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HON. L. S. HUNTINGTON.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES: MYSTERIES AND MORALITIES.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays of the middle ages present a rich mine of poetical material for the modern explorer. His labor will be rewarded by not a few nuggets of virgin gold, although he may have to sift a large quantity of worthless ore to find them. The gems of thought he may discover are in the rough, it is true, unpolished and unwrought, yet they are often precious gems notwithstanding.

These plays are interesting, too, as giving vivid illustrations of the manners of our forefathers, and of the condition of mediæval society. They exhibit, also, the conceptions of religious truth then entertained, and the mode of its communication to the people. But they are chiefly important as containing the germ of that noble dramatic literature which so wonderfully blossomed forth during the Elizabethan era, in the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Their origin is somewhat obscure. According to Voltaire, they first came from Constantinople, where the Greek drama was Christianized in the fourth century. They were probably brought thence by returning palmers and pilgrims during the Crusades. In France, indeed, there was an order of pilgrims called the Contraternity of the Passion, from their representation of that subject. In England, these religious plays seem to have been first exhibited at the universities, and were written in

Latin. The monkish influence is very strongly marked on every page. They were afterwards written in the vulgar tongue, both in France and England, and are among the earliest relics of the vernacular literature of those countries.

This olden drama is of three sorts: the Mysteries, the Miracle Plays, and the Moralities.

The first represented the principal subjects of the Christian faith, as the Fall of Man, and the Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ.

The second exhibited the Miracles of the Saints, and their astounding adventures.

The third were, properly speaking, purely allegorical representations of vices and virtues. They sometimes set forth the parables of the New Testament, and the historical parts of the Old; then, however, they become indistinguishable from the Mysteries. The voluminous religious plays of Calderon and Lope de Vega partake largely of the allegorical character of the Moralities.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these plays were performed in the churches for the instruction of the people; but the monks, finding that the exhibitions of the jugglers at the Easter revels drew the populace away from the churches, gave their plays a more attractive character, and performed them in the open air. Reading was an art confined, of course,

entirely to the clergy, and the ignorant masses could only vaguely comprehend the dull homilies they heard; but the public representation of the Nativity, the Passion, or the Resurrection, at the appropriate seasons of Christmas, Good Friday or Easter, was easily understood and vividly remembered.*

But these sacred representations soon became subject to abuse. Droll characters, comic scenes, and ridiculous speeches, were introduced in order to excite mirth; and a flippant and irreverent treatment of the most sublime themes became a prevailing vice. Many of the clerical performers degraded themselves to the level of buffoons, and the Miracle plays, originally intended to communicate religious instruction, frequently degenerated into broad and indecent farce. The lower clergy adopted this vehicle for the abuse of their superiors; and the rude populace found in them both subjects for burlesque and caricature. Thus the most sacred associations of religion became degraded into objects of vulgar mirth. The language even of the female characters—who were generally represented by boys, however—was frequently exceedingly coarse, and gives us a low opinion of the manners of the age. The devils especially, or "tormentors," as they were called, were the clowns of the play; and caused infinite merriment by their rude jokes and buffoonery.

The stage was divided into three parts, to represent heaven, earth, and hell; and very intricate and ingenious machinery was often employed to produce proper theatrical effect. These stages were frequently on wheels, so that they might be drawn about. The gross ideas of the age concerning the material torments of the damned were faithfully delineated. The

* A Passion-Play is still represented every ten years at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, in fulfilment of a vow made on the cessation of a pestilence in A.D. 1633. As many as 500 peasant performers take part, and the spectacle is witnessed by thousands of visitors from all parts of Bavaria, Tyrol, and more distant places. The rehearsal lasts several days, and, like the Greek drama, is performed in the open air. It partakes of a highly religious character, and the representatives of sacred persons are selected for their piety of life, and are set apart by prayer. Similar plays, but of inferior merit, are also performed in the villages around Innsbruck.

monks doubtless thought a very salutary lesson was inculcated when a man who refused to pay his tithes, or a woman who adulterated her ale, or sold too scanty measure, was dragged off forcibly by demons to Hell Mouth. The devils wore flame-colored and grotesque clothing, and carried clubs of buckram stuffed with sawdust, with which they most vigorously belabored each other and the crowd. In one play Satan and a "nigromancer" dance, when the latter is suddenly tripped up and carried off bodily. The moral always is that of the Scotch proverb: "He needs a lang spoon who wad sup wi' the de'il." Yet the sign of the cross, or the invocation of the saints or the Virgin, immediately discomfits them; and of holy water they have a mortal terror. In the Nativity play they roar horribly when Christ is born, and make a great noise under the stage.

The various parts originally performed by the monks, came, in course of time, to be enacted by companies of the citizens. The different crafts and guilds vied with each other in the representation of the plays allotted to them. The rivalry between the worshipful tanners, chandlers, vintners, mercers, bowyers, skiners and wavers, was keen and exciting.

When we consider how humble were the talents employed, the majestic sweep and sublime compass of these plays is perfectly astounding.* They comprehend the entire drama of time from the creation of the world to the day of doom. Nay, the daring imagination of the monkish writers went back beyond the dawn of time to the counsels of eternity; and, scaling the battlements of heaven, laid bare the secrets of the skies. They shrank not from exploring with unfaltering step the regions of the damned, and depicted with Dantean vigor and minuteness the tortures of the lost. They pierced the mysteries of the future,

* In the book of accounts of these plays some strange charges are recorded, e.g.: "Item paid for mendyng Hell Mouth ijd.—For keepyng fire at ditto. iijjd.—For setting the world on fire jd." The price of robes and wings for angels and charges for still more irreverent or blasphemous "properties" also occur. In a Mystery of the Creation at Bambar, in the last century, Adam wore a wig and brocade morning gown, and the angels the wings of geese.

and revealed the awful scenes of the last Judgment and the final consummation of all things.

In recording in his lofty numbers the story of the Fall of Man and Loss of Paradise, the sightless bard of English poesy whose inner vision seemed more clear for that the outer ray was quenched forever, how far soever he may have surpassed his predecessors, could hardly be said to have pursued

Things unattempted, yet in prose or rhyme;

for not only in the Miracle plays and mysteries, but also in the still older legendary poem of Caedmon, the Saxon monk, is the same story related with wondrous vigor and sublimity.

The literary execution of these plays, as might be expected, is very imperfect. The most absurd anachronisms and solecisms perpetually occur. The Old Testament characters repeatedly swear—a habit to which they are greatly addicted—by “*Sanct Peter and Sanct Poule, by Mahoum and the Sybill.*” Titles are strangely modernized. The “*Knights*” who crucify our Lord speak of “*Sir Pylate and Bishop Caiaphas.*” The devils talk of “*Sir Satan and Lord Lucifer.*” The interlocutors in the play quote from “*Gregorye, Austyne, and Sir Goldenmouth.*” The geography is inextricably confused. The local topography of England is transferred to the fields of Palestine; and London and Paris are familiarly referred to by the shepherds of Bethlehem.

The awful scenes of the Passion are most painfully realized, and are delineated with all the force and breadth of Rubens’ sublime painting. The ribaldry and scurrile jests of the rude soldiery throw into stronger contrast the dreadful terrors of the scene. The monkish authors do not scruple to heighten the dramatic interest by the introduction of legendary stories—often absurdly, sometimes with wonderfully picturesque effect. English and Latin are strangely intermingled according to the necessities of the rhyme or rhythm. The writers manifest a sublime disdain of the servile rules of syntax and prosody, and each spells as seems right in his own eyes. The same word will occur in two or

three different forms on the same page. The rhymes are frequently so execrable that in some MSS. and printed copies brackets are used to indicate the rhyming couplets. This was of course the very childhood of dramatic art, and it was therefore extremely infantile in its expression; it nevertheless gave tokens, like the youthful Hercules, of a power of grappling with difficulties, which was an augury of the glorious strength it was afterward to manifest.

With majestic sweep of thought the grand drama of the ages is enacted in these plays. All the converging lines of providence and prophecy centre in the cross of Christ; and from it streams the light that irradiates the endless vista of the future. Heaven itself seems opened, and the vision of the great white throne and the procession of the palm-crowned, white-robed multitude passes before us. We hear the “*sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies,*” the choring of the cherubim and seraphim, and the song of the redeemed in the presence of God. Anon the scene is darkened by the shades of endless gloom, is lurid with the glare of quenchless fire, and awful with the ceaseless wailings of the lost.

Compared with these lofty themes the sublimest tragedies of Greece or Rome and their noblest epics pale into “*faded splendor wan.*” What parallel can be drawn between the petty conflict round the walls of Troy, or the wanderings of Ulysses, or the building of a Latin town, and the fall of man, the redemption of the world, and the judgment day? What terrors of Æschylus or Sophocles can shake the soul like the record of the drowning of the world by water, or the vision of its destruction by fire? What pathos of Euripides can melt the heart like the tender story of the Nativity, or the awful tragedy of the Cross? The ignorant populace of a petty burgh, and the boorish inhabitants of the surrounding country, in that ultimate dim thule of the West where these plays were enacted, had brought before their minds, and doubtless often deeply impressed upon their hearts, holier lessons and sublimer truths than Plato wrote or Pindarus sung, or than were ever taught by sage or seer in

stoas of the temple or grove of the academy. And these were no mere poet's fancies. They were solemn realities and eternal verities to their unlettered hearers. The Judgment Day, whose terrors they beheld portrayed, they believed to be at hand—at the very door. Through the purifying flames they felt that they themselves must pass,

“Till the foul crimes done in *their* days of nature
Were burned and purged away.”

Though there may have been little in this homely drama to refine the manners or to cultivate the taste, there was much to elevate and strengthen the character, and to project the acts of every day upon the solemn background of eternity. To such

Christian teachings as these do we owe the grave and God-fearing Anglo-Saxon manhood of the heroic past. The outcome of these sacred influences may be seen in every great work of our literature, in every noble act of our history—in our Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth; in our Milton, Bunyan, Burns; in Cromwell and Hampden, in Sidney and Vane; in the deeds of Marston Moor and the memories of Plymouth Rock.

Wherever the eternal principles of right and justice have met—whether in battle shock or in council hall, on bloody scaffold or in silent prison—with injustice, oppression and wrong, there has been felt and seen the influence of the Christian teachings of the dead and buried ages on the human mind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREENFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(*From the German of Gelbert.*)

BY JOHN READE.

A greenfinch and a nightingale
In front of Damon's window swing;
Her sadly sweet, melodious wail
The nightingale begins to sing.
The little son of Damon hears,
Well pleased, the sound that greets his ears.

“Which of the birds, I wonder, sings,”
The son of Damon asks, “so well?”
Damon, to please the listener, brings
The cage and says, “Now, canst thou tell
Which is the songster of the twain?”
The boy replies, “Why, that is plain,”

And, pointing to the greenfinch, gay
With plumage bright of varied hue,
Says, “This I choose,” without delay,
“To be the singer of the two.
She to whom such attire belongs
Cannot but sing the sweetest songs.”

How often in this world of ours
Do people err like Damon's son,
And give to him whom fortune dowers
An honor that he has not won,
And, led by outward seeming, deem
Those wise who are not what they seem.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

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

ARISTOCRACY.

To be educated, without showing conceit and pedantry, and to be rich without pride, are some of the good things hoped for in the Millennium. But then the Millennium will come just so much the sooner, if we cultivate its graces *now*. Besides, these virtues *pay*, as we use them and propagate them. But the corresponding virtues of being uneducated without being rude, and poor without being envious, are equally valuable and equally necessary. And next to the pity that either series of graces should be so scarce in the world, is the pity that the poor and illiterate should constitute themselves the guardians of the first, and the rich and learned of the second. If this could only be remedied, the theoretical would then become practical—a great gain to the world.

There were a few families about Skendle who labored under the impression that they were much above those around them; not that they were more learned—which was in some instances true—for they declined to rest their claims on the educational test; and not altogether that they were richer, for some of them were poor, but it was on account of "family." One or two members of this aristocratic circle, disgusted at length with sham and pretence, threw off their coats and went to work; and in a few years really gained, by thrift and intelligence, the position and influence they had vainly sought on account of "family." But the Seagrams were the same from beginning to end. The neighborhood was "poor"—no other body's grandfather had been in the army. The farm was poor—it was only half-tilled. Their credit was poor—it had run out. Everything about them was poor, except their unconquerable pride; that had a touch of the sublime in it. There were two boys

and four girls in the family, who being all born in this country, found it a little difficult (for the very air has a kind of traitorous freedom in it!) to put on so much exclusiveness as the old people; but they tried, nevertheless.

Before our present volunteer system was thought of, the militia were enrolled every year on a certain day; and sometimes on another certain day called out for drill. Mr. Seagram was a militia captain. The able-bodied men of two whole "concessions" half way across the townships, formed his company. He might have called his men together at the schoolhouse—most of the officers did—and, in expectation of his doing so, the teacher had spent several hours in an elaborate representation (in chalk) on the blackboard over the desk, of the Royal arms. But the Captain, for some reason of his own (the men thought it was to give them a luncheon, and have a good time over his strawberries), chose to have them come to his own house to be enrolled. And there he sat, neither under a shade-tree nor yet in his parlor, but inside his dining-room window, with a table and writing materials beside him, and had his neighbors and their sons directed round to the end of the house, to give in their names, through the open window and then depart!

This was remembered next year, when the road-work was done. Mr. Seagram could not afford to send a man, and worked out his own time. Jonas Chuff let his neighbor Longwraith alone for once, that he might torment the Captain. "I heard that you tuck *cold*, last summer, enrolling the militia," said Chuff. "It's a very bad thing sittin' by an open winder. I wouldn't do it this year, for no government; I'd bring 'em right inter my best parlor; and I'd kill a sheep, or an airy lamb, and I'd give 'em some dinner—and

I wouldn't cut the bread so fashionable *thin*, nuther." "Why, is the bread thin, up on the third concession, Jonas?" "Well, I talk about dinner, 'cause I think it would do better than tea. I don't like these militia teas. The Captain and me had a regulation tea together at his place wunst. There was seven little pieces of thin bread and butter on a plate, and when I had doubled one up in my cheek, the Captain nodded and handed me another—and then he nodded twice. Twice seemed to be the rule, and if I'd tuck any more there'd a been none left for anybody else. It all comes of the new military regulations." "But that wa'n't the way in 1812," said another; "it was '*Eat*, boys, or else you can't *fight*,' with Brock." And so on the banter went.

Nobody wanted to hire with Seagram; for he managed always to put such an unapproachable distance between himself and his hired man, that it became very disagreeable. And nobody wanted to "change work" with him; for what was really a favor he looked upon as a proper tribute to his greatness. In consequence he had more work in the busy season than was possible for one man to do, and do well; and his farming became worse year by year. Poverty is a good preceptor, and it should have taught him much. It only taught him bitterness and murmuring. He had been for several years a school-trustee of the section; and, when he had his own way in everything, gave much attention and somewhat of time to the office. But the crowning act of ingratitude on the part of the section was when they associated John Crow with him on the Board. Crow's great object was "to have children learn the jig now, they'll have to dance when they get older." The Captain's principle was to "have them loyal, and obedient to superiors." Crow would ask a candidate for the school, whether "he understood a child's *nature*?" Seagram would ask, "what he knew concerning the British Constitution?" While the Captain would visit the school, and give the children a lecture on their duty, an hour in length, Crow would drop in, and after learning from the teacher that the children had been "very good," advise him to let them out at "recess" in

the afternoon, as a reward for such meritorious conduct.

Under dire stress of circumstances, the young Seagrams had been sent to school. The Captain would have had a tutor or governess at home; but it was vain to struggle against poverty. They therefore had to cast in their lot with others. One patriotic work is accomplished by our schools: they make children feel—and by an bye, like—their equality. If the old Captain had himself been trained at a Canadian common school, he had been a happier man. His children were very shy—thought everyone was bent on teasing them (which was, to an extent, true at first),—and afraid of accepting the little confidences of their classmates; but became at length fair scholars, and not wholly disagreeable companions. One in particular, Kitty (her mother was always careful to call her Catherine Victoria), became rather a favorite with the scholars. But Kitty was by far too outspoken for her own comfort at home. The neighbors ot to know a great many of the shams and shifts of desperate gentility, and Kitty often got into domestic disgrace in consequence. When a fine party was made—which happened about once a year—Kitty would be sure to tell some intimate from whom the china was borrowed; or, worse still, order her elder sisters to "snuff the wax candles"—thus letting out the secret that tallow dips, or equally vulgar moulds, were the common burning of the house. Or when the Captain had made one of his mysterious visits to Toronto, Kitty would tell on his return, "Pa hasn't *got the Sheriff* yet!" revealing the office-hunting object of his visit to the capital.

Gentility is cosmopolitan. The man who turns up his nose at the common herd in his own country, is welcomed by a universal free-masonry by every other turn-up nose in the world. Two young Scotchmen who had been sent out by their friends, in the vain hope that they would forget toddy and take to hard work, found their way to Seagram's. They had rented a farm in the next township, and made a pretence of working it; keeping "bachelors' hall" the while. Now, while there is a better prospect for two young single men doing well in a farming partnership than any

other partnership I know, the prospect is blasted at once when idleness and whiskey come in. There was not a ball nor a "soiree" (pic-nics were not so fashionable then) within many miles at which they were not present; generally dressed in kilts, and each with a pair of bagpipes. Their pipes were magnificently mounted; there was no doubt of *their* gentility. One of them assured me (and I had no special reason for disbelief) that his pipes—he would not say that the bag had not been renewed, but the pipes as a whole—had been present at the battle of Killiecrankie. Now little Kitty Seagram had never seen bagpipes; but her father had a wonderful German pipe, with a grand amber mouth-piece very like the mouth-pieces of these finely-mounted bagpipes; and to Kitty it seemed a natural thing that the mouth-pieces were used for the same purpose—drawing, instead of blowing. So, when they struck up "Tullochgorum," she danced round them with anything but a dignified aristocratic calmness; and when they passed, she screamed out with wonder and delight, "Oh! *didn't* they smoke a nice tunc out of those bag things!"

Their "Royal Stuart" tartan was seen flashing about the Captain's for several days; and it was afterwards understood among the neighbors that they had shared with Seagram, by way of loan, their last remittance from "home." If so, they would be his perpetual creditors; for he never paid in anything but promises and excuses. Their remittances stopped after a year or two, and then their circumstances grew desperate. They had never raised more than paid their rent; perhaps not so much—and now their farming came to an end. One of them went back to Scotland; the other went to California or British Columbia. But it would seem that industry and perseverance are pretty closely allied to fortune, even on the Pacific; and not having *these*, he missed *that*. At any rate, a neighbor on his way out to El Dorado found him on the Isthmus, at Aspinwall. He was on his way back, and had a through ticket to New York. Tarrying too long among the whiskey shops, he had been left by the steamer; and now, with hardly a rag on his back, was "put-

ting in" as best he could the two weeks till the next steamer should be "up" for New York. He seemed perfectly happy; what baggage he had was gone on the steamer, and without a cent in his pocket he was going from one saloon to another; playing here a strathspey for a "drink," and there bartering any number of pibrochs for a "square meal."

One of Captain Seagram's associates was Mr. Pimpennell. He too had been promised "a situation" under Government; he, too, had had an uncle in the army, and held up his head above his neighbors in accordance with that fact. But it is a weary thing waiting a man's whole life for what will never come; and Pimpennell seemed to wake up all at once to new ideas. He sold his farm, which did not bring him very much, for there was the genteel farmer's inseparable companion—a mortgage—to meet; but with what he had he went back into the bush. If you can once get a "gentleman" to throw off his coat, he generally goes to work with a perfect *abandon*. When I see a man working with bad tools, and making up for that and for lack of skill, by main strength—and if he works much with his hat off—and especially if he does not seem to care whether he keeps his face and hands clean, I say to myself, "That's a *gentleman*, broken-in to work!" Well, Pimpennell was one of that sort. When once he got back in the woods, he did not care how ragged he went, or how dirty. His natural instincts were grovelling, his temper was none of the best, and his life was a life with the muck-rake, as depicted by Bunyan. A good many years after, I fell in with him. His farm was pretty well cleared up. His boys were coarse, boorish fellows. He had made a good deal of gain out of a primitive sort of grist-mill and sawmill, all under one roof, and driven by a pretty little spring-creek that ran across his lot. Like most of our new townships, until the vegetable mould is somewhat exhausted, it was spring wheat, rather than fall wheat, that was found to succeed best. Now, spring wheat is apt to get caught with the early fall rains; or, if it escapes those, is very apt to be put into very open log barns, and get well drifted over with snow. Either way,

when it comes to the mill it is very likely to be damp, and ill to grind. It is bad enough, millers tell me, with patent burr stones; but with granite millstones (as were Pimpernell's) it was a perfect torment; for the stones would glaze over with the pasty mass, and refuse to do their work. It was therefore quite understood that nobody was to bring damp wheat to Pimpernell's mill. (The neighbors could not get round his long name, and called him "Whippoorwill.") Of course everyone said his wheat was dry, when he brought it. Whippoorwill had been known to toss a grist out to the pigs, when he had been deceived. I laughed for a week at his "Notice" in the mill. He had chalked up in large and rather well-formed Roman characters, on the flour bolt, these words—a warning that meant something to the sneaking fellows who came with wet wheat:—

"Wet wheat makes men to lie;
Avoid that sin, and bring it dry."

After I ceased laughing at Whippoorwill's notice, I began to compare his life and family to Seagram's. It was a difficult matter to decide whether the coarseness, untidiness and plenty at Whippoorwill's, or the thin bread and butter, and the threadbare gentility and debt of Seagram were to be preferred. I knew there was a third position, where intelligence, thrift, and competency might go together; but it is not a course that seems open to the "aristocracy." If all things go well, they flourish in glory; if they have neither outside help nor inherited fortune, they live in debt and unreality, like Seagram. If they come down to hard work, they end like poor "Whippoorwill." If any of them read these pages, let them take warning!

But about Skendle and Gorton, and indeed all over the country, were to be found two kinds of "quality." One was the aristocracy proper, and the other was the "bloods." The one heartily despised the other; and neither were much in favor with the rank and file of the rural population. The bloods are found now riding about the country on Sundays in buggies smoking cigars, and loud in their laughter. Things change. *Then* they all rode on horseback, with spurs—their distinguishing badge a scar-

let shawl or handkerchief of worsted, tied loosely round the neck, outside the coat-collar, and with long flowing ends in front. This was supposed to be a protection from the cold; but answered a far more important place as the badge of their "order." When Methodist meeting was over, they stood in double file at the door, to have a good look at the young ladies coming out. Immediately these, in groups of three and four, had passed the outer gate, there was "mounting in hot haste" among the bloods. The great object seemed to be to overtake these successive groups of young ladies, give them some profound salutations from their lofty and insecure seat, make the horse do a little extra curvetting as they passed—and so, sometimes before and sometimes behind, escort these various groups homeward. The adventure often ended by the young "blood" dismounting and leading his horse, which had become "too fractious" to ride, and finding his way homeward with some *one* he deigned to favor with his particular attentions, and putting up there for the afternoon. With anyone who had never ridden much on horseback, the greatest wonder would be how the horse knew to "cut up" at the very time his master wanted to show off! Such sidling, and prancing, and creaking of saddles, as the red mufflers went by! But if the horses could speak, the mystery would soon be solved; for a horse which has had many a cruel lesson with the spur, knows what a touch of the heel and a tightening of the curb-bit means;—it means, "Now you *skow off*, old fellow! or else you'll get a thrashing when you get home!" And the horse, full of young blood and good oats, performs his part admirably. And if some fair cheek loses color at some of the mad plunges made by the "unmanageable" steed, why then the success is complete!

These young men formed, as it were, a society of their own. They constituted themselves the leaders of rural fashion and rural (young) society. There were Fred, and Jim, and Joe, and Nelt; and Dan, and Lew, and Hank. I could come a great deal nearer, and add another name to each of them—but it would not do, I might direct too many eyes upon many a staid household,

where the young "blood" of twenty years ago is now the head of a rising family. These would now agree with me that it does not *pay* to be a "young blood." The waste of time, that might have been spent in mental and moral acquirements; the waste of thought, when thought is most vigorous—the deterioration of language found in the school of the "loud" and the gay—for language re-acts on thought; good language promotes pure thought, and correct speech is closely allied to speaking the truth)—the utter waste of energy on trifling pursuits, all tend to dwarf the young man's after-growth. They answered a certain end, as a kind of "opposition" to the "aristocracy founded upon nothing,"—as Mrs. Jamieson called society in Toronto—but I don't know one of them who has risen to honor or eminence. They wasted their morning, and high noon passed by, in search of better workers!

It must not be thought that our neighbor-

hood was more filled with "odd characters" than any other neighborhood; only, in describing things as they appeared to John Kanack's eyes, John necessarily has more to say about the odd characters. Just as a rural friend observed to me not long ago, as we were riding along the road, through some of the flats of the Erne. We had passed without remark many a glorious elm and basswood; but when we came to an open space close to the river, where a dozen hawthorns and bastard willows grew in an irregular circle, and leaning out and in toward every point of the compass—"There," said my friend, "doesn't that put you in mind of an Indian *Bear-dance*? All going round in a circle, and using such odd contortions!" So, in describing the society of Skendle, I dwell more upon the circle that form the *Bear-dance*! But after all that, the large proportion of people round about were quiet, proper and respectable. And so they are everywhere.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

BY JOHN READE.

The little bird sang at the window,
 And the sick man lay within,
 And in spirit he wandered far away
 Beyond the city's din,
 And he felt the joy of long ago
 Leap in his veins again,
 As he raised himself on his pillow,
 And thought no more of his pain.

And the tide of heavenly music
 The listener's soul o'erflowed,
 And he called for his harp and, as he played,
 His soul returned to God.
 But the fond young wife of the singer
 Treasured his dying song,
 Till she heard a voice that whispered,
 "To mankind it doth belong."

"Oh! life is sad and weary—"
 'Twas thus the poet said,—
 There is so little to live for,
 'Twere better if one were dead."

But hark! a strain triumphant,
 That tells of joy and love,
 And of hope and faith that raise the soul
 All ills of life above.

'Twas the song of the dying singer
 That the weary poet heard,
 And it woke the music within his soul
 And his better heart was stirred,
 And he wrote, as the music prompted,
 Of a higher and nobler life,
 Of a faith serene and a courage high
 In the midst of toil and strife.

The poet slept in a lonely grave,
 And none recalled his name,
 But a patriot, mourning his country's fall,
 And stung with her wrongs and shame,
 Caught the fire of the poet's burning words
 And his heart rose high and free,
 And he gave his life for his native land,
 And the prize was liberty.

INFLUENCE AND ITS ACCOMPANYING RESPONSIBILITY.

BY REV. B. F. AUSTIN.

Every man by his very advent into society startles into being a wave of influence that will deepen and widen forever. Influence is an inseparable quality of our spiritual life whilst in society. It takes the place in the world of spirits of attraction in the world of matter.

By its attractive power men incline their fellowmen to think and act in like manner with themselves. It is not an endowment of education or religion. All men possess it. Education may increase and religion may sanctify it, yet it exists independently of both.

This power of personal influence renders society a unit, and mankind one vast brotherhood. Every man's life becomes a fountain sending forth from his very being and from every act performed by him rills of influence to act upon society and assist in working out the great problem of humanity. Men's lives run not in separate streams, but, intermingling, tend to blacken or purify the current of society, as the case may be. The origin of this influence lies deep in the foundation of our nature. It rests in a God-given susceptibility of receiving impressions from the actions of others. This impressibility of our nature exists through all stages of our natural lives, though it is most clearly discoverable in childhood. For this very reason a mother's influence is perhaps the greater power at work upon society, outside the supernatural. A mother's seat by the fire-side is a very throne of power. Long before children are capable of language they receive impressions from the touch of a mother's hand or the tone of a mother's voice. And these impressions of childhood form the character and determine to a great extent the whole course of subsequent life. Children grow up imitators, walking in a mother's footsteps, imbibing a mother's spirit, they prepare to hand down the influence of her life to future generations.

Every father stands at the head of a race of descendants transmitting his strength or weakness, his glory or shame, to coming generations. Hence wise and virtuous parents as a rule, have obedient and loving children, while the children of the wicked grow up inheriting their parents' vices and walking in all their evil ways.

This is undoubtedly the real signification of God's Word in which He speaks of "visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children" — not the punishment of the father's sins upon the children, as many would falsely quote or interpret.

Nor is this influence feeble or unworthy of our attention. Many have been led, through lack of due consideration, to suppose their influence very small, and hence are led to attach but very little responsibility to themselves. But what scale has any man in which to weigh the influence of his life? By what standard shall we measure the influence of the feeblest life? A little reflection will convince us of the utter impossibility of estimating the influence of a single act, much less that of a whole life. A single word has often changed the current of a life. The power of example from a single act may awaken thought and lead to reflection resulting in a change of purpose and life. Who knows the memories called up, the trains of reflection started, the passions moved and resolutions arrived at in the minds of his fellowmen caused by some commonplace remark or action of his life?

We are accustomed to look too much upon the outer and material world and forget the real spiritual world in which our chief influence exists. Our lives everywhere take hold of the infinite and eternal. We tread daily upon wires that will reverberate forever. We are all operators sending down through coming generations messages of weal or woe.

Then, again, we should remember that

the greatest influences of life are unconscious influences. There goes forth unconsciously from every life, whether we will it or not, whether we labor for it or are indifferent to it, a silent, secret and powerful influence that far outweighs the influence of our voluntary actions.

The great forces of nature are silent ones. The power that holds the planets in their orbits is noiseless in its working; so the greatest human influence works silently and unconsciously upon mankind. We have already seen that the influence of our voluntary actions cannot be computed. How much less then can we estimate the involuntary and unconscious influence that streams forth from us as light from the sun or water from the fountain! We may indeed judge of the *character* of our influence by observation or reasoning, but the *extent* thereof we may never know in this life.

I have said the unconscious influence of life far exceeded our conscious influence. This will appear evident if we consider that the latter is but occasional, while the former is unceasing. Only once in a while do we make direct attempts at influencing men, whilst the strong attractive force of our characters is ever exerting itself upon them. Again, unconscious influence finds men unarmed against it, whilst any voluntary attempt to influence men is frequently met with resistance. Men differ from children in that the power of resistance is vastly increased, and becoming jealous of their self-control they exert this power to shake off any direct attempt of others to control them. Many a man openly resisting direct attempts to lead him to repentance and faith in Christ has been overcome by the powerful eloquence of a godly life.

These influences may be classified according to the part of man's nature upon which they act, as physical, intellectual and moral influences. Every moral influence exerts itself in one of two ways: either attracting upward toward truth and virtue, or downward toward error and vice. Indeed nearly every influence has a moral aspect, and hence arises our responsibility.

But the question may arise: "Is a man

responsible for the unconscious influence of his life?" At first sight it might appear that men were only accountable for their voluntary and conscious influence. But an investigation of the subject in the light of reason will clearly attach responsibility to all the influences springing from our character. Influence springs from character and partakes of its moral hue. Men exert more influence for good or ill on account of what they are than on account of what they do. Good men as naturally influence men for good as the sun dispenses his light and heat or the flower its perfume. Bad men send out unconsciously from their characters influences of evil just as the stagnant pool or fetid marsh sends forth its poisonous exhalations. And that this order cannot be reversed we have the testimony of Jesus: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." "Is a man responsible for character?" If so, he is clearly responsible for that influence that springs naturally and necessarily from it.

A man finds himself by accident in a pest-house, where he is obliged for a time to remain. He goes forth into society with his garments and person all impregnated with disease. He joins in revelry and intoxication, and soon forgets the danger to which he exposes his friends and family. Does his forgetfulness or unconsciousness render him excusable? Will not his helpless children who surround him, drinking in unconsciously the dreaded disease, justly hold him responsible for his conduct?

Oh, in the great day when the secrets of all hearts and lives are revealed, it will be found that there is no disease so contagious and hurtful as sin! This influence is immortal and irremediable. The grave is not the burial place of man's influence. A man's influence has but commenced at death. It is then but the rivulet, trickling from the mountain side to develop in the future into a deepening, widening stream and mighty river. His words will re-echo in the ears of future generations, and his actions repeat themselves in the future history of the race. How important to be pure in heart and life, for "none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself."

BRITISH CANADA IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JOHN READE.

(Continued.)

On the memorable series of events which led to that important change there is no occasion to dwell. The closing years of French power in Canada were characterized by much which made that change not only tolerable, but desirable. Apart from any consideration of the almost constant, decimating warfare which had been waged between the French settlers and the British and Indians, the rapacity and venality of such men as Intendant Bigot and his accomplices had served in no small degree to make the French Government of Canada odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people.

Agriculture was neglected. To such an extent was the farmer a prey to the exactions of the rulers, the seigneurs and the soldiery that he had no heart to apply himself diligently to the tillage of his land. He was, moreover, liable at any moment, perhaps in the very work of harvesting, to be called away for military service. He had reason to be satisfied, considering the precariousness of his circumstances, if he gained sufficient to clothe and feed his body and those of his family. The implements which he used were such as his ancestors had brought from France generations before, and of science in connection with his labours he had never heard. His mode of farming was, therefore, of the rudest kind, as, indeed, that of the Canadian *habitant* still is in districts remote from the influence of progress. Nor was there any apparent prospect of improvement.

Of manufactures there were none worth speaking of, and trade was in the hands of a few. Commerce was forbidden fruit to all but the favorites of the existing government. To these, and to adventurers who had no stake in the country, belonged

the produce of river and lake and forest—the fish, the fur and the timber.

The population, which was estimated at 60,000 at the time of the conquest, was, as may be imagined, scattered over a large area. With the exception of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers there were no towns worthy of the name. There were the beginnings of villages at St. Johns, L'Assomption, Berthier, Sorel, and other places, but the great mass of the inhabitants was settled along the banks of the St. Lawrence or its tributaries. Some of the more adventurous had taken to the wild, free life of the woods, and had identified themselves by habits or inter-marriage with the aboriginal tribes.

Small as the population was, it was distinctly marked by lines of social partition—the influential middle class of the present day being, however, wanting. The noblesse, the gentry, the higher clergy and the few wealthy traders, formed a society which was modelled on that of the mother country. Between this class and the mechanics and peasantry there was no connecting link except what was supplied by the ministers of religion, whose office made them common to all. There may still be in the rural districts of Lower Canada communities which resemble in most respects those into which the population of New France was divided before the conquest. An earnest quest might still discover many villages of Longpré, a few “Evangelines” and an occasional “Basil the Blacksmith,” in the *Arcadia*, if not the *Acadia*, of our Dominion. And they are certainly not less prosperous and happy to-day than their forefathers were in the days of Intendant Bigot, or would ever have been under the rule of France either before or since the tragic disappearance from the

stage of life of "Monsieur and Madame Capet." It is, nevertheless, heartily wished that they were more so.

During the period between the conquest and the Treaty of 1763, many of the French residents of the towns returned to France, but the great bulk of the people chose to remain. A good number of the soldiers who took part in the subjugation of the country settled in Canada, and not a few of them chose them wives from among the daughters of the *habitants*, as their descendants are still living to attest. Scotch names especially abound in the French Canada of to-day. There are Camerons, Frasers, Morrisons, Armstrongs, Reids, Murrays, and MacKenzie's who never spoke a word of English, and who are quite unconscious of any anomaly in their names and speech. English, Irish, Welsh and German names are also found; though in less number. There were also, probably, occasional accessions of British blood, by immigration from the English colonies and otherwise before the conquest. To such immigration, no doubt, the latter event gave a considerable impulse. But however the British colonization of French Canada began, the English-speaking portion of the population had acquired considerable influence and wealth before the first lustrum after the Battle of the Plains had passed away. The establishment of the Quebec *Gazette* by an English-speaking firm in 1764 is sufficient proof of this; which proof receives additional confirmation from the many and various English advertisements which its first numbers contained.

Whatever shock the change of masters may have given to the few who were most deeply interested in the continuance of the old *regime*, there is little reason to doubt that it was soon considered as generally satisfactory. The victors imposed no hard yoke on the vanquished. On the contrary, the latter were left in undisturbed possession of all those institutions which they most valued, while many oppressions under which they had long suffered were removed. There was, naturally, some jealous impatience of the power of officials who were aliens in blood and language, but disputes of any importance on grounds

of origin were not destined to arise till long afterwards. Eleven years after the conquest, among some verses read by the pupils of the "Petit Seminaire" of Quebec to Governor-General Carleton, on the occasion of a visit paid by His Excellency to that institution, occur the following words:

"Apprends donc en ce jour de fête
A ne plus déplorer ton sort,
Peuple, aux justes lois plus fort
Soumis par le droit de conquête."

Much of the contentment manifested by the French-Canadians of that time with the English Government was undoubtedly due to the clergy, who, besides their ordinary pastoral influence, had also charge of the houses of education. They certainly, patriotic sentiment apart, had little cause to be dissatisfied with the change, and the time was soon to come when they might well regard it as a blessing.

The chief difficulties between the two sections of the population arose with regard to the laws for the administration of property and the use of the French language in the courts of law. But these difficulties were settled with equitable consideration for the majority. At all times, however, there was an extreme French party among the French and an extreme English party among the English. To what dissension and bloodshed the high-handed conduct of the latter afterwards led is well known; yet ultimately, through the sinuous course of events, it was the means of producing the constitution, so fair for all parties in the State, which we now enjoy. *Sic itur ad astra.*

One has only to recall the ideas which actuated the policy of British statesmen a hundred years ago, or even at a much later period, as to all questions connected with popular representation, to be aware that this ripe fruit of modern liberty had no place in the system of government which was established after the conquest. The Governor and Council were the Legislature. The people's duty was to be ruled and taxed and to obey the laws. Still, from the conquest to the constitutional act of 1791 (in which year, also, Upper Canada became a separate Province), it does not appear that Canada labored under greater

disadvantages of administration than the rest of the world. Quite otherwise; she is the gainer in the comparison. Her refusal to join with the thirteen insurgent colonies goes far to prove that her people were fairly treated and happy enough to be sturdily loyal.

The general results of the change which was effected by Wolfe's victory were well summed up by the late Mr. Papineau, one of the ablest men whom Canada has produced, in a speech which he delivered to the electors of Montreal West in the year 1820. Speaking of his country as it was under French rule, he says: "Canada seems not to have been considered as a country which, from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate and extent of territory, might then have been the peaceful abode of a numerous and happy population; but as a military post whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a state of perpetual warfare and insecurity—frequently suffering from famine—without trade, or with a trade monopolized by private companies—public and private property often pillaged, and personal liberty daily violated—when, year after year, the handful of inhabitants settled in this Province were dragged from their homes and families to shed their blood and carry murder and havoc from the shores of the great lakes, the Mississippi and Ohio, to those of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay. Such was the situation of our fathers." He then goes on to contrast with this sad picture the condition of the country under British protection: "Behold the change! George the Third, a sovereign revered for his moral character, attention to his kingly duties and love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the Fifteenth, a prince then deservedly despised for his debauchery, his inattention to the wants of his people, and his lavish profusion of his public moneys upon his favorites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeded to that of violence; from that day the treasures, the navy and the armies of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger; from that day the better part of her laws became ours, while our religion, property

and the laws by which they were governed remained unaltered."

Such an acknowledgment from such a man is right worthy of being had in remembrance.

To Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, who governed Canada altogether for nearly twenty years, and who took a deep and practical interest in its welfare from the conquest (in which he had a share) till his death in 1808, is due in no small degree whatever of prosperity came to be its lot during the period of British possession in the last century. As a leader in peace and war he has had few equals. His administration, which was just without being harsh, firm and yet conciliatory, his bravery as a soldier and his skill as a general, as well as his private virtues, deservedly won for him the admiration, esteem and affection of all who came within the circle of his influence.

Let us now enquire what was the social condition of Canada "under the British" in the last century.

If there were nothing left to the enquirer but the single advertisement of John Baird, which appeared in the first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, as the basis of information, he might, with a moderate power of inductiveness, construct a very fair account of the mode of living pursued at Quebec a hundred years ago. But the fact is that he is overwhelmed with *data*, and his chief difficulty is to choose with discrimination. There is certainly ample evidence to show that the inhabitants of the ancient capital did not stint themselves in the luxuries of their day and generation. The amount of wine which they consumed was something enormous, nor are we wanting in proof that it was used among the better classes to an extent which public opinion would not allow at the present day. A correspondent, more inclined to sobriety than his fellow-citizens, after complimenting Quebec society for its politeness and hospitality—in which qualities it still excels—finds fault with the social custom by which "men are excited and provoked by healths and rounds of toasts to fuddle themselves in as indecent a manner as if they were in

a tavern or in the most unpolished company." In connection with this state of affairs it may be interesting to give the prices of different wines at that period: Fine Old Red Port was sold at 17 shillings a dozen; Claret at 12s.; Priniac at 17s.; Muscat at 24s.; Modena at 27s.; Malaga at 17s.; Lisbon at 17s.; Fyall at 15s.

Mr. Simon Fraser, perhaps one of those converted Jacobites who scaled the height of Quebec, in 1759, turned civilian, gives us the prices of tea: Single Green tea is 13s. a pound; Best Hyson, 25s.; Bohea 6/6d. Pity that tea was so dear and wine so cheap! Bread was very cheap, and large quantities of wheat were exported—whereas now Lower Canada has to import the most of its cereals. Great attention was paid to dress, and though no sumptuary laws were in force, the principle on which they were founded, was still remembered, and attire bespoke the position of the wearer. The articles and styles advertised by drapers and tailors are, of course, in accordance with the manufacture and fashion of the time. The lists of dry goods and fancy goods are very full, but to those engaged in the business now the antique nomenclature might be puzzling. Irish linen was sold at from 1/6 to 7/0 per yard, and Irish sheeting at from 1/6 to 2/6. We are not told the prices of tammies or durants, romals or molletons, cades or shalloons, but we are always carefully informed that they may be had at the lowest prices. Pains are also taken, in many instances, to indicate the previous experience of the advertisers. Thus tailors and mantua-makers generally "hail from" London. Mr. Hanna, the watch-maker, whose time-keepers still tick attestation to his industry and popularity, is proud to have learned his trade by the banks of the Liffey. Mr. Bennie, tailor and habit maker, from Edinburgh, "begs leave to inform the public that all gentlemen and ladies who will be so good as to favor him with their custom may depend upon being faithfully served on the shortest notice and in the newest fashion for ready money or short credit, on the most reasonable terms." There were peruke-makers in those days and they seem to have thriven well in Quebec, if we may judge by their adver-

tised sales of real estate. Jewellers also seem to have had plenty to do, as they advertise occasionally for assistants instead of customers. Furriers, hatters, *couturrières* and shoemakers also present their claims to public favor, so that there was no lack of provision for the wants of the outer man.

From the general tone and nature of the advertisements it is easily inferred that the society of Quebec, soon after the conquest was gay and luxurious. We are not surprised when we find that a theatrical company thought it worth their while to take up their abode there. Among the pieces played we find Home's "Douglas" and Otway's "Venice Preserved." The doors were opened at 5 o'clock and the entertainment began at half-past six! The frequenters of the "Thespian Theatre" were a select and privileged class, and only subscribers were admitted. Private theatricals were much in vogue; and, indeed, there was every variety of amusement which climate could allow or suggest, or the lovers of frolic devise. Nor were bards wanting to celebrate these festivities, witness the following extract from a "caroling song: "

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the Plains the ladies bring,
So soon as caroling.

"Nor Venus with the winged Loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves,
As ladies caroling."

Another poet, whose mind was evidently less healthily braced by out-door exercise, gives us a very different picture of the recreations of the period. It occurs in the course of an essay in versification called "Evening: "

"Now minuets o'er, the country dance is formed,
See every little female passion rise;
By jealousy, by pride, by envy warmed,
See Adam's child the child of Eve despise.

"With turned-up nose Bellinda Chloe eyes,
Chloe Myrtilia with contempt surveys;
'What! with that creature dance!' Cleora cries,
'That vulgar wretch! I faint—unlace my stays.

* * * * *

"Now meet in groups the philosophic band,
Not in the porch, like those of ancient Greece,
But where the best Madeira is at hand
From thought the younger students to release.

" For Hoyle's disciples hold it as a rule
That youth for knowledge should full dearly pay;
Wherefore to make young cubs the fitter tool
Presuming sense by Lethean drafts they slay.

* * * * *

" With all the fury of a tempest torn,
With execrations horrible to hear,
By all the wrath of disappointment borne
The cards, their garments, hair, the losers tear. "

The winner's unfeeling composure is described in another verse, and

" Now dissipation reigns in varied forms,
Now riot in the bowl the senses steeps,
Whilst nature's child, secure from passion's storms
With tranquil mind in sweet oblivion sleeps. "

It is to be hoped, for the honor of the ladies and gentlemen of old Quebec, that "Asmodeus" was under the malign influence of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness when he wrote these cynical verses. If he wrote the truth we cannot be too thankful that the Chloes and Cleoras are dead and buried.

Who was Miss Hannah MacCulloch? She *was* a young lady once; and, if we may believe her panegyrist, was a beauty in her day. The acrostic in her honor is anonymous, and occasion is taken in the course of it to almost mention some other young ladies by the way of making a climax of her charms. The poet seems to have been inspired by indignation at the insinuations of "Asmodeus," for he begins thus:

" Muses, how oft does Satire's vengeful gall
Invoke your powers to aid its bitter sting; "

and then he prefers his own claims to the favor of the Nine:

" Sure you will rather listen to my call,
Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing. "

It seems his petition was heard, for he forthwith begins his laudation:

" Henceforth Diana in Miss S—ps—n see,
As noble and majestic is her air;
Nor can fair Venus, W—lc—s, vie with thee,
Nor all her heav'nly charms with thine compare. "

" Around the B—ch—rs Juno's glory plays,
Her power and charms in them attract our praise.
Minerva, who with beauty's queen did vie
And patronized all the finer arts,
Crowned the Mc N—ls with her divinity,
Crowned them the queens of beauty and of hearts. "

" Unto fair F—m—n now I turn my song,
Lovely in all she says, in all she does;
Lo! to her toilet see each goddess throng,
One cannot all, but each a charm bestows.
Could all these beauties in one female be,
Her whom I sing would be the lovely she. "

This effusion provoked more criticism than many a book of poetry is subjected to nowadays, and the censors were in their turn criticised by others, Montreal even took part in this literary tournament. But we are left in the dark as to its effect on the spirits, tempers or destinies of Miss MacCulloch and her sister belles.

It would seem that the author was a young clerk or merchant of Quebec, as one of the critics spitefully tells him not to desert his shop. The ladies themselves do not escape, one writer suggesting that they are coquettish enough already without making them more so. The Montreal correspondent is warned off as an intruder, and told that he had better have saved his ninenpence of postage money. Just imagine this silly acrostic furnishing gossip for Quebec and matter for the *Gazette* for nearly two months!

As another note of the state of society at that time may be mentioned occasional advertisements for the sale of negro lads and wenches, or of rewards for the recovery and restoration of missing ones. Slavery was not abolished in Lower Canada till 1803. In Upper Canada, as a separate province, it hardly ever existed. Did the manumitted blacks remain in Canada after their liberation, or did they seek a more congenial climate?

For education there does not seem to have been any public provision, but private schools for both sexes were numerous. These were probably expensive, so that the poorer classes were virtually debarred from the advantages of learning. The instruction of Catholic children was in the hands of the clergy, and it may be that in some of the conventual schools a certain number were admitted free of expense or at reduced rates. It would appear that some of the young ladies were sent to English boarding-schools, if we may judge by advertisements in which the advantages of these institutions are set forth.

A Miss or Mrs. Agnes Galbraith not only

taught school, but also carried on the millinery business, to which she informs the public that she had served a regular apprenticeship, besides having been "a governess for several years to a genteel boarding-school."

The principal of a boys' school who resided at Three Rivers "respectfully begs leave to remark that he means to presume no farther than he is perfectly able to perform and build his hope of encouragement on no other foundation than his assiduity

to merit it." His "course" is nevertheless a pretty full one, including English, French, Latin, Greek, writing in an easy and natural style after the best precedents; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal; geography, with use of the globes; geometry; navigation with all the *late modern* improvements; algebra, and every other useful and ornamental branch of mathematical learning." Some of the other male teachers write in a similar strain of their qualifications.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

Our next move was to the Thames Tunnel, into which we walked some distance, and saw daylight at the other end. The tunnel is concave, much lower in the middle than at the ends, and is shorter than we are naturally and generally led to believe. The entrance to it is by a spiral stairway, over which several have committed suicide by throwing themselves down. The market stalls along the tunnel are no longer used.

Through the influence of Mr. Peek, member for Mid Surrey, we obtained seats in the first or Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons, which we took at nine o'clock in the evening, the hour the House opens. The House is lighted with gas from an arch along the roof or ceiling, and as the lower part of the arch is glazed with colored glass, through which the light passes, the effect is beautiful; and the rich, mellow, orange light does not affect the eyes nearly as much as the exposed gas. In front of, and immediately facing us, was the Speaker, a remarkably pleasant-looking man, in a gown and long powdered wig. Every time he

rose to call to order or speak there was perfect silence. A table extended along the House, in front of the Speaker's chair, dividing it into two parts. At the table sat three ushers in wigs and gowns, and on it were the mace, a sandglass, and lots of books and pamphlets. On the Speaker's left, to the left of the table, and on the first or lowest seat opposite, sat the Ministers of the Crown and Government members. The Opposition members occupied the seats on the Speaker's right; but I noticed that during the evening the members of the House sat wherever they chose, and the majority of the speakers on the Government benches were Opposition members. Right opposite us, and on a gallery behind the Speaker, and separated from the view of members of the House by a wire gauze, sat the lady visitors, who were only recently allowed in at all, and are still regarded as out of place although they occupy very comfortable quarters.

The first speaker we heard read his whole speech, and many of the others did almost likewise. Occasionally the speakers were interrupted by the "hear, hear!"

of their friends, or the "yah, yahs," or the "yaw, yaws" of their adversaries, and towards one o'clock the interruptions were frequent and silly, the Speaker being several times obliged to quell the uproar; but any well-known member was always listened to with attention. As each speaker sat down, a dozen others rose, and the Speaker of the House called to the one who had been the quickest. His word was never objected to. Much the best speech of the evening was made by Mr. Gladstone, the first Minister of the Crown. He has a slightly Irish accent. One or two members betrayed ignorance of Canadian history and actions by speaking of a proposed railway from Canada to British Columbia. The House adjourned at two o'clock a.m., and as K. and I walked from the Parliament Buildings policemen stopped the cabs on either side to allow us to pass.

WEDNESDAY, June 26th.—Our party started on the train to Windsor, where we saw the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other people of rank. After dinner, which was the worst and dearest I ever ate, we were conducted by guides through the fine Royal mews or stables, where 80 horses and ponies are kept, with carriages, &c., in proportion; then through the various parts of the Castle, a magnificent pile of buildings, much finer than I anticipated, and from the tower of which one of the loveliest views I fancy in Europe may be obtained. Our guide pointed out to us twelve counties of England; the Crystal Palace, 16 miles off; Runnymede, the place where King John signed the Magna Charta; Frogmore, and many other places of interest, of which Eton College or School deserves notice, founded by Henry VI. in the year 1440. In St. George's Chapel were several very beautiful monuments, the chief one being in memory of the Prince Consort.

LONDON, W. C., THURSDAY, June 27.—We rose at six o'clock and made our way to the great sheep and cattle market, Copenhagen Fields, where there is room for 35,000 sheep, 9,000 cattle, and several thousand calves. Though I do not think more than two-thirds of that number were there this morning, yet it is in some respects a remarkable sight. Almost as far as the eye can reach are forests of stalls, a portion

of the sheep and all the calves being under cover. Some of the cattle had horns measuring upwards of six feet from tip to tip. How the drovers managed to get those sheep round was a marvel to me until I saw their dogs go at them, and it was worth seeing to watch the dogs keep the sheep together.

After breakfast we shipped on board a steamer for Sheerness, at the mouth of the Thames, 50 miles distant. The tide was out when we left the wharf, and the first thing I noticed was the ships in the dock, looking as though they were quite out of water. The river, too, is extremely tortuous; the Essex shore is very low and marshy, being below high-water mark. The Kent side has some title to beauty. Greenwich has lost its principal charm, all the old pensioners having been turned off some three years ago, the fine buildings being now used as barracks and for hospital purposes. Woolwich generally, barracks, arsenal and houses, presents a very dirty appearance, and the dockyard is closed. Here the docks end and the country begins; houses give way to green fields, and at Gravesend, where we arrived at 12.45 p.m., the river straightens, and grows wider and wider until at its mouth its width is about eight miles. At Thames Haven, which we reached at 1.30 p.m., we obtained a good view of a large number of sailing vessels coming up the river, that here loses its dirty appearance by mixing with the sea water. Sheerness is a very pretty place, though not very large, while in the harbor formed by the junction of the river Medway with the Thames are a number of old battle-ships, a ram, two brigs, and several two and three deckers. One line-of-battle ship was shown us that had won 29 prizes in less than four years, the prize money amounting to more than the pay of the crew. We went aboard of and thoroughly inspected the "Great Eastern," which has lain here for eighteen months, and will remain ten months longer before obtaining another cable to lay. Its engines and works, paddle wheels, screw, cable tanks, and paying-out apparatus are all on an immense scale, and well repay a visit. We left Sheerness after an hour and a half, at 4.30 p.m., and reached London at 9.15 p.m. Weather fair; miles 3,546.

FRIDAY, June 28.—Rose at 8 a.m., and after breakfast wended our way to the Royal Mint, which also coins our Canadian money. 16,000,000 gold sovereigns have just been issued. They were made at the rate of about one million per week, and nearly everything is done by machinery, only thirty or forty men being employed. We saw the gold and silver melted, rolled, cut and stamped, weighed and measured. Gold coin to receive the impression requires a pressure of thirty-five tons, and silver about fifteen tons. Outside the Mint was a crowd of several hundred dock laborers on strike, but they were very quiet. We ascended the Monument, erected in memory of the great fire. It has 310 stone steps, and from its summit may be obtained one of the best views of London, and the church spires look like a forest.

Our next move was to a Turkish bath at King's Cross, which I actually enjoyed. The first room was 140 degrees Fahrenheit, the second 175, and the third 240. I tried all three, also the shower bath, douche, and plunge. In the afternoon I visited Miss Macpherson's Home for boys and girls, at Spitalfields, one of the worst parts of London. The first thing that attracted my attention was the window curtains, each with a printed text of Scripture. The building itself, though comfortable, is very plain inside and outside. Miss Macpherson was not at home, but one of the lady superintendents kindly showed me over the building. The first room we entered was full of girls making match boxes with nimble fingers. My conductress started a hymn, which was immediately taken up and continued by the children without any hindrance to their work. In a large hall up stairs more than 100 women of the poorest classes were doing sewing for the Home, for which they were paid. By request I addressed them for a few minutes, principally upon the future homes of the children. The audience listened with much attention, and thanked me for the visit. The boys of the Home, when here, are engaged chopping wood, &c. I ought to have mentioned that I attended the noonday prayer-meeting in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. About thirty were present, several of them being ladies, and the meeting was maintained with interest. In the

evening I sallied forth to Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, where the last of a series of meetings was going on, of the denomination to which Miss Macpherson, Mr. Moody, Mr. Pennefather, &c., belong. Over 2,000 people were present. The people when I got there were engaged in singing, in the gardens, lively airs, such as

"We are marching on with shield and banner bright;"

but at half-past seven they adjourned to the church or hall, Mr. Pennefather presiding, and opening the meeting with the hope that those who prayed should pray in the Spirit, and those who spoke should speak in the Holy Ghost. After a few moments of silent prayer and the singing of a hymn, Mr. Moody spoke on the text "God's Glory," which he wished to read as "How shall I glorify God?" and read in connection the account of Paul's adventure with the viper, remarking that Paul might have preached all his life with that viper on his hand and no one would have believed him; but the moment he shook it off the people listened eagerly, and would have made him a god; so we should give proof of our Christianity if we would have others listen to us. As the blind man held a light in the night time that people might not stumble over him, so Christians should so shine as not to prove stumbling-blocks. Some complain they cannot do any work for God, they are too weak and unable to preach and teach like many great men; but we should recollect that God takes and uses the weakest and humblest to do His work. Our strength is just what stands in our way. Many mighty men have, like Samson, when his hair was cut, lost their power for good through their pride, and God will no longer use them. What we want is enthusiasm; any *ism* at all is better than indifference. Man has been a failure since the fall of Eve; but the Gospel never fails, and its spirit ensures success. Dr. Duff, when preaching once, became senseless and was carried into the vestry. On his recovering, and desiring to be carried back to finish his discourse, he was told it would kill him if he made the attempt; "And I," he cried, "will die if I don't." That is the kind of workers the Gospel wants. We talk about our *duty* to serve God. I wish

the word *duty* could be abolished in His service. The angels to the last one would come from heaven and work fifty or a hundred years for the conversion of one soul, and rejoice. The devil goes up and down in the world telling men that God hates them because they are sinners; it is false—there never was anything more false. God never hated or hates men. He gave His Son that they might be saved. He hates sin only; and His desire is that men should believe in Him and be saved from their sins. Speaking of the American soldier who had died looking up to heaven, he said it was glorious to die looking up; but if we would die looking up we must live looking up, and hold the fort till Jesus come. Mr. Moody spoke more than half an hour, during which many of the audience were moved to tears, some sobbing aloud. The address was thrilling to an extreme, and at its close a rolling murmur of pleasure and applause went through the meeting. A few minutes silent prayer followed, during which several requests for prayer were read out by the chairman, followed by an address from Major Malan, now on his way to China as a missionary. The hall was covered with Scripture texts, many of them referring to the coming of our Saviour, such as "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him," &c.

SATURDAY, June 29th.—We spent the greater part of the day at the Kensington Museum. One of the most beautiful things I saw was a *fac-simile* of an ancient pulpit at Pisa, now destroyed. The pulpit, the work on which was almost wonderful, rests on seven outer and a centre supports, one or two of them being plain pillars; but the others consisted of groups of figures.

After leaving the Museum, which I enjoyed very much, I delivered Mr. Chapman's letter to Rev. Samuel Martin, Belgrave Road. On the way home I walked around Buckingham Palace, St. James Palace, Marlborough House, the Duke of York's Column, &c., and through St. James Park, Green Park, the Royal Arcade, and the Lowther Arcade, and saw various street sights; an Irishman relating "stories," accompanied by his shillelah, train-

ed cats fighting, &c. Spent the evening at the German Gymnasium, which has about 800 members and allows bowling, billiards, a reading-room, chess, boxing, singlestick, a bar, tea and coffee and ladies.

JUNE 30, 1872.—We rose at 8 o'clock and went to hear Dr. Cummings. We were in time to see the Sunday-school, which is carried on in three divisions, for boys, girls, and infants respectively, all the children of the poorer classes. The rooms, which were used on week days as well, are very bare and uncomfortable looking. The great want of the school, the superintendent told me, was teachers. The church is a middle-sized, dark plain-looking building, with one gallery and a black sounding board of antediluvian appearance over the preacher's head. Many strangers visit the church. Dr. Cummings is not prepossessing in appearance; is rather tall and thin, and wears spectacles. The text was Song of Solomon ii., 10-12. No doubt in Adam's time, when there was no sin in the world, the seasons existed as at the present day, without, however, the defects introduced by sin. Anyone who thinks to eat bread without being subjected to the troubles, pain and trials of this life indulges in Utopian dreams. Why if such a thing as happiness without alloy could exist in this world it would be an earthly paradise, such as we know is not to be found here below; but Nature is awaiting a time of resuscitation from the defects introduced by the fall, and it is not another world but this one, renovated and restored, that will be the paradise hereafter, when there would be no death. This world has been cursed; it has yet to be blessed. It appears to me sometimes as though the whole animal creation were aware of the curse—horses, dogs, even the birds retire out of sight into some obscure, dark corner to die. There is more winter than summer in this world, more shade than sunshine. Everything seems to say "Here is no rest for you," and when God's *fat*,—not man's art—removes the curse from this world, then shall the wilderness blossom as the rose, and we may realize better the possibility of this when we look at even what improvement man may effect in certain flowers by cultivation. Having made seven-

ral quotations from various writers about the singing of the nightingale, the Doctor went on to say, "I think Paradise itself would be tame without singing and music, and I repeat what I have often said before, that every one of you should learn to sing. Then would the Church on earth more nearly approach the Church in heaven, where songs of praise never cease. But while everything is beautiful and attractive in heaven, what is the use of picturing it if you are not pressing there? Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ will make thee whole. 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Heaven is worth possessing, and is offered free." Sermon about 40 minutes; regular slow Scotch service; no organ.

On the conclusion of the service we walked over to Christ's Hospital (Blue Coat School). The boys, to the number of 750, were just coming from service in the chapel, and scattered over the grounds. We easily made the acquaintance of three of them for information. They as a whole are a thoroughly English and fine-looking lot of boys, rendered peculiar by their long blue coats, white ties, yellow stockings, and no hats; but are bright, open-faced, and well conducted. In a quarter of an hour they were, at bugle call, formed into companies, about twenty-two in number, each company having a sergeant and small flag, and making a very pretty and military appearance. They formed in column, and each company in turn formed fours, right, and marched into the immense dining-hall. We as visitors were conducted to a gallery at the upper end of the hall, whence we could see all that went on below. The boys as they entered formed in line on each side of the tables, sixteen in number, sang a verse of grace with organ accompaniment, faced inwards and seated themselves on wooden forms at table, a certain number having been detailed to wait on the others. I imagine they take turns as waiters. The dinner consisted of cold meat, salad, bread and water, and some of the older boys had ale. This we were told is the regular dinner. The various class

rooms are furnished with very ordinary wooden tables and forms. I fancy the school is as plain now as at its foundation, 300 years ago. An open-air gymnasium is attached. I am told it requires some influence to gain admission. None are admitted over ten years of age, and the first two years are spent somewhere in the country, where they talk of moving the whole school soon.

After dinner I visited the Finsbury Chapel Congregational Sunday-school. It numbers about 300 children of both rich and poor. At three, or rather half-past three, I went to the Bible class meeting at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. D. L. Moody conducted the class, taking the word "Blood" as his subject. "We must have something to found our hopes on, and this is the only true one; any other is a suggestion of Satan." Proofs were given to members of the class and read with remarks by Mr. Moody. After class we, by invitation, took tea with Messrs. Moody, Shipton, Williams, and others. In the evening we heard Dr. Parker in the Albion Presbyterian Chapel. He resembles Dr. Ormiston slightly, but is rougher in appearance, gesture and language. Text, Mark x., 46 to end of chapter. "Blind Bartimeus was both blind and a beggar, but he did what we should do—seized his opportunity, having first felt his need, and addressed Jesus in the only way that man can address God, 'Have mercy on me.' 'You have not what you want because you ask not or ask amiss.' (e.g. Liturgy.) The people charged Bartimeus to hold his peace. How difficult it is for one man in need to understand another in a different need! Bartimeus, having first asked for mercy, particularized his greatest need and made a right use of his blessings, and praised his Saviour. If gratitude will not speak for Jesus, then evil men will win the day." Sermon forcible; 40 minutes. At the Young Men's Christian Association prayer-meeting at 8.45 to 9.30 p.m., about 20 were present. The meeting consisted of singing, prayer, reading a chapter, and a few remarks.

GLEN FARM.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

The brook that wandered in and out among the broad acres of Glen Farm, laughed and danced by the old, crooked apple tree that leaned wearily over it, never sending one look up into the sad little face peeping out from among the apple blossoms where Katie Lee had hidden herself.

"Oh, dear," sighed poor Katie, "how ever shall I get along, now? I thought I had trouble enough when mother was well; but now I just shall give up." And the brown eyes wore a troubled look, pitiful to see.

"Katie, come down and tell me what is the matter," said a hearty voice under the tree.

The voice belonged to Mrs. Wiltsie, a middle-aged, motherly-looking woman, who, having no young people of her own, was the special friend of most of those who knew her. Moreover, she had been Katie's Sabbath-school teacher, and of all people the very one she would have chosen to see.

So she descended quickly, and wiping away the tears that *would* come, with the corner of her white apron, she said,

"I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Wiltsie, for I was never in such trouble. Mother is sick, and Ellen has left, and father spent the whole of yesterday looking for another girl and couldn't find one; and this morning he said we must do without one. He could not spend all summer looking for a girl, if the work went to the dogs."

Mrs. Wiltsie put her arm round the child, and smoothed the tangled curls, as she said,

"I suppose there is only you to do the work, and it is a good deal for a girl of fifteen."

"Only me; and you know mother has done everything, and I don't know how to do a thing. And such a family! and father is so particular!"

"Katie, do you remember telling me, not long ago, how you wished you could do some brave deed?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Here is an opportunity for you. The vexations and trials of patience you will have to endure will require more strength and more grace, my child, than many a man has needed to make what the world calls a hero. Try as best you can to fill your mother's place; and above all, keep sunshiny. That will help to atone for your mistakes."

"I'll try, indeed I will," said grateful Katie, smiling through her tears.

"When you want any help that I can give you, come to me; but don't forget the sunshine," and with a beaming smile that seemed made of the article she recommended, she left Katie.

"I will be brave, and above all I will be pleasant," said Katie to herself, as she started homeward.

The neighbor who had been sitting with her mother took leave, and the little maiden soon had tea ready. It was easily accomplished, for the supplies provided by the careful housekeeper were not yet exhausted, but Katie thought with dismay what she should do when they were.

"Katie," called a feeble voice from her mother's room, "have you got some of that cold beef for tea? You know your father likes it. And cheese, Katie, he must have that; and be sure the kettle boils before you put the tea to draw, your father is so particular. Oh! I wish I could see to things myself."

"I'll be careful, mother dear, to have everything just as you did," said Katie hopefully.

"But you won't succeed, I know; and then father will fret," and the look of anxiety on her face did not look favorable to a speedy recovery.

Josiah Lee came in; a big, broad-shouldered man, who might have been handsome when he was in a good humor, but just now something had gone wrong in the field, and he was cross.

"Be alive here, Katie, and have supper; men can't afford to wait for you to idle round."

"All ready, sir."

"Why didn't you say so then? Come, boys."

Gathered round the tea table was the entire family, Mrs. Lee excepted.

There was Maxwell, the eldest. He had a frank, handsome face, not unlike his father's, but without the harshness. Ralph, timid and quiet, like the mother, who feared her husband much more than she loved him. Then came Katie, the only daughter. Dick, Fred, and two-years-old Johnny completed the circle. As they left the table Max said,

"I am going over to Clinton to-night, Katie; don't you want to go with me."

"To be sure I do."

"Well, I guess you can't," put in her father. "Who would stay with your mother?"

"Ralph might," said Katie, timidly.

"Ralph's got something else to do."

Katie went out, disappointment in every line of her face.

"The child is tired," said Maxwell; "a drive would do her good."

"You need not dictate to me, sir," said Mr. Lee, haughtily. "I guess I know what is good for my children. The best place for a girl is at home at her work."

Katie came back in time to hear the last sentence, and it struck her temper as a spark would powder. She dared not say anything, but she banged the dishes at the imminent risk of a breakage; gave Fred a slap that sent him howling to his mother; and set Johnny up in his highchair with advice to "stay there." Then under the impetus given by her anger, she soon had the tea-things disposed of, and the room restored to order.

All this time the father quietly smoked his pipe. The spirit of anger manifested by his child was nothing to him; the work was being done—that was the most important thing.

When it was finished she went up to her own room, locked the door, and flung herself into a seat.

"That's always the way," she said, angrily. "Work, work and nothing else. I'd rather be a beggar, and have some comfort of my life. I don't wonder mother is sick; she's worked to death. I hate the very sight of the money when the making of it is taking the life out of us all."

A loud cry from Johnny came up from below, and she went down.

"Here, take care of this child," said her father. "I was awful tired, and I guess I must have dropped asleep, and he has gone and burnt his hand. I should think you might have stayed to take care of him."

"I was tired too," she said, hotly.

"What tired you? A little bit of housework! If you had to earn the money you spend, you might talk about being tired," and putting his pipe in his vest pocket, he was leaving the room, when he met a portly figure in the door.

"Good evening, Dr. Bell. How do you do?"

"I met Max, and he asked me to call and see his mother, who was sick he said."

"There's nothing serious the matter with her," said the loving Josiah. "Got a cold I guess."

An hour later the doctor and the husband stood in the back yard talking of the wife.

"Josiah Lee, your wife won't live six months—no, nor three, if something isn't done for her."

"Well, give her some medicine then. Patch her up as quick as you can. Bad thing for a farmer to have the mistress of the house laid up at this time of the year. What ails her?"

"She is absolutely worked to death!"

"What can the man mean?"

"I mean that your wife's disease is simply overwork. I have questioned her closely about her last winter's work, and find she has done as much as two women should have done. Her strength is entirely gone; and unless she has complete rest and freedom from care, nothing will save her."

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Get a competent woman to take the

charge of things here. Then pack Mrs. Lee up, and send her off where she will not even see the work done, and she may live to be old yet."

"Of course I don't want her to work when she is not able; but don't you think now, Doctor, she might get well just as fast here? Then she could see a little to the house, and keep the rest running straight. I shouldn't wonder now," he went on warming with the subject, "if she got well faster, and kept an easier mind too."

"I have but one opinion on the subject, and I have given that," said Dr. Bell, shortly.

Josiah Lee took off his hat, and wiped his face with a huge cotton handkerchief. Evidently he was distressed at the situation in which he found himself.

"Well," he said, at last with a dismal sigh, "where could I get some one?"

"Nancy Martin would come, I think."

"I went to see her yesterday."

"Wouldn't she come?"

"Yes, but she wants seven dollars a month. Now, you know, that's unreasonable."

"Josiah Lee! Are you beast or human? You! with thousands at interest, besides this splendid farm, to let your wife lie there and die from pure stinginess!" And the old doctor stalked off and left Josiah Lee dumb with astonishment that any one should have the audacity to speak so to him, the honest owner of so much property, for that fact was what gave Josiah Lee so much importance in his own eyes.

Next morning found Mrs. Lee feverish and nervous, and very anxious about Katie's performances in the kitchen. But Mrs. Wiltsie came and sat an hour or two with her, and gave directions, by the help of which a tolerable dinner was cooked.

Katie had just settled herself for a little rest before tea, when her heart went down with a thud at sight of a carriage from the village containing a blooming young lady and an immense trunk.

"There isn't the first thing for tea," she said drearily, as her reluctant feet carried her to the door to meet her unwelcome guest.

"Is Mrs. Lee at home?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, but she is sick," secretly hoping this might prove a damper, and induce her to go away. Vain hope! For her next question was,

"Can I see Miss Lee?"

"I am Katie Lee. Will you come in?"

"I am your cousin Roxy," she said, taking Katie right into her arms and kissing her heartily.

She stopped at the crib to give little Johnny, who was taking his afternoon nap, a kiss so light that it only brought a smile to his lips without waking him.

"He's a little beauty," she said, turning to Katie. Now Katie had never taken time to think Johnny was pretty, but when she looked at him again, she thought it was true.

"Where is the mother?" asked the new cousin, with an amused look at the shy girl who was following rather than leading her.

Katie threw open the door, and Roxy seated herself on the side of the bed, as she said,

"You remember little Roxy Lee, Richard Lee's daughter, Auntie?"

"Oh, yes. But this can't be her."

"This is Roxy, and nobody else," she said with a bright smile that brought a faint answer in the worn woman's face.

"I am very sorry I happened to be sick when you came. There's no one but Katie to do anything, and she does not know very well how."

"Then I shall have a chance to show my dexterity in housekeeping. Come, little Katie, I want to get off this hot dress, if you please."

With a half uttered apology, Katie showed her to her room.

Roxy Lee was above medium height, rather stout, with a complexion like apple-blossoms, clear dark eyes, and dark hair that hung in heavy ringlets nearly to her waist. Her hands were large, well formed, and white. They looked strong and helpful.

Uncle Josiah did not seem overjoyed to see her, but the greeting that Max gave her was warm enough for two. Max had met her two years before, so they were not strangers.

After tea uncle Josiah put her through the catechism.

"How many children has your father, Roxy?"

"Nine."

"Mercy! what a family. Guess it costs Dick something to keep them. All at home?"

"All but Roxy."

"And you've never been away before, I suppose."

"Yes sir. I taught school awhile."

"What made you give it up?"

"Didn't find it profitable. I was losing my health as fast as possible, and father took me home."

"But weren't you making money?"

Oh, yes, I had excellent wages. But money is scarcely a substitute for health, you know."

That was entirely at variance with his philosophy. He believed money to be the chief good—at least his daily life said so. He locked his lips together for a moment and then said,

"May be hard work didn't agree with your constitution or your feelings?"

"No sir, it did not."

Something like a smile ran over his face as he went on,

"I remember your mother when she was a girl—I haven't seen her since she was married, never had time to spend visiting—but she did not like to work very well then. I suppose she has trained her girls in the same way."

"Precisely! Father does not believe in working too hard either."

"I guess he has not made much money then."

"He values his property at about two hundred and fifty thousand, I believe."

"The dickens!" Josiah Lee was a church-member, and was not in the habit of using such words; but this was an extra occasion, and he rose to his feet, excitedly.

"How has he made it?"

"My grandfather Lee gave each of his boys a farm, did he not?"

"Yes, go on."

"Coal was found on my father's; that gave him a start in the world."

Josiah Lee thought, with a twinge, of the time when he had induced his father to

give him Glen Farm, which he had intended for Dick, and give Dick what he supposed was a poorer one.

"Then," Roxy went on, "my father always has given one-tenth of his income to religious and charitable purposes; and he thinks he has been prospered on that account. The Scripture says, 'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty.'"

Josiah showed symptoms of anger.

"Oh, I know all those arguments about giving; I've had them fired at me often enough. A man can't own a few thousands without having his life pestered out of him by those religious beggars. I don't believe in it."

"Father does," said Roxy quietly. "He thinks what he invests in that way brings him good interest."

Mr. Lee was filling his well-used pipe.

"Your father smokes," he said, by way of changing the subject.

"No, sir. He used to; but now he spends the money in books instead."

He laid a live coal in the newly filled pipe, and went out, leaving a blue cloud, that was rather too odoriferous, behind him.

Next morning Roxy came down in a print wrapper and linen collar, her curls tucked in a net, and an apron in her hand.

"Oh, you shouldn't have come down yet," said Katie, ruefully; "breakfast won't be ready for a long time."

"I came down early on purpose to help you get breakfast. I shall instal myself chief cook, while you set the table."

Cooking was one of Katie's aversions; but she said,

"No, I can't let you. You'll get awfully hot, and burn your face and everything. I can do it all myself."

"You're a brave little body; but I mean to help you, all the same. I am not afraid of a burning."

When the breakfast was ready a short chapter was read from the Bible, followed by a hurried prayer.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, and then Max and Ralph and their father went away, and Roxy went in to see her aunt.

Presently, the noise of a conflict came up from the kitchen, and Katie was heard saying,

"Dick, you selfish little wretch! Let Fred alone."

"Roxy, do you think you could settle them?" said Mrs. Lee, who began already to have faith in this strong, womanly girl. "Those two boys do quarrel terribly," she added as Roxy went towards the scene of battle.

Fred had made his escape; and now it was a hand-to-hand fight between Katie and Dick.

"I won't be bossed by a girl, I tell you," cried Dick angrily; but a sight of Roxy's face in the door put him to flight. Katie drew a deep breath.

"I wish I was dead!" she cried, passionately. "Only the day before yesterday, I promised Mrs. Wiltsie to be pleasant always; and this is not the first time I have been cross and angry since."

"Don't let one or two failures discourage you, Katie dear," said Roxy. "Be brave, and try again."

"I have tried, and it's no use," and tears began to gather in the brown eyes.

"Did you ask help from One who is stronger than we?"

Katie looked up quickly.

"Oh, you mean did I pray about it. No, I don't see much use in praying."

"Oh, Katie!"

"Praying makes people Christians; and if all Christians are like father, I don't want to be one. He belongs to the church, and old Mr. Watson who never goes to church is a great deal more kind and pleasant to his children than father is. He acts as if we were just so many machines; and if he can contrive to get plenty of work done, he don't care a pin whether we do right or wrong."

"Katie child, you must not talk so. Do you not know some Christian who is as kind and pleasant as any one who is not?"

"Yes; Mrs. Wiltsie is better than any one I know, and I believe she is a *real true* Christian."

"That is the sort you want to be. You and I are not to judge others, dear; but just live right ourselves, and never mind them."

Kate felt the rebuke, and sat silent.

A week went by, and the household machinery moved like clock-work under Roxy's skilful management. Then, one morning, Max introduced Nancy Martin to the kitchen, much to Katie's relief; for, to tell the truth, both she and Roxy were feeling tired under the unusual strain upon their muscles.

Josiah Lee shut his lips very tight, but took no notice of Nancy. When they were alone, he said to Max,

"Who authorized you to bring that woman here?"

"I took the responsibility myself, after waiting a week to see if you would do it."

"I consider myself capable of attending to my own affairs."

"It is your affair to see that my mother is relieved of care. That had not been attended to, so I took the matter into my own hands," said Max, coolly.

Josiah saw a determination in his son's face that would not be easily moved; so he merely said,

"I suppose you will see her paid?"

"Certainly, if you refuse to do it;" and so the matter ended.

Mrs. Lee was soon able to come into the sitting-room; and after making a tour of the house, by easy stages, she said,

"Roxy, you have done wonderfully well. Everything is as well attended to as I could have done it."

"You see, Auntie, I am a farmer's daughter; and without allowing them to work too hard, my mother obliged her girls to learn how to do everything about house-keeping. We girls take the management in turn, a week at a time."

"I should think you would waste things in learning."

"So we did, to be sure, at first; but mother watched us, and we soon became quite expert. Now, you see, if she is off duty it makes no derangement in the household. She is not missed in the kitchen."

"I wish I had done so with Katie; but your uncle is so hard to please, and finds so much fault, that I have never dared let her experiment; so, as you know, she is dreadfully ignorant. I see now how wrong it has been; but I do dread Josiah's scoldings so."

NILE LETTERS.

"ASSOUAN, Feb. 18th,

"DAHABEEH 'TITANIA.'

"We arrived here last evening. The approach to Assouan is finer than anything we have yet seen. Some grand rocks surround the bay. The palm trees that ornament both the banks and islands are very fine; as many as ten and twelve trees spring from one root. To-day we have visited the remains of an old temple and the quarries, where we saw an enormous obelisk, hewn partly from the granite rock, but never completed. The ride on donkeys over such desolation it would be impossible to give the slightest idea of. We read of desolate places in Scripture; these well describe such scenes. We rode through numberless tombs, the way being strewn with broken pottery. At one point we passed the capitals of some grand temple. On our return we observed that a dahabeeh had arrived since we had left. We soon found it was a New York party of travellers. We went to call, and as they determined to go two miles higher up on the morrow, we went with them through a most beautiful part of the river. Of course we took our small boat, which had conveyed us to theirs, by which means we returned to our dahabeeh. It was a delightful sail. Strange to say, when we were riding over that desolate desert, we met with a Mr. —, of New York, who sat next to P— at table on his last voyage. We invited him to dine with us. He had never been on a dahabeeh, and was pleased to come; so immediately on our return we sent our small boat over for him. In conversation we found that his friends could not get enough to eat on the steamer. He told us some of the party had been hungry since they left Cairo. By steamer the trip to the second cataract is made in three weeks—too long a time to be hungry. For this trip they pay £46.

"WADE HALFA, Feb. 28th.

"We have reached the extreme point of our journey up the Nile—797 miles above

Cairo. We have indeed had a glorious time.

"On February 20th we left Assouan for the cataracts.

"ASSOUAN, March 10th, 1873.

"Back again, after all our wanderings and experiences. Truly we have great things to be thankful for. We passed through the first cataract with its six 'gates,' as they call them here. It took us three days to pass. We might have done it in one, but these people take their own time. Sometimes we had as many as 200 men to help us through. Certainly they exercise great skill, as well as strength. The shouting, roaring, scolding, exceed anything you could imagine; but we went safely through, although on account of being so late the water was very low, and sometimes, when we grounded, we had as many as twelve undressed men in the water pushing the boat with their backs. The excitement was very great indeed; we enjoyed it while it lasted; but when we returned to our peaceful sailing, with our own men, the calm was indeed delightful. The Reis, or captain, gives up the boat to the Reises of the Cataracts, four in number. Two are on the rocks to direct the men there; two on our dahabeeh to order their own men, who are on board. When our dahabeeh was moored one evening, just below one of the smaller cataracts, we were astonished by seeing a head coming down the current, and on the top of the head a very large turban. Soon it reached the shore, rose like a mermaid from the water, and at the same time the large turban was unrolled, and fell in graceful folds to a woman's feet. The bearing of these Egyptian women has something grand about it. If they are carrying a heavy water jar, or other article of less weight, it makes no difference; they are still erect and elegant. I have seen a woman, with a burden on her head, pick something from the ground with her toes, raise her foot behind and take it with her hand, not in the least troubled by

so doing. But to return to our poor woman, rising like a dusky river-nymph from the Nile. She had been to an island to get rushes of which to make mats. Soon another followed with a little child before her. Their raft was a round log, which, on landing, they carried home on their heads, as well as their rushes, till it was required for another voyage. If you could see the turbid waters through which they steered their way with their feet, you would think the thing impossible; but even the little children are more like fish than human beings.

“On our return to Assouan, so soon as our dahabeeh was moored, our dragoman went to the Governor for letters. We had not heard a word from you for a month. He returned—‘no letters.’ Imagine our disappointment! Half an hour before we sailed P. thought he would make another trial himself, the dragoman accompanying him. They walked past a large space of ground where a crowd was collected round a stone seat. The Governor was seated there, administering justice. P. was invited to take a seat by him, and on the stone by the Governor’s side were laid the letters just arrived by the Arab running post! What a difference of climate you have in England! A month ago we saw the barley-cut; the wheat is in the ear, and the lupins are gathered in. Now the sand banks exposed by the falling of the water are being planted with cucumbers and melons, &c. From the newspaper cutting you send you must have had very cold weather. How charming it is here, though rather hot sometimes—84°, and one day 92° in the shade; but always cool in the morning and evening. We are now visiting the old temples standing near the banks of the river, and sometimes we can make out the hieroglyphics and the ovals (or cartouches) of the kings who built the temple. At nightfall the air is exquisitely delicate, and nothing can exceed the beauty of sunsets and sunrise. Then we are never on deck without the glass, so that every bird, crocodile, and all distant objects are carefully examined. One day we saw two crocodiles together on a bank. The sand of the desert is beautiful, but rather hot to lie on. Near the river it is dirty and black

from deposit left by the overflow. I wish we may see a mirage, but it moves at pleasure, and has not crossed our path as yet.”

“DAHABEEH ‘TITANIA,’ ON THE NILE.
“MARCH 11, 1873.

“Dear W—, We have just left Silsileh, where some three or four thousand years ago the rocks which caused the then first cataract of the Nile suddenly gave way, and so drained a large portion of the country above, which before that time must have been much more productive than it is now; that is, there must have been a larger area of productive soil. We are 45 miles below the first cataract and about 80 miles above Thebes. We reached Assouan on our downward trip yesterday morning, and were disappointed at not finding letters awaiting us. So we made up our minds for a budget at Thebes. The old fellow there calling himself Consul had failed in his promise. Just before leaving, however, I went up again to the house of the old Copt at Assouan, who is content, I believe, with the title of Vice Consul, ostensibly to leave instructions to return any letters which might afterwards arrive for us, but really to ascertain for myself what letters he had. Alas! there were none, but his son had gone to meet the incoming postman, and I waited his return. By-and-by he came, and reported a parcel arrived from Mustapha Aga, but he did not bring it with him. So I went knowing not whither, under the son’s guidance, and after ten minutes’ walk we came upon a crowd which had gathered round something of interest. Looking over the shoulders of those nearest me, I espied our friend the Governor, who visited us on our way up, seated on a divan of stone, on which was a rug, and hearing the case of some disputants. He rose and shook hands with me, and offered me a seat by his side, which of course I took. The case was soon disposed of. A slight remonstrance against his decision was met by ‘Imshee,’ which, being interpreted, means ‘Clear out,’ and the crowd dispersed. I laid hold of a large envelope on the divan. It was addressed to me, and there was a long Arabic inscription besides. People here do not know our letters, so each traveller has to look over all he sees.

“Since my last we have been to the second cataract above Wady Halfa. Our journey has been prosperous, and, barring the fleas, as pleasant as we could have desired. True, like other just men, I have been afflicted. I have not shaved since the 21st of last month, being told not to shave in this very dry climate. I suppose I must allow my beard to grow until we leave Africa, but I don't know that I can wait so long. A mustard plaster is not more intolerable. Surely the beard is as useless as the spleen, while the latter has the advantage of offending nobody. I feel myself an object—a spectacle *not* to be looked at—an outcast—a pariah—a *lusus naturee*—a monstrosity—a suspicion to the church—a contempt to the world—a lamentation to my friends—a triumph to my enemies—a laughing-stock to the young—a sorrow to the old—an object of pity alike to the shaved and the unshaved. I dare not look into any man's face. Women scorn me. Children hoot at me, and I turn my back to the dogs lest they should howl at me. My chin is like a carding machine. My towels will scarce last until I reach Cairo. What am I to do? ‘Shave,’ you say, but I have told you that I must not. I am like the sick man. In the morning I wish it were evening, and in the evening I wish it were morning. But yet, in so far as I have been able to withdraw my mind from this engrossing subject, I have greatly enjoyed our Nubian trip. At Esne is the ruin of an ancient temple, or rather the portico, nearly entire; the remainder is not visible. Now I am not going to describe temples. I will do that *viva voce* when I show you a few photographs, which we mean to get at Cairo. In these wretched collections of mud huts called towns, there is nothing one can call a street—nothing but high mud walls with openings here and there to different dwellings, on either side of a dusty passage in which you meet people who appear to have nothing to do; naked or half-naked children asking for baksheesh, and a few donkeys. Of course in an important place like Esne there is a bazaar. The value of all the goods offered for sale in all the shops (?) in this street and its branches would scarcely equal that of the contents of a third rate shop in an English provincial

town. The Governor of Esne, whom we met in the market, saluted our dragoman in the usual fashion by kissing. He shook hands with us, and was to have called on us, but he did not. There is no middle class in Egypt, and no caste. Sheikh Yusef, whom we had met in Thebes, called on us here, this being his home. It is awkward not being able to converse directly with these people. There is a large sandbank in the river opposite Esne. Boys and men swim across in curious fashion. Their dress is made into a turban, and they either use a piece of wood to help them along, or they swim hand over hand, plunging them alternately into the water.

“What a trouble we had to get up to the cataract! At noon, on Thursday, the 20th February, we moved about a mile up from Assouan and were told there was too much wind to go farther then.—Friday, 21st February, we started at eight a.m., with a gentle breeze, and a little afterwards exchanged salutes with Lord Harrowby's boat, the ‘African.’ At nine we moored to an island to await the cataract men, who were said to be engaged in getting Lord Harrowby's second boat off the rocks some distance above—a very doubtful story. It was after three p.m. before any men came. Then they dragged up a small dahabéeh which was before us, next our ‘Titania,’ and then the ‘Pelican,’ containing an American party—very pleasant people. A sale of half a mile took us all to another rapid, and there we had to wait until next day. At ten o'clock a vigorous effort of a hundred men pulled us up the last rapid, and at a quarter-past eleven we were free of the cataracts. In two days and a half we had done about eight hours' work. Well, the wind was favorable and we sailed on past Philæ, and about forty miles beyond.

“The approach of the ‘Pelican’ started us early the next morning, and we leave her behind. The day being favorable we accomplish about 50 miles. Tuesday, February 25th. A bend in the river, which requires us to head northwest, necessitates tacking. Fortunately for us there is no wind, but we made little progress to-day, nor did we do much on Wednesday, 26th, but on Thursday, 27th, a fair wind carried us to Wady Halfa, where we arrived at 3 p.m.

The 'Pelican' came in about eight o'clock, Friday, 28th February. We rose betimes and crossed the river, where we were soon joined by the 'Pelican' party. We all mounted donkeys and rode to Abouseer, a hill about five miles distant and immediately overlooking the second cataract. Here, as at the first cataract, the Nile is divided, by many islets of dark basaltic rock, into numberless channels. A few tamarisks cling to the rocks in the river, wherever a little soil has been left to support them, but there is little vegetation. What you see is the river, the rocks, and the desert, and when the water is high, the river and the desert only. It is, of course, easy to talk of the vast expanse of desert, but one cannot see many miles of it at one time. Yet it is impressive, as the sea is impressive. We looked southwards from Abouseer with some little regret. Here was the end of our journey. We lunched on the rocks, and when we remounted our donkeys we turned homewards.

"On Saturday morning, March 1, the 'Titania' and 'Pelican' loosed from Wady Halfa and turned northwards. There was no wind. We floated with the stream at first, but after a while sailed gently, and at sundown hauled up at Ferayg. On Sunday morning we took our small boat and landed on the rock a little below our dahabeeh. We climbed to a doorway cut in the rock, which was the entrance to the ancient Temple. The first chamber or hall is about 24 feet by 29, behind which is a smaller one—the adytum; and there are two other chambers opening from the large one. This temple was occupied at one time by Christians, who painted a figure of the Saviour and a saint on the ceiling. Later in the day we visited Abou Simbel, of which I will only say that the excavations would represent the interior of a large building. On the façade are carved four large statues of Rameses the Great. Our party of six stood easily on the toe-nails of one of the feet, two persons being on that of the great toe. The statues are sitting, and, without pedestal or head-gear, are 66 feet high. One has been greatly injured, about a third of it having fallen down three or four years ago. The others are in fair condition.

There is a smaller temple near this, also excavated.

"We saw our first crocodile to-day. There were two on a sand-bank, one a very large one. We have since seen several others. The ugly brutes are shy, and go into the water before we get very near them. Our dragoman says the crocodiles always go into the water when they see a red flag, as they know that Englishmen carry guns with them. 'What are those birds, Adli?' 'Pelicans,' Adli replies. He is never at a loss for an answer. I look through my glass and guess them to be cranes—huge birds. What vast numbers there were in that flock! About a thousand or two of the skirmishers were sailing in the air, whirling and poisoning themselves with a grace that positively made me envious, but the great army in serried ranks stood on the sand-bank, a multitude that no man could count. These birds are very numerous on the Nile, but we have only seen one army like that."

—
"DAHABEEH 'TITANIA,'

"On the Nile, March 11, 1873.

"Dear W—,—Wherever we land we are surrounded, of course, by groups of children. Only in one place were they nearly all girls, and I was much struck with the modesty and innocence of the Nubian maidens, whose only garment, as you know, is a scanty fringe. Pretty girls they were, too, but their beauty does not last long. So with varying experiences, all pleasant, we reach Philæ on Friday evening, March 7, at sunset. The 'Pelican' came in a little after us, and we had a moonlight visit to the great Temple, within a hundred yards of which we were moored. The next morning we were on the top of the propylon to see the sun rise, and a beautiful sight it was. Sunset, too, is exquisite in Nubia. I have seen more gorgeous sunsets, but never, I think, the extremely delicate tints which prevail here every evening.

"The 'Pelican' left us on Saturday night, so we had Sunday to ourselves at Philæ. There is no dahabeeh above us, and we did not know of any European between us and Sir Samuel Baker, wherever he may

be. Yet we were not oppressed with our solitude. Philæ is an island on which there are no residents, but as soon as a 'howajee' appears on any of its walls or rocks, the hunters for baksheesh scent him from afar. He looks across to Biggeh, another island, and sees boys and girls hastening to the shore. Almost without his noticing them they disappear from the beach, and bundles of calico glide smoothly and noiselessly across the water towards him. The dresses have all become turbans, and a small log, perhaps four feet long and six or seven inches in diameter, enables each to cross without wetting his dress; but the creatures are amphibious. The log is not a necessity to them. The little girls, with becoming modesty, land beside a rock, and their dresses are dropped as they rise from the water. We have seen women crossing in this way sometimes with a child who sprawls fearlessly on a bundle of 'doora.' The legs must be the propellers, but they are used so gently as not to produce a ripple on the water. You would not suppose that there was any life in the moving bundle.

"I would like to see Nubia, and indeed Egypt, at high Nile. River and desert—I wonder what the people do? On calm days we find the flies excessively troublesome; mosquitoes in the evening and fleas at alltimes. Yet some travellers have told us they had no fleas in their boats. Adli says the Nile water produces them on our bodies; that we are punished for too much bathing. But we have learned to distrust Adli's opinions. Yet fleas cannot live long in Upper Nubia. We should have stayed there a little longer. But we have to go ashore occasionally down here, and fleas thrive in Egypt as they thrive in few other countries.

"Sunday, March 9.—We dropped down about a mile in the evening, to be ready to descend the cataract on Monday morning. At an early hour the noise of many voices announced that the men who were to take us down had arrived. We descend by a different channel from that by which we went up. Ere we had taken our seats on deck the boat had left the shore. A very few minutes sufficed to take us to the first gate or narrow channel, down which the

water plunges tumultuously for about 200 yards. We had at least forty men on board besides our crew. It appeared to be the duty of some, and others were prompted by fear, to rattle off passages of the Koran at a tremendous pace. The excitement was great. The channel is not wider than the length of our boat, which is drawn in by the strong current above. Down we go. The water comes over the deck, and even dashes in at the cabin windows. A minute of intense anxiety, and we are through. Our Reis was in tears. Then such shaking of hands, and offering of salaams all round, including ourselves. In a little while we pass the second gate, not nearly so formidable, and then the congratulations and shaking of hands and salaams are all gone through again. Our crew then seat themselves on the quarterdeck and furnish us with music, varied by grotesque dancing by two or three men; and so with all our colors flying, we reach Assouan at eight o'clock."

—
"On the Nile, near Sioot, March 23.

"Dear W.—For more than a month we heard no news of any kind. At Thebes, on 15th instant, I received a budget of newspapers. And so Amadeo has abdicated. I did not at first know whether he had not been murdered or expelled. Spain a Republic! The thing is ridiculous. It can be a Republic only in name. The great body of the people cannot read, and I rather think care nothing about the form of government. The politicians of Spain, like those of France, and worse than those of France, would sacrifice their country to their party. There is a want of sound patriotism in both countries. Anarchy is chronic in Spain. In France it comes on at intervals like epileptic fits. I don't believe that either country is prepared for Republicanism. By the term, I mean a government like that of England, over which the people have a direct control. I have more confidence in Italy. There the people are ignorant, but Cavour did not live in vain, and Victor Emmanuel is a much abler man than he is generally supposed to be. He is patriotic, too, and his sons do him no discredit. I suppose Mr.

Gladstone wishes the Irish University to be non-denominational—unsectarian, godless, so-called. I would not give public funds to any other, nor would I allow any other college to confer any but theological degrees. Competition among universities leads to lower standards for graduation. Not so competition among colleges, which send up their students to an independent examining body. But here am I going astray again? What has a letter from Egypt to do with republics or universities?

“As I despatched my last letter from Thebes, I presume I told you how we descended the cataract. If not I will tell you about it when we meet. What is your idea of Thebes—the Thebes of to-day, Luxor? Do you imagine it a collection of mud huts, two or three of them larger, and made to look more respectable than their neighbors, by being placed high up in the ruins of the Temple, and whitewashed outside, not inside? Impute no such cleanliness to a Theban. The best house in Thebes is a fit residence for bats.

“The Valley of the Nile here (Thebes) is several miles wide—a level plain, rich with the verdure of growing crops, and varied by the feathery tamarisk and graceful palm, a grove of which one never tires of looking at, and by sycamores and acacias, and perhaps here and there the thorny tree which produces gum arabic. The young dates are now appearing. The long casing which has hitherto contained the germs has opened and released numberless little straw-like stems a foot long, to which are attached at intervals of half-an-inch the incipient dates, not yet half the size of a grain of wheat, two and two, about 36 to 40 on each stem. The tree is said to yield from 300 to 500 lbs. of dates, from which its value to Egypt as an article of food may be judged. Every tree is taxed, I believe, about five-pence sterling. The cultivated ground is terminated on either side by the desert, close to the edge of which the Arabian hills on the east and the Libyan on the west, of a yellowish grey sandstone, rise precipitously, and bound the valley. At the foot of the hill, where excavation was easy, are countless mummy pits, most of which have been ransacked for hidden treasure. The rocks are pierced for more pretentious tombs.

The contents of all that have been discovered have been removed. The river flows nearer to the western side of the valley, leaving three-fourths of it on the east side. Luxor, modern Thebes, is situated on the east bank rising directly from the river; but ancient Thebes covered a space now occupied by several scattered villages on both sides of the river. Luxor and Karnak on the east; Goornet, Medeenet Haboo, and others on the west; and included the temples known by all of these names, as well as the Memnonium and others. The two colossal figures—those, I believe, which were reproduced at the Crystal Palace—stand, or rather sit, together in the plain, between the Memnonium and the river. There appears to be no trace of the buildings, of the entrance to which, I presume, they were two of the guardians. There are remains of other colossal statues quite near them. One of the two is the vocal Memnon. Our Arab donkey-man climbed into it, and struck a stone which emitted a metallic ring. Both figures are greatly mutilated. This one was partially destroyed by an earthquake previous to Strabo's time, and was repaired by being built up again from the waist with large stones. I don't know whether the stone which is now sounded is the original or not. What there is of the other statue is all in one piece. They retain their full height, but their faces and breasts are entirely gone. The temples of Goornet, Medeenet Haboo, the Memnonium, and others on the west side of the river, are all built on the margin of the desert, as is the case invariably in Nubia, where the quantity of land available for agriculture is so small. The villages, too, were generally placed beyond the margin of cultivation. Any one of the temples I have named would excite astonishment and admiration were they farther removed from that of Karnak, one of whose halls would easily hold Notre Dame of Paris. In this hall there are 134 enormously massive columns, twelve of which are 62 feet high and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. We sat for some time on the top of one of the pyramidal towers which flank the pylon or gateway of the great area. Find a building in London, if there is one, not less than eighty feet high and one hundred and fifty

feet long, and you will form an idea of the magnitude of this tower, which is only one of many. I suppose it is as large as five of the Queen's-gate-terrace houses, and at least half as high again. An avenue of sphinxes, most of which have now entirely disappeared, led to the Temple of Luxor, a mile and a quarter distant. Other avenues of sphinxes connected this with other temples in the immediate neighborhood. It is said that an earthquake, which occurred twenty-seven years before our era, damaged or partially destroyed all the monuments in and near Thebes; but there is abundant evidence, too, of very laborious efforts to deface and destroy the sculptures. Indeed I cannot conceive how such a figure as that of Rameses the Great, in the Memnonium, could have been reduced to its present state without some such agent as gunpowder or nitro-glycerine. It was of granite, in one piece, as large as the Colossi of the plain, yet one-half of it is broken into small pieces. We have certainly seen

“ ‘ Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.’ ”

But after seeing so many specimens of ponderous architecture, the dead walls being relieved only by sculptures in such slight relief that at a short distance they are invisible, I long to look at Westminster Abbey again. They strike one with awe and wonder; but it creates a revel of delight. But I had better go no further in that direction, else I shall go beyond my depth. These buildings were in ruins many centuries before Westminster Abbey was thought of; and if only moderate care be taken—indeed if they be only let alone—they may still endure until Westminster Abbey shall have passed away. They, however, do not get even moderate care. With the exception of two or three, no care whatever is taken of the temples and tombs of Egypt. They are accessible to any and all comers, of whom many seem to have no scruple in removing anything they covet. I see nothing to prevent anyone doing as he pleases, no evidence of any effort to prevent injury, whatever orders may exist on the subject.”

“HONOR ALL MEN.”

BY E. H. PLUMPTRE.

Whom shall we honor? Kings on thrones all golden,
With crowns of orient pearls, and Tyrian robe,
Heirs of the might of generations olden,
Stretching their sceptre over half the globe?

Whom shall we honor? Statesmen sage and hoary,
Wise to retain and wiser to reform,
Stirred by no thirst but that of life's true glory,
Bold pilots through the darkness and the storm?

Whom shall we honor? Poets chanting sweetly
The lays of might that thrill a nation's heart,
High souls that do their Master's bidding meetly,
And on the mountain summits roam apart?

Nay, not these only: infants in their weakness,
Slaves in their galleys, prisoners in their cell;
Young girls that shrink and quail in maiden meek-
ness,
Sick, poor, unknowing;—honor these as well.

Calm let thy voice be, kind as angel's greeting;
Gentle the words, as one who fears to pain;
Reproach with pity, wrath with love still meeting,
Searching how best thy brother's soul to gain.

So spake true saints of God, and won men's favor;
So lived meek Paul, in pure and blameless guile;
Now with clear joy, and now in accents graver,
Rousing each conscience, winning each to smile.

So, subtly truthful, courteous, calm and gentle,
Drawing all hearts with cords of trust and love,
His true sons guarding with a love parental, (I move.)
He moved, as bright stars through the darkness

So spake our Master, patient, meek, and lowly,
To way-worn travellers, Israel's wandering sheep;
He the All-pure, receiving men unholy.
Sharing their joys, and weeping as they weep.

Yea, doubt it not; each soul deserves that honor:
We may count none as common or unclean;
She beareth still the King's true stamp upon her;
Marred, half-effaced, His likeness still is seen.

Hushed be each word and thought of wrath and
Turn not away in weariness or pride; [scorning;
When the light dawns of life's eternal morning,
The poorest, frailest, may be at thy side.

Yes, honor all; but keep thy heart's best loving,
For those true brothers, children of thy God.
On the same pathway, to the same goal moving
The strait and narrow way our Master trod.

Love with a love that does not fail nor languish;
Enduring, zealous, hoping, helping all;
Quick to console all sorrow, soothe all anguish,
Still burning brightly though the thick night fall.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
When Death's approach is seen so terrible."
—*Shakespeare.*

It was eight years since James Forbes had entered into possession of the "Weston Arms." The wealth which he had thought it would bring him had not come. Year by year he found the balancing of his accounts more and more difficult. Disappointment and the hardening influences around him had changed him. He was a care-worn, sour-tempered man, mean and avaricious. Over his own family he had no control. His sons were reckless and dissipated; his daughters bold, termagants. These last were all married, and married without exception to drunkards, their domestic broils forming the scandal of the neighborhood. Since he had come to Weston, many a neglected nook in the rank, neglected-looking graveyard held the widow's only son, a father's pride, a mother's joy, a wife's almost worshipped husband, on whose grave their tears were the most bitter that mourning friends could shed, as in answer to all attempts at consolation they could only answer,

"He died a drunkard."

How many blasted hopes, ruined prospects, lives of shame and sorrow, was James Forbes answerable for! Into how many a family had his traffic brought discord and misery! He cared not, he thought not; his heart was hardened. His bar-room was still thronged with others on the way to ruin, among these his own sons and sons-in-law. His wife was sick. A loathsome and fearful disease had cut her down, and she was utterly dependent on the kind offices of strangers to wait upon her. Her children rarely asked for her, and never came to minister to her. A slow, lingering, torturing death was before her, but her callous

husband, her hard-hearted children, were unmildful. The unhappy woman herself spent the intervals of relief from physical torture in reading novels and the lightest of light literature, French tales, etc., etc. The ministers, hearing of her unhappy situation, knowing how she had lived, hoped that time had been given her to prepare, and that in the near prospect of death her heart would surely be softened, her ears opened to hear the messages of mercy. In this hope Mr. Vernon deemed it his duty to go and see the afflicted woman. Coldly, sullenly was his visit received by the other members of the family, and no less coldly by the dying woman. Not discouraged, praying for grace that he might be able aright to touch the unresponsive heart, Mr. Vernon spoke earnestly to her. The most languid, uninterested attention was all she bestowed upon him, and when he asked if he might engage in prayer, a gruff "No" was her answer. Might he call again? "No, she did not wish to see him." And sorely disheartened, sad at heart, the minister took his leave. The dissenting minister also called, but his reception was, if possible, more ungracious. What could they do but shake the dust off their feet as a testimony against them? And yet it seemed fearful to let a fellow-sinner thus go down insensible to her doom without God and without hope. The last scene came at last. There were no eyes to witness it but those of strangers—two kind neighbors who shrank not from the fearful office. To one of them I am indebted for a description of it. The dying woman, who had evidently but a few hours to live, had lain all day in that state of unconcerned lethargy which had marked her deportment since first she had been taken sick. Strong-minded, severe physical pain had not had power to force even a groan from between the compressed lips, which opened rarely and were but opened in curses. From the bar-room

sounds of revelry and mirth came in reverberating peals. Bacchus and Death were holding their courts under the same roof each by contrast rendering the other more fearful—the one in its mad thoughtlessness, the other in its fearful solemnity. A slight noise from the bed attracted the silent watchers. They turned; aye, the hardened woman was fully awakened now. With eyes starting from their sockets, teeth clenched, hands outstretched in an agony of horror, the dying woman sat up in bed. She had not been able for days to turn herself without assistance. Her face was most fearfully convulsed—fear, horror, suffering, were unmistakably printed there. That the suffering was mental, the eyes which seemed to be gazing on some fearful scene, too plainly told. Most agonizing entreaty to remove the horrible sight from her was expressed by her actions. Yet as if compelled by an invisible power to look, her gaze seemed fascinated; she resisted all their efforts to quiet her or lay her down. Fear or horror seemed to have deprived her of the use of her tongue. Her watchers could only guess that mayhap the scenes of her past few years, with their fearful responsibilities misused, were rising up against her. Who shall say what was revealed to that passing soul as it stood on the borders of eternity? Throughout the fearful hours of that night till the mocking voices of revelry grew silent, that human soul fought, but fought with death. In the last agony the tongue was loosed—with fearful despairing shrieks, fixed eyes, and contorted frame, she went to render an account for the deeds done in the body.

In death the face retained the look of horror that had been on it when the spirit left; the contorted frame, stiffened in death, refused to be composed. The wretched husband, whom the last scene had roused from his bed, rushed to his bottle to seek relief from the maddening thoughts that death had suggested.

About a month after this fearful death bed one chill February evening when the sky was lead overhead and the hollow wind moaned through the leafless trees and swung the signboard of the "King's Arms" till it seemed a fierce wailing dirge, the

stage-coach drove up the deserted streets and deposited its sole passenger at the door of the Weston inn. The cold, uncomfortable aspect of the evening had not prevented it from having its usual complement of loafers to watch its arrival. Few recognized in the tall, slightly-stooped gentleman who was not encumbered with luggage, and who seemed not very well prepared to face such biting winds, as far as wrappings went, our old friend Alfred Hamilton. The world to all appearance had used him but indifferently since last we saw him; or, to speak more correctly, he had not used himself well. His coat, though of fine broadcloth, had grown a trifle threadbare; his satin hat, by dint of frequent brushings, was in the same condition. His linen, thanks to Maude, was unexceptionable, but his appearance on the whole, taking into account his somewhat *blasé* expression, was that of a man who, to use a common expression, "had seen better days." He had long before lost his honorable position in the ——— st. Academy, by making his appearance one morning among his young lady pupils in a state of intoxication. This was shortly after his wife's insanity. He had grown reckless then. Since then he had obtained employment in various other schools, but his besetting sin had now, as it is sure to do to those who trifle with it, obtained the mastery, and he was unable to retain them. His friends, while still acknowledging his genius, were tired of respecting a man who did not respect himself, and were turning the cold shoulder to him. He had heard that his old school, that of Weston, was again vacant, and he had come in person to solicit it. Immediately on his arrival he had gone up to the bar and ordered a glass of rum, which he drank off with evident enjoyment. James Forbes's eyes twinkled with a fiendish pleasure as he recognized their former teacher in his new customer. He knew that great must have been Alfred Hamilton's fall ere he could order a glass of rum in a public bar. Mr. Hamilton gave but a cool return to the innkeeper's welcome, for he had noticed the light in his eyes and knew what it meant, and he had sufficient pride yet remaining to feel his degradation most

keenly and resent the notice of it by his inferiors.

There was a very warm dispute amongst the Weston school trustees as to the propriety of re-engaging him. Those who had been his intimates before, his old pupils and their fathers, were strong on his side, but years had brought a new infusion into the unprogressive blood of Weston. This new infusion represented largely the wealth, the intelligence, and certainly the sobriety of the village. It was for the most part composed of strong temperance men, and they resisted strongly Mr. Hamilton's claims. In their eyes the cause of drunkenness, supported as it was by the practice and the prejudices of the people, was already too powerful, and not without reason did they dread the addition to its ranks in the person of a teacher who evidently would exercise a powerful influence over the minds of his pupils.

A compromise was at length effected: Mr. Hamilton was offered the school till the summer vacation, the trustees not binding themselves to any further engagement; that must depend on the teacher's own conduct.

Sorely chafed though he was at seeing how his influence and popularity had dwindled away here, where it had been so powerful once, Mr. Hamilton had yet no alternative but to accept the terms that were offered him. His friends were satisfied, for they had not the slightest doubt but he would be able fully to retrieve his reputation. His affability and benevolence would win him the hearts of the common people, and they did not doubt but his talents and talent for teaching would convince even the most obdurate of the justice of their high commendation.

The people of Weston marvelled to see how pale and sad Maude had grown. They all said they never would have recognized her, and not much wonder. She had none of the light vivacity which usually characterizes early womanhood. Premature care had chastened her spirit into a quiet patient calmness. Endurance and hope had given her character a noble firmness, a high tone unusual at her age. She had never even for a moment lost faith in her father. She never forgot her mother's dying charge. Her actions might from their very

thoughtful love reproach him for his neglect, but her words had never yet. She had a strong fervid imagination, a broad vein of romance running through her quiet, undemonstrative character, and it was frequently a sacrifice to her to turn from the gorgeous but unsubstantial visions her fancy had conjured up to the stern realities of everyday life. Had the needs of the present been less pressing, her sense of duty less strong, she could have lived in the future unmindful of the present or the past; but that might not be,—she had the burdens of too many others to bear, to try by day-dreams to relieve herself of her own, and so, cheerfully, she took up her life-work. She might at times be tempted to think that in the daily, hourly routine of washing dishes, cooking, etc., etc., she was wasting her time, losing the intellectual powers which had been awakened, but not so Maude. The ore must pass through the fire ere it comes out pure and fit for the noblest services. Some have to pass through a quick fearful fire of temptation, in which they are taught humility and their own weakness; others, and these are the majority, are exposed to the steady racking heat of daily cares and annoyances, domestic duties and domestic trials,—not calling it is true for any great display of heroism, yet most eminently trying the Christian graces of faith, patience, meekness, humility. Blessed are they who with unspotted garments pass through the fire gathering none of the smoke of discontent, the ashes of despair, the fire of earthly passion, to sully their purity or mar their future joy! These are they who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

Far different was Robert. High-spirited, ambitious, he could only feel most bitterly his father's degradation and its consequences on himself. His ambition was to be a lawyer. In this his acute, active, far-seeing mind, his comprehensiveness, his perseverance and industry seemed eminently to qualify him. While in Edinburgh he had attended the High School and had there carried off the "Gold Medal"—no slight achievement amid so many competitors whose opportunities had so far exceeded his own. He had begged of his father to give him a collegiate

education, offering himself to bear the most of its expenses. This his father had as yet refused to do. He wanted him with him to take his place when he was unable to attend to his duties himself. He procured for him the situation of assistant master at Weston, and, sadly reluctant and discontented, the boy was compelled to accept a situation in which he saw nothing but drudgery. It required Maude's constant watchfulness and loving entreaties to prevent any positive outbreak of the boy's haughty temper, the consequences of which, knowing her father's passionate recklessness when once thoroughly roused, she justly feared.

Another fear was also uppermost, stronger than even her love and anxiety for her father. His father's fall had not produced the same effect on Robert as it had done on Graham, perhaps because he saw his father daily indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors without any of those fearful immediate results which had appeared to Graham merely as cause and effect.

He had more than once said, when some unnecessary harshness on the part of his father had roused all the sullen opposition that lay in his nature, in Maude's presence, "that if his father found so much pleasure in drinking, he did not see why he might not too drink to forget his misery." There was doubtless some braggadocio in all this,—the boy never seriously meant to follow his father's example; but to Maude it had all the effect of reality, and the dread lest he should fulfil his threat was among the chief causes of her trouble. An incident of a rather amusing cast relieved the darkness of the picture for a time. Dr. Fergus's mother had been observed, from the first day that Maude in her plain simple dress had taken her seat so reverently in the old pew, to eye her keenly. People knew there was meaning in the venerable woman's eye. She was not used to watch young ladies (she had a contempt for the whole race) so keenly. They could tell without any gift of second sight that some explosion would follow this scrutiny, though of the nature of it they were far from being correct in their guesses. It was as if, as Robert afterwards expressed, a hawk had fixed its eye upon a poor defenceless dove

and was calculating its weight, fatness, delicacy, etc., ere it pounced on the dainty morsal. Maude was still further surprised, and no little annoyed, to see the lady resplendent in her black silk dress, which was her marriage one, her scarlet plaid and tuscan bonnet of the coal-scuttle shape, which, as Miss Bell Adams, the village milliner, said, had been turned and bleached and scoured until it was rotten, yet without altering its original shape. Old Mrs. Fergus (we would not have dared to say old were she to see our manuscript) would not hear of any of these "new-fangled fald-erals." In the one hand she carried a blue cotton umbrella of the good old-fashioned kind which was not meant to be lost. It served at present the purpose of a staff, and the decision with which the lady set it down was sufficiently indicative of her character. In the other she carried a velvet bag—a gift her son had dared to purchase without her approval, and for which he received a lecture on the extravagance and unutility of the present generation.

Without waiting for Maude's invitation she laid aside her bonnet, over which she threw her veil to prevent it from contracting any dust, and disrobed herself of her scarlet plaid, which she carefully folded up, telling Maude as she did so that it was as good as the day she got it, thirty-six years ago—her marriage day. From the velvet bag was next produced a long blue stocking. With the utmost concern Maude saw these preparations, for she knew what they foreboded—an afternoon's visit—and with the utmost regard for the duties of hospitality, she shuddered at the prospect of sitting all afternoon under those cold grey eyes and rapidly ran over in her own mind the appearance of kitchen, parlor, and pantry, as well as the contents of the latter. Fortunately it was Monday and everything yet retained the polish which the Saturday's scrubbing and dusting had given. With a gesture of contempt at Maude's invitation to be seated in the parlor, she marched through it into the kitchen, and taking an armchair that stood therein proceeded to make herself at home.

Maude procured some sewing and sat down by her with no little trepidation, which was not lessened by the fact that

said stitching occupied but very little of her visitor's attention. She could feel with hot indignant blood those cold grey eyes upon her all the afternoon as the harsh nasal tones questioned her and cavilled at her answers. The conversation was, as was usual with Mrs. Fergus, largely occupied with her son—his hard work—his delicate health—the compliments that had been paid him—and the usual amount of tirade against professors of religion generally, and those of Weston in particular.

She had found that desideratum to all great talkers—a good listener, and had no idea of leaving the opportunity unimproved, while poor Maude was thinking what she should say all afternoon and wondering what her visitor would think of her taciturnity; she was, by her very silence and confusion, making most rapid strides in Mrs. Fergus's estimation.

Maude had never heard the school dismissed with more grateful feelings than this afternoon, for the entrance of her father and brothers gave her a respite. Mr. Hamilton was a great favorite with Mrs. Fergus, for he appreciated to the highest degree her quaintness and eccentricity, and what would have been a bore to another whose humor was less, was to him a source of great enjoyment. Maude was, to her great relief, quite forgotten while she bustled about getting tea. They kept no servant now. When she took her leave she made Maude promise to return her visit on Thursday, which Maude very reluctantly did. The next morning, while putting away the breakfast dishes, Hughie, who had stayed at home to help her, as it was washing day, by bringing coal and water to her, rushed breathlessly upstairs with the announcement that Dr. Fergus's black Shetland pony, umbrella and all, had come to pay her a visit. Telling Hughie to "hush," she answered the knock that followed his announcement in person, nothing doubting but some business with her father was the occasion of his visit. Politely asking him in and offering him a seat, making the usual remarks on the weather, health, etc., she sat waiting with increasing impatience for the question which should relieve her. This, however, the Doctor did not seem disposed to ask.

He first stretched his knees as far as possible from each other, and resting his hands on said blue umbrella directed his gaze to everything in the room except Maude. Then, suddenly realizing the awkwardness of his position, he stretched one leg over the other, with an attempt at being easy, and laid the umbrella beside him. This position did not seem to increase his ease and he was soon occupied in an intense study of a black spot that appeared on the knee of the uppermost trouser of shepherd's plaid.

Maude, knowing that her water was hot and ready, and that the forenoons were very short, with a view to assist him, enquired if "he wished to see papa."

"No, in fact, my dear young friend, I came to see you;" the doctor answered, uneasily, changing his position again, while the perspiration broke out on his forehead with such profuseness that he had to pause to wipe it with his handkerchief.

Maude, impressed with the unusual agitation of his manner, immediately rushed to the conclusion that he must be the bearer of some evil tidings, awaited with scarcely less agitation than his own, his next words.

"My dear Miss Hamilton, Miss Maude, I may say," he proceeded, his voice gaining firmness as he went on, "as I have known you since your earliest childhood, and always admired and respected you, and since your return to Weston your conduct has been so exemplary and—and—mother gave me her full consent to come here this morning to ask you to become my wife."

Maude's astonishment kept her silent. She had never for one moment thought of such a thing. His awkward ungainly ways had always to a great extent hidden the good sterling qualities he really possessed, and made him appear older than he really was. He had never appeared to her in any other light than that of a very old friend, and he had never paid to her any of those little courtesies which usually pass current between the sexes; while such a keen sense of the ludicrousness of the whole scene so struck her that she found it impossible to find her voice.

The doctor, gaining courage from her silence, which was, he thought, only natural girlish embarrassment, proceeded:

"If you should consent, as I hope you will, of course my mother shall relieve you of all household care. She has managed my house and attended to my wants (my health I may say required the most assiduous attention) to my perfect satisfaction, and I would not make any arrangements which would put her to any inconvenience.

This speech restored Maude's equanimity. It was evident, she thought, that at least his heart was untouched.

"I had never thought, Dr. Fergus, of you in any such light as anything more than a friend, and although I am much obliged to you for your offer, I must at once say that I cannot accept it."

"Of course," the doctor answered, "I did not expect that you would accept me without considering the matter over, and consulting with your father, who will, I feel certain, see the advantage of seeing you safely settled in a godly family; and I may say that I have never seen a young lady before whom I would ask to be associated with my mother. In the meantime, he added, jumping, up with alacrity, as having performed a not very pleasant duty to his satisfaction, I must bid you "good-day," and my mother shall call to-morrow morning for your final answer, and your father's consent, for I hope that when you consider the matter you will see the propriety of accepting my offer." So saying, he hastily took his leave.

The first offer is generally an event in a girl's life. It usually brings with it a sweet solemn sense of responsibility; she feels, if she has been properly trained, that she is no longer a careless girl, that she may hold the happiness of others in her keeping. It also leads her into the delightful realms of romance. She has perchance often envied the heroines she may have read about. Now she is heroine to one love story herself. But to Maude it only

brought a sort of indignant "disillusionment." "He never even said that he loved me," was her thought. It was so different from all preconceived ideas of love-making. But she did Dr. Fergus an injustice when she thought that he had only insulted her by an offer of marriage without love. He did love her perhaps as much as it was possible for him to do. But his life had been so dwarfed and contracted, his mind perhaps being naturally small "by his want of contact in any social way with his kind," that he could not be elevated out of the old grooves and old stiff manners by even the subtle power which had suddenly enslaved him. To her father's question at noon as to Dr. Fergus' business, she gave a rather indignant account of the interview, but he, wiser than she, told her she must consider it as the very highest compliment it was in the power of the doctor and his mother to pay her, and that she ought accordingly to feel honored by it, assuring her, however, that he would decline the offer in their joint names.

The next day, according to agreement, Mrs. Fergus, in tuscan bonnet, scarlet plaid and black silk dress, again made her appearance. Maude, wondering very much what her father would say, managed to be invisible. She never knew what took place. She could not tell from her father that anything unusual had occurred save for an unusual twitching of his risible muscles. That he had managed the affair without at all compromising her, was evident from the fact that there was but little diminution in Mrs. Fergus of respect when she met her afterwards, save that—a happy relief—her hawk-like eye was withdrawn from her. We have never heard of the good lady ever again making any matrimonial overtures for her son—nor he for himself. Will the reader pardon this digression from our story?

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

BOOTS.

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMER.

"A pair of new boots, eh, Johnnie? What! don't like them? O—h! Bob Miles and Carl Jones, and all the other boys, have got cavalry boots with red tops, have they? Well, I wouldn't put up with anything short of cavalry boots with red tops if I were you, Johnnie. My father never presumed upon my good nature to the extent of offering me a pair of boots like these when I was twelve years old, I can tell you. I don't know what I should have done in case he had; stayed away from school, probably, from very shame that my companions should see me wearing a pair of plain calf boots," and with a facetious chuckle, Grandfather Gray seated himself in the great armchair by the fire and, resting his magnificent head on his hands clasped over his gold-headed cane—a favorite position of his—he turned his kindly blue eyes, now beaming with an amused expression, full upon his grandson; who, in no very amiable mood, sat at a table with his book open before him, but with the contents of which, his mind was, evidently, not occupied.

Johnnie looked down with an injured air and said nothing, but Mary, his next younger sister, looking up from her work and observing her grandfather's mood, said:

"Ah, grandfather, you are thinking of some story that would apply to Johnnie's case, I know."

"Oh, yes! tell us one of your funny stories, do, grandpa!" broke in little six-year-old Alice, leaving her doll and drawing her stool to her grandfather's feet, and looking wistfully and coaxingly up in his face.

"Do, now, grandpa," she persisted: "you know you *promised* last night you'd tell us a story to-night."

"Promised to tell one, did I? Well I was not thinking of this one then, and as this is especially for Johnnie's benefit, I will tell it or not as he may decide."

"Oh, don't mind me, grandfather," said Johnnie, brightening up, "for though I suppose it will be something to make my conduct appear ridiculous, it will not be without its lesson, you know, (a little mischievously) and, besides, those girls would never give you a minute's peace of your life now you've led them to expect a story."

There is one thing more, Johnnie," said his grandfather, more seriously than he had yet spoken. "When I have concluded what I am about to relate, I want you to agree to do with those offending boots, just what you think I would have done with them at your age."

Johnnie agreed without hesitation.

"Well," began Grandfather Gray, "it was early in the spring, more than fifty years ago, that my father sold his little home in New Hampshire, and, with his family, came into the then wilderness of Lower Canada and settled in one of the frontier towns. In those days that journey of a hundred miles was looked upon as a more arduous undertaking than one of a thousand miles would be in these days of railroads and steam; but perhaps the most discouraging aspect of such an enterprise, was the fact that the roads grew continually worse as we proceeded, and that the last twenty miles of our route—the distance that lay between the only place from which we

could procure necessities, and our proposed location—had to be traversed either on foot or on horseback. We succeeded in getting our double-waggon load of provisions and household necessities to the place called the 'Mills,' where the apology for a road ended in earnest, and where we were obliged to leave the waggon and everything we could not carry on our own or our horses' backs.

"Not to mention the rest, I think Johnnie, here, would stand aghast to see his father lead off into an almost unbroken wilderness, followed by his mama and Mary and Alice mounted on one horse among a multitude of baskets and bundles, and leaving him to bring up the rear by leading the other one, loaded with beds and bedding; yet, in just that manner did my father and his family complete that memorable journey. Such is the force of circumstances and precedent, that, so far from seeing anything in our condition to deplore, I trudged along as happy as the birds that sang in the branches over our heads, or the squirrels that ran gayly across our path. The sun was just rising above the tree tops in the east when this, our last day's journey, commenced, and just sinking behind the treetops in the west when we completed it and halted before the cabin of an acquaintance who had been located a year in the forest. We were welcomed with a cordiality rarely to be met with in these days of conventional manners and break-neck ambition, and, with the help of our own beds, were made comfortable, not only for the night, but also for the four succeeding days in which Mr. Johnson and his two stalwart sons assisted my father to erect a cabin a mile further into the wilderness. Such a dwelling as that would appear to you! Why, you would hardly think it fit to shelter a pig if you had one; yet it sheltered my father's family for many years. How little do even those who cultivate the broad, fertile acres, travel the smooth, hard roads, and dwell in the commodious houses of that same region, know of the hardships and privations patiently and cheerfully endured by the sturdy pioneers who redeemed it from a howling wilderness! And they are fast dropping into the grave who can tell them of those early times. To make

you realize anything so entirely foreign to what you are accustomed, children, is like trying to make a New Zealander understand the phenomena of snow; yet I will do the best I can. Carpets were not once dreamt of in that section in those primitive times, and even our floor for the first summer was nothing but the ground made smooth and hard. The walls of our cabin were of logs crossed at the corners, the bark still adhering and the interstices filled with moss. The fireplace was a huge, flat stone leaned against the wall at one end of the cabin, above which was left a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape; but the roof itself was proof against the most protracted rains, for the men all knew how to make and lay shingle, and the best of timber was at hand. An old quilt hung across an opening in the wall served as a door; a rude sash, containing six lights of seven by nine glass which my mother—far-seeing woman that she was—had providently brought with her, was our only window; our bedsteads and chairs were constructed of poles and round sticks shaved out and put together in the rudest manner and bottomed with bark woven in basket-fashion; and our table consisted of a couple of boards nailed across an empty barrel; yet, despite our wild surroundings, by the time we had succeeded in getting in the remainder of our load left at the mills, our cabin and the small space cleared around it began to assume a decided home aspect. There was not an acre of land cleared on the lot, consequently our farming operations for that spring were confined to preparing a small patch around the cabin and putting in a few potatoes and garden vegetables; but during the whole summer and fall, and, in fact, until winter set in with a deep fall of snow, day after day, the woods resounded to the stroke of my father's axe and the crash of falling trees, and the nights were illuminated by huge fires that did the double duty of consuming the timber out of the way, and of converting it into ashes, the lye from which was afterwards boiled into salts.

"The first snow that fell to a sufficient depth for the purpose, was made available for bringing home enough boards from the mills to lay both a chamber and a lower floor in our cabin, and also to make a door

and a few shelves, and then our parents hastened preparations for returning to New Hampshire in order to settle some business affairs and bring away their furniture, and also to dispose of the salts now ready for market. I was duly impressed with the grave responsibility of my position as sole guardian of my sisters, but not until my parents were fairly gone beyond sight and hearing, and Ellen and I had succeeded in pacifying little Lu, did I realize that for two weeks I was to be virtually the head of the household. Even then I was sensible of one great drawback to the full enjoyment of my newly acquired dignity—I was minus a pair of boots. I think every boy will agree with me, Johnnie not excepted, that with nothing else, until he reaches the seventh heaven of owning a watch and a horse, is he so lifted up with the idea that he has nearly or quite attained to man's estate, as in the possession of a rousing pair of boots. Boots I had none of any kind, nor could any stretch of my imagination cover the deficiency even in my own mind. Though several times a day I mounted the largest logs in the dooryard and swung my father's axe vigorously for all of a half hour at a time—though I whistled in ever so carefree and independent a manner, as with long strides I took my way to and from the hovel in caring for the cow and hens—though I kept a constant supply of wood and water on hand, trotted little Lu on my knee and told her stories by the yard and occupied my father's place at table—I never once cheated myself into the belief that I was anything but a great barefooted boy.

“During the first and a part of the second week of our parents' absence, the weather remained fair and mild; then came down a heavy fall of snow that brought the men and teams from Johnson's to break the road in and see how we were getting along; then several days of such intense cold that I had to redouble all my former exertions, in dead earnest too, to keep from suffering severely. I can assure you those bitter cold days served to take the conceit entirely out of me and bring my ideas down to their proper level. Instead of swinging my father's axe for effect, I now wielded my own

diligently to keep us from suffering with the cold. Instead of coveting a pair of boots wherewith to bolster up a false dignity, I now sincerely wished for a pair to keep my feet from freezing, The old shifts to which I was wont to resort of winding rags over my stockings, and of heating large chips to stand on while I chopped, did not suffice to keep my feet from aching with cold.

“Well for four days the cold continued unabated, but on the fifth, it broke down so perceptibly that very little exertion was required, comparatively, to keep comfortable. Partly owing to the fact that I was really tired from over-exertion and anxiety, and partly from feeling sure that our parents must arrive before night—it being already two days beyond the time specified—I spent the principal part of the day in games with the girls and made no provision for the morrow's wood. With all a child's propensity for living in and enjoying only the present, my clothes and my cares were laid aside together, and with a delicious feeling of warmth and comfort that was greatly enhanced by the pleasant glow of the fire, I soon fell asleep. I did not wake till broad day; then what a change presented itself to my astonished gaze! Instead of the pleasant wood fire that blazed on the hearth the night before and lit up the little cabin with a cheerful light, the room had a forlorn, blue look, the snow had drifted in around the door and a huge snowbank filled the fireplace. Such a dreary prospect would have been discouraging enough at any time, but when, in addition, I came to consider that I was without a single stick of wood with which to build a fire, the overwhelming fact was too much for even *my* manhood to endure unmoved, and I turned my face to the wall and actually cried. I did not know that the girls were awake till I heard Ellen softly crying to herself. In a moment little Lu burst out into such loud and violent demonstrations of grief that it was all her sister could do to pacify her. At this stage of affairs, I saw that prompt and vigorous action was the only remedy for the evil, and that there was no one to act but myself; so with sheer desperation, I bounded from the bed and, making short work of

dressing me and bundling up my feet, I sallied forth. There had been a heavy fall of snow and already the wind had blown it into considerable drifts. Desperate as I was, it was all I could do to make my way to the woods and cut down a small birch and drag it to the house; but I managed to accomplish it at last, and also to cut it up and carry it in. My exertions had warmed me up, and my success thus far had raised my courage so much that the snowbank in the fireplace did not seem nearly so formidable as at first.

"When I had cleared the snow away and raised up the flat remains of the back-log that had fallen forward, I found a nice bed of live coals, which unexpected discovery gave me new energy, and I soon had a rousing fire that melted away every vestige of the snow that had drifted in, and brought back the old cheerfulness.

"Though I felt somewhat ashamed of the weakness I had displayed in the morning, I resolved not to run another risk of being blocked up in the cabin, and as my determination was warmly seconded by the girls' as soon as we had breakfasted and done the chores we hastened to put it in execution. We all wrapped up as well as circumstances would permit, and taking little Lu on my back, I led off in the direction of Mr. Johnson's, followed by Ellen carrying a shovel, which I thought we might need in case we happened to encounter any considerable snow-drifts. This soon proved a necessary precaution, for every here and there I had to stand Lu down and use the shovel for some distance before we could again proceed without its help. In this painful and slow manner we traversed about one-fourth of the distance to be gone over; then poor little Lu began to cry with the cold. I felt ready to sink with discouragement and exhaustion, and I could see that Ellen was no more sanguine than myself, and so stood hesitating whether to press on or turn back, when we were made glad by the sound of a man's voice ringing through the woods to his team, and presently we spied Mr. Johnson and his sons with two yoke of oxen breaking the road towards us. With many expressions of sympathy we were taken on to the sled, and were soon enjoying the hospitalities of

Mr. Johnson's comfortable cabin. Towards evening of the second day of our stay with the Johnsons, one of the boys came in and said he thought Mr. Gray was coming, when, you may be sure, we all rushed to the window in joyful excitement. Our impatience was presently rewarded by the appearance of a flock of sheep, then of our father, who was driving them, assisted by a splendid dog, of whose usefulness and sagacity I shall have to tell you sometime. Then the horses came in sight, then the sled piled high with furniture and other necessaries, and, oh joy! mother was teaming. It is hard to tell what passed during the next half hour. I only know there was a great confusion of voices, and a great shaking of hands, and a great hugging and kissing with mother and little Lu, and a great scraping of acquaintance between the new dog and Mr. Johnson's, and that a big lump kept rising up in my throat that made me feel like going away out of sight and hiding; and I don't know what folly I might have been guilty of in another minute, had not my father just then diverted my mind into a different channel by tossing me a pair of new boots—good, heavy, thick cowhide, Johnnie,—and not many minutes elapsed, I can assure you, ere I was testing their quality in the snow with Watch barking in noisy sympathy at my heels."

"What happened next, grandpa?" impatiently questioned little Alice, perceiving her grandfather stop and lapse into a thoughtful mood.

"Nothing more that has a bearing on this story, dear," resumed the old gentleman, rising, "only that the next day was my birthday. I was twelve years old, and we were all at home again and I was very happy in the possession of my stout, comfortable boots, and glad that my father was again standing between me and the responsibilities of which I never once realized the magnitude until I was left in midwinter to look out for myself and sisters. So good-bye, for grandmother always looks for me at six, and I never disappoint her."

Johnnie looked thoughtful at first, but finally redeemed his promise to his grandfather as fully as circumstances would allow. He had worn his new boots for

about two weeks, when one afternoon at the usual hour for making his call, the family were surprised to see Grandfather Gray walk in with a splendid pair of the coveted boots swung across his arm. Without a word he handed them to his grandson, whose delight was so great that he could hardly find words to express his thanks.

"How is this, father," said Johnnie's papa, in a somewhat dissatisfied tone, "when you took so much pains, only the

other day, to convince Johnnie that he ought to be satisfied with his plain boots. I thought *you* were very satisfied and happy, even, with thick cowhide ones at his age?"

"So I was, my son, but then there was no Bob Miles nor Carl Jones for me to encounter in cavalry boots with red tops;" and Grandfather Gray sat down with an air that said as plain as words: "There, I think that is a lesson for some one older than Johnnie."

FOR FUN.

BY M.

(Concluded.)

All dressing over, take two chairs with backs of equal height, place them so as to allow room for another between, then cover carefully with a table cover, mamma's gayest shawl, or anything you may fancy, only taking great care to carry your covering over the back of the chairs, thus hiding the vacant spot and presenting the appearance of a sofa.

King Kafoozalum and his august spouse now take their places *on the chairs*, leaving a space between for whatever honored guests may be invited to take a seat. Can you not imagine the rest? One of the uninitiated is called in, presented in due form to the king and queen, who politely offer a seat; this of course is accepted, whereupon their majesties rise somewhat suddenly, and the guest finds himself, or herself, full length on the floor. Shouts of laughter greet the absurd ending to the royal visit, and the victim makes way for another, who shares a similar fate.

All this passed through Charley's head during the moment which elapsed before his sisters entered the room. In that short time he had lived that whole evening over again; he once more heard the shouts of laughter which greeted his own unexpected trouble whilst in the presence of

royalty, and he determined upon having a little *fun* with his sisters.

"Say, girls," shouted Charley as they entered the hall, "come and see the jolly new sofa."

Loud and fervent were the expressions of delight, and at length the question was asked "Where did mother get it?"

"Children should not be inquisitive," answered Charley, putting on rather a grandee air; then, as if relenting, "but if you will behave better for the future you shall each have a seat on it."

His sisters fell in with his playful mood, promising whatever he desired and allowing themselves to be led by him to what he called "the seat of honor."

Daintily they proceeded to seat themselves, shaking out their dresses in absurd imitation of extra fashionable people, whilst Charley anxiously awaited the surprise which he knew must come. And it did come, and all too soon, for with a suddenness which nearly took away their breath, both girls fell through the bottomless sofa to the ground. A slight moan of pain escaped from Alice, but it was drowned in the noisy mirth of her brother, which soon brought Mrs. Wray into the room.

"Charley, Charley, what have you

done?" but the sight which met Mrs. Wray's eyes was too much for her gravity, and she had to join the laugh.

There lay Alice and May with their feet straight up resting against the frame of the sofa, whilst their heads were nowhere to be seen. As for Charley himself, he was dancing around the room in a wild state of excitement. "Poor little dears, they have been to see the Queen and found her away from home; well, never mind, they shall be well cared for," at the same time rolling antimacassars around his sisters' feet, by that means making it almost impossible to rise without assistance.

"For shame, Charley!" cried Mrs. Wray trying hard to look stern but failing most thoroughly; "do try to be quiet and help your sisters up."

Order was soon restored, but Mrs. Wray noticed that Alice looked pale, and appeared dull all evening. "What is the matter with you, dear," she asked more than once, and at length the answer came, "I am afraid I hurt my back falling through the sofa, for it pains greatly."

But why prolong my story? Poor Alice! the pain never left her back again; the *fun* of her brother had wrought her an irreparable injury, condemning her to months of weary pain.

Time, which waits for no one, went on steadily and Charley Wray grew to be a man, with a wife and family of his own, whilst Mrs. Wray joined her husband in the spirit land, and baby May likewise sought another home; but no change came to poor Alice; no loving husband would ever seek her, no child's voice ever call her mother—a confirmed cripple she never left her couch except when her brother's strong arms carried her.

And Charley, did he not feel his sister's sad fate? Look at the whitening hair, the deep lines of care, more than all, his untiring devotion to Alice, and you will see that the *fun* of the moment has been the *pain* of a lifetime. Dear sweet Alice, one's heart bleeds for her, though she has all the attention possible, and though a look at her calm, placid face shows she has found the true source of happiness. Sad, sad fate that a boy's silly frolic and undue love of

fun should so mar your bright earthly prospects!

Children, for whom this little story is written, bear with me a moment longer; it is no fancy sketch I have been writing, but a true tale, and I could mention numerous other cases where brothers in "*fun*" have played tricks which have seriously injured their sisters. Be warned in time lest, like Charley Wray, the day will come when you will have to see clearly, and unmistakably, that you have taken all the brightness out of some loved one's life.

END.

UNDER THE PEAR-TREES.

Under the pear-trees, one August day,
In the long ago and the far away,
Four little children rested from play.

Cheering the hours with childish chat,
Now laughing at this, or shouting at that,
Till a golden pear fell straight in Fred's hat.

"I'm lucky," he cried, as he hastened to eat
The mellow pear, so juicy and sweet;
"If I tried for a week, that couldn't be beat."

Then Tom and Jenny and Mary spread
Their hats and aprons wide, and said,
"We can catch pears as well as Fred."

Then long and patient they sat, and still,
Hoping a breeze from over the hill,
Their laps with the golden fruit would fill.

Till, weary of waiting, Tom said with a sneer,
"I could gather a bushel of pears, 'tis clear,
While idly we wait for a windfall here."

Then up the tree he sprang, and the power
Of his sturdy arm soon sent a shower.

It was long ago, that August day,
When four little children rested from play
Under the pear-trees far away;

And the children, older and wiser now,
With furrows of care on either brow,
Have not forgotten the lesson I trow—

The lesson they learned on that August day,
That for having our wishes, the surest way
Is to work in earnest, without delay.

—S. S. Advocate.

PHILIPPA.

CHAPTER IX.

TOGETHER.

Woe to the eye that sheds no tears—
No tears for God to wipe away!

—“G. E. M.”

“And is it so hard to forgive?” asked the soft voice of Isabel.

“I will try, but it seems impossible,” responded Philippa. “How can any forgive injuries that reach down to the very root of the heart and life?”

“My child,” said Isabel, “he that injureth followeth after Satan; but he that forgiveth followeth after God. It is because our great debt to God is too mighty for our bounded sight, and we cannot reach to the ends thereof, that we are so ready to require of our fellow-debtors the small and sorry sum owed to ourselves. ‘He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?’ And can any love and yet not forgive?”

“It is sometimes easier to love one ere he be seen than after,” said Philippa, sarcastically.

Isabel smiled rather sadly, for the latent thought in her daughter’s mind was only too apparent to her. Had Philippa known as little of her father as of her mother, her feeling towards him would have been far less bitter. But there was no other answer. Even though twenty-seven years lay between that day and the June morning on which she had quitted Arundel, Isabel could not trust herself to speak of Richard Fitzalan. She dared not run the risk of re-opening the wound, by looking to see whether it had healed.

“Mother,” said Philippa suddenly, “thou wilt come with me to Kilquyt?”

“For a time,” answered Isabel, “if thine husband assent thereto.”

“I shall not ask him,” said Philippa, with a slight pout.

“Then I shall not go,” replied Isabel quietly. “I will not enter his house without his permission.”

Philippa’s surprise and disappointment were legible in her face.

“But, mother, thou knowest not my lord,” she interposed. “There is not in all the world a man more wearisome to dwell withal. Everything I do, he dislikes, and everything I wish to do, he forbids. I am thankful for his absence, for when he is at home, from dawn to dusk he doth nought save to find fault with me.”

But, notwithstanding her remonstrance, Philippa had fathomed her mother’s motive in thus answering. Sir Richard possessed little of his own; he was almost wholly de-

pendent on the Earl her father; and had it pleased that gentleman to revoke his grant of manors to herself and her husband, they would have been almost ruined. And Philippa knew quite enough of Earl Richard the Copped-Hat to be aware that few tidings would be so unwelcome at Arundel as those which conveyed the fact of Isabel’s presence at Kilquyt. Her mother’s uplifted hand stopped her from saying more.

“Hush, my daughter!” said the low voice. “Repay not thou by finding fault in return. ‘What glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.’”

“I am not so patient as you, mother,” answered Philippa, shaking her head. “Perhaps it were better for me if I were. But dost thou mean that I must really ask my lord’s leave ere thou wilt come with me?”

“I do mean it.”

“And thou sayest, ‘for a time’—wilt thou not dwell with me?”

“The vows of the Lord are upon me,” replied Isabel, gravely. “I cannot forsake the place wherein He hath set me, the work which He hath given me to do. I will visit thee, and my sister also; but that done. I must return hither.”

“But dost thou mean to live and die in yonder cell?”

It was in the recreation-room of the Convent that they were conversing.

“Even so, my daughter.” *

“Philippa’s countenance fell. It seemed very hard to part again when they had but just found each other. If this were religion, it must be difficult work to be religious. Yet she was more disappointed than surprised, especially when the first momentary annoyance was past.

“My child,” said Isabel softly, seeing her disappointment, “if I err in thus speaking, I pray God to pardon me. I can but follow what I see right; and ‘to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean.’ How can I forsake the hearts that look to me for help throughout this valley? And if thou have need of me, thou canst always come, or send for me.”

This gentle, apologetic explanation touched Philippa the more, because she felt that in the like case, she could not herself have condescended to make it.

The next thing to be done was to write to Sir Richard. This Philippa was unable

* I am aware that this resolution will appear inconsistent with Isabel’s character, yet any other would have been inconsistent with her times. The vows of recluses were held very sacred; and the opinions of the Boni-Homines on the monastic question were little in advance of those of the Church of Rome.

to do personally, since the art of handling the pen had formed no part of her education. Her mother did it for her; for Isabel had been solidly and elaborately instructed by Giles de Edingdon, under the superintendence of the King's confessor, Luke de Wodeford, also a Predicant Friar. The letter had to be directed very much at random,—to “ Sir Richard Sergeau, of the Duke of Lancaster's following, at Bordeaux or wherever may be found.” Fortunately for Philippa, the Prior of the neighboring monastery was just despatching his cellarer to London on conventual business; and he undertook to convey her letter to the Savoy Palace, whence it would be forwarded with the next despatches sent to John of Gaurt. Philippa, in whose name the letter was written, requested her husband to reply to her at Shaftesbury, whither she and Isabel meant to proceed at once.

The spring was in its full beauty when they reached Shaftesbury. Philippa had not found an opportunity to let the Abbess know of her coming, but she was very cordially welcomed by that good-natured dame. The recreation-bell sounded while they were conversing, and at Philippa's desire the Abbess sent for Mother Joan to the guest-chamber. Sister Senicula led her in.

“ How is it with you, Aunt?” said Philippa affectionately. “ I have returned hither, as you may hear.”

“ Ah! Is it thou, child?” said the blind nun in answer. “ I fare reasonably well, as a blind woman may. I am glad thou hast come hither again.”

It evidently cost Isabel much to make herself known to the sister from whom she had parted in such painful circumstances, thirty-seven years before. For a few moments longer, she did not speak, and Philippa waited for her. At last Isabel said in a choked voice—“ Sister Joan!”

“ Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the blind woman; “ who called me that?”

“ One that thou knewest once,” answered Isabel's quivering voice.

“ From Heaven?” cried Joan almost wildly. “ Can the dead come back again?” And she stretched forth her hands in the direction from which the sound of her sister's voice had come.

“ No, but the living may,” said Isabel, kneeling down by her, and clasping her arms around her.

“ Isabel!” And Joan's trembling hands were passed over her face, as if to assure herself that her ears had not deceived her.

“ It can be no voice but thine. Holy Virgin, I thank thee!”

The Abbess broke in, in a manner which though well-meant, was exceedingly ill-timed and in bad taste. She was kindly-disposed, but had not the faintest trace of

that delicate perception of others' feelings, and consideration for them, which constitutes the real difference between nature's ladies and such as are not ladies.

“ Verily, to think that this holy Mother and our Mother Joan be sisters!” cried she, “ I remember somewhat of your history, my holy Sister: are you not she that was sometime Countess of Arundel?”

Philippa saw how Isabel trembled from head to foot; but she knew not what to say. Joan La Depenser was equal to the emergency.

“ Holy Mother,” she said quietly, “ would it please you, of your great goodness, to permit me to remain here during the recreation-hour with my sister? I am assured we shall have much to say to each other, if we may have your blessed allowance to speak freely after this manner.”

“ Be it so, Sister,” said the Abbess, smiling genially; “ I will see to our sisters in the recreation-chamber.”

A long conversation followed the departure of the Abbess. Joan took up the history where she had parted from Isabel, and told what had been her own lot since then; and Isabel in her turn recounted her story—neither a long nor an eventful one; for it told only how she had been taken to Sempringham by the page, and had there settled herself in the hermit's cell, which happened to be vacant.

When Philippa was lying awake that night her thoughts were troublous ones. Not only did she doubt Sir Richard's consent to her mother's visit to Kilquyt; but another question was puzzling her exceedingly. How far was it desirable to inform Isabel of the death of Alianora? She had noticed how the unfortunate remark of the Abbess had agitated her mother; and she also observed that when Joan came to speak to Isabel herself, she was totally silent concerning Earl Richard. The uncomplimentary adjectives which she had not spared in speaking to Philippa were utterly discarded now. Would it not do at least as much harm as good to revive the old memories of pain by telling her this? Philippa decided to remain silent.

The summer was passing away, and the autumn hues were slowly creeping over the forest, when Sir Richard's answer arrived at Shaftesbury. It was not a pleasing missive; but it would have cost Philippa more tears if it had made her less angry. That gentleman had not written in a good temper; but he was not without excuse, for he had suffered something himself. He had not dared to reply to Philippa's entreaty, without seeking in his turn the permission of the Earl of Arundel, in whose hands his fortune lay to make or mar. And, by one of those uncomfortable coincidents which have led to the proverb that “ Misfortunes never come single,” it so happened that the

news of the Countess's death had reached the Earl on the very morning whereon Sir Richard laid Philippa's letter before him. The result was that there broke on the devoted head of Sir Richard a tempest of ungovernable rage, so extremely unpleasant in character that he might be excused for his anxiety to avoid provoking a second edition of it. The Earl was grieved—so far as a nature like his could entertain grief—to lose his second wife; but to find that the first wife had been discovered, and by her daughter, possessed the additional character of insult. That the occurrence was accidental did not alter matters. Words would not content the aggrieved mourner; his hand sought the hilt of his sword, and Sir Richard, thinking discretion the better part of valor, made his way, as quickly as the laws of matter and space allowed him, out of the terrible presence whereinto he had rashly ventured. Feeling himself wholly innocent of any provocation, it was not surprising that he should proceed to dictate a letter to his wife, scarcely calculated to gratify her feelings. Thus ran the offending document:—

“DAME,—Your epistle hath reached mine * hands, wherein it hath pleased you to give me to know of your finding of the Lady Isabel La Despenser, your fair mother,† and likewise of your desire that she should visit you at my Manor of Kilquyt. Know therefore, that I can in no wise assent to the same. For I am assured that it should provoke, and that in no small degree, the wrath of your fair father, my gracious Lord of Arundel; and I hereby charge you, on your obedience, so soon as you shall receive this my letter, that you return home, and tarry no longer at Shaftesbury nor Sempringham. Know that I fare reasonably well, and Eustace my squire; and your fair father likewise, saving that he hath showed much anger towards you and me. And thus, praying God and our blessed Lady and Saint Peter and Saint Paul, to keep you, I rest

“R. SERGEAUX.”

The entire epistle was written by a scribe, for Sir Richard was as innocent of the art of caligraphy as Philippa herself; and the appending of his seal was the only part of the letter achieved by his own hand.

* Had Sir Richard been a peer, he would have said “our hands.” This style, now exclusively royal, was in 1372 employed by all the nobles.

† This adjective also was peculiar to the peerage and the Royal Family. It was given to every relation except between husband and wife; and the French *beau-pere* for *father-in-law* is doubtless derived from it. Nay, it was conferred on the Deity; and “Fair Father Jesu Christ” was by no means an uncommon title used in prayer. In like manner, St. Louis, when he prayed, said, “*Sire Dieu*,” the title of knighthood. Quaint and almost profane as this usage sounds to modern ears, I think their instinct was right. They addressed God in the highest and most reverential terms they knew.

Philippa read the note three times before she communicated its contents to any one. The first time, it was with feelings of bitter anger towards both her father and her husband; the second the view of her father's conduct remained unchanged, but she began to see that Sir Richard, from his own point of view, was not without reasonable excuse for his refusal, and that considering the annoyance he had himself suffered, his letter was moderate and even tolerably kind—kind, that is, for him. After the third perusal, Philippa carried the letter to Joan, and read it to her—not in Isabel's presence.

“What a fool wert thou, child,” said Joan, with her usual bluntness, “to send to thy lord concerning this matter! Well, what is done, is done. I had looked for no better had I known of it.”

Philippa did not read the letter to her mother. She merely told her the substance; that Sir Richard would not permit her to receive her at Kilquyt, and that he had ordered her home without delay. Isabel's lip quivered a moment, but the next instant she smiled. “I am not surprised, my child,” she said. “Take heed, and obey.” It was hard work to obey. Hard, to part with Joan; harder yet to leave Isabel in her lonely cell at Sempringham, and to go forward on the as lonely journey to Kilquyt. Perhaps hardest of all was the last night in the recreation-room at Sempringham. Isabel and Philippa sat by themselves in a corner, the hand of the eremitess clasped in that of her daughter.

“But how do you account for all the sorrow that is in the world?” Philippa had been saying. “Take my life, for instance, or your own, mother. God could have given us very pleasant lives, if it had pleased Him; why did he not do so? How can it augur love, to take out of our way all things loved or loving?”

“My daughter,” answered Isabel, “I am assured—and the longer I live the more assured I am—that the way which God marketh out for each one of His chosen is the right way, the best way, and for that one the only way. Every pang given to us, if we be Christ's, is a pang that could not be spared. ‘As he was, so are we in this world;’ and with us, as with Him, ‘thus it *must* be.’ All our Lord's followers wear His crown of thorns; but their's, under his loving hand, bud and flower; which His never did, till He could cry upon the rood, ‘It is finished.’”

“But could not God,” said Philippa, a little timidly, “have given us more grace to avoid sinning, rather than have needed thus to burn our sins out of us with hot irons?”

“Thou art soaring up into the seventh heaven of God's purposes, my child,” an-

swered Isabel with a smile. "I have no wings to follow thee so far."

"Thou thinkest, then, mother," replied Philippa with a sigh, "that we cannot understand the matter at all."

"We can understand only what is revealed to us," replied Isabel; "and that, I grant, is but little; yet it is enough. 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.' 'What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?' How could it be otherwise? He were no wise father nor loving, who should teach his son nothing, or should forbear to rebuke him for such folly as might hereafter be his ruin."

Isabel was silent, and Philippa's memory went back to those old loveless days at Arundel, when for her there had been no chastening, no rebuke, only cold, lifeless apathy. That was not love. And she thought also of her half-sister Alesia, whom she had visited once since her marriage, and who brought up her children on the principle of no contradiction and unlimited indulgence; and remembering how discontented and hard to please this discipline had made them, she began to see that was not love either.

"Thou hast wrought arras, my daughter," said Isabel again. "Thou knowest, therefore, that to turn the arras the backward way showeth not the pattern. The colors are all mixed out of proportion, as the fastenings run in and out. So our life is in this world. The arras shall only be turned the right way above, when the angels of God shall see it, and marvel at the fair proportions and beauteous colors of that which looked so rough and misshapen here below.

"Moreover, we are thus tried, methinks, not only for our own good. We are sent into this world to serve: to serve God first, and after to serve man for God's sake. And every blow of the chisel in the stone doth but dress it for its place. God's chisel never falleth on the wrong place, and never giveth a stroke too much. Every pang fitteth us for more service; and I think thou shouldst find, in most instances, that the higher and greater the service to which the varlet is called, the deeper the previous suffering which fitteth him therefor. And God's greatnesses are not ours. In His eyes a poor serving-maiden may have a loftier and more difficult task than a lord of the King's Council, or a marshal of the army.

"And after all, every sorrow and perplexity, be it large or small, doth but give God's child an errand to his Father. Nothing is too little to bear to His ear, if it be not too little to distress and perplex His servant. To Him all things pertaining to this life are small—the cloth of estate no less than the blade of grass; and all things pertaining to that other and better life in

His blessed home, are great and mighty. Yet we think the first great, and the last little. And therefore things become great that belong to the first life, just in proportion as they bear upon the second. Nothing is small that becomes to thee an occasion of sin; nothing that can be made an incentive to holiness."

"O mother, mother!" said Philippa, with a sudden sharp shoot of pain, "tomorrow I shall be far away from you, and none will teach me any more!"

"God will teach thee Himself, my child," said Isabel, tenderly. "He can teach far better than I. Only be thou not weary of His lessons; nor refuse to learn them. Maybe thou canst not see the use of many of them till they are learned; but 'thou shalt know hereafter.' Thou shalt find many a thorn in the way; but remember, it is not set there in anger, if thou be Christ's; and many a flower shall spring up under thy feet, when thou art not looking for it. Only do thou never loose thine hold on Him, who has promised never to lose His on thee. Not that thou shouldst be lost in so doing; He will have a care of that: but thou mightest find thyself in the dark, and so far as thou couldst see, alone. It is sin that hides God from man; but nothing can hide man from God."

And Philippa, drawing closer to her, whispered,—*"Mother, pray for me."*

A very loving smile broke over Isabel's lips, as she pressed them fondly on Philippa's cheek.

"Mine own Philippa," she said, in the softest accent of her soft voice, "dost thou think I have waited thirty years for that?"

(To be continued.)

BELLE BRANDON'S CARICATURE

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

"Young ladies, there is too much confusion," said Miss Dorothea Blane, as she glanced up from her open desk. The noise subsided, but as Miss Dodo looked round, there was a perceptible atmosphere of mirth that quite turned her attention from the matter she had in hand. Belle Brandon, a bright girl of fifteen, was shaking with inward laughter. Others of the pupils sat in an attitude that might have suggested profound contemplation but for the signs that betrayed them—the bitten lip, the averted glances, the flushed cheeks, the trembling frames. Indeed, it seemed to Miss Dodo, after a while, that the whole school was convulsed with suppressed merriment.

"Something seems to amuse you, young ladies!" she said, addressing the older classes, her dark, thin face flushing painfully as she withdrew her eyes. Oh! that

she could conquer that dreadful distrust of herself. What could they be laughing at?

One of the girls, Fanny Wainwright, though she had been laughing when Miss Dodo first rose, suddenly became grave as the glance of the little dark teacher encountered hers.

"You will oblige me by attention to your lessons," said Miss Dodo, as she noticed that many of the girls still appeared unable to command their faces. Fanny Wainwright turned instantly to her books, and a blush of deep mortification stained her cheeks as she applied herself to study.

Meantime a paper was slyly passed from girl to girl till it came to its final destination, which was the pocket of Belle Brandon, hidden by numberless ruffles; for Belle could gratify her fancy for ornamentation to the top of its bent: she was the only daughter of the richest man in town.

The lessons were over at last. Miss Dodo had been very nervous through the whole morning term, and felt that she had not been able to disguise the fact. Almost every time she had looked up she had encountered conscious glances or quickly suppressed smiles, and she had glanced once or twice by stealth into a small oval mirror, scarcely larger than a thimble, that she kept in her desk, to satisfy herself that there was nothing wrong in her appearance. No, the hair lay not smoothly back, for it was full of natural crimps and waves that caught the sunlight as she moved her head, but it was in its usual order. The faded blue ribbon—ah, how faded and dingy! fastened into place by one of the oddest of old-fashioned breast-pins, perked up its two small bows, oblivious of rust or wrinkles; her dress, quite threadbare, was as trim and neat as ever, and yet the teacher painfully felt that the girls had made her the object of their mirth.

In vain she said to herself over and over, "It's all nonsense, all my miserable sensitiveness;" the impression could not be removed, yet she was relieved more than she could express when the moment of dismissal came.

"Some time it will end," she sighed wearily, when all had gone except one little blue-eyed girl, one of the lowest class and the youngest child among them, who usually waited in the ante-room till Miss Dodo came out. The teacher had forgotten the little thing until she saw her coming in breathless with a paper in her hand.

"I found something," said the child as she neared the desk—"I guess Miss Belle lost it—I guess it's your—isn't it funny?"

Miss Dodo took the paper from the little girl's hand, and in an instant her nerves tingled from head to foot and her face crimsoned. It was an ink-drawing, a caricature well executed, and represented a Mr. Herbert, the excellent clergyman of

the parish, bowing and shaking hands with her.

Miss Dodo saw herself, in spite of the formidable nose and extravagant abundance of hair; all her oddities, all her poverty, all the blemishes of her face were cruelly reproduced in the little drawing. If it had only been intended for her eyes, drawn by the hand of a loving or mischievous friend, she could have laughed heartily over the production, but she felt at once conscious that it had been done in the spirit of ridicule, and that she had been made the grotesque subject for the sport of the whole school. It cut her to the heart, and the child looked on in astonishment as she saw the teacher's head drop lower and lower upon her hands until her posture was one of agony as well as humiliation.

"O father! oh, Gertie!" came in moans from the lips that felt suddenly so parched and dry. "Oh! how can I endure it! I am held in derision by those whom I could love and aid. I am held up to the ridicule of these children—it is bitter! bitter!"

"Miss Dodo, please what's the matter?" asked Vieve Whipple, her blue eyes swimming in tears; "does your head ache?"

"No, dear—my heart aches;" was the answer, as Miss Dodo lifted her head and her pale face. "God keep you all your life in some fold, my child, that you may not know how terrible it is to face the trouble you have not the strength to bear. Vieve, dear," she added, rising, "you are waiting for me; I will go with you—and oh! how fervently could I wish I might never never come within these walls again!"

"Are you going away, Miss Dodo?" and the child's lip quivered. The teacher stooped down and kissed the little face, leaving a tear on the crimson cheek.

"Not that I know of, Vieve," she said softly. "Sometimes I feel as if I should like to go away."

"And was that Miss Belle's paper? I thought I saw it fly out of her pocket when she was taking her handkerchief out."

"Yes, dear, that was Miss Belle's paper," said the teacher, the pain at her heart again; "but never mind. we won't say anything more about it."

The other girls had left the school-room still laughing at Belle's successful caricature.

"I never saw anything so like yet so ridiculous," said Cad Summers. "It will make me merry for a week."

"What in the world," asked another of Belle, "made you think of introducing Mr. Herbert?"

"Because I found out that he was a friend of hers; one of father's friends told me. I believe they were to have been

married, but for some reason the engagement was broken."

"Oh! it was too funny!" Cad Summers repeated. "The long nose and all—but she *has* got handsome eyes, Belle—let me see it again."

Belle put her hand in her pocket, but searched in vain for the picture. She had the grace to turn pale and look perplexed, then she stood still, and the little group with her.

"O dear!" ejaculated Belle, "oh! girls, I've lost it! I wouldn't have Miss Dodo see it for worlds! Oh! I should die, I am sure I should! What shall I do, girls? Where could I have lost it? I remember taking my handkerchief out right by the door!"

"I wan't to say it would serve you just right," said Fanny Wainwright. "It was too bad; I laughed with the girls; I couldn't help it at first, but I've been ashamed of myself ever since. Miss Dodo has always looked so troubled and care-worn, and I'm sure she must be very poor."

"I just did it for fun—she's such a poke!" said Belle with a quaver. "She's got such a queer face, too. I never can help making fun, you know!"

"Yes, but she'll mind it so much; we girls wouldn't; that is to say, I suppose we should wince a little; it's not pleasant to have our peculiarities thrust at us in such a way. But poor Miss Dodo! what do we know of her history?"

Fanny Wainwright, by virtue of seniority—she was almost sixteen—often exercised the privilege of speaking her mind. Belle writhed a little under the infliction, and turned paler still when Cad, who had ventured to explore, came back with a frightened face.

"She's seen it, she's seen it!" she cried.

"How do you know?" asked Belle, now thoroughly wretched.

"Because I ventured to peep in at the window after looking all round the school-house door, and she sat at the desk crying, her head on her arms. That little Vieve was there waiting for her, and I guess she was crying too; she looked so. Now, Belle Brandon, see what you have done!"

"Don't speak to me," said Belle, hotly, the red rushing into her cheeks again. "What shall I do, girls? I'll never face her again. I'll leave school first. How could I be so careless. Do you really think she found it, Cad?"

"I think that little Vieve found it; likely enough you lost it in the ante-room, or near it, and the child gave it to her."

Belle moved on slowly, poor Miss Dodo's accusing eyes ever before her, her thoughts confused, her heart troubled. She had often laughed at the nervous little teacher, ridiculed her faded ribbons and her turned dresses, her little old-fashioned hats and

her quaint lace collars, but still she had respected her. She was conscious too that she had thrown a great deal of spite into the caricature because Miss Dodo had rebuked her that morning for her besetting sin, carelessness. What could she do? If money would only heal the sore heart! but that was not possible, Miss Dodo would hate her now, she said, reasoning from her own premises; she was sure she should do so.

Ashamed and humiliated, she passed the rest of the day miserably. The more she thought of it, the worse her conduct seemed. Her father brought home a stranger to dinner, an old friend.

"I made him come directly here," he said, introducing him to his family, "and, Belle dear, he has some good news to carry to the little school-mistress. I am sure you will be glad to hear that."

Belle grew crimson, but managed to stammer that she should be very glad.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I fear that Belle will hardly thank me for my news, as it is possible she may through it lose her kind teacher. There may be other duties to occupy Miss Dorothea hereafter, though of course I'm not sure."

"Have you known my teacher long?" Belle managed to say blushing.

"O yes!" was the reply. "Her father was one of the most prosperous merchants in L—, but five years ago he failed miserably, and soon after lost both his health and mind. There was another sister in the family, a poor little crippled thing, who has been sickly and nearly helpless from her birth. Her mother died very soon after the trouble came, and there was only this delicate little Dorothea left to battle with a hard world, and to care for those dependent upon her. At that time I think she was engaged to be married to a young clergyman who, if I am not misinformed, has lately come to this parish; but she refused to burden him with the support of her poor old father and her sick sister, though he was anxious to care for them all. Poor, sensitive child—how she has worked since then! I have learned all from her sister. She has nearly given her life for her kindred. But, thank God! there is a chance for her now. A great uncle just deceased abroad has left her a very large fortune, and I am going round to make her acquainted with the fact."

There were hot tears in Belle's eyes—and she could scarcely command sufficient self-possession to hide her feelings during dinner.

"Perhaps she will forget that abominable picture now," she said to herself; "how cruel it was, and she so good and self-sacrificing. I wish I had known it! I wish she had ever talked of herself. But it has taught me a lesson. I never will do such

a mean, miserable thing again as long as I live, never!"

As for Miss Dodo, called down to the shabby parlor where she was boarding to hear such news, is it a wonder that she was glad to hear that she was henceforth independent and might choose her own lot in life? No more weary days, no more turning old dresses while she sent new to her invalid sister, no more bearing with the ill-humor or the dullness of a score of selfish children. Did she not thank God that night? And in her visits she did not neglect Belle, who was quite ready with words and tears of contrition to confess her fault, and Miss Dodo was just as ready to forgive.

"After all, who would have thought," said Cad Summers, "when we were laughing over poor Miss Dodo, that she would sometime be living here as the minister's wife?"

"And who would recognize in the elegant, brilliant Mrs. Herbert the poor, pale little creature who taught school, and was subject to our whims and caprices?" queried Fanny Wainwright. "Why, she has really grown beautiful!"

"And her nose is not a bit too long," added Cad with a mischievous glance at Belle.

Belle could never bear to hear any one refer to the caricature, and she never allowed herself to be drawn into such an exhibition of wickedness again, as foolish as unkind.—*Hearth and Home.*

SOMETHING ABOUT TOOLS.

MY DEAR HARRY: The first thing is to have good tools, even if you don't have so many of them. So far as I know, these "boys' tools," so-called, are poor things. Get one or two things at a time, and you will have quite a stock before long. If you can afford it, or your father can give it, have a good bench, suited to your height. A cabinet-maker's bench is most convenient for an amateur's work, but it is more expensive than a common bench.

Having your tools, take good care of them. If you do this, most of them will last you a lifetime. If you keep your tools in a box, be sure to put them away when done using them. If you have no box, have some place for each tool, and keep it in its place. Hang up your saws, put chisels and gouges and awls in their respective racks, and let your planes rest on a little ledge to keep the irons from touching.

Get into the good graces of some carpenter, and watch him at his work. If you manage it right most likely he will give you a good many hints, and even, perhaps, help you a little. He can tell you about the different kinds of wood best suited to various

purposes. When your tools need grinding you had better hire him to do it for you—there is more in right grinding than perhaps you imagine.

But, after all, you will learn the most by practice. Remember to work slowly. You can not dash off good work. If you get in a hurry you will be almost sure to mar or even spoil what you are making. Many a time I have forgotten myself and sawed too wide, or cut too deep, and my work was injured or spoiled. And remember, too, to think what you are about. I used to have the run of a sash and blind factory once for any work I wanted to do. There was a man there whose business was to do the sawing; he would have sometimes hundreds of pieces of a given length to get out. If he had not taken care he would have wasted a great deal of material. But his rule was, "Measure twice before you cut once." This is a good rule for you.

I would advise you to attempt only simple things at first; in that way you can work up to more elaborate things afterward. But simple things don't mean little things. You will find it much easier to work on things of fair size than on little, bothersome nothings. But whatever you begin, little or big, complete it. Don't have half-a-dozen unfinished things about your shop. As a rule, don't begin something new while you have another piece of work on your hands. And finish what you make, in the other sense of the word, *i. e.*, let it be smooth, the joints close, the corners true. A little pains, sand-paper, oil, shellac, and varnish, are great beautifiers.

Perhaps, now, you would like me to give you a list of necessary tools before I close my letter. You will want two planes, a jack and a smoothing plane; a cut-off, a rip, and a tenon saw; chisels and gouges of various sizes; a brace and a set of bits; a gimlet or two; two or three awls; a hammer and a mallet, a screw-driver, a square, a try square (you will need to use this constantly if you want to make good work), a foot-rule, a pair of compasses, a gauge, a file or two, a pair of pliers, and an oil stone. It is well to have a jointing plane, too, but not absolutely necessary, except for large work. You can work with fewer tools than I have mentioned here, but not very conveniently. There are other things it will be handy to have as you can get them, but this will make a very fair working stock.

I hope you may have these tools, and find much enjoyment in using them. Perhaps you will become skilful enough in the use of them to merit a compliment similar to one given to a gentleman I know. The foreman of a large shop where he used to amuse himself working, said to him one day, "Well, Mr.—, there was a good carpenter spoiled when you went to preaching."

Your friend, JACK PLANE.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

I was sitting by Julia Knox at the sewing circle the other day, when Tabitha Jones came across the room, and said: "Please, Miss Julia, lend me your emery cushion?" Without a word, but with a very perceptible shrug of impatience, Julia handed the emery to Miss Jones, who used it to polish her needle, and then returned to her seat in the bay-window. When she was out of hearing, Julia remarked: "I know you think me ungracious, Mrs. Hunnibee, but Tabitha Jones *always* is borrowing little articles that every woman should have by her. They live close by us, you know, and she is continually wanting something; to-day she is out of a certain number of spool cotton, to-morrow she wants a sheet of note paper, next day 'twill be a bit of alpaca braid to match the piece on her new lustre, or some maulage, or a pen-holder, or something else. Her father is just like her in that respect; when I go into my flower-garden, and want the rake or the hoe or the watering-pot, it is over at Mr. Jones, and I must send for it. Now, I don't see why Mr. Jones can't buy a rake and a hoe, or why his daughter may not have her own needles and thread, and all the conveniences of a perfectly furnished work-basket, and be quite independent of her neighbors." "But there is an advantage in her mode of providing herself with these little things," I suggested; "it gives you an opportunity of obeying the Saviour's precept, 'From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' "If she'd only bring back what she borrows, I shouldn't care so much; but my tape measure, my crochet needle, and my bodkin she's going to keep always, I guess. I replaced them long ago, and thought I'd see how long she would be in returning them." "Ah! Julia," interposed Miss Fannie Blake, who overheard the last part of the conversation, "I fear you're uncharitable." "Miss Fannie," replied Julia, "do you remember the other day, when you were hunting for your Tennyson to find in it the exact words of a couplet you wished to use in a letter, how annoyed you were with Clotilde Baldwin for not having brought it home?" "I admit, Julia, it is annoying, *very* annoying to have no benefit of articles, whether books or bodkins, you have procured, and which you always wish to have at hand." "I'm sure begging is worse than borrowing," said Jessie Pride. "Jennie Chamberlain, I sometimes think, would be glad to have me give her *all* my dresses, my shoes, and my gloves. If I call there, she'll suggest that my parasol is very pretty, and I'd better leave it when I go away. Whenever she happens to find me making any pretty little device, 'that's for me, now,

Jessie, isn't it?' and her eyes will look so hungrily at my toilet mats and my *passé partouts*, that I half feel as though I have no right to them myself, and ought to give them to her. Yet she has just as much time to spend on such ornaments as I have, and fully as much means."

"Mrs. Hunnibee won't say one word, she's principal against talking about others," said Julia; "but do tell us what you think about these things." Thus interrogated, I did venture to say this: "The world has many illbred and shiftless people in it, and moving about in society, we must sometimes come in contact with them. But it is certainly allowable in a lady to protect herself from such uncalled for annoyances as those Julia and Jessie have named. Let her not refuse to lend, but if she never borrows, and expresses herself in a quiet way as principled against borrowing, she will be very little annoyed. Mrs. Lester, the other day, was saying before Tabitha Jones that she wished very much she had another cage for her bird, upon which Tabitha immediately offered to lend her one. 'Thank you,' said Mrs. Lester, 'but I make it a rule to go without rather than borrow.' Now, you know Tabitha won't try to borrow of her. If Jessie will smilingly answer all Jennie Chamberlain's requests with the promise to leave Jennie in her will what she asks, Jessie will not be long annoyed in that way. Some people fall into a habit of wishing for what they have not, and are continually expressing their wishes, unconscious of the weariness and contempt this vein of remark excites in others. Of course, almost everybody would like fine houses, beautiful pictures, elegant furniture for their parlors and their tables, and all these often are the rewards of wisely directed enterprise and industry; but if one cannot have them, she need not, for the lack of them, be miserable."

"Jessie," said Fannie Blake, "I don't wish to *borrow* your scissors, but I wish you would tell me how you have them so sharp always; mine are dull, and the scissors-grinder hasn't been by our house in a long time." "I sharpen them myself," said Jessie. "Two or three years ago, when Mr. Rogers was putting an addition to our house, I noticed in what fine condition he kept his tools. So I asked him if he wouldn't whet my scissors. He took a file from his box, put an edge on them, and then rubbed them on his hone. I watched him closely, and getting another pair of scissors, asked him to let me sharpen them, and tell me exactly how to do it. This one lesson, which he kindly gave me, was sufficient. I bought me a file and a honer, and never have any trouble with my scissors." — *From Mrs. Hunnibee's Diary in Hearth and Home.*

The Home.

WHAT MY CORSETS COST ME.

BY MRS. CHARLES H. WRIGHT.

It did seem as if that German lesson were interminable. Herr Angelburgher was such an enthusiast in his specialty that his grasp upon our mental powers was as relentless as that of the devil-fish on Victor Hugo's hero.

For two mortal hours he had driven us round a grammatical race-course with the lash of "Give me the active voice of this, of that, of the other," till I was faint with exhaustion. I had writhed and twisted in my chair till its every joint creaked with querulous repinings. I had slipped my slippers off and on (they were a very tight pair, so their "offs" were much longer than their "ons") till my feet puffed up with rage, and refused to enter their bondage of kid again. I had written exercises till my sight grew dim, my face flushed with the hue of fever. My head ached as if every one of those horrid verbs was an armed dragoon, with clashing arms and jingling spurs, dashing in a mad ambition of speed through my brain. My belt grew tighter every moment, as if some dreadful fate was forcing me to the dimensions of a side-show fat woman, without releasing me from the stricture of my ordinary measurement. My hands were numb with swollen veins, and rapidly assuming the complexion of that *lusus naturæ* known in juvenile phraseology as a "banged eye." And no wonder, for my arms were nearly sawn asunder, as I bent forward to write, by the unyielding stiffness of my whalebones.

Toward the last it became unendurable. My head was so bowed down beneath its stylish paraphernalia of coils, bands, and braids, that I felt like a withered sunflower deserted by its god. I looked at Aunt Kate with envy. Our beautiful, graceful Aunt Kate, whose complexion was so stainless, whose features so round and unshrunk, as to deny by broadest implication her more than forty years. There she sat, so calm, so fresh, as if to taunt with her untarnished loveliness the haggardness, the sallowness and the habit of coarse flushings that had come to me in the train of my twenty-two years. Her hair was so bright and shining that I realized, as I watched the gleam of the sunlight upon it, how a woman's hair can be a

crown of glory. It was all her own, too, for she wore it loosely thrown in an invisible net, so that, by making the most of its quantity she needed no artificial additions. Her forehead was so smooth and white that I wondered, as I gazed, why the angel of sorrow, whose black wings I knew had trailed across her life more than once, had left no furrow there. Not a morbid excrescence destroyed the smoothness of that brow, not a cloven foot of dyspepsia or yellow fiend of biliousness had left a mark thereupon.

Why was it, I listlessly wondered, that she should be garlanded with every sweet flower of her forty-three springs while my fewer years had pelted me with only withered husks of beauty?

For, had I not followed the spirit of Beauty with eager entreaty that she might bless me with her presence? Had I not covered her altars with painful oblations? Surely I had studied books of the toilet without number. I had concocted more messes for the improvement of my complexion than a druggist's laboratory ever evolved. I had greased and anointed, whitened, reddened, softened, purified, and cleansed, with a pertinacity of attempt, which, if given to a better cause, would have furnished me with noble eminence among the workers of the world. Had I not crushed my waist with inexorable clasp of corsets to gain a figure that a broad hand might inclose. Had I not suffered untold agonies of stifled breath and aching ribs that "Fairy" and "Sylph" might be the gerudon of my success? Ah, yes! No one could say that I had not worshipped faithfully at beauty's shrine! For years I had wedged, with quivering nerve and shrinking tendon, a number four foot into a number two gaiter. Winter after winter I had chilled to the marrow in silk stockings that I might crowd my foot into a circumference too small for woollen ones. Many a day had I limped painfully over the pavements scarcely able to convince myself that my feet were not solid concretions rather than animate tissues. Many a time had I been forced to retire from social assemblies to a deserted dressing-room, there to remove my inquisitorial tortures and give the stagnant blood chance to move in my feet. Did not disgusting corns bear testimony of my faithful adoration of beauty? Was not that in-growing nail a continual sacrifice of comfort.

For years I had not known a day free from excruciating headaches. It would seem as if an invisible imp dwelt in every artificial hair I wore, to tug and tear with preternatural malignity at every tress nature had given me. The more I piled on the worse it grew, till this miserable day of the German lesson, when I had added the new style of pompadour to my already laden head, it grew insupportable.

Yet with all this battling against epicurilanism of ease had I failed of my object most miserably.

For though my waist had graciously shrunk to the measurement of sixteen inches, the perverse fates had drawn my shoulders out of the graceful slope which had made them once my pride, till they described an abominable acute angle. Day by day my elbows grew crooked and shrewish, more and more like interrogation points to my perpetual question "What shall I do to be beautiful?"

My eyes grew heavy and often broided along their lids with crimson tracery. Then my golden locks grew thin, till finally I could hardly cover my innumerable coils, "mice" and "rats," with a natural growth. But alas! the most soul-harrowing misfortune of all was my complexion. Billious spots began to appear upon my forehead with a persistency of profusion which no Oriental Cream or Bloom of Youth could conceal. Angry eruptions broke out across my chin and around my nose. Lifeless flakes of skin stood continually upon my lips as if the curse of leprosy made me forever unclean. I grew thin as one of Ossian's ghosts. In vain I crammed myself with all the dainties of mother's bountiful table; the more I ate the more attenuated I became, till it did seem as if my favorite viands had entered into an alliance to defraud me of sustentation. So now, at twenty-two, I mourned over a pyramid of faded hopes, and ruefully beheld every charm with which nature had once endowed me blighted as by a simoon.

And I looked at Auntie too weary for articulate questionings, but with a listless curiosity how she had bound her youth so firmly in its flowery chains that time had never succeeded in snatching it from her.

I was watching the soft color come and go in her face, as she laughed blithly at her errors in conjugating some guttural verb, when suddenly she shivered into a dazzling myriad of Aunties; then an opaque curtain of mist dropped down before my sight, the air was filled with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and I fell in a conglomerate heap of animal, vegetable and mineral upon the floor.

When, fifteen minutes later, I awoke from my swoon, a curious sight met my eyes. The bed, upon which I lay, was strewn with "relics," as if an unexpected tornado

had rent me into fragments. There was a medley of hirsute ornamentations lying loosely about. Curis, switches, rolls, braids, coils, pompadour, hair-pins and nets. Then there were my long pendant ear drops that had given my ears a fore-taste of purgatory all the afternoon by their weight. There were my tight slippers gaping at my feet with a fiendish glee, as if gloating over the tortures they had inflicted. There were those dreadful corsets that had been so long a procrustean couch to which my size must be reduced. There was the napkin with which my face had been bathed. It smelt of camphor, and showed a tell-tale of carmine. There was my white bustle grinning with its rows of white teeth at my discomfiture. There was the small bottle of lavender, with the paper of loaf sugar, which had been slyly hidden in the bosom of my dress, and which I often used to stimulate my lagging elements when my eyes grew dim, my head too heavy.

So, while Aunt Kate bent over me with kind enquiries, I rose upon my elbow to say in a serio-comic tone:

"I'm like the old woman in the melody, Auntie, and must ask 'If this be I, which be I's?'"

After I grew strong enough to sit up in an easy chair and drink a cup of tea I remembered the curiosity which was the last exercise of my faculties before faintness overtook me. I turned to Aunt Kate, as she smilingly gathered together my multiplicity of shams, and said, "Do tell me, Aunt Kate, why it is that you need none of this rubbish, and I need so much?"

"Need, Nannie? Did you don these monstrosities after you 'needed' them or before?"

I thought a moment, then I answered:

"Why, I believe I did have a profusion of hair before I began to use false, but I thought I couldn't have too much; the other girls wore imitations, so I thought I must."

"And sacrificed your own golden luxuriance to the heat and weight of these abominations. How about your complexion?" said she.

I blushed with shame at this allusion, for rouge is a sin more heinous in the social code than any other deception of the toilet. But I managed to stammer:

"Oh, you know I became so awfully thin and pale as I grew up that I had to do it or look like death on the pale horse. I wouldn't do it if I had a complexion like yours."

"When you were fifteen, Nannie, your face was like a snow-drift, upon which two crimson rose leaves had floated; mine, at fifteen, was not half as brilliant. Can you not guess why you have faded before your Spring is past?"

"I know what you mean, Auntie; you mean corsets."

"Not corsets, but the abuse of corsets. Yes, Nannie, you have ruined your health and your once promised harvest of mature beauty by your blind idolatry of a murderous fashion. Look at my waist, then at yours. See that my twenty-seven inches of circumference have preserved for me my youthful health and bloom, my natural strength of hair, my undimmed eyesight, my vigor of limb. Think of my buoyant spirits, born of unimpoverished vital forces, and consider if you have not paid too great a price for your dainty form. Does your small waist compensate you for those frequent side-aches, those 'all gone' feelings of which you complain? Is it a just equivalent for your sallow complexion, your angular shoulders, your elbows like the pickets of a fence? Don't you know, child, that those corsets have so retarded the operations of your bodily functions that the deposits are arrested, and you deprived of your normal heritage of warm, pulsing flesh? Don't you know that your liver is almost paralysed by this crushing together of your vital organs, and that the bile which should have served a wise purpose in your physical economy, is forced from your blood into the tissues of your skin to disfigure your skin with those 'moth' patches? Corsets are the principal agents in the overthrow of your beauty, Nannie, but another one is your intemperance."

"Intemperance!" shouted I, with wild-eyed amaze, "why, I never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life."

"I did n't say intemperance of drinking," she answered; "I mean intemperance of diet. Your regular pabulum of mince pie, hot bread, strong coffee and rich cake, is as inevitably, though more tardily, suicidal in its effects as arsenic eating. No pure, healthful flesh can be the chemical resultant of such infusible and insoluble ingredients. If you asked me for bread, I would as soon give you a stone as these dyspeptic prime factors of your diet. Why," she continued, waxing earnest with the importance of her subject, "try my plan for three years and if at twenty-five you are not a healthier, handsomer, happier girl, than you are at twenty-two, you may return to your flesh pots, not only with my sanction but with my blessing."

"Tell me what to do and I will do it," exclaimed I, roused into enthusiasm by the magnetism of her fervor.

"Well, dear, in the first place, throw those life-sapping corsets into the fire. They are sixteen inches, you ought to wear twenty-four. To-morrow you and I will make some waists such as this I have on. They are made with darts, to run down over the hips, and are something like corsets, only with no thought of compression. They

are buttoned in front, are loose over the breast, loose around the waist, with slender, flexible whalebones. They give ample room in the arm-holes, and are furnished with buttons around the bottom, upon which the skirts are suspended. Then, you know, I always wear nice merino under-garments in the winter, that no torpor of chill shall check the warm currents of my life. You know, too, that I always have my dresses made of just as elegant and tasteful material as your own, but instead of drawing them in at the waist, as if my arms were pest-house patients, whose contact is fatal, I make them all with fancy sacques or pretty shirt-waists."

"Pretty! indeed they are beautiful, Auntie," I said, for I had always admired the graceful outlines of those pretty dresses which made Aunt Kate's figure so Zenobia-like, and I looked at her now with admiration growing almost to ecstasy.

She continued, not heeding my interruption, except to smile at me:

"My first object is to make my clothing so free that not a fractional inch of my breathing capacity shall be impeded; so suspended that not a fractional pound of weight comes upon the hips. After that I go hand in hand with fashion as long as she transgresses no fundamental principle of true taste. Then there is another thing, Nannie. I never allow my feet to be cramped, any more than my waist. I wear a number four shoe and have it made on a last expressly my own. They are elegantly made, cost just as much (and expense is a virtue to some minds) as your flimsy foot-screw apparatus. I insist upon their being wide enough for that expansion of muscle necessary to a comfortable walk as well as to a graceful one. I will not submit to heels unless they are flat and wide. But my boots are tricked out with just as consummate an elaboration of white stitching as those of a devotee of style. I don't scrimp my boot-maker on buttons, but I *will* have the ankles of my walking boots high enough to be a protection from the dampness. Besides all this, I never fetter myself with elastics or any of those pretty devices for garters which are so numerous and so uncomfortable. I have an elastic strap running from a loop in the top of my stocking to a button on my waist. So my stockings are supported without wrinkle or strain, and no harsh pressure checks the bounding flow of my veins. Thus, you see, Nannie, why I can take such long, inspiring rambles all over the city without reck of horse-car or omnibus. This is why my walks invigorate, not depress me. This is why I come home every day, not lame and foot-sore as you come from the street-car corner, but fresh and active enough for an Alpine scramble. These walks explain the appetizing flavor I find in my Graham bread and

simple fare, but which your voluptuous food never contains."

"Oh, Auntie," I gasped, "it all sounds delightfully easy and feasible, but I don't believe I can ever do it. I can't hold myself up an hour without corsets, my stomach is so weak. And I know I can never walk as you do in all weathers; dampness always gives me pain."

"Poor child," replied Auntie. "You have relied upon an artificial support so long that your flaccid muscles have forgotten their duty. Shame on an incompetent stomach that lazily refuses to serve itself. Let it suffer from weariness and lassitude awhile, till it learns that the first law of hygienic economy is that each member shall be self-supporting. Then when its healthful strength returns it will not cry for corsets."

"You always look handsome and lady-like in your dress, Auntie, but you wear diamonds and rare jewels. I am afraid that I shall have no style with only my plain merinos, unexpensive silks, my pearls and no velvets."

"Style! would you not give every iota you ever possessed for the health and beauty you had five years ago? I have diamonds, to be sure, but I would give them up this moment rather than my water-proof if I could not replace it. You think you can never encounter dampness without taking cold. Enlarge your breathing power so that tides of warm blood are driven by every breath all over your body; provide yourself with waterproof and triple-soled boots, and you may cast defiance at your bug-bear, cold."

So I made up my mind to discard all my unhealthful substitutions and to strive with a faithful firmness, for the beauty of reality. Not willingly did the enemy give me up, for headaches, lassitude, weariness and nausea followed me long. But now I have given two years to the trial and those odious moth patches have grown small by degrees and beautifully less. A pale, tender rose is beginning to bud upon each cheek, while the "beauty of the lilies" opens to a fresh revelation each day upon brow and chin. My waist is twenty-two inches in span with a rapture of promise that the day will not be long delayed when it shall have gained the coveted twenty-four. My elbows are pickets no longer, but with rounded curves that look as though on small provocation they might dimple. My diet is simple, my stomach is self-supporting and my heart is light.—*Christian Monitor*, in "*Herald of Health*."

ON SAYING "NO" TO CHILDREN.

Did you ever think how much children have to suffer in having their wills crossed

and in being compelled all the time either to give up something or to do something that they do not wish to do?

The most of people are so in the habit of considering that the only proper thing that a little boy or girl has to do is to "give up" to those who are older, that they never think of what it costs the child. I wonder if you ever did?

Because one is compelled to yield at every point his wishes and to do it all the time does not alter his opinion materially or his feeling about it. On the contrary, if his spirit is not all broken, it is all the harder to bear because it is so continuous.

Just suppose that you had some one—no, perhaps three or four persons—over you all day long, to whom you were compelled to go and whose permission you must ask in respect to pretty much all you wish to do. Suppose that you were as likely, indeed a little more likely than not, to be refused, or told to wait, or required to do something else. Suppose that these two or three or more people, who, after all, you did not think knew very much more than you, should be meeting you at every turn and telling you to stop, or be still, or to lay aside your work or book, and, on the instant, do what they wanted you to do, and which, as likely as not, you felt no interest in. Suppose that they were to speak rudely to you or harshly or impolitely, as if you had no feelings or did not care in what way you were addressed. Suppose that this should go on all day from the time you got up in the morning till you went to bed at night. Would you not consider the day rather long, would you not at times grow restive and nervous and possibly get out of patience?

Yet just consider it—that is exactly what some boys and girls have to go through all the time. I do not say that it is so in your home, but you know a good many homes where such is the history of the day as far as the children are concerned. You will not be offended, I hope, if I should seem to imply that I have noticed somewhat this state of things in your house when I have been with you.

You tell me that it is right and good for children to yield their wishes to the wishes of those who are older. I grant it in general. I believe in implicit and unquestioning obedience of children to parents. But because a thing to be done may in general be right and proper, does that make it all entirely easy and agreeable? Do you find it so?

You say that father and mother and aunts and older brothers and sisters all know more than smaller folks. But these smaller people do not think so. They indeed often feel as if they knew about things a great deal better. They certainly know what they want and what they do not want to

30. They may be mistaken, just as you often are, but they think so and feel so, and it is just as hard to be crossed in their desires as it is for you, and it costs them just as much, often a great deal more of suffering.

Tommy comes running in from school, all out of breath in his eagerness and excitement, and calls out, "Mother, can't I take my sled and go to the hill and coast?"

You look up and say, "Why didn't you shake the snow off from your shoes before you came in? there! you have wet all the carpet!"

"Oh, excuse me, I didn't think. Mother can't I go?"

"Why, Tommy, I want you to go to the store and get me some muslin."

Now, you do not want it to-day, possibly you may to-morrow afternoon. The boy suspects it and with a disappointed look says, "But, mother, won't it do when I come from school to-morrow?"

"My child,"—you say it with a solemn air—"I want you to go when I wish you to go and not when you think best."

"But, mother, the boys are all going to the hill this afternoon, and they want me to go with them. There they go now!"

"You can go almost any day to the hill. I want you to obey me now." You say it with a sort of sacred air and a feeling that you have done an excellent parental duty. But you have not. You think that the look which your boy has on his face betokens a bad spirit, you sigh because he is not a better boy. He goes away half tearful, half sullen, and all unhappy. You think it exceedingly bad in him to feel and act so, but you give not a thought to what you have done and all the unnecessary pain you have inflicted. I do not know how important that errand was. I believe that another time would have done exactly as well, but I do know that you ought to have hesitated long or had a very powerful reason for giving him a disappointment so great. You thought that he looked undutiful and you felt grieved. I think that his look should have touched you and made you feel remorseful and guilty. You gave your boy sorrow that a mother should have carefully spared him.

Your little daughter, Mary I will call her, as you sat at your work a day or two ago, came to you in her bright eager way and said: "O mamma, won't you get my tea-set for me?" You were very busy, and without looking up you said, "Not now, go and play with your doll." "But, mamma, Susie and I want to play tea now; won't you?" "My child," you said emphatically, "you can play tea some other time. Get your dolls now."

You did not speak harshly. You had an idea that you did a wise and motherly thing, in insisting on being obeyed. The

little maid's eyes filled and she went sorrowfully away. You causelessly added one sad afternoon to your child's life. You should not have done it.

Now these are only two small examples of what are occurring all the while in almost every household. Perhaps you have not thought much of it before, but I want you to stop when you have read this and think over the matter.

Try to reckon up the number of occasions during almost any day that your little ones have been crossed and thwarted and denied. I do not mean in things really important, but in matters where it could not have made any material difference to have permitted them to have had their wishes. The number is greater than you would have supposed.

To bring the matter home, just imagine that your husband or some one else with less right had said "No" to you a dozen times to-day, and a dozen times you had been compelled to give up and not have your way, in what state of mind would you have been to-night? I imagine that your looks would not be all sunny.

When I think how many, many times, day by day, these little ones are denied needlessly, how many times they are forced to surrender their wishes, I pity them. When I see how parents who love their children will yet wantonly and thoughtlessly inflict pain and make sorrow by refusals that are all unnecessary, I grow indignant. Surely some fathers and mothers are cruel while they consider themselves all kindness and love.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE CHEMIST ON THE HEARTH.

Literally on the hearth-stone, which, if it exists in a modern home, wants freshening and cleaning when fires are put out for the season. Marble hearths are discolored by nearly every substance that approaches them, from pine kindlings, with pitch oozing from them, to the poisonous gases of coal smoke and fender rust. It is surprising that otherwise careful housekeepers will allow a fine white mantel and hearth to rival those of a country store in stains and rustiness. Wash the marble first with warm water and soap to remove the grease; then apply oil of vitriol for ink and iron stains, washing it off as soon as the spots disappear. Spots and discolorations made by burning soft coal, if not of long duration, so as to penetrate deep into the marble, may be eaten off with acid. But, if thoroughly smoked, there is no better resource than to call in the plasterer, who will mix a thin stucco of marble dust, and give the whole a pure white coating without gloss. The polish may be given by varnishing the stucco, when dry, with a solution of what is called water-glass. This is the silicate

of soda—sold cheap enough at the large chemical warehouses. For its many and convenient uses this substance deserves to be widely known. It is produced by fusing fine flint sand with hydrate of soda, the silicate thus formed dissolving readily in water to any thickness from that of putty to a sirup-like varnish. When applied to solid substances the carbonic acid of the atmosphere decomposes it, taking up the soda, and leaving the silica in a hard, shining coat, water and fire-proof. It is applied either to plaster, wood, or stone, both outside and inside a house. The only care to be observed in its application is to give it time to dry thoroughly before allowing it to get wet in any way, or it will be streaked. For treating marble floors, hearths, tables, and statuettes, it will be found valuable.

Soap-stone hearths in kitchens should not be suffered to lose their freshness and grow slippery with grease. When first laid either coat them with two or three layers of water-glass, or oil them with boiled linseed-oil, which will prevent spots from showing. This, if you wish to save work; but for those who like a clean, pure slab of stone under their feet, with the same face it wore when first sawed, a little trouble will not be regarded. To remove spots of grease, spread them with a paste of soda and quicklime, leaving it to dry, and washing off when it carries the spots with it. Then spread the whole hearth with powdered freestone mixed with water, and let that dry. When brushed off, with a stiff brush, it leaves the soap-stone fresh as if just cut. The freestone may be saved for future use. Nor will we disdain to look at the zinc or tin hearths, which, by-the-way, ought always to be bound on the edge with a double strip by the tinner. The worst spotted sheet may be quickly brightened by rubbing with a brush dipped in kerosene and fine wood-ashes. But these should only remain on the briefest time, or they will eat off the tin as well as the spots.

The plated knobs or mouldings about a house may be easily cleaned with a mixture of half an ounce of precipitated chalk with the same quantity each of alcohol and ammonia. Wet every part with this, and when dry brush it off and rub with flannel. This is very good for cleaning spoons and plate. Worn plated goods are much improved by rubbing with this mixture; fifteen grains of nitrate of silver, thirty grains of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of Paris white, and four ounces of water. Shake well before using. This is very poisonous, and must not be used on table-ware.

The family are moving into a new house, perhaps, and the floors are dingy and discolored enough to drive a good housekeeper well-nigh distraught. Remove all the crusted dirt with sand, then mop the floor

with a strong lye, washed off with hot water. Before the floor is quite dry moisten it with very dilute hydrochloric acid, and then spread with a thin paste of hypochlorite of lime. Let this remain overnight, and wash off in the morning.

If you know what a clean floor is, you will see it then—every board showing white as milk; and it is well if any one is allowed to step into that kitchen till the immaculate splendor is somewhat subdued. Having such a floor once, people naturally want to keep it so. This may be done by coating it at once with water-glass as thick as varnish, first filling all the cracks with a putty of water-glass and gypsum. Four coats of this soluble glass will form a hard, durable coat, not affected by heat or by wear, and bright as if it were lacquered. There is economy of labor in using the silicate solution, for it does not need to be renewed year by year. If color is desired, mineral paint is added to the second coat, and the last is ground off, and one coat of oil laid on. This is some trouble; but remember it will last six or eight years, and save endless fatigue in scrubbing, retouching and drying.

Let you think I have water (-glass) on the brain, nothing shall be said here about washing the walls with it, though good authorities pronounce it an excellent application both inside and out, and it promises to meet the long felt want of a glaze for walls that can be washed like porcelain. But every family wants to know how to take spots out of wall-paper. Bread crumbs? No, thank you, unless for pencil marks. Moisten fresh, dry calcined magnesia with pure benzole, and cork it for use. Rub this on fresh grease spots, and they will flee at once. If they are of long standing, spread the paste on the spot and leave it till the benzole evaporates, then remove the mass carefully with a paper-knife, so as not to scratch the surface, and brush the magnesia away with a nice dry brush. With this preparation paper, parchment, ivory, kid, silk, and woolen can be cleaned so as to look like new. Wash fabrics that will bear it with water to remove the last of the magnesia. Silk and wall-paper should be sponged with ether.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A CHAPTER ON SOUPS.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

There are several things preliminary to making soup, which are quite essential. First of all, it is desirable, though not absolutely indispensable, that you provide yourself with the best and most convenient utensils.

A stock-pot is usually a large, round

kettle, with a closely-fitting cover, into which the meat, or bones, and odd bits, for preparing the stock or broth for soups are put, to be cooked. It is usually made of iron or copper.

A soup-digester is a kind of stock-pot made wholly of iron. The lid fits closely into a groove in the top of the digester with a projecting piece which, when turned till it meets the socket or notch on each side of the groove, acts like a lock, holding the lid on tightly. In that respect it is far better than the stock-pot, for nothing can boil over in the digester, and no steam escapes except through the valve at the top of the cover. They are to be obtained at almost all hardware stores, and are of all sizes; from three quarts to ten gallons.

Next, having provided the utensils, good "stock" of various kinds should be kept constantly on hand, regulating the quantity prepared at one time by the state of the weather. In summer, in a cool cellar, it will keep, by frequent scalding, several days. In winter it is safe to keep it much longer, only, like everything else, it requires to be looked after carefully. Few soups can be of the best quality without a strong stock to start with. Leibig's Extract of Meat answers very well for a substitute; but is better used in connection with the stock.

Every bit of meat which is left over, that cannot be satisfactorily employed otherwise, should go at once into the stock-pot or digester. Bones, after carving from them all the meat that can be advantageously secured, must be well cracked and added to the other pieces. The vessel should be always near, ready to receive any stray morsel. When enough is collected to make a good quantity of stock, put cold water to the pieces; for the juices, which are what you desire to obtain, are much more readily extracted in cold water than in hot. On the contrary, meats that are to be boiled for table use should always be put into boiling water, which closes the outer surfaces instantly, thus retaining the juices.

When the water is added, set the digester over a moderate fire, when the contents will not boil rapidly, only simmer. After it begins to boil, add salt and pepper. Opinions differ as to the length of time needed in the preparation of good stock; but it is generally allowed to simmer most of the day, which is too long, and it thereby becomes muddy. Remember that stock should have more salt, pepper, and seasoning than would be desirable in the soup to be made from it.

When done, strain it into a large stone pot, kept for that purpose exclusively, and cover closely till morning, when the fat will all rise to the top and harden; and should then be removed. Never allow

stock to remain in the stock-pot or digester over night; for, even when there is no copper to render it unsafe, it will assuredly taste of the iron, and the flavor be very much injured by it.

If you have no bones or bits of meat on hand to make stock with, a knuckle of beef or veal can be procured with little expense; or, if a rich soup is desired, several kinds of meat should be mixed. For instance: take four pounds of the shin of beef, four pounds of the knuckle of veal, and a half pound of good, lean ham—any scraps of poultry, necks, wings, etc.,—that may chance to be unused. Three onions, three carrots, one head of celery, a few chopped mushrooms, two or three fresh tomatoes, or what would be equal to them in canned tomatoes, if they can be obtained, just a shake of savory herbs and parsley, and, in cold weather, three turnips. In warm weather turnips will cause the stock to ferment. Add an ounce and a half of salt, one table-spoonful of sugar, twelve white pepper-corns, six cloves, three small bits of mace, add four quarts of water. Line the nicely-cleaned digester, after well buttering it, with the ham cut in thin, broad slices, carefully trimmed from all the outer fat that may taste too strong of the smoke, or which is at all rusty. Then cut all the meat from the beef and veal into about three-inch pieces, and lay them over the ham. Set it on the stove, and when all is delicately and equally browned, put in the beef and veal-bones, well cracked, the bits of poultry-trimmings, and pour over all four quarts of cold water. When it comes to the boiling-point, bring to the side of the stove or range, skim very carefully, adding now and then a little cold water, to stop rapid boiling. Let it simmer in this way till it is quite clear, and then put in all the vegetables and other ingredients, and keep it simmering over the stove five hours. Do not let it at any time come to a brisk boil, as that will waste the stock and injure the color.

When done strain through a fine hair-sieve or cloth into a large stone stock-jar and cover up carefully till needed.

Prepared in this way, a stock will keep in cool weather a long time, if kept covered closely from the air, by occasionally scalding; and is always on hand when you wish a rich soup. While it is cooking, in adding water to stop boiling, be sure that you add enough to supply that wasted in steam, so that when done, and strained, you will have five quarts of liquid. One quart will be sufficient for the stock for four rich soups.

A less rich stock may be obtained by using less meat and seasoning, or by carefully saving the water in which fresh meat or fowls have been boiled, adding vegetables and seasoning to suit yourself. Let

it simmer gently for six hours, skimming it carefully, and then strain and set aside for use.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Wipe clean a half peck of ripe tomatoes. Prick them and lay them in strong salt and water for eight days. Then soak them in clear water. Skin ten white onions, cut them into pieces, and lay them in salt and water for an hour. Put into a jar alternately with layers of the tomatoes, layers of cloves, pepper, allspice, and mustard, and sprinkle the onions among the tomatoes. Fill up the jar with cold vinegar.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Skin the onions and let them lie in salt water over night, then take them from out the water and sprinkle them with salt. Dry them in the sun until they look white and then put them in vinegar.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Pour boiling water over half a peck of peaches, rub them with a coarse cloth and stick about four cloves into each peach. Put your peaches into a jar and pour two quarts of boiling vinegar over them, adding one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Tie the jar up tightly for ten days, and then boil the liquor again and pour it over the fruit.

PICKLE-LILLY.—Procure one peck of green tomatoes and a quarter of a peck of onions. Slice them, lay them in deep dishes, salt them, and let them stand thus for twenty-four hours. Drain off the liquor, put the ingredients into a kettle and cover them with good, strong vinegar, adding some cinnamon, mace, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and whole black pepper; also, some ground mustard seed and mustard flour. Let the whole simmer in a nice bell-metal kettle until quite clear—say for about half a day. Put the pickle into crocks and cover them tight.

TOMATO SOUP.—Use stock from beef, ham, veal, or any other bones or refuse meat. Put two or three quarts into your soup-kettle—the size of your family must determine the quantity; cut in one carrot, one small onion, if agreeable, a little celery or fresh parsley; add salt, pepper, and herbs to suit the taste, and then make the stock thick with tomatoes—fresh from the vine are much the best; a spoonful or two of star maccaroni is an improvement, or rice or pearl barley, if you have either on hand. Let it boil two hours.

CROQUETTES OF FISH.—Mince cooked meat very fine, removing the bones carefully.

Take three parts of bread crumbs, season highly with pepper, salt, add one egg, a little milk and flour, work all well together, form it into small cakes, roll them in beaten eggs, then in fine bread crumbs, fry in hot lard.

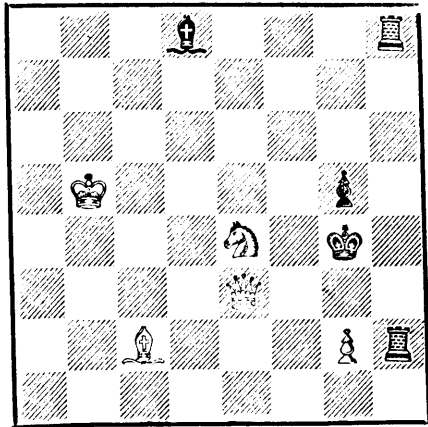
OYSTER CHOWDER.—Butter a deep earthen dish. soak in sweet-milk as many crackers or slices of light bread as will be needed, cover the bottom of the dish with these, strew over bits of butter, put in a thick layer of oysters, season with pepper and salt, a little chopped celery or parsley if liked, add layers until the dish is full, having crackers and butter on top. Pour in oyster liquor and milk mixed in equal quantities till the dish is half full. Bake three quarters of an hour. Clam chowder in the same way.

FRIED HOMINY.—Take boiled hominy, hot or cold. If cold, warm it; add a piece of butter, a little salt, half a pint of cream, or rich milk, and enough flour to stiffen it—one or more eggs. Fry on a griddle after cutting it in thin slices.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 5.

Black.



White:—K. at Q. Kt. 5th. Q. at K. 3rd. B. at Q. B. 2nd. Kt. at K. 4th, and P. at K. Kt. 2nd.

Black:—K. at K. Kt. 5th. Rs. at K. R. sq. and K. R. 7th. B. at Q. sq. and P. at K. Kt. 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Answer to 4th Problem in next number.

Literary Notices.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN. By John W. Forney. New York: Harper Bros.

These Anecdotes were originally written as weekly correspondence of the *Washington Chronicle* and *Philadelphia Press*. They are chiefly of political interest, and are valuable in a historical point of view. As specimens of his style, we copy two anecdotes, one relating to President Lincoln and the other to Signor Blitz:—

"Most history is false, save in names and dates, while a good novel is generally a truthful picture of real life, false only in names and dates." I often think of this sensible remark of a veteran statesman, now in Europe, as I glance into the pages of some of the numberless volumes born during and since the rebellion. Many of their writers seem to have no other object than to make gods of their favorites and devils of their adversaries. Perhaps there can be no true philosophy of that tragic interval. Passion and prejudice have given way before judicial impartiality and tranquil reflection. Carlyle's "French Revolution" of 1793, one of the most remarkable of that strange man's productions, as wonderful for its flashes of individual character as for its accuracy in describing events, was made up from personal investigation and from a careful review of the journals of the day. It inspired Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," one of the most grotesque and thrilling of all his creations. Exactly such a mind is required to give us a faithful picture of the inner life of the rebellion. There are several collections of the newspapers of both sides, one that was preserved for some years in the National Library, and, I think, one or two in New York and Boston. Add to these the letters of private soldiers to their families at home, thousands of which are laid away for reference. But who will distill the essence from this mass of material? Who will digest the endless collection? It should be a patriotic and laborious man, a student like Carlyle, blessed with a pleasant style, large sympathies, and a strict and conscientious sense of justice. The incidents of the war, set forth in these private letters of the soldiers and narrated in the newspapers, would make up not only what would be the best of all histories, but reading as absorbing as any romance.

One of these incidents occurs to me as I write. While I was secretary of the Senate there was hardly an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help somebody who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the Departments, or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the Old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but the labor was a labor of love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly. One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the President, and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion, and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and yet the Cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought, and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call, and, leaving the lady in one of the ante-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not yet adjourned. The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until perhaps, near ten o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his Cabinet chamber and knock. I did so, and, as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came here to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life."

This is the material, if not for solemn history, at least for those better lessons which speak to us from the lives of the just and the pure.

William Hazlitt, in his delightful "Table Talk," describes an "Indian juggler," and

makes his theme the occasion of some humorous and sensible reflections. Meeting Signor Antonio Blitz at a last New-year's reception, in his sixty-third year, I was reminded of that curious essay, and of the Signor's claims to favorable recollection. His face is fresh, though not unwrinkled; his hair and beard are white; his eyes bright; his step quick; his vivacity fairly contagious. *Here* is a character who has grown rich as a proficient in legerdemain, yet has outlived criticism, and by the practice of a genuine philanthropy, and the observance of his duties as a citizen, made himself an honorable name. For fifty years he has contributed to the innocent enjoyment of old and young. His peculiar talents, early shown, induced his father to send him out upon the world when he was a little over thirteen, making his first appearance at Hamburg, playing in succession at Lubeck, Potsdam, and the principal cities of Northern Europe, every where exciting wonder as "The Mysterious Boy." After two years of adventure, the youngster returned home, in time to be folded in his mother's arms and to see her die. He was fifteen when he appeared in England, and had rare success, but did not venture upon the London boards till he was eighteen. Good fortune welcomed him from the first, and would have waited on him to the last had he not been cheated by his managers. His Irish and Scotch tours were full of incident and anecdote. In 1834, in his twenty-fifth year, he landed in America, and performed at Niblo's Garden, where he met Norton, the great cornet-player, so well known in Philadelphia, and witnessed the long contest between him and his rival on the same instrument, Signor Gambati, and played some of his best tricks on Hamblin and Brice, the distinguished theatrical managers. After a tour of New England and the West, he appeared in Philadelphia under the patronage of Maelzel, the proprietor of the celebrated Automaton Chess Player, the Burning of Moscow, the Automaton Trumpeter, and the wonderful Rope Dancer, and made his bow at the northeast corner of Eighth and Chestnut Streets in that city. What scenes of our childhood come back to us at the mere mention of these names! He next journeyed through the South, the British Provinces, the West Indies, beginning at Barbadoes and ending at Havana. After his return to the United States he settled in Philadelphia, where he has ever since resided, to use his own words, "In my own house, with ample means for all the necessaries and comforts of life, surrounded by a host of near and dear friends, whose warm hearts and smiling faces always greet and cheer me." It was in Philadelphia that he spent most of his time, not relaxing his work, and giving pleasure to thousands of all conditions in

life, in public and in private. No social party in the winter is complete without his cheering presence and amusing deceptions.

I have read the autobiography of Signor Blitz, published in 1872, not so much because it is the story of a successful necromancer, as to show how invariably he turned his talent to good account, and how often a ventriloquist and a "magician" may accomplish what defies the physician, the lawyer, and the philosopher. Some of these experiences will show that the good Signor had not labored as a mere juggler, but has left a broad white mark in history showing that he had a higher aspiration than the tricks of his trade.

His landlady in London was so alarmed by his skill, which she regarded as superhuman, that she begged him to leave her house. "Do go away sir, do; and, there, let me give you this, and perhaps you will not be tempted again;" and she handed him a Bible. He accepted it; but, on opening it, found and handed her a five-pound note from between the leaves, placed there quietly by himself, and then she felt that he was not in league with Satan. This same landlady had a son, who was the pride of her heart, but secretly an inveterate gambler, who played away all his earnings and finally used his employers' money. The Signor resolved to save him if the young man would agree to his conditions. He gladly consented, and the Signor was duly introduced to the gambling-saloon, and began to play cards. At first he lost, but gradually won until he had secured one hundred and fifty pounds, when, with his friend, he left the place. But let Mr. Blitz tell the sequel:

"After I had gained the street, and was a considerable way from the house, where my visit had not been a very agreeable one to some, who wished me to remain longer, I turned and said: 'There, Harry, you see what I have done. This fortune, as you gamblers call it, is a cheat, and the money which I have taken from those scoundrels who robbed you, was done in accordance with their own principles. Here are the cards I played with,' and beneath the light of a street lamp I showed him a pack of cards, so arranged that I could always hold the game in my hands. Besides, I designated marks by which I could tell the character of every card in the hands of my opponents. 'There,' said I, 'in those and similar ways lies the art of gambling. You have been duped, but I know that you will not be so again.'

"'I see it all—but now it is too late!' exclaimed the poor fellow. 'Now I see my disgrace.'

"'Not yet; promise me but one thing and you shall be saved.'

"'What is it? I will do—aye, anything, only for my poor mother's sake.'

“Give me your word of honor, then, that you will never again touch card or dice-box, and there is the money which I have won. Take it; pay back the sum which you have taken from your employers, make what honest and true account you can to your mother, and remember as long as you live the night of the 10th of March, 1829.”

“The young man promised, and I never had occasion to doubt but that he kept his word.”

He not only puzzled and amused the ignorant, but the educated and the scientific, among the latter the celebrated Dr. Cramp-ton, of Dublin, forty years ago, who fled with his students from his dissecting-room, when the Signor, who was present, threw his voice into the body of a female subject, and protested against the sacrifice. At Limerick, one of the female servants stole some jewelry from one of the ladies, and the Signor was called on to point out the culprit. He called all the servants of the hotel together, told them of the theft, and said he knew the guilty one was in the room; but, to avoid all exposure, he would wait a few hours, to give a chance for the return of the property. At midnight the poor girl came to his room, gave back the jewelry, and on her knees begged forgiveness, and prayed she might not be exposed, as it was her first offence. He promised, kept his faith to her, and restored the trinkets to their owner. The incident added vastly to his fame. A rascally tax-collector was seen carrying off one of his rabbits, and the Signor proceeded to his house and demanded it. The scamp denied his crime, and a dispute ensued, when the rabbit broke from its concealment, exclaiming in a gruff tone, “You are a scamp, and the Lord have mercy on your soul.” “Who dares call me a scamp?” screamed the thief. “I do!” the rabbit answered. “You never paid a ha’penny for me, Ryan. Did you not bring me here last night from the hall? To-night I will call my imps from below, and take you to the deepest regions of fire.” The scoundrel took fright, and restored the rabbit as one “bewitched.” The whole community were relieved at the detection of the dishonest official. One day he frightened an exorbitant landlord into decency by making a parrot echo his own denunciation of the tyrant. He was introduced to ex-President Van Buren (often called “the Little Magician”) in New York, and exchanged compliments, which closed by Mr. Van Buren saying, “I have often seen our names coupled, as wielding the magic wand; but I resign to you the superiority. You, Signor, please and delight all ages and sexes, while my jugglery is for political purposes.” O’Con-

nell, the Duke of Wellington, and many of the nobility visited his rooms, just as Van Buren, Clay and Webster patronized him in this country. Once he saved his life by imitating a conversation with different voices, and mingling all with the barking of two dogs. This was when he lived near the New York Croton Works, while they were in course of construction, and when Fifty-third Street was beset by ruffians. His jokes were never cruel, as, for instance, his taking the bottle of whisky out of the hat of Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, a noted temperance man, or his asking the Boston philanthropist, Josiah Bradley, to lend him his coat for one of his tricks, which the good old man did, to the infinite amusement of Daniel Webster, who sat in the audience. He was welcome at Harvard University, and played for the *alumni* and the *acolytes*. The great and graceful Justice Story came often to his exhibitions, and would take a seat among the boys on the front bench, enjoying himself to the full, “where he would laugh away dull care,” and, returning home refreshed, “would write till morning; for nothing so restores the brain as a good hearty laugh.” He met Millard Fillmore on a canal-boat in the West, and years after saw him in Washington, when Mr. Fillmore said, “Little did I expect, Signor, when travelling with you on the canal. I should ever become President of the United States.” His description of the great Automaton Chess Player, and of the two players—Maelzel, the inventor, outside, and Schlongberg within the figure—both masters of that scientific game, is full of interest. “Maelzel and Schlongberg were, in their time, the great living representatives of chess; their hearts and feelings were so identified with the game that they dreamed of it by night and practiced it by day. At every meal and in all intervals a portable chess-board was before them. They ate, drank, and played, while not a word escaped their lips. It was a quiet, earnest, mental combat, and the anxiety of every pause and move was defined in each countenance, their features revealing what the tongue could not express.” Schlongberg died of a fever, and poor Maelzel expired on his way from Havana to Philadelphia, and was buried in the ocean. The Automaton Chess Player was destroyed by fire with the Chinese Museum, and the Automaton Trumpeter is now the property of Mr. E. N. Scherr, the retired piano-maker of Philadelphia. He relates a pleasing incident of the illustrious John Bannister Gibson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, one of his best friends, who was surprised to find the Signor's wallet in his pocket, though he sat at a distance from him.