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NAPOLEON III.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

CLARE MARSHALL'S REVENGE.

BY ELECTRA.

You would not think that the lovely little woman sitting yonder on the vine-wreathed verandah of the pretty parsonage, surrounded by three beautiful, happy children, could be guilty of revenge—for she looks as fair and calm as a pictured Madonna; but she was, and I, who know her history well, will tell you what that revenge was, and how she worked it out.

We have been friends since early childhood, ever since the days when I made mud-pies and other confectionery of unedible ingredients; and she would have done likewise, had she been allowed to follow the bent of her own sweet will, but that she could not do, for *she* was the daughter of Richard Vane, Esq., a merchant prince, and an only and idolized child, petted and cared for tenderly. Mr. Vane occupied a large, elegant house in the outskirts of the city, because it was removed from the dust and din; and my father, James Walton, found shelter for himself and family, in a small though neat cottage next door to Mr. Vane, because rent and fuel were cheaper there than in the city, for he was only a clerk in a mercantile house, with a large family, and small income, and to him and all others in like circumstances, economy was and is a perplexing and lifelong study. Mr. Vane drove daily to the city for a few hours of business, in a shining buggy, drawn by two spirited horses, while my father trudged to and fro, early and late, to his monotonous work, save when kindly Mr. Vane, with a forgetfulness of social status so much more common among men than women, overtaking him on his homeward way, gave him a friendly lift. So you see that Esther Walton was no fit companion for Clare Vane; but Love is a true republican, and delights in breaking down and overleaping the barriers of rank and wealth, and many a sweet and stolen interview we held, separated by the fence which ran between her father's large and beautiful garden and my father's little cabbage patch. But one happy day my mother washed my face till it shone, invested me with a clean white apron, with many injunctions to keep the same clean, and sent me out to play in the sweet spring sunshine.

Of course, considering the spotless condition of my apron, dirt pies were not to be thought of; just then my little store of broken dishes presented no attraction. I longed to see Clare Vane just for a minute. I waited and watched at our trysting place, but she did not come; so, slipping quietly out of the gate, my disobedient little feet, that had been forbidden to leave the precincts of our own enclosure, carried me to the bronze gate that opened upon the flower bordered and gravelled walk leading to the door of the Vane mansion. But no Clare was to be seen, and I was about to turn away in sorrowful disappointment, when I remembered that my mother had said, in some of her pious teachings, that I must always ask God for what I wanted. So down I went on my knees by the gate. It is thirty years since I made that funny little prayer, but I remember quite well what I said: "O Lord, please send Clare down to the gate. I want to see her so

much. For ever and ever. Amen." I got up fully expecting to see her, and sure enough there she was coming down the walk, singing as she came towards me. Opening the gate she led me in, saying to me with the patronizing air due to her two years seniority. "You dear little thing! what were you doing on your knees by the gate!"

With many blushes and much stammering I told her. She said nothing, but took me with her into a handsome parlor, and led me up to her lady mother.

"See, mamma," she said, "here is Esther Walton, that I have told you about so often. Can't she come to play with me every day?"

Mrs. Vane held out her hand, and drawing me kindly towards her, took a mental inventory of my qualifications, fitting me to become the playmate of her daugther, before she answered.

When she spoke she said, "Well Clare, love, we'll see." "Oh but, mamma, say yes; there's a dear good mamma," said Clare, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and whispering in her ear, I suppose, an account of my proceedings by the gate, for she said, "Well, dear, yes, if it will please you," and so the matter was settled. I might come and see Clare in her own beautiful house every day.

Some people underrate children's capacities for enjoyment. but never was ardent lover more overjoyed at the knowledge that his love was returned, than was I at this unlooked-for happiness.

My mother, I found, was not averse to my visiting Clare, and our friendship grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength.

And so the years sped on, bringing to the Vanes increased wealth and social importance, but no brothers or sisters to Clare; to the Waltons an increase of family, without a corresponding increase of means to support them, — so that economy became even more than formerly a perplexing and absorbing study.

When Clare was fourteen years of age she was sent away to complete her education at a first-class ladies' seminary. We parted with many tears, but Clare comforted me by promising to write to me often—a promise which, unschool-girl-like, she kept But there was good fortune in store for me that I dared not hope for. About a year after Clare's departure for school, my father received a small legacy by the death of a distant relative.

Many grave discussions and deliberations took place between my father and mother as to the best use they could make of the godsend; till at length, with noble self-denial, they decided to lay aside the principal for a rainy day, and with the interest to give me an education that should fit me to earn my own living respectably. So it was decided to send me to Madame La Tour's seminary, the same that Clare Vane attended. Clare welcomed me with all the warmth of her loving heart, and by her friendship for me made my position far more pleasant than it would otherwise have been; for, even though plainly dressed, with a very scant supply of pocket money, if Clare Vane favored me with her friendship, my schoolmates concluded there must be something about me worthy of notice, and I was not slighted by either teachers or scholars.

On her eighteenth birthday, Clare graduated, and her future seemed cloudless; beautiful, good, accomplished, rich in the love of a devoted father and mother, and rich in those things which most men and women prize as highly—money and a position in society. I accompanied her home to spend my vacation. A few days after her arrival at home, she made her entrée into society at a grand party given at her father's house. How lovely she looked as she stood at her mother's side to receive the guests!—her beautiful dress of azure satin, trimmed with rich white lace, harmonized so perfectly with her fair complexion, lilies of the valley in her luxuriant blonde hair and on her white bosom, and pearls around her slender throat and rounded arms. I do not wonder that she won so many hearts; she held a sovereign right based upon the claims of her beauty and goodness. She had insisted that I should attend her party, would take no excuse, and forced upon my acceptance a pretty ruby-colored silk—just the thing to suit my dark hair and eyes; but even when thus gorgeously arrayed I was only a plain, quiet-looking girl, and I know that

many wondered at Clare's preference for me.

Among Clare's guests were many fine-looking gentlemen, but the handsomest of them all was Gerald Hamilton, a successful and brilliant lawyer of rising reputation. From the moment of his introduction to my lovely Clare, he paid her the most devoted attention, led her into supper, danced with her alone, and when absent from her side followed her with admiring eyes. I watched them as he led her into supper. "What a nice match it would be!" whispered some one behind me, and I agreed silently with the speaker. He was tall and large of frame, a model of symmetry and strength; his magnificent head was adorned with thick and curling ebon hair; his eyes were large, dark and bright, his features perfect, his attire faultless; he looked and moved a gentleman,—that is, in the narrowest and most common acceptation of the word. Clare was blonde, petite, and slender. They were certainly the handsomest couple at the table. I stood near them when he bade her adieu; he stooped and reverently kissed the hand he had held so tenderly for a minute, and which she had not withdrawn, and murmured a few words in a low voice that brought a crimson flush to Clare's cheeks and brow.

After the party at Mr. Vane's followed a round of parties in honor of Miss Vane's return; of course I attended none of them, as I was never invited. During the six weeks of my vacation I saw very little of Clare—not that she ever slighted or forgot me, but her time was so much occupied with her new duties and pleasures. I went back to school to finish my last year of study. Clare wrote to me quite often; letters just like herself, gentle and graceful. I have heard that the postscript of a lady's letter always contains its most important items, and I believe it is true; for the postscripts of Clare's letters always contained her allusions to Gerald Hamilton. Thus: "O Esther, I wish you were acquainted with Mr. Hamilton, he is so noble and intelligent;" or, "I attended the opera last night; Mr. Hamilton was my escort, and the music was very fine." In due time I graduated, and was fortunate enough to secure a position as teacher in my Alma Mater. I had not heard from Clare for a much longer time than usual, and was beginning to grow uneasy, when I received a letter from her as follow:

"DEAR ESTHER,—Come to me quickly; papa and mamma are both very sick. I need my own true friend sorely.

"YOUR OWN CLARE."

Of course I went gladly, willingly, only too glad to render her any kindness for the many she had rendered me. I found Mr. Vane almost gone, speechless and motionless from a paralytic stroke. Mrs. Vane, who had been in very delicate health for many years, was completely prostrated by her husband's sudden illness. It was thought she could not rally, and I believed I saw the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death upon her pale face. Poor Clare's grief was pitiable, but she tried to bear it bravely, weeping always silently and by herself. On the fourth day after my arrival, Mr. Vane breathed his last, and twenty-four hours afterwards his wife followed him to the shadowy land. I think Clare would have almost lost her reason if it had not been for the tender comfortings of her affianced husband, Gerald Hamilton. I had never really liked him before, but my dislike was completely overcome when I saw how his loving and tender sympathy comforted my poor stricken darling. Oh how she was changed! Her lovely face expressed all the mute eloquence of woe, which she could neither subdue nor conceal, but in those sorrowing days her suffering heart was visited by the Heavenly Comforter, and she realized more of the love of her Creator than she had ever done in all her gay and happy life. I stayed with her as long as I could, then left to return to my work. I had not been gone more than a month before I saw in a paper an announcement of the total failure of the bank in which all Clare's money was invested, and, in a day or two afterwards, I received a letter from herself, informing me of her loss, but she said, "I can bear this last loss with perfect composure. I have Gerald's love left, but I am sorry for his sake that I shall be a portionless bride." About a week afterwards, taking up a Boston paper, and turning as women are generally

supposed to do, to the list of marriages, I was astonished by seeing the announcement of Gerald Hamilton's marriage, at a fashionable church, to Miss Lucia Brevoort, the daughter of a very wealthy lawyer with whom Hamilton was associated in business; but it could not be Clare's Gerald, and yet the name—it was such an uncommon one, and I had heard some hints thrown out about Gerald transferring his allegiance from Lucia to Clare—yes, it must be the same. I would write home and enquire. Accordingly, I did so, and in a few days received the answer I dreaded. It was all too true. As soon as the loss of Clare's fortune became known he had deserted her, and married, in unseemly haste, Miss Brevoort, his old inamorata, who, passionately in love with him, was willing to suffer even the inconveniences of a hasty and unfashionable wedding, if she could but secure him. I knew now how sorely Clare must need comfort and consolation—not twenty years of age, an orphan, with scarcely any friends or relations, penniless, homeless, and deserted by her lover. Once again I went to her in her sore need, —not to find her as before in her luxurious home with a devoted lover at her side, but laid on a bed of pain and delirium in my father's humble home, with my dear mother for a nurse. She was too ill to recognize me, so I could do nothing but watch and wait till the crisis of the fever passed. When it was over she awoke to feeble life and consciousness, shorn of all her beautiful hair, with haggard and emaciated face, but in possession of her reason, which the doctor had feared she would lose. Through all the tedium of her long and wearisome convalescence she was wonderfully gentle and patient, but her fair face was so sad that I could not believe she would ever regain her cheerfulness. Slowly she came back to health, full of gratitude, and eager to earn something to pay the expenses of her illness. She never mentioned Gerald's desertion but once, and then she only said, without any bitterness or anger, "O Esther, it was terrible! I did not think I could live after it!" Soon she succeeded in obtaining a situation as a teacher of small children in a fashionable school, a situation for which she was admirably adapted, for her many sorrows refined and purified a disposition naturally good and sweet; but in her deep mourning dress, she looked too frail and slender for the arduous work. And so, once more, we parted. I had lost my situation by my prolonged absence; but I suffered nothing by the loss, for shortly afterwards I became the wife of one of the teachers in the institution, a good man, whom I loved and reverenced. How strange it was!—Clare's future, that had promised so much happiness, had proved dark and stormy, while mine, that had held no such promise, was fair and peaceful as any one could wish. She had promised to come and spend her vacation with me in my pleasant home; so one day she came, dusty and weary with travel, but looking better and stronger than I had ever thought she would again. I suppose all women possess, either developed or undeveloped, a liking for matchmaking, and I was no exception to the rule. My Edward's brother, John Marshall, was studying for the ministry, and had already spent with us a few days of his long midsummer vacation. I hoped to prevail on him to spend it all with us, and to make a match between him and my friend. I had seen enough of him to know that he was sufficiently like my own noble husband to make a kind and tender protector for my poor storm-tossed little friend. I had not said a word to her of his presence, nor had I told him of her expected arrival, so the morning after Clare came I had the pleasure of witnessing their mutual surprise as I introduced them. I had never seen Clare look lovelier than she did on that eventful morning. A simple and flowing robe of black made her slender form appear still more slender than it really was. She wore no ornaments save a cluster of sweet spring violets she had placed in her hair to please me. Her face, always beautiful, was now more eminently so since sorrow had wrought upon her soul. I saw that John thought her lovely; his grave face lighted up as he exchanged with her the common words of courtesy. He would have conversed with her, but she was so quiet and shy that the conversation died out. How different John was from Gerald Hamilton! But I knew that his nature was true as steel.

If they would but love each other what a happy woman I should be! How swiftly and happily those bright summer days passed; Edward, John and Clare gaining strength for their future work, I happy in trying to make them happy. I watched John and Clare closely. I left them alone together as much as I could, but I could make nothing of them. I sometimes thought that John loved Clare, but I could not tell; he was always so composed and reticent. Five weeks of the eight they were to spend together had passed, and I began to fear for the success of my pet plan, when one morning, when Clare was in her room, John came to me saying, "Little sister"—he always called me sister—"I have something to tell you." My heart leaped. I guessed what was coming, but I laid down my sewing quietly, saying very innocently, "Well, John, what is it?"

"Esther, have you not guessed my secret? I—I love your friend Clare Vane."

"Well, my dear brother, why in the world don't you tell her so?"

"Because I fear she would not listen to me. Tell me, Esther, do you think there is anyone else that has given his love and gained hers? Tell me all you know about her." So I told him briefly as I could the story of her life and her sorrows. I saw that the recital pained his great tender heart; for when I had finished his eyes were moist, and he murmured to himself, "Poor child! poor stricken darling;" then aloud, "O Esther, if she were mine, how tenderly I would love and care for her, but I cannot muster courage to tell her so."

"Well, John, you know the old saying, 'Faint heart, etc.' I will get her to arrange some flowers for me in the parlor, and as I slip out you go quietly in, and may God speed your wooing."

A few minutes afterwards I went and, tapping at the door of her chamber, said, hypocrite that I was, "Clare, I have gathered some flowers; will you please come and arrange them in the vases for me." She came out smiling, and we went down into the parlor, and while she stood with her back to me, I stole out, and John went in. I never knew what passed between them. Oh how I longed to listen! I could scarcely restrain my impatience to know John's fate. In a short time I heard him ascending the staircase to his room, and I knew then that his suit had been in vain, for his step was like that of a man who had lost hope and energy. Then she came to me and burying her face in my lap she sobbed out,

"Esther, John has asked me to be his wife and I have refused. I was so sorry to pain him by a refusal, he is so good, so true, so noble; but I cannot love him, I shall never love again, never! never! never!"

They did not see each other for some time, for Clare kept her room for the remainder of the day, and John left town by an early train the next morning.

On the evening of the day that had been such a sad one to John, while Edward was away at one of his evening lectures, and I sat alone sewing and thinking sadly enough of the failure of my first and only attempt at matchmaking, John came into the room and sat down silently at my side, looking so utterly wretched and hopeless that my heart ached for him. He stooped forward, buried his face in his hands, and moaned out, "How shall I bear it? Esther, she has refused me—my first, my only love."

His anguish moved me to tears; but what could I say to comfort him? At last I found voice to speak a few simple words, "Do not give up all hope, my dear brother; many women have married men after refusing them. I know Clare likes and respects you, and if she sees more of you she will learn to love you, for she cannot help it."

The words, weak and commonplace as they were, seemed to comfort him; perhaps he believed they would prove true; it is so easy to believe things when we are desirous that they should be so. He gave me a farewell note for Clare, and telling me of his intended departure, bade me a kind adieu. I did not urge him to stay, for I knew that change of scene and study would blunt the keenness of his disappointment, and it was better that he should go.

A week after John's departure, strengthened by her rest, Clare too bade us "goodbye," and returned to her school—her "life work," as she bravely and smilingly called it. Both John and Clare wrote us frequently. Clare's letters were sweet and cheerful,

and John's grew constantly more hopeful. "I will win her yet," he wrote, "and if I do not I will never marry." Six months after his rejection he finished his theological studies, and after filling one pulpit after another on trial, as is the custom in the Presbyterian Church, he received a call as pastor to the very town where Clare was teaching. I knew then that they would soon meet, for Clare was a member of his church and a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and so they did; and why should I prolong my story? John renewed his suit and was accepted. My belief is that she loved him even when she rejected him, but did not find it out till afterwards. Just a year from the day she refused him, they were quietly married in my best parlor. I dressed Clare for her bridal, and never did happy bridegroom wed a sweeter or a lovelier bride.

And so my darling gained, after many trials, the best gift that God can bestow on a woman—the love and protection of a noble Christian man.

And now, reader, for Clare's revenge. A short time after his marriage John received a call, at a large salary, to the town where we are now living; and he accepted it. The parsonage is opposite my house, and once more, as in our childhood's days, we are near neighbors:

> One lovely summer evening as.....
> "The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
> Had mingled with the lights of eve,"

John and Clare and Edward and I sauntered out for a quiet walk. We were a little behind when I saw them both stop and stoop down over a figure, half sitting, half lying on the edge of the sidewalk. We hurried up to them and found that the figure was that of a man with a sickly emaciated face, bearing the marks of both suffering and dissipation. He was nearly insensible, but evidently he was then quite sober. Clare and John were talking together very earnestly; both seemed much agitated, Clare especially so. Suddenly, as John ceased speaking, Clare's face lighted up with the brightness of a noble purpose, and coming to my side, she whispered, "Esther, this is Gerald Hamilton. He is poor and suffering; we are going to take him home and care for him, as I would have some one care for John if he needed." I was surprised; this wretched, poverty-stricken gray-haired man, the talented and wealthy Gerald Hamilton! It could not be; but as I looked at him more closely I recognized him. We called a cab, and this Christian man and woman took the miserable man to their home, laid him on the downy bed in the guest chamber, called a doctor, and through a long and dangerous illness, brought on by drinking and want, nursed him back to life, penitence and reformation. After his recovery he obtained employment as a clerk in a lawyer's office, and besought his benefactors not to send him from their pure and peaceful home, and the holy influences of their Christian lives. His request was granted, and a few minutes since I saw him pass out of the house with John. His step grows firmer every day, and his head more erect, and we all hope that he has before him many years of a useful and honorable life. His wife had proved a fierce-tempered and jealous woman. He never loved her, and they parted,—not however before, through remorse and desperation, he had taken to gambling and dissipation; he sank rapidly, lost money, influence and friends, and wandered about from place to place an outcast and almost a beggar, falling at last into the extreme of destitution in which he was found by my friends. His wife died within a year after their separation. The memory of his sins will cast a shadow over his life that the future will never dispel.

Such, then, is the history of Clare Marshall's revenge.

RIVERSIDE AND ITS INMATES.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

(*Concluded.*)

A mellow light fell across the path, so thickly strewn with leaves, as Helen and Letty were leisurely walking towards the parsonage. It was an October afternoon, and they both thought they had never seen their home look more lovely than it did in that soft sunshine.

Mrs. Carroll met them at the door, with the warm welcome they were always sure of from her.

She was not a beautiful woman, unless the soul beauty lighting up her whole face could be taken into account. She had pleasant black eyes; soft brown hair, that lay lovingly around her forehead, as if it was glad to lend a grace to such a woman; a voice full of cheery contentment; a hand with a soft, warm touch; and a smile that went straight to your heart, especially if you were in trouble. Never a weary, troubled soul in the parish but sometime found its way to her; and many a good seed was sown, in those quiet chats in her sitting-room, that yielded an abundant harvest.

"I am so glad you did not forget me in these, your last days at home," she said as she led the way in. Letty threw off her hat and wrap in the hall as baby May crept out to meet her, and, picking up her pet, went into the parlor, where she found Mr. Bernard with Mr. Carroll.

"That's right, Letty," said Mr. Carroll; "take care of that little baggage while I talk."

"Do you suppose your conversation will be any more profitable than taking care of this small baby? Because if *you* do, *I* don't."

"Now, Letty! I'm astonished that you should speak so lightly of my conversational abilities. I always thought I talked pretty well."

"So you do, Sundays. But week days, you know, you are only an ordinary mortal, and I can judge you like I would anybody else. I don't think much of ministers out of the pulpit."

"Hear that, Bernard."

"I hear it," said Mr. Bernard quietly. "Perhaps, though, Miss Letty does not include all ministers in her dislike."

"Yes, I do," she said, very decidedly.

"Take care, ma'am, or I shall not allow you to see me out of the pulpit," said Mr. Carroll.

"That would be a terrible catastrophe, she replied, with a wry face. "But truly, Mr. Carroll, I like you better than the rest of them."

"Why have you such a dislike to the cloth?" asked Mr. Bernard.

"Because," she said, extricating baby's fingers from her short, thick curls, "they always lecture me so. They tell me how awfully sinful I am, and I know it as well as they do; but it isn't pleasant to have such an unpalatable fact always dinned into one's ears."

"I never lecture you, do I?" said Mr. Carroll.

"No, you don't. But that old Mr. Greer we had before you came; if you could have heard him at me!"

"I can tell you how to avoid all their lectures in the future," said Mr. Bernard.

"I'll like you forever if you can stop them."

"Become what they and you know you ought to be."

"Fairly caught," she thought. But she only gave him a shy glance and moved with May to a deep window, all by herself. Mrs. Carroll and Helen, who had stayed behind to have a moment alone, now came in. The baby-voice grew more and more faint, until at last she lay asleep in Letty's arms. Mr. Bernard moved to her window.

"What do you think of my plan, Miss Letty?" he asked. A shade of vexation crossed her, but one look at the face above her, so grave and earnest, and yet so kind, subdued her.

"I could never learn to be so solemn as old Mr. Greer was," she said evasively.

"Miss Letty, pray don't trifle with so important a subject. Would you not like to be what your father and sister are?"

"Papa was always so, I guess; and Nellie,—I never *could* be half as good as she is. You don't know a bit, Mr. Bernard," she, said, warming with the subject, "how good she is. I don't believe she *ever* does any of those wicked things."

"Now tell me honestly, would you not like to be as good, and true, and pure, as she is?"

"I would give my life, almost, to be like her," she said, tears springing into her eyes. "But I don't think it would be a bit of use for me to try. You might as well try to make a kitten walk straight. I've tried often, but I always upset it before a day was over."

"You have not found quite the right way of trying, yet. Now you will not think I am lecturing you, nor get angry at me, will you?"

"Not if you don't tell me I'm dreadfully sinful. If you do I can't answer for my temper."

Mrs. Carroll came to take the sleeping child, and the conversation was interrupted.

It was a dull, rainy morning when, the last trunk strapped down, and the last good-bye said, the two sisters started for Montreal, accompanied by their father.

Mrs. Norton breathed a sigh of relief as the carriage drove off with them. She might not have felt quite so easy if she had known that at that particular time George Staunton was unpacking and making himself at home within a block of where they were to board. It had never occurred to her to enquire where he intended to spend the winter. She only knew he was not to enter the office until spring. The girls were to board with an old friend of their father. George was already acquainted with the family, as the only son, who died at college, had been his room-mate there; and so it happened that he saw them very often through the winter. So Mrs. Norton's plan only favored the result she so much dreaded. It is not our purpose to follow them through their school-days, as it is with their home-life we more particularly have to do.

Mrs. Norton sat in the library before a bright, warm fire, with her feet on the fender; and in an arm-chair beside her sat her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence.

"I tell you, Aunt Maria, I am not going to have them home for the holidays. I intend having a grand gathering here New-Year's; and I am sure Helen would not approve of my way of doing it, and would perhaps upset it altogether with her appeals to her father."

"But will the Doctor allow such a gay party as you would get up?"

"I can manage him well enough when she is out of the way; but with her here, it would be simply impossible."

After tea that evening, Dr. Norton threw himself down on a couch in the library, and his wife drew up a low seat by his side, and drew back from his forehead the iron gray hair. As she did so, she thought his face bore marks of care that it had not when she married him; and her heart smote her, ever so little, for the additional burden she was sure the holidays, as she intended to spend them, would bring him. But she had been long trained to selfishness, and so she did not hesitate long.

"Howard, I suppose you expect Harry home for Christmas."

"Yes, I had a letter from him to-day."

"I have been thinking," she went on, musingly, "whether it wouldn't be better to leave the girls in Montreal over the holidays. It would be a break, you know, to bring them home, and they might not settle to their studies again so easily."

"But, Isabel, they will need the change."

"Oh, as to that, there will be festivities enough in town, I don't doubt."

"But Harry will want to see them."

"Let him go down then."

"That would not be the same to them as a visit here; and, besides, I want to see them myself. Riverside has been very lonely without my girls." Mrs. Norton's handkerchief went up to her eyes spasmo-

dically, and a little sob startled her husband.

"Why, Isabel! what can be the matter?"

"I am so sorry I have failed to make you happy. *I* could be happy anywhere with you; but it seems you care more for others than for me."

"It is not that at all, Isabel. I am sure we have been as happy as most people. I would do a great deal to make you happy."

After a reasonable length of time, during which she was supposed to be drying her tears, she very cautiously told him how she would like, if he was entirely willing, to have some of her friends to spend New Year's with her."

He very readily consented.

"You know, Isabel, I am always glad to see your friends here.

"Yes, but I had thought of having a party in the evening. You know we have had nothing of the sort since we were married."

His face clouded. He had a horror of that sort of entertainment. She noticed the half-frown, and proceeded at once to administer a judicious dose of flattery that bought him to terms; for Dr. Norton, like all men, was very susceptible to that sort of treatment.

Once afterward he mooted the question of having the girls home; but this time she got down right angry, and declared if he did bring them he should be sorry; and knowing her capabilities for making others miserable, he wisely concluded they might be happier if left.

During the week between Christmas and New Year's, George Staunton called at Riverside and enquired for Miss Norton.

"Is it Miss Helen ye're meaning?"

"Yes; is she at home?"

"Indeed no, she isn't; bad luck to them as wouldn't let her come."

"Has she not come from Montreal?"

"Never an inch, has she; and its meself that's that mad—but will ye be afther comin' in till see Mr. Harry?"

"What's this, Harry, about your sisters not being at home? I only know what Bridget told me, and she is not very clear."

"They have not been sent for, and are not to be, I understand. Papa has written to them that they had better spend the holidays where they are."

"It will be a great disappointment to them both, I know; for when I last saw them they were in high glee over the prospect of coming home so soon. Isabel is at the bottom of this business."

"It was a disappointment to me. Home is not home without them."

Harry spoke a little bitterly.

"I shall see her ladyship, and try my influence with her;" and with flashing eyes George strode across the hall, and, meeting a servant, asked to see Mrs. Norton at once.

The servant bowed, and threw open a door, and George found himself face to face with his sister. She took no pains to conceal that she was not delighted to see him.

She merely said, "Well, sir?"

"So, Bell, you have been trying to cause a separation in this family, that was so happy before you came, have you?"

"Who has been to you with complaints?'

"No one; I enquired for Helen, and found she was not at home, and I knew very well whose work it was. Now, Bell, you and I know each other too well to make circumlocution necessary. I am going for those young ladies; and if you dare to make it unpleasant either for them or the rest of the family, you cross swords with a Staunton."

She was livid with rage, but George was the one person of whom she stood in awe. He knew more of her past life than she cared to have revealed, and he held her in check by this knowledge.

He left immediately, and she kept her own room the remainder of the day on pretence of having a headache. Perhaps it was no pretence, for such a fit of temper as she indulged in might possibly induce headache. Before night, however, she had concluded that it would be wisest to submit with the best grace she could, since there was no help for it.

It was New Year's evening that George Staunton drove up with Helen and Letty.

"Nellie, the house is all lighted," said Letty. "What do you suppose they are doing?"

"One of Bell's rows, I'll warrant," said

George savagely, as he threw himself out of the sleigh. Bridget's honest face appeared in answer to the door-bell. She nearly convulsed Letty with her cry of,

"Och! Miss Helen, I'm kilt entirely wid joy, jist."

"Now Biddy, do be decent, and get us away, upstairs or somewhere, where we need not see all these folks," said George.

"And, Biddy, don't forget the supplies, for I'm famished," whispered Letty.

"Bless your little sowl, but it's meself as will fetch ye somethin' to ate, quicker than ye can think," and she hurried off.

"She thinks she has paid me a compliment now, calling my 'soul' little," said Letty. "But I'm almost 'kilt' myself, with the joy of being home again," and she hugged Helen, and told George, if she was sure it was quite the proper thing to do, she could almost hug him. "Here comes somebody I can though," as Harry bounded in, having met Bridget on her way after the supplies. He took them both into his arms together; but he held Helen closely long after Letty had danced herself off.

"George, we never can thank you enough for this," said Harry.

"I expect pay for all my good deeds some of these days," said George, from his perch on an arm of the sofa.

"Who is to pay you, I should like to know?" said Letty.

"Not you, puss;" with a twitch at her curls.

"I say, young man, you'll have to get me a wig some day, if you don't stop pulling my hair."

"Harry," said Helen, speaking for the first time, "could you tell papa without letting any one else know? I want him *so* much."

"I'll try;" and Harry went down.

The father came up, his handsome face all aglow with pleasure. Bridget brought up the supplies in great abundance, to Letty's delight. George followed her to the door.

"Now, Biddy, mind you don't let any one in here but the mistress. Of course she can come if she wants to. And, Biddy, don't mention to her, or any one, that the young ladies have come," and he offered her a bank note.

"I'll be sure to do as ye towld me, sir; but do ye think I can't serve me own without the money," and she stalked off without looking at it.

"Good stuff, I declare! I'll make friends with you, Mrs. Bridget," he said to himself. "You may be useful to Helen and me yet."

One of the servants came up, and seeing Bridget in the upper hall, called out,

"Do you know where the Doctor is?"

"And what if I did, thin?"

"You're to send him down directly. Mrs. Norton wants him."

"And what if he's had a call, and is miles away from here, how would I sind him thin?"

"Rogers," said Mary, passing the order, "tell Mrs. Norton that the Doctor has had a call, and is gone away."

"Ye lyin' spalpeen! I niver sed so. A body can't suppose a case but ye must go and tell it for thruth."

"Where is he then?"

"Indade I didn't say I knowed where he was; and if yez want him, ye can jist be afther findin' him."

Mrs. Norton herself came up.

"Bridget, where is the Doctor?"

"Misther George is in here, if it's him ye're afther wantin," she said maliciously.

"Mr. George—who do you mean?"

"Well, Misther Harry thin; it does'nt make any difference to me."

"Harry would do, I suppose," and she went in.

"Indade thin, it was a sorry day for this house, when yere black shadow crossed its doors," said Biddy, when she had shut the door. "But I'll outwit ye yet, ye mane crayter, or me name's not Bridget Mulholland."

Mrs. Norton stood mute with astonishment at the scene before her.

"Some friends of mine," said George, with a low bow; "please give them a welcome *for my sake*."

Her eyes fairly flamed; but she made a show of greeting the girls, and turning to Harry said, "Can I depend on you to assist in entertaining my guests?"

"Not to-night. There is too much attraction here."

"Howard, of course you will come down."

"Perhaps so, after a little."

"I beg leave to offer my services," said George. "I am just in trim for playing the agreeable."

She gave him a withering glance, and went out with a sweep. They were left undisturbed the remainder of the evening.

The next morning there was a long interview between Dr. Norton, Harry and Helen, in the library. Even Letty was not asked to go in, and she was revenged by taking herself off to see Mrs. Carroll before Helen should have time. The snow was falling in great, friendly-looking flakes that soon covered her completely; but she was a true Canadian, and consequently, enjoyed it.

"Happy new year, Mrs. Carroll," she cried, rushing in and scattering a shower of snow all around her.

"Why, Letty Norton, you almost took my breath away! I had no idea you were home from Montreal. I understood you were not coming,"

"Well we weren't, only we did last night, while madam was holding a wonderful reception. She's not too good-natured over it this morning, though she says nothing; and papa and Helen and Harry are shut up in the library, and I couldn't stand it all alone, so I ran away over here."

"You look like a snow-bird," said Mr. Carroll, as his wife was removing the snow-covered furs and wraps. "Did you drop from the clouds, Letty?"

"Not I. I fancy I should have been considerably more angelic if I had."

"Where is Helen?"

"Shut up with papa and Harry, you know. I expect he is giving them an awful lecture. I'm glad I escaped, for once. She'll be over here pretty soon,—she can't wait long, you know; so I'm going to stay till she comes."

Now Helen and Harry were not getting a lecture, as Letty supposed. Harry was telling them of his new-found faith in Christ, and of his wish to enter the ministry.

"I am more glad that I can tell you, my boy," said the Doctor "for your choice. Glad that you have chosen to be on the Lord's side. But it was always a pet scheme of mine to have you succeed me in my profession here. A Christian physician can find plenty of ways for usefulness."

"I know, papa; but this other way seems to me to be clearly my duty."

"Very well, Harry. Far be it from me to put obstacles in your way. You must do your duty wherever it lies. And may the Lord make you a holy and a useful man."

As the brother and sister walked over to Mr. Carroll's, there was not in all the world a happier heart than Helen's. She and Harry could fully sympathize with each other now, and both felt this new bond uniting them more closely than ever before.

On the street they met George Staunton.

"Good evening, Miss Helen. Lovely snow-storm this, isn't it? You look as if you were enjoying it."

"I am, ever so much."

"It is going to clear up in an hour or two. Will you go for a drive this afternoon? The sleighing is capital."

"I should like nothing better."

"Harry, will you go too?"

"Can't. I am very sorry; but I promised to give the afternoon to papa, on business that is very important.

"Then I'll go over and get Dudley. Poor old hermit, he would never go out if somebody didn't make him. Tell Letty that if she has any sense of gratitude towards me, she will go with him just to get herself out of my way."

"How brimful of life George is!" said Harry, as they walked on.

"Yes, it does one good only to look at him. And Harry, you can't tell how good he has been to us all winter. Just as kind almost as you could have been yourself."

According to George's prediction, it cleared up, and scarcely a finer sight could be imagined than the broad landscape covered with an unbroken sheet of pure snow. Our party drove out about six miles, and met a friend who persuaded them to stay to tea; and the drive home under a full moon was to be long remembered,—by at least two of the party.

George went in, but Mr. Bernard declined the invitation. They found Harry alone

in the library, which had always been their favorite resort.

"O Nellie," said Letty, tearing off her gloves, and holding her fingers over the glowing coals, "that drive was perfectly enchanting. And Mr. Bernard let me drive that splendid horse of his, and he said I managed it beautifully and that I should drive it again some time. I tell you he's just splendid."

"Who, Dudley or the horse?" asked George.

"Mr. Bernard, of course, you stupid creature."

"I'll tell him how you complimented him."

"I don't care. I told him myself he was a regular brick, if only he wasn't a minister."

George Staunton came into Dr. Norton's office next morning, and found perhaps a dozen patients waiting to see the Doctor.

"This won't do," he thought. "I can never wait until they are all cleared out."

"Doctor, can I see you a few minutes alone?"

The Doctor led the way to the private room, and turned round with, "Well, George, what is it?"

Brave, dashing George Staunton blushed like a school girl, and looked at his boots, as he said,

"I have come to ask a great favor of you."

"What is it?"

"That you will give Helen to me."

Dr. Norton shut his lips very firmly together, and walked two or three times across the room before he replied.

"George, you have asked me for my greatest treasure. If I thought you were in the least like your sister, I would rather see my child dead at my feet than give her to you. I am a cruelly disappointed man, George. I have never said as much before, probably never will again; and I would not now but for the circumstances."

"Much as I love Helen, Doctor I would never ask her from you if I thought I could grow to be like Bell. I know I have serious faults, but, if I know myself, I am not coldly, cruelly selfish, as she is. Helen will help me to be a better man, and she loves me, Dr. Norton."

"No," said the Doctor slowly, "you are not like Isabel. I know you too well to believe that. Take my child, but be gentle with her. She has never known unkindness from me; never let it come from you."

"I will shield her as far as man can," said George, reverently; and with a warm clasp of hands the two men parted.

George met Harry on the street, and, linking his arm in his, said,

"She's mine, Harry. My peerless Helen."

Harry looked in wonder at the face so radiant with joy.

"George, I wouldn't have believed you could care so much for any woman."

"Who could help loving her? She is as pure as a snow-flake. I wonder at my own audacity in trying to win her, though."

In the afternoon George drove up the broad carriage way at Riverside, with a pair of ponies before an elegant little sleigh, filled with the softest, warmest robes. Letty ran to the door.

"Oh, George, what lovely little ponies!"

"Hustle on your cap and things and come with me. I've got to go over to Brentwood, and I don't want to go alone."

Letty fairly flew up the stairs.

"Nellie, help me get ready, quick. I'm going to drive with George—and Oh the ponies! you never saw anything so lovely."

"Don't quarrel with him, little girl."

"No, I won't," and with a hasty kiss she ran off.

"Well," said George, as they drove rapidly along, "I suppose we must go back again next week,—you and Nellie and I."

"Nellie! That's my name for her, if you please, sir, and no one else ever uses it."

"Oh but she is my Nellie now! and I suppose I have a right to use the name."

"Your Nellie! what do you mean, George Staunton?" And Letty looked positively dangerous.

"I mean that first Nellie herself and then her father gave her to me, and she is to be my wife." Tears gathered in her eyes.

"Why didn't she tell me herself?"

"Because I asked to be allowed to do it. I was afraid you would raise a storm

over it, and I wanted to save her from it, as it is my business hereafter to shield her from everything that could make her unhappy."

"Do you love her?" and the fearless eyes looked straight into his.

"Better than any other earthly thing."

"Well, if it had to be, I'm glad it's you."

"Thank you for that, little sister. Of course, it had to be. Do you think Nellie could be let stay in single blessedness?"

"I suppose not; but I'm going to be an old maid."

"You are!"

"Yes, and drink green tea, and have lots of cats."

"I'll furnish the cats. The very first nice tortoiseshell I find I'll bring it along by way of commencement."

George was feeling particularly happy that evening as he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Bridget came to the door, and when she saw who it was, planted herself in the doorway, with, "What are ye afther wantin' now?"

"I want to see Miss Helen," and he stepped in.

"And I wish ye niver had seen the dear lamb before ye had brought down all this throuble on us, bad luck to ye!"

"What's the matter, Biddy?"

"And ye'll stand there askin' what's the matter, and me jist gone out of me sinses wid the fuss there is."

"What fuss? Do be reasonable and tell me, or else let me see Miss Helen."

"Seein' Miss Helen is jist what ye can't do, so I'll tell ye meself. I was afther washin' the floor fornenst the parlor door, and I hears the misthress, and says I to meself, she'll be in one of her tempers now! And wid that the door comes open, and of all the insultin' things she was sayin till that poor weak lamb, and she sayin' niver a word, only oncet she said says she, 'You can't make me break wid George', and that's you, ye spalpeen, and thin I seen it was ye that was raisin' all the murtherin' fuss. And I walks in, and I says, says I—may the howly saints forgive me—says I, 'I wish ye was restin' in ye're grave, so I do, for there's no pace for this house till that time comes.' And now ye've heard me story, and I wish ye'd be afther takin' yerself off, so I do, bad luck to ye."

"Look here Biddy, you are Miss Helen's friend, are you not?"

"Howly Virgin, hear him! Would ye be afther insultin' me that way, and me glad to spill ivery dhrop of blood in me body for her any day, as all the world knows."

"Well, let me see her now, and I promise you she shall take no more of Mrs. Norton's insolence."

"I don't b'lave you. Can ye stop runnin' water? that ye'd promise to stop that woman's tongue."

"I *can* stop her tongue, and I'll do it too."

"There'll be murther thin," said Biddy, grimly, "for nothin' else'll iver sthop her.'

"No, I won't kill her either; but I want you to watch things for me, and let me know if ever she says another uncivil word to Helen."

"Deed, thin, ye niver set me a task more to me mind. Now give me ye're word as a gentleman that ye're thrue to Miss Helen, and sure ye can depind on Bridget Mulholland while the life's in her." George gave the required pledge, and then was permitted to see Helen.

Back to Montreal when the holidays were over, and we lose sight of them for a season again.

In April, George entered Dr. Norton's office.

One beautiful morning in June he sat in an hotel in Montreal, having gone down on business, when a telegram came to him. It said, "Harry is at home, very ill. Come immediately and bring H. and L. with you," and was signed "Dudley Bernard." The midnight train brought them to the village, and Mr. Bernard met them at the station.

"How is he?" asked Helen very quietly.

"Not so well as we could wish, Miss Norton; but everything that skill can do is being done for him." Not another word was spoken during the drive home. The Doctor met them in the hall, and took the girls up to Harry's room; but Bridget insisted on seeing Mr. Staunton.

"Ye got me tilegraft, did ye?"

"Yes, I got it," he said, wondering what new revelations were coming now.

"Och! that murtherin' woman! she'll be the death of me yit, wid me bad temper and all."

"What has she done now?"

"The Docthor was afther sendin' a tilegraft to Miss Helen, and she says, says she, 'I'll give it to Jim to take down;' and not five minutes afther, I spies her howldin' that same over the kitchen fire, jist ready to dhrop it in; and says I, 'Hould on a minute, me lady, and ye'll not git the burnin' of that', and I makes a grab afther it, and she lets it fall in, and tells me to mind me own business. Thinks I to meself, 'I'll do that same,' so I run down to the office, and the man wouldn't sind it as I towld him, for ye see I'm no scholar, whin Mr. Bernard, rest to his sowl, comes in, and he fixed it."

"Why did she not want it sent?"

"Jist to torment Miss Helen; but we've outwitted her, thanks to the saints."

For days anxious friends kept watch in the sick-room; and then came what we all know is so terrible a blow—the verdict of the physicians that there is no hope.

Letty was wild with grief, and Mr. Bernard took her down stairs, and leaving her in Mrs. Carroll's care, stole noiselessly back to the chamber of death. The silence was broken only by the quick, hard breathing of the sufferer. Doctor Norton sat by the bedside, watching, not with the practiced eye of the physician, but with the agonized love of the father, the fast-ebbing life of his only son.

His eyes unclosed and wandered anxiously round the room.

"What is it, Harry, dear?" whispered Helen.

"Helen, it's almost over, this fearful struggle for life. I wanted to live—to work; but to die is gain—great gain."

"The way is not dark, my boy!" said the Doctor.

"Oh no, father; I can see the light from the other shore. The crossing must be near," he murmured softly. "Helen, this parting won't be for long; you are sure to come?"

"I hope so, dear Harry."

For a few moments all was quiet, and then he said, "Will some one pray?"

Dudley Bernard prayed such a prayer as is seldom heard, and on the pure breath of prayer the spirit went home to its God. When they rose from their knees the seal of death was stamped upon the pale brow, and Harry Norton was no longer a dweller on earth.

A dreary rain dropped from the "gray, forbidding skies" as they committed the "dust to dust;" but they did it, "in sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto everlasting life."

"Dudley," said George Staunton, as they walked slowly homeward, "I believe now in the reality of Christianity. I know how Helen loved her brother, and yet she loosed her hold of him without a murmur. I heard her low-breathed 'Father, thy will be done,' as she knelt by his deathbed, and I never had such a stab in my life. I, with all my manhood's strength, could not have done it; and to see that gentle girl bow so meekly under such a terrible blow,—I tell you, Dudley, it was more than mortal strength."

"She went long ago to the Strong for strength, and now it stands her in good stead. The same faith that has enabled Helen Norton to bear the trials of the last year as she has done, will uphold her through this. I wish you had the secret, George."

"I wish I had, Dudley. I hope to be a better man some day."

Letty went back to school, and Helen stayed at home. Her father would not spare her again. For a time things went on smoothly. Then Helen began to be the subject of petty persecutions, most trying to be borne. In the autumn George decided to put a stop to it by taking her away at once, even if he was not through his studies. They were very quietly married, and, without any tour, commenced housekeeping in the village, very near the old home.

Bridget packed her trunk and ordered it over to the new house when the furniture was being brought in.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Norton, as she was taking away the very last of her personal property.

"To live wid Miss Helen, sure."

"But I can't spare you."

"Sorry a bit do I care whether ye can

or not. It isn't Bridget Mulholland as'll stay where she doesn't want to."

"Have they engaged you?"

"Faith no. I'm jist givin' them a bit of a surprise," and Biddy marched boldly over, where she was welcomed by an uproarious burst of laughter from George. He told her they couldn't think of keeping house without her; and explaining triumphantly, "It was meself knew that same," she went to work with a will, and soon brought order out of the confusion. I may as well mention here that Biddy spent the remainder of her days with them.

Letty came home at Christmas—"for good," she joyfully declared. After a week or two at Riverside, she said she couldn't stand it. She should certainly have to follow Biddy's example. That was a happy winter, and passed all too soon.

One warm evening in June, Dudley Bernard came up the path leading to the parsonage, and seated himself with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll in the porch, to enjoy the breeze.

"Mrs. Carroll, I am thinking of taking unto myself a wife. Don't you think that praiseworthy."

"Yes, if she is the right sort of person."

"I have no doubts about that."

"Who is she? if I may ask."

"Letty Norton.'

"Letty Norton! What in the world set you about such a thing? Why she is a mere child."

"I know she is young, but time will remedy that, you know."

"But she is as wild as a hare,"

"I can only offer the old Scotch minister's excuse, 'I know she is no saint, but she is a pretty little sinner, and I love her.'"

"That will do, Bernard," said Mr. Carroll, laughing. "I can't see why a minister hasn't as good a right to his choice as a lay member. You weren't perfect yourself, my dear, until after you became a preacher's wife. You never can tell what his influence will do for Letty."

"When will you be married?" asked Mr. Carroll.

"As soon as possible,—I think in August. I am going over there to settle about that now."

"Dudley, I'm not fit to be your wife." It was Letty who spoke. "I never could be as good as Mrs. Carroll is."

"I don't want another Mrs. Carroll. I just want your own dear self, Letty."

"But so much is expected of one in that position. It seems to me I never can face it."

"Are you ready to turn your back upon it."

"Hardly. But still"—

"What remains to be done then?"

"There is nothing for it but that I must be made more fit to occupy such a position. It looks an awful responsibility to me; and I have been trying to live better, indeed I have, Dudley."

"My child, I have no fears for you now. So long as you recognize the responsibility, you will try and meet your duty bravely."

They were married in church, and afterward drove over to Brentwood, where the parsonage was ready for them. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, George and Helen drove over "to see them settled," George said. He brought in a covered basket, saying,

"By the by, Letty, I forgot to give you my present over there; so I brought it along."

He took off the cover and out popped a wee kitten, a veritable tortoiseshell.

"Don't you remember I agreed to furnish the cats when you went to housekeeping?"

But Letty was down on the floor shaking her curls for the kitten to play with.

"There's a picture of the gravity and sobriety required of a parson's wife," he added.

"Never you mind him, Letty," said Mr. Carroll. "You'll do splendidly."

"Of course, she'll do," said George. "I always said she was just what Dudley needed to shake the cobwebs out of his brain."—And she did do splendidly. She speedily became a favorite in the parish; and although some shook their heads sagely at the girl-wife, they soon saw that, although a merry girl, she was yet a Christian, and never lost an opportunity of doing good.

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER II.

NORA RUSSEL.

And doubtful joys the father move
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love.
—*Tennyson.*

It may be well ere we proceed further with our story to introduce Weston and its people to our readers, as both it and they will have somewhat to do in it.

Weston is, in the language of the guide-books, "a picturesque little village, consisting mainly of one long street, from about the middle of which another one diverges, a small square being formed at their junction. It is much frequented, on account of its beautiful falls, by strangers." So far Murray. We will add in addition that if you are blessed with the incumbrance of a heavy purse, the people of Weston will relieve you of it and give you its worth in a short period of time. There are comfortless genteel lodging-houses to be had for it; romantic scenery to be enjoyed by feeing a guide in a kilt to watch you. If you are sportingly inclined there is excellent grouse-shooting to be had by paying handsomely for it to proud Highland lairds. If you are a disciple of old Izaak, you may obtain liberty to dangle your line and rod over its beautiful river, its purling brooks, its moor-environed lochs, in the same way. And then it is only six miles from the beautiful seat of the Marquis of Littledon; and at any time you may go to Loch Lomond and the West by taking your seat on any of the coaches that, resplendent in scarlet and gold, daily roll through its streets. Yes, really, Weston is a nice place to live in,—if you have money.

Situated on the borders of the Highlands, the bulk of its population are Gaelic-speaking; only those who aspire at gentility—its merchants, lawyers, and doctors — with a pseudo-refinement ignore their native tongue.

The characteristics of Weston—villages have their characteristics as well as individuals—are, firstly, the number of drunkards it contains, and secondly, the number of ministers it has produced. An odd coincidence certainly. It was not of course because it produced a large number of drunkards, that it was also the birthplace of a large number of ministers, but in spite of that fact. The desire of having one of his sons, or more if he could afford to educate them, ministers, or if he was not good enough for that, a doctor—was stronger in the breast of a Weston family man, be he rich or poor, than the love of money or the love of a "glass." It was with reference to this characteristic that the Weston Academy was built and that Alfred Hamilton was intrusted with its management, it being generally left to him, so great was the confidence in his wisdom, to decide which member or members of the family would do credit to a collegiate education. For the wisdom of his choice let church assemblies speak. That one son might become a gentleman, it was frequently necessary that the rest of the family should, while he was at college, work hard and fare poorly. But this was done ungrudgingly if so be that the required end should be attained—that the aged broken-down father, the brave-hearted proud mother, might live to see their son "wag his pow in a pulpit." In reference to its besetting sin, it was scarce possible that it could be otherwise. It was customary to drink at births, marriages, and funerals, "treat" when you sold, and be treated when you bought; drink at fairs, tithe payings, and rent payings; drink when it was cold to make you warm, and when it was warm to make you cold. Perhaps the ease with which liquor could be procured had something to do with all this. Despite the excisemen, smuggled whiskey was to be found in every cotter's house—the

real "peat reek." A talented temperance lecturer had once found his way into the place and moved by his heart stirring appeals a large number signed the pledge; but ere a week had passed a great many came requesting that their names might be erased, for they found it impossible to transact any business, so strong was public feeling against temperance, — and when a month had passed only four names remained on the blotted list. Nor were the upper classes free from this moral taint. The laird of Graigse Lea, the manor house of Weston, who boasted a descent from the ancient kings of Scotland, and who was next of kin and consequently heir to the Marquis of Littledon, had been obliged to sell the old hall to a London merchant, to pay the debts his drinking and gambling had induced. A word as to the after career of this young man ere we leave him. Following his regiment to Ireland, he became enamoured of a pretty Irish girl, the daughter of one of the privates in his regiment. His rascally intention of deceiving her by a mock marriage was frustrated by the girl's father, who by some means got word of the affair. He substituted a real priest instead of the mock one youngGraigse Lea had employed. Slightly intoxicated during the ceremony, he did not discover the ruse played upon him till the ceremony was concluded, when bribes and oaths were alike useless to release him. The girl, who must have lost all confidence in her husband on discovering the wrong he had meditated doing her, was sent to school to receive an education suited to the position she now occupied. Being talented and willing, her progress was such that for beauty, grace, accomplishments and kindliness the prospective marquis had no occasion to be ashamed of his low-born bride. Her influence over him was gentle and salutary and save for a fit of jealousy which he had in a drunken debauch, in which he attempted at once to take her life and his own too, the match might have been productive of happy results. Afraid of her life she consented, though unwillingly, to a separation, and if her husband does not reform it seems at present much more likely that he may fill a drunkard's grave than the seat of a marquis.

The London merchant who bought Graigse Lea, gave it as a marriage gift to his oldest son. At the time our story opens he with his bride had occupied it but a year. Let us go back that year and make their acquaintance as they stood before the altar in the ancient ivy-crowned church of Thornton.

A group of curious cottagers had gathered around the gate to witness the arrival of the bridal party, discussing with eager zest the dress of the bride, her probable fortune, her wondrous beauty, her gentleness and charity, and loudly expressing their dissatisfaction that a Londoner of no family at all had been allowed to mate with "dear Miss Nora," as she was affectionately called. In the middle of their gossip, the sound of approaching carriage wheels put a stop to it, and respectfully retreating from the gateway to the shadow of the venerable elms that separated the God's acre from the rectory garden, their curiosity was in a few minutes gratified by the arrival of the bridal party. The bride's father, hale and hearty yet, though his age was evidently great, alighted first and with fond pride and old-fashioned punctiliousness assisted his daughter to alight, and gave her his arm. She with her love-lit eyes and blushing cheeks walked meekly by his side, up the mossy path, into the darkened aisle followed by the bridegroom, whose manly bearing and graceful bend of the head to the cottagers as he passed them completely won their hearts. A fairer bride, a more gallant bridegroom, the old church of Thornton had never held, and never had its walls listened to vows more intelligently made, responsibilities more solemnly assumed. Nora Avon had given her whole heart into Arthur Russel's keeping, with all its rich poetic wealth, deep earnest feeling, high-toned resolve, and there was a holy light in her eye as she spake the words which bound her "to love, honor and obey," for she felt that she could do no less. And he—right reverently and thankfully did he take the gift of a pure woman's devotion as the richest blessing Heaven could bestow on him, dreading only his own unworthiness of the trust.

"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"My father, bless me," the bride tearfully asked, kneeling at the old man's feet ere any other friend had time to offer congratulations. The old man broke utterly down as he laid his hand on the golden hair of his only child, and asked for her and her husband in an almost inaudible voice, Heaven's choicest blessings.

In a few minutes more, the cottagers were left to count the silver thrown to them, and the old church with its low belfry was also left to its loneliness, the rooks to their cawing among the elms. Mrs. Avon, who had stayed at home avowedly that she might superintend the arrangements for the *déjeuner* the bridal party were to partake of before their departure, but in reality because she could not bear the associations of that little graveyard at that time, and also that she might school herself into composure, met them on the steps of Kenmure Lodge with a silent but smiling welcome. A costly entertainment was cheerfully but quietly partaken off. The parting was too near for mirth. The bride exchanged her white satin and lace, her costly veil and orange flowers, for a quiet grey travelling dress. A cheerful adieu to the guests, an eloquent silent embrace to father and mother, and she was gone. It was well she did not know how deep was the shadow her going out had cast over her home, or it might have clouded the brightness of her new life. Father and mother from that moment, save for the prayers that unceasingly they breathed for her future happiness, felt that their work on earth was done, and waited listeningly for the voice that should bid them "Come up higher." Was it any wonder that her parents were loth to give her up? She was the youngest of eleven, and all save she were in heaven. Some had been taken ere their eyes had scarce opened on the light here; others, just as they were learning to lisp a mother's name, to watch a father's steps. Ten little graves were side by side in the churchyard under the elms at Thornton. Ten chords bound the mother's heart to Heaven, ere Nora with her blue eyes and golden hair lay trembling between death and life in the nurse's arms

"Is she alive?" the weak mother eagerly yet tremblingly asked. It seemed as if her own life hung on the answer. "Nothing more" was the sad answer. It seemed so little use to deceive her with vain hopes.

Then the mother heart in that hour of agony went out in a mighty yearning prayer that God would grant her but this one life and she should be content, and like Samuel from her childhood she should be devoted to Him, or if the child might not live, to take her with it. God in pity would have taken the child from the fearful evil that was to come, but she in her human blindness and selfishness would not give it up. Her prayer was granted. Frail, fragile, but wondrously beautiful, the child grew till her parent's eyes almost ached to look at her, for old people shook their heads and said "the bairn was bonnie, ower bonnie to live." But she did live, nevertheless, and grew too. A love almost amounting to a passion for flowers, was one of her earliest characteristics. The wee dimpled hands would be outstretched, the wistful blue eyes glisten, at the sight of flowers ere aught else would attract her. When she could walk down every grassy lane, by the side of every laughing, gurgling, babbling brook on the mossy woodland paths, and the long waving meadow grass, the little feet pattered in the insatiable search for flowers—"fowers" she called them, and in her ceaseless ramblings the child gathered physical strength and spirit beauty. They did their best to spoil her at home, but they did not succeed. She could not be spoiled. The caressing and petting of which she was the object alike in parlor, nursery and kitchen was accepted with the most superb air of unconcern, as if she were a princess bearing with the homage of her loving subjects which she did not like but could not prevent. Her love for flowers soon took another phase; she wanted to imitate them. Her indulgent parents, delighted, humoured her wish, and masters were procured to initiate the little lady into the mysteries of color. With the most untiring activity and perseverance united to genius of a high order she soon outstripped her masters with the pencil, brush, and needle. She wanted no patterns. She took her designs from Nature, and they were excellent copies. No pains were spared to make her accomplished in all the branches

considered necessary to a lady's education, but painting and embroidery, the modelling and coloring of fruits and flowers, were her specialitv. In other branches her talents were but mediocre. Nature was her schoolroom, Nature's works, her study, and under *her* tuition she grew up into a loving, pure, noble womanhood. While at Rome, accident (is it accident that guides such meetings?) had thrown them into the society of the Russel family—consisting then only of Mr. Russel, his wife, and Arthur. Mr. Russel and Mr. Avon talked politics and business and smoked together. Mrs. Avon and Mrs. Russel discussed the fashions, the troubles of motherhood the annoyance of bad servants, and left Nora and Arthur to compare notes in their world,—a very different one from the other two. Their studies and tastes were just dissimilar enough to be pleasant,—she interesting and instructing him in the book of Nature, he unfolding to her wondering mind the mysteries of life, its actors and sufferers. In both was the same high appreciation of the heroic, the same love of the beautiful, with just sufficient romance to make life seem an enchanted land, which they longed to enter; temptations and trials were the satyrs and dragons they must overcome; fame and happiness the golden crown which was to be theirs at their journev's end.

But their musings on the past, their speculations on the future, their wanderings by the banks of the Tiber, their saunters amid the antiquities of ancient Rome, and the beauties of the modern one, were suddenly brought to a termination by contact with the actual realities of life. Mrs. Russel was found one morning dead in her bed, with no sign to tell that she had not passed away in slumber light and peaceful as an infant's. Mr. Russel and his son returned home immediately, but not before they had received a warm invitation to visit Kenmure Lodge. Arthur had accepted the invitation and rewarded the parents' kindness by stealing from the home-nest its pet birdie, leaving remorselessly the parent-birds alone and desolate.

A year had passed pleasantly, happily, bringing no clouds, no shadows to darken the brightness of their newly married life, and this brings us to the opening of our story.

A son and heir was born at Graigse Lea, and all who heard the joyful news blessed the gentle girl-mother. But at Graigse Lea itself joy was sadly mingled with sorrow, for though the babe was alive and well, the mother's life trembled still in the balance. The young husband with painful anxiety wandered up and down the house with noiseless steps, pausing frequently before the door he was forbidden to enter; the doctor said perfect quiet was indispensable--as if a husband's presence would disturb! The servants too in their anxiety not to make a noise overdid it, and produced that most annoying to an invalid of all noises—creaking.

Nora herself, as she lies so still in the darkened room, is full of a quiet, holy, unspeakable joy. The last drop has been added to the already brimming cup of her happiness. She does not think of dying,—she would think that almost impossible, now that she as so much to live for. And the newborn love, the mother-love, has developed the old, the child-love. Not till now does she appreciate how great must her mother's love have been to her, her only living child, how much she must have rejoiced at her coming.

But the danger has passed—Nora, though weak, is able to sit up, and the household all reflect her smiling joy.

"What's that you have," asked she of her husband as he came in with a glass filled in his hand, "No more of that disagreable medicine, I hope."

"No, dear, it's only a glass of wine. Dr. Angus has ordered it for you every day."

"But I don't like wine. I believe I will just get as strong without."

"Yes, perhaps, but not so quickly, and we all weary so much to see you tripping about again. Grahame said when he came home from school to-day and I told him you were up." "The house will look something like a house now; it has been nothing but like a gloomy old castle, as it is, since she was sick."

"Poor fellow, I wonder where his father is now! Such a wretch as he was. Do you know I used to think, when I was a girl and used to hear Aunt Nora Grahame's

mother, tell what she suffered, that I would never marry any one that would drink at all, for they said there was not a nobler, handsomer-looking gentleman to be seen than Fairleigh Drummond, when aunt married him. But I forgot to think anything about that till now" she added laughingly. "Such a pity! was'nt it?"

"Yes I think it was, but I'll think it a much greater pity if you don't take this wine. Don't think it's wine at all, only medicine, and you will drink it down bravely."

She took the glass from his hand and drank it down, making a wry face as she did so. How often afterwards did he think of that morning, and vainly regret that he had ever held the poison to her lips.

"Why it is not so bad as I thought it would be, after all. I believe it's only prejudice. I never would take a taste of wine when I was a girl, I was so afraid of ever being like old Lady Morton---you know her. She used to make herself drunk with wine, and they used—her daughters, I mean,—to have great trouble with her, for when she was so she would talk all the time and tell every thing she'd knew about the family."

"Well, I am not much afraid of you ever being like her. Drinking a glass of wine won't make you, I think,—if you were I'd soon cure you," Arthur said laughing.

"What would you do to me?"

"Why I would not let you have any wine, and then you could not get intoxicated."

"Well, they said Sir John would not let her have any either, and half the time they did not know where she got it."

"There's Grahame looking up pitifully; he wants to come and see you and the baby. May he come?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to see him. He has no mother now, and I must be a mother to him," she said pitifully to herself as she thought of her own precious little babe.

In another moment, a fine, tall, noble-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, came in and seating himself at Mrs. Russel's feet, looked his joy at seeing her again. They brought the baby to him, and with a half frightened, half shy, half curious look, he eyed it, but utterly refused to take it out of nurse's hands.

"Now sit down by me and tell me all about the school and your 'grand' Mr. Hamilton and the cross tutor, and what's his daughter's name,—Mr. Hamilton's I mean."

"Maude. Did you know, Nora, her mother is dead!"

"No, Grahame, when did she die! I heard she went away for her health to the sea-shore, but that was a long time before I took sick."

"She died before you took sick, and you should have seen how bad Mr. Hamilton felt. There was not one of us boys but felt so sorry for him when he came home She died from home, you know, and he looks so pale and thin and miserable. He took up the first day of school, a composition to read, and the tears filled his eyes and ran over on his cheeks. I used to think it was unmanly to cry, but I will never think so again—he looked so noble; and what do you think he said? He laid it down and turning to us he said, "I cannot see, gentlemen, your compositions. I have been walking in the valley of the Shadow of Death, and its darkness still resteth on me." That was the only time he referred to Mrs. Hamilton's death, and I don't think there was a boy there but what wept. We would do anything for him, we love him so much."

"And poor little Maude, how does she bear it?"

"I don't know, Nora; she does not come to school now; she stays at home to take care of the baby. There is a little girl just beginning to walk, Helen they call her, the baby."

"I think I'll send down an invitation to Maude to come up and stay with me some afternoon when I am a little better. Poor child, it would be a change to her."

Oh, cousin Nora, you are so good; you think of everything. I am sure Maude Hamilton would like to come,—she must be so lonely without a mother."

The boy's eyes filled with tears, but he dashed them away as he looked up lovingly into Mrs. Russel's face; "she is so much worse off than I, you know, for she has no kind cousin to be a mother to her. May I tell her to-morrow that you want her to come some afternoon?—it will do her so much good to think about it."

"Very well, do as you please," said Mrs. Russel, smiling at the boy's eagerness.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

BY E. H. NASH.

Sickly and pale the Northern sun
Shone on the polar seas,
And colder from the frozen shores
Swept down the chilling breeze;
But yet the "Fortune," outward bound,
Bound west of Baffin's Bay,
With many a lurch and heave and roll
Kept bravely on her way.

Each day the cold more piercing grew,
And heavier hung the sky,
While keener sharpness filled the air
And frost-motes flitted by;
And warmer garments now were donned,
The sailors trod with care
The frozen planks that creaked and groaned,
For frost was everywhere.

One morning, muffled to the throat,
The master walked the deck
With anxious look, for his good glass
Discerned a distant speck;
And his quick ear a rushing sound
Distinctly heard, and clear;
The Arctic sailor knows it well,
And holds his breath in fear.

The speck was white, and soon, full soon,
A moving mass appeared,
An iceberg rushing on its way,
And fast the ship it neared!
A cry of horror burst from all,
And strong men bent in awe,
When bearing down upon their craft
The ponderous thing they saw.

"'T is acres broad!" the seamen cried,
And many a fathom high;
The Lord above us send His aid,
Or we must surely die!"
"Aye, acres broad, and fathoms deep,
And three good miles along!"
The master answered, "and the wind
That drives it, stiff and strong!

"Change we the vessel's head at once,
Our cause to Heaven commend,
Be every sailor prompt to act,
Then calmly wait the end."
'Twas done, the order was obeyed,
The ship to westward wore,
The iceberg plunged along its course
A league away, or more.

A hope—the faintest hope,—sprung up
Within the master's breast;
"My seamen brave," he kindly said,
"All hands have done their best.
And now the breeze is slackening fast,
For God has heard our prayer;—
Though sailing on the awful deep
We still are in His care!"

Far, far behind them to the south
Before the close of day
The iceberg rolled, and yet the ship—
The "Fortune,"—kept her way.
Another day had passed away,
Another, and a night;
When on the dreary, watery waste
A ship appeared in sight.

A ship! a ship! no canvas spread,
Her tall masts stripped and bare;
No ensign floating from aloft,
Upon the morning air!
Onward she came. No sign of life,
But yet she drifted where
The breezes listed, slow or fast;—
No hand was guiding there.

The "Fortune's" seamen, with a dread
That sailors know full well,
Felt a dull fear of phantoms wild
Their true, brave spirits swell.
Signals were made, and trumpet-tones
Demanded loud her name;
No answering signal met their eyes,
No word of greeting came.

The breeze died out, and slowly, slow,
She floated o'er the tide;
And nearer, nearer still she came,
Till at the "Fortune's" side
A boat was lowered, and hardy men,
The master at their head,
Boarded the ship the breezes steered,
The ship where all were dead!

Dead, frozen, stiffened! in his place
Each man could still be seen;
Some hands were clasping icy ropes,
The captain's held a pen!
Some crouching figures hovered round
A spot where fire had lain;
But ghastly, pinched, and frozen blue,
Their impress pain,—all pain!

And many a year, perhaps, had flown
Since ice-blocked on her way
Her wretched, helpless crew had died,
And still fast bound she lay;
Till the vast mountain-ice had shoved
And loosed the prisoned bark
That drifted—drifted aimlessly,
In daylight and in dark;

Bearing her strange, cold, silent freight
Perchance where once they rode
All joyous, on their outward cruise,
But now a fearful load!
What marvel if the sturdy hands,
The "Fortune's" sailor force,
Fled from the ghastly Ship of Death,
And homeward turned their course?

* The facts on which this poem is founded were published some years since. The strange vessel was said to be Dutch-built.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Chapter III.

In June when I arrived in Du Toit's Pan, the camp was of wonderful size, and was estimated to contain fifteen thousand inhabitants, white and black. As I entered by day, I found all at work in the claims. The metallic grating of the gravel shaking through the sieve, the blows of pick and shovel in breaking obdurate lumps, and the cries of the barbarous Kafirs and Hottentots employed in the claims—all made up a strange volume of sound not elsewhere heard. On every claim was a dirt heap, on every heap a table (often improvised from a packing case), and on every table a pile of gravel, over which bent the anxious digger, carefully scraping it away piecemeal in his search for wealth. Beyond this exciting scene of toil lay the expanse of tents, their white outlines varied by some buildings of wood or iron, devoted to the interests of trade. Again opening before me was Main street, a long vista of shops and stores of every size and shape; while from their gable-ends long poles arose, on which was displayed the most astonishing variety of bunting that eye ever beheld. The list would contain the flags of all nations, the sailor's code of signals, and then leave room for the enterprising individuals who advertised their names and wares in this elevated manner. This street was always crowded—diggers after new picks, ladies out shopping, or a black after a blanket; while one and all never forgot the seductive canteens, at whose doors all day long a double stream of customers proved the dryness of claim-dust and the ease with which Cape brandy cleared the throat and renewed the action of the tongue.

After we had been set down on the edge of the camp, and the immense waggon which had conveyed us so tediously up country had departed, our first endeavor was to pitch our eight-by-ten tent, which was guaranteed to be impervious alike to heat and cold, or rain and dust. In fact we considered it a paragon of excellence, until a month's residence under its leaky roof and yawning sides dispelled any such illusion. Well, at it we went erecting our house. We first dug two holes for the poles; but alas! they were sunk at different angles, and when the poles entered they seemed divided in opinion as to what was the perpendicular. However, we let this pass in our hurry and put the canvas over, which we began to pull down and fasten at the bottom; when to my sorrow and my partner's discomfort, a graceful little whirlwind approached and intruding upon our half-finished labor, unceremoniously took up tent, stakes and all; and when after a moment of bewilderment, blinded by sand and suffocated with dust, I managed to look around, the tent was gone. I gazed up and down, to the right and left, and sang out at the top of my voice for Jones, who was nowhere to be seen, when, above a mound a few yards away, I spied a head. I stared a moment—could it be?—yes, it was Jones' red head, and away I went to find the unfortunate fellow tangled in the cords of the tent, which was lying in a mixed condition at his heels. Happily he was unhurt, and after some maledictions on tents in general and ours in particular, he assisted me in dragging our home, sweet home, back again, where, with some help from a neighbor, it went up in safety. Our household affairs being arranged, we proceeded to look about for a claim. On going to the "kopje" * we made up to an industrious digger who was swinging a sieve with might and main. "Good day," I said. He bowed his head, but spoke not; for when claim-dust is flying, people keep their mouths shut as much as possible. "Are there any vacant claims around here?" I asked. This time the mouth opened and laconically pronounced the word "Lots."

* The hill, pronounced "*copy*."

This was encouraging, so after some little explanations and directions, we found ourselves on a deserted piece of ground, thirty feet square, with a half-filled hole in one corner and the surface covered with two or three tons of whitish-green powdery dust. To comply with the law, we took a pick, and having made a fresh mark in the hole, the claim was declared to be legally *jumped;* and an old digger who was witness to the *jumping*, told us to get our license out, and if there was another claimant, *a la Tichborne*, he would back us up in court. Accordingly away we went,and after a little search found the Inspector of Claims snugly ensconced in a Lilliputian house, on which was inscribed the professions of its last occupant, viz: "DIAMANT KOOPER * and WATCHMAKER." This place was crammed to suffocation with impatient diggers, all holding their old licenses imploringly towards the harassed Inspector, who was nervously entering the items of one before him. The place was quite dark, as the small window held three heads which projected into the apartment on crane-like necks. At last he looked up, and finding things had reached a climax, dropped his pen, rose and commenced hammering the three heads with his ledger. They withdrew in haste, at the same time seriously damaging the rheumatic window frame, which delayed their retreat. The Inspector again took his seat, and ironically advised a few more to enter the den. "Do come in, gentlemen; there's lots of room. Some of you had better stand on the table;" and then in anger he roared, "D——it, can't you take a hint; give me some air, or I'll not issue another license." This had a slight effect, and the worthy band retired for a few moments—only to gradually invade the premises more seriously than before. Having a tent,a claim,and a license, we only lacked one thing, and that was native labor, to commence digging in good earnest. After due consultation and deliberation, we betook ourselves to a general agent, or broker, and commissioned him to get us a servant. In a few hours he made his appearance at our tent door with a lank, shrivelled Kafir, old and ugly. "Here he is, gents, a fine boy. He's old, but all the better for it; besides he's an old digger, and then he's honest. He just told me he never jumps anything but grub, and that he's bound to have. But he'll never jump a diamond. Don't you fear, he's the right sort." With these comforting remarks, the agent turned him over to me, and received his commission; and now the fun commenced. "Boy, what's your name?" I asked. He took no notice of my question, but kept staring at a pot near by, as if expecting the lid to jump off and disclose some delicate joint to his gaze. I shook him and repeated my question. "*Yaw boss, mooey*" (good), he answered pointing to the pot. In despair I took off the lid, when in went his hand on some pieces of mutton, and I politely left him to effect a clearance and appease his hunger before making any further attempt at conversation. Jones now came out and burst into laughter at the sight of our Kafir, squatted on his haunches over the pot, with an old sheepskin on his back and ravenously devouring mutton. In the end he gave us a name which we construed into Yankee,and having loaded our pick and shovel on the back of our Down-East native,we marched to the claim. When there he stripped off his clothing, to wit, the sheepskin, before he went to work, and I actually envied him his ease and comfort in this condition. He had better use of his limbs, was not fettered by tight pants, close-fitting waistcoasts or clumsy shoes; while, in an economical point of view, he eclipsed all civilized workingmen I know of.

Our finds were not commensurate with our expenses, so at the end of a month we concluded to look around us and find a likely claim where we might stand a better chance. Numbers were jumpable of which we could take possession. Accordingly Jones went off, and after a while, he came back in great glee. "Ha," he says, "I was so lucky, just in time to 'jump' a piece of ground in a fine situation, next to a claim where £500 worth has been taken out. They say it's not been worked for a month; so, old boy, we're set up.' We felt much rejoiced, though I had my misgivings whether we should be allowed peaceable possession; but it was too tempting to neg-

* Diamond buyer.

lect; so off we started and got a license and then put our boys in it, who soon made a huge gap in the surface. But alas! for our hopes, a few hours after a big Dutchman made his appearance, and shook his fists at the Kafirs, while his tongue was wagging at me in a most violent manner. At length he made me understand that I was working in his claim, and must leave in short metre, or he would show me the road. As I remained stubborn and held my ground, he evidently intended trying forcible expulsion. Things were in this condition when Jones came upon the scene. He is a giant, by the way, and as he calmly walked down, he hailed me. "What's the row." 'Oh," I replied, "that's the other claimant to this little spot." Jones did not stop for reflection, but walked over towards our foe, who seeing such a preponderance of metal, left in a hurry. An amused crowd of bystanders were around and cheered the retreating Mynheer. They informed us that, as he a had a friend in the the Committee, our chances of keeping the claim were slim; but as we had spent ten shillings for a license we concluded to go through with it; and accordingly we hurried off to the Court to see how our case stood, and what hopes there were of getting a summons issued. Things in the Committee tent were in the usual muddle, and when at length we were able to approach the august members, we found adverse influences had been at work before we arrived. They looked grimly up at us, and having heard our complaint, said, "Well, come in to-morrow and we will decide. Bring your witnesses, for you will need them." Accordingly next day the court sat, and despite our array of witnesses, and the eloquent manner in which Jones pleaded our cause, we lost the case and were forthwith ordered to give up said claim to its rightful owner—Mynheer Vanderdunk, and pay one pound ten shillings costs. We did so. He got his claim and the Committee got the costs, while we departed much wiser but sadder men. In the above manner hundreds of cases were tried, and whether right or wrong, the man who had a friend in power invariably came out successful. Numbers of unscrupulous men kept property to which they had no right, perhaps no license could be shown for the ground, and still favoritism gave them possession.

A day or so after we commenced digging, as I was busy in our claim preparing to sink a shaft, I was startled by hearing a most tremendous shouting and yelling; and on looking around me I discovered all the diggers, Kafirs and Hottentots, making for a distant claim at the top of their speed, while their unearthly "hoorays" and cries inspired all outsiders with curiosity to know what was up. On reaching the centre of attraction, I found a large crowd swaying to and fro around a shallow hole; in this hole was a red-shirted man, and in his mouth was the exciting cause,--a diamond so large that his lips barely closed over it, while both cheeks swelled out with its size. The crowd kept shooting. "Throw it up old fellow." "How big is it?" "Is it off-colored *?" &c. With much difficulty the lucky man squeezed it out, and holding it on his extended hand, smiled complacently on all around, as much has to say, "Don't you envy me?" As I returned to my claim, a long line of diggers were leaving the kopje; and at their head was this red-shirted man. He was about to wet his 'find,'—that is, stand as much champagne, brandy and ale as a houseful of thirsty men could swallow; and such was the state of public opinion that a man was in danger of being grossly insulted who refused to treat all hands if he had made a good find. It seemed to them, as it did to people at the gold fiields of Australia and California, that being far from home and friends, where there were few comforts, they were justified in drowning care and sorrow in the flowing bowl, and they consequently become reckless and intemperate to a degree that startles the newcomer.

Du Toit's Pan compared favorably with any mining camp in the world with regard to the amount of crime committed. In fact the police seldom had many whites in the "tronk" (gaol). Drunkenness was no crime there, and consequently the police fraternized with the drinking community, and unfortunately also often took a drop

* Yellow or straw color.

too much. The principal offenders were the Kafirs, who at the hour of 9 p.m. were supposed to leave the streets and keep in their tents or inclosures. Now a Kafir thinks himself as good as a white man, and he never understood the reason why a "boss" could stay out all night, get drunk and fight, and behave as he liked, while he was so mercilessly kept under. Numbers were continually evading this law; and every morning a long row of trembling natives stood out in front of the "tronk" to receive from ten to thirty-five lashes; sentenced, generally, on the oath of a policeman that they were out after the prescribed hour. When any great number were to be punished, a large crowd would assemble to view the tortures of the prisoners, and very often a digger who had a lot of lazy or thievish Kafirs, would march down to the "tronk" at their head, and give them a view of what they might expect unless they reformed. The most expert man with the cat at these musters was a German who had been a man-o-war's man for many years, and, as boatswain acquired such skill in the use of "nine-fingered Tom," that he was unanimously appointed chief tormentor. He would walk up and down the ranks of prisoners, drawing the pliant leathers through his hand, as he counted the shining muscular backs which soon would be gory in answer to the lash; and then, standing at number one, would wait the signal to commence. The blacks, on the whole, displayed much firmness and fortitude under punishment, and but few yelled and screamed, as I believe some notorious garotters did when being flogged in London a few years ago. I saw one young boy receive thirty-five lashes for stealing diamonds. He stood up bravely while strips of flesh hung down his back and great drops of blood coursed over his legs. Whirr, whirr, the cat crossed his shoulders until his large eyes were bloodshot, his lips quivering, his hands working in agony; but he kept silence until the thirtieth time the lash descended, when with a deep groan, full of the misery of physical torture, he fainted. At such scenes as these the black spectators would become much excited; they would grind their teeth, and with menacing looks, gaze upon the officers of justice. I often thought they only waited for some favorable opportunity to wreak vengeance on their masters.

The word "jumped" was applied to any article which had left its resting-place during the night, or during the temporary absence of its owners. Of course it was not stolen; as the "jumper" generally being poor, considered he was perfectly justified in appropriating what his rich neighbor could very well spare. The greatest run was on sieves, picks, buckets, and sorting tables; which are all absolutely necessary to work a claim, but still cost more than a poor man felt justified in giving. Consequently, these articles were watched very carefully by their owners, and either placed for the night in the deepest pit in the claim, or under the impromptu couch of the wearied toiler. But the "jumper" appeared to possess an improved Argus eye, which saw sieves far in the bowels of the earth, or gazed triumphantly through the canvas of a tent upon some serviceable table; and, in either case, the article unaccountably disappeared, and forever after would be classed as "jumped" property by the indignant loser. He might hunt the camp over the next day, or complain to the police; justice was not to be had, and he might even stand over his identical property and not recognize it, so completely had plane, chisel, hammer and saw disguised its features. When Bultfontein Kopje was first opened, it was against the will of the owners (certain Jews from Hopetown); however, as they had no physical power with which to drive away the diggers, they planted huge signs in the ground, warning people to leave the farm or suffer all the fines and punishments the Orange Free State could inflict. The diggers paid much attention to these signs,—that is, to the wooden part, as every night the planks disappeared very mysteriously, to be forthwith remodelled into the most approved patterns of sieves and tables. Next day these would do duty under the very noses of the proprietors, who in tribulation were searching for their "jumped" signboards. The most aggravated case of "jumping" that came under my notice occurred in December, 1871. The item is from the *Digger's Gazette*, which says:

"Mrs. S...., wife of a very popular store and canteen keeper, was 'jumped' last week by a Mr. C...., and £46 was at the same time missing from the till of the canteen. We understand that a warrant is out for the apprehension of the man, who, not contented with having appropriated what is very scarce at the diggings—a comely woman—actually covets in addition her husband's goods! *Detur digniori.*" Happily, however, few diggers ever lost more than their tools, or perhaps in a raid on their tent some one of the following abstractions would fall to their lot: "Last Thursday night three suburban tents were robbed whilst their owners were indulging in the calm delight of a snooze. From one of them several articles of some value were taken, from another some tools and wearing apparel, and from the third a nearly new pair of unmentionables—pattern, black and white check. It is with profound sorrow we make public the fact that this was one of the only two pairs of that necessary article of attire that the gentleman robbed was possessed of, and that the other pair had unfortunately gone to the wash! The same evening another tent was 'lifted' and a fowl, plucked and trussed, and all ready for the pot, was feloniously abstracted. We trust the occupants of this tent were also fast asleep, otherwise one might suspect them of being too *chicken*-hearted to follow and capture the thief."

The most interesting class of beings on the Fields were the blacks, who, being willing to work, tramped in numerous bodies from their "kraals" to the mining camps. They are of four different nations. The finest built, the handsomest, and most trustworthy race are the Zulu Kafirs of Natal and Kaffraria; the next are the Basutos; third, are the thievish and drunken Hottentots; and, fourth, the Koraunas—small, ugly and contemptible beings, despised by all the rest, and no use to the diggers from their unconquerable laziness. I always admired a Zulu. There was one living near our tent. In person he was a model for a sculptor, while his features were very regular and handsome. He would sometimes cross my path, with his long steady stride, his blanket hanging around him in graceful folds, like the *toga* of a Roman Senator. One hand grasped the robe, and allowed freedom of motion, while the other would be crossed on his breast. In his woolly locks (braided and arranged neatly on his head) would appear feathers of different wild birds, while underneath his massive brow shone a pair of eyes—coal-black eyes—with such long lashes, they reminded me of eyes in Eastern pictures. A man with such orbs as his could speak were he deaf and dumb. An aquiline nose with inflated nostrils overshadowed a delicately curved mouth, full of firmness and pride. Below was the massive chin of conquerors and statesmen. In fact he was a model man in ebony. If a number of such noble heathens could but be educated Christians, they would do more in evangelizing their nations, and civilizing and opening up Central Africa, than all the foreign missionaries, or even a score of Livingstones. Their habits of life are very simple. They live principally on "mealies" (Indian corn) and sour milk; sheep and oxen being accounted too valuable for everyday consumption. All wild beasts are eaten, and these with some nutritious roots form the additions to the Kafir's regular diet.

The great curse of domestic life among barbarians is here in full force, viz.—the utter subjection of the females. They are obliged to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to till the ground, herd the sheep, at the same time attend upon their lord and master and their young children. You may well say a Kafir woman has her hands full. Her lot is miserable enough, and but for the law of polygamy it would be unbearable. Any Kafir can have as many wives as he can buy; and if he is rich in sheep and cattle, he travels through the country with a business eye, enquiring into the prices of different daughters, and judging whether they will suit him or not. If he likes a girl (they never fall in love), or her father is hard up and will sell reasonably, a bargain is made and she goes to his "kraal," there perhaps to meet five or six other ladies of the family. This accession is followed by a feast, in which the old wives are congratulated upon having an addition to their laboring forces; while the husband has

thus risen another peg on the scale of ease and wealth. Through hard labor, insufficient food, the cares of a family, &c., the women soon become ugly and crabbed. The greatest contrast possible is between the Kafir and his wives. At thirty years old he is sleek and handsome, with a self-contented air, as if enjoying life. At the age of from twenty to thirty his wives present a graduated scale of lean, attenuated spectres, with gaunt faces and lacklustre eyes. They jealously struggle with one another for the rights of their respective children, while each one has within her breast an eternal fire of hate for her copartners in misery. Anderson thus writes of a tribe in this region: "The morality of these people is very low, and polygamy is practised to a great extent. A man may have as many wives as he can afford tokeep; but, as a rule, there is always one who is the favorite and the highest in rank. Woman is looked upon as a mere commodity—an article of commerce. If the husband be poor, the price of a wife is two oxen and one cow; but should his circumstances be tolerably flourishing three oxen and two cows will be expected. The chief, however, is an exception to this rule. In his case, the honor of an alliance with him is supposed to be a sufficient compensation. Our fat friend the King had largely benefited by this privilege; for though certainly far behind the King of Dahomey in regard to the number of wives, yet his harem boasted of 106 enchanting beauties!"

The Zulus'amusements consist principally in smoking, dancing or a grand talk or chat around the camp fire. They generally use a common pipe, though I have seen among them a substitute for it in a large horn, in which is a little water. The pipe is inserted at the small end, and then they draw the smoke through the water, and swallow it. A few draws of this affect them strangely; their faces become charged with blood, and they lie sometimes two or three minutes in a stupor from an overdose of smoke in the stomach. It is a very dangerous practice, as the narcotic poison acts upon the system from its centre most rapidly and injuriously. Their dances are very animated, and they kick and thump in an outrageous manner, while their mouths are uttering a wild chorus to some patriotic song. At a distance the music sounds better. Night after night have I lain upon my couch, while the distant song of perhaps ten or fifteen Kafirs floated to my ears in rising and falling cadences of mournful music. As the sigh of the cool night breeze wafted the sounds over the dreary heaps of dust surrounding us, I could distinguish the voices; some deep and guttural, others shrill and youthful; and then the wind was still, the sound became indistinct, until some fresh blast brought again the song in Æolian harmony.

Some of the Zulus' traditions, and their practising the rite of circumcision, have made many believe they are one of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. Whether this be so or not, it is evident they are the descendants of some Northern, perhaps Egyptian or Nubian race, and have preserved through the lapse of centuries the most important of their customs. Though these natives are not so tractable as the gentle South Sea Islanders, still, when once they change their lives and become civilized, they are generally honorable members of society. One of them, the Rev. Tyo Saga, lately deceased, went to England after his conversion, had a theological education, and returned to Africa an ordained Wesleyan minister. He married a Scotch lady, and they together lived lives of usefulness. Hundreds of Kafirs can thank this devoted pair for their being instructed in the ways of religion and civilization.

The Basutos are an inferior race to the Zulus; and although stout and intelligent, lack the regularity of feature and symmetry of their neighbors. They are fierce and impetuous in war, and occasioned the British Government much trouble a few years ago. Now they are valuable servants, and are upon the Fields in great numbers. We preferred them to others, and before I departed we had as many as eight. Some of them were very shrewd, penurious customers, and managed to get a great deal more out of us than their eight shillings per week. They thankfully accepted old shoes, clothes, needles and

thread, &c., and never failed to inform you every two or three days that your working suit was much too poor for a "boss" to wear. I found out, however, if we were too liberal we fell in their estimation. They imagined in such a case we would sacrifice all for their good-will and comfort, and acted accordingly. We had a very large Kafir, named Dick—a stout, broad-backed fellow—who came to me one day and said, "*Boss, de mooey*" (Boss, that good), pointing to one of my old coats very weak in the back. I laughed at him, for he was one of the largest men I ever saw, and had a great brawny chest. However I gave it to him, and he put it on. It scarcely came round on his breast at all. The button and button hole were completely divorced, with no prospect of a reconciliation. Buttoning up my coat, I pointed to his; he though he must follow the fashion, and tugged and tugged at the two sides of the coat, fairly groaning in his efforts to bring them together. Suddenly there came a loud crack, and split went the back of the coat. He buttoned it; but that split it completely down, so that the two sides hung over his arms. All the time the other Kafirs were roaring with laughter and shouting "hooray!" The poor fellow became disgusted when he found he could not keep the two pieces on his back, so he tore them off, and flung them into a puddle of water. Another "boy" fished them out and thought he might be able to do something with them, but Dick never wore anything from me afterwards, unless, perhaps, a discarded paper collar, which, as it was too short, he tied round his huge neck with a string! If they are going out for a promenade, or wish to surprise a rival, they dress up in all imaginable odds and ends of dress. Some wear a dilapidated hat only,—others perhaps a coat and vest; and I have seen a big black strutting along clad in a large pair of kid gloves and one lady's prunella boot, with the end cut off to let his toes out. Some stalk proudly along attired in a paper collar, while others prefer the livery of Nature to all else. As a rule they are very sensitive to insults, and remember ever after a curse or blow. They dislike all nicknames, and when we gave one of our boys the name of Sambo, he was much displeased. Through the medium of a Hottentot interpreter, he told us "he was no nigger," and that he was as good as we were. So we were obliged to recal the offensive name, and use a most horrid combination of letters, which my tongue refused to pronounce.

"NICHOLA" A BASUTO.

A great rivalry exists between the Zulus and this tribe, and numbers of serious collisions have occurred between them. In October, 1871, the Zulus insulted some of the latter tribe, and threatened to drive them from the Fields *in toto*. By degrees the two tribes grew very much exasperated with each other; so, to end the matter, they agreed to decide the question of superiority and wipe out old scores by a general fight, or more properly battle. The day arrived (Sunday). All the morning the natives were much excited, and towards noon crowds could be seen moving toward the field armed with "knob-kerries *, assegais, hatchets, &c. One old fellow went by brandishing the leg of a table, while he chanted some exciting war song. They were organizing upon the plain, when the magistrate, with a posse of mounted

* War clubs.

police, arrived and seeing the action about to commence, charged them. The natives ran in a panic; and the chiefs, instead of giving the order, "Prepare to meet cavalry," fled in dismay, leaving hats and clubs behind. After them ran the rank and file, and thus ended this Kafir *emeute*. While Zulus and Basutos are sober and industrious, the Hottentots and Korannas are the reverse. The "totties" speak Dutch, and sometimes English, generally wear clothes, and adopt as a rule all the bad habits of the whites, but none of, their good qualities. The consequence is, a more abandoned race of beings can nowhere be found. Attempts have been made to convert and reform some of them, but in vain; with deep hypocrisy they conformed to the teachings of their missionaries as long as they saw any temporal benefit would accrue. When nothing more could be gained, the devout Christian turned heathen rogue; and the astonished missionary would then have to place double lock on all he possessed. Years ago a mission was established among a lot of these vagabonds in the Colony. For a time it was very prosperous, and the pastor rejoiced at his success. Among his most zealous members was an old chief who lived close by. He set such a good example to his people, and was so piously inclined, that at length he was appointed class-leader. In the course of time the country around was settled by industrious sheep-farmers, whose flocks soon covered the plains. To the poor shiftless Hottentots a sheep now and then was a feast, and the temptation to steal from their white neighbors could not be resisted. Several of them were caught in the act, and severely punished; but it was no use—steal they would if the sheep came their way. Things went on in this manner until the last Kafir war broke out, and desolated the whole frontier country. Farmers had to fly and leave behind their sheep and cattle. The old class-leader evidently thought the days of the white men were numbered; for one morning he and his men went up to the Mission Station, robbed the hen roost, pigstye and sheep-pen, and then coolly advised his pastor to leave for the settlements, "because," said the old villain, "I intend to live in the house and be missionary myself." But he did not act long in this capacity; for, a few weeks after, having conducted a body of soldiers into an ambuscade of Kafirs, he was summarily shot.

One very unpleasant thing on the Fields is the amount of dust and flies in circulation; and of the two the latter are the most agreeable; for, although persecuting one most incessantly by day, night puts a stop to their tormenting; while no sooner does a puff of air come from yonder plain, than you inhale a volume of dust—not the earthy, loamy dust of agricultural land, but the whitish grey, limey powder which has been refined by the action of shovel and sieve until it is as light as air. It impregnates your food; your hair is like a door-mat and your eyes have a chronic soreness, as though a thousand delicate needles were pricking into the eyeballs; while your body is chafed and sore from the friction of dusty clothes. All this is unpleasant; but we will suppose that the gentle wind has increased to a howling tempest—that storm-clouds fill the sky, and tents shake to the breeze—then, and then only, do the diggers reach the climax of misery. From hundreds of sieves and hundreds of conical dust heaps, the wind gathers its load, and like some malicious fiend sweeps through the camp, turning the light of day into a hideous yellow twilight; circling round unprotected tents, and through all the seams and cracks, filling them up with floating dust. The diggers sneeze, cough, weep and for relief rush into the open air—or more properly an air of lime—where utterly choked and blinded they fall on their faces, there to gasp for breath like a sick turtle, and curse the day they saw the Fields. This sometimes continues for hours—business is suspended—people desert their claims—shut themselves up in their dwellings—the streets ar- abandoned to the dogs, and no one has rest until the wind falls, or a blessed shows er turns dust to mud. Whirlwinds of any size or power are always considered unpleasant visitors, and in Du Toit's Pan they still keep up their reputation. They do not actually tear things upside down, and ruin whole tracts of country, as our Western tornadoes do; but they have an elevating influence which tents unfortunately find it hard to resist, and often try their

hand at some mischievous trick which involuntarily makes the sufferer shake his fist at its receding column, as if it was some naughty boy with a smart pair of legs. Now a broadbrimmed hat leaves its owner's head with a rush, and when he clears his sight and spys it majestically revolving two or three hundred feet above him, and evidently having a through ticket for the distant plain, his heart sinks within him, and he mournfully descends his heap to purchase another, or he lets his "angry passions rise" and flails his Kafir for "hooraying" at the exciting spectacle. Again, a digger is industriously sorting on a light table. He has nearly finished his work, when on looking up, he sees that which makes him shut his eyes, hermetically seal his lips, and bob his head under the table. It is an unlucky position, for the whirlwind upsets it on his head. It skins his face, and then dives down the adjoining hole, on top of some affrighted black; while the column of wind and sand rushes on, increasing in size and power, until it appears on the edge of the camp, to the dismay of all ladies on the streets, all cooks in their canvas or open-air kitchens, and all owners of crazy or dilapidated tents. A minute or two more it is a thing of the past. The damage is done. The column is far out on the dreary plain, and people resume their operations. One spring day a tentmaker who lived by us had placed a large and light frame tent upon the edge of the road, without fastening it in any way to the ground. He was warned not to leave it so exposed; but it being a calm day, the advice was neglected. About an hour after he was inside busy decorating its walls with some red tape, when a sudden and violent whirlwind swept off the claims in all its dusty majesty, and careering down the Pniel road encountered this unfortunate tent. A moment more and it rose in the air like a balloon, the astounded tentmaker vainly hanging to its ribs; until seeing it was bound to go up, he dropped out like an apple from a tree. Up it went whirling with frightful velocity and pursuing the course of the road, until it knocked fiercely against the gable of a neighboring canteen. In went the roof, while out came the inmates amid the smash of bottles and the running of brandy. On and on, and round and round went the tent, until spying a jaunty little canvas house which defied wind and rain, in a fit of jealousy went into it and grand was the smash! The tentmaker settled a bill for two ruined homes instead of being paid for erecting one. During the summer months rain-storms, with heavy thunder and lightning, are frequent. They generally approach with a violent breeze, sharp lightning and loud thunder. The clouds are all in motion, crossing and meeting each other, while along the face of the rainbow or storm-cloud is a heavy grey pall of vapor. This is much lower than the rain cloud, and when close to the earth portends a fearful storm. The gathering darkness, the zig-zag flashes of lightning, the hoarse, reverberating sound of the thunder, and the moaning of the wind,—all strike the spectator with awe. He gazes around him out on the distant and deserted plain, where all is dreary and sombre; up and down the streets, full of men and animals seeking shelter; at the immense grey mounds of the claims, looking ghostly and unearthly against their pitchy dark background—and the storm is upon us. Some ominous rain drops strike the tent; a flash of lightning blinds; a peal of thunder stuns; and the gates of heaven open. The roar of the tempest drowns all other sound. The tent shakes and trembles beneath the blast, while rivers of water course down the street, cutting great gullies in the road, and skilfully undermining any protective earthwork the digger has placed around him. Soon the canvas begins to leak, and the inmates stand in dripping silence, listening to the war of the elements. A friend of mine once inhabited a very ancient and feeble tent. It grinned from every seam, and evidently intended winding up business shortly and leaving for parts unknown. One night, after a hard day's work, he retired to rest, and at the midnight hour was snoring like the Seven Sleepers—all unconscious of a heavy storm which burst upon the camp. This was the appointed time for the old tent to leave, for in the height of the tempest, the pole broke with a grand crash, and away it flew in ribbons

The wind and rain in his face soon woke our hero up, and a flash of lightning showed him the situation. The tent was about twenty yards from him, rolled in the mud, and all in rags. His tools, &c., were scattered all over the ground, his boots were doing duty for two water pails; while he was, duck-like, exposed to the heavy rain. Shuddering at the dismal sight, he pulled the blanket over his head, and lay there till morning, buffeted by the wind and soaked with the rain. The same night our Kafirs were drowned out. They generally slept in a large circular fire-place of three feet depth, just sufficient to keep the cold from them; and in this they were snugly ensconced when it began to rain. Above the fire-place was a hollow which drained into it. As this drainage was very unpleasant, and often in heavy rains flooded out the fire, we had built a dam against it as a protection. On the night in question it rained so fast the hollow was soon a sheet of water, which pressed with such force against the dam that it gave way. In an instant the fire-place was full to overflowing; and the Kafirs thus rudely awaked, gave one mighty yell as the waters covered them. Aroused by the noise I peeped forth as they were struggling out, their black heads showing around the edge of the fire place like those of so many hippopotami. After getting out and giving some hearty grunts, they commenced fishing out their bed clothes from the treacherous flood. Long before sunrise next morning they were at the tent door calling loudly for "soupies," or what we denominate "eye-openers," and certainly their condition after what they had gone through demanded relief.

When first the diggings commenced people were obliged to live on meat and bread, thankful to wash down their frugal meal with a little coffee. This arose from the scarcity of other provisions throughout the thinly settled country. As a rule the Boers are no gardeners. Here and there an enterprising man may have a field walled in, and a stream of water irrigating it; but the most of the homesteads sit on the plain as dreary in all their surroundings as the uncultivated waste can make them. The principal diet consists of mutton, milk and bread, with eggs and butter; to this add coffee and you have the daily fare of nine-tenths of the population. As the Fields became more thickly peopled, and the diggers grew richer, a great demand arose for vegetables and fruits. Far and wide went the news of the wonderful prices paid for all green stuff, and it aroused the sleepy farmers to action. From the Transvaal they brought loads of oranges, peaches and pumpkins; from the Colony sacks of potatoes, onions and dried fruits; but it lessened not the prices, and the extraordinary demand soon exhausted the supply. The following is a list of market prices in the New Rush for January 1872.

Wheat Meal,	per 3 bushels.	$7.27
Corn	" 200 lbs.	4.85
Potatoes	" 100 "	6.00 to 7.25
Tobacco	per lb.	0.25 to 0.37½
Oranges	" dozen	3.00
Cucumbers	" "	3.17
Pumpkins	each	0.87½ to 1.20
Green Corn	per dozen	1.12 to 1.75
Eggs	" "	0.87½ to 1.25
Butter	per lb.	0.75 to 1.00

The morning market was one of the peculiar features of the camp. The evening before, the waggons which had come from afar, loaded with produce, "outspanned" on the great plot of ground used as a Market Square. The next morning at sunrise, it would be all alive—flocks of sheep and goats being driven to their pens; Dutchmen unloading the contents of their caravans and placing each article by itself, or in small lots to suit the purchaser. Here was a complete digger's out-fit going without reserve; there some damaged groceries or goods; all awaiting the hammer of the market master. At 7 that worthy mounts a stool and business commences. An eager crowd surrounds him, of all colors and nations, yelling, talking, laughing, and making themselves merry; when suddenly a dead silence falls on the reckless crowd, as a pail of eggs is held up to their gaze. "Now, how much for the eggs per dozen? One shilling bid." A dozen heads bob in the affirmative. "Two shillings." "Three shillings." The price rises, until the man with a long purse becomes their owner. Up goes a pumpkin. A rush by the crowd. Every eye seeks that of the auctioneer. Every man wants to bid; but in the twinkling of an eye it's gone. "For how much?" an outsider asks of one in the centre. "Cheap at three bob," he answers.

Up goes another pumpkin and another, until very likely a whole waggon load are disposed of at prices which make the old Boer's face wrinkle with smiles. Next there is a scramble to get exactly over a heap of fine potatoes which are to be sold. Two or three weaker ones get upset in the rush, while a dense circle of giant and muscular diggers surrounds the centre of attraction. Of course the unlucky outsiders have no chance of catching the market master's eye, and in self-defense form an opposition circle around the next pile; each one gloomily eying the prize in view, and mentally calculating the amount of "tin" he is prepared to stake on the produce before him. This exciting work goes on until 9 o'clock, when the sale is over and the crowd of diggers having purchased everything eatable, leave for their claims; while the lucky owners of the waggons crowd in to the little market office, eager to receive the price of their loads and to "trek" away from the City of Tents.

On the whole the market rates of Du Toit's Pan compare favorably with those of all other mining camps; and the African diggers have decidedly more variety of produce than was ever seen on the Gold Fields of Australia, or among the half famished fortune-hunters in California. There for fully two years from the discovery of the mines, vegetables were unknown: the rich and poor fared alike,—but on the Diamond Fields at the present time, money will procure all the luxuries as well as all the comforts of life. An epicure can order as full a bill of fare in the New Rush or Du Toit's Pan as in London or New York. He can enjoy a savory haunch of venison, springbok pie, delicate boiled mutton, roast beef, wild ducks, poultry, geese, and a species of rabbit. In the line of fish, bass and mullet are at his command; which with the ordinary vegetables and fruits fill up the first three courses. Oranges, almonds and raisins, with a glass of genuine Cape sherry for the fourth course, will convince him that although, generally speaking, Africa is a vast desert, still its oases abound with rich vegetation and varied forms of animal life.

(*To be Continued*)

IN LONELINESS AT EVENTIDE.

BY JOHN READE.

In loneliness at eventide,
When Nature gently falls asleep,
And the sly stars begin to peep
In through her curtain, silver-eyed,
Tired Reason doffs her robe of pride,
And leans her head on Fancy's breast,
Who loves to give her sister rest,
While faithful Memory kneels beside.

Then Fancy whispers loving-low,
Till wearied Reason dreams of bliss,
And Memory prints a balmy kiss
Upon her sleeping sister's brow.
She dreams of hours that swiftly flew,
Of friends whose kindness made them fleet,
Of words that were as music sweet,
And acts that shewed those words were true.

But ah! soon Reason must awake;
Not long may gentle Fancy hold
That wearied head within the fold
Of those soft hands that banish ache.
Yet, though she wake, 'tis comfort still
That one dear memory never sleeps,
But, angel-like, its vigil keeps
Through day and night, through good and ill.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

"There was much mortality amongst the bullocks, sheep and pigs of Beauce this year (1775); our hen-roosts suffered equally."—*From the Diary of a Beauce farmer.*

THE FOOT-PRINTS OF THE INVADER ROUND QUEBEC, 1775-76.

MUCH RESPECTED READER,—Hoping that you are again ready to accompany us in the leafy season through the gorges of Bic, revelling amidst the weird and majestic scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence, as far as and farther than Matane and Metis, "the land of the Gael," we will, by your leave, indulge in a short ramble nearer home. Come, then, and view the picturesque Chaudière Valley, "following the winding of the river to the Parish of St. Mary, straggling through a flat and rich country," having at present, as it appears to have had in the days of Benedict Arnold, according to Bancroft, "for its ornament many low, bright, white-washed houses, the comfortable abodes of a cheerful, courteous and hospitable people."

You are now within the district of Beauce, not that sunny Beauce of old France, "the land of corn, wine and oil," but the Beauce of New France, wheat and gold producing, rich in its alluvial pasturages, mineral deposits; populous; and though skirting the classic soil of wooden-nutmegs, hickory hams, Grant taxation, lynch law, and woman's rights, it is as yet untainted with the virus of democracy, to use an expression of a contributor to *Blackwood.*

Several parishes, St. Isidore, St. Malachie, Ste. Claire, St. Anselme, St. Elzear, Ste. Marguerite, St. Edouard, Ste. Henedine, Ste. Marie, St. Joseph, St. François, St. George; half a score of populous townships, Tring, Broughton, St. Ephrem, Buckland, compose the new judicial district of Beauce. A substantially built Court House and jail, looming from the top of the heights, mark out St. Joseph as the judicial centre, *chef-lieu*, or county town, as it would be styled amongst our brethren of Ontario.

In this spacious temple of Themis, surrounded by his not overworked judicial officials, Coroner, Sheriff, Prothonotary, &c., His Honor Mr. Justice Bossé holds forth his quarterly sittings. During term, the lawyers following the circuit generally put up at one or the other of the two village hotels, close to the Court House. The echoes of Beauce still repeat the practical jokes and good-humored chaff exchanged in bygone days between the gentlemen of the long robe, at their *petits soupers*, in which *fromage raffiné*, and London Stout were constant guests. We all know that lawyers on circuit understand how to enjoy themselves, even if old Judges Cockburn and Barrington had failed to tell us.

But amidst this gossip, I was forgetting that I intend to make this letter chiefly, if not entirely, historical in its aim. We shall, then, go in for history.

First, I will let you into a little secret. Perhaps you wonder how in my rambles I get possessed of so many titbits of information. For the life of you, whisper it not to a living soul—*I am considered a traveller mildly addicted to antiquarian pursuits.* Between you and me, it would puzzle me much to have to define what an antiquary really means. But no matter, it answers to be considered of that ilk. I have been recently thinking whether it would not add to the *prestige* to sign, amongst the educated French Canadians, "Jean Baptiste Monkbarns," as my *nom de plume*—they

are all, as you know, great admirers and readers of Sir Walter. Now for the ancient lore and legends of this classic land.

I soon struck a sympathetic cord with the "ancient Canadians" who have "a habitation and a name" on the fertile banks of the Chaudière. It was only necessary to tell them I was curious of hearing all about *la guerre des Bostonnais*, of which their forefathers must have known a great deal. Many were the traditions handed down of that eventful period; thrilling were the *souvenirs* of war and plunder poured in my willing ear.

To satisfy one worthy villager, I had actually to walk a long distance from my hotel at St. Mary to see the spot where stood the seigniorial manor of Seigneur Gabriel Elzear Taschereau, who, for having been true to his allegiance, had his goods and chattels seized and sold at auction by Arnold's soldiery—the men whom nothing but "love of country," as Bancroft says, had led across our border. "At a farm close by," said one of my cicerones, "on the proprietor coming from church on a fine Sunday in November, 1775, he was surprised to find the fat porker he intended for his Christmas dinner and *jours gras* with his throat cut, and a row of fat chickens and gobblers, who would, alas! gobble no more, surrounding the porker, with a squad of *Bostonnais* wearing long knifes looking on." It is now about ninety odd years since the "horse-dealer," Arnold, came jumping down along the Kennebec, with his shoeless, half-starved bands of "tavern-keepers, blacksmiths, butchers, tanners, hatters,"—all "pretending to be gentlemen," and whom, every man jack of them, the great historian Bancroft, with a wave of his magic wand, transforms into heroes. How singular, too, that a very trifling incident—the change of a word—should have added so much to the extraordinary terror which the modern Attila and his iron-clad Huns were spreading in the Chaudière Valley. "Each man * * * bore a rifle barrelled gun, a tomahawk or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a scalping-knife, which served for all purposes in the woods. His under-dress, by no means in a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting shirt, leggings and mocassins, if the latter could be procured. * * *" (*Henry's Journal.*)

"The Canadians who first saw these (men) emerge from the woods, said they were *vetus en toile*—clothed in linen. The word *toile* was changed to *tole*—iron plate. By a mistake of a single word, the fears of the people were greatly increased, for the news spread that the mysterious army that descended from the wilderness was clad in sheet-iron." (*Lossing's Field Book* 195.)

The several journals of the expedition published by the Rhode Island Historical Society, by our own Literary and Historical Society, and the comprehensive work of the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, afford us ample data of this unlucky and desperate venture:—"The detachment * which Washington, as he thoughtfully brooded over the future without hope of a speedy termination of the war, sent against Quebec, consisted of ten companies of New England infantry, one of riflemen from Virginia, and two from Pennsylvania,—in all two battalions of about eleven hundred men. The command was given to Arnold, who, as a trader in years past, had visited Quebec, where he still had correspondents. In person he was short in stature and of a florid complexion; his broad, compact frame displayed a strong animal nature and power of endurance; he was complaisant and persuasive in his manners; daringly and desperately brave; avaricious and profuse; grasping but not sordid; sanguinely hopeful; of restless activity; 'intelligent and enterprising.' The next in rank, as Lieut.-Colonels, were Roger Enos, who proved to be a craven, and the brave Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island. The Majors were Return J. Meigs, of Connecticut, and Timothy Bigelow, the early patriot of Worcester, Massachusetts. Morgan, with Humphreys and Heth, led the Virginian riflemen; Hendricks, a Pennsylvanian company; Thayer commanded one from Rhode Island, and like Arnold, Meigs, Dearborn, Henry Senter, Melvin, left a journal of the expedition. Aaron Burr, then but nineteen years old, and his friend Mathias Ogden, carrying muskets and knapsacks, joined as volunteers. Samuel Spring attended as chaplain. * * * *

Boats and provisions having been collected, the detachment, on the evening of the 13th September, marched to Bedford. On the 19th they sailed from Newburyport, and on the morning of the 20th were borne into the Kennebec. They passed the bay where that river and the Androscoggin hold their 'merry meetin';' on the 21st they reached the two block-houses, and one large house, enclosed with pickets, which stood on the east bank of the river, then known as Fort Western, on the site of Augusta. An exploring party of seven men went in advance to discover the shortest carrying place from the Kennebec to the Dead River, one of its branches, along which a path had already been marked, but which they made more distinct by blazing the trees and snagging the bushes. The detachment followed in four divisions in as many successive days. Each division took provisions for forty-five days; on the 25th, Morgan and the riflemen were sent first to clear the path; the following day Greene and Bigelow started with three companies of musketeers; Meigs, with four companies, was next in order; Enos, with three companies, closed the rear.

"They ascended the river slowly to Fort Halifax, opposite Waterville; daily up to their waists in water, hauling their boats against a very rapid current. On the 4th of October they passed the vestiges of an Indian chapel, a fort, and the grave of the missionary Rasle (who died in 1724). After they took leave of the settlements and houses at Norridgewach, the fatiguing and hazardous course lay up the swift Kennebec, and they conveyed arms and stores through the thick woods of a rough, uninhabited and almost trackless wild; now rowing, now dragging their boats, now bearing them on their backs round rapids and cataracts, across morasses, over craggy highlands. On the 11th the party reached the dividing ridge between the Kennebec and the Dead River. Their road now lay through forests of pines, balsam, fir, cedar cypress, hemlock and yellow birch, and over three ponds that lay hid among the trees, and were filled with trout. After passing these, they had no choice but to bear their boats, baggage, stores and ammunition across a swamp, which was overgrown with bushes and white moss, often sinking knee-deep in the wet turf and bogs. From Dead River, Arnold on the 13th wrote to the commander of the Northern army, announcing his plan of co-operation. Of his friends in Quebec he inquired as to the number of troops at Quebec, what ships were there, and what was the disposition of the Canadians and merchants, and he forwarded his letter by an Indian.

"On the 15th October the main body were on the banks of the Dead River; following its direction a distance of eighty-three miles, encountering upon it seventeen falls, large enough to make portages necessary, and near its course a series of small ponds choked with fallen trees. In ten or twelve days more they arrived at the great carrying place at the Chaudière. On the way they heard the disheartening news that Enos, the second in command, had deserted the enterprise, leading back three companies to Cambridge. Yet the diminished party, enfeebled by sickness and desertion, with scanty food and little ammunition, still persevered in their purpose to appear before a citadel which was held to be the strongest in North America, and which the English officers in Canada would surely defend to the last.

"The mountains had been clad in snow since September; winter was howling around them, and their course was still to the north. On the night preceding the twenty-eighth of October, some of the party encamped on the height of land that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. Some went barefooted for days together. Their clothes had become so torn they were almost naked, and in their march were lacerated by thorns; at night they had no couch or covering but branches of evergreens. Often for successive days and nights they were exposed to cold drenching storms, and had to cross streams that were swelling with the torrents of rain. Their provisions failed, so that they ate the faithful dogs that followed them to the wilderness. Many a man, vainly struggling to march on, sunk down exhausted, stiffening with cold and death. Here and there the helpless invalid was left behind, with perhaps a soldier to hunt

for a red squirrel, a jay, or a hawk, or various roots and plants for his food, and to watch his expiring breath. * * * * The men had hauled up their barges nearly all the way for one hundred and eighty miles, through hideous woods and mountains, often up to their knees in mire, over swamps and bays almost impenetrable, which they were obliged to cross three or four times to fetch their baggage; and yet, starving, deserted, with an enemy's country and uncertainty ahead, officers and men, inspired with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude.

"The foaming Chaudière hurries swiftly down its rocky channel. Too eager to descend it quickly, the adventurers had three of their boats overset in the whirls of the stream, losing ammunition and precious stores which they had brought along with so much toil."

Let us interrupt for a short time Bancroft's glowing account of these dauntless heroes—"Officers and men, inspired with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude"— in order to hear the opinion of an eye-witness, Col. Henry Caldwell, one of Wolfe's veterans, the head of the Canadian Militia:—"A great part of their army," says he in his letter to Gen. Murray, "was also composed of Europeans. * * * Of the prisoners we took, about 100 were Europeans, chiefly from Ireland; the greater part of them engaged voluntarily in Col. McLean's corps, but about a dozen of them deserting in the course of a month, the rest were again confined, and not released till the arrival of the 'Iris,' when they were again taken into the corps. You can have no conception what kind of men composed their officers. Of those we took, one major was a blacksmith, another a hatter; of their captains, there was a butcher, a tanner, a shoemaker, a tavern-keeper, &c., &c. Yet they all pretended to be gentlemen." Persons who saw the rabble of Pigeon Hill and Ridgeway, the worthy descendants of the men of 1775, will readily understand of what "illigant gintlemen" the invading army was composed, Bancroft to the contrary notwithstanding.

ST. ISIDORE—THE HARP WHICH HUNG IN TARA'S HALL—LEATHER AND PRUNELLA. ST. ROMUALD—ITS BEAUTIFUL CHURCH—FRESCOES AND PAINTINGS.

"Leather, leather, there is nothing like leather!" was my dogged utterance on making my last fierce lunge with knife and fork on a grizzly fragment of ox-hide, such as in country temperance hotels and rustic boarding-houses—when stewed—is usually served up under the name of beefsteak.

"Leather and prunella, quoth Byron," sullenly rejoined my disconsolate *compagnon de route*. "Whenever I get returned to Parliament on the new 'National Party' ticket, you will see if I do not at once introduce a bill to suppress country boarding-houses, ox-hide steak, sour ale and other nuisances, just as Mark Twain wished to suppress chambermaids by act of Parliament.

To which I devoutly replied, "Amen."

Such, much respected reader, was the tenor of a prandial dialogue between two travellers at the half-way house between Beauce and Quebec, on one frosty Thursday, in the year of grace, 1872.

Occasionally, however, we felt our wrath mollifying under the dulcet sounds of a gigantic harp hung on the wall of an adjoining room—a most ingenious contrivance; strong stove-pipe wire stretched on a hard wood frame—musical in the highest degree; old Æolus himself might have envied us.

The Beauce District, with its four flourishing parishes, grouped in succession on the Chaudière—St. George; St. Francois, the gold region; St. Joseph, the shire town; St. Mary, the historical abode of old families and rustic ease—is certainly for the weary traveller an Elysium—a land of promise—of cake, milk, sugar and coffee. Such, doubtless, it appeared close on one hundred years ago to Benedict Arnold and his starving followers. Such unquestionably it seemed to the ancestors of its present *noblesse*—the Duchesnays, Taschereaus, DeLerys, of former times. Such it loomed forth for us humble travellers of this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. But we had left far behind the blessed realms

of Beauce; we were, in fact, at a well-known half-way house in presence of ox hide, pawned on our unsuspecting palate under the appetizing sobriquet of "rump steak." We were cruelly cut out of our cherished allowance of floury potatoes, with a tankard of sour, mothery ale, calculated to gripe even a pagan, staring us in the face. Need it be said we swore, not like the "English in Flanders," loudly, but deep. What other *passe-temps* remained in this region of Cimmerian darkness, in which the names of Vatel or Soyer are unknown?

On crossing the St. Isidore wood the traveller skirts the handsome parish of St. Henry, on the Etchemin, and after crossing Mr. Motz's bridge, a handsome new temple of R. C. worship catches his eye, close to the antiquated church on which Major Dalling, on 25th July, 1759, affixed his threatening placard, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, General Wolfe. The Major's foraging party had been fruitful; he returned with "about one hundred prisoners, mostly women and children, and about thirty Canadian men, with about three hundred head of cattle, horses, cows, sheep, etc."

On following the windings of the river Etchemin, the traveller gets a glimpse of the late Hy. Atkinson's handsome villa, Crow's Nest, built in view of the foaming cascade, whose waters are available to work several mills and manufactories.

St. Henry is directly in rear of the new parish of St. Romuald, dismembered from that of St. Jean Chrysostome, 1854. It is now very populous, and is picturesquely built on the river edge; one of the most conspicuous establishments is the large saw mill (Atkinson's), erected there in 1804 by the late Sir John Caldwell, the ruins of whose manor are still visible amidst a large plantation of oaks—termed "To the Domain." This and its adjoining river frontage has been recently purchased from the co-proprietors, Sir Frs. Hincks and others, by Geo. Benson Hall, Esq., of Montmorency. It is curious to listen to the traditions of the wealth and hospitality displayed of yore at the Seigniorial Manor de Lauzon, by its jolly old master, Sir John Caldwell.

By far the greatest curiosity which St. Romuald—or, as the English still call it, New Liverpool—contains is its ornate R. C. church. Its beauty is due to the taste of its enlightened pastor, the Revd. Messire Saxe, a son of P. Saxe, Esq., Land Surveyor, formerly of Quebec. The decorations of the church date of 1868-69; the dome and ceilings remind one very much of the gorgeous R. C. church, the Gesu, at Montreal, where the Jesuits officiate. This portion of its interior is the work of a German artist now settled at Cincinnati. The paintings were made by Mr. W. Lamprech, a young German, who took the first prize in the celebrated Academy of Painting at Munich. This artist, it is said, is one of the best who ever graduated at this renowned school. Mr. Lamprech ranks very high now in the United States. He was employed to paint the principal scenes—in the life of our Saviour, of the Virgin, of St. Joseph, of St. Romuald.

The subjects are thus distributed:

1st. In the chancel, the "Nativity," "Death," "Resurrection, of our Saviour."

2nd. In the Chapel of the Holy Virgin: the "Annunciation," "Visitation," "The Three Kings," the "Presentation."

3rd. In the Chapel of St. Joseph: The "Marriage of St. Joseph," "His Flight into Egypt," "Nazareth," "Jesus amidst the Doctors," "Death of St. Joseph."

4th. In the dome, eight pictures representing different episodes in the life of St. Romuald. The first when he took orders, and the last above the altar, his "Apotheosis, or Entry into Heaven."

5th. The Medallions, on a gold ground, sixteen in number, portray the history of the Church, in that of Peter, Paul, the four Evangelists, five Doctors of the Eastern and five Doctors of the Western Church.

6th. The ornaments to the ceiling of the side chapels are allegorical references to Litanies of the Virgin such as these: *Turris Davidica*, *Rosa Mystica*, *Sedes Sapientiæ*, &c., sixteen in number.

The pictures are like an opened bible; they are pregnant with meaning, even to the eye of those who cannot read.

7th. The altars were erected— on plans furnished by Mr. Schneider, who was then

considered as the first architect of Munich —by a young Canadian artist.

8th. The statues are all in sculptured wood, by Rudmiller, of Munich, and copied from clay models worked by the most able artists of Munich.

Altogether, the frescoed Church of St. Romuald is decidely the handsomest temple of R. C. worship in this section of the Province; it comes next to the famous Gesu of Montreal.

To those who can remember the abominable daubs on the walls of rustic fanes thirty years ago, what a pleasant reflection that progress has votaries even in churches! I can remember one church picture in a remote parish that made one's hair stand on end. It depicted the narrow escape a worldly friar had from brimstone and sulphur for ever; just when the prince of darkness was extending his claws to grasp the *Padre*, his guardian angel, vaulting from a high horse, with a fierce look and a rapier as long as Orlando's, sprang to the rescue, cut off the devil's left whisker, and saved the penitent Padre. There was much of imagination and poetic license in this picture; but of art, naught.

OLD AGE.

BY CL. T. CAMPBELL, M. D., LONDON, ONT.

Whether or not "length of days" be a real blessing is a question we may sometimes feel disposed to discuss; but it certainly appears to the general mind as desirable. In philosophic moments, our Hamlets may soliloquize—"To be or not to be!—" but whatever theoretical conclusions they may reach, they will still cling to the "be," and defer "shuffling off this mortal coil" as long as possible. The strongest religious faith, though it may have a confident assurance of a happier home "over the river," will often hesitate on the bank, loath to say farewell to the loving hearts it must leave behind. The "evidence of things not seen" may be very clear, but it cannot altogether destroy the influence of the things that are seen.

The precise length of time that a man ought to live has never been satisfactorily determined. Moses set it down at three score and ten, but lived six score himself; and then "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated." Hufeland, an eminent Prussian physician, thought people might live 200 years if they would only take care of themselves. He died at 74, however. Haller, who collected a great number of cases of longevity, thus classified them:

Men who lived from	100 to 110	1,000
" "	110 to 120	60
" "	120 to 130	29
" "	130 to 140	15
" "	140 to 150	6
" "	169	1

It was from statistics like these that Hufeland set down 200 as the possible age towhich men under favorable circumstances might attain. Others who have written and talked on the subject, give 100 as the proper average. Individually, we all try to live as long as possible, and sometimes longer than is agreeable.

The records of history mention some cases of extreme old age. A notable instance was that of Katharine Fitzgerald, Countess Dermond, who outlived all the

British sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor—her life commencing in 1464, a few years after Edward IV. ascended the throne, and extending to the reign of James I.—dying then at 140. A lively old lady she was in her latter days, from all accounts. She made a long journey on foot from Bristol to London, and back again, in her 139th year, and seemed none the worse for it; for she lived a year longer, and then died accidentally, as is related in the Earl of Leicester's "Table Book:" "Shee might have lived much longer had shee not meet with a kind of violent death; for she must needs climb a nutt-tree to gather nutts, soe, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought on a fever, and that brought on death." This recalls to mind an extravagant tradition of longevity worthy of being noted. A traveller, it is said, found a very old man weeping. Enquiring the cause of his grief, he learned to his surprise that the old man's father had been beating him. He then sought out the venerable parent, and remonstrated with him for his severity; but was compelled to acknowledge the justice of the chastisement, when he was told that "the young rascal had been throwing stones at his grandfather, who was up in an apple tree!"

Henry Jenkins is another specimen of an old man. According to his own account, he was employed in his boyhood to carry a load of arrows for the use of the Earl of Surrey at the battle of Flodden. He died in 1670, and could therefore not have been less than 169 or 170, which is the age usually attributed to him. A more authentic case is that of Thomas Parr, who was born in 1483. He married his first wife at the age of 80, and his second when he was 120. Gay and festive young bridegroom! He survived his second matrimonial effort 82 years—dying at the age of 152. He might have lived much longer if he had not consented to a total change in his mode of living—the Earl of Arundel taking him from his village home to London as a curiosity, and feeding him on city luxuries, to which he had not been accustomed.

There are many other cases of persons having passed the century mile-post of life's journey, and getting some distance beyond. Of course many of the instances recorded are to be received *cum grano salis*. Old age has a tendency to self-exaggeration, and *post-mortem* stories will grow more marvellous, rather than less. But making all due allowance, there are still a great number of authenticated cases shewing it to be quite possible to live more than 100 years.

As it looks at first sight as though it would be a nice thing to live a long time, we find people in all ages have sought anxiously for some way of accomplishing this end. The Egyptians supposed life could be lengthened by the free use of sudorifics and emetics. They tried "to keep the pores open," as the old ladies—professional as well as non-professional—are fond of advising. Two emetics per month was the average dose; and in accordance with their hygienic notions, the salutation on meeting a friend was, "How do you perspire?" Friar Bacon compounded a nostrum for prolonging life, which was made up of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, aloes, the bone of a stag's heart, etc. His noble namesake of a later age was not without faith in the life-preserving powers of the *aurum potabile*—"the golden oyle, a medicament most marvellous to preserve men's health"—though he placed a greater dependence on opiates and nitre. Arnoldus de Villâ Novâ, a French physician, prescribed for would-be centenarians a diet of pullets fattened on vipers, which after being whipped to death were to have their heads and tails cut off, and be simmered down in a stew of rosemary and fennel. This formed the substantial part of the repast, and was to be followed by a dessert of emeralds, rubies and other precious stones, dissolved. It is not likely that anyone would object to the latter articles, though most people would prefer to take them raw.

Classic authorities tell us that Medea, a young lady of a philosophic turn of mind, much given to chemical experiments, rejuvenated her father-in-law Æron by bleeding him pretty freely, and then injecting his veins with certain vegetable juices. That was probably the origin of the regimen pursued by some antiquated doctors, who recommend a bleeding every spring, followed by a course of bitters, to

purify the system. The fable of old Æron renewing his youth is not, however, without foundation in nature. Several cases have been known in which persons who had reached their three score and ten acquired new teeth and hair and sight. The old Countess Desmond, referred to above, was an example of this; Bacon, in his "Natural History" telling us that she cut a new set of teeth in her old age.

Claudius Hermippus, who taught a school of female children at Rome, recommended all who were desirous of prolonging their lives to "expose themselves every morning and every evening to the breath of young, innocent maids." Many a prescription of the Faculty is less palatable then this; and though its literal practice may not be specially efficacious, nor at all times convenient, yet it allegorizes a principle that should not be overlooked—that is, the cultivation of that cheerfulness mainly engendered by the society of the young. Preserving a pleasurable interest in youth and its doings will always be found to ward off the encroachments of age. So thought Schomberg, killed at the Battle of the Boyne, young, though 83. He used to say that "when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when old, delighted in the company of the young to keep up his spirits."

Hippocrates, who was the leading medical man of his day long ago, advised pure air, cleanliness, moderation in all things, exercise and a daily friction of the body. Physicians since then have not been able to improve on his prescription. There are cases, however, which show long life to be quite compatible with the absence of some of these conditions. The Rev. W. Davis, an English clergyman, lived to be 106 years old; but for the last 35 years of his life he took no out-door exercise—daily had his hot buttered rolls for breakfast, and roast beef for supper, with plenty of wine to wash it down. Mrs. Lewson died in London at the same age, in the year 1806. She never washed her rooms, nor herself, but used to smear her face and neck with hog's lard, and put the fancy touches to her beauty with rouge. These cases, and others, show that old age is possible in defiance of all commonly received rules of hygiene.

The female sex seems to have the advantage of the male in the average duration of life, though there are more instances of extreme longevity among the latter than the former. Hufeland gives an awful warning to bachelors. He says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age." As a rule there can be no doubt that these comparatively useless members of society die earlier than their brethren who have entered the matrimonial state; but the assertion of the Prussian authority is rather too sweeping. Kant lived to 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander von Humboldt to 90, Hobbes to 91; and if we were to search the records carefully we would find a respectable number of aged single gentlemen. But Hufeland was evidently prejudiced in favor of matrimony; for he says again: "All people who have been very old were married more than once;" and he cites in evidence the case of De Longueville, who reached the age of 110, and had ten wives—the last in his 99th year. Perhaps if he had had fever wives he might have lived longer.

Upon what does longevity depend? We may safely answer by saying that a good digestion is the main thing. The perfect action of those organs by which the frame is nourished is evidently the first essential. A good digestion and an easy conscience—or no conscience at all. An indifference to the cares of life, an insensibility to the sorrows and sufferings of others, the avoidance of all that can cause mental anguish, will be found to palliate the ravages of time. A good instance of this was Ludovick Carnaro, a noble Venetian, who at the age of 36 found himself with one foot in the grave from his irregular and intemperate life. He resolved to reform, and from thenceforth he steadily abode by a diet of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of liquid daily, while keeping a constant guard against heat and cold, fatigue and grief—and every kind of excess or annoyance. He succeeded in getting his emotions so under control that at last, to use his own confession, "neither the death of grandchildren nor of other relations or friends, could make any im-

pression on him but for a moment or two, and then it is over." He had no public cares and few private ones; with an ample patrimony. He died at about 100. He cared for nobody, and had an unfailing self-conceit. Whether the world would be any better, or its business conducted more energetically, if every one would adopt Carnaro's selfishness is a question that some might answer in the negative. From the facts noted above, however, we see that longevity is possible in despite of all rules of diet, and without regard to sex, occupation or climate; so that we shall feel constrained to fall back on the opinion of Sir John Sinclair, that it all depends "on a certain bodily and mental predisposition to longevity"—which is perhaps rather an unsatisfactory statement. To sum it all up, then, our advice would be—live temperately, in accordance with common-sense rules of hygiene—avoid all excess, physical and mental—get married as soon as convenient, if you are not in that state already, and then, if you were born with a "predisposition to longevity," the probabilities are you will live to a good old age—if no accident occurs.

One lesson all experience teaches, and that is the close relation between intensity and extensity of life. By intensity we mean the rate of living—by extensity, its duration. The faster we live, the sooner we die. The harder we work, the sooner comes the end. All overwork, whether mental or physical—valuable labor, or reckless dissipation—is a draft on the future which will have to be paid with heavy interest. And this is the age of overwork—of fast living. Instead of trying to ease the strain on nerve and muscle, we are most of us doing our best to crowd on more steam. Theoretically, we may acknowledge the risk we run; but it makes no difference in our practice. Life is short, we say,—let us work while we can.

And why should we not? After all, is it not better to labor with all our powers for fifty years, and then step aside into our rest, leaving a name enshrined in the esteem and affections of the circle where we moved, than to dawdle through a century of idle years, outliving our usefulness and influence? Are a few extra years of toil to be desired—or an old age of loneliness and infirmity? What happiness can there be for the old man who has seen all the companions of his youthful sports—all the brothers-in-arms of his manhood's conflicts—all whom he has loved and cherished—pass away?

> "When the mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has pressed
> In their bloom;
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

No! Better to work on while there is strength to work; and when strength fails, be discharged from the workshop—with rewards if we deserve them, or with oblivion if our labor has been in vain!

THRIFTLESS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

He said: "I will not save!
The liberal sun
Is richer for the light he gave
And gives the world. I choose to hold
The mine, and not to hoard the gold.
Can I be one
To dry my heart to coffered dust,
Or cling to hidden coin, a rust?

"Ask June to stint her bloom
Against the day
Of sorrowful November gloom!
Free blossom yields abundant seed;
June's thriftlessness is thrift indeed.
There is no way
To count November's added sighs
Should lavish June turn penny wise.

"Among the immortal gods
Unthrift is thrift.
Worst poverty—with them at odds.
No wealth but this: to feel the flow
Of life's deep well to rivers grow,
Greatening and swift,
Whereof no lingering drop would stay
Shut from the generous flood away."

He said: "If I give all
Open to sight,
The everything men riches call,
'Tis clearing rubbish from my way
Into the avenues of day—
The doors of light.
Thriftless he can afford to be
Who finds the universe's key."

Young Folks.

HOW I LIKED BEING MY OWN MISTRESS.

BY M.

"Whenever I get big I'll be my own mistress, see if I wont, and I'll go out whenever I like, and never mind nobody no more," and the sun-bonnet was put back on the hat-rack very reluctantly.

I laughed heartily as I heard the words; they so reminded me of an episode in my own child life; but a look at Minnie's quivering lip recalled me to myself. She was a brave little thing, though only five years old, and she did not wish any one to see how disappointed she was; but my ill-timed mirth was almost too much for her.

"I beg your pardon, Minnie; I am sorry I laughed; but when you say you wished to be 'your own mistress,' it made me think of what happened to me when I was six years old; shall I tell you?"

"Oh yes, yes, please," and two eager eyes were raised to mine; all shade of annoyance was gone, and Minnie was now as eager for the story as before she had been to go into the hay-field. I took her on my knees, saying, "I want you to try and remember my story, Minnie, and whenever you are tempted to wish to be your 'own' mistress just think of it."

"P'raps," answered Minnie; "but then I want it so often I shall jis have to think all the time."

"Well, what then?"

"I shan't like it one bit, and when you'se gone nobody will tell me stories, no more."

"When Aunt Mamy's gone, I shall have to try my hand," said mamma, who had been quiet till now, and as this satisfied Minnie, I began my tale.

"You must know, dear, when I was little I did not live at home with my brothers and sisters, but away in the country with grandfather and grandmother. They were very kind to me and gave me all that was good for me; but (this is a secret, Minnie), I am sadly afraid I was a very troublesome little girl; indeed, now I look back over the years that are gone by, I am very sure I was."

"Oh, Auntie, don't tell fibs; you'se very good, you real nice," and she nestled lovingly against me.

"Auntie is telling you what she was, dear, when she was little," said mamma, smiling.

"Then Auntie was like Minnie, and Minnie will be nice like Auntie when she's big—so now go on, please," and Minnie having settled the future to her satisfaction I proceeded.

"When I was about six years old, my elder sister, not your mother dear, but another sister now in Heaven, was going to be married, and came to grandpapa's for a visit of a few days. I was very proud of my sister; the fact of her going to be married seemed to make her different from every one else, and I followed about, never losing sight of her for an instant.

"One day I was present at a conversation between her and grandmamma, and a few words arrested my attention.

"'When you become a mistress yourself, Ellen," said grandmamma, "you will have a great power placed in your hands for good or evil; try, my child, to use it well.'

"Here, then, was what I often wanted—to be a mistress, have my own way, do just as I liked. Oh, if I could but grow big like Ellen I could be my own mistress too, and I longed and longed to grow tall; but no one did ever grow any quicker for thinking about it, and so it was with me.

"Well, Ellen was married, and I went to the wedding, and might have been as happy as possible if away down in my heart had not been the remembrance that Ellen

could do just as she liked, and I had to do as I was bid.

"That evening as we sat at tea I rather surprised grandpa by saying:

"'Grandpa, how long will it take for me to be big like Ellen?'

"'Depends upon how quickly you grow,' answered grandpa.

"'Then I mean to grow quick, quick,' I replied, confidently, just as if the growing depended upon my will.

"'Indeed, and pray what is the hurry,' demanded grandma, smiling, and with a strange twinkle in his eye, which always left me in doubt as to whether he was laughing with me or at me.

"'Because, when I am big, like Ellen, I shall do just what I like. Grandma told Ellen to be her own mistress, and I intend to be so too.'

"'Oh, that's it, is it! Well, I am rather surprised at grandma giving such advice; but then I suppose you could not possibly be mistaken, could you?'

"'No, indeed. But, oh, grandpa, ask grandma to let me do just as I like, for one day now, and I'll be good,—good ever after till I'm big.'

"'And then?'

"'Oh, well, then you know she will have to let me,' and I nodded my head, looking very wise, and no doubt thinking myself so.

"Grandmamma had not spoken during our conversation. She was perfectly aware of how I had misunderstood her, and so did grandpa for that matter; but she had a way of never contradicting more than was absolutely necessary, for knowing me to be of a wilful disposition she preferred other means.

"'Grandmamma, what do you say to this little girl's request? Suppose we try her for one day, and see how she will manage to take care of herself.'

"'I will, if Minnie will make me one promise.'

"One promise! Why I would have made a thousand had they only asked me. I was almost wild with joy, and then the promise itself was so absurdly easy—'If I found following my own wishes a disagreeable task, I was never to ask for a similar favor.' Was that all? why, of course, I would never ask again if I did not like it,' and I danced and skipped about till quite out of breath.

"Next day I rose from my bed, as the saying is, 'fully three inches taller.' I was really to have my own way. No one was to say me nay for a whole day. I don't think it was possible to find a happier child that morning throughout the Dominion of Canada, nor a more truly miserable one by three o'clock that afternoon.

"Oh Auntie, I so sorry. What made you miserable?" Minnie asked, with tears in eyes and voice.

"Wait, dear, I am coming to it.

"All morning I was happy as happy could be. The first use I made of my power was to have all my kittens in the breakfast-room, where they had never before been allowed. There they were in every one's way, and got trampled on once or twice; but I soon forgot that.

"Just as dinner was over, the farmer came in to tell grandpa he was going to take the cattle to water, and to ask if he was needed before going. I forgot to tell you it was a very dry summer, so dry that the little brooks for miles round were dried up and cattle had either to have water carried to them or else be sent to the river.

"'I am going with you Jean,' I said.

"'*Mais, non, Mademoiselle,*' answered the old man, '*c'est impossible.*'

"'But I am,' and away I went for my hat.

"What passed when I was away of course I don't know; but when I returned Jean was laughing, and even grandpa and grandma.

"'I'm ready now,' I said, rather grandly, and Jean, hat in hand, bowed low before me, and said 'he was ready to do whatever *la petite reine* desired.'

"Off, then, we started; I a little frightened, I must confess, but determined not to show it. The river was about a mile off, and for about half the distance all went smoothly; but on reaching a part of the road when were two hills, one leading to the other, from a little wooden bridge, I saw a sight which filled me with terror. There, at the top of the other hill, coming towards us, was another drove far larger than ours, and my fears magnified

them into the most ferocious animals in existence. To increase my terror one began to low. This of course started the others, and for a while the air was filled with the lowing of cows and bleating of sheep, which to my ears was worse than what I had ever imagined the howling of wild beast to be.

"'Oh, Jean, take me home! Take me home!' I screamed.

"'*Mais, c'est impossible,*' again answered Jean, as he had done once before that day; but I was too frightened to pay any attention to what he said. I heard something about 'no danger,' and *petite reine*, but I did not heed. 'Take me home!' was my only cry, and at length, finding he could do nothing else, for to leave his drove was indeed impossible, he placed me upon a fence which ran along the side of the road, telling me to remain there till he returned.

"Never shall I forget those few moments while the drove were passing each other; to me it was a confussd mass of heads and horns, and I could not believe but what they were all fighting and would all be killed. A wild desire to get down and run away seized me; but where could I go to? If I returned into the road, I should certainly be trodden under foot; if into the field, might I not put my foot upon that horror of mine, a snake,—for country child as I was, I was yet afraid of snakes. What, then, could I do? Alas, nothing but remain where I was till Jean could come for me.

"Bitterly did I regret my folly; but my trials were not over yet. The drove was passed, but Jean did not return for me, and there I had to remain perched on that fence for all who passed by to look at me, and it seemed to me as if everybody was out that day. At length, after what was really ten minutes, but appeared ten hours, I espied Dr. Dalton coming along in his buggy. He knew all about it, for Jean had met him and told him, and there was a smile round the corner of his mouth, as he lifted me in his strong arms off the fence; but he checked it when he saw how wretched I looked, and kissing me tenderly, said, 'Tired of being your own mistress, Mary?'

"How ashamed I was, and how I cried and begged he would 'never, no, never tell any one, not even Mrs. Dalton'—and he promised and promised till at last I was satisfied, and when, at our own door, he put me still sobbing into grandpa's arms, I agreed with him that the lesson had been sharp enough to last a lifetime.'"

Minnie was very quiet for a few moments; then, slipping off my knee, she went over to her mother, saying in her own peculiar way,

"Ma, when Ise naughty again tell about Aunt Mamy, won't you?"

"Yes, darling."

And so the bargain was made. Minnie is now old enough to do without the story herself, but she thinks it may perhaps be of use to others. What think you? Is she right?

PHILIPPA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISOULT BARRY."

CHAPTER II.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

"Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes notes of every flower that dies?"
—*Longfellow.*

The morning after Blanche and the arras had thus roughly dispelled Philippa's dream, the Lady Alianora sat in her bower, looking over a quantity of jewellery. She put some articles aside to be reset, dismissed others as past amendment, or not worth it, and ordered some to be restored to the coffer whence they had been taken. The Lady Alesia was looking on, and Philippa stood behind with the maids. At last only one ornament was left.

"This is worth nothing," said the Countess, lifting from the table an old bracelet, partly broken. "Put it with the others—or stay: whence came it?"

"Out of an ancient coffer, an't like your Ladyship," said Blanche, "that hath been longer in the castle than I."

"I should think so," returned the Countess. "It must have belonged to my Lord's grandmother, or some yet more ancient dame. T'is worth nothing. Philippa, you may have it."

Not a very gracious manner of presenting a gift, it must be confessed; but Philippa well knew that nothing of any value was likely to be handed to her. Moreover, this was the first present that had ever been made to her. And lastly, a dim notion floated through her mind that it might have belonged to her mother; and anything

connected with that dead and unknown mother had a sacred charm in her eyes. Her thanks, therefore, were readily forthcoming. She put the despised bracelet in her pocket; and as soon as she received her dismissal, ran with a lighter step than usual to her turret-chamber. Without any distinct reason for doing so, she drew the bolt, and sitting down by the window, proceeded to examine her treasure.

It was a plain treasure enough. A band of black enamel, set at intervals with seed-pearl and beryls, certainly was not worth much; especially since the snap was gone, one of the beryls and several pearls were missing, and from the centre ornament, an enamelled rose, a portrait had apparently been torn away. Did the rose open? Philippa tried it; for she was anxious to reach the device, if there were one to reach. The rose opened with some effort, and the device lay before her, written in small characters, with faded ink, on a scrap of parchment fitting into the bracelet.

Philippa's one accomplishment, which she owed to her old friend Alina, was the rare power of reading. It was very seldom that she found any opportunity of exercising it, yet she had not lost the art. Alina had been a priest's sister, who in teaching her to read had taught her all that he knew himself; and Alina in her turn had thus given to Philippa all that she had to give.

But the characters of the device were so small and faint, that Philippa consumed half an hour ere she could decipher them. At length she succeeded in making out a rude rhyme or measure, in the Norman-French, which was to her more familiar than English:

"Quy de cette eaw boyra
Encore soyf aura;
Mays quy de l'eaw boyra
Que moy luy donneray,
Jamays soyf n'aura
A l'eternite."

Devices of the mediæval period were parted into two divisions—religious and amatory. Philippa had no difficulty in deciding that this belonged to the former category; and she guessed in a moment that the meaning was a moral one; for she was accustomed to such hidden allegorical allusions. And already she had advanced one step on the road to that Well; she knew that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Aye, from her that weary thirst was never absent. But where was this Well from which it might be quenched? and who was it that could give her this living water?

Philippa's memory was a perfect storehouse of legends of the saints, and above all of the Virgin, who stood foremost in her pantheon of gods. She searched her repertory over and over, but in vain. No saint, and in particular not St. Mary, had ever in any legend that she knew, spoken words like these. And what tremendous words they were! "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

There were long and earnest prayers offered that night in the little turret-chamber. Misdirected prayers — entreaties to be prayed for, addressed to ears that could not hear, to hands that could not help. But perhaps they reach another Ear that could hear, another Hand that was almighty. The unclosing of the door is promised to them that ask. Thanks be to God, that while it is not promised, it does sometimes in His sovereign mercy unclose to them that know not how to ask.

The morning after this, as Philippa opened her door, one of the castle lavenders, or washerwomen, passed it on her way down the stairs. She was a woman of about fifty years of age, who had filled her present place longer than Philippa could recollect.

Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages—for a period of many centuries, closing only about the time of the accession of the House of Hanover—laundress was a name of evil repute, and the position was rarely assumed by any woman who had a character to lose. The daughters of Lady Alianora were strictly forbidden to speak to any lavender; but no one had cared enough about Philippa to warn her, and she was therefore free to converse with whom she pleased. And a sudden thought had struck her. She called back the lavender.

"Agnes!"

The woman stopped, came to Philippa's door, and louted—the old-fashioned reverence which preceded the French courtesy.

"Agnes, how long hast thou been lavender here?"

"Long ere you were born, Lady."

"Canst thou remember my mother?"

Philippa was amazed at the look of abject terror which suddenly took possession of the lavender's face.

"Hush, Lady, Lady!" she whispered, her voice trembling with fear.

Philippa laid her hand on the woman's arm.

"Wilt thou suffer aught if thou tarry?"

Agnes shook her head.

"Then come in hither." And she pulled her into her own room, and shut the door.

"Agnes, there is some strange thing I cannot understand: and I will understand it. What letteth * thee to speak to me of my mother?"

* Hinders.

Agnes looked astonished at Philippa's tone, as well she might. "It hath been forbidden, Lady."

"Who forbade it?"

The lavender's compressed lips sufficiently intimated that she did not mean to answer that question.

"Why was it forbidden?"

The continued silence replied.

"When died she? Thou mayest surely tell me so much."

"I dare not, Lady," replied Agnes in a scarcely audible whisper.

"How died she?"

"Lady, I dare not answer,—I must not. You weary yourself to no good."

"But I will know," said Philippa, doggedly.

"Not from me, Lady," answered the lavender with equal determination.

"What does it all mean?" moaned poor Philippa to her baffled self. "Look here, Agnes. Hast thou ever seen this bracelet!"

"Aye, Lady. The Lady Alianora never deigns to speak to such as we poor lavenders be, but *she* did not think it would soil her lips to comfort us when our hearts were sad. I have seen her wear that jewel."

A terrible fancy all at once occurred to Philippa.

"Agnes, was she an evil woman, that thou wilt not speak of her?"

The lavender's heart was reached, and her tongue loosed.

"No no, Lady, no!" she cried, with a fervour of which Philippa had not imagined her capable. "The snow was no whiter than her life, the honey no sweeter than her soul!"

"Then what does it all mean?" said Philippa again, in a tone of more bewilderment than ever.

But the momentary fervour had died away, and silence once more settled on the lavender's tongue. Agnes louted, and walked away; and Philippa knew only one thing more—that the broken bracelet had been her mother's. But who was she, and what was she, this mysterious mother of whom none would speak to her—the very date of whose death her child was not allowed to know?

"That is too poor for you, Alesia," said the Lady Alianora.

"'Tis but thin, in good sooth," observed that young lady.

"I suppose Philippa must have a gown for the wedding," resumed the Countess, carelessly. "It will do for her."

It was cloth of silver. Philippa had never had such a dress in her life. She listened in mute surprise. Could it be possible that she was intended to appear as a daughter of the house at Alesia's marriage?

"You may choose your hood-stuff from those velvets," said the Countess condescendingly to Philippa. "I trow you will have to choose your own gowns after you are wedded, so you may as well begin now."

"Will Philippa be wed when I am?" yawned Alesia.

"The same day," said the Lady Alianora.

The day was about sixty hours off; and this was the first word that Philippa had heard of her destiny. To whom was she to be handed over after this summary fashion? Would the Countess, of her unspeakable goodness, let her know that? But the Countess could not tell her; she had not yet heard. She thought there were two knights in treaty for her, and the last time he had mentioned it, the Earl had not decided between them.

As soon as Alesia's wardrobe was settled, and Philippa was no longer wanted to unfold silks and exhibit velvets, she fled like a hunted deer to her turret-chamber. Kneeling down by her bed, she buried her face in the coverlet, and the long-repressed cry of the sold slave broke forth at last.

"O Mother, Mother, Mother!"

The door opened, but Philippa did not hear it.

"Lady, I cry your mercy," said the voice of Agnes in a compassionate tone. "I meant not indeed to pry into your privacy; but as I was coming up the stairs, I thought I heard a scream. I feared you were sick."

Philippa looked up, with a white, woebegone face and tearless eyes.

"I wish I were, Agnes!" she said in a hopeless tone. "I would I were out of this weary and wicked world."

"Ah, I have wished that ere now," responded the lavender. "'Tis an ill wish, Lady. I have heard one say so."

"One that never felt it, I trow," said Philippa.

"No she did, Lady! Aye, one whose lot was far bitterer than yours."

"Verily, I would give something to see one whose lot were so," answered the girl, bitterly enough. "I have no mother, and as good as no father; and none would care were I out of the world this night. Not a soul loveth me, nor never did."

"She used to say One did love us," said Agnes in a low voice; "even He that died on the rood. I would I could mind what she told us; but it is so long, long ago; and mine heart is hard, and my remembrance dim. Yet I do mind that last time she spake, only the very day before—never mind what. But that which came after stamped it on mine heart for ever. It was the last time I heard her voice; and I knew—we all knew—what was coming, though she did not. It was about water she spake, and he that drank should thirst again; and there was another well some

whither, whereof he that should drink should never thirst. And He that died on the rood would give us that better water, if we asked Him."

"But how shall I get at Him to ask Him?" said Philippa.

"She said He could hear, if we asked," replied the lavender.

"Who said?"

"She—that you wot of. Our Lady that used to be."

"My mother?"

Agnes nodded. "And the water that He should give should bring life and peace. It was a sweet story and a fair, as she told it. But there never was a voice like hers—never."

Philippa rose, and opened her cherished bracelet. She could guess what that bracelet had been. The ornament was less common in the Middle Ages than in the periods which preceded and followed them; and it was usually a love-token. But where was the love which had given and received this? Was it broken, too, like the bracelet?

She read the device to Agnes.

"It was something like that," said Agnes. "But she read the story touching it out of a book."

"What was she like?" asked Philippa in a low tone.

"Look in the mirror, Lady," answered Agnes.

Philippa began to wonder whether this were the mysterious reason for her bitter lot.

"Dost thou know I am to be wed?"

"Aye, Lady."

So the very lavenders had known it before herself! But finding Agnes, as she thought, more communicative than before, Philippa returned to her former subject.

"What was her name?"

Agnes shook her head.

"Thou knowest it?"

The lavender nodded in answer.

"Then why not tell it me? Surely I may know what they christened her at the font—Philippa, or Margaret, or Blanche?"

Agnes hesitated a moment, but seemed to decide on replying. She sank her voice so low that Philippa could barely hear her, but she caught the words.

"The Lady Isabel."

Philippa sat a minute in silence; but Agnes made no motion to go.

"Agnes, thou saidst her lot was more bitter than mine. How was it more bitter?"

Agnes pointed to the window of the opposite turret, where the tiring-women slept, and outside of which was hung a luckless lark in a small wicker cage.

"Is his lot sweet, Lady?"

"I trow not, in good sooth," said Philippa; "but his is like mine."

"I cry your mercy," answered the lavender, shaking her head. "He hath known freedom, and light, and air, and song. That was her lot—not yours, Lady."

Philippa continued to watch the lark. His poor caged wings were beating vainly against the wicker-work, until he wearily gave up the attempt, and sat quietly on the perch, drooping his tired head.

"He is not satisfied," resumed Agnes in a low tone. "He is only weary. He is not happy—only too worn-out to care for happiness. Ah, holy Virgin! how many of us women are so! And she was wont to say that there was happiness in this life, yet not in this world. It lay, she said, in that other world above, where God sitteth; and if we would ask for Him that was meant by the better water, it would come and dwell in our hearts along with Him. Our sweet Lady help us! we seem to have missed it somehow."

"I have, at any rate," whispered Philippa, her eyes fixed dreamily on the weary lark.

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A TRUE STORY.

"Please tell me all about it, aunty," said Little Lulu, always ready for a story. "I have read a great deal about haunted houses; but I never saw one, nor anybody before who had ever lived in one."

"When I was a little girl, just six years old, and your mother was eight, your grandfather lived in the country on a large farm.

"A gentleman in the neighborhood who lived on a very fine farm, but in a plain small house, wished to sell it. He purchased another farm without waiting to sell the old one, and moved into the new house. The old house was left vacant three months. At the end of that time Mr. Mosley sold it to a very respectable gentleman by the name of Saunders. It was just one week from the time Mr. Saunders moved into the house until he and his family vacated it, giving as a reason that he had received a letter from his only brother, with fine offers in it for him to go west to live, and that he had decided to go at once, and he said he would sell the Mosley farm for less than he gave for it.

"The old Mosley house was once more put up for sale. This time it was vacant one month, and was then purchased by a gentleman in the neighborhood at a price much less than Mr. Mosley had valued it; but you can imagine how surprised the people were when Mr. Renton, the third owner of Mosley farm, moved with his family to the village, and boarded at the village tavern. But they were still more

surprised when he gave as a reason for so doing that the old house was haunted.

"'We heard strange sounds in the house he said. At twelve o'clock every night we could hear groans, and low sobbing, and some one walking over the floor, dragging what sounded like chains after them; and the sounds, though not loud, were very distinct.'

"'Did you ever examine the house, and search for any signs of the cause of the noises you heard?' were questions that were often asked of Mr. Renton; and his answer was always this, that he had examined the place in the daytime, and had never discovered anybody or anything whatever, and that he had never cared to make any examination at night, as he believed the house was haunted.

"'The place wasn't haunted when I lived in it; that's certain,' was Mr. Mosley's answer when questions were put to him as to what he knew about the house.

"Mr. Renton was a man of little intelligence, and naturally superstitious, and he had been brought up among the negroes, who are very superstitious, and they often tell frightful stories to the little white children, which make a lasting impression upon their minds. Mr. Renton had had wonderful stories told him in his childhood, which had made him more superstitious than he would have been.

"Sometimes his neighbors would laugh at him, and say they could not think it possible that he was afraid to face a ghost.

"'You know it now,' he would answer; 'and if any of you care to go to the old house at twelve o'clock at night, and search for the ghost, you are welcome to do so.' But no one cared to go, and after a while the Mosley house was called 'the haunted house.'

"Now, your grandmother was one of the bravest of brave women; she was perfectly fearless; she had a very strong will and a muscular frame, and I have seen her ride a horse that many men would have been afraid to mount, and I could tell you of more than one daring act which would show that she was an unusually brave and courageous woman.

"One morning at the breakfast table your grandfather asked your grandmother how she would like to own Mosley farm.

"'I should like it very much indeed,' said she. 'The Rentons say the place is haunted; but I'm not afraid of ghosts nor anything else; and as the farm can be bought for much less than its real value, I think it would be the best way you could invest your money.'

"'Then you are not afraid to live in a haunted house, my dear?' asked your grandfather, with a merry twinkle in his eye. 'We'd be obliged to live there for a while.'

"'Very well, then, we'll live there.'

"'But suppose you should get frightened after we move there,' persisted your grandfather. And grandmother answered,—

"'Now, my dear, I don't want you to talk any more nonsense to me. I'm no coward, and I've said just what I mean.'

"'Then I'm to buy Mosley farm?'

"'Of course.' And away your grandmother went to attend to her household duties.

"The next day the farm was bought, and preparations were begun at once for our removal to the haunted house. The day came at last for us to go to our new home. Some of our neighbors laughed, and said if there was a ghost in the house, Mrs. Brown would drive it away, or else make its acquaintance, whilst others said they believed she would leave Mosley farm in less time than a week.

"It was Thursday morning that we began to move, and by night we were in the Mosley house. The house was in a large field some distance from the country road; there was a cornfield back of it, and the place did indeed look lonely and desolate. The servants slept in small log cabins about thirty feet from the house.

"About two hours before sunset your grandfather said he was obliged to start on horseback twenty miles away to the nearest city, as he had a case in court which would require his attention the next day. He had forgotten all about it, and must go at once without any delay.

"'You can make one of the black boys sleep in the house,' said he, 'if you feel timid about it.'

"Your grandpa was a great tease; he knew well enough that she wouldn't do any such thing.

"'They're all frightened now half out of their wits, and to think of bringing one of them into the house for protection is simply absurd.'

"He laughed, said goodby, jumped on his horse, and rode away.

"We all went to bed early. Your mother and I slept with your grandmother. We were terribly afraid of the ghost; for the little black children, who were several years older than ourselves, had taken great pleasure that day in telling us how we were to be killed that night, or stolen away from our mother and never brought back again.

"'O, you'll cotch it. Dat ole ghost will carry you off, and you'll neber see your moder any more.'

"About eight o'clock we all went to bed, and had been asleep three or four hours, when we were startled from our slumber by the most doleful sounds imaginable. We could hear chains rattling, moans, cries, and clapping of hands. The sounds

were low, but very distinct, as Mr. Renton ad said.

"'O mother,' we cried, 'the ghost has come. Just hear his chains rattle.'

"'Be quiet, my dears; there's nothing whatever to fear. We'll not have a ghost here another night,' said she calmly, as she glided out of bed, lit the lamp, and caught up a large hickory stick, which she had placed near the door before going to bed. She quietly opened the door to the L part of the house, from whence the sounds seemed to proceed. A door opened from the yard upon a flight of steps, which led to a small room. The L was very old, and not been in use for many years.

"Your grandmother opened the door, listened a moment, then walked up the stairs, with the candle in one hand, and the hickory stick in the other; and when she reached the top, what do you suppose she saw?"

"A ghost, aunty—a real, sure-enough ghost," exclaimed Lulu, excitedly.

"Yes, a ghost,—a real, 'sure-enough ghost,'—if you can call a man wrapped up in a white sheet a ghost. He was sitting in one corner of the room, rattling a chain which he held in his hands."

"Wasn't she fearfully frightened? What did she do?"

"She went up to him, and as she held the candle in his face she saw that he was a poor half-witted fellow who lived in the neighborhood."

"What did she say to him, aunty?"

"'Jack, what do you mean by this outrageous conduct? who told you to come here and make a ghost of yourself?'

"'Mr. Jackson said he'd gimme ten dollars if I'd come here and scare everybody away; he said it was a good joke.'

"'It's a very poor joke, let me tell you; and if you ever come here again, I'll make a ghost of you sure enough. Do you understand?'

"'Yes'em,' said Jack. And he went down the stairs a good deal faster than he went up. He said he was afraid Mrs. Brown was going to give him 'a whack with her stick.'"

"What a mean man Mr. Jackson must have been? What was his object in paying Jack to frighten the people in that way?"

"His object was to keep people from buying the farm, that he might buy it himself at a low price; but it was with him as it often is with wicked designing people; they lay plans by which they may ensnare others, but are caught in their own traps."
—*Morning Star.*

FUN.

There is something wrong with the dictionaries, or with the people who use them; I've been puzzling my wits to find out which.

A great many things in this world seem to be done for *fun*, and some of them are so unaccountable that I ransacked the pages of my unabridged and found, according to that weighty authority, that fun meant *frolic, gladness*, and one of its synonyms was the good old German '*Wonne*,' which means *bliss*. Ah, thought I, this is excellent; now I shall remember that fun means *gladness*.

That day, my young friends, the Wideawakes did more than twenty things for *fun*. Master Tom hung Minnie's doll to the hall lamp, put a patent clothes pin on to the cat's tail, hid Jack's cap, locked Bridget down cellar when she went for potatoes, and pinned a strip of red flannel to Kitty's magnificent new chignon. Now I want to know who had the gladness. Minnie screamed with grief and anger, the cat was half wild with fright and pain, Jack fumed and fretted and lost his game of cricket, Bridget was out of humor for the whole day, and poor Kitty was ready to die with mortification at being hooted at by all the rude boys as she went to school. The gladness must have been Tom's, and in the old times, when I read about Nero, they used to call it *cruelty* to find gladness in the sufferings of others.

Tom wasn't the only one. Kitty said, "Oh, how fine we are," when Jack came down with his new neck-tie; and when Jack colored uncomfortably at having every one look, she added: "Don't blush so, Jack, blue and red ar' n't pretty together."

Kitty loved Jack; she only said it for *fun*, you see. And Kitty wasn't the only one, for Jack remembered after awhile that he had seen Kitty washing her face in the dew before sunrise, so he asked:

"By the way, Kit, how are your freckles? I suppose you count them so as to know if any leave the lovely sisterhood of constellations."

Now it was Kitty's turn to blush, and almost to cry, but I suppose Jack was glad, as he did it for *fun*.

It is always so at the Wideawakes. They have so much fun that it makes me uncomfortable to be there, for I have noticed that the gladness is always on one side, and that isn't the kind that I enjoy.

The fun which I like is a jolly fellow that makes people good humored in spite of themselves, and shakes all the quirks and wrinkles out of them; but I cannot tolerate the mean, false pretender, who has stolen an honorable name, and creeps, under its cover, into scores of families

where he would never be admitted by his own proper title. Shall I tell you what this title is? It is *cruelty*—the only one he has any right to. He finds enjoyment in making others miserable; no-matter whether the pain is in the body or the mind, no matter whether the injury is small or great, it is a mean, contemptible employment, and has no right to the good honest name of *fun*. Let you and *I* help to turn him out of doors.—*Little Corporal.*

MEMORY.

It is an excellent thing to have a good memory as a rule, but it is quite as good to have a poor one sometimes. There are some things it would be such a blessing to forget. Angry remarks and bitter retorts are amongst them; but, alas! a thousand good words are forgotten, while the bad one is remembered for ever. It is far easier to learn an idle, senseless, jingle of rhymes than a beautiful hymn or poem. Do not waste your time and attention over what you would some day give much to forget. Slanderous words are far better forgotten than remembered. One of the best helps to forgetting is never to speak of them, not even in a whisper. If you hear a playmate say something unkind of another, keep it to yourself; she will forget it pretty soon, and feel as kindly as ever toward the person. But if you tell it, then what a storm you will raise! How the girls will take sides! and two parties will be formed, and very likely the girls' parents will join the quarrel, and the whole neighborhood will be in a great uproar just because of that cross word you had so much better let die. What would you think of a person who went along picking up all the old burrs and thistles he could find, and then fastening them on to people? Just such nuisances are those malicious, thoughtless words. Don't pick them up, and they will do but little hurt.

GEOGRAPHICAL PLAY.

Let each person of a party write on a piece of paper the name of some town, country, or province; shuffle these tickets together in a little basket, and whoever draws out one is obliged to give an account of some production, either natural or manufactured, for which that place is remarkable. This game bring out a number of curious bits of information, which the party may have gleaned in reading or travelling, and which they might never have mentioned to each other but from some such motive.

Let us suppose there to be drawn Nuremberg, Turkey, and Iceland, of which the drawers narrate thus:

Nuremberg has given to the world many useful inventions. Here was first made the pocket watch, the air-gun, gunlock, and various mathematical and musical instruments; and at present half the children of Europe are indebted to Nuremburg for toys; and the industry of the inhabitants is extended to teaching birds to pipe.

Turkey is celebrated for its costly carpets, which all the efforts of European art and capital have failed in closely imitating; yet these carpets are woven by the women among the wandering tribes of Asiatic Turkey. The "Turkey Bird" is, however, very absurdly named, since it conveys the false idea that the turkey originated in Asia, whereas it is a native of America. Neither is "Turkey Coffee" grown in Turkey, but is so named from the consumption of coffee in that country.

Iceland produces in abundance a certain lichen called Iceland Moss, which is brought to America as a medicine, but is in its native country used in immense quantities as an article of common food. When the bitter quality has been extracted by steeping in water, the moss is dried and reduced to powder, and then made into a cake with meal, or boiled and eaten with milk.

DAFT WILLIE.

BY REV. D. S. SUTPHEN.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Matt. xviii: 10.

A pastor was making a friendly call,
Around him had gathered the household all,
He sat, like a shepherd within the fold,
Telling anew "the sweet story of old."
And then he read from the sacred page
The words which uplift on life's pilgrimage.

The prayer now was ended, a moment more
And he thought to pass from the friendly door.
Against the window came beating the rain,
He turned, and lo! pressing close to the pane
A childish face, and the eyes frank and free
Seemed to speak from their depths, "Why overlook me?"

"Whose face is yonder, so bright and so clear?"
The minister asked, "are you not all here?
Who listens so keenly despite the rain,
With his child-brow pressed on the window pane?
For I seem to mark it as meek and mild
As the face which once on the Virgin smiled."

"Oh regard him not," then the father said,
And he rose with a frown and shook his head.
"It's only my Willie, a simple boy;
He's a little daft, don't let him destroy
By singulur manners and anxious way,
The pleasure we gain from your call to-day."

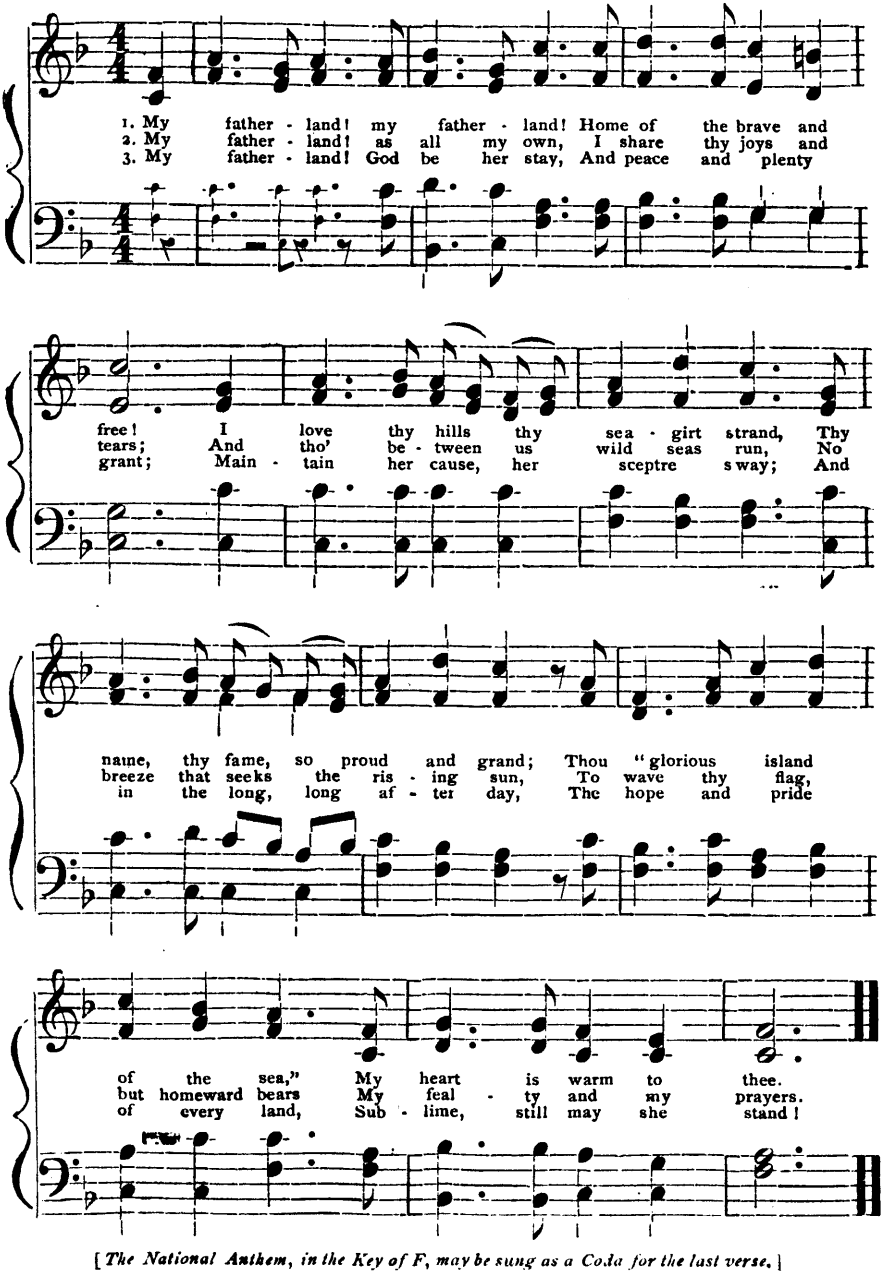
"Call him in, call him in," the pastor replied,
And Willie lovingly came to his side.
"Perhaps my dear little Willie can tell
Of his soul and of Him who loved it well."
The child spoke out with a smile and a tear,
"There's no soul, minister, left me in here."

"It's just as I told you," the father said,
"The boy he is daft and out of his head."
But quickly the pastor made his request,
"And how has it gone away from your breast?"
"I once had a soul, a bad one you know,
But gave it to Jesus to keep long ago."
—*Selected.*

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

Words and Music by Rev. R. Alder Temple, Dorchester, N. B.

Maestoso.



[*The National Anthem, in the Key of F, may be sung as a Coda for the last verse.*]

The Home.

CHILDREN'S REQUESTS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

In respect to all those questions in the decision of which their permanent and essential welfare are involved, such as those relating to their health, the company they keep, the formation of their characters, the progress of their education, and the like, the parent should establish and maintain in the minds of the children from their earliest years, a distinct understanding that the decision of all such questions is reserved for his own or her own exclusive jurisdiction. While on any of the details connected with these questions the feelings and wishes of the child ought to be ascertained, and, so far as possible, taken into the account, the course to be pursued should not, in general, be discussed with the child, nor should his objections be replied to in any form.

The authority of the parent being thus fully established in regard to all those things which, being of paramount importance in respect to the child's present and future welfare, ought to be regulated by the comparatively farseeing wisdom of the parent, with little regard to the evanescent fancies of the child, it is on every account best, in respect to all other things, to allow to the children the largest possible indulgence. The largest indulgence for them in their occupations, their plays, and even in their caprices and the freaks of their fancy, means *freedom of action* for their unfolding powers of body and mind; and freedom of action for these powers means the most rapid and healthy development of them.

The rule is, in a word, that, after all that is essential for their health, the formation of their characters, and their progress in study is secured, by being brought under the dominion of absolute parental authority, in respect to what remains the children are to be indulged and allowed to have their own way as much as possible. When, in their plays, they come to you for permission to do a particular thing, do not consider whether or not it seems to you that you would like to do it yourself, but only whether there is any *real and substantial objection to their doing it.*

A great many parents seem to prefer to decide first, and then hear—that is to say, when the children come to them with any request or proposal, they answer at once with a refusal more or less decided, and then allow themselves to be led into a long discussion on the subject, if discussion that may be called which consists chiefly of simple persistence and importunity on one side, and a gradually relaxing resistance on the other, until a reluctant consent is finally obtained.

Now, just as it is an excellent way to develop and strengthen the muscles of a child's arms, for his father to hold the two ends of his cane in his hands while the child grasps it by the middle, and then for them to pull against each other, about the yard, until, finally, the child is allowed to get the cane away; so the way to cherish and confirm the habit of "teasing" in children is to maintain a discussion with them for a time in respect to some request which is at first denied, and then finally, after a protracted and gradually weakening resistance, to allow them to gain the victory and carry their point. On the other hand, an absolutely certain way of preventing any such habit from being formed, and of effectually breaking it up when it is formed is the simple process of hearing first, and deciding afterwards.

When, therefore, children come with any request, or express any wish, in cases where no serious interests are involved, in deciding upon the answer to be given, the mother should, in general, simply ask herself, not Is it wise? Will they succeed in it? Will they enjoy it? Would I like to do it if I were they?—but simply, Is there any harm or danger in it? If not, readily and cordially consent. But do not announce your decision till *after* you have heard all that they have to say, if you intend to hear what they have to say at all.

If there are any objections to what they propose which affect the question in relation to it as a means of *amusement for them*, you may state them in the way of information for them, *after* you have given your consent. In that way you present the difficulties as subjects for their consideration, not as objections on your part to their plan.

Two boys, for example, William and James, who have been playing in the yard with their little sister Lucy, come in to their mother with a plan for a fish-pond. They wish for permission to dig a hole in a corner of the yard and fill it with water,

and then to get some fish out of the brook to put into it.

The mother, on hearing the proposal, says at once, without waiting for any explanations,

"Oh no, I would not do that. It is a very foolish plan. You will only get yourselves all muddy. Besides, you can't catch any fishes to put into it, and if you do, they won't live. And then the grass is so thick that you could not get it up to make your hole."

But William says that they can dig the grass up with their little spades. They had tried it and found that they could do so.

And James says that they have already tried catching the fishes, and found that they could do it by means of a long-handled dipper; and Lucy says that they will all be very careful not to get themselves wet and muddy.

"But you'll get your feet wet standing on the edge of the brook," says the mother. "You can't help it."

"No, mother," replies James, "there is a large flat stone that we can stand upon, and so keep our feet perfectly dry. See!"

So saying, he shows his own feet, which are quite dry.

Thus the discussion goes on; the objections made—being, as usual in such cases, half of them imaginary ones, brought forward only for effect—are one after another disposed of, or at least set aside, until at length the mother, as if beaten off her ground after a contest, gives a reluctant and hesitating consent, and then the children go away to commence their work only half pleased, and separated in heart and affection, for the time being, from their mother by not finding in her, as they think, any sympathy with them, or disposition to aid them in their pleasures.

They have, however, by their mother's management of the case, received an excellent lesson in arguing and teasing. They have found by it, what they have undoubtedly often found on similar occasions before, that their mother's first decision is not at all to be taken as a final one; that they have only to persevere in replying to her objections and answering her arguments, and especially in persisting in their importunity, and they will be pretty sure to gain their end at last.

This mode of management, also, has the effect of fixing the position of their mother in their minds as one of antagonism to them in respect to their childish pleasures.

If in such a case as this the mother wishes to avoid these evils, the way is plain, She must first consider the proposal herself, and come to her own decision in regard to it. Before coming to a decision, she may, if she has leisure and opportunity, make additional inquiries in respect to the details of the plan; or, if she is otherwise occupied, she may consider them for a moment in her own mind. If the objections are decisive, she should not state them at the time, unless she specially wishes them not to have a fair hearing; for when children have a plan in mind which they are eager to carry out, their very eagerness entirely incapacitates them for properly appreciating any objections which may be offered to it. It is on every account better, therefore—as a general rule—not to offer any such objections at the time, but simply to give your decision.

On the other hand, if there is no serious evil to be apprehended in allowing children to attempt to carry any particular plan they form into effect, the foolishness of it, in a practical point of view, or even the impossibility of success in accomplishing the object proposed, constitute no valid objection to it; for children amuse themselves as much, and sometimes learn as much, and promote as effectually the development of their powers and faculties, by their failures as by their successes.

In the case supposed, then, the mother, in order to manage it right, would first consider for a moment whether there was any decisive objection to the plan. This would depend, perhaps, upon the manner in which the children were dressed at the time, or upon the amount of injury that would be done to the yard; and this question would in its turn depend, in many cases, on the comparative value set by the mother upon the beauty of her yard, and the health, development, and happiness of her children. But supposing that she sees—which she can do in most instances at a glance—that there can no serious harm be done by the experiment, but only that it is a foolish plan so far as the attainment of the object is concerned, and utterly hopeless of success, which, considering that the real end to be attained is the healthy development of the children's powers by the agreeable exercise of them in useless as well as in useful labors, is no objection at all, then she should answer at once, "Yes, you can do that if you like; and perhaps I can help you about planning the work."

After saying this, any pointing out of obstacles and difficulties on her part does not present itself to their minds in the light of opposition to their plan, but of aid in helping it forward, and so places her, in their view, *on their side*, instead of in antagonism to them.

"What do you propose to do with the earth that you take out of the hole?" she asks.

The children had, perhaps, not thought of that.

"How would it do," continues the mother, "to put it in your wheelbarrow and let it stay there, so that in case your plan should not succeed—and men, in any thing that they undertake, always consider it wise to take into account the possibility that they may not succeed—you can easily bring it all back and fill up the hole again."

The children think that would be a very good plan.

"And how are you going to fill your hole with water when you get it dug out?" asks the mother.

They were going to carry the water from the pump in a pail.

"And how are you going to prevent spilling the water over upon your trowsers and into your shoes while carrying it?"

"Oh, we will be very careful," replied William.

"How would it do only to fill the pail half full each time," suggests the mother. "You would have to go more times, it is true, but that would be better than getting splashed with water."

The boys think that that would be a very good plan.

In this manner the various difficulties to be anticipated may be brought to the notice of the children, while, they and their mother being in harmony and sympathy with each other—and not in opposition—in the consideration of them, she can bring them forward without any difficulty, and make them the means of teaching the children many useful lessons of prudence and precaution.

The mother, then, after warning the children that they must expect to encounter many unexpected difficulties in their undertaking, and telling them that they must not be too much disappointed if they should find that they could not succeed, dismisses them to their work. They proceed to dig the hole, putting the materials in the wheelbarrow, and then fill up the hole with water brought in half pailfuls at a time from the pump; but are somewhat disappointed to find that the water soaks away pretty rapidly into the ground, and that, moreover, it is so turbid, and the surface is so covered with little leaves, sticks, and dust, as to make it appear very doubtful whether they would be able to see the fishes if they were to succeed in catching any to put in. However, they take their long-handled dipper and proceed toward the brook. On the way they stop to gather some flowers that grow near the path that leads through the field, when the idea suddenly enters Lucy's head that it would be better to make a garden than a fish-pond; flowers, as she says, being so much prettier than fishes. So they all go back to their mother and explain the charge of their plan.

The mother, instead of finding fault with them for being so capricious and changeable in their plans, says, "I think you are right. Fishes look pretty enough when they are swimming in the brook, but flowers are much prettier to transport and take care of. But first go and fill up the hole you made for the pond with the earth that is in the wheelbarrow; and when you have made your garden and moved the flowers into it, I advise you to get the watering pot and give them a good watering."

It may be said that children ought to be brought up in habits of steadiness and perseverance in what they undertake, and that this kind of indulgence in their capriciousness would have a very bad tendency in this respect. The answer is, that there are times and seasons for all the different kinds of lessons which children have to learn, and that when in their hours of recreation they are amusing themselves in play, lessons in perseverance and system are out of place. The object to be sought for *them* is the exercise and growth of their bodily organs and members, the development of their fancy and imagination, and their powers of observation of nature. The work of training them to habits of system and of steady perseverance in serious pursuits, though it is a work that ought by no means to be neglected, is not the appropriate work of such a time.

How seldom do we see a mother's management of her children regulated by a calm, quiet, gentle, and considerate decision that thinks before it speaks in all important matters, and when it speaks, is firm; and yet, which readily and gladly accords to the children every liberty and indulgence which can do themselves or others no harm. And on the other hand, how often do we see foolish laxity and indulgence in yielding to importunity in cases of vital importance, alternating with vexatious thwartings, rebuffs, and refusals in respect to desires and wishes the gratification of which could do no injury at all.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young."*

"WERE YOU THERE?"

"Were you there, Annie?"

"Where, my dear?"

"At the Ladies' Prayer Meeting yesterday afternoon."

"Why, no. It was so cosy in my sitting-room and such a dull and cheerless day without. Then, I was very anxious to finish baby's apron, so that I did not go."

"We had a most precious meeting, and

had you been there you would not have once thought of your pleasant room and unfinished work. Mrs. M——— read that sweet passage from John's Epistles, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,' &c., and the Spirit of the Comforter seemed to brood over us, and we felt as if the Divine Grace abounding filled and enlightened our hearts. One dear friend spoke of those precious to her, with whom she could only mourn, because they mourned, and that because of spiritual darkness. This called from another such a beautiful recital of her own faith and hope. 'I have not,' said she, 'since the day of my conversion had any doubts concerning my acceptance nor do my sins burden my heart, for with adoring faith, I take hold of the righteousness of Christ, not with trembling but with a clear firm faith.'

"When one asked her if she feared death, she said, 'No, not at all when I think of what is beyond; yet nevertheless I can only compare my feeling to that which one experiences on embarking on a steamer; one goes, but had a little rather not go—does not really fear to go—but feels that he is entering on an untried experience, an unknown element.'

"Another said, 'I feel that I am as really Christ's as I do that I am my husband's, and that I can cast my care on him and rest all there.' Several prayers followed, humble and fervent—such prayers as would naturally come from hearts so tried and trustful. How comforted was my soul; how much strengthened my faith and my whole nature girded anew for the Heavenly Race.

"Ah, Annie, we do allow 'things present' too often to 'separate us from the love of Christ,' and though it may not be often, yet we lose the blessing, and can understand our Lord's saying—'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.' Do you remember that it was an axiom of the mother of the Wesleys that 'Prayer never hinders but helps work?' It is true, Annie, very true—

'Sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a word of eare.'"

—*Morning Star.*

VIOLET POWDER.

One afternoon Miss Lucas called for Mrs. Staines to drive in the Park, but did not came up stairs; it was an engagement, and she knew Mrs. Staines would be ready, or nearly. Mrs. Staines, not to keep her waiting, came down rather hastily, and, in the very passage, whipped out of her pocket a little glass, and a little powder-puff, and puffed her face all over in a trice. She was then going out; but her husband called her into the study. "Rosa, my dear," said he, "you were going out with a dirty face."

"Oh," cried she, "give me a glass!"

"There is no need of that. All you want is a basin and some nice rain-water. I keep a little reservoir of it."

He then handed her the same with great politeness. She looked in his eye, and saw he was not to be trifled with. She complied like a lamb, and the heavenly color and velvet gloss that resulted were admirable.

He kissed her, and said, "Ah! now you are my Rosa again. Oblige me by handing over that powder-puff to me." She looked vexed but complied. "When you come back I will tell you why."

"You are a pest," said Mrs. Staines, and so joined her friend, rosy with rain-water and a rub.

"Dear me, how handsome you look today," was Miss Lucas's first remark.

Rosa never dreamed that rain-water and rub could be the cause of her looking so well.

"It is my tiresome husband," said she. "He objects to powder, and he has taken away my puff."

"And you stood that?"

"Obliged to."

"Why, you poor-spirited little creature, I should like to see a husband presume to interfere with me in those things. Here, take mine."

Rosa hesitated a little. "Well—no—I think not."

Miss Lucas laughed at her, and quizzed her so on her allowing a man to interfere in such sacred things as dress and cosmetics that she came back irritated with her husband, and gave him a short answer or two. Then he asked what was the matter.

"You treat me like a child—taking away my very puff."

"I treat you like a beautiful flower that no bad gardener shall wither while I am here.

"What nonsense! How could that wither me? It is only violet powder—what they put on babies."

"And who are the Herods that put it on babies?"

"Their own mothers, that love them ten times more than the fathers do."

"And kill a hundred of them for one a man ever kills. Mothers!—the most wholesale homicides in the nation. We will examine your violet powder. Bring it down here.

While she was gone he sent for a breakfast-cupful of flour, and when she came back he had his scales out, and begged her to put a tea-spoonful of flour into one scale and of violet powder into another. The flour kicked the beam, as Homer expresses himself.

"Put another spoonful of flour."

The one spoonful of violet powder outweighed the two of flour.

"Now," said Staines, "does not that show you the presence of a mineral in your vegetable powder? I suppose they tell you it is made of white violets dried, and triturated in a diamond mill. Let us find out what metal it is. We need not go very deep into chemistry for that." He then applied a simple test, and detected the presence of lead in large quantities. Then he lectured her: "Invisible perspiration is a process of nature necessary to health and to life. The skin is made porous for that purpose. You can kill anybody in an hour or two by closing the pores. A certain infallible ass, called Pope Leo XII., killed a little boy in two hours by gilding him to adorn the pageant of his first procession as pope. But what is death to the whole body must be injurious to a part. What madness, then, to clog the pores of so large and important a surface as the face, and check the invisible perspiration: how much more to insert lead into your system every day of your life; a cumulative poison, and one so deadly and so subtle that the Sheffield file-cutters die in their prime from merely hammering on a leaden anvil. And what do you gain by this suicidal habit? No plum has a sweeter bloom or more delicious texture than the skin of your young face; but this mineral filth hides that delicate texture, and substitutes a dry, uniform appearance, more like a certain kind of leprosy than health. Nature made your face the rival of peaches, roses, lilies; and you say, 'No; I know better than my Creator and my God; my face shall be like a dusty miller's.' Go into any flour-mill, and there you shall see men with faces exactly like your friend Miss Lucas's. But before a miller goes to his sweetheart he always washes his face. You ladies would never get a miller down to your level in brains. It is a miller's *dirty* face our monomaniacs of women imitate, not the face a miller goes a-courting with."

"La! what a fuss about nothing."

"About nothing! Is your health nothing? Is your beauty nothing!" Well, then, it will cost you nothing to promise me never to put powder on your face again."

"Very well, I promise. Now what will you do for me?"

"Work for you—write for you—suffer for you—be self-denying for you—and even give myself the pain of disappointing you now and then—looking forward to the time when I shall be able to say 'Yes' to every thing you ask me. Ah! child, you little know what it costs me to say 'No' to *you*."—*From "A Simpleton" by Charles Reade.*

INSECTS ON HOUSE-PLANTS.

Various specifics have been devised to destroy insects on house-plants. It is noticeable that the fertilizers specifically concocted for the purpose have been less successful than remedies more simple and more natural. The Green Aphides, or Plant Lice, are most troublesome, and the practice most in vogue among florists is the use of tobacco-smoke. An exchange tells the best method of using it:

"To make this effectual the plants should be kept an hour or more in a concentrated smoke obtained by burning tobacco on red-hot coals. Failure usually proceeds from too brief immersion in the smoke. In air-tight greenhouses it is practicable to fill an entire room with the smoke and leave the plants in it all night. A similar result can be effected in a small way in a barrel. An ingenious friend—an amateur 'rosarian'—covers each of his roses successively with a sort of paper balloon, which is so constructed as to be capable of more or less expansion, according to the size of the plant, and contains a tin cup, in which he puts hot coals and tobacco. There are people who meet with success in applying certain powders to the Aphis; but the majority of experimenters find difficulty in keeping him long enough under the influence of the application, to say nothing of the trouble of washing the powder off the foliage afterward. The 'Persian Insect Powder,' carbolate of lime, and some of the stronger snuffs have, however, their advocates, who blow them at the aphides with bellows. Washing with strong soapsuds is a good practice with plants, as well as people, and tolerably safe. For this purpose, in the former case, whale-oil soap has high repute. Suds can be applied, of course, with a syringe. For that matter, a baby might be washed in that way; but it would not be the most advisable method. The better way is to plunge the thing to be washed into the suds; but in the case of plants there is this difference—they do better if put in head-foremost, and a piece of paper should be tied over the earth of each pot, to keep it from falling out while the plant is soaking. Most people know enough to cut a hole in the paper for the stalk to pass through. Various soaps and solutions are sold for this purpose, containing different proportions of carbolic and cresylic acids, some being so effective that vegetable as well as animal life succumbs to their influences; and folks who love their plants, as a rule, prefer to try chemical experiments of this nature upon the plants of other people.

"There is a remedy for the Aphis, not freely advertised in the newspapers nor highly recommended in horticultural books, which is not open to certain ob-

jections that apply to all the foregoing. It consists in using the eyes sharply and the thumb and the forefinger dexterously. On the first trials, especially if plants have been much neglected, this process will seem very much like work, and it may be necess ary to hold the left hand so as to catch the insects while stripping them from the foliage with the right. After being once thoroughly cleaned, the plants can be kept in order if a few minutes are thus employed every day. Within a week the morning's review should not discover a half a dozen insects, even of the smallest kind. But it will not do to skip a day or two and give a new colony a chance to breed. Occasionally a knowing old Aphis fixes himself in the axil of a leaf or the fold of a bud, where to get at him, it is necessary to wet the end of a match, the point of a pencil, or even the head of a pin, and touch his back gently with it. You will find him adhering when the instrument is withdrawn. Is it quite certain that it would take too much time to clean your plants with thumb and finger? Then depend upon it you are trying to keep too many. As with family 'olive branches,' so with house-plants—one scrupulously clean is a pleasanter sight than 20 or 30 more or less lousy."—*Independent.*

KITCHEN ETHICS.

BY MRS. MARGARET. E. SANGSTER.

If you ever happen to hear it said of some good woman whom you love and respect, that "she never goes near her kitchen," you may be sorry for your friend, and sure that she has brought upon herself the severest condemnation of the whole sisterhood of housekeepers. For, to confess an honest preference for the parlor over the kitchen, to spend as little time in the latter, daily, as you possibly can, and to keep it in its fit place, in your thoughts, simply as a means to an end, is to fly in the face of the trained public opinion of womanhood generally. Mothers have told it to their daughters, and "they again to theirs," that the cardinal virtue of the sex is, to be proficient in pastry and pickles, and this from time immemorial. In many places, the young lady who likes to keep her hands soft and white, and says so, is looked upon as given over to vanity and the pride of life, and is more than suspected of filial ingratitude and of letting her mother do what she will not do herself. Yet, scarce any beauty of ladyhood is so beautiful as a lovely hand, indicating character as unmistakably as the face, and giving grace to many tender ministries of life. How sweet the cool "laying on of hands" on the fevered brow of the sick! How bewitching the play of taper fingers over the ivory keys! How gracious the cordial clasp of friendship when the heart telegraphs its greeting through the sympathetic touch of palms! Pots and pans and pianos and pencils have little in common; and though all equally share in the upbuilding of home beauty and the outbringing of home joy, each has its appropriate place, and should have its appointed priesthood. When the Tabernacle was raised by God's command and under his direction, the children of Israel united in glad working together, that they might make a lovely place for the service of Jehovah, but it was to the wise men and the cunning workmen that the higher parts of the toil were assigned. And while the others dug the holes for foundations and set up the posts, they wrought in gold and silver, and embroidered in blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen. In the graduated scale of God's economy, the best workmen do the finest work; and it is no part of His plan to set the artist at the laborer's toil or to waste the precious ointment.

I am not underrating the kitchen. The comfort of the whole house depends upon its being well and wisely ordered. But, when it is the constant boast of American house-keepers that they give it their personal attentfon, that they can neither read nor rest nor visit because of the demands it makes upon them, when nine out of ten ladies seem to have nothing else to talk about, I am amazed that in this department the rule is not success, and the exception failure. Unfortunately, the reverse is nearer the truth. Good plain meals, properly cooked, meats broiled or roasted, sweet bread, clear coffee, and a uniform standard of excellence in these things, are not attained by any means in every house.

Mistresses and servants, instead of living together in friendly relations, are frequently at metaphorical swords'-points, each suspecting the other, each jealously guarding against encroachment, and each indulging a degree of decorous hatred, which at least cracks, if it does not break to bits, the Golden Rule. "I won't let Katy and Rosy sleep together," said a lady to me, speaking of her domestics, who happened to be cousins. "It would give them too good a chance to be plotting against the family." Such a state of feeling, with regard to people who live with you, share the shelter of your roof, and eat your bread and butter, is far from agreeable to contemplate; yet many of my readers will testify that it is true to their experience. Inefficiency on both sides, injustice on the one, and its counterpart, insolence, on the other, have made of the kitchen a constant field of battle.

What we want for a better state of things

is not that the lady shall know less, but more. No woman who does not understand the details of the kitchen in their minutiæ can be entirely and pleasantly mistress of a house. No woman who can not keep the best part of her life above and beyond it, can be entirely and delightfully queen of her home. It is possible to do both these if one have tact, patience and fair executive ability. The best housekeeping is that in which good results are achieved without perpetual friction. When the wheels move without creaking, when the hinges are oiled, when temper and health and nerves are not sacrificed, when Bridget works for love's sake as well as for wages, and when there is time for the one thing needful, and the hands of the mistress are not cumbered with too much serving, home is a Beth-Eden.

A friend observed to me the other day that ladies seemed, as a class, to know nothing of finance in a large way, though they succeeded very well on a small scale. This sounds rather sweeping, but I am afraid it is pretty nearly true. Women are not trained to managing; and though they succeed in it very often when they give their minds to it, yet—not only in the way he meant, but in most ways—though they do very well so long as the doing is by themselves, they fail when they come to direct others. Keeping assistants usefully, skillfully, and happily busy, is a hard task, just because the governing faculty is undeveloped. To have a sunny, clean, neat kitchen, a range that behaves itself, ovens that bake, boilers that shine, tables as white as snow, is to have the earnest of a pleasant, harmonious household. To have all this with loving service of some one else who finds just there the life-niche she best fills, while you, restful, fresh, and at leisure, direct from your cheerful sitting-room, is to have something still better. If you can learn to be the kitchen's good genius, while you don't live in it and seldom go to it, you need not care though all matrons frown.—*Hearth and Home.*

HOUSEHOLD TASTE.

Fashion bids us furnish our houses after the same fashion as we dress ourselves, and that is with no more sense of real beauty than if art were a dead letter. In the eyes of materfamilias there is no upholstery which could possibly surpass that which the most fashionable upholsterer supplies. She concludes that the dinner service must be perfect which is described as "quite a novelty." When did people first adopt the monstrous notion that the "last pattern out" must be the best? Is good taste so rapidly progressive that every mug which leaves the potter's hands surpasses in shape the last which he moulded? In that case, how superior our modern crokery would be to that of the middle ages, and mediæval majolica to the vases of ancient Greece! But it is to be feared that, instead of progressing, we have, for some ages at least, gone hopelessly backward in the arts of manufacture. And this is true not only with respect to the character of design, but often in regard to the actual quality of the material employed. It is generally admitted by every housewife who has attained a matronly age that linen, silk, and other articles of textile fabric, though less expensive than formerly, are far inferior to what was made in the days of our grandfathers. Metal workers tell us that it is almost impossible to procure for the purpose of their trade brass such as appears to have been in common use a century ago. Joinery is neither so sound nor so artistic as it was in the early Georgian era. A cheap and easy method of workmanship, an endeavor to produce a show of finish with the least possible labor, and, above all, an unhealthy spirit of competition in regard to price, such as was unknown to previous generations, have combined to deteriorate the value of our ordinary mechanics' work.

National art is not a thing which we may inclose in a gilt frame and hang upon our walls, or which can be locked up in the cabinet of a collector. To be genuine and permanent, it ought to animate with the same spirit the blacksmith's forge and the sculptor's *atelier*, the painter's studio and the haberdasher's shop. In the great ages of art it was so. Francia, a carpenter's son, was brought up as a *niello* engraver. He became a great painter, but he was not for that reason ashamed to work at decorating jewellery. He loved to sign his pictures "Aurifex," and on his trinkets he inscribed the word "Pictor." The most liberal salary would not now procure such assistance for our jewellers. Modern jewellers, as a rule, know nothing of pictorial art; painters, it is to be feared, have but little taste in jewellery. Every branch of manufacture is inclosed within its own limits, has its own particular style. Our china, which once imitated Oriental ware, not long ago promised to assume, through Minton's influence, a quasi-mediæval character. English goldsmiths, who once produced nothing but rococo ornaments, now do their best to imitate Etruscan necklaces and armlets. We have French mirrors and Persian rugs, Greek vases and Gothic candlesticks, designs of every age and country but our own; or if by some chance we can point to any special instance of a genuine English design, it is generally mean and uninteresting. The faculty of distinguishing good from bad design in the familiar objects of domestic life is a

faculty which most educated people—and women especially—conceive that they possess. How it has been acquired, few would be able to explain. The general impression seems to be that it is the peculiar inheritance of gentle blood, and independent of all training; that while a young lady is devoting at school, or under a governess, so many hours a day to music, so many to languages, and so many to general science, she is all this time unconsciously forming that sense of the beautiful which we call taste; that this sense, once developed, will enable her, unassisted by special study or experience, not only to appreciate the charms of nature in every aspect, but to form a correct estimate of the merits of art manufacture. That this impression has gained ground so far as to amount to positive conviction, may be inferred from the fact that there is no single point on which well-bred women are more jealous of disparagement than on this. We may condemn a lady's opinion on politics, criticise her handwriting, correct her pronunciation of Latin, and disparage her favorite author with a chance of escaping displeasure. But if we venture to question her taste, in the most ordinary sense of the word, we are sure to offend. It is, however, a lamentable fact that this very quality is commonly deficient, not only among the generally ignorant, but also among the most educated classes in this country. How should it be otherwise? Even the simplest and most elementary principles of decorative art form no part of early instruction. The public seem to think that the latest invention, although it violates every principle of good taste and design, must be the best, especially when it has the additional recommendation of being "fashionable," and we can hardly blame manufacturers for yielding to this morbid desire for change." Indeed, in this country, we ought rather to approve of change, since our designs are so generally bad, and there is always the chance that by a change we may be so fortunate as to get something better.—*Penny Monthly.*

OVER THE WAVE.

BY KATHERINE WILLIAMS.

Over all the weeping daughters of Eve, I thought myself the most afflicted. It was pretty hard to lose my father, just in the prime of his life, and with him all the money which had made our home so cozy and comfortable, with its books, pictures, and other enjoyable things. And it was a trial to be obliged to fill our back parlor with desks, blackboards, and romping school children; and to sit among them myself, day after day, teaching and discipling, just at the time when I longed, like other girls of my age, for the life to which I had been looking forward—a life of freedom, gayety, and change. And then there was my poor mother, too; she was such a care; her constitution, never robust, now sadly weakened by age and sorrow.

"It is of no use to try to bear it!" I said to myself twenty times a day. "I am no worse than other girls, and I do not see why I should be singled out for such a life. Papa used to call me a sunbeam, and perhaps I was; but no one could help being cross under present circumstances." I had given myself up to fretful complainings, and the fatal "can't help it" was fast converting me into an un-selfgoverned woman.

One day, on returning from a walk, I took from the post-office a letter. It was from my dearest friend, an old schoolmate, and contained an invitation to visit her at the seaside.

"It is such fun," she wrote, "all this surf-bathing. And such appetites as we have! I am getting as rosy as an apple. It will do you no end of good; and papa and mamma are as determined as I that you shall come;" and so on for several pages.

"It will turn out badly, somehow," I said, "even if I do go. There is nothing pleasant for me in this world, for I was born under an unlucky star; so I might as well give up the whole idea."

But I did go, after all. A kind friend and neighbor opened her house to my mother. It was vacation in my school. Every one insisted that it was just what I needed; so away I went.

Oh, who could describe the thrill that went through my whole body at the first delicious sniff of sea air! And the sight of old Ocean, so restless, so fitful, now lashed by storms, now sparkling and glittering, as if nothing but sunshine had ever rested upon its surface, but always the same dear old friend it had ever been to me.

One day I was sitting on the beach (I was seldom anywhere else) watching the bathers. There was a heavy surf that morning, for a furious storm the night before had left its traces behind. One after another stepped into the water, and was ignominiously thrown off her balance. Up they came, choking, coughing, anything but objects of dignity, only to be surprised again by another overturn, with the same result.

"How can they make such guys of themselves?" I said. "Never would I go into the surf to be an object of scorn and ridicule to spectators."

While I was thinking thus, a young lady came running along the beach. Her dress was bright red, which attracted my atten-

tion, and enabled me to keep her in sight. She waited for one great breaker to expend itself, then dashing the water over her face and head, she walked quietly out to meet the next one.

I trembled for her. "That girl surely does not know what she is about," I said, as I saw a perfect mountain of a wave rushing toward her, as if eager to engulf her in its depths, and involuntarily I started to my feet, as it was close upon her, and uttered a little cry for help.

What was my surprise to see her place her two hands together, give a little spring, turning round at the same time, and go right over the top of the wave, the picture of ease and dignity. Wave after wave was surmounted in the same way; and the contrast between her and her gurgling, struggling, knocked-to-pieces-looking companions was wonderful to see.

Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind, and a feeling of utter self-contempt. How like life all this seemed to me as I sat and watched the beings before me. We are all in the surf, in one way or another. Wave after wave of disappointment, of loss, of hard work, of uncongenial surroundings, of privations, comes to us all. What petty cares, what countless troubles break over us all each day of our lives! but how do we meet them? I saw myself weak, yielding, overcome, losing all courage, with a helpless, appealing look at the next wave, hoping it would be not quite so rough; and then I seemed to see hundreds of brave, strong women, who had stood resolutely to meet the coming billow. Do they go down meanly, to be ignobly swallowed up by its waters? No; a prayer for help and a little spring, and the breaker is under them! The waters must be passed; but they are passed cheerfully, womanfully, and they come through stronger, a glow on their cheeks, a consciousness that their part has been bravely done. And is there not much in bearing our sorrows in dignity? We cannot help a little feeling of contempt for a man or woman who allows himself or herself to be overwhelmed by troubles; one who clings always to some one else for help, who has no spring when trials come. It is better to ride on the top of the wave than to be swallowed by it. It seems impossible sometimes; but we shall always find that an earnest prayer, a stout heart, and a good spring will carry us over the highest billow.—*Christian Weekly.*

CAKE-MAKING.

For making cake, one should have a good-sized bowl, strong wooden spoon, a good egg-beater, fine sifted flour, fresh eggs, the sweetest of butter, powdered sugar, and flavoring. But these are not all the requisites. A wooden spoon is useless without a strong, untiring arm to wield it; and the finest of flour, the best of butter, the freshest of eggs will avail nothing unless properly mixed.

In what manner is cake properly mixed? Experience has taught me that the following is a good rule: First beat the butter and sugar together for a very long time, until the mass has the appearance and texture of ice-cream.

It is surprising how the bulk appears to increase with long-continued beating. I was once shown two cakes, containing precisely the same quantity of materials, and the one which had been stirred half an hour longer than the other, was one third larger, and was in far greater proportion lighter and more delicate.

After the butter and sugar are creamed as above directed, separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the former until all the large bubbles disappear, and stir into the butter and sugar. Next the requisite quantity of flour is stirred in, and if milk is used it should be added. Then beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff, and add them, stirring all the time. Next the flavoring extract is put in, and, last of all, the baking- powder.

Stir this mixture faithfully, and have ready a buttered pan, which should be lined with white paper; drop the batter into it; smooth it around evenly and set it in a moderate oven. If the oven is too hot, the cake will rise unevenly and be apt to split across the top. It is a good plan to bake cake after bread has been baked in the oven.

If you ever feel doubtful of a cake before baking, and wish to try it, before putting in the baking-powder take out a spoonful of the batter into a pie-pan and stir into it about half a thimbleful of baking-powder and set in the oven. It is a bad plan to stir the baking-powder into the whole and let it stand while you are baking some.

There are cake-makers who discard the use of baking-powders—using soda and cream of tartar instead. My own experience leads me to prefer the former, as being less troublesome, and quite as effective. It must be stirred in thoroughly, however, or the cake will be very porous, and consequently will soon get dry.

WINDOW GARDENS.

A hanging garden of sponge is one of the latest novelties in gardening. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, oats, or wheat. Then place it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the

seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place, the sponge may be suspended by means of cords from a hook in the top of the window where a little sun will enter. It will thus become like a mass of green, and can be kept wet by merely immersing it in a bowl of water.

Another pretty and artistic arrangement for a winter greenery is to obtain from the roadside one of those peculiar excrescences which are found growing upon the stumps of decayed trees, resembling brown rosettes of several shades, and very curiously striped. One of these placed in the centre of a large shallow dish with earth around it will be quite ornamental when covered with such things as *Kenilworth Ivy*, *Lycopodium*, *Tradescantia*, and the lovely blue *Lobelia*. Especially will it flourish if a shade is placed over the whole. Common evergreen ivy may be quickly rooted and made to grow vigorously if planted in a box or dish of earth with a glass over it, looking green and refreshing all winter, and in the spring can be transplanted into the garden outside, where it will cling to the brick wall of your house, and climb much faster in consequence of this early start under glass. Or the long sprays of ivy may be gathered, and the ends put into water in bottles or deep vases, and will there strike roots as vigorous as if planted in soil, the tops being trained around windows and picture frames with excellent effect.

Window gardens are easily manufactured by those who can not afford the costly terra cotta ones for sale at florists' establishments, by taking a wooden box, of a length and breadth suited to the window, and lining it with zinc or tin, adding, in the latter case, a coat of good oil-paint as a preventive of rust. The tin will be cheaper than the zinc, but not nearly so durable. Auger holes bored through the bottom will give the necessary drainage, and the outer wooden sides may be ornamented in various ways. One way is to have a projecting strip of wood—a lath will answer very well—nailed all around the upper edge, and on to this tack a covering of chintz or zephyr-work, which will hang loose from the box itself, and thus avoid danger of dampness. One very pretty style will be to make the ground-work of Turkey red oiled chintz, upon which is laid in applique a wreath of ivy leaves or fern leaves cut out of some black material, either allwool delaine, cashmere, or gros grain silk, the edges all around the top and bottom being finished with gimp. Or take buff chintz, and ornament it with fern leaves, done in spatter-work, according to taste, and trim the edge with either a black or maroon border. Or the box itself, if smooth and of white wood, can be painted to imitate inlaid-work by tracing a pattern of vines and flowers in pencil, and then filling up all the surface outside the pattern with black paint, leaving the design in white wood.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

SPICED VEAL.—Chop three pounds of veal steak, and one thick slice of salt fat pork, as fine as sausage-meat; add to it three Boston crackers rolled fine, three well-beaten eggs, half a teacup of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful and half of fine salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and one grated lemon. Mould it into the form of a loaf of bread, in a small dripping-pan; cover with one rolled cracker, and baste with a teacupful of hot water and melted butter, with two table-spoonfuls of the butter. Bake for three hours, basting every little while (this makes it moist). Make the day before it is desired for the table; slice very thin, and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley.

SALAD DE VOLAILLE.—Take a fowl dressed the day before, either whole or cut. Remove the flesh in nice slices. Arrange them with taste, with a lettuce cut up. This should be placed at the bottom of a dish or salad-bowl. Add other lettuces. Garnish with anchovies cut in slips. Season with the sauce usually made for salads. This dish may be made with game.

POTATO SNOW requires very white, smooth and mealy potatoes. Boil them very carefully, peel them, and set them on a plate in the oven till they become very dry and mealy; then rub them through a coarse wire sieve into the dish in which they are to be served. Do not disturb the heap of potatoes before it is served up, or the flakes will fall and it will flatten. It is very pretty in its appearance.

WATER CAKES.—Dry three pounds of fine flour, and rub it into a pound of sifted sugar, one pound of butter, and one ounce of caraway seed. Make it into a paste with three-quarters of a pint of boiling new milk, roll very thin, and cut into the size you choose; punch full of holes, and bake on tin plates in a cool oven.

A GOOD PLAIN PIE-CRUST.—A quart of sifted flour, a quarter of a pound of lard, the same of butter, a teaspoonful of salt; reserve a little flour to use in rolling; work the butter into the remainder. Dissolve a piece of sal volatile the size of a large nutmeg in half a tumbler of water; add this to the flour, using as much more

cold water as is necessary to wet the dough to a proper consistence for handling; roll the dough; spread half the lard upon it to within half an inch of the edge, turning up the edge to prevent the lard from oozing out. Sprinkle with flour; fold twice and roll. Repeat this process with the remaining lard, and set in a cool place for half an hour or more before using. This answers well for an under-crust where puff-paste is used for the upper.

ORANGE-JELLY.—Grate the rind of two Seville oranges and two lemons, squeeze the juice of three of each and strain, and add a quarter of a pound of lump-sugar and a quarter of a pint of water, and boil till it almost candies. Have ready a quart of isinglass-jelly made with two ounces; put to it the syrup and boil it once up; strain off the jelly, and let it stand to settle before it is put into the mould.

RAISED CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—In these wintry day, our hens often refuse to supply us plentifully with eggs, so that we are forced to use recipes which require but few, or better still, none at all. We have found the following a toothsome cake: Stir together a large coffee-cupful of light brown or white sugar, and half a cupfnl of butter; add to it half a pint of sweet milk and half a pint of warm water. To this mixture stir in flour enough to make a thick batter, and half a cupful of home-made yeast; set it to rise over night. Next morning stir in a cupful of chopped raisins or currants, and a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Put it into two baking pans; let it rise until perfectly light, then bake three-quarters of an hour.

Literary Notices.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES; Being some account of a voyage in the schooner yacht "Foam" to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By the Earl of Dufferin, K. P., &c., Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

These letters from the "islands that are washed by the chill waters of the Arctic Sea" are of great intrinsic interest, quite apart from that which they derive from the name of the distinguished author. Instead of the careless observations and superficial statements of most travellers, we find in every part the traces of deep culture and the accurate description of a trained mind. In making extracts to illustrate the character of the book, we have fixed upon the description of the Geysers, although it is painful to be obliged to omit many more striking passages. The account of the bewilderment of the cock on the subject of that meteorological phenomenon known as the "Dawn of Day," for instance, is only one of many comical stories. This cock could not sleep more than five minutes at a stretch without waking up in a state of nervous agitation lest it should be cock-crow. When night ceased altogether, his constitution could no longer stand the shock. He crowed once or twice, then went melancholy mad, and leaping overboard drowned himself.

THE GEYSERS.

I do not know that I can give you a better notion of the appearance of the place than by saying that it looked as if—for about a quarter of a mile—the ground had been honeycombed by disease into numerous sores and orifices; not a blade of grass grew on its hot, inflamed surface, which consisted of unwholesome looking red livid clay or crumpled shreds and shards of slough-like incrustations. Naturally enough, our first impulse on dismounting was to scamper off at once to the Great Geyser. As it lay at the furthest end of the congeries of hot springs, in order to reach it we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and scalding quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived on the spot with our ancles nicely poulticed. But the occasion justified our eagerness. A smooth silicious basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, with a hole at the bottom as in a washing basin on board a steamer, stood before us brimful of water just upon the simmer; while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapor, looking as if it was going to turn into the Fisherman's Genie. The ground about the brim was composed of layers of incrusted silica, like the outside of an oyster, sloping gently down on all sides from the edge of the basin.

Having satisfied our curiosity with this cursory inspection of what we had come

so far to see, hunger compelled us to look about with great anxiety for the cook; and you may fancy our delight at seeing that functionary in the very act of dishing up dinner on a neighboring hillock. Sent forward at an early hour, under the chaperonage of a guide, he had arrived about two hours before us, and seizing with a general's eye the key of the position, at once turned an idle babbling little Geyser into a camp-kettle, dug a bake-house in the hot, soft clay, and improvising a kitchen-range at a neighboring vent, had made himself completely master of the situation. It was about one o'clock in the morning when we sat down to dinner, and as light as day.

As the baggage-train with our tents and beds had not yet arrived, we fully appreciated our luck in being treated to so dry a night; and having eaten everything we could lay hands on, were set quietly down to chess and coffee brewed in Geyser water; when suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity of subterraneous cannon were going off; the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chessboard (I was just beginning to get the best of the game) and flung off full speed toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or *the churn*—you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion—tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness he groans and hisses and boils up and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in and scatters them scalded and half digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention. They all resemble in character the two I have described, the only difference being that they are infinitely smaller, and of much less power and importance.

As our principal object in coming so far was to see an eruption of the Great Geyser it was, of course, necessary we should wait his pleasure; in fact, our movements entirely depended upon his. For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round some ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch; but he scarcely deigned to vouchsafe us the slightest manifestation of his latent energies. Two or three times the cannonading we had heard immediately after our arrival, recommenced,—and once an eruption to the height of about ten feet occurred; but so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over. As after every effort of the fountain, the water in the basin mysteriously ebbs back into the funnel, this performance, though unsatisfactory in itself, gave us an opportunity of approaching the mouth of the pipe, and looking down into its scalded gullet. In an hour afterwards the basin was brimful as ever.

Tethered down by our curiosity to a dread of the Geyser going off during my absence made me almost too fidgety to enjoy them. The weather, luckily, remained beautiful, with the exception of one little spell of rain, which came to make us all the more grateful for the sunshine,—and we fed like princes. Independently of the game, duck, plover, ptarmigan and bittern, with which our own guns supplied us, a young lamb was always in the larder, not to mention reindeer tongues, skier,—a particular spot for an indefinite period, we had to while away the hours as best we could. We played chess, collected specimens, photographed the encampment, the guides, the ponies, and one or two astonished natives. Every now and then we went out shooting over the neighboring flats, and once I ventured on a longer expedition amoung the mountains to our left. The views I got were beautiful,—ridge rising beyond ridge in eternal silence, like gigantic ocean waves, whose tumult has been suddenly frozen into stone;—but the kind of sour curds, excellent when well made,—milk, cheese, whose taste and nature baffles description, biscuit and bread, sent us as a free gift by the lady of a neighboring farm. In fact, so noble is Icelandic hospitality, that I really believe there was nothing within fifty miles round we might not have obtained for the asking,

had we desired it. As for Fitz, he became quite the *enfant gâté* of a neighboring family.

Having unluckily caught cold, instead of sleeping in the tent, he determined to seek shelter under a solid roof-tree, and, conducted by our guide, Olaf, set off on his pony at bedtime in search of a habitation. The next morning he reappeared so unusually radiant, that I could not help inquiring what good fortune had in the meantime befallen him; upon which he gave me such an account of his last night's reception at the farm that I was almost tempted to bundle tent and beds down the throat of our irritable friend Strokr, and throw myself for the future upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. It is true, I had read in Van Troil of something of the kind, but until now I never fully believed it. The Doctor shall tell his own history.

"No sooner," said he, "had I presented myself at the door, and made known my errand, than I was immediately welcomed by the whole family and triumphantly inducted into the guest quarters; everything the house could produce was set before me, and the whole society stood by to see that I enjoyed myself. As I had but just dined, an additional repast was no longer essential to my happiness; but all explanation was useless and I did my best to give them satisfaction. Immediately on rising from the table, the young lady of the house—(old Van Troil says it is either the mother or daughter of the house, if she be grown up, who performs this office)—proposed, by signs, to conduct me to my apartment; taking in one hand a large plate of skier, and in the other a bottle of brandy, she led the way through a passage built of turf and stones, to the place where I was to sleep. Having watched her deposit—not without misgivings, for I knew it was expected both should be disposed of before morning—the skier by my bedside and the brandy-bottle under the pillow, I was preparing to make her a polite bow, and to wish her a very good night, when she advanced towards me, and with a winning grace difficult to resist, insisted upon helping me off with my coat, and then,—proceeding to extremities,—with my shoes and stockings. At this most critical part of the proceedings, I naturally imagined her share of the performance would conclude and that I should at last be restored to that privacy which at such seasons is generally considered appropriate. Not a bit of it. Before I knew where I was, I found myself sitting on a chair, in my shirt, trouserless, while my fair tire-woman was engaged in neatly folding up the ravished garments on a neighboring chair. She then, in the most simple manner in the world, helped me into bed, tucked me up and having said a quantity of pretty things in Icelandic, gave me a hearty kiss and departed. "If," he added, you see anything remarkable in my appearance, it is, probably because—

> 'This very morn I've felt the sweet surprise
> Of unexpected lips on sealed eyes;'"

by which he poetically intimated the pleasing ceremony which had awaked him to the duties of the day. I think it needless to subjoin that the Doctor's cold did not get better as long as we remained in the neighborhood, and that had it not been for the daily increasing fire of his looks, I should have begun to be alarmed at so protracted an indisposition.

We had now been keeping watch for three days over the Geyser in languid expectation of the eruption which was to set us free. All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush towards the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column or rather a sheaf of columns wreathed in robes of vapor sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered,—drooped,—fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power,—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion,—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.

And yet I do not believe the exhibition was so fine as some that have been seen; from the first burst upwards, to the moment the last jet retreated into the pipe, was no more than a space of seven or eight minutes, and at no moment did the crown of the column reach higher than sixty or seventy feet above the surface of the basin. Now, early travellers talk of three hundred feet, which must, of course, be fabulous; but many trustworthy persons have judged the eruptions at two hundred feet, while well-authenticated accounts—when the elevation of the jet has been actually measured—make it to have attained a height of upwards of one hundred feet.

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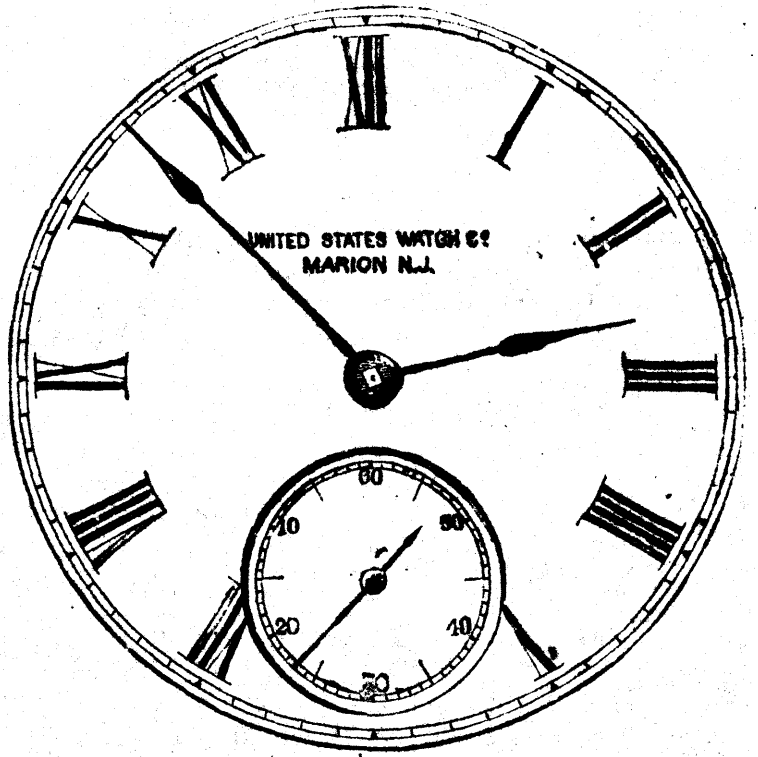

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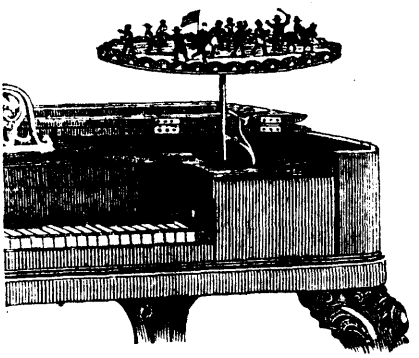

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