gave the poor sleepy boy into his distracted mother's charge, she exclaimed:

"Why, where on earth did you find him? We have been ransacking the farm for hours."

"Oh! he was all right enough!" said the good Jacob. "I found him taking a comfortable nap, tied fast to a young sumac-tree.

"Sumac-tree!" cried Johnny. "Was that a sumac-tree? I thought there was only one in the swamp, and every body who went under it died!"

"Oh! that's a story they tell little boys to keep them out of the swamp," said Jacob.

"It did'nt keep us out," said Johnny.

"The truth is best, after all, Mrs. Cooper," said Jacob, and Mrs. Cooper said she thought it was.

THE RIVULET.

Words by LUCY LARCOM. Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Run, little rivu - let run! Sum - mer is fair - ly be-
2. Run, little rivu - let run! Sing to the fields of the
3. Run, little rivu - let run! Sing of the flowers every
4. Run, little rivu - let run! Carry the per - fume you
5. Run, little rivu - let run! Stay not till sum - mer is

gun; Bear to the mea - dow the hymn of the pines, And the
sun; That wavers in eme - rald, shim - mers in gold, Where you
one, Of the deli - cate hare-bell and violet blue, Of the
won From the lily that woke when the morning was gray, To the
done; Carry to the city the mountain-bird's glee,

echo that rings where the water - fall shines. Run, little rivu - let,
glide from your rocky ravine, crystal-cold. Run, little rivu - let,
red moun - tain rose - bud, all drip - ping with dew. Run, little rivu - let,
white wait - ing moon-beam a - drift on the bay. Run, little rivu - let,
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea. Run, little rivu - let,

run, run! Run, little rivu - let, run, run!
run, run! Run, little rivu - let, run, run!

rall.

sf

Run, little rivu - let, run!
Run, little rivu - let, run!

p

a tempo.

mf

The Home.

FLORICULTURE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY JOHN N. DICKIE.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.

Unless a person can spare a day or two a week, he had better not try raising flowers on the lawn. If he has a leisure hour in the morning or evening, he can succeed well in cultivating them in the garden, or in any spot of ground laid off especially for their use. System must be used here as well as in the front yard. Of course flowers are beautiful. abstractly considered; but their beauty is increased fourfold, when placed in the proper situation, and arranged in the proper manner. I can see an ordinary flower garden at this very moment. (It is strange how convenient these mental visions become! I can draw on one every hour of the day, and not be disappointed.) This garden is picketed in, and used solely for the purpose of floriculture. From early in the Spring until late in the Fall you will see a gorgeous mass of bloom within its palings. Fragrance fills the air, and people passing by, exclaim, "Oh, what beautiful flowers!" Well, that's complimentary, is it not? No, I don't think so. Suppose that I should take a peck measure and fill it to the brim with the choicest flowers—tossed in just as they are picked. Then suppose I take them, peck measure and all, to some damsel, presenting the same with my compliments. In all probability she would smile; but noting the beauty of the blossoms, would undoubtedly exclaim. "What lovely flowers! It's a perfect shame to receive them in this condition, however. Why on earth didn't the donor arrange them in a bouquet while he was about it?" So, my dear young readers, is it with that aforementioned flower garden —said garden being the *peck measure*, with a lot of flowers thrown in, with no attempt at arrangement whatever. This naturally spoils the effect, and the passer-by forgets the sight ere a mile away.

As I have already stated, flowers should occupy a plot of ground by themselves. If it is only a rod square, let it be sacred from the intrusion of the highly useful but rather unornamental "garden sauce." This spot of ground should be spaded in the Fall, as well as in the Spring; for mellowness of soil is necessary, in order to have the best of success. We will suppose the plot to be two rods square. If it isn't square, you must make it so, even if it be smaller, for this arrangement requires it. Get an axe and drive down four stakes, thus marking out the exact distance. This done, you will take a rope and stretch it tightly from stake to stake, all around, letting it touch the earth. Here, then, you will have an exact square—the very thing we must have in order to make our design complete. The next thing is to find the centre. Where is it? Having found it, you will drive down another stake in that precise spot. You have seen boys (and girls, too) strike a circle on a slate by tying a string to a pencil, have you not? You will proceed in the same manner. Fasten one end of a cord loosely to your centre stake, and attach the other to a sharp stick. Start from between two stakes, just against the rope, and walk around, scratching the soil with your stick as you go. Hold! not too fast, or your cord won't slip on your centre stake. If it does not you will not get an exact circle. As you proceed you will observe your stick touching each rope in succession, just midway between the two stakes. Around, are you? Well, you will notice your marker has left four spaces in each corner of your square. These are beds. They should be filled with separate colors of portulacca. Sanvitalia is also excellent. These corner beds will be rather large; but seed of the first named variety is very cheap, and you can save enough during the first year to sow your whole garden.

You will now want a path. This should be two feet wide. Shorten your string, then, just two feet and proceed as before. This done, you have the four corner beds, and a walk two feet wide. Get a spade and make the marks of the stick plainer, so that you will not become confused.

We have at last come to a little mathematical calculation, which is very easily explained, and as easily understood. From one extremity of your circle to the other is just two rods, is it not? Your centre stake is therefore one rod from the outside of your circle, all around, or precisely one half the distance across. There are sixteen and a half feet in a rod, and we shall have to make circles enough to eat up this number of feet. The path we made a moment ago was two feet wide. That sub-

stracted from sixteen and a half leaves fourteen and a half yet to use. Having made a walk, we want a bed just three feet wide. You will therefore shorten your string for the required distance, being careful that it is no more and no less than that same three feet. Dear me! I'm really surprised! You went around it almost as fast as I could have done it with a pair of compasses on paper. Am a little afraid you enjoy this better than spading in the garden. "Get mixed up," did you say? Not at all. You will know the beds from the walks at a glance, because they are wider. Well, this last bed took three feet, did it? That substracted from fourteen and a half, leaves eleven and a half feet still out in the cold. Now shorten your string two feet more, and "swing around the circle" as usual. This is a path. We have left nine and a half feet. Another three feet taken up, and another circle drawn gives us another bed. Still six and a half feet left. String's getting short now. Draw it up another two feet for a path, mark your circle, and what have we left? Just four and a half feet all around the centre stake, or a circle nine feet in diameter. This is a bed, and our design is about two-thirds done. Let us see what we have. One, two, three—three circular paths, and three circular beds, besides the four corner beds, which this circle cut out of the square. But these long beds must be cut up so that you can cross them and walk where you will, no matter how high the flowers; for if this were not done you might do well enough on your outer path, but would have to step or jump over the bed into the next one. Having arranged our design systematically so far, we must continue to do so. Step upon either side of your square (it is a square, with a circle inside, you know) and drive a stick just midway between your two stakes, one rod from each. Drive another upon the opposite side and stretch a string tightly across. Now take your spade and mark plainly the line drawn by your cord. This gives the *centre* of your path, which should be made two feet wide —one foot on each side of the line, and marked plainly up to within *one foot and a half of the centre stake, on each side.* Be sure and stop there. This done, you will turn the corner and treat that side and its opposite the same way precisely. We now have four paths. We want four more. Step inside your circle and find the exact centre of a corner bed. Drive a stake in that spot. Cross over to the opposite corner, and serve that bed in the same manner. Stretch your line and do precisely as you did before, with this exception: the other paths you drew stopped one foot and a half on each side of your stake. These you are now making must stop when they reach *your last path, or at a distance of six and a half feet from the stake.* Don't make a *mistake* here, I beg of you. Your design being marked out, you can begin spading your beds. Your paths being two feet wide, will prevent you from spading them, which you should be careful not to do.

Having our beds ready, we will consider what varieties of flowers to put in the same, keeping in view those which give us a constant bloom, or nearly so. There are very many greenhouse plants, such as geraniums, fuschias, etc., which are admirable; but, as you will probably raise your own plants, you will want annuals throughout.

We said portulacca was to be used in the corner beds, did we not? This being the case, your outer row of beds—those which come next to your outside path—can be filled with sanvitalia, verbenas, dwarf balsams, pansies, and convolvulus minor (dwarf morning glory). These outer beds will of course be the largest, on the same principle that the spokes of a wheel are further apart at the felloe than at the hub.

Your second circle of beds will require dianthus (not the dwarf), acroclinium, gomphrena (English clover), tropæolum minus, snapdragon, and dwarf mourning bride. We will also add phlox Drummondii (I know a seedsman in Rochester who would be offended if I left it out). The centre bed—the one four and a half feet wide—you will plant in zinnias, or petunias, if kept straight, setting right in the centre a canna, or two or three tall coxcombs. I have named these flowers, but others will do as well; the idea is to have the outer beds with low flowers, and every circle of beds a degree higher, until the centre is very tall. This arrangement makes a regular floral pyramid, and presents a magnicent sight, if well tended. If you can procure tan bark or saw-dust, it will be found very nice to spread over your walks. The weeds won't come up, and the mud will stay down.

To those who have not time to make or tend a flower garden of this kind, we have a word to say: You can lay out beds just as if you were making garden-beds, side by side, with a broad path between; and if the four following rules are kept in mind, they will be found of considerable advantage: 1. Don't put delicate flowers too near those of brilliant hues. 2. Make your beds long and narrow, putting one variety in a bed. 3. Give low-growing plants a chance to receive your first glance; and put the taller ones back out of the way, where they won't shade anything but the fence. 4. Keep your plants erect (if their natural position) even if you have to cut them half off.

These rules are not difficult to follow, and I hope you will not neglect them. If you do,—well, I suppose you've the right, if you think best.—*Christian Union.*

MANAGEMENT.

BY L. A. F.

It is easy to suggest methods of culture, but quite useless, if there is no time to put them into practice. I have pre-supposed that you are very much occupied, and offered only such suggestions as can be carried out under such circumstances; still everything takes time, and if the mind is distracted with the attempt to do the work of two hours in one, hurried in trying to overtake the fugitive moment which is escaping with the burden of undone duties, or weighed down with self-blame at being always behind-hand, it is almost impossible to fix the attention upon any mental work. You must study the economy of time. Some people have the faculty of making money "go a great ways." A dollar will buy for them twice as much as for another. Learn to be thus thrifty in the use of time.

In the old Sagas we read of Lief, the bold Sea-rover among the Northmen, that "he directed his affairs, not they him, and he was called "Lief, the Lucky," because he did this and brought things to pass." The secret of doing that is worth thought and effort. A capable, efficient person is said, in homely phrase, "to have a good plan." There is often a great waste of energy and strength as well as time in doing housework, from the lack of a good plan. Some bustling house-wives remind us of Chaucer's busy man,

> "Who seemed busier than he was."

A capacity for organization, a degree of executive ability, a comprehensive plan which enables one to carry on faithfully and successfully the various and complicated labors of the family, without friction or delay, does not come of itself, save in exceptional cases. It is not an easy lesson to learn, but quite possible. Then try to plan well and work with method and efficiency.

Study to do your work in the best way and in the shortest time. Do not slight it for the sake of saving time, nor waste minutes in painting the rose. And your idea of *best* must be *relative*, not absolute. What is best for you in your circumstances, should be your standard. Be content with that, thus saving yourself from the worry and dissatisfaction of half-doing your work. There is no need of hurrying breathlessly through the day. The habit of dilligent, efficient work once formed, you can accomplish wonders and keep your mind calm and your nerves unruffled.

Do not attempt more than you can reasonably hope to do. There are only twenty-four hours in a day, and a large proportion of these must be given to sleep. Something must be omitted, something which you feel ought to be done. You cannot do all that you wish nor all that seems necessary. There is a limit to your time and your strength. Then choose what you will undertake, what you will let go. That is better than a vain attempt to accomplish impossible things. It is difficult to choose between duties and preferences when each seems imperative or desirable, but you do that indirectly in attempting so much that something must be crowded out. It is better to discriminate in the beginning than leave the omission to apparent chance.

Avoid useless talking about your work. A pleasant temper and genial sympathy which show themselves in look, or tone, or word, and the playfulness which ripples into a laugh, are quite different from the tiresome thinking aloud with which some women accompany their work. Such talking is a hindrance. I have seen women waste half their morning in useless, uninteresting talk, and others lean on the broom-handle in the half-swept room to tell a story which might as well have been reserved till afternoon when they sat down to the long seam or basket of mending. These women have no time for anything.

However methodical your plans, let them also be pliant, to suit the changing wants and emergencies of your family. Waste no time in endeavoring to press square blocks into round holes. Sometimes you can walk around your hindrance more quickly than you can remove it. Tact and good nature will help you over difficulties in a much shorter time than an obstinate straight-forwardness which overcomes only by main force. After all, your aim is not how you can do the most work, but how you can secure the most comfort and real good for your family and yourself. Some women have a very uncomfortable way of being good wives and mothers. Personal culture at the expense of home comfort and womanly service, would be a poor exchange.

It may seem irrelevant to the design of these articles to say anything of the good to be gained by the habit of prayer, and almost irreverent to speak of its value in any other than a religious aspect, but every Christian woman who habitually communes with her Saviour, as a flower turns to the sun, finds these moments of self-recollection, trust and aspiration, a marvellous help in steadying the nerves into self-poise, smoothing out the crooked and tangled lines of duty, lightening the over-burdened heart and hands and inspiring new energy and courage. The moment is not lost but doubled, when the thirsty soul drinks of the living water. Whatever puts us into the best condition for work, and helps us to use ourselves to the best advantage, indirectly adds to our time. There is no selfishness in the judicious

economy of time and strength which husbands resources for the greater need. A true woman will not be selfish to save herself, neither will she *waste* herself. A *needless* martyrdom is a sad thing. When God leads us to the stake, let us go unfalteringly, but let us be careful not to walk unbidden into the flames. Prayer does not involve the withdrawal from the work-room nor cessation of the task. To be *alone* with God is a precious privilege; to keep close to Him even in our busiest hours, sanctifies our work and fills our hearts with the restfulness and strength of that grand patience and far-reaching plan which has all eternity through which to wait and work.

SICKNESS:

SOME OF ITS PAINS AND PLEASURES.

"All that I saw,
And part of what I was."

There are some people in the world who seem to think it a very desirable thing to be an invalid; and a person who is just sick enough to be unable to work, and is obliged to stay in-doors, must have a very nice time of it, on the whole. How I would like to have every such deluded mortal try it!

I had a brother, once, who was very subject to croup. All who are familiar with this disease are aware that a child may be very sick during the night and comparatively well on the following day. Our good mother, knowing the healing effect of honey and quince jelly upon the throat, would indulge her little son very freely with such mollifying sweetmeats, as a possible preventive of the nightly attacks. While one day partaking quite bountifully of the aforesaid sweets, the little boy looked up and said, "I like to be sick, mother, because I can have all the *good* things! Poor fellow! Years of suffering have since taught him that there *are* sicknesses with scarcely any intervals of relief; and remedies less palatable than quince jelly and honey! And although always manifesting the same disposition to "look on the bright side," and extract all the sweetness from every cup, he has learned that sickness *per se* (or on the sea) is neither desirable nor comfortable. Yet there are many adult people who seem to think, with this little fellow of three or four winters, that "all the good things" fall to the lot of invalids. None but those who have been sick can understand and appreciate the trials of the sick. How many strong, nerveless persons there are who never enter a sick-room without making the sufferer perfectly uncomfortable and unhappy by their unfortunate, and yet perhaps well-meaning remarks!

One will say. "I don't see how you can be contented to lie in bed so long! But then there is a difference in people; I never give up, myself; I always keep about." Another remarks, "Why, how nicely you look! I'm sure you don't look sick at all! But then I always show my sickness—any one can see that it is no pretence with me!" Another coolly observes, "What a nice, comfortable time you are having! I should really like such a rest, but I always have to keep at work; there's no respite for me!" After such "comforters" have "stroked up the wrong way" sufficiently, they leave the poor invalid to his meditations; and perhaps he is just sick and weak enough to worry and cry over it, and wonder if people think he makes his sickness, and might be better if he tried!

Perhaps you have passed a sleepless night; are worn out with pain, are doubtless a little irritable if you are not a saint, (and as a man once said, "saints don't go round in droves,") and are quite nervous. O, what a crime to be nervous! Then some wise friend in whose organism nerves were left out, is kind enough to tell you how nervous you are (as if you didn't know it already!) and how thankful you ought to be that you are so comfortable; there are people so much worse off, and yet who never complain at all! Then she tells you to "keep quiet and go to sleep!" As if one could go to sleep *ad libitum!* By this time you probably have a good cry instead of a nap; and your friend of the delicate sensibilities informs you, by way of consolation, that she "never did see any one so sensitive—you can't bear any thing at all!" Some kind friend offers to act as your amanuensis; and, too sick for dictation, you allow her to write as she chooses; and then she reads to you her glowing description of your condition; and while you learn from the letter that you are "doing splendidly"—"no one ever gained more rapidly"—as you lie there weak and helpless, you can't help wondering if your dear private secretary could take your place, would she think it quite so "splendid," after all?

O it would do my heart good to see some such people, with whom I am acquainted, have a good, sound, orthodox, nervous sick-headache! I want to see them "fussy," "fidgetty," "nervous," "irritable," etc. etc.; in short, I want them to come to a full understanding of all those terms they have so freely applied to others. And this is not in malice, for it would be a blessing to them and to their friends forever! And I want to see some of these tough people who boast of not having "lost a meal" for years, lying flat upon the back trying to receive a bowl of gruel from the hands of a nurse, who has been tasting it all the way up stairs; I want them to enjoy

the delightful sensation of feeling the larger half of the delectable compound run down into the neck, &c., in the spasmodic efforts to obtain it, while they are nearly strangled in attempting to swallow that portion which safely enters the mouth.

On the other hand, it is pleasant to know that kind neighbors and friends call to inquire for your welfare and leave their love, with a bouquet or a glass of jelly. But who would not rather be able to ramble in the green fields and gather the sweet arbutus, or delicate arethusa for himself, than to receive the most exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers that was ever arranged by the most skilful gardener's hands?

And is it not more pleasant to lie upon a green, mossy bank and listen to the little brook murmuring along at your feet, and the merry songsters above you filling the air with their rich melody, than to lie upon a sick bed, (in a boarding-house, perhaps,) with a raging headache, while some incipient Gottschalk pounds away at the chromatic scale on a discordant piano, directly over your head? Is it not a greater pleasure to read and write one's own letters than to depute this privilege even to the dearest of friends? Is it not more satisfactory to listen to music, lectures and sermons for yourself than to hear the most elaborate description from the most enthusiastic and appreciative friend who is kind enough to go and hear for you?" But while endeavoring to throw out a few hints for the benefit of those who have some mistaken notions in regard to the pleasures of the invalid, I would not undervalue the enjoyments which penetrate even into the sick-room, nor overlook the blessings that are mingled in every cup; the love and sympathy of dear ones being the first and the greatest among all earthly consolations. Yet, although the kind care and solicitude of loving hearts is so very precious, how often does the invalid, suffering with protracted illness, fear lest he shall exhaust the strength if not the patience of the dear ones watching over him so unceasingly! It is hard to be the cause of so much labor, care and anxiety; to feel that it may continue on and on indefinitely; that death alone may bring relief. O, then it is we feel that there is nothing but God left for the soul by faith to rest upon.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

HOUSE-CLEANING.

I am almost vexed, in these fine days, to see my neighbor-women, just in sight of my door, trying how nearly they can kill themselves working, and not quite die. Women are so foolish in wasting their nervous energy this way. Instead of tearing and hauling everything out of the house the first sunny day, and heaping it up and stringing it out on palings, and fences, and clothes-lines, with a whoop and a hurrah, and a scowling brow and dishevelled hair, and a cold dinner eaten off one's lap, let one room be cleaned at a time, and in a way so quiet that the very slumber of the cat is not disturbed. It is the way and manner in which we do things that makes hard work of it.

Some women cannot empty and wash a feather-tick without making a commotion that is felt all through the house. It may not be amiss to tell how I do it: Rip open the end of the tick as far as is necessary to get the feathers through easily, then have a clean tick ready, baste the two ends together as far as you have opened, then shake the feathers from one into the other.

When you have shaken them all down as well as you can, pull out the basting-threads and baste up the end of the tick you have just emptied, and then wash, scald, and rinse it, and you will have all the down and loose feathers saved, that would be wasted by turning and shaking, and with much less trouble. When your tick is dry and ready for the feathers again, empty them back in the same way. We never use feather-beds except in the coldest of the winter, but use husk-beds instead. We made our own. The men hauled a lot of corn into the barn and husked it there, saving the inner husks, which they slit into strips on an old hatchel. Husk beds are as clean, and fresh, and sweet-smelling as a bed of dry maple leaves; but they will accumulate dust. Quiet days, when there is not much wind, I empty the husks out on the grass, and toss and beat them up with a limber piece of lath, to lighten, and freshen, and free them from the dust.

When carpets are taken up they are rarely handled as carefully as they should be. I have seen nice carpets hanging on pointed garden palings, or jagged fences, and roughly whipped and jerked about, and more damage done, and wear and tear, than would be in one year of good, honest service on the floor. We always clean ours satisfactorily by spreading it on the low grass, and sweeping it lengthwise and crosswise, and well on both sides, and then hanging it over a pole and whipping it with a smooth switch.

All breaks should be nicely mended before it is laid down again.

Well-trained and kindly-treated husbands, sons, and brothers, are always glad and thankful to lend a helping hand at such work; and where a man refuses to do it, or "forgets" it, or tries to shift the labor on some one else, you may be certain that he is a selfish, unmanly man, or that the women of the household are not all they should be to him—or, at least, don't know how to manage him.—*Home Magazine.*

A NEW BEGINNING.

There are special times in which the man of business makes a careful summary of the past, in order to understand his present condition and future prospects. Little as can be absolutely known of coming events, he would soon get into a state of complete confusion and probable ruin, if no forethought or care was taken. A right understanding of the past is needful for present and future guidance. Hence the new year is frequently the time for balancing accounts, taking stock, and estimating profit or loss. What the tradesman does in his business, housekeepers do in their families. Bills are verified and paid, expenses calculated, extravagances curtailed, losses compensated. A clear view of how money affairs really stand, even if not pleasant, is absolutely needful. Half the pecuniary troubles of families arise from want of moral courage to look difficulties steadily in the face. Debts grow like weeds, and choke the healthy plants in the home garden. Pluck them up by the roots. Watch for them carefully and constantly.

Never be ashamed of the economy which such watchfulness necessitates. Economy is the only healthy root of generosity. One of the defects of many ladies in managing their household affairs is, the want of method in putting down and calculating expenses, and making a periodical summary of liabilities and income, so as to have a clear margin of the latter. "I like to know how I stand," is a common remark of the cautious tradesman, and it ought to be the equally frequent resolution of the mistress of every household.

How many frivolous wants and vain wishes among the younger branches of a family would be checked if the parents had the moral courage to say, "It cannot be afforded; we have to make up a little error of excess in expenditure last year, and it can only be done by greater economy this." Young people, unless thoroughly vitiated by bad training and selfishness, like to be confided in as to matters of management. They feel that their parents are making friends of them, and, as a rule, they are quite as ready to enter into any plans of retrenchment and reform as their elders—often more so. Self-control is a principle which seems to lift its possessor out of the waywardness and thoughtlessness of childhood, and therefore gives a gratifying sense of responsibility which all young folks value.

"Mamma is not going to keep a nursemaid this next year, for Willie can run alone, and I and Jane are to take it in turn, week by week, to mend the socks and lay out the clean clothes," said a little girl of ten years old, with great delight to a visitor. The coming of two servants would not have given half the pleasure that the being confided in, and having a charge bestowed, did in this case. As far as my observation extends, and I have known many families through a long series of years, well-trained children and young people are most willing aids and helpers in home economies—enjoy being initiated into the knowledge of household cost and providing.—*English Paper.*

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY CRAYON BLANC.

The other day, happening in at one of our gigantic temples of the *beau monde*, where money and health and common-sense are thoughtlessly sacrificed to the relentless Moloch of "being in the latest fashion," we saw two ladies giving orders for a complete wardrobe of the richest material and most expensive manufacture. Now, if it had been for their own behoof and benefit, we should not have ventured a remonstrance. They were probably quite able to take care of themselves; and if they chose to commit "satin suicide," we knew of nobody who had the least disposition to interfere. But the victim was a beautiful, rose-cheeked, dimple-chinned baby, who sat on the counter, and was bribed into a reluctant good behavior by a paper of pink and yellow candies judiciously administered at brief intervals by "aunty," while "mamma" gave directions about the number of tucks and the rows of Valenciennes insertion, and the pattern of the embroidery on the little frocks and skirts.

"Let the dresses all be low-necked, of course," went on the lady; "his shoulders are so beautiful, and I always like to see them uncovered, summer or winter!"

Poor baby! it had evidently had a hard time under the hands of the *modiste!* The little scarlet lip was yet quivering, and the tears still hung, wet and sparkling, on the eyelashes! Evidently it didn't relish being fashionable. It clutched fiercely at the shell of lace and embroidery that was being "tried on" upon its downy head, and pushed the officious shopwoman away with all the might of its small energy.

Now, what was the use of all that nonsense? A baby is pretty enough at any time, according to our standard of beauty, without a flimsy garniture of lace and ribbon and French work, at so many dollars per yard! We should as soon think of attempting to ornament a fresh crimson rose, or of "dressing up" a diamond! Children have a royal right to enjoy themselves. Surely it is time enough to trammel and distort them with fashionable follies when they become "young gentlemen" and "young ladies." Let them roll in the

grass, and pull double handfuls of buttercups and clover-heads, and throw their tiny arms, round and white as carved pearl, into the sunshiny air just as much as they like! These breezes are so many draughts of fresh life—sunburn is healthy!

It seems to us a very King-Herod-like business to initiate babies of six months and a year old into the murderous observances of fashion—to dress them so richly that they are not to be allowed to move for fear of spoiling their fineries—to leave their little shoulders and knees bare to winter winds and raw air, "because it looks so sweet." If mothers will persist in this course, they must leave off wondering why the little victims cry and fret incessantly—they must not be astonished at pale cheeks and fading eyes. And when "the baby" has become only a word to be spoken with tears, and the waxen eyelids are closed forever, they must not blame providence—only their own infatuated folly!—*Fashion Monthly.*

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

I thought I knew before that grown-up people should regard the rights of their children, and be careful not to destroy any of their precious little possessions. But it seems that I needed a little bitter experience to make me know it thoroughly.

In clearing up the room, I gathered up some torn pieces of newspaper, and with them a leaf from an old blank-book, scrawled over with the curious hieroglyphics my little boy delights in. I crushed them all up together, and stuffed them in the stove, with a sudden fear, as the flames devoured them, that the child might miss his drawings. But he made so many such scrawls, I hardly could see why he should wish to preserve any of them.

After breakfast, I heard him saying: "I wonder where that paper is that I marked on last night. I wish I could find it! Don't you know, mamma, that piece of 'count-book I made machinery on when you lay on the lounge? Where do you suppose it is?"

"Can't you make another like it?" I asked.

"I can't remember just how that was," he said; "and it had my *dendal cars* on it. I want *that.* I must find it!" and he emptied his box of playthings and tools upon the floor, to make sure whether it was among his books and papers or not. I had not the courage to tell him that it was gone past all recovery, and by the cruel thoughtlessness of his own mamma. At last he concluded to try again on a fresh leaf of the old account-book. Presently he came to me, saying, "Oh! I do want that piece I had last night *so* much! Can't you find it for me?" Suddenly, I found grace to say: "My little boy, I am afraid that is what mamma burned up this morning with some torn newspaper." "Oh! I can't live!" he burst out—"I want it so *very* much!" For a minute or two, I suppose his loss was quite as severe for him to bear as was Carlyle's for his man's heart, when he first discovered that his maid-servant had kindled his fire with the precious manuscript of the "French Revolution," on which he had labored so long. My boy saw that I was sorry, and soon became reconciled to a loss for which there was no remedy. It is one of the greatest wrongs little children have to bear—the failure of grown-up people, who should be their guardians and helpers, to appreciate their feelings and aims. We expect the little ones to understand us, and try to conform to our standards, but we lose many beautiful lessons in not trying to enter into their spirit and plans—matching the outreachings of their growing faculties with wise and gentle guiding so that all their happy play shall really be useful education.

My mother told me how she learned to enter into a child's feelings and bear with its "litter." Her first-born son—a child always to her heart, because the angels took him so early—had got possession of an old jack-knife. She had just swept her carpet, and put the room "to rights," when she discovered Henry, with a pine stick and his knife, making little chips all over on the bright, clean carpet.

"O Henry!" she said, "you have littered my clean carpet. See how bad those little chips look on the floor!"

With wondering gravity, he gazed at the dear little chips he had been so proud to be able to scatter, then lifting his frank, innocent eyes, he said earnestly, "They look *pitty* to *me.*"

Instantly the whole scene was beautiful to my mother, little chips and all; and she carries the sweet picture with her ever since, and all the little children love her the better for it, without knowing why.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

ROAST DUCK.—Select those that are fat and tender. Remove every pinfeather, and singe off all the hairs; stuff with bread chopped fine, seasoned with a little sage—summer savory—salt and pepper; or, if agreeable, add two onions, chopped fine, seasoned with a little sage, pepper, and salt; but, unless sure that all who are to eat can use onions without injury, it is better not to risk them. Remove the two oil sacs from the back, or the oil will im-

part a strong, disagreeable flavor. Roast carefully till of a nice brown, basting thoroughly. One hour is quite long enough, as, if too much cooked, a duck becomes very dry and tasteless. Remove all the fat from the gravy, and put in the giblets, which should have been cooked and chopped fine before the ducks were done. When chopping them, dust in flour, so as to make a paste; then stir it into the gravy; stir till all lumps have been broken and smoothed; let it cook a few minutes, then pour in part of the water in which the giblets were boiled; cook till it is thick, and entirely free from lumps, then serve.

We have been told that a very excellent French cook opens and draws his poultry, but does not pluck them till they have hung a few days—long enough for the substance in the end of the quill to absorb—and thus they can be plucked clean, and no pin-feathers. He then picks and stuffs them, and lets them hang a day or two longer, until the whole fowl is flavored with the dressing. We are assured poultry so prepared is very delicate and finely-flavored. We will not vouch for this; but it sounds reasonable, and is well worth trying. We will also give his method of

Roasting a Leg of Lamb.—Slice salt pork very thin, cutting two slices down to the rind, leaving the rind on to make the piece as large as possible; make as many of these thin slices as will cover the whole leg; then wrap the whole in grape-leaves, pass a string round to keep them on, and roast. It is said the lamb will be exceedingly juicy, and have a delicious flavor. He never bastes meat with butter, but with rich stock. We also think this must be very sensible, and mean to try it as soon as grape-leaves can be had.

Apple Pudding.—One pint of stewed and sifted apples, three eggs, well beaten—whites and yolks separate—sugar enough to make the apple quite sweet, one cup of stoned raisins, rolled in flour, half-pint each of milk and cream, or condensed milk, and a little salt and nutmeg.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar and half a cup of butter, rubbed to a cream, the white of one egg, well beaten, a little nutmeg or orange, and when ready to serve, stir in two great spoonfuls of boiling water.

Yeast.—Take one pint of the water in which the potatoes for dinner were boiled; while it is boiling hot, thicken with flour; add a cup of yeast when the batter is cool. Set the jar in which it is made in a warm place, and it will be light in a few hours, and ready to use.

Bread.—Stir into three quarts of milk-warm water one even tablespoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a soft batter. To this add the yeast above mentioned, or, in warm weather, use only half as much. Set the pan in a warm place in cold weather, and cover closely with a clean bread-cloth. Make this sponge at bed-time. If the sponge is at all sour in the morning, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little water, and stir in; then work in as much flour as is needed to mould it easily, and knead it thoroughly. Make it into small loaves, and see that the pans are well buttered and warmed when used. Keep them in a warm place, and cover with a clean white bread-cloth. If properly cared for, it will be light in an hour, and ready for the oven, which must be well heated. In baking bread or cake, care should be taken that the top does not brown too soon, as that will prevent its rising up light, as it otherwise would. If this makes too many loaves, it is easy to make only half or one-third the quantity.

Yeast Cakes.—Pour a pint of boiling water over a teaspoonful of hops; let it stand a short time—ten or fifteen minutes; then strain the water into a saucepan; heat it boiling hot, and stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter; then set it aside to cool. When lukewarm, pour in a teacupful of good yeast, or a yeast cake softened in water. Set in a warm place to rise. When light, add a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses or sugar, and a little soda. Then mix in corn-meal to make it stiff enough to roll into a long, round roll. Cut it in slices about half an inch thick, spread meal over your board, and lay these cakes to dry. Turn them frequently while drying, and, if possible, get them dried in two or three days, or they may become sour. It is well to dry them in the air, but not in the sun. Put them in bags in a dry place, and when you use one, soak it in milk-warm water.

French Loaf-Cake.—One pound of sugar, half pound of butter, one pound of flour, eight eggs, one cup of cream, grating and juice of one lemon, cream of tartar, and soda. Beat the butter very light, then stir in the cream, after which beat in quarter of the flour. Whisk the eggs and add by degrees; then the remainder of the flour, alternating with lemon; add the soda; moderate oven.

Cocoanut Cake.—One pound sugar, half pound butter, half pound flour, six eggs. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add yolks of egg, then the whites and the flour. Grate a cocoanut and add after the other ingredients are in, saving, if desired, a handful for the frosting. Flavor with bitter almond or rose.

Jumbles.—One pound of flour, half pound sugar, half pound butter, two eggs, cinnamon and rose-water.

Cinnamon Cake.—One egg, one-third of a cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one small cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful cream tartar, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, with flour enough to make to the consistency of cup cake. Beat the egg, sugar, and butter together, stir the cream tartar into the flour, and dissolve the soda in one tablespoonful of boiling water, to which add the milk; stir the whole together, and bake immediately in a quick oven.

French Rolls.—Two quarts of sifted flour, one gill of home-made yeast (half that quantity of brewer's yeast). Put the flour into a nappy or pan; make a hole in the middle; turn in the yeast, with two gills of warm water and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir in a small quantity of flour, until it is a thick batter; cover a little of the flour left around the sides of the dish over the batter; set by the stove to rise. In an hour or two it will be light. Now add a half-pint of warm milk, in which a tablespoonful of lard has been melted. (The milk must be a little warm, else it will kill the yeast.) Stir in all the flour left in the dish. It will make a thick batter. Cover with a flannel cloth, and in the morning dip it into a "roll-pan." Let them rise fifteen minutes, and bake in a hot oven. If it has risen so as to be slightly acid, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of saleratus.

Plain Lemon Pie.—One lemon, one cup of sugar, one of water, a tablespoonful of flour, and one egg. Baked with two crusts.

Frosted Lemon Pie.—One lemon, a little butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk, the yolk of one egg, mixed together and baked in a crust. Thicken the white with sugar, spread it over the pie, and place it in the oven to brown a little.

To Make Two Quarts of Jelly.—Take one packet of gelatine marked 1s, dissolve it in one pint of clear, cold water, and let it stand one hour; then add to it the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of three; one nutmeg grated, and one and a half pounds of sugar. Add to the mixture three pints of boiling water; stir it all together ten minutes, and strain through a flannel bag.

Coffee Mat.—Cut a piece of pasteboard the required size, cover with linen or merino, then sew around its edge white porcelain buttons, and form with them a star or some other figure in the centre.

Newspaper Case.—It was of pasteboard covered with blue tinted paper, on which figures cut from colored cards were pasted, and the whole brushed over with a thin coat of transparent varnish. The front and back pieces were first cut separately, and, when covered with the pictured paper and bound around the edge with blue alpaca braid, were sewed together at the bottom, and a flap of blue paper-cambric, doubled, sewed on at the sides. The back piece was four or five inches longer from top to bottom than the front, giving an opportunity for pretty pictorial effects. The edges of the case were bounded by handsome curves instead of straight lines.

To Clean Paint.—There is a very simple method to clean paint that has become dirty, and if our housewives should adopt it, it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

To Mend Glass and China.—"I have just finished mending a very valuable glass fruit-dish, broken directly through the middle as nearly as it could be, without breaking off the standard; and this is the way I did it: A quart of sweet milk was put into a deep iron kettle, the pieces of the dish, carefully tied in place together as tight as a stout cord could tie them, were put into the kettle of *cold* mik, and set over a slow fire. There it was kept boiling for three hours. When the kettle was taken off, I left the dish, in the milk until it was cold. When taken out it was not washed, *bnt the cord was left on*, and the fruit-dish set aside for a few weeks where it could not be disturbed.

"The getting off the dried milk was quite a difficult operation, but I was careful not to soak it too much. Finally the work was accomplished, and I am delighted at the firmness of the cement. And it is so neat a way, leaving only what looks like a slight crack. A glass pitcher mended in this way two years ago endures the test of use yet. Of course an article too much broken to be tied together would have to be treated in some other manner."

Literary Notices.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY" and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. By Lady Belcher. With map and illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" has seldom found a more remarkable verification than in the facts which we find recorded in these pages. It is now nearly forty years since the romantic story of "The Mutineers of the 'Bounty'" was first published in a small volume, written by Sir John Barrow, then Secretary of the Admiralty. The work attracted a good deal of attention, but the means of information at the writer's command were somewhat limited. The volume we have now in hand is written by Lady Belcher, who being the step-daughter of Captain Peter Heywood, R. N., one of the midshipmen of the "Bounty," is in possession of a number of private documents, and many details derived from personal sources and from family manuscripts to which she has had access, and is a most interesting work. As there are, doubtless, many now quite unfamiliar with this once well-known story, it may not be amiss to give a rapid sketch of the facts, as they are of considerable historical importance.

The "Bounty," a vessel of 215 tons, was specially fitted out, in 1780, in England, for the purpose of conveying a cargo of bread-fruit trees from Tahiti to the West Indies. The complement of officers and crew consisted of forty-five persons. The commander was Lieut. Bligh; the mate was Fletcher Christian, a young man of good family, whose brother Edward is well known as the editor of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, and there were five midshipmen, the youngest of whom was Peter Heywood. The accommodations and provisions for both officers and men were very poor indeed, and Lieut. Bligh was unfortunately a man of irritable and passionate disposition, and of a most suspicious turn of mind. He thought nothing of accusing both officers and men of purloining the ship's stores, and treated all in a tyrannical style, which was simply unbearable. The vessel reached Tahiti in safety, and laid in its stock of young bread-fruit trees, and proceeded on its way through the islands of the Pacific. In about a month matters came to a crisis. Bligh accused Christian of having stolen some cocoanuts, and with abusive language threatened to flog him. These imputations of theft and falsehood could not but be especially galling to a gentleman who stood next in command of the vessel, and in an evil moment Christian resolved on mutiny. We have no space to relate the incidents, but the result was that Bligh was turned adrift in the ship's launch with eighteen companions, provisions and instruments for navigating the boat. After passing through many difficulties, they reached England, where Bligh represented himself as a martyr, whose kindness and forbearance had met with a base return from a worthless ship's company. Meanwhile the "Bounty," after some time spent in indecision, sailed to Tahiti, and left there all the men who had taken no part in the mutiny, to wait their chance of a homeward-bound vessel. Then Fletcher Christian, with eight of the crew, and over a dozen natives, both men and women, sailed away, and though sought for, were no more heard of for twenty years. In 1808, an American captain sent word to England that on a lonely, rocky island in the Pacific, he had met with an Englishman who claimed to be the only survivor of the crew of the "Bounty," and who was living in this island as the guardian and instructor of thirty-five persons, some of them the children of the mutineers. Some time elapsed, and an English ship

was by chance in the same waters, looking with interest at an island which they fancied themselves the first to discover. Very soon two men were seen rapidly descending to the shore with canoes on their shoulders. One of these canoes was boldly launched among the breakers, and then dexterously paddled through the surf alongside of the ship. "Won't you heave us a rope, now?" was the request from the canoe; and a rope being thrown out immediately, a young man sprang actively on the deck. His athletic figure was quaintly attired in a vest without sleeves, and trousers to the knee; and he wore a hat jauntily decked with black cock's feathers. To the question "Who are you?" he replied with a fulness of detail which reminds us of the conversation of Grecian heroes, as reported by veracious historians. "I am Thursday October Christian, son of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, by a Tahitian mother, and the first born on this island." Here then, at length, was Pitcairn's Island, the asylum of the mutineers. It had been discovered and named in 1767, but had been placed out of its true longitude. The deportment of the young men, their whole bearing, and their natural easy manners, interested everyone on board. The sight of a cow seemed not only to astonish but to alarm them—they seemed to think it a large goat; while a little black terrier excited their warm admiration. "I know that is a dog," exclaimed Edward Young, naively; "I have read of such things." Before sitting down to eat, they devoutly folded their hands and asked a blessing; and at the close of the repast repeated the act, a custom which had been taught them by their revered pastor, John Adams. The officers visited the island, and found the pretty village of Pitcairn situated on an elevated platform of rock. The houses were of wood, had generally two stories, and were substantially constructed. European habits were visible in the farming arrangements, the people were comfortably dressed, and lived in peace and happiness. The melancholy history of the quarrels and accidents by which the number of white men had been so reduced, was soon discovered, and the English visitors went on their way to tell the tale. In 1830, there were 87 people on the island, which was not quite large enough for this increase of population. The Government therefore removed them to Tahiti, where a tract of land was assigned them; but various reasons soon induced them to return to their beloved island home. In 1856, the colony, with much fear and hesitation on account of their former unsuccessful attempt, removed to Norfolk Island, which was about four times the size of Pitcairn's, having a surface of twelve thousand acres, the greater part of which was rich soil. Fifteen years have now elapsed since the removal from Pitcairn; the discomforts and disappointments incident to the change have passed away, and the colonists still evince the same simplicity of manners, and conduct, the same honest adherence to truth and uprightness in their dealings, for which they were distinguished in their own little island. A few of the families have returned to their "Rock in the West," but the traditions of both islands are the same; and the early training of John Adams laid the foundation of such Christian principles among them that the errors and crimes of the "Mutineers of the 'Bounty'" are forgotten in the exemplary conduct of their descendants.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Author of "Gates Ajar," &c. Canadian Edition: Toronto.

In this volume Miss Phelps has endeavored to expose the abuses of the factory system as exhibited in many New England country mills. She has carefully studied the subject in reports and statistical tables, as well as in the actual working of the system, and her book will probably have some effect in inducing manufacturers to remedy some of the evils which have been going on under their eyes. The plot of the story is very simple. The refined and accomplished daughter of a rich manufacturer who is engaged to be married to one of her father's partners, comes accidentally in contact with a factory girl, and learns to her surprise that there is something else in the world than luxury and peaceful comfort. Her father is suddenly killed in a railway accident, and she inherits his property in

the mills. A great interest in the condition of the factory people has taken possession of her mind, and she requests permission to become an active parter in the firm. This is smilingly denied her, but as a silent partner she visits among the people and does her best to raise and assist them. The gentleman to whom she is engaged has not the least sympathy with her in these pursuits, and she soon discovers that she does not love him, and breaks off the engagement. Miss Kelso devotes her life and her wealth to the improvement of her people, and is amply rewarded by seeing much good accomplished. The book, though not very powerfully written, contains a number of striking passages, and is of well-sustained interest. Sip Garth, the factory girl who first awakened Miss Kelso's interest, is a finely drawn character, and is almost as much the heroine of the book as the "silent partner." Many efforts were made to remove her from factory life, but unsuccessfully.

"I told you it was no use," she said, shaking her head at Miss Kelso, half whimsically, half sadly, too. "It's too late. What am I fit for? Nothing. What do I know? Nothing. I can weave; that's all. I'm used to that. I'm used to the noise and the running about. I'm used to the dirt and the roughness. I can't sit still on a high stool all day. I don't know how to spell if I do. They're too fussy for me in the shops. I hate babies. It's too late. I'm spoiled. I knew I should come back. My father and mother came back before me. It's in the blood."

Perley would have liked even then, had it seemed practicable, to educate the girl; but Sip shook her dogged head.

"It's too late for that, too. Once I would have liked *that.* There's things I think I could ha' done." Sip's sullen eyes wandered slowly to the plunging dream and the solitary dreamer behind the china-closet door, and, resting there, flashed suddenly. "There's things I seem to think I might ha' done with *that;* but I've lost 'em now. Nor that ain't the worst. I've lost the caring for 'em.—that's the thing I've lost. If I was to sit still and study at a grammar, I should scream. I must go back to the noise and the dirt. Catty and me must stay there. Sometimes I seem to think that I might have been a little different someways; if maybe I'd been helped or shown. There was an evening school to one place where I worked. I was running four looms twelve hours and a half a day. You're so dull about the head, you see, when you get home from work; and you ache so; and you don't feel that interest in an education that you might.

"Sometimes," added Sip, with a working of the face, "it comes over me as if I was like a—patchwork bed-quilt. I'd like to have been made out of one piece of cloth. It seems as if your kind of folks got made first, and we down here was put together out of what was left.

"Sometimes, though," continued the girl, "I wonder how there came to be so much of me as there is. I don't set up for much, but I wonder why I wasn't worse. I believe you would yourself, if you knew.

"Knew what?"

"Knew what?" echoed the factory-girl. "Knew that as you know no more of than you know of hell! Haven't I told you that you *can't* know? You can't *understand.* If I was to tell you, you couldn't understand. It ain't so much the bringing up I got, as the smooch of it. That's the wonder of it. You may be ever so clean, but you don't *feel* clean if you're born in the black. Why, look here; there was my mother, into the mills off and between her babies. There's me, from the time I run alone, *running* alone. She comes home at night. I'm off about the street all day. I learned to swear when I learned to talk. Before I'd learned to talk I'd seen sights that *you*'ve never seen yet in all your fine life long. That's the crock of it; and the wonder; and the talk in the mills—for a little girl to hear! Only eight years old—such a little girl—and all sorts of women working round beside you. If ever I'd like to call curses down on anybody, it's on a woman that I used to know for the way she talked to little girls! Why did nobody stop it? Why, the boss was as bad himself, every whit and grain. The gentlemen who employed that boss were professors of religion, all of them."

"But I've tried to be good!" broke off Sip, with a little sudden tremor of her bitter lip. "I know I'm rough, but I've tried to be a good girl!"

Miss Kelso's efforts were, of course, little appreciated by the fashionable circle which she had deserted; but her friends came at her invitation to one of her re-unions.

It was a stifling July night, and closed a stifling day. Mrs. Silver, in the cars, on the Shore Line, and swept by sea breezes, had suffered agonies, so she said. Even in the close green dark of Miss Kelso's lofty rooms, life had ceased to be desirable, and the grasshopper had been a burden, until dusk and dew-fall.

"In the houses from which my guests are coming to-night," she had said at supper,

"the mercury has not been below 90°, day or night, for a week."

Her guests seemed to appreciate the fact; shunned the hot lawn and garden, where a pretty show of chinese lanterns and a Niobe at a fountain—new upon the grounds this year—usually attracted them, and grouped in the preserved coolness of the parlor.

Her guests, in those parlors, were worth a ride from town in the glare to meet.

There were some thirty, perhaps, in all; families, for the most part, just as they came. Mr. Mell, for instance, in decent clothes; the "fust gell," with one of the children; Nynee, in light muslin and bright ribbons; old Bijah Mudge in a corner with little Dib Docket,—they sent Dib to the poorhouse by special permit to bring him, always; Catty, closely following the crisp rustle of the hostess's plain white dress—Sip was delayed, nobody knew just why; and Dick Burdock, apart from the other young fellows, drifting restlessly in and out of the hot, bright lawn; little knots of young people chattering over picture-racks; a sound of elections and the evening news in other knots where their fathers stood with their hands behind them; the elder women easily seated in easy chairs; a tangle about the piano, where a young weaver was doing a young waltz very well.

Now there was one very remarkable thing about these thirty people. With the exception of a little plainness about their dress—plainness rather than roughness, since in America we will die of bad drainage, but we will manage to have a "best suit," when occasion requires—and an air of really enjoying themselves, they did not, after all, leave a very different impression upon the superficial spectator from that of any thirty people whom Fly Silver might collect at a *musicale*.

The same faces at their looms to-morrow you could not identify.

"I suppose they're on their best behavior," suggested Fly, in an opportunity.

"What have you and I been on all our lives?" asked Perley, smiling. "One does not behave till one has a chance."

"And not in the least afraid of us," observed Fly, with some surprise. "I was afraid we should make it awkward for them."

"But how," asked Miss Van Doozle with her pale eyes full of a pale perplexity, —"you are exceedingly original I know,—*how*, for instance, have you ever brought this about? I had some such people once, in a mission class; I could do nothing with them; they pulled the fur out of my muff, and got up and left in the middle of the second prayer."

"*I* have brought nothing about," said Perley. "They have brought themselves about. All that I do is to treat these people precisely as I treat you, Miss Van Doozle."

"Ah?" blankly from Miss Van Doozle.

"For instance," said the hostess in moving away, "I get up thirty or so of those every fortnight. I don't know how this came here. Put it in your pocket, please."

She tossed from the card-basket a delicate French envelope, of the latest mode of monogram and tint, enclosing a defective invitation in her own generous hand, running:—

"Miss Kelso requests the pleasure of Mr. Mell's company at half-past seven o'clock on Friday evening next.

"July 15."

"Perley," observed Mrs. Silver, pensively, "*ought* to have been a literary character. I have always said so; haven't I, Fly?"

"Why, mamma?" asked Fly.

"That excuses so much always, my dear," softly said Mrs. Silver.

There seemed to be some stir and stop in Miss Kelso's "evening," that hot Friday. Dick Burdock, restlessly diving in and out of the lawn, finally found his hat, and, apparently at the hostess's request, excused himself and disappeared. The young weaver played the young waltz out, and politics in corners lulled.

"It is a Victor Hugo evening," explained Miss Kelso to her friends from town, "and our reader has not come. We always manage to accomplish something. I wish you could have heard an essay on Burns from a Scotchman out of the printing-rooms, a fortnight ago; or some of our Dickens' readings. Something of that or this kind takes better with the men than a musical night, though we have some fine voices, I assure you. I wish, Fly, you would play to us a little, while we are waiting."

Fly, not quite knowing what else to do, but feeling surprisingly ill at ease, accomplished a sweet little thin thing, and was prettily thanked by somebody somewhere; but still the reader had not come.

It has been said, upon authority, that the next thing which happened was the *Andante*, from the Seventh Symphony, Miss Kelso herself at the keys.

Mrs. Silver looked at Miss Van Doozle. Miss Van Doozle looked at Mrs. Silver.

"She has made a mistake," said Mrs. Silver's look.

"The people *cannot* appreciate Beethoven," was Miss Van Doozle's look.

Now, in truth, Beethoven could not have asked a stiller hearing than he and Miss Kelso commanded out of those thirty work-worn factory faces.

Their criticisms on what they have seen are as follows:—

Fly and her friends had sifted into the library, while Miss Kelso's guests were thinning.

"This, I suppose," Mrs. Silver was sadly saying, "is but a specimen of our poor dear Perley's life."

"You speak as if she were dead and buried, mamma," said Fly, making a dazzling little heap of herself upon a cricketful of pansies.

"So she is," affirmed Mrs. Silver, plaintively,—"so she is, my dear, as far as society is concerned. I have been struck this evening by the thought, what a loss to society! Why, Miss Kenna, I am told that this superb house has been more like an hospital, or a set of public soup-rooms for six months past, than it has like the retiring and secluded home of a young lady. Those people overrun it. They are made welcome to it at all hours and under all circumstances. She invites them to tea, my dear! They sit down at her very table with her. I have known her to bring out Mirabeau from town to furnish their music for them. Would you credit it? Mirabeau! In the spring she had bought a Bierstadt. I was with her at the time. 'I have friends in town who have never seen a Bierstadt,' she said. Now what do you call that? *I* call it morbid," nodded the lady, making soft gestures with her soft hands,—"morbid!"

"I don't suppose anybody knows the money that she has put into her libraries, and her model tenements, and all that, either," mused Fly, from her cricket.

"It does well enough in that Mr. Garrick," proceeded Mrs. Silver, in a gentle bubble of despair; "I don't object to fanatical benevolence in a man like him. It is natural, of course. He is self-made entirely: twenty years ago might have come to Miss Kelso's evening himself, you know. It is excusable in him, though awkward in the firm, as I had reason to know when he started to build that chapel. Now there is another of poor Perley's freaks. What does she do but leave Dr. Dremaine's, where she had at least the dearest of rectors and the best pew-list in Five Falls, on the ground that the mill-people do not frequent Dr. Dremaine's, and take a pew in the chapel herself! They have a young preacher there fresh from a seminary, and the mill-girls will sit in a row together and hear him! Now that *may* be Christianity," added Mrs. Silver, in a burst of heroism, "but *I* call it morbidness, sheer morbidness?"

"But these people are very fond of Perley, mamma," urged Fly, lifting some honest trouble in her face out of the pretty shine that she made in the dim library.

"They ought to be!" said Mrs. Silver, with unwonted sharpness.

Now Fly, in her own mind, had meant to find out something about that; she went after the Hugo reader, it just occurring to her, and took her into a corner before everybody was gone.

She had made a great glitter of herself here, too; she could not help it in her shirred lace and garnets. Sip looked her over, smiling as she would at a pretty kitten. Sip was more gentle in her judgments of "that kind of folks" than she used to be.

"What do we think of *her?*" Sip's fitful face flushed. "How can I tell you what we think of her? There's those of us here, young girls of us," Nynee Mell's blue ribbons, just before them, were fluttering through the door, "that she has saved from being what you wouldn't see in here to-night. There's little children here that would be little devils, unless it was for her. There's men of us with rum to fight, and boys in prison, and debts to pay, and hearts like hell, and never a friend in this world or the other but her. There's others of us that—that—God bless her!" broke off Sip, bringing her clenched little hands together,—"God bless her, and the ground she treads on, and the friends that love her, and the walls of her grand house, and every dollar of her money, and every wish she wishes, and all the prayers she prays—but I cannot tell you, young lady, what we think of *her!*"

Notices.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON OF McGILL UNIVERSITY.

The portrait in our magazine for the present month is that of John William Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. Dr. Dawson was born at Pictou, N. S., in 1820. He received his early academic training at the College of Pictou, where he spent four years. After completing his course there, and spending some time in studying the Natural History of the Province, he matriculated at Edinburgh in the session of 1840-41. Returning to Nova Scotia, he renewed his geological studies

and in 1842 accompanied Sir Charles Lyell on his scientific tour through the Province. He returned to Edinburgh in 1846, and again entered the College, devoting his attention principally to the study of practical chemistry. Subsequently he received from the Senatus the honorary degree of M. A. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia—an office which he held for three years, during which he organized the schools of the Province under an amended educational law. On resigning this office, he was appointed one of the commissioners for establishing a Normal School, and afterward he served on the commission appointed by the late Sir Edmund Head to regulate the affairs of the University of New Brunswick. In 1855 he was offered his present position, which he has since held with honor to himself and great benefit to the University and the country. Dr. Dawson holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the McGill University, is a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, of the Geological Society of London, and of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston; a Foreign Corresponding Fellow of the Edinburgh Geological Society, and a Fellow or Corresponding Member of several scientific societies in the United States. He has been several times elected as a President of the Natural History Society of Montreal—a society in the growth of which he has taken a very active part.

His contributions to the literature of natural science have been extensive, among which may be mentioned twenty-five papers published in the proceedings of the Geological Society of London, containing the results of his original researches in the geology of North America; a work of 700 pages entitled, "Acadian Geology"—a second edition of which was published at Edinburgh in 1868; "Archaia, or Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures;" besides educational and scientific works of a more local character, and numerous contributions to the *Canadian Naturalist* and other periodicals. His reputation abroad is chiefly as a geologist, in connection with numerous and important discoveries in the geology of British America and in general geology; and he is now giving a popular exposition of his views on this subject in a series of articles in course of publication, in London, in the columns of the *Leisure Hour*.

Dr. Dawson has not confined his labors solely to the duties of his position, and to his geological investigations, but has bestowed them freely for the benefit of society by popular lectures and otherwise. He was for several years Superintendent of the Sunday-School of Erskine Church (Canada Presbyterian), of which he is a member. He has conducted with rare ability Bible classes both in that congregation and in connection with the Young Mens' Christian Association, and he has also rendered important service in connection with the Montreal Auxiliary Bible Society, the Canada Sunday-School Union and other religious and charitable societies in the city. By his consistency, piety, learning, ability and wisdom, he has rendered great aid to the cause of Protestant Christianity, and, we may add, to the Temperance cause in the City of Montreal and in the Province; and in these times, when a knowledge of science is so often found associated with scepticism, the example which his life presents is a valuable and instructive one.

Of the wonderful growth of the University of McGill College under his charge, it is needless to speak, for the facts are widely known; suffice it to say that we can point with pride to a Canadian scholar who has been mainly instrumental in building up a first-class University, whose fame has extended through both hemispheres, and who is a bright example of the genius of our country.

The portrait is from an excellent photograph by Mr. Notman of Montreal.

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