Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- [ ] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

THAKAMBAU.

KING OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

// NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1874.

SEVEN WEEKS ON SABLE ISLAND.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

(Continued from March No.)

After landing us on the Island as previously stated on the 19th October, 1873, the steamer "Lady Head" took her departure for Halifax on the morning of the 20th, carrying with her the captain and crew of the British bark "Humbleton," the third officer and boat's crew of the Guion line of steamships "Wyoming," and a number of the workmen engaged in the construction of the lighthouse at the west end, expecting to return in about three weeks; but several more had passed and the resources of the island pretty nearly exhausted, *ennui* began its work.

The vast solitude of ocean around us, broken only by frightful storms and raging breakers roaring through the livelong day and night, became too monotonous. Of books there were scarcely any. We had been told there was a library—a gift from Miss Dix; but if library it had ever been it had dwindled down to a small heterogeneous mass of broken, disfigured, and discolored books, piled helter-skelter in a corner of the so called dining room.

Paper there was none, and we had to use our own scanty supply to write out the Governor's reports for him. No barometer, not even a thermometer. No records kept of the events of the day, or of the wrecks on the island.

Had the steamship "Wyoming," with her thousand souls on board, been cast upon the island, and any number of them saved, there would have been no clothing for them, other than that they might have fetched along. Indeed, the boat's crew of that ship stranded without anything but that in which they stood, had to borrow shirts from the men whilst their own were getting washed! Tobacco and pipes were at a high premium—indeed, there were none of either—and to most sailors life is torture without tobacco.

But cranberry-picking was now coming on; this crop of berry sometimes exceeds two hundred barrels, and a magnificent species of the berry they are too. The harvesting lasts about a week, and they are gathered by an instrument of Yankee invention, in appearance like a rake with a box around it. Afterwards they are spread out on sails to dry, winnowed, barrelled, and shipped to Halifax, where they are sold at auction, fetching from seven dollars to ten dollars per barrel. This year there were only about fifty or sixty barrels gathered.

We have spoken of the remarkable mildness of the island especially during a southerly wind, which, coming from the direction of the Gulf Stream permeates the air with almost balmy softness.

Science tells us that "the sea has its large rivers like the continents. They are special currents known by their temperature and color; and the Gulf Stream is the most remarkable of these ocean rivers, containing alone a greater volume of water than all the rivers of the globe combined. Its waters do not mix with the ocean waters. It is a salt river, salter than the

sea. Its mean depth is one thousand five hundred fathoms, and its mean breadth ten miles, and flows in certain places with a speed of two miles and a half an hour.

"The phosphorescent waters of the Gulf Stream almost rival the power of electric light, and is the scene of the most frequent and fearful tempests, the country of water-spouts and cyclones, caused by the difference of temperature between it's air and it's currents." We have often in crossing it at northern latitudes, when our hands were benumbed with intense cold, warmed them in a bucket of its tepid water. Well does it deserve its name of the "King of Tempests." Before entering the Gulf of Mexico this grand current of the Gulf Stream divides into two arms, the principal one going towards the coast of Ireland and Norway, whilst the second bends to the south about the height of the Azores; then touching the African shore, and describing a lengthened oval returns to the Antilles.

This second arm—rather a collar than an arm—surrounds with its circles of warm water that portion of the cold, quiet, immovable ocean called the Sargasso Sea,—a perfect lake in the open Atlantic, filled with immense herbaceous masses of kelp or varech, or berry plant, trunks of trees torn from the Andes or Rocky Mountains, and floated down by the Amazon or Mississippi to this quiet resting-place, which, in time, may justify the opinion of Lieut. Maury, that "these substances thus accumulated for ages, will become petrified by the action of the water, and will then form inexhaustible coal mines—a precious reserve prepared by far-seeing Nature for the time when men shall have exhausted the mines of continents."

At Newfoundland the Gulf Stream widens, loses some of its speed and temperature, but becomes a sea; there the depth is less—not more than some hundreds of fathoms, though towards the south is a depression of some fifteen hundred fathoms.

Our most interesting companions now were the ponies and seals. The gun was useless, for there was no game—the plover had departed, the ducks not arrived.

In the former number we described some of the habits of the ponies. Let us now watch the seals forming distinct groups male and female, the father watching over his family, the mother suckling her young. On shore they moved about with little jumps, by contraction of their bodies aided by their fins; in the water—their natural element—with their sleek, glossy skins and webbed feet, they swim and dive to perfection. Riding along the beach, we had hundreds and thousands of them following us along in the water, so close that you could almost hit them with a tandem whip. The expression of their eyes is in the highest species of curiosity and intelligence combined, and it is said "the ancients were so enamored of their soft, expressive looks—unsurpassed by the most beautiful of women—their charming positions, and the poetry of their manners, that they metamorphosed them—the male into a triton, the female into a mermaid."

The *savans* tells us, "these seals, with the whale and the sea-cow, which, like the dudong and the stellera belong to the Sierian order, peaceful, beautiful, and inoffensive, have assigned to them a most important *role* by provident nature, and are designed to graze on the submarine prairies, and destroy the accumulation of weeds that obstruct the tropical rivers; and that since man has so largely destroyed this useful race, the petrified weeds have poisoned the air, and the poisoned air causes the yellow-fever, desolating the most beautiful countries. Enormous vegetations are multiplied under the torrid seas, and the evil is irresistibly developed from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata to Florida."

And if we are to believe Tousenel, "this plague is nothing to what it *would* be, if the seas were cleared of whales and seals. Then, infested with poulps, medusæ, and cuttle-fish, they would become immense centres of infection, since their waves would not possess these vast stomachs that God had charged to infest the surface of the seas." But neither ponies, seals, nor the Gulf Stream itself can adequately fill the soul. Week after week passed by but there were no signs of the steamer. Every morning before daylight the Governor was up at the signal staff to catch a glimpse of her light. Spe-

culation was rife. Was she lost on one of the dreadful bars, or was she quietly biding her time in the far-famed Whitehaven harbor, waiting a favorable chance to run over? The weather on the island for many days was highly favorable for landing,—but on the main it might not be; and thus for weeks with fine weather on the island it might be tempestuous on the shore, and this immense loss of time, and it may be great sacrifice of property and human life, will always have to be incurred till a cable is laid from the main. Since writing our first article, we have heard that the subject of laying a cable from Ireland to Sable Island, and thence to Whitehaven harbor in conjunction with the railway thence to Quebec and Montreal, has received most favorable consideration from capitalists, merchants, cable constructors, and other interested parties in England, and we have no doubt that on fuller investigation it *must* be ultimately undertaken. The world is now nearly girded with cables, and though with several crossing the Atlantic, the accommodation is still insufficient; and here a slight account of Atlantic cable enterprise may be not *mal apropos*.

The first (condensing from history) was laid in the years 1857 and 1858; but after transmitting 400 telegrams would no longer act. In 1863 another was constructed measuring 2,000 miles in length, and weighing 4,500 tons, which was embarked on the "Great Eastern." This also failed. The "Great Eastern" sailed with another on 13th July, 1866. The operation worked well, but one incident occurred. Several times in unrolling the cable they observed that nails had been recently forced into it, evidently with the motive of destroying it. Captain (now Sir James) Anderson, the officers and engineers, consulted together and had it posted up, that if the offender was surprised on board, he would be thrown without further trial into the sea. The criminal attempt was never repeated.

Several times at Blackwall while in the course of construction, we had gone over the "Great Eastern" with the late lamented Captain Harrison, and the achievements of this mighty leviathan of the deep have a fascination for our fancy, stronger than any which Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins can excite.

On the 23rd of July the "Great Eastern" was no more than five hundred miles from Newfoundland when they telegraphed from Ireland news of the armistice between Prussia and Austria after Sadowa. The enterprise was successful; and the first despatch passed from America to Europe—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Since then the French cable has been laid successfully, and another from Great Britain is soon to be attempted. Let it go to Sable Island, the best place for landing it off the Continent of America, and thence only 80 miles to the magnificent harbor of Whitehaven, Nova Scotia, the nearest in America to Europe, and soon to become the place of arrival and departure for all steam, mail, and passenger ships plying between those two great continents.

It was now growing into December; the first week had passed: could the steamer have given up coming again for the winter? Impossible. No coal for the fog whistles, no oil for the lighthouses, or stores for the island, and a score of workmen waiting to be taken home.

Sunday was usually the steamer's day. To masters of vessels there is generally "no Sunday in five fathoms of water;" but that is very hard on their crews, who certainly need *one* day of rest out of seven: and hard too is it upon the poor men of the island to have to land a ship's cargo almost, in this cold winter weather through the surf, working day and night, and drenched with the water during the whole time; destructive, too, to the property landed—for a large portion of it, as we saw after, is necessarily lost. Could not steps be taken to land these supplies, or at least the heavier part of them, during fine summer weather, when men can work in the water without running such fearful risks from cold and exposure?

We said Sunday was generally the steamer's day; but Sunday passed with fine weather, and *without* a steamer. Seven weeks on Sunday since we landed!

However, Monday came, and with it came the steamer. Such excitement, as no

one can feel who has not been shut up on a barren island without news from the outer world; friends, relatives, wives, children may be dead—even Sir John A. Macdonald's government may be upset! Too dreadful!

The day broke fine, but cloudy, and every effort was used to clear out the cargo as speedily as possible. It was no use; veered the wind round to the south-west, which, anchored now on the north side of the island on board the "Lady Head," placed us to leeward.

It takes a short space of time to get up a blow here, and it got up in shorter time than usual. Before dark the rain came down in torrents, with the wind in whirlwinds. We must lash our boats, cut loose the island surf boats alongside, and trust a merciful Providence to help them get on shore, and in nautical or cant phrase, "cut our *own* lucky," which we did. Fiercer grows the gale, heavier the pelting rain. The little boat—unfitted for the service—rolls and pitches, as no other vessel ever did before. They should change her name and call her the "Pitcher"—remembering the old adage, too, about "the Pitcher's going too often," &c.

Chops round the wind, growing fiercer and fiercer to the north-west, hardening into coated ice the waves of spray dashing us from stem to stern—cold, dreadfully cold!

But oh, that pitching! Fortunately we are never sea-sick in the heaviest gales, but the pitching, with the now short chop of the sea dead in our teeth, drives back all the speed we can put forth—stationary almost for hours with full steam. Our course was changed to get under the lee of and hug the land. Should we ever see it? It seems curious to ask, Shall we ever *see* the *land?* On the morning of Thursday, 11th December, we do sight *terra firma*—yes, both whiter and *firmer* than when we left it. It was a cold, clear, sharp, bright, piercing December day as we neared the coast, and getting into smoother water under its lee, the wind lulling, we "ran it down," comparatively steady, till sighting Halifax about noon, and mooring soon after at the dock, we stepped ashore with the satisfaction of having "done" Sable Island and "its vicinity" (as the Yankees say) completely.

A few words, in conclusion, as to the hint thrown out in our first number of the great importance of Sable Island as a relief, storm-signal, and telegraph station, and that the combined expenses of placing it on a "proper footing" *as such*, should be borne conjointly by the Governments of Great Britain, the Dominion, and the United States. It is not a question of sovereignty; it is a question of justice and humanity to those "who go down to the sea in ships."

As a storm-signal station, with a cable to the main, the information so furnished from the Island would be invaluable to the mercantile marine of all nations.

And for an observatory, on its not infrequent clear and starry nights, the unobstructed vision of the firmament and the waters, makes the Island most admirably adapted.

The sad remains of vessels strewing the shore, but sinking yearly deeper and deeper into the sand, teaches us the lesson that all things mortal must have an end, as well as our own imperfect description.

"*Finis coronat opus.*"

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

A LETTER FROM KITTY SEAGRAM.

Dear Mamma:—You cannot think how strange it is, for me to write to you; it is as strange as talking aloud to myself. I never had anything to tell you, but I could just tell you in little shreds and patches; and it did not seem like giving you the *long narration* I have in store for you now!

Oh, you *don't know* how much I have to tell you! (Now, don't be put out by my *underscoring*, and *exclamations*, and *parentheses*; I can't write with comfort, unless I direct you to the important and striking portions of my letters!)

I got here, as you know from the Major, in good health; and I suppose he said, in good spirits. I know I was terribly hungry—with a most unladylike hunger! There I was, sitting on a box of groceries, with bundles of fruit trees on each side of me—some grain-bags full of something, behind me—and the Major, high up on a big box of *sundries*—that's what he called them—in front, driving the horses. The first day I couldn't eat. I munched a little out of the lunch-basket you gave me; but the taverns we stopped at did have such *queer tables* set! It was strong green tea, and fried pork, and fried-up potatoes, and cucumber pickles as green and harsh as unripe apples, and citron preserves, (made with brown sugar;) and hot biscuit with stale butter, and dried-apple pies. And this, three times a day! Oh, I did wish for some variation! only to please the Major, I had to eat a little every time. He said "A good soldier never quarrelled with his *rations*" and I thought I'd try and make a good soldier! As long as we were on the Gorton road and I knew the names of the people whose places we were passing, it wasn't so bad; but when we got among the Dutch settlements and clear away from anybody I knew, I took a real *good cry!* And I think it did me good. *N. B.*—The Major didn't know it.

Well, at last we got home—or at least to our journey's end. But when I jumped out of the muddy wagon, and saw my dress and felt my bonnet all so tumbled up, and knew what I must look like—and there was Mrs. Thomas so *splendid* in her simple neatness—and the children pulling at me as if they had always known me—I quite broke down, and that was the very thing the Major had been cautioning me against. "Keep a stiff upper lip!" he had been saying to me, as we got near—just as if I had been one of the "raw recruits" he talks about, going off for India!

I am very glad you charged me not to write to you for a month, and then "to be *sure* and write." I *do* begin to think that old folks know more than young folks! Do you know, I thought differently once; but now, I am sure, if I had written the first week, it would have been a miserable whining letter about regrets for leaving home. But I am beginning to enjoy myself exceedingly. One of my first outside acquaintances was the Common School teacher of this Section. He is a great uncouth fellow; as strong as a stump-machine. He goes past up the concession every morning; and back again at night. The Major says that a few years ago, the Gore District Municipal Council at Hamilton passed a resolution encouraging Immigration; in which they spoke of school-teaching as eminently fitted for elderly men of education, "whose decaying faculties unfitted them for more active pursuits." But *our Teacher* is not one of that kind! If he has any faculties, they are in the raw yet, and have to come out, before they could very well decay. And as for being "unfitted for more *active* pursuits"—why, if one of his boys ran away, the Master could soon

run him down—for he *goes barefoot!* To see his great bare feet going slapping through the mud! The first time I met him, I was so astounded that I gave a regular *scream*—I couldn't help it; and then I pretended I had stepped on a frog. He offered to escort me along the road for fear I might see more frogs or snakes; but I told him rather tartly "he would be late for his school, and the Major didn't allow me to make any acquaintances." A few nights after, the Major brought him in to tea. He had something on his feet this time—let me see, I wear *threes*—his were *twelves* I should conjecture. I thought he was the greatest lump of *dough* I had ever seen. The Major said (aside) that "he only wanted to be *kneaded* a little into shape and *baked* a bit more, to make a first-rate fellow." Perhaps so; but then *I* never managed recruits! He told us about the chances he had had of being a scholar; and how he had wasted them: how he might have been a Professor by this time; or been riding in a carriage; but here he was, "teaching a miserable bush-rchool, with scarcely a coat to his back, or shoes to his feet." I suddenly saw something to attract my attention up about the ceiling! Then he would swell out his great chest with a mountainous sigh and exclaim, "Oh! what a fool I have been!" till I really began to feel a kind of pity for him.

The Major got on, telling him stories of India, and got him started to tell stories of the Bush; till it got so late that Mrs. Thomas and I went off up-stairs. It must have been near morning before he went away. The Major says "he'll *make his mark* yet! Mrs. Thomas thought he was one of the kind that *made their marks*, instead of signing their names. However, the "Master" has kept us in good humor ever since. Whenever we feel dull, we just think of him, and have a good laugh.

My scholars are not at all what I had supposed them to be. I thought of them as little princesses and princes sitting demurely in a row in white pinafores, waiting on my teaching! And I find them roaring, tearing youngsters, all gushing over with affection, and (oft times) covered with mud; ready to learn, ready to forget ready to fly into a passion, and still readier to forgive—just little human darlings—worth any number of fabulous princes and princesses! Their names are Mary, and Charlotte, and Sydney; their ages eight, and six, and four. We are not very formal; but when there are no visitors, we have two hours in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, for studies—and "no studies out of school;" that is one of Major Thomas's maxims;

> School in, brain works;
> School out, brain rests;—

is another way he has of putting the matter.

I wish you could be here, in this June weather, and see the beauty of the woods! I am, I find, a perfect enthusiast about Nature. I have begun an *herbarium* (I suppose I may call it,) to keep dried specimens of flowers and plants in. And I have begun to *botanize* a good deal. You know we did a good deal of that, at one time, in school, at Skendle. And I begin to find the truth of what you have often told me, that "there was nothing useful that came in the way, "it was not best to learn; it would all come in good some day." You remember the "Patch-bag" that used to hang behind the upper pantry door. There never was anything that we girls wanted, but we could generally find it, or a substitute for it, in the "patch-bag." Well, it seems as if all my life I have been putting things into some mental "patch-bag;" and now, it is all *drawing out!*

Nor are the flowers and plants my only out-door studies. (I generally have the children with me.) We study animated nature, as well. We have already found one fox-hole—two wood-chuck burrows—five or six birds' nests—a hornet's nest, and some young racoons. We are getting up an original list of animals and birds; and a description of each, with their habits, etc., as we observe them. The Major won't let us put in any borrowed remarks. The greatest rival we have is in the recent work of Gosse; but we are not allowed much access to it. On the other hand, we may read Goldsmith as much as we please. But oh dear! the dear old credulous Oliver! How many corrections we have to put in

his descriptions! Mrs. Thomas, whenever she can, is with us. And at home, she takes a full share in our Naturalist's work.

I used to think it was impossible to be a farmer, and think about anything else than wheat or sheep. But I think Major Thomas is likely to grow rich while he is thinking mostly of the training of his children, and the good of his neighbors. Those who know him well, almost worship him. Those who don't know him talk about him being "big-feeling," and all that. Whenever he finds out anybody has been speaking about him in that way he goes and sees him; generally taking some little thing with him he knows will be an acceptable present—some valuable seeds or something; and the man is so completely conquered, that he does not know how to praise him enough afterwards. The Major says that a man who *gives* and who *spends*, just as his receivings and his gains will permit him, enjoys life and is *rich;* while the man who gains everything, only that he may keep it, is *poor!*

We sometimes have a visit from the Primitive Methodist minister. There are a good many English immigrants round here; and consequently the Methodists are mostly "Primitives." Where the Irish element is strong they will be "New Connexions;" where the people are of American extraction they will be sure to be "Episcopals;" and where, as about Skendle, they are of all sorts they will be "Wesleyans." The preacher does like to get among the Major's books; he says "they are *marrow to his bones.*" But I was a little surprised to find him mostly digging among the shelves Major Thomas had labelled "Belles Lettres." I expected to find him always among the weightier literature of some other shelves. I suppose I must have dropped a hint, for he explained to me one day how it was. He said, "A preacher cannot give or understand a classical allusion unless he has read the classics, either original or translated. He can't bring Nature to his aid unless he has studied Nature. He can't perfect himself in the graces of style, unless he studied more or less, the orators and poets of all ages. In fact, to be a many-sided man—as a preacher ought to be—he must be a many-sided *reader.*" I suppose he was right; but I never thought of it before.

He seemed so free and talkative, that I ventured to ask him about his preaching.—How it was that he could speak thirty or forty minutes, with only short notes: or sometimes with no notes at all? I said I had once to get up an original composition as a recitation; and after it was all written, I sat up two whole nights to learn it off; and nearly stuck in the middle of it at last! He replied that he gathered facts, thoughts, illustrations and explanations, on all subjects having any possible relation to mental and spiritual process; and after merely laying out his subject in outline, he then drew on his former reading, reasoning, thoughts and facts; and the *words* came without much thought about *them.* He made me laugh before we parted, about a poor black preacher further up the country. A black man he knew said to him one day, "Have you seen our new preacher yet?" "No, John, I have not met him yet. What is his name?" "Mr. De Courcy, and a *high-larned* man he is too I tell you, if he reads all the books he brought with him, his head will be pretty *full!*" "Why, has he many books John?" "Yes, *a whole carpet-bag full!*" Things go entirely by comparison, I suppose.

* * * * * * * * *

It took a week at odd times to write so far; and here I have been interrupted again! That unterrified Schoolmaster has been in. (He had his *twelves* on, though!) He came in to invite us all to his school festival on Friday afternoon. I suppose the Major will go. I was churning, for the girl was off for her monthly one-day's absence to her mother's; and I like to help Mrs. Thomas. I thought when I got through I would finish my letter. But oh, his story, *apropos* of butter! I thought I should die laughing. I am scarcely able to hold the pen yet. He said he was once near Lake St. Clair; and on a bench in front of "one of the most miserable log shanties he ever clapped eyes on" was an old woman, scraping over some butter in a dish, and picking at it with the other hand. He looked on for a while, the old woman

taking no notice. At last he spoke; and the old woman looked up. "Why whatever are you doing?" "Well, don't you see? I'm *hairin' the butter!* Did you never see that done afore?" "No; I've seen a good deal of butter made but I never saw *that* before!" Why, what awful *dirty folks* they must be where you come from?"

Oh, but the weather is hot! Major Thomas says "Hot weather is very trying on the nerves and temper." If so—and I do think it is true—there is the more need, I suppose, for us to guard our temper, and control our nerves. I used to start very easily; and imagined (as you did too Mamma) that I was hysterical. But I begin to think now, that it is all nonsense; and that we can and ought to train our nerves, just as we should train our tempers. At any rate, I'm going to try! Interrupted again.

Well; the School-Festival in the Bush is over. It is voted a great success! It is I suppose, the first Children's Festival ever held in the Township. The tea was under the trees; on some long rough tables. Edibles wholesome and plenty. After the children had got an average of *five cups of tea* each, and the rest of us what we wanted, we were all "called to order;" and "the exercises" began. One or two "Recitations" were attempted; but the children's voices seemed to die away in the woods; and it was decided to sing a few pieces, and have a "speech" or two from some of the gentlemen present; and then adjourn to the Schoolhouse. It is well the "three-days" *hot spell* was over, or we should have been smothered! What a crowd in a little room! One boy would recite his "piece" with a sing-song tone; one foot stuck out before him, *pivotting* on his heel, and the other foot wagging from side to side, to the cadence of his recitation, Another, a little girl, said a piece from one of the National Readers. It was well we all knew it or we should have missed a good deal of it. *I* know what it is to lose courage before an audience? But everything was applauded!—either for the purpose of expressing approbation, or to encourage a timid performer: two very good reasons! Of course I had to sing a piece or two. And what do you think? There was actually a little wheezing *Melodeon* there! The parties who borrowed it had taken the trouble of tacking a little stick across it, to keep the bellows from coming in contact with anything; and when the legs were set up, and the rods put in, they forgot to remove the stick! So the thing was continually getting out of breath, for the bellows could not fill! Nobody discovered the trouble and everybody applauded the music. Major Thomas told "How to catch a Recruit;" giving the application at the end. An eccentric old minister told us some adventures by land and sea; and ended by letting us hear (by "special request") how a *lion roars!* When the good old man got down on *all fours*, to imitate a lion putting his mouth close to the ground, and roaring—the success was admirable! Some of the little boys jumped away and some of the girls screamed—and we all enjoyed it beyond measure. The Master said it was the happiest day of his life! There was one of Sproat's sons there. He is married, and settled a few miles west of this. He is just as stingy and as unsocial as his father. I did not speak to him: and I daresay he was glad.

Coming home the Major was telling us of old Mr. King, the Storekeeper down at the Corners. He was there it seems though I did not know him. A week or two ago, he found out that a certain woman was wearing a dress off a piece of print that had been stolen from him. He had lost a good many things through the winter from time to time; and somebody had put a bad half-dollar on him. So now, thinking he had somebody he could make "pay the piper," he *made out a bill* of all these things, amounting to eight or nine dollars; and marched straight to the man's house where the stolen print was. The poor woman, all unconscious of any dishonesty, was going about, with the stolen goods on her back. The idle slink of a husband was sitting smoking his pipe. King taxed him with the theft; and pointed triumphantly to the stolen print before him. He couldn't deny it; but begged off, promising to "pay for it all, honestly." King produced the bill. The thief ac-

knowledged the print; but declared he didn't take any of the other things—and as for the half-dollar he had nothing to do with *that!* It was all in vain! "You pay the *bill* just as it stands" said the hard old Storekeeper; "or you pack off to *Goderich gaol!*" And the bill was *paid.* The Major thought it was "prompter, and perhaps better justice than many of the new magistrates in this County would administer." I wonder if the Major isn't just a little put out at not being named in the late Commission of the Peace issued for the County?

But Mamma, the thing that has struck me more than anything else is the *friendliness* of the people here! They all seem so anxious to help each other. There are just a few exceptions—but so it is.

I am very happy. A loving kiss for all of you. Your affectionate daughter,

KITTY.

P. S.—John Crow's son is coming to live on a new place a mile or two from here; the Major was talking about it to-day. He says he "would like exceedingly well to have a bright young fellow near by." I suppose Mr. Kanack must have spoken of him; for they were both up in the winter, and Kanack was here. And you know young Crow is very steady and nice, if he *has* queer relations. Tell Adelaide and Bessy to write. Love to Papa.——K.

THE DREAM OF JOHN HUSS.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

Dear Lord, how Thou canst comfort, for Thine eyes
See our inmost desire; Thou day or night
Canst give the anguished soul the sweet surprise
Of heavenly delight.

When Huss, Thy saint and martyr, long ago,
The sweetest, bravest soul beneath Thy sky,
Lay fevered in his dungeon, damp and low,
And fettered heavily,

Thou gavest Thy beloved tranquil sleep,
And lettest glory from the future gleam
Across death's gathering shadow dark and deep,
In a consoling dream.

He stood in Prague, in Bethlehem chapel, dear
With precious memories of active years,
Of God's truth spoken for the world to hear,
Of good seed sown in tears.

He painted on its walls the blessed face
And form of Christ, for all the world to see,
Divinely perfect, full of truth and grace,
And solemn majesty.

And ranged below Him, in their robes of white
Unspotted by the world, the noble band
Of His apostles brave, by whom the light
Was borne from land to land.

And as he finished them, an eager throng
Gathered to see and know and love their Lord,
To whom he said, "Lo, those are drawn not wrong
According to God's Word."

Then came the evil Pope, with cardinals
In blood-red robes, in anger hastening in;
They strove to blot the paintings from the walls,
Whose pureness shamed their sin.

But did their rage a lineament efface,
Lo, God sent forth a messenger, once more
In living hues the features grand to trace,
Still lovelier than before.

And as the years went on, their numbers grew,
And ever in the sight of men raised high,
The picture of the loving Christ they drew,
More and more perfectly.

"Ah, Lord!" cried Huss, "I thank Thee for the sight
Of this great throng of strong ones yet to come
To tell the people of Thy love and light,
When my poor lips are dumb.

"I bless Thee that Thy holy face shall shine
In clearer beauty for the world to see.
Now in Thy care I leave my work—'tis Thine!
And glad I come to Thee!"

—*Christian Weekly.*

AN EVENING IN A CHALET.

TRANSLATED FROM M. CHATELANAT'S "SAUVENIRS DE LA JEUNESSE."

We arrived at Trient, writes a traveller, with the intention of quitting the beaten track in order to explore the colossal glaciers which tower above the bottom of the valley. It was evening, and as we passed the modest village inn, we saw at a glance that there was no chance of our obtaining a night's lodging. In fact a perfect mob of tourists, consisting of chattering French people, and Englishmen of an almost sepulchral solemnity occupied every nook and corner of the inn, and the landlady had scarcely so much as a truss of hay to offer us her unfortunate fellow-countrymen, for a resting-place. Not in the best of temper, we were preparing to continue our journey to Balersina, abandoning our project of a visit to the glacier when my companion called out to a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, who happened to be passing.

"My lad, is there any where up yonder where there is the slightest chance of our being able to get a bed?" and he pointed as he spoke to the green hills which reached to the edge of the glacier.

"There's only tall Jacques' chalet," he replied, "and though strangers don't go there very often you may be sure he wont shut the door upon you."

"Very well, my boy, let's go to tall Jacques' Chalet. You shall shew us the way."

Two hours later we were comfortably installed round the fire, enjoying a hospitality which made up for all our adventures. Tall Jacques, with only the aid of a boy of thirteen and a stalwart powerful-looking man servant, had the charge of as many as thirty head of cattle, all kept in stalls under the same roof as his dwelling-house, and he received us with that courteous though not servile readiness which is to be found in all mountaineers whom the stream of tourists has not as yet spoiled. The evening passed rapidly and my companion was in the midst of his most delightful reminiscences of travel, when little Jean, who had been employing himself in carefully scouring buckets and wooden spoons, went up to the mountaineer, and kissing him on the forehead, said, "Good evening, father." "Good night."

"You have a fine little boy," I said, when Jean left the room.

"Yes, sir, I couldn't have been fonder of him if he'd really been my own, and the boy likes me as if I were indeed his father," replied tall Jacques in a tone of much feeling.

He bent his head upon his hands, and remained for some time silent, and to all appearance lost in thought. When he looked up again a big tear was glistening in his dark eye, and we felt there must be some tragic history behind.

"But Jean is strikingly like you," I said at last. "I'm quite surprised to find he is not really your own son."

"It's a sad story, sir," replied my host, while the puffs of tobacco which chased one another with the rapidity of a steam-engine, betrayed the violence of his emotion. At length, however he said:

"I can't help thinking, sir, it might do me good to tell it you."

We gladly prepared to listen to his narrative, making the circle round the wood-fire closer, and Jacques restored to his pocket an earthenware pipe, originally white, but by dint of long use, black and shiny as jet. It might almost seem, indeed, as if the memories of the past he was about to disinter, were in his estimation too sacred to be profaned by the fumes of the Virginian weed of which we had made the good fellow a present. All being in readiness, he began as follows:—

"My brother Jean was the Benjamin of the family, and every one agreed with

me in thinking him the finest young fellow in the village. We were both muleteers; but fond as we were of each other, we thought it would be better not to keep on living together after he was married. I made up my mind to stay with my old mother in the cottage which had been my father's, while Jean went to live in the valley, not far from Martignay, with his good and pretty bride. She was a good girl, was Jeanne. She came from Balersina, and though I was at first a bit vexed with Jean for not marrying one of our own girls, I couldn't but confess that she was the pearl of the country side; for you know sir, when these Savoyards are good, they havn't their equals. There was a little prejudice and jealousy felt at first in the village on account of his having married a foreigner; but Jeanne was such an angel that she soon won everybody's heart. The priest indeed, said that Jeanne, who had been in service at Geneva with heretics, had lost her religion,—he complained of her not coming to confession any more, and of her reading books the Church has forbidden to be read. All these are matters I don't pretend to understand, but if love, gentleness, charity to the poor and wretched, and kindness to everybody are religion, she was more religious than all of us put together, and when in the evening she read out of her large Bible one might really have taken her for one of God's beautiful angels.

At the end of a year everybody felt she was the greatest god-send to the village; every one was proud of being able to do her the least service,—my brother's affairs prospered and he was as happy as a king, particularly when at the end of two years, a fine plump little fellow was sitting on his knee, trying to pull his father's black whiskers with his chubby hands.

And so two years passed away—two years of as much happiness as it pleases God we should have in this world, but two years that passed very quickly, I can assure you, gentlemen.

One evening Jeanne was at home waiting for her husband, who had been guiding a party of travellers to Chamouni. It was in September, and the merry laugh and pretty frolicsome ways of the little one on her lap, couldn't make her forget the howling winds which swept over the mountains. It grew very late, and still her husband had not come home. What a night it was! Shall I ever forget it! I myself had begun to feel very anxious, for I knew what a punctual, early man my brother always was. Knowing how late it was, and not liking the sound of the stormy wind among the hills, I thought I would just look in upon Jeanne to ask if Jean had come home or been heard of. It was now near midnight. Jeanne was pale but perfectly calm, and was smiling sadly on little Jean, who was fast asleep in his cradle. The night wore on—dawn began to appear at last—pale and sad, as mornings generally are after a storm—when suddenly we heard a noise at the door. Jeanne sprang up, smiling and joyous. 'My dear husband!' she exclaimed. Suddenly however, starting back with horror, she fell fainting into my arms. It was Jean, indeed, but it was his corpse carried by four men. Twenty minutes before they got to the village, on a bad piece of road which has since been mended, his mule had made a false step, and had carried his rider over the edge of the precipice. The other guides had spent the night in looking for his corpse, for they would not, they said, dare to show themselves in the village without bringing my poor brother's body with them.

As for Jeanne, the blow had been too violent, too sudden, and at the same time too dreadful. For three days she was in a raving state of delirium, and at the end of that time she had lost her reason—Yes, she was mad, but her madness was itself a blessing for the whole village. Gentle, patient, and calm, in the midst of her sorrow she gave herself up entirely to the care of children and the poor.

Though her reason, in everything that had to do with her own family, was quite gone, she had always a friendly word, a kind service, or a little gift for every one standing in need of help. To me she supplied the place of the old mother who had by this time gone to God. Every morning she busied herself with little Jean, and some poor children whom she loved to gather

round her, as if they had been her own. She would wash them and brush their hair, fondle them, and never send them away empty-handed. In the evening she would go with her child in her arms to the place where my poor brother met his death, and there she would stay for hours together, looking up into the sky, or down the precipice, from which she seemed to be calling upon her husband to come back. Sitting on the rock with her head resting upon her hand, she would hum a tune and keep time to it by rocking herself to and fro. Nobody passed her without a friendly 'God bless you,' to which they would generally add in a lower tone, 'And have mercy upon your soul.' But whenever she saw a merry-looking young girl pass by, she would say 'Get married, my dear, and be happy, but don't marry a muleteer. The muleteers are brave and handsome, but if ever the mule's feet slips, he falls with his rider into the abyss."—

As he said this, the narrator hid his head in his hands, and without venturing to interrupt him, we saw that he was preparing to draw the curtain from the last act of the tragedy. "In this way" he said at last, passed two years very sadly, but rapidly. And during all that time, except in the very coldest days of winter, I don't think Jeanne ever missed taking her daily walk.

"One beautiful August evening, as I was on my way home from Balersina, I found her sitting at her favorite place on the cliff, rocking her child to the melancholy tune of her song. "Home home, Jeanne,' I said 'it's getting late, and the torrent's murmuring hoarsely down yonder.'

"No, no,' she replied in a tone of voice that makes me shudder when I think of it; 'I've seen him, Jacques—he's coming presently to fetch me.'

"Knowing that it was no use trying to convince her that she hadn't seen her husband, I went on my way, feeling sure that nightfall would bring her home. But the evening passed on, and the moon came out, but still there was no Jeanne. I ran back and called out to her, but no sign of her was to be seen. At last, after a long and weary search, I found, fast asleep, in a corner of the rock, little Jean without his mother, but wrapped up in her shawl. The next morning we went down into the ravine, and found there, exactly on the same spot where two years before we had found my brother's bleeding, mangled corpse, the body of a woman. How she could have got there, God alone knows.—All we could get from the poor little lad of three, who kept calling for his mother with piteous cries, was that she had kissed him a great many times and then had told him to go to sleep like a good boy and sleep till she came back.

"Great was the sorrow in our little village. It was only the priest who showed anything like want of feeling. He refused at first to bury our poor Jeanne in consecrated ground—saying, that in the first place she was a heretic, and in the second she had destroyed herself.

'Sir,' I said, 'carried a little beyond my own control, 'God will bring you to account for this. What your reverence has said is false; but if it had been ever so true, the poor mad girl was not responsible for it.'

"Our people indeed were so indignant with the priest that if he had not given way, he would have made every one in the village his enemy. So poor Jeanne sleeps under the shadow of the same cross as her husband. Often the women of the village come and decorate it with fresh pine boughs. 'We oughtn't to forget her now she's gone, they often say, 'when she did so much for us in her lifetime.'

"The children remember her too,'—poor little things, *they* have somehow got hold of the name of 'Crazy Jeanne,' to call her by; but their mothers, who remember all her kindnesses, speak of her to this day, as 'that dear, good, gentle Jeanne.' I havn't much more to tell you, gentlemen," continued the muleteer. "A few months after our poor Jeanne's death I sold Jean's little property and came to live here with the little one, feeling it was too sad to live so near the place where both my brother and my sister had met their death in such a melancholy way. But often the good folks of the village come and pay me a visit, to see how the little lad is getting on. I carefully keep our little family property for him, and mean, when he's old enough, to set

him up on a farm of his own—for you see he's all I have in the world. He's my child now, and never calls me anything but 'father."

"And you've never taken a wife to help you in your task?" we asked, "No, sir, I might have married when I was young, but *she* is dead, and, thank God, I have an excellent servant, who's as faithful as if he was a son of the house. The old pine-tree that has had all its branches destroyed one after another by the lightning, still raises its head towards Heaven; I await my hour, and I know that the good God will not forsake us."

As he spoke, large tears trickled down his rugged cheeks. "You'll excuse me gentlemen" he said, as if apologizing for a weakness— "but you see it's ten years now since I've gone through this."

We grasped his hand cordially, and recommended him to the grace and consolation of God.

Betaking ourselves to our apartment, evidently the family's best room, we caught sight of a large old-fashioned wardrobe of which the open doors invited our gaze.

"Look!" I said to my companion.

On a shelf, surrounded by various relics which had evidently formed a part of Jeanne's marriage outfit, I saw a Bible handsomely bound, and adorned with silver clasps. I opened it reverentially, and a crown of faded wild flowers still lay upon it. On the first page was written in a large hand: "*This holy book belongs to me, who am called Jeanne Ferlan, of Balersina.*" And underneath in a small, elegant hand were the words: *Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* Peace be with you, and with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ with sincerity. A remembrance from a grateful mistress.—L. G., Geneva, January 1st, 18—."

On the following day we had to return by the Col de Balme, without having the opportunity of returning by way of the chalet. As we were starting we met little Jean at the door. "My, boy, have you any recollection of your mother?" I asked.

"No, sir," replied the blithe little fellow, "but I often dream of her. I think she is kissing me, and telling me she'll come back for me very soon."

I slipped a piece of gold into the child's hand—the uncle having persistently refused to accept any return for his hospitality. We left the humble dwelling of the mountaineer, feeling how delightful it is to find among these simple, lowly cottagers so much touching feeling, and certain we should never forget our night under a peasants roof.

THE OLD SEXTON.

Bent and white was the sexton,
With the snows of many a year;
And I thought in my early childhood,
That he could not long be here.

Ah, little I knew of the future!
Oh, not for the aged dead,
At rest from his weary labor,
Are the silent tears I shed!

The sexton old grows older;
And to-day in the autumn mild,
Wrinkled, and white as the winter,
He buried my beautiful child.

—*Atlantic.*

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(*Continued.*)

The country round Rome is more noted for its ruins than anything else, and in the city the effect is nearly the same, but the people are not the same. Fewer beggars and more respectable-looking ladies and people generally, and lots of soldiers, were the principal things that struck me after the vast ruins and remains everywhere; but many of the old Roman buildings are still in a good state of preservation.

Our first view in Rome was from the summit of the Pincio, the numerous church domes being the most conspicuous objects. St. Peter's did not quite come up to my mark, and is of brownish color; the Vatican appeared very large, and the castle of St. Angelo conspicuous. We visited in succession twelve of the principal churches out of more than 300, including the Pantheon, a huge circular church with a very imposing aspect, built B.C. 27; then walking through the ruins of ancient Rome, whose colossal dimensions made a great impression on me, we passed the massive gate of St Sebastiano; and at a further distance of one and a half miles reached the church of St. Sebastiano, by entering which we gained access to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. A party of fifteen all went down together, each armed with a candle. It would take too long to give a description of these subterranean burying-grounds, but they are just as represented in books. In one place I counted eight tiers of vacancies whence the coffins with the bones of the martyrs were taken, to be distributed in different churches throughout Rome. We were not able to gain admission to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus.

SEPTEMBER 9th. 1872.—Rose at 6 a.m. After breakfast went to see the Borghese picture gallery, but found it closed for the summer. Getting into a bus we drove to the Church of St. Paolo fuora le Mora, beyond St. Paul's Gate where rose the pyramid of Caius Cestus. The church is with reason considered the handsomest at Rome; it was founded by the Emperor Theodosius, A.D. 388. We walked from this church to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, but were not able to get in; we scaled the high wall, but found the subterraneous doors locked. A walk of another mile along the famous Via Appia led us to the Street of Tombs, so called because lined on both sides by ancient monumental tombs and sepulchres. The largest—that of Cecelia Metella—we scrambled into over a fifteen foot wall, but found nothing noteworthy. Walking into the city we passed the Circus Maxentius, an ancient race course, and the Circus Maximus to the edge of the river Tiber, a muddy stream where were the remains in good preservation of the celebrated sewer, Cloaca Maxima, more than 2,000 years old. I walked into it a little way, but it is now nearly choked up. We also inspected the huge remains of the immense massive brick Baths of Caracalla, where 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at once; such ruins require to be seen to be appreciated. Passing the arch of Janus Quadrifras on, and the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine with the remains of the Meta Sudans—a large circular fountain of the time of Domitian—we reached what must ever be regarded as the greatest monument of ancient Rome, the Colosseum, built by Vespasian and completed by Titus the conqueror of Jerusalem, A.D. 80, and inaugurated by gladiatorial combats lasting 100 days; it would then hold 87,000 spectators. Its immense size, 1,900 feet in circumference, and the vast quantity of masonry employ-

ed in its construction is something very extraordinary.

> "While stands the Colcsseum Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls—the World."

is a prophetic saying of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims ot that age.

SEPTEMBER 10th, 1872.—We spent nearly the whole day at St. Peter's, and inspecting the sculptures in the Vatican. Whatever disappointment I at first felt on beholding the outside of the world's largest church, was amply compensated by its inner magnificence. I did not kiss St. Peter's toe as I saw many others do, but satisfied a vain curiosity by rubbing my hand over it, whereby the impression produced in the bronze by such constant kissing of devotees could be easily distinguished. At 4 p.m. we were shewn through the dungeons &c., of the Castle of St. Angelo, originally built by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum for himself and family; the top commands a splendid view. A visit to a similar mausoleum, the tomb of the Caesars, built by Augustus, completed the day's work.

SEPTEMBER 11th.—We spent the whole forenoon in the Vatican picture galleries, and the afternoon at the Capitoline Gallery of Sculptures, and on the ancient Roman Forum and among the temples, winding up with a drive to the various points of interest to refresh our memory, including the Lateran, the Campus Martius, Nero's Tower, the Temple of Peace, and the Baths of Diocletian; leaving Rome, the Eternal City, with regret at 10 p.m.

FLORENCE, SEPTEMBER 12th.—Last letter merely noted our arrival here at 7.30 a.m., from Rome. After breakfast we repaired to the far-famed "Pitti" Picture Gallery, and there spent the greater part of the day.

SEPTEMBER 13th.—I rose at six and ascended the tower of the Cathedral, which commands a central and capital view of the City of Florence and the surrounding country. The city is well laid out and its streets are unusually straight for a large Italian city; the cathedral itself is a large building of admirable proportions, but bare and cheerless. The rest of the day was spent at the Uffizzi Gallery, Fine Arts Gallery, and the churches of St. Mark, Santa Rosa, St. Lorenzo, ending with a general walk through the principal streets. At 10 p.m. we left for Venice, and travelling all night past Bologna, Padua and Farara, became aware of our approach to the Queen of the Adriatic by the peculiar nature of the country, low, flat and intersected in every direction by lagunes, giving it the appearance of a large swamp without weeds, brush, or long grass. When within a mile of the city the mainland was entirely left behind and there were no islands, so that the railway ran right through the sea, which was nowhere very deep. This was rather a surprise, as I had always imagined that Venice lay close to the mainland. We arrived at the station about half-past six a.m., and taking a gondola put up at the Hotel Bril, pension Anglaise, Grand Canal.

The first sight of Venice pleased me very much; it had such a strange appearance as the cars approached, like a city rising out of the sea. Reclining luxuriously on the soft cushions of a gondola (all gondolas are required by law to be painted black), and floating easily and silently along the smooth water ot the Grand Canal, in the shape of a zig-zag like the letter S, and sixty or seventy feet wide, my enjoyment was just about perfect, the sun's rays being intercepted by an open awning overhead. The Grand Canal is the chief pride of Venice. Her palaces, richly wrought in marble and stone,cluster on either side from end to end, each provided with its gondola and rows of gaudily painted wooden pillars in the water, to which I imagine other gondolas are attached on great occasions. After the Grand Canal, the Church of St. Mark's with the Ducal Palace, the surrounding buildings, formerly used as Government Offices, and the fine Piazza 576 feet long and about 250 feet in width, is the chief place of interest. Here are the best *cafés*, the finest shops; a fine view is also obtained here of the Lagune of Venice, which extends to the island of Lido, about a mile or more distant. Venice itself is built on 70 or 80 islands, is unequally divided by the Grand Canal and subdivided by

146 smaller canals or rii, some of which I could almost jump across. The greater part of Venice can be reached without the use of a gondola, so I am told. Three bridges crossing the Grand Canal and streets with bridges run among the houses somewhere; but I tried several times, and so did K., to find those particular streets and bridges, with the general result of becoming inextricably jumbled up and lost, and obliged finally to hail a gondola. On Saturday we visited immediately after arrival and breakfast, the Ducal Palace and Academy of Fine Arts, where were numerous paintings, battle fields and scenes in ordinary life—a refreshing change from tiresome Madonnas. At the Ducal Palace, one of the walls of the main hall is entirely taken up with Palmo Giovane's painting of the "Last Judgement"—the largest oil painting in existence. Under the lead roof of this palace, called also the Palace of the Doges, we were conducted through the celebrated "Sotto Piombo," or "Tombs under the leads," prisons which were a terror to Venetians in the olden time. The secret place of execution and the secret staircases of the Council of Three, and the Grand Inquisitors were also pointed out. A room in the story below called the Sala della Bussola was formerly the Ante-Chamber of the Inquisitors. By the entrance is an opening in the wall, formerly decorated with a lion's head, into the mouth of which secret denunciations were thrown. We tried to obtain admission through the far-famed Bridge of Sighs, but though we could see it very well we were not able to find the keeper of the keys. Prisoners were formerly conducted across this bridge to hear their sentences, and I guess a good many of them never returned.

The next places we visited were the Duchess de Berri's palace on the Grand Canal, a fine old building but rather plain, and the Correr Museum. We then went through the Arsenal, once a place of great importance, where were the remains of the gold-gilt gondola in which the Doges used to go once a year and thence wed the Adriatic by throwing a ring into the sea; also the helmet of Attila, King of the Huns, and various other trophies taken in war. We closed the day by going through St. Marco. This church is nearly covered with mosaic work of marbles of various hues and extremely ancient date. The roof being all gilt over except the pictures, has a very rich effect; but the place is too dark for my fancy. Leaving St. Marck's, we ascended the bell tower or Campanile, whence we had a magnificent view of Venice and the surrounding isles of the sea.

HEPZIBAH.*

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"Hepzibah! Lady
Of love and delight!
Whispered the bridesmaids
To left and to right;
While the candles stood winking red eyes, in a row,
And the fire's crimson blush on her gown left a glow.
A white cloud in the sun
Just as day is begun,
When the world is one blossom of lily and rose,
Fair Hepzibah seems.
Not a name that he knows
Would the bridegroom exchange for this name of his dreams.

Once before "Hepzibah"
Rang like a charm,
When a maid-child she lay
On the minister's arm,
And the chrismal word dropped as rain drops from the sky,
And eddied and spread from the sounding-board high,
While the singers sat hushed,
And the mother's brow flushed
As her thoughts flew to fondle the quaint Bible name.
Her own mother, given
To the saints, bore the same,
And its syllables rippled the rivers of heaven.

"Hepzibah!" Softly
As blown roses bring
Wealth of sweet scent
To the bough where they cling,
Her household repeat it, the dear, homely sound.
She sits at her spinning while Time's wheel turns round,
And impalpable sheen
Of a heaven-weft unseen
Is clothing the gray-haired child-mother, bride-wife:
And the old-fashioned name
Woven into her life
With a meaning some new world is waiting to claim.

* "In her is my delight."—*Hebrew meaning.*

—*Independent.*

HISTORICAL ILLUSIONS.

BY JOHN READE.

The title which we have chosen for the subject of a few remarks is not so satisfactory as we would wish it to be. To some extent, indeed, it contradicts itself, the latter part of it being inconsistent with the former or qualitative part; for history, according to its derivation, pre-supposes perfect accuracy of knowledge and statement, which could not exist along with error or illusion. We use "historical," however, in its ordinary sense. If we take two works on the history of the same country during a given period, we are almost certain to find them differing, not only as to the stand-point from which men and events are regarded, but also as to matters of fact. The same persons will be praised by one author, blamed by another. Occurrences which by one historian are considered of the highest importance will be almost wholly disregarded by another. The hero of one will be the villain of another. The period which by one is described as most happy and glorious, may by the other be marked as a time of degradation and misery.

How unlike to each other, for instance, are the Cromwells of Hume, of Lingard, of Guizot and of Carlyle! How far apart in character is the Elizabeth of Protestants, from the Elizabeth of Roman Catholic writers! How variously has the age of Louis the Fourteenth been estimated! What opposite opinions have been recorded of the aims and work of the Third Napoleon! What two historians have similarly appreciated the causes and consequences, the political, social, moral and religious significance of the great French Revolution? How many think alike of the revolutions achieved by Bismarck?

Thus every reader of history, is, in some degree, the victim of illusions. He is less or more a partisan; less or more, consciously or unconsiously, the prey to prejudice.

It is not of such illusions as these that we desire to speak, but of illusions, many of them pleasant ones, to which until lately writers and readers were equally subject—illusions which the unromantic criticism of the present day has been at some pains to dispel. An ungrateful task in the eyes of many, for what it has been pleasant to learn, it is ever painful to unlearn. True though it be, we do not like to have it forced upon us that our friends are false, our lovers faithless, our heroes and heroines ordinary mortals. In some things we *will* be credulous. In one of his most beautiful poems Thomas Campbell feelingly regrets his disillusion as to the real nature of the rainbow. Have we not all, at some time or other, experienced a like sorrow, when the hard facts of life robbed us of some cherished fancy, when we saw fading away from us, amid the smoke and din of the world's factory,

> "the gleam,—
> The light that never was on sea or land;
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

We live in an age of criticism—of ruthless criticism. It glories in dis-enchantment. It delights, with appalling calmness, to demonstrate the absurdity of what we and ours from time immemorial had considered true. If the centuries of darkness and rudeness were relieved by any episode of virtue or heroism—*that* it is its pleasure to efface. And we must submit. What can we do when our idols are shewn to be wood, or stone, or clay, or nothing at all? We can only survey for a while in amazement and indignation the dishonored image or the empty niche, and then learn to forget them. There is little comfort in this discovery of negative truth; and still, as truth, we ought to welcome it. But it is hard to do so—as hard as it is to rejoice in the discovered faults of a dear friend.

Our best consolation is in the fact that if criticism thus removes from our mind's ken some objects of former veneration, it also raises from the dust of oblivion or contempt many a form of maligned greatness. Therefore, perhaps, on the whole our faith in humanity is rather exalted than lessened by the complimentary processes of historical elimination and rehabilitation.

If Belisarius was not left to beg amid the scenes of his nobly won triumphs, his reputation is no worse, while that of his emperor and his fellow-citizens is correspondingly brightened. If the long-accepted romance of William Tell be but a myth, it is still true that Switzerland has been a plentiful mother of heroes. The fall of Wallace from his high place in the affections of the Scottish people cannot make any sensible diminution in the glory which "Caledonia stern and wild" has won by fortitude and gallantry. If Bruce's spider be but the creation of a patriotic scribe, none can deny that in Scotland the virtue of perseverance has had its chosen dwelling-place. If the 300 of Thermopylæ must be increased to thousands and their foes greatly reduced in numbers, the honor of individual bravery will still remain to Greece. If we must dismiss to the limbo of fiction the stories of Horatius, "who kept the bridge," and of the other heroes and heroines of early Rome, to whom Macaulay has given a new lease of fame, the proud renown of republican Rome, its nobility and patriotism, its glorious self-sacrifice, will still survive. If the divine light which painting and poetry and a nation's worship have shed around the peasant girl of Domremy be proved an *ignis fatuus*, France will not therefore be left barren of brave sons and unselfish daughters. If judgment in default must be pronounced against Arthur and his Round Table and Charlemagne and his paladius; if tradition has exaggerated the virtues of Saint Louis or our own Alfred, there is still enough in the real to compensate for any sentimental losses thus sustained.

"Historic doubt" had its beginning as late as the last century. Its chief propounder was the arch-sceptic, Voltaire. But the "*N'en croyez rien*" of him and his set was very barren of results. Intelligent and practical historical criticism may be said to have exhibited itself, first as a useful accession to general science in the illustrious Niebuhr. He it was who set Roman history on a firmer basis by clearing away the rubbish which had hitherto been mistaken for its foundation. Until his day the fable of Romulus and Remus, the assumption of Romulus, the spiritualistic *séances* of Numa, the battle between the Roman and Alban triplets, the romance of the Tarquins and the *coup d'état* by which Brutus was said to have inaugurated the Roman Republic, were invested with the dignity, and received with all the honors of history. Even in our own generation, Rollin was accepted as an authority. In the classical schools, Herodotus and Livy received as much attention as Tacitus or Thucydides: Sallust was placed on a level with Cæsar, and, in point of scholarship, acquaintance with the former ranked higher than acquaintance with the latter. In all, grammar took precedence of intelligent study of the subject. And this system continued in all the public schools of Great Britain till Dr. Arnold, himself an historian, effected a change at Rugby, as its head master, elsewhere by his edition of Thucydides and his Roman history. The result of modern research and controversy, with regard to the pro-Christian history of Rome is that about one-half of it, as recounted by Livy and other writers, rests on no better foundation than that of England before the Saxon invasion. Here is certainly a seeming stumbling-block in the way of the enjoyment of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." But is it less insurmountable than that which lies in our path as we approach with patriotic reverence Mr. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King?" Or are we less likely to find delight in the wars and wanderings of Virgil's hero, because we have good reason to doubt that hero's having ever existed? A proper answer to this last question would include a discussion as to the lawful limits of poetic license. But, in brief, we may say that in this matter everything depends on what we have been taught—on what we have been led to accept as true. If a poem is presented to us as having its foundation in fact, we sustain a certain moral shock on discovering

that it is not so founded. We feel aggrieved at what we regard as deception, and this feeling may produce dislike where there has been admiration, and may even lessen our sense of the real merits of the production. We have no moral objection to the poetical treatment of a purely mythological subject, to a fable or an allegory, where a good purpose is to be served, such as intense intellectual pleasure,—knowing from the first that the author's premises are fanciful. But when that is offered to us as, at least, in part, historical, which is not at all so; or where an historical character or event is wilfully misrepresented, or where no care has been taken to test their accuracy, the case is quite different. We are, therefore, far from pleased when we find Shakespeare, in his representation of a person, like Richard the Third, who lived in a generation not long preceding his own, allowing his fancy or his prejudice to take liberties which distort the facts of history. It does not follow, however, that because Shakespeare's "Richard" is the real Richard of the great majority of English-speaking people, we should prefer to remain in error, to availing ourselves of the aid which diligent research and unprejudiced collation of authorities afford us towards a right judgment of his character. There must be no hesitation in choosing between truth and pleasure of any kind. And, for our own part, we cannot see how wholesale misrepresentation (and degradation) of a real (and important) personage can give pleasure to any one, however skillfully consistent with itself the poetically transformed character may be. But on this subject it is our intention to speak more at large on another occasion. A similar liberty with known history, though of a more pardonable kind than Shakespeare's, is that taken by Schiller in his "Joan of Arc," where he makes her escape from the hands of the English and die in the height of her glory, surrounded by the friends whom she had saved. But we hold that, in works of fiction, based on history, although he utmost embellishment may be allowed, there should be no essential departure from the strict truth. Historical dramas, poems or tales should help us rather to see the past as it really was by the supply of fit details and surroundings than serve as means for the presenting of arbitrary creations. If a writer choose to describe phases of his own mind or of human nature in thought or action, let him invent characters for the purpose, but let him not call them by historical names. History has already suffered too much from daring and unprincipled encroachments. But *brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio;* there is danger, lest, in our endeavor to be concise, we become obscure. The question how far fact and fancy may legitimately intertwine is too difficult a one to deal with in a digression.

Modern research has been equally eliminative in the treatment of Grecian history. Herodotus, that genial old story-teller, has been convicted of depending far too much upon hearsay, and not a little upon imagination. Besides he wrote, as some of our own historians have written, to please his fellow-countrymen. The admiring audience who heard him recite at the Olympic Games, would deal very leniently with exaggerations which exalted Greece above all other nations. And when he spoke of what he had witnessed or learned abroad, there were few present who dared or cared to detect inaccuracies. There have been persons who believed implicitly in the relations of Captain Gulliver. Often the more marvellous an account is the more easily it is credited.

It is, indeed, almost impossible to discriminate between what is history and what is fable in the accounts which have been handed down to us of primitive Greece, so strangely, and yet so naturally are the wild legends of demigods intermixed with the recorded acts of men. It is for this reason that writers on the subject have hesitated to separate what had the appearance of truth from what there was strong ground to regard as mythical. Let us take, for example, the story of the Trojan war. That such a city as Troy existed; that it was situated on the Ægean Coast of Asia Minor, opposite the Island of Tenedos, that it was a place of considerable strength and influence, and, that the Greeks, whether impelled by provocation or prompted by ambition, made war upon and destroyed it, there can be little reason

to doubt. But whether Homer's account of the closing events of the siege be wholly fanciful, or founded on real occurrences, it is vain to enquire. The Homeric machinery of gods and goddesses, interlinked as it is with the whole process of the story, it is impossible to separate from it without destroying its vitality. At the same time it is easily observed that the mythology is beautifully significant. Minerva calming Achilles in his wrath is simply prudence restraining passion. Minerva, again, represents true courage founded on reason when she assists Diomedes to defeat both Mars and Venus. Then we have the fine allegory of Discord, cast out of heaven and causing infinite woe on earth—a notion which at once recalls the fall of Lucifer. Juno, nourished by Oceanus and Tethys, is the air supplied with moisture by the evaporation from the sea and the land. Thetis, preserving the dead body of Patroclus from corruption, indicates the antiseptic power of salt. Apollo, as the sun, causes the plague, raises phantoms of clouds and vapors, dazzles the eyes of the Greeks, restores vigor to his favorites. Above all the minor deities, or allegorized powers of man and nature, sits Jupiter, the supreme representative of power and wisdom—the almighty disposer and director of the universe. He it is who rewards integrity, and punishes injustice, whose wrath is terrible, whose favor is incomparable, whose will is fate. If it were not for the baser side of its anthropomophism, the Greek mythology would be certainly admirable (as the invention of man) by its simplicity and grandeur.

But dismissing Homer as an insoluble enigma, when we come to the historians proper of Greece we find much that is unsatisfactory. The Cyropœdia, the Memorabilia, the Hellenics and the Anabasis of Xenophon are all written in the same easy style. Yet the Institution of Cyrus is nothing but a well-told romance. Apart from the confirmation of late research, there is a good deal of internal evidence that the Anabasis is a real history, for every step of the ground passed over seems to have been carefully measured, and Xenophon writes as an eye-witness of what he relates. He was also a pupil of Socrates, and wrote his Memorabilia only five years after the philosopher's death. Nevertheless, since doubt has been cast upon the Cyropœdia we confess to a kind of suspicion of his other works, for which he especially claims historical credibility.

A like result follows the perusal of the unaccountably strange origin, character and career which Tacitus, whom we esteem the best of the Roman historians, assigns to the Jews. Naturally we enquire how far dependence can be placed on a writer who errs so grossly in a matter as to which he had ample opportunity of rightly informing himself,—for Josephus was his contemporary and, for a long time, his fellow-citizen.

The Dialogues of Plato are almost as imaginary as those of Lucian. Unless, therefore, Xenophon was conscientiously exact, all our fancied knowledge of Socrates fades into a myth. Xenophon, moreover, avowedly wrote an *apology* for his master. The fact is to his credit as a man, but obviously, it does not add credit to his book.

It is generally allowed nowadays that Plutarch drew largely on his imagination, and he wanted that rational incredulity which is so necessary to the historian or biographer. His "Lives" are very pleasant reading, and will long continue to be read, to contribute to the formation of growing minds; but they can no longer be accepted as literally true. If fact, the sources of his information were all more or less faulty.

Perhaps the most trustworthy of ancient histories are the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar. They certainly have throughout a matter-of-fact air which characterizes few other works. Nor does he seem to have yielded to the temptation to conceal defeat or to magnify his own exploits.

It is a pity that so much of the History of Polybius has been lost; to what has been left of his writings there are few parallel in the literatures of either Greece or Rome. His very name is venerable as that of one who took an active part in the dying struggle of his country for independence. Whatever is most trustworthy in Livy is derived from Polybius. Another loss greatly to be deplored is that of twenty-five out of the forty books of Diodorus Siculus on Universal

History. Dion Cassius of Nicæa in Bithynia and Appian of Alexandria have come down to us in an imperfect state. The remains of the former are still highly prized. He wrote a history of Rome in eighty books from the earliest times to the end of the first quarter of the third century. Appian wrote on the same subject. Pausanias, who flourished in the second century of our era, wrote an interesting account of his travels in Greece, whose accuracy there is little reason to doubt. Arrian in Greek and Quintus Curtius in Latin, wrote the Life of Alexander the Great.

Of the Roman historians the best known are Livy, Cæsar, and Tacitus, already referred to, Sallust and Hirtius, the continuator of the Commentaries. To these we may add the poets Ennius, Ovid and others who made Roman history the theme of their verses, and, as giving us an insight into character and manners, the whole line of poets from Catullus to Claudian. All these derived their knowledge, in great part, from the early annalists, Fabius, Pictor, Cato the Censor, &c., who again, depended mainly on the legends which had been handed down from generation to generation. When it is taken into account that when the Gauls withdrew from their work of destruction, about B.C. 390, the registers of events which the augurs and priests had been in the habit of keeping—the only trustworthy records of the State—were buried in the ashes of Rome, it will be tolerably manifest that the fabulous must have a large share in early Roman history. It is really, then, to tradition that we owe those portions of it which possess the greatest interest for the young and ardent student—the stories of Lucretia and Virginia, of Coriolanus and Camillus, of the noble self-sacrifice of Curtius, of the inspired geese of the Capitol, of the winning tact of Menenius Agrippi, of the three Hundred Fabii, of the frugal and patriotic Cincinnatus.

It must not be supposed, however, that these legends are *all* romance, or that they are wholly useless for historical purposes. Although it must be conceded that the early history of Rome (and of all other countries) cannot be received as an exact narrative of facts, the legendary traditions of which it is composed are so far true that they give us an insight into the genius, condition, manners and religion of the people in the periods to which they refer. Intermingled with them, moreover, are found accounts of laws and institutions which had a real existence, and mention is often made of great public works the remains of which may be seen even at the present day. Architectural remains, in fact, have been made by the aid of modern research and discovery, the groundwork for the histories of nations of which few written records are preserved. This has been especially the case in Egypt, in the areas of the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires, in India, China, Mexico and South America. Substantial relics of the civilization, grandeur and luxury of the ancient Assyrians have been disinterred from the ruins of their cities in the form of sculptures and other works of art; and what makes these discoveries still more valuable is the confirmation which they bestow on the accounts which are given in the Bible. There is also good reason to believe that the knowledge which has been gained by the explorations of the last half century are but the beginning of a flood of light to be thrown on the history of the ancient world. Nor is it absurd to hope that this light may be ultimately the means of restoring to something even grander than their old magnificence those wonderful nations of the East to which we owe so much. The hold which Great Britain possesses on India, the opening up of China and Japan to foreign commerce, the awakening of Egypt to a true sense of her position, the aspirations of which the visits of Japanese, Hindoos and quite lately, the Shah of Persia to the Western World, indicate the direction, give promise of a golden future for the long enslaved and down-trodden East. With this intercourse there must come a greater receptiveness to the truths of Christianity and a greater friendliness to its teachers. This dawning revival in the East is one of the marvels of the age in which we live.

On the whole, then, it may be concluded that research has fully compensated for all that criticism has robbed us of. We are no longer slavishly obliged to yield implicit credence to old stories which our ancestors believed, even although they be endorsed by such venerable names as Herodotus or Livy. What the earth's crust has helped the geologist to do, the historian has done by investigating the ruins of past generations. There has been a *renaissance* in historical science as in all other sciences, and the aim of all alike is the dissipation of illusion and the establishment of truth. To study the past aright we must be conscientious, we must be free from prejudice, we must be ever prepared to surrender our most cherished notions if they are found to conflict with discovered fact.

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER XVII.

Wearily the hours of that day wore away to the queen. In vain she endeavored to interest herself in her usual occupations. Her friends and flatterers tried, but without success, to amuse her mind. She mentioned to none the nature of her conversation with the fortune-teller; and no person in the palace knew of her appointment with the sybil for the coming evening save her most confidential waiting-woman, who had orders to meet her at the outer gate on her arrival, and conduct her privately to the presence of the queen.

Ada felt that the day of vengeance had come, that the prey was within her grasp, that she had not waited in vain. As the shades of evening curtained again the earth she prepared to go forth upon her deadly errand. Her white curls were loosely bound, so that they might easily be allowed to fall around her neck and shoulders. A white veil was wrapped together and carried beneath her dark one. She hoped to have opportunity, while the face of Glaphryra should be turned in an opposite direction for a moment, to loose her hair and throw around her person the white veil, presenting suddenly to the sight of the queen the dreaded, the long-remembered vision at the "crags."

The circumstances of the hour greatly furthered her plans, as we shall see.

In the folds of her robe she hid a small dagger; and, as the night drew on, she stole from the dwelling of her cousin, as on the previous evening. As soon as the porter had opened the gate, Ada was received by the waiting-woman, whose finger was warningly placed upon her lip, to signify that silence and secresy must be observed. "The avenger of blood" was inwardly pleased with this sign. The less her coming was noised through the house the greater would be her chances of escape, without danger of being delayed by the curious when her work of vengeance should be done. The servant attended Ada to the door, but did not enter Glaphyra's apartment.

"Myra," said the queen, "when this woman again appears in the hall, receive and conduct her with safety to the outer gate, Be silent and secret."

"My royal mistress," said her singular visitor, as soon as they were alone, "I have done your bidding. Behold, I am here! The hour has come when I can again look into the deep mysteries of time. What would the wife of our gracious sovereign have me bring before her?"

"The vision upon which you gazed for an instant at our last meeting," said the queen, hesitatingly.

"It is a sight never to be forgotten!" exclaimed Ada.

"An unearthly figure stands upon a rocky height. She is robed in white, and white curls fall around her face and neck. I see her countenance is youthful and lovely, and her dark eye brighter than the lightning's flash. Her words are words of bitter cursing; even cursing against the house of our royal master. I hear the clear tones of that voice ringing down the steep place. It cries 'Prepare! prepare! for thy doom maketh haste, and a curse is on thy house forever.' Again, I see a fainting form; most lovely queen, it is like unto your own!"

"What is this curse?" interrupted Glaphyra. "Tell me! tell me! does it threaten my darling child? and for whose crime must it fall on him?"

"I dare not say it does not point to the innocent babe sleeping securely in yonder little recess," returned Ada. "Neither am

I a god, that I should say for whose crimes his life is threatened. But let my mistress listen further to the words of her servant. The dark eyed, beautiful maiden of the West, when she frequents the palace, as she may sometimes do, let her not often look upon the features of your fair child. There is one who, through her, seeks his destruction!"

"Ha! say you so, Sybil? But I will thwart them both!" said the queen, quickly.

At this moment the infant stirred in his cradle, and the mother stepped to its side to soothe her child. For an instant her figure was hidden from Ada's sight. That instant was enough. When Glaphyra turned to look at the fortuneteller, the figure which she had seen at the "crags," the vision which had haunted her waking hours and troubled her dreams for many, many months, stood before her. A raised dagger in one hand, the other pointing upward, as if invoking aid from on high—there stood the same unearthly being.

No cry escaped her, but with a gasp the queen fell forward, fainting. Ada caught her, lest the fall might alarm the servants. She laid her insensible form upon a couch. She was in her power, but she did not harm her. No; she would have Glaphyra live, to feel all the agonies which she herself had endured.

Ada's work was soon done. The life current had welled from the little breast; the violet eyes had closed in death; and the "Avenger of Blood" was again in her own chamber long ere the queen was restored to animation.

"My purpose is accomplished," she said to herself. "My hand has done the deed. I joy to gaze upon the dagger, red with the blood of one of the accursed race. I will not wipe its stains away, but lay it up; and from time to time will look upon it, and remember that the slaughter of my son is in part avenged. But the curse of the God of our people, may it still rest on all who are called of the house of Herod."

Hours passed away ere the attendants of the queen entered her rooms. Her unusual silence, and the quiet of her apartments at length alarmed them; and Myra softly opened the door and enquired her mistress' pleasure. The lights burned dimly, and it was some moments before she discovered that Glaphyra was insensible. One glance she stole towards the cradle, and then so wild a cry of horror rang through the building as to startle its inmates, and bring hastily together the friends and servants of the family of Archelaus.

But one of the menials had been trusted on that evening, and she, at first, dared not to speak of the second visit of the fortuneteller, though even then she felt sure the sybil's hand had dealt the fatal blow.

After the queen was restored to consciousness her friends endeavored to ascertain if she could throw any light upon what was so darkly mysterious. But she only spoke of an "avenging spirit," which she asserted had appeared to her.

It was not until the next day that she was made to realize that her little son had been murdered. And then—words cannot picture her agony of spirit.

The day following the events just recorded, and while Jerusalem and all the country round was marvelling over the murder of the king's child, Ruth returned to the house of her cousin. She had heard the news before she arrived, and her heart fainted within her, for full well she knew the hand that aimed the death-blow. She knew not how Ada could have gained access to the chamber where the infant slept; but the words, "fearful apparition," had been whispered in her hearing, and she felt that it was no other than Ada, her own dear, stricken sister, who had done the dreadful deed. Anger and pity struggled in her bosom With an unnaturally stern air she approached the door of Ada's room, but her courage failed her; she could not speak in tones of harshness to one so sinned against—to one who, at times, was neither a rational or an accountable being. Ruth gazed a moment upon her sister. Her look of tender sorrow was answered by one of joy and triumph. Tears came to the relief of her overcharged heart, and she sank on a cushion by Ada's side, and wept convulsively.

"Why weeps my best beloved?" said Ada. "Rather rejoice that the cry of the broken-hearted and desolate hath been heard!"

"Oh, my sister!" returned Ruth, "I cannot rejoice that your hand is stained with blood; that the daughter of Thara Elimalis is a murderess. It cannot be!" she continued wildly. "Oh, tell me I am wrong! that any other than my dear sister did the deed!"

"Hush!" said Ada, somewhat alarmed, "I am not a murderess. My name is 'The avenger of blood,' and I have but taken life for life."

The poor girl heard no more. Her worst fears were realized, and she sank insensible beside her sister's seat. When she awoke to consciousness, the earnest eyes of her betrothed husband were fixed upon her, and her head was resting on his breast. The wind had been tempered to the shorn lamb; and just as her spirit was failing for fear, lest Ada's deed of darkness should come to light, the way was opened for her immediate removal to a distant land.

Jesse had returned with the intention of spending some months in Judæa, the country where his early years were passed; the spot where he hoped to end his days, that his dust might rest in the sepulchre of his fathers; but it might not be. In the brief moments of their first interview, Ruth opened her heart and told him her sister's secret—her own fears—and besought him to devise some way by which Ada could be saved. She well knew that as soon as Archelaus should return to Jerusalem active measures would be taken to discover the author of all the evil which had overtaken his house in his absence.

Jesse and Ruth were married. A few days only were needed to prepare for the journey; and before suspicion had fastened upon any one as having played the part of fortune-teller to gain access to the queen's presence, the little party were sailing away over the blue waters to the West.

Ruth had had much to hear, much to tell, and the long weeks of life at sea were divested of monotony by the thrilling adventures which her husband had to relate.

Ada appeared happy. She rejoiced that the heart of her sister was made glad, and then her burning desire for revenge was, in part, gratified, and the long-troubled waters of her spirit rolled on more tranquilly and less darkly for a time; but only for a time, for the day when the light should shine upon her had not yet dawned,—no, "the time was long, though the promise sure."

Chapter XVIII.

We cannot go with them to the "queen city of the world," but must rather hover near the shores of the "pleasant land" where the "Deliverer of Jacob" was expected; where the rising of the "bright and glorious Star" was hourly looked for.

The fury of the king was boundless when he learned the particulars of the murder of his child. He knew that Glaphyra had been the dupe of some designing person, and that her excitable temperament had been overwrought by one full of cunning and deception. All his enquiries, however, availed nothing, and he soon had the added misery of seeing his beloved wife fade away, day by day, from before his eyes. Her sleep was troubled with fearful dreams, frightful visions passed before her when awake; and a few short weeks only elapsed, after the remains of her little son were deposited in the family tomb, ere the lifeless body of the queen reposed in the same quiet resting-place.

The heart of Archelaus had been disturbed by the curses poured upon his house and name by the spectral figure at the "crags." Again he trembled when his fairest blossom was torn from his sight, and shuddered as Glaphyra, in her last hours, raved wildly of the evils which should overtake him.

But, from the moment the beloved of his soul lay before him cold in death, his hands waxed weak, and the sceptre of royalty was swayed but feebly. Powerful enemies rose up before him, and the remaining years of his reign wore away in strife and contention.

The Jews not unfrequently sent ambassadors to Rome, praying that the kingdom might be taken from Archelaus, and that Judæa might again become a province.

We must pass swiftly over the interval of time, now, until the year of his banishment. At last, Cæsar was induced to listen to the continued entreaties of the subjects of

this son of Herod, and to remove him from his high place. When once the mind of the Roman emperor was poisoned against his former favorite, it was an easy task for the enemies of Archelaus, while preferring the gravest charges against him for his misrule of the land of Judaea also to make it appear that the sovereign had harbored treasonable designs against the country from which he had received his kingly title and honors.

After an unhappy reign of nine years, the mandate went forth against him. Not as a private person was he to remain where he had ruled with the iron rod of oppression; nor as a royal favorite was he to return to Rome, where much of his early life had been passed. No, but to the almost unknown regions of the far West, to a land of barbarians, was he banished by his former patron. With a heavy spirit Archelaus heard his sentence; with a broken heart he prepared to spend the remainder of his life in exile. As he passed for the last time from the royal residence, the words of the spectral figure at the "crags" smote upon his memory, and he groaned aloud, "I may not struggle with my fate; it is but the fulfilment of prophecy!"

Went he alone into banishment, that long-flattered monarch! Who, of all those that had fed at his table and shared his confidence, accompanied him into exile? Not one. But there was a female figure standing near the outer gate as he went forth, who trembled with excitement and interest. Let us look closely and we shall see the features upon which the king had once loved to look. No longer beautiful, but with a heart full of affection, there stood his former wife, Marianne, whom he had divorced for Glaphyra's sake. Sorrow had left its impress on her countenance; yet as soon as his eye fell on the companion of of his youth, Archelaus recognized her whom he had so deeply injured. Several years had passed since they had met; but when the downfall of her husband reached her ears, Marianne hastened to throw herself in his way. Their eyes met. The long-neglected wife sprang forward; the arms of the man who had been so unmindful of the wealth of her loving heart opened to receive her; and together, they sought the shores of Gaul.

Yes, he was gone, and Judæa was again a Roman province. And now, the men of the land waited anxiously to hear "what the Lord would speak concerning His people," for all believed that the day of their redemption drew nigh. Expectation prevailed in all quarters of the country, and many looked for one suddenly to arise and restore the kingdom to Israel; but in vain they looked. The time of redemption had not yet come. So firmly were the people persuaded that the "light of Jacob" was to be an earthly prince, that the appearance of the "worshipped child" among the wise ones of the nation, in the year following the banishment of Archelaus, excited but little surprise in the minds of the men of Israel assembled in the holy city.

"Whose son is this?" was a question asked by a few of those who waited for consolation as well as deliverance. But their interest died when they were told his parents were from Nazareth, poor and unknown. A few more years of darkness, and He whose coming was to be "as the morning," appeared in humanity,—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

We have but a few more events to record ere we stand, in spirit, beside the vacant tomb of the Redeemer of the world, and rejoice with our friends in Jerusalem, James and his family, that the grave could not bind Him in whom they had trusted.

By perusing the following epistle from Ruth to Mary, the wife of her cousin, we shall learn how Ada was affected by the fall of the King of Judæa; one of the hated family.

"Beloved Cousin,

"The bearer of this letter will tell you of our welfare, of the loveliness of my twin boys, Marcus and Joseph, and of the many blessings which the Lord hath bestowed upon us; but there are things which I, alone, must communicate to you.

"My poor Ada: Time, the soother of woes, works but little change in her. The same dreadful malady clings to her; and, by turns her mind is even more disturbed than formerly.

"But I still hope: for in a dream, long ago, I beheld a shining angel bending over her writhing form, in earnest compassion; and who spoke words of comfort to my

troubled spirit; who said, 'A light shall arise from her, and thou shalt behold the change. The time is long, yet is the promise sure.' And so, my friend, I hope, I believe, that my dear sister will yet be herself again.

"Her mind was fearfully agitated when she heard that Archelaus was dethroned. She triumphed over the fallen sovereign. She called down farther judgments upon his head; and poured out cursings against all of the name. All this is dreadful, and if a sure hope did not sustain me, I should utterly faint.

"We still are looking anxiously for the news to come that the Almighty hath visited His people, and turned their night of mourning into gladness. My own heart, and that of my husband often turn back to beloved Judaea; and we look forward to the time when we shall dwell there.

"We endeavor early to implant a love of the land of their fathers in the breast of our children—the land where we hope they will yet abide, in safety. When the Deliverer shall restore the kingdom to Israel, then shall we seek the country again, which will once more be the glory of all lands.

"Often, very often do the counsels of my father's kinswoman, my own dear friend, come into my mind; and, like her, I am looking for a Light that shall shine unto the perfect day.

"Farewell.

"RUTH."

CHAPTER XIX.

We will now pass over a long interval of time: over the years of expectation and hope to the Jewish people, over the years when the Saviour of the world went in and out among men. No eye can fall upon these pages which is not familiar with each word of the sacred story in which every son and daughter of Adam should feel an interest.

In due time One had arisen,—not a mighty man of valor to lead on the thousands of Israel to battle against the conquerors of their land; but One who "preached the acceptable year of the Lord;" who "healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils," and called on men to hear the gracious message of the Almighty to His rebellious people.

Among the few devoted followers of the lowly Nazarene was the son of Susanna. His wife and their daughters were also looking for redemption. James had listened eagerly, in his youth, to the joyful intelligence that One was "born King of the Jews." He was more than ready to believe when the Baptist cried, saying, "One cometh after me, mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." "Surely," he said, "these words can apply to no other than the 'worshipped child,' who hath been preserved by the Lord to save our people." He had, at first, been disappointed that the war-trumpet was not sounded; and all Israel gathered together to expel the strangers from the land. But, at length, he had become deeply interested in the spirituality of the mission of the Great Teacher: although he yet hoped that, through Him, the kingdom would be restored to Israel.

Let us look upon the little group assembled in an upper room of his dwelling, on the night following the resurrection of Him in whom they had trusted. Let us listen to the low whispered tones breathed in that apartment, and gaze with awe upon the sights which startled the beholders. An air of solemnity pervaded the little band, for, not one among them dared, as yet, to give credence to the strange reports, that He who had been their hope had, indeed, arisen. No, their "words seemed as idle tales," and our few mourners could only think of the bleeding body, the mangled corpse of Him whom they had accounted the Deliverer of Jacob.

Matthias, the son of Caleb Shelomi, had followed "Jesus of Nazareth" from Galilee. He had witnessed the last suffering of his Master, and with a saddened expression of countenance he sat, silent and dejected, one of that little circle. Another of whom our story has before spoken was there—Jehoram, the son of Thara Elimalis: not as we formerly saw him, but old and grey-haired. He too, had trusted that this had been He who should have redeemed Israel.

The silence in the room had been long unbroken. At length James said, slowly and solemnly. "The Light of Jacob" quenched: our nation's Sun has set at mid-day; and the hope of our race has perished. I cannot, I will not believe this strange tale which meets our ears, this story of the quaking soldiers, the vacant tomb."

"Nor I," said Jehoram, with a sigh. "And yet, could we but credit the tale, had He, indeed, burst the bonds of death, what ruler would be like our ruler? What

people's light would shine like the 'Star of Jacob?'"

"Ah!" returned James, "could we but believe. But now that my hope in Him is cut off, I can no more look for the deliverance of our race. In the grave of my blessed Master my hopes are buried."

"Not mine," said Matthias; "He was the chosen of God. Jesus of Nazareth was surely He to whom the Scriptures point the waiting children of Israel. But the word of prophecy is shrouded in much mystery, and Almighty power *may* yet bring light out of this dense darkness. Should the spirit of our blessed Lord again appear, as we are told it has already done, perhaps some sign or word may be given to comfort us yet. Let us hope on."

"My father," said Julia, the daughter of James, "Our Lord said to His disciples, 'I will see you again'; what mean those words?"

"I know not," returned James thoughtfully. "How can He save Himself from the tomb when his power could not turn aside the shaft of death. It cannot be."

Again there was silence in the apartment. This time it was broken by a cry from Mary, the wife of James.

"The God of our fathers protect us!" she exclaimed. "What is there?" As she spoke, her hand pointed to the opposite side of the wide chamber.

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction indicated, and then, though the lips of all present were parted as if about to utter sounds, yet one voice alone was audible. It was the voice of Jehoram.

"Shade of the departed!" he cried, in husky tones. "Do my eyes look upon a tenant of the grave?" In very truth, there stood before them a visitant from the charnel house, the long-buried Susanna. The little band were aghast, and no one dared to address the being whose spirit had so long ago winged its flight from earth. They gazed with awe. It was no apparition, but Susanna, herself, her eyes beaming with light and joy, a heavenly calm overspreading her countenance; and her whole appearance as life-like as when she had moved in the family circle. Her hand was slowly raised, the fingers pointed upward. Her lips parted, and in a voice whose tones were sweeter than music, she said, "Fear not, doubt not. Though dark has been the night the brightness of the morning is all glorious! Already is it broken!" With these words she disappeared from their sight. Again, on that same evening, one stood among them of whose fate they had long been doubtful. The venerable Caleb Shelomi, in the same noiseless and mysterious manner, appeared in their midst. His son, Matthias, sprang forward, but the hand of the long dead motioned him back. He spoke not, but an almost angelic light irradiated his countenance. He, too, vanished from before their eyes, and the little group sat, spell-bound, till the shadows of night were chased away by the brightness of another dawn. And when, a few days after, Jesus showed Himself again alive to the disciples, James and his family were convinced that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, the Saviour of a lost and ruined world.

The following letter, recived some months afterwards by Jesse, at Rome, will best show the newness of life to which they had been awakened:

"Brother Beloved,

"Our hearts are full. We have great joyfulness of spirit, for now we know and are persuaded that Messiah is come: and that in Jesus of Nazareth, whom we loved when He went in and out amongst us as a lowly teacher, we have an all-sufficient Saviour.

"Our long cherished hope that the kingdom would be, at this time, restored to Israel, is extinct; but the loss of this is nothing, in comparison with the glorious hope which reaches to the eternal world, that we have received in Him. All these things the Holy Ghost makes known to us.

"Teachers of the great truths which give us joy, and a peace that passes human understanding, will doubtless go forth into all the world, and you will hear more perfectly of this way than we can write. We trust that you and yours may learn to know the truth as it is in Christ, and look forward to an unfading crown of glory; to an inheritance which no man can take from you.

"Oh, if poor Ada could be led to embrace our most precious faith, she might feel that the new name which our Redeemer gives is a name better than of son or kinsman!

On the night following the resurrection of our blessed Lord strange and wonderful sights were seen in our house, as well as in the dwellings of many who abide in Jerusalem. Our mother appeared in our midst, and spoke words to console us in that hour of doubt and uncertainty. Yes, brother! she whose eyes we had closed, whose lifeless form we consigned to the tomb many years ago, stood amongst us!

"But, stranger still, the venerable figure of Caleb Shelomi, whose fate has ever been shrouded in mystery, glided noiselessly into the apartment where our little circle of mourners were assembled.

His son was with us, and was nearly overcome on seeing his father. In short, many signs and wonders preceded and followed the rising of our Lord, and all things witness that He is very Christ.

"The Almighty bless you and give you consolation, even as He hath given us.

"James, Mary."

(To be continued.)

GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER IX.

(*Continued.*)

Gipsey's pic-nic was very much like any other person's pic-nic. There was the due amount of croquet, boating, swinging, talking, laughing and singing,—a very merry party indeed, and so free of ceremony or fuss that all were delighted—except, perhaps, two of the company, Allen and Belle. He tried to be courteous, kind and gentlemanly as ever, but he found Belle inclined to resent his behavior; then she pouted, and tried to make him show her every possible attention, for she was engaged, and she wanted all to know it. Allen felt thoroughly ashamed, and though he laughed with the merriest, and tried to answer Gipsey's gay speeches, he was conscious of having a forced, unnatural manner. Ralph Dennison watched him in a puzzled way that annoyed Allen. It was not until the day of the pic-nic that Mr. Dennison had any idea of the engagement existing between Allen Grantly and Miss Gilmour, and hearing the startling news and knowing his friend as he did to be a true man, honorable and brave, he was grieved when he saw how matters stood, for little escaped his searching eye. To him Belle was merely a brainless, fashionable girl, and he thought that Allen was either, crazy, or bewitched if such a thing were possible. Then why had he withheld his confidence during all the days at Dwhata? A little angry at his friend, and perplexed with his strange conduct, Mr. Dennison determined to have an understanding on the first opportunity. When he rose from lunch he went in search of Amy in whom he took a kindly interest; but she had strayed away with Mr. Dunsford and Mrs. Hume, a motherly lady who was a newcomer in Cleaton, and who had brought all the little Humes with her for an airing. They were a rare lot of fun-loving children, and in company with the young Gregories, Harry and Gipsey were having a game of hide-and-go-seek in the shady old forest. Quite content as to her children's safety Mrs. Hume joined Amy and Mr. Dunsford, who with a few others were going over the meadow, and down by the river to the little cemetery. The "city of the dead" was as carefully tended as the "city of the living" by the Cleaton people, so that their "God's acre" was no dreary spot, but on the contrary it was blooming with flowers and carefully trained vines, coiled around trees over pretty rustic seats that were placed here and there along the gravelled walks. Then the river, the little eddying river, an outlet of the lakes, ran by the cemetery, through the busy town, past Dunsford to another lake. Standing by the rushing tide, in sight of the white marble monuments, Amy could not help repeating softly,

> "Our lives are rivers
> Gliding free to that unfathomable
> Boundless sea—the silent grave."

Once within the gates the party spread far and wide through the walks, talking in subdued voices, and gathering the snowy daisies that lifted their "wee modest" heads from the wayside grass. Presently Amy found herself alone, for she was weary and lingered behind while Mr. Dunsford went on to show Mrs. Hume the resting-place of David Hume, his former partner, and the brother of Mrs. Hume's husband, who had succeeded the deceased. After wandering on a little time Amy sat down near one of the most beautiful spots in all the cemetery. She noted the exquisite arrangement of the flowers, the trailing mosses, and the cunning artifice of the marble enclosure, as she seated herself near by. Evidently, this lot belonged to a wealthy family, but Amy was too weary to open the little entrance, and steal in. She leaned her throbbing head against the cool marble, and dozed into a half dream.

Here she was discovered by Allen, who had found it anything but agreeable to be taunted by Belle for his allegiance to a dissenting minister, who had found no favor in the young lady's eyes, on account of his not responding heartily to her gracious speeches, for Belle soon found that the others were in raptures with the "heavenly eyes" and distinguished bearing of the young minister. But insensible to Belle's battery of smiles, Ralph walked away to help Gipsey with her charges, and became prime favorite with the juvenile pic-nickers, who were having great times all to themselves.

"Are you tired, Miss McAlpine?" said Allen, as he almost stumbled over Amy.

"Yes, a little," and Amy smiled wearily. "Gipsey and I had so many things to attend to; but I am resting nicely here. It is so cool and pleasant."

"Have you been in there?" Allen nodded toward the grave in the beautiful enclosure.

"No; I was going in when I had rested a little. It is a lovely spot. Do you know whose lot it is?"

"It's Aunt Ethel's grave," answered Allen, as he opened the gate for Amy. She walked in, and over to the green mound where the delicately carved monument stood.

In Memory
of
ETHEL BERNARD,
Beloved Wife
of
Edgar Dunsford,
of
Cleaton, Canada.

Amy McAlpine read over the words like one perfectly bewildered, then turned to Allen with such a startled look in her large eyes, that the picture of the lonely, pathetic girl he had met at Quebec came immediately to mind.

"Amy, what is it? Tell me, quickly," and quite forgetful of Belle, and all else save Amy—sweet, beautiful Amy—Allen caught her trembling hands and begged her to tell her trouble.

But Amy snatched her hands away, and sinking down on the sweet flowers by the green grave, close by the cold marble, hid her face, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Amy! what is it?" asked Allen, in alarm. "I love you. I have the right to share your troubles."

But Amy looked up through her tears, and said in a deep, pained voice:

"Mr. Grantly, you are forgetting Miss Gilmour." In an instant Allen turned sternly away, and said slowly,—

"Forgive me, Amy, I did forget. But if I can serve you in any way, please tell me."

"Oh, Mr. Grantly! it's a joy and sorrow, this trouble, as you call it. Do you see this name, Mr. Grantly? It's Aunt Bessie's sister—the Miss Bernard I was looking for. She is dead; but there is Mr. Dunsford and Gipsey yet."

"Why, Allen, you here! What is the matter, Miss McAlpine? And Mr. Dunsford came hastily towards them. He had stolen away from good Mrs. Hume, who was resting near the gates, and was coming to visit the grave, which he never omitted attending to himself.

"Miss McAlpine has just discovered something very strange, uncle Edgar," replied Allen, looking brightly towards Mr. Dunsford.

"What is it, child?" asked Mr. Dunsford, looking wonderingly from the eager Allen to the crying Amy.

"Oh, Mr. Dunsford! it's my own aunt's sister, Aunt Bessie's sister, Ethel Bernard, and I've lived all this time with you and never knew it."

"What is that you are saying, child! I don't understand you," and Mr. Dunsford gravely inspected the upturned face; wondering if Amy had suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Don't you see it, uncle, Amy's aunt was coming to Canada to her sister, and Aunt Ethel was the sister" explained Allen.

"Who was your aunt?" sharply queried Mr. Dunsford. "Aunt Bessie Fleeming."

"Not Mrs Hugh Fleeming; you are dreaming, child."

"Yes, Mr. Dunsford, Mrs Hugh Fleeming of London, England, whose early home was in Glasgow, and whose maiden name was Bessie Bernard." "Why! why! how strange! How is it we never discovered this before?"

"I don't know, Mr. Dunsford; I never

liked to revert to my own history after that evening when you were called to Mr. Hume's death bed, and—when I asked in Cleaton for Miss Bernard no one knew of any one of that name."

"Certainly not," exclaimed Mr. Dunsford." Ethel was sleeping quietly when Cleaton was only a country village. I never knew a town to grow so rapidly. Besides, people only knew her as Mrs. Dunsford. But surely your aunt told you all the story."

"Indeed, no, Mr. Dunsford; I never knew that aunt had a sister living, until two weeks before she died. After uncle's death we found ourselves with only a few pounds in the world, and when we were considering how we would manage to support ourselves, aunt said suddenly one day, 'Amy, we will go to Canada to Ethel. It is years since I heard from her, but I know she will forgive me when she knows all. We can start a school for young ladies.' I think aunt's mind was wandering, for she never reverted to this relative except when we were all alone, and then she would only say, 'It is Ethel, my own sister; we will soon find her. She lives in Upper Canada, in a village called Cleaton. Don't tease me, Amy.' In a few days we left England; we had no friends in London—only a few acquaintances, so that there were none to grieve over our departure. Just a few moments before aunt died, she rallied for a moment, and said, 'Amy, remember Cleaton; yes, Cleaton. Amy, she wrote me only once, when the little girl was born.'

'Who? Aunt, I asked.

'Ethel, Ethel Bernard,' she gasped; if she can forgive Hugh; and me, she will be a good friend to you.' What my new aunt was to forgive I never knew."

"Do you know where Mrs. Fleeming lived before she moved to London?" asked Mr. Dunsford sitting softly down by the grave "Yes I have heard both uncle and aunt speak of their home in the country, near Brighton. It was an old house all covered with ivy, and surrounded with a large garden, where there were great trees and lovely walks."

"Yes, yes, I have seen it," said Mr. Dunsfold biting his lips, and stroking the grass quickly.

"Have you? Oh Mr. Dunsford! when! when! Did you know uncle and aunt?" eagerly asked Amy, "Slightly, child, and I have cursed the day I saw them. But it is all gone now, Poor Ethel! Come away. I cannot speak of by-gone day's here.

Amy? was getting excited, and Allen began to wonder what was coming. That *there was* a romance connected with Mr. Dunsford's marriage, his friend knew, but none had ever heard the story.

"If Ethel were living, dear child," said Mr. Dunsford to Amy, as they left the grave of Ethel Bernard, she would have had no ill-will to you, or to any of her relatives in fact. She would have been a true friend to you, and such I will try to be. Your presence has always brought her to mind, and I know now what gave me such a painfully sweet surprise last autumn when you came to Cleaton."

They left the cemetery and wended their way down by the river, and as they went Mr. Dunsford told the story of his young days. It was simply this:

When a poor student in Glasgow, Edgar Dunsford met pretty Ethel Bernard at a friend's house, where she was visiting. Joyous and loving, she seemed to the stern southerner the perfection of beauty and goodness, while she in turn loved him with the tender love of an innocent young heart. So their troth was plighted, and only her guardian's consent was to be gained to the marriage. He was her sister's husband, a sister several years older than Ethel. Accordingly Edgar Dunsford wrote to Mr. Fleeming, who had moved away from Glasgow to Brighton, frankly telling him of their engagement, and asking for his good wishes. But one matter had been quite overlooked by the lovers. Ethel inherited a large fortune from an old aunt, whose will stipulated that the heiress should always retain the Roman Catholic faith, or else relinquish a goodly inheritance. Then Hugh Fleeming was a bitter Catholic. Firm and unyielding, a heretic was to him something too vile for tolerance. Edgar Dunsford was a member of the Established Church of England, and Ethel was fast

imbibing his views. Mr. Fleeming hearing of this instantly ordered Ethel home. She came; but no persuasion, no threatenings, could induce her to forget her lover, or the new faith which she had gladly followed. As a last resort her friends determined to shut her in a convent, for the old aunt's fortune must not be slighted, and then Ethel's own spiritual welfare must needs be considered. As for Hugh Fleeming he solemnly swore that his ward and sister-in-law should never wed that "vile heretic, that dastardly scoundrel." Assisted by a faithful servant Ethel held a stolen interview with Mr. Dunsford, and the night before she was to be carried to Spain, where she was to become a nun, she fled, was married, and sailed for Canada. It would be impossible to describe the anger of her friends. She was disinherited, and cursed, and never again heard of her relatives, though she had written once to her sister when Gipsey was a baby, and fortune had smiled on the stern lawyer and his lovely wife.

After Mr. Dunsford had finished his story, which explained away the silence which had so mysteriously enveloped the history of Ethel Bernard and the reticence of Mrs. Fleeming in speaking of her sister, Allen left Mr. Dunsford and Amy, who were happily considering their relationship, and struck across the woods, meaning to tell Gipsey the good news. A little way from the pic-nic ground he met Belle Gilmour who had just had a private confab with Bella Forgie and was not in a most amiable mood. She surmised, too, that Allen had been amongst the party to the cemetery, and she knew that Amy was there also,—a fact which did not help the amiability of her temper. When Allen came quickly to her side, and began to tell her the news in his own glad, frank tones, Belle drew herself haughtily away, and indignantly exclaimed:

"I don't believe it. It's all a hoax. Mamma was right: she is a great imposter. She is just hatching up a story to make people think well of her. I suppose *you* are delighted beyond measure," sneeringly continued the now passionate girl. "As for Mr. Dennison, he will be so happy. It is easy seeing where his thoughts are. A pretty minister he is, hunting squirrels with Gipsey, like a great over-grown schoolboy."

"Belle," quietly interposed Allen, who was terribly angered, but firmly controlled his passion, "you will oblige me by using moderate terms. Miss McAlpine is no imposter. she is a lady; and Dennison is a gentleman, a thorough gentleman."

Belle was beside herself with rage. Mrs. Dunsford was not near to keep the peace, so a hot quarrel ensued, in which Belle's character shone out in a new light, and Allen, never for a moment forgetting the chivalrous bearing due to a lady, told Belle what he thought of such uncharitable conduct. Finally, Belle, no longer able to control herself, tore off the splendid diamond ring she wore and tossing it at Allen, said, "There, take your ring and let us part."

"Are you in earnest, Belle?" asked Allen, himself awfully in earnest.

"Certainly I am," said Belle, who was now cooling down a little. She never doubted but what Allen would resume his suit in a few days, for she flattered herself that he could never forget her, although he might fancy Amy McAlpine's beautiful voice.

"Good-by" and she swept away, leaving Allen so delighted that he scarcely knew whether he was dreaming or waking. He sat down on the grass and got up again, too excited to keep still; then he struck into the woods and wandered about, feeling very much as a sentenced man might should a reprieve be granted him. At last the faint rumbling of thunder, and the lowering clouds warned him to hasten back to the pleasure grounds. Here he found the whole party frightened by the coming storm, and making a hasty retreat to Cleaton.

"Here, Allen," shouted Mr. Dunsford as the young man came in sight, "I want you to drive your cousin home." Mr. Dunsford, laughing, touched his hat to Amy, who sat in the pony carriage. "Belle drove home to the Forgies; Miss Forgie wants her to spend a few days in town," continued Mr. Dunsford; "and I sent Gipsey on half an hour ago in the canoe with Mr. Dennison. I was afraid she could

not manage the ponies if the storm came on. Here, jump in."

"What will you do, uncle?" asked Allen.

"Never mind me; I'll drive in when the other carriage returns. I sent Mrs. Hume home; she has such a flock of childreu. All right, now drive on. I'll see after Mrs. Wiggles and the maids."

Allen drove rapidly away with Amy, while Mr. Dunsford returned to his guests little dreaming how his nephew was blessing him in his heart for this pleasant arrangement of affairs. If Belle had heard the young gentleman's hearty laugh ringing out on the evening air she would have felt less secure of the penitent who was to humble himself in the dust in a very few days, as she affirmed to Miss Forgie.

Meanwhile, Gipsey was sitting in the little bark canoe talking gayly to the "Reverend Bruno," as she had termed Allen's friend. She was fast losing her dread of the handsome Ralph, and was thinking how strong and brave he looked, as she rattled on asking him questions about Allen and confidentially bemoaning her cousin's unhappy future; then she was in wild glee over Amy's discovery in the cemetery. She made Mr. Dennison talk whether he would or not, and before a great while he was giving her an interesting account of his Indians, and of their progress. Gipsey, who loved anything wild or strange, listened eagerly, and showed such evident intelligence and real good sense that Mr. Dennison quite liked the bright, happy girl.

"Just fancy, Mr. Dennison," she abruptly exclaimed in a pause of the conversation, "I dreamed last night that I ran away with a handsome Indian, and he had the most splendid dark eyes. We sheered right over a precipice in a bark canoe and papa chased us with a long broomstick. Can you imagine my dignified father chasing a runaway couple with a broomstick?" At the very thought of such a ridiculous idea Gipsey's silvery laughter rippled over the river, and Mr. Dennison was compelled to join her; for Mr. Dunsford's acting the *role* of an enraged parent, with only an unromantic broomstick for a weapon, was very ludicrous.

When they reached the outskirts of Cleaton they landed, and Mr. Dennison shouldered the canoe. A little rapid near the town prevented their sailing in that direction; accordingly they walked over the common, across the suburbs to the farther end, where they again launched the frail bark, and paddled towards Dunsford. But the day that had opened with glad sunshine and fair prospects, was now closing with every token of a fearful storm. The sky darkened with huge rolling clouds, and deep shadows gathered quickly over the earth as the sun set in a sea of purple and gold. The thunder no longer rumbled faintly, but grew hoarse and terrific. The lightnings repeated blaze after blaze of lurid fire. Gipsey, awed by the fury of the battling elements, clung to Ralph Dennison, who could now scarcely guide the canoe, so dense was the darkness between the awful lights, and so tempestuous the howling wind. The storm grew worse. The rain fell in fierce torrents as if the flood gates of the sky were opened wide, and the writhing fire lit the heavens with a fearful glow, while crashing thunder pealed in quick and terrible grandeur. A moment more, and the little boat was tossed on a small ledge of rocks, and then came a bolt of fire across the sky, and close by the tiny canoe and its occupants, a tall tree was shrivelled to the earth. Gipsey's agonizing shriek mingled with Nature's clashing warfare, as she sank down beside her companion, utterly bereft of sense and speech. "Miss Gipsey! Miss Gipsey!" called Ralph, as he drew the motionless figure closer, and away from the water dashing on them. Again he called her name, and bent his head over the lifeless girl but no answer came save the howl of the wind, the angry splash of the tossing waves, and the roar of the tempest.

"Oh, my Father, is this death?" gasped Ralph, as he bathed the cold face resting on his arm, and vainly tried to chafe the limp, icy fingers. Could this be Gipsey—joyous Gipsey who had risen merry as the gladness of youth on her sixteenth birthday and who had been the gay laughing spirit of the happy pleasure-party just two short hours ago, Gipsey who was her father's

darling, and the joy of the country-side? All rich and poor knew and loved the sunny-tempered girl, whose mirthful words brought smiles to young and old. Now she is cut down in the opening bloom of womanhood.

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet."

"The death angel has taken her," thought Ralph as he vainly tried to recall the seemingly flown spirit.

To his relief at last, after weary waiting, the storm passed over. The great black clouds rolled away, the lightning died out in the western sky, and the welcome moon glided from her hiding place, throwing a pale light over hill, vale and river, and flickering sadly down on the still, cold face in the little canoe. With mingled thanksgiving for the quietude, and agony at the awful task before him, Mr. Dennison gathered up the motionless figure, stepped carefully over the rocks, and then waded to the shore.

On reaching land he found himself close to a farm-house, whence a faint light glistened from the back window. With hasty steps, still holding the dripping form of poor Gipsey, he crossed the meadow. He kicked away the dogs, who rushed to bark fiercely at the intruder, and coming to the kitchen knocked so loud and long that the frightened inmates fled to pantry and cellar. Receiving no answer, Ralph threw open the door and laid his precious burden on a rough lounge.

"Why, Simon, it's that ere grand preacher of yourn. He's mad, poor man," gasped a voice from behind the pantry door. Then out came shivering little Deacon Green, followed by the equally frightened Mrs. Green. Presently, also, two Miss Greens emerged from the cellar trap-door.

"It t'aint never the Reverend Mr. Dennison," said the little Deacon, quite forgetful, in his fright, of his grammar and pomposity.

"Yes, it's Ralph Dennison," was the hurried reply. "For pity sake don't stare and stand still. Quick, all of you! It's Miss Dunsford, and she's dead, killed by the lightning. Yes, yes, get water, Mrs. Green, and you help me, Green." In a few moments the inanimate Gipsey was being actively rubbed and chafed by the now energetic women. Mr. Green was dismissed for Mr. Dunsford, and Bob Green rode away at wild speed for the doctor.

"She's acoming to!" shouted Mrs. Green to Mr. Dennison, who was coming through the hall on his return from assisting in dismissing the men on their errands. "Bless her, poor child of earth, she's breathing, I reckon."

Yes, a faint breathing was now perceptible, and a slight moan escaped the half-shut lips. "She's acoming alive—sure as I live. Thank the Lord! There, Jerusiah, you rub hard, but don't take the skin off. Sally Ann, do you hear, go and make ginger tea; and you, minster, you sot-to and pray. Scripture says 'Prayers of a righteous man availeth much,' and though you do belong to that water-set, let's see what you can do." Mrs. Green was growing excited, and all her Methodism came gibly to her lips, and she groaned, rubbed and broke into vehement expressions.

"Glory be to His name. Thar she's opening her funny eyes. Fust time I've seen her as she wan't a larfing fit to split her sides. Miss Simpson says she larfed before she was two hours old, but I allus said old Miss Simpson was a kind of a stretcher."

"Here, Sally Ann," shouted the kind-hearted but uncouth Mrs. Green, "you bring on them ginger. Jerusiah, you wench, go and poke the fire. That lazy hussy ain't fit to skin potatoes. Yes, minster, that's you, put the camphor to her nose. Camphor is powerful good for people such-like."

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

"JOE INDIAN."

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMES.

"So, Johnnie, you have been reading about the Indians who once roamed so freely over the vast territory of which they now possess but a small heritage indeed," said Grandfather Gray, when the greetings were over one afternoon, and taking up the book that his grandson had laid down to welcome him, he took his accustomed seat by the fire, and turned the leaves with a thoughtful, abstracted air.

"Yes, dear grandfather," replied Johnnie, "and though they were very fierce and cruel toward their enemies, and seldom forgave injuries, they seem never to have forgotten benefits; and I think the white people were often in the wrong, and do not wonder that the red men wished to get rid of those who were taking away their lands and driving them farther and farther into the wilderness."

The old gentleman made no reply to his grandson's remarks, but closed the book and sat looking dreamily into the fire till little Alice recalled him from his meditations by climbing to his knee and asking him if he had ever seen a real, live, painted Indian in the big woods he used to live in. Thus interrogated, her grandfather smiled down upon her with the least perceptible twinkle in his loving glance, and said:

"Yes, I did, indeed, once see a real, live, painted Indian, and also heard the appalling war-whoop that has, in times past, again and again rung out on the midnight air, a prelude to the most horrible atrocities, and carrying consternation to the hearts of the startled inhabitants."

The children were now all eager attention, and so their grandfather proceeded to gratify them.

"You must know," he began, "that for the pioneer of the forest there is but little intermission between the different employments he is forced to engage in; so, no sooner was the sugar season well over, and a supply of wood prepared and nicely corded up to dry for the next year, than the April sunshine and showers had fitted the land for the plow.

"Unlike the previous year, thanks to my father's busy axe, there were several acres suitable for wheat, which was soon sown; then our garden was enlarged and laid out in beds and drills, and mother and Ellen proceeded to sow and plant it with almost every variety of vegetables the heart could desire, while I procured and set out some apple trees and currant bushes from Mr. Johnson's young nursery. Nor did we forget to appropriate a space next the house to the cultivation of flowers, of which we were all very fond—fonder now, if possible, than ever, as pleasant reminiscences of our old home, whence came the original seeds and roots. Farther to enhance the association that the sight of our floral friends awakened, we laid out our plot in squares, circles and triangles, in imitation of the old flower garden, and allotted each variety to its respective division corresponding to that one.

"Mother always taught us to make our surroundings as pleasant as circumstances would allow, without neglecting more important matters; so to modify the rough exterior of our humble abode, we set hops at the corners and on each side of the door, and to conceal the unsightly stumps that we had neither time nor power to remove, we cut them down as low as possible, and

then planted them around with peas, scarlet runners, morning-glories, and even pumpkins and cucumbers, and as fast as the vines grew they were trained over and around them till no stump was visible in all our half-acre lot, only clumps and mounds of thrifty vegetation that yielded us profit or pleasure, as the case might be. A neat paling, composed of cedar stakes driven into the ground a few inches apart, and held in their place by a flat piece nailed on the tops, and a few ornamental forest trees set out or retained at intervals around it, completed our garden arrangements for that season. Our spring's work, however, was far from being completed, for, till the end of June, we continued to extend our clearing, patch by patch, and to plant potatoes, corn, beans, and lastly, turnips, wherever there was sufficient room for a hill.

"For company's sake, Paul Deering and I often 'changed works,' and one day we were planting potatoes a short distance from our house, our tongues keeping time to our hoes, when, chancing to look up, what should meet my astonished gaze but a tall Indian coming directly towards us. Although I had never seen an Indian before, and though neither the appearance nor costume of this one accorded well with my preconceived notions of the painted and plumed warriors of history and romance, yet I felt at once that he was a veritable red man of the forest, and, in an excited tone, though scarcely above a whisper, I said, 'Paul! Paul! there is an Indian—a real Indian, as sure you live!'

"Instead of sharing my anxiety, however, my companion only glanced in the direction indicated, when, bursting into a hearty laugh—at my big eyes he said afterwards—he replied: 'Oh, Dick! don't be afraid of losing your scalp this time, for that's only "Joe Indian." He used to come to our house often enough when we lived on the other side, and I'll bet sixpence, now, it was his gun we heard banging away all last night. I can tell, too, by his walk that he's been drinking, and you'll see we'll have some fun."

By this time the subject of our discourse had drawn near enough to recognize Paul, whom he seemed glad to see, and when the reserve that so largely characterizes the red man's intercourse, not only with the whites, but also with those of his own race, and which Paul knew so well how to humor, had yielded to the influence of our presence, he became communicative, and told us a long story of a bear hunt he had been engaged in the previous day, and of the bear he had succeeded in killing.

"'So you shot a bear, yesterday?' said Paul.

"'Yes, me shoot um big bear, yesterday,' replied Joe.

"'Where did you shoot the bear, Joe?' proceeded Paul.

"'Way over there on big hill; me camp over on big hill now,' and he pointed in the direction of a hill that rose in full view some distance to the west of Mr. Deering's house.

"'And was it bears you were shooting all last night, Joe?' Paul still went on, and I could see his eyes brimming over with ill-suppressed mirth.

"At this last question a shadow seemed to pass over the dark visage of the Indian, and, from the silence that ensued, I began to fear that he was offended and would say no more, but at length he said:

"'No, me no shoot bear all night. Me sell big bear to white trapper; me get powder, me get shot, me get tobacco, me get rum. Bimeby me drink rum—Molly, she drink rum. Bimeby Molly drink rum, me drink rum. Bimeby me drink rum, Molly drink rum. Bimeby Molly she see Chipeye, me see Chipeye—me shoot um all night.'

"When Joe had finished speaking, Paul, who had been for some time almost bursting with suppressed mirth, flourished the hoe in the air, and with a bound he threw himself on the ground and fairly rolled in convulsions of laughter.

"Though I did not know it at the time, I afterwards learned that Mr. Deering's family had heard the report of a gun at about equal intervals during nearly the whole of the previous night, a circumstance that none of them could account for till Joe Indian made his appearance, when the mystery was clear to Paul's quick apprehension, hence the questions he had put to him.

"Partly from my ignorance of the Indian's

superstitions and other peculiarities, and partly from a fear of offending him, I maintained a countenance nearly, if not quite as grave as that of Joe himself; and when, in addition to this forbearance, I cordially and politely asked him to take supper with us, I won a friendship not to be despised at any time, but more especially to be prized by the backwoodsman, and a friendship that strengthened as our intimacy increased.

Often enough after this first visit did our Indian friend come to visit us. We always gave him a cordial welcome, and in return he often brought us presents of trout and partridges, and told us stories of his hunting and trapping expeditions, of the beautiful lakes and rivers on which he had sailed in his birchen canoe, and of the wild, free life of the red man generally, till I became eager to visit the haunts and join in the pursuits he so vividly described. Again and again did I urge my parents to comply with Joe's oft-repeated request that I should accompany him to his camp, and thence on a fishing excursion, and to the beautiful lake that in his metaphorical language he was continually referring to, and at length I gained the desired permission. How well I remember the rather anxious looks of mother and Ellen, and the big eyes of little Lu as I proudly stepped forth with my Indian guide, and started for his forest home. It was a little late in the day when we set out, and the gathering shades of evening had begun to envelop the woods in a deep gloom, and the weird song of the night-bird to come in mournful cadences from the thickets when we reached Joe Indian's camp, which was a sort of compromise between a log hut and a wigwam. Here we found Joe's wife and two young sons, who seemed glad to see us, and who, in anticipation of our coming, had made preparations for our comfort. My unusual tramp had made me both hungry and tired, and after partaking of the corn cake and broiled partridge, than which I thought nothing ever tasted so delicious, I soon crept to my bed of bear and deer skins arranged for me in one corner, and almost immediately fell asleep.

"Though I was awake at the first note of the earliest songster, Joe and his wife were astir before me: the one busily preparing fishing tackle and other implements for our day's sport, the other making ready our breakfast and the provision we were to take with us Glorious old Sol was just gilding the treetops with his magic pencil, and the birds just beginning to make the woods vocal with their glad songs of welcome when we descended the hill on the opposite side from that by which we had approached the camp, and what a contrast now presented itself in this animated awakening of nature to the repose and gloom of the evening before! Every step was greeted by the chittering of a squirrel, the bound of a hare, or the rush of a partridge, and the feathered choir seemed every moment to be augmented till the whole forest became alive with motion and music. Child of the forest that he was, my Indian guide threaded its intricate mazes as rapidly, and with as little hesitation as you or I can the streets of Montreal; and though we seemed to be alternately climbing and descending hills, we were in reality gradually dropping into the valley, whence we at length heard the sound of murmuring waters. Soon after we came in sight of the famous, Trout Stream that now glided leisurely along between mossy banks, and anon danced merrily over shining pebbles, and finally plunged noisily down over rocks and away under roots and fallen trunks of trees, beneath which many a speckled trout found a cool retreat. We had only just arrived on the fishing ground, when, as Joe had predicted, the sun was obscured by clouds, thus insuring us a good day for our sport.

"It would be useless to try to recount all the haps and mishaps of that eventful morning; suffice it to say that, having caught my hook in an old root a dozen times or more, and finally snapped the line off with the idea that there was an enormous fish at the end of it, having nearly ruined my character with Joe as a fisherman, by shouting with delight at sight of the first speckled beauty he drew from the water, and having fallen from a treacherous, moss-covered log stump, and thus frightened away a score, at least, of splendid trout that, as I crept further and further out on the log, I had been intently

watching as they played around my companion's hook—I became more cautious, and with the most persevering effort, at last succeeded in catching about one to Joe's ten. At this rate we were not long in satisfying our desires in that line, and then we pushed on towards the lake, to visit which had been our principal motive from the outset. With only one object in view we now proceeded at a rapid pace—too rapid, in fact, to allow of my taking notes on the way. Indeed, all I can remember distinctly, is the difficulty I had to keep the half-bent form of the tall Indian in view, as, with a sort of gliding, stealthy movement, he rapidly threaded the dense underwood; and two or three times I did lose sight of him entirely, he having purposely slipped quickly behind a tree to try whether I would detect him in the act. By and by when I began to feel weary and to wonder how much farther we had to go, my guide, who was always some distance in advance of me, suddenly halted and motioned me to his side. I quickly joined him, and found myself on an eminence, overlooking a scene I shall never forget, and one that would well repay any tourist in search of the beautiful in nature for more than one day's travel and fatigue, could he view it in all its primal loveliness as I did. Imagine yourself, if you can, looking down upon an open space, dotted here and there by Indian wigwams, and partially enclosed and sheltered on the north and west by a range of hills that approached the dignity of mountains, both in elevation and rocky grandeur, where they abruptly terminated on the shore of a beautiful lake that stretched away toward the south as far as the eye could reach, and you have the outline of what lay before and below us. Now look through my mind's eye, and see the children running here and there at play, or shooting at marks with bows and arrows, the squaws, some busy about the fires, some bringing wood or water, and others making baskets at their tent doors, and now away to the lake, where a canoe every now and again darts from the wooded shore and moves silently, but swiftly, up or down or across its glassy surface, and you have the living picture of what we were looking upon. I stood rooted to the spot with wonder and admiration, for I don't know how long, and then enthusiastically exclaimed, 'Oh, Joe, if only a band of returning Indian warriors now would emerge from yonder wood with a ringing war-whoop, what a grand sight it would be!' My companion's eyes kindled at my remark, but his only reply was that "White boy would be big 'fraid;' then, hardly waiting to hear my vehement protest to the contrary, he plunged into the forest, and I had no alternative but to follow him as before. The next time we halted was on the margin of the lake, where the undergrowth of alders and dwarf-birch extended close to the water's edge. The Indian now drew a trim canoe from a sheltered nook and, stepping into it, he motioned me to follow, and we were soon gliding out upon the water as swiftly and noiselessly as were the boats we had been watching from the hill above. We made directly for a small island that came to view as we rounded a headland, and though Joe once exchanged a few words in his own tongue with the occupant of a boat that we met on our way, he did not slacken speed, so that but a short time sufficed to land us on its rocky shore. The boat being secured, my companion led the way round a projecting crag, then away towards a clump of trees, which having gained, I was surprised to discover a rude but not uncomfortable log hut in their midst. Joe entered this rude dwelling with a familiar air that at once proclaimed him as its owner, and then, almost for the first time since we left the Trout Stream, did he seem to find the use of his tongue. Having partaken of the savory and bouutiful repast that our early breakfast and long tramp made highly desirable, we stretched ourselves on the cabin floor and, after lighting his pipe and smoking awhile in silence, my companion proceeded to give me a traditional account of the red man's wrongs and the encroachments of the whites—told me of his father, who had been a chief of considerable importance, and who had owned a vast tract of beautiful country now occupied by white settlers, and he also told me of his own boy-hood, and of his Indian name, which I forget now, but which signified 'Bounding Deer,' and of which he was very

proud. When he finished speaking, he looked sad and melancholy, and I think I must have been looking sad too in sympathy, for I pitied the poor Indian, when without a moment's warning a yell broke upon the stillness that made my hair rise on end and cold chills run down my back, for I knew that no earthly sound would ring out with such a startling effect except that of the terrific war-whoop, and my convictions were immediately verified by several Indians leaping from their covert into the open space in front of the cabin. They were decked in all the significance of war paint, and feathers, and, brandishing their shining tomahawks in the air, they went through the war-dance of returned victors. Their performance ended, with another whoop that woke the echoes of wood and hill they vanished as mysteriously as they had appeared, and I drew a long breath of relief. Either the suddenness of the event had a paralyzing effect, or the imperturbable calmness of my companion reassured me; for certain it is, that, so far from manifesting the fear that really possessed me, I maintained such an unmoved exterior as to gain an approving gesture from my Indian friend as well as the epithet of 'White Brave,' a title that he was pleased ever after to distinguish me by. As soon as I had time to collect my faculties a little, I knew that my rash boast on the hill had been revealed by my companion to the Indian he had spoken with on the way, and that he had improvised this sham war party as much to gratify my curiosity as to test my courage, and I silently congratulated myself for having betrayed no fear on the trying occasion. After resting for a couple of hours, we again took to the boat and proceeded up the lake. On our way we caught a splendid maskinonge with a bit of shining metal attached to a line and allowed to trail behind the boat, and Joe shot two wild ducks; when, having by this time got far up the lake, we again made for the shore. When we entered the shallow water I noticed that it had a black, murky appearance, and I was soon delighted to see that the surface was nearly covered with the apparently floating lily-pads thickly interspersed with half blown buds of the beautiful pond-lily. At my request, my companion rested on his oars or moved leisurely along till I gathered a large bundle of the sweet scented buds, then we went on more rapidly and at length entered a narrow creek with which Joe seemed familiar and where he made his boat secure. Once more on land we divided the trophies of our day's sport into proportions adapted to our respective powers of endurance—the lilies and my own small string of trout being all that my Indian friend would allow me to carry—and took a short cut from the lake directly to my father's house, where we arrived just before sundown. Joe remained only long enough to thank my parents for the present of ammunition and tobacco which they pressed him to take as a mark of regard—for he would except nothing in payment for his services—and then started for his own home, leaving me to recount my wonderful adventures to an interested audience. When I had concluded my account of everything that I had seen or experienced from the time I had left the house till I entered it again—when I had enjoyed the praises bestowed upon the birds, and fish, and the admiration with which Mother and Helen regarded the floral treasures I had treated them to, and which they took great pains to preserve in jars, mugs, and pitchers half filled with water and arranged on the shelves and cupboard, I retired to rest in my own bed once more, the unusual scenes through which I had passed making it seem as though a long time had intervened since I had slept in it—there to dream all night of a broad lake alive with phantom canoes gliding silently but swiftly over its dark waters while an Indian war-dance was being performed around a huge fire on shore. Well, children, though that was my first and most memorable, because the first hunting expedition with Joe Indian, it was not the last by a good many, yet I never after was treated to a sight of a real live painted Indian warrior, so good night."

KASPER HAUSER

FROM THE FRENCH.

If misery gives a claim to celebrity, the sad, mysterious fate of Kasper Hauser can never be forgotten. We are told that this unfortunate being died at the age of twenty-two; he may be said to have *lived* only four years. From the day of his birth until he was eighteen, his fate was such that he knew nothing of the outer world; he was more ignorant than the youngest child, he did not know that there are flowers in the fields, birds in the air—that there are men, and that these men speak, walk, and laugh or cry at will. He did not even know there was a sun in the heavens to give light and warmth. It seems that up to the age of eighteen Kasper Hauser knew nothing of his fellow creatures, their joys or their sorrows, and never saw the light of day. On the 26th of May, 1828, Kasper appeared, no one knew whence, at the gate of the town of Nuremberg, in Bavaria. He advanced with uncertain, tottering steps, scarcely able to put one foot before the other, like a child walking for the first time. Soon he fell down in the middle of the street, murmuring some inarticulate sounds. If he could have spoken, the following words would probably have fallen from his lips: "To-day, for the first time in my life, I emerge from the dungeon where I have been since my birth. I was not born blind, and yet, until now I never beheld the light of day. I was not born deaf, and up to this hour I never heard a sound. Thus, I know not how to walk, to see, or to hear. I am almost a man, and yet less than a child." The laws against vagabonds were very severe at Nuremberg, and as the wretched being could give no account of himself, he was arrested and conducted to the nearest police station. As he was unable to walk, he was carried thither. The chief of police and the magistrates interrogated him closely, but could not elicit a reply. At last, writing materials were placed before him. His eyes sparkled, and taking up a pen he wrote legibly his name, "Kasper Hauser." This circumstance caused suspicion that he was an impostor, and until the mystery should be solved, he was put in the Tower Prison, where all beggars and vagabonds were detained. All this time he appeared insensible to either harshness or kindness. A worthy man, a Dr. Daumer, who followed Kasper to prison, begged the jailer to give the unfortunate youth some food. A plate of meat and a jug of beer were placed before him. Kasper, who was seated in a corner of the cell, looked at these things with horror, and the sight of them so affected him that he was seized with violent convulsions and fainted away. When he recovered, he found near him a piece of bread and a glass of water. He eat and drank greedily, and then fell into a deep sleep. He remained for some days in prison, and was visited by crowds of various people—they brought him toys and dainties. All were disregarded, until on one occasion a visitor brought a wooden horse. Kasper stretched out his hands for this toy with longing, impatient gestures. On receiving it, he clasped it to his bosom, caressing the inanimate toy as if he had found a long-lost friend. It was supposed he must have once possessed a similar plaything, but no clue was found to the mystery. Gradually, his eyes became accustomed to light, and his ears to sound. The noise of a neighboring clock, which at first had seemed inaudible, now caused him such emotion that he could not restrain his tears. On one occasion he was taken to the window to see a wedding; men playing violins headed the procession. The noise of these instruments struck him still more painfully. But when he

heard a march played by a military band, he fainted away. Dr. Daumer, who took the deepest interest in the case, began to believe it possible that Kasper might be restored to the society of his fellow-men, though it was evident that his life had hitherto been passed in utter solitude. The good Doctor obtained permission to adopt Kasper. He commenced the education of this big child, and the progress of his pupil was slow. Still there *was* progress, and in the course of a year Kasper was able to thread together his recollections of the past, and to relate his melancholy story. This is what he said: "I do not know how long I existed in my dungeon—ignorant of what day and night signified, I could not calculate years. Long after I first became aware that I was alive and in a closed up room where no one came near me, I discovered that I was not alone in the world. One day (perhaps it was one night) a creature, a man—though I did not then know what a man was—entered my dungeon by an opening I had not before observed. I heard him speak, but the human voice was to me an unknown sound. He brought me my usual daily food—bread and water; he also placed before me a thing I had never beheld, but its shape pleased me,—it was a wooden horse. The man disappeared. I saw him vanish, and tried to follow him, but after walking a few steps, I received a violent blow. I had knocked my head against the wall, for as I did not know the difference between an open and a shut door, I fancied I might easily pass where the man had done. For the first time, I felt acute pain; for many days my suffering was intense, and I was unable to define its cause. I can understand now, how it was that, from time to time, I found my hair dressed, my clothes changed, and my hands white. I suspect that my keeper occasionally mixed a narcotic in my food, and that my garments were changed while I was in a state of insensibility. It seems a very long period since pen and ink and paper were first placed before me. The man traced some letters in my presence, and after perhaps more than a year's attempts, unaided, I succeeded in imitating the two words which represent my name—probably, not my true name; that, I suppose, I shall never know. Nevertheless, I thank the man for having bestowed upon me some title—otherwise my tomb would bear no inscription save this, 'To the unknown one.' At last, I conclude my keeper grew tired of me. One day, when the hour for bringing my daily food arrived, he came, but without the bread and water I was eagerly expecting. He put a bandage over my eyes, swung me on his shoulders, and I felt I was being carried away, but I did not even ask myself what was to become of me. Memory fails to relate more. I suppose I lost consciousness soon after I emerged from my prison house. Did the man come from Nuremberg or from a greater distance, I know not. All I can say is that he deposited me at the gate of the town and removed the bandage from my eyes. When I came to myself I tried to bear the light of day, and to stand upright by the help of a stick. My strength must have been small, for I fell down, and was picked up in the street soon afterwards." Such was the pitiful story related to the family of his kind protector by Kasper Hauser. The tale spread from mouth to mouth and caused a great sensation. Strangers came in crowds to see Dr. Daumer's mysterious protégé. A man secretly introduced himself into the house, and being a moment alone with Kasper, stabbed the unfortunate youth with a poniard. The blow was ill directed and merely inflicted a wound on the forehead. The household was alarmed by Kasper's cries, but the assassin had vanished, and no trace of him was ever discovered. This murderous attempt proved too surely that the unfortunate victim of such persecution was not safe at Nuremberg. Lord Stanhope, a rich, generous, and powerful English nobleman, was deeply interested in the fate of Kasper Hauser, and resolved to take him to Auspach, to finish his studies. Afterwards, he was to accompany Lord Stanhope to England. Kasper stayed four years under the care of the celebrated Dr. Fuhrmann, who succeeded in making our hero a well-informed, amiable, young man. The time for his departure for England was drawing near when one day, as he took his customary walk in the palace garden, near the monument of Uryen,

he was accosted by a stranger who held out a paper. Kasper took the petition, and was glancing over its contents when he felt himself stabbed in the region of the heart. The assassin took flight, but Kasper, though mortally wounded, had sufficient strength to drag himself to Dr. Fuhrmann's house. The unhappy youth was only able to gasp the following words: "Palace! Uryen!—monument—purse!" The police were sent to the place he named. Near the base of the monument they found a purse of violet silk, containing a paper on which was written: "Kasper Hauser, born the 30th April, 1812; dies, December 14th, 1833. Know that I come from the river frontier of Bavaria. These are the initials of my name, M.L.O." Lord Stanhope offered a reward of five thousand florins to anyone who could trace the murderer of his protégé. All efforts to discover the assassin were fruitless. The unfortunate Kasper Hauser expired on the 17th December, 1833—the victim of a mysterious, avenging fate.

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Chapter IX.

DISMAL DAYS.

If anybody had told Katy, that first afternoon, that at the end of a week she would still be in bed, and in pain, and with no time fixed for getting up, I think it would have almost killed her. She was so restless and eager, that to lie still seemed one of the hardest things in the world. But to lie still and have her back ache all the time, was worse yet. Day after day she asked Papa with quivering lip: "Mayn't I get up and go down stairs this morning?" And when he shook his head, the lip would quiver more, and tears would come. But if she tried to get up, it hurt her so much, that in spite of herself she was glad to sink back again on the soft pillows and mattress, which felt so comfortable to her poor bones.

Then there came a time when Katy didn't even ask to be allowed to get up. A time when sharp, dreadful pain, such as she had never imagined before, took hold of her. When days and nights got all confused and tangled up together, and Aunt Izzie never seemed to go to bed. A time when Papa was constantly in her room. When other doctors came and stood over her, and punched and felt her back, and talked to each other in low whispers. It was all like a long, bad dream, from which she couldn't wake up, though she tried ever so hard. Now and then she would rouse a little, and catch the sound of voices, or be aware that Clover or Elsie stood at the door, crying softly; or that Aunt Izzie, in creaking slippers, was going about the room on tiptoe. Then all these things would slip away again, and she would drop off into a dark place, where there was nothing but pain, and sleep, which made her forget pain, and so seemed the best thing in the world.

We will hurry over this time, for it is hard to think of our bright Katy in such a sad plight. By and by the pain grew less, and the sleep quieter. Then, as the pain became easier still, Katy woke up as it were—began to take notice of what was going on about her; to put questions.

"How long have I been sick?" she asked one morning.

"It is four weeks, yesterday," replied Papa.

"Four weeks!" said Katy. "Why, I didn't know it was so long as that. Was I very sick, Papa?"

"Very, dear. But you are a great deal better now."

"How did I hurt me when I tumbled out of the swing?" asked Katy, who was in an unusually wakeful mood.

"I don't believe I could make you understand, dear."

"But try, Papa!"

"Well—did you know that you had a long bone down your back, called a spine?"

"I thought that was a disease," said Kitty; "Clover said that cousin Helen had the spine!"

"No—the spine is a bone. It is made up of a row of smaller bones—or knobs—and in the middle of it is a sort of rope of nerves called the spinal cord. Nerves, you know, are the things we feel with. Well, this spinal cord is rolled up for safe keeping in a soft wrapping, called membrane. When you fell out of the swing, you struck against one of these knobs, and bruised the membrane inside, and the nerve inflamed, and gave you a fever in the back. Do you see?"

"A little," said Katy, not quite understanding, but too tired to question farther. After she had rested a while, she said: "Is the fever well now, Papa? Can I get up again and go down stairs right away?"

"Not right away, I'm afraid," said Dr. Carr, trying to speak cheerfully.

Katy didn't ask any more questions then. Another week passed, and another. The pain was almost gone. It only came back now and then for a few minutes. She could sleep now, and eat, and be raised in bed without feeling giddy. But still the once active limbs hung heavy and lifeless, and

she was not able to walk, or even stand alone.

"My legs feel so queer," she said one morning, "they are just like the Prince's legs which were turned to black marble in the Arabian Nights. What do you suppose is the reason, Papa? Won't they feel natural soon?"

"Not soon," answered Dr. Carr. Then he said to himself: "Poor child! she had better know the truth." So he went on, aloud, "I am afraid, my darling, that you must make up your mind to stay in bed a long time."

"How long?" said Katy, looking frightened; "a month more?"

"I can't exactly tell how long," answered her father. "The doctors think, as I do, that the injury to your spine is one which you will outgrow by and by, because you are so young and strong. But it may take a good while to do it. It may be that you will have to lie here for months, or it may be more. The only cure for such a hurt is time and patience. It is hard, darling"—for Katy began to sob wildly—"but you have hope to help you along. Think of poor Cousin Helen, bearing all these years without hope!"

"Oh, Papa!" gasped Katy, between her sobs, "doesn't it seem dreadful, that just getting into the swing for a few minutes should do so much harm? Such a little thing as that!"

"Yes, such a little thing!" repeated Dr. Carr, sadly. "And it was only a little thing, too, forgetting Aunt Izzie's order about the swing. Just for the want of the small 'horse-shoe nail' of obedience, Katy."

Years afterwards, Katy told somebody that the six longest weeks of her life were those which followed this conversation with Papa. Now that she knew there was no chance of getting well at once, the days dragged dreadfully. Each seemed duller and dismaller than the days before. She lost heart about herself, and took no interest in anything. Aunt Izzie brought her books, but she didn't want to read, or to sew. Nothing amused her. Clover and Cecy would come to sit with her, but hearing them tell about their plays, and the things they had been doing, made her cry so miserably, that Aunt Izzie wouldn't let them come often. They were very sorry for Katy, but the room was so gloomy, and Katy so cross, that they didn't mind much not being allowed to see her. In those days Katy made Aunt Izzie keep the blinds shut tight, and she lay in the dark, thinking how miserable she was, and how wretched all the rest of her life was going to be. Everybody was very kind and patient with her, but she was too selfishly miserable to notice it. Aunt Izzie ran up and down stairs, and was on her feet all day, trying to get something which would please her, but Katy hardly said "Thank you," and never saw how tired Aunt Izzie looked. So long as she was forced to stay in bed, Katy could not be grateful for anything that was done for her.

But doleful as the days were, they were not so bad as the nights, when, after Aunt Izzie was asleep, Katy would lie wide awake, and have long, hopeless fits of crying. At these times she would think of all the plans she had made for doing beautiful things when she was grown up. "And now I shall never do any of them," she would say to herself, "only just lie here. Papa says I may get well by and by, but I sha'n't, I know I sha'n't. And even if I do, I shall have wasted all these years, and the others will grow up and get ahead of me, and I sha'n't be a comfort to them or to anybody else. Oh dear! oh dear! how dreadful it is!"

The first thing which broke in upon this sad state of affairs, was a letter from Cousin Helen, which Papa brought one morning and handed to Aunt Izzie.

"Helen tells me she's going home this week," said Aunt Izzie, from the window, where she had gone to read the letter. "Well, I'm sorry, but I think she's quite right not to stop. It's just as she says: one invalid at a time *is* enough in a house. I'm sure I have my hands full with Katy."

"Oh, Aunt Izzie!" cried Katy, "is Cousin Helen coming this way when she goes home? Oh! do make her stop. If it's just for one day, do ask her! I want to see her so much! I can't tell you how much! Won't you? Please! Please, dear Papa?"

She was almost crying with eagerness.

"Why, yes, darling, if you wish it so much," said Dr. Carr. "It will cost Aunt Izzie some trouble, but she's so kind that I'm sure she'll manage it if it is to give you so much pleasure. Can't you, Izzie?" And he looked eagerly at his sister.

"Of course I will!" said Miss Izzie, heartily. Katy was so glad, that, for the first time in her life, she threw her arms of her own accord round Aunt Izzie's neck, and kissed her.

"Thank you, dear Aunty!" she said.

Aunt Izzie looked as pleased as could be. She had a warm heart hidden under her fidgety ways—only Katy had never been sick before, to find it out.

For the next week Katy was feverish with expectation. At last Cousin Helen came. This time Katy was not on the steps to welcome her, but after a little while Papa brought Cousin Helen in his arms, and set her in a big chair beside the bed.

"How dark it is!" she said, after they had kissed each other and talked for a minute or two; "I can't see your face at all. Would it hurt your eyes to have a little more light?"

"Oh no!" answered Katy. "It don't

hurt my eyes, only I hate to have the sun come in. It makes me feel worse, somehow."

"Push the blind open a little bit then, Clover;" and Clover did so.

"Now I can see," said Cousin Helen.

It was a forlorn-looking child enough which she saw lying before her. Katy's face had grown thin, and her eyes had red circles about them from continual crying. Her hair had been brushed twice that morning by Aunt Izzie, but Katy had run her fingers impatiently through it, till it stood out about her head like a frowsy bush. She wore a calico dressing-gown, which, though clean, was particularly ugly in pattern; and the room, for all its tidiness, had a dismal look, with the chairs set up against the wall, and a row of medicine-bottles on the chimney-piece.

"Isn't it horrid!" sighed Katy, as Cousin Helen looked around. "Everything's horrid. But I don't mind so much now that you've come, Oh, Cousin Helen, I've had such a dreadful, *dreadful* time!"

"I know," said her cousin, pityingly. "I've heard all about it, Katy, and I'm so very sorry for you! It is a hard trial, my poor darling."

"But how do *you* do it?" cried Katy. "How do you manage to be so sweet and beautiful and patient, when you're feeling badly all the time, and can't do anything, or walk, or stand?"—her voice was lost in sobs.

Cousin Helen didn't say anything for a little while. She just sat and stroked Katy's hand.

"Katy," she said at last, "has Papa told you that he thinks you are going to get well by and by?"

"Yes," replied Katy, "he did say so. But perhaps it won't be for a long, long time. And I wanted to do so many things. And now I can't do anything at all!"

"What sort of things?"

"Study, and help people, and become famous. And I wanted to teach the children. Mamma said I must take care of them, and I meant to. And now I can't go to school or learn anything myself. And if I ever do get well, the children will be almost grown up, and they won't need me."

"But why must you wait till you get well?" asked Cousin Helen, smiling.

"Why, Cousin Helen, what can I do lying here in bed?"

"A good deal. Shall I tell you, Katy, what it seems to me that I should say to myself if I were in your place?"

"Yes, please!" replied Katy wonderingly.

"I should say this: 'Now, Katy Carr, you wanted to go to school and learn to be wise and useful, and here's a chance for you. God is going to let you go to *His* school—where He teaches all sorts of beautiful things to people. Perhaps He will only keep you for one term, or perhaps it may be for three or four; but whichever it is, you must make the very most of the chance, because He gives it to you Himself.'"

"But what is the school?" asked Katy. "I don't know what you mean."

"It is called The School of Pain," replied Cousin Helen, with her sweetest smile. "And the place where the lessons are to be learned is this room of yours. The rules of the school are pretty hard, but the good scholars, who keep them best, find out after a while how right and kind they are. And the lessons aren't easy, either, but the more you study the more interesting they become."

"What are the lessons?" asked Katy, getting interested, and beginning to feel as if Cousin Helen were telling her a story.

"Well, there's the lesson of Patience. That's one of the hardest studies. You can't learn much of it at a time, but every bit you get by heart, makes the next bit easier. And there's the lesson of Cheerfulness. And the lesson of Making the Best of Things."

"Sometimes there isn't anything to make the best of," remarked Katy, dolefully.

"Yes, there is, always! Everything in the world has two handles. Didn't you know that? One is a smooth handle. If you take hold of it, the thing comes up lightly and easily, but if you seize the rough handle, it hurts your hand and the thing is hard to lift. Some people always manage to get hold of the wrong handle."

"Is Aunt Izzie a 'thing?'" asked Katy. Cousin Helen was glad to hear her laugh.

"Yes—Aunt Izzie is a *thing*—and she has a nice pleasant handle, too, if you just try to find it. And the children are 'things,' also, in one sense. All their handles are different. You know human beings aren't made just alike, like red flower pots. We have to feel and guess before we can make out just how other people go, and how we ought to take hold of them. It is very interesting; I advise you to try it. And while you are trying, you will learn all sorts of things which will help you to help others."

"If I only could!" sighed Katy. "Are there any other studies in the school, Cousin Helen?"

"Yes, there's the lesson of Hopefulness. That class has ever so many teachers. The Sun is one. He sits outside the window all day waiting a chance to slip in and get at his pupil. He's a first-rate teacher, too. I wouldn't shut him out, if I were you.

"Every morning, the first thing when I woke up, I would say to myself: 'I'm going to get well, so Papa thinks. Perhaps it may be to-morrow. So, in case this *should* be the last day of my sickness, let me spend it *beautifully*, and make my sick-

room so pleasant that everybody will like to remember it.'

"Then, there is one more lesson, Katy—the lesson of Neatness. Schoolrooms must be kept in order, you know. A sick person ought to be as fresh and dainty as a rose."

"But it is such a fuss," pleaded Katy. 'I don't believe you've any idea what a bother it is to always be nice and in order. You never were careless like me, Cousin Helen; you were born neat."

"Oh, was I?" said her Cousin. "Well, Katy, we won't dispute that point, but I'll tell you a story, if you like, about a girl I once knew, who *wasn't* born neat."

"Oh, do!" cried Katy, enchanted. Cousin Helen had done her good, already. She looked brighter and less listless than for days.

"This girl was quite young," continued Cousin Helen; "she was strong and active, and liked to run, and climb, and ride, and do all sorts of jolly things. One day something happened—an accident—and they told her that all the rest of her life she had got to lie on her back and suffer pain, and never walk any more, or do any of the things she enjoyed most."

"Just like you and me!" whispered Katy, squeezing Cousin Helen's hand.

"Something like me; but not so much like you, because, you know, we hope *you* are going to get well one of these days. The girl didn't mind it so much when they first told her, for she was so ill that she felt sure she should die. But when she got better, and began to think of the long life which lay before her, that was worse than ever the pain had been. She was so wretched, that she didn't care what became of anything, or how anything looked. She had no Aunt Izzie to look after things, so her room soon got into a dreadful state. It was full of dust and confusion, and dirty spoons and phials of physic. She kept the blinds shut, and let her hair tangle every way, and altogether was a dismal spectacle.

"This girl had a dear old father," went on Cousin Helen, "who used to come every day and sit beside her bed. One morning he said to her:

"'My daughter, I'm afraid you've got to live in this room a long time. Now there's one thing I want you to do for my sake.'

"'What is that?' she asked, surprised to hear there was anything left which she could *do* for anybody.

"'I want you to turn out all these physic bottles, and make your room pleasant and pretty for *me* to come and sit in. You see, I shall spend a good deal of my time here! Now I don't like dust and darkness. I like to see flowers on the table, and sunshine in at the window. Will you do this to please me'

"'Yes,' said the girl, but she gave a sigh, and I am afraid she felt as if it was going to be a dreadful trouble.

"'Then, another thing,' continued her father, 'I want *you* to look pretty. Can't night-gowns and wrappers be trimmed and made becoming just as much as dresses? A sick woman who isn't neat is a disagreeable object. Do, to please me, send for something pretty, and let me see you looking nice again. I can't bear to have my Helen turn into a slattern.'"

"Helen!" exclaimed Katy, with wide-open eyes, "was it *you?*"

"Yes," said her cousin, smiling. "It was I, though I did't mean to let the name slip out so soon. So, after my father was gone away, I sent for a looking-glass. Such a sight, Katy! My hair was a perfect mouse's nest, and I had frowned so much that my forehead was all criss-crossed with lines of pain, till it looked like an old woman's."

Katy stared at Cousin Helen's smooth brow and glossy hair. "I can't believe it," she said; "your hair never could be rough."

"Yes it was—worse, a great deal, than yours looks now. I began to think how selfishly I was behaving, and to desire to do better. And after that, when the pain came on, I used to lie and keep my forehead smooth with my fingers, and try not to let my face show what I was enduring. So by and by the wrinkles wore away, and though I am a good deal older now, they have never come back.

"It was a great deal of trouble at first to think and plan to keep my room and myself looking nice. But after a while it grew to be a habit, and then it became easy. And the pleasure it gave my dear father repaid for all. He had been proud of his active, healthy girl, but I think she was never such a comfort to him as his sick one, lying there in her bed. My room was his favorite sitting-place, and he spent so much time there, that now the room, and everything in it, makes me think of him."

(*To be continued.*)

The Home.

HOME EDUCATION.

Till Dot had attained his eleventh year I was the only instructor my children had. It was, I must confess, an irregular education which they acquired, but it had its use. The multiplication table was learned by heart before they could read—learned as a pastime and a game; so were the pence and shilling tables. Even the babe, who could not tell a letter, would say "tice too fo," for twice two are four. I had a powerful recollection of my early studies, and of the time it took to get over the weary work. In this manner the children seemed to learn by intuition both hymns and tables. An hour in the morning was all the confinement to "school" which they had, and the same time in the afternoon, though this latter was rather devoted to my reading pretty stories and telling them tales of history; and the delight of the little ones, as they asked if it was "all too?" was unbounded. I was astonished in after-life to find how much of what are termed historical facts they had acquired. In the summer afternoons, when it was too hot for other pastime, as we sat in the cool shade, it was delightful to watch the upturned faces, with the wistful eyes and the rapt attention, greedily absorbing all the chief points of historical interest in which the child or children of the time had any share. They never wearied of the story of Alfred, of Arthur, of Margaret of Anjou and her little son in the New Forest, and of the two murdered princes. Years after, when Dot was grown strong, and could move about like the others, I was paying a visit in the neighborhood of Beaulieu Abbey, where Margaret had once sheltered, and on visiting the place, soon after our entrance, Dot was missing. Presently he came back. "Oh! mamma, it is quite a new room where Margaret and her son Edward found refuge. I am so disappointed." I merely mention this to show how vividly incidents, whether of narration or otherwise, are painted on a child's brain.

Geography I taught my children almost wholly in conversations. Three large maps—one of the world, another of Europe, and the third of England and Wales—graced the walls of the play-room, and this indeed was our school-room. I bought a geographical puzzle, the "Tour of Europe;" and as I could not purchase one, I made a puzzle on the same plan that answered every purpose of a summer's ramble in England; this was afterwards extended to Scotland and Ireland. I managed this from guide-books, gazeteers, and other sources, and by it got on wonderfully well. We made imaginary visits—first to our friends in the country we were living in, then to our relatives in the adjoining country, and where we had neither friends nor relatives I turned to a biography, selected some eminent character who had lived near our time, and we paid an imaginary visit to him or her, and so we visited all the places that had anything of interest by which they could be remembered.

It is very difficult for children to understand grammar. I can well recollect my own shortcomings in the matter. I had never heard of a "noun." Then how could I tell what a noun was? The answer, "A noun is the name of a person, place, or thing," failed to convey any meaning; and, arguing in my own mind that I had never heard a person called a noun, I thought the whole was nonsense. Nevertheless, whatever I thought, English grammar had to be learned; but for years it was a detestable book to me, and learning a lesson from it, and the subsequent examinations, appeared to me like walking bare-foot over a rough and pebbly road. I studied long before I could arrange a satisfactory method for my children's attainment of this necessary part of education, nor did I attempt it till Dot had reached twelve years old—though he was more like a child of nine. The gentle Edith was taller and stronger, and with an extremely quick apprehension of most subjects. Dot always referred to her in everything.

One afternoon, when all were seated around me, I said—

"I have thought, of a new game; who will be the first to learn it?"

There were many voices, and but one reply: each would be the first.

"What can it be, mamma?" asked Dot.

"It is a game of words," I replied. Now, observe, I shall take ten pieces of paper, on each of which I shall write a name;" and so I wrote *article*, *noun*, *adjective*, *pronoun*, *verb*, *adverb*, *participle*, *preposition*, *conjunction*, and *interjection*, each name on a separate paper, and read them aloud. Of course these words conveyed no idea of their meaning, and I might just as well have read Greek. All the children looked very grave, waiting to hear what was coming next. Then I placed the

papers in regular order. "These I shall call classes or divisions."

"Now then," said I, "every word which either of you can speak belongs to one or other of the classes or names on these papers. All the words contained in any book can be divided into no more than ten divisions. Suppose I write this sentence—'George said he was very happy.' Now I shall cut each word separate from the others. I must place *George* on the noun paper, *said* must go to the verb, *he* to the pronoun, *was* to the verb, *very* to the adverb, *happy* to the adjective; and all other words in this and every other book belong to one or other of the names on these papers; so that, you see, all the words we speak, or hear, or read can be divided into ten classes. Now see which of you can learn these ten names first." And then I repeated them slowly several times, then wrote them out on slips of paper, and gave to each that could read writing; and the three elder ones—Dot, Edith, and Alice—I gave in charge to teach the three younger ones; but the two youngest, in imitation of the elder children, would repeat also, though as yet but lispingly. The next day the lesson was perfectly repeated, but conveyed no sense to their own minds. I then explained to them how they might distinguish which of the ten divisions each word belonged to.

"Richard, there are a great many nouns in this room—many objects or things."

"Yes, mamma, there are chairs and tables, and books and stools."

"And boys and girls," said I, "who are all nouns, and belong to the second division of words. The boys and girls, because they are the names of persons; and chairs and tables and other objects, because they are the names of things."

No very clear perception of my meaning dawned upon them for a long time, and I found this task not the most pleasant, for it was very difficult to convey the meaning of every word, so that they might understand and retain what they heard.

I may as well say here a few words about my manner of teaching spelling. After the children had learned from their books to spell simple words correctly, they then spelled from dictation—that is, read a short sentence of five or six words, and each spelled a word in turn: this exercised the memory and sharpened the intellect. Each word of two or more syllables was divided into the proper syllables before spelling; thus a rapid and sure progress was obtained. Writing and spelling from dictation occupied two afternoons of the week, and these writing exercises served also for parsing lessons, which also taught them to think.

During all these years, though I became so devoted to my children, I never allowed them to interfere with my time when my husband came home. They were early made to understand that mamma then could not be with them; and I would suggest to every woman never to allow her children to usurp the time and loving attention due to the husband. If she does, home will be no home to him; he will become irritable and seek comfort elsewhere.

For Edith, Alice, and Mary, as they grew up, I was fortunate enough to find a good school, and not an expensive one. It was conducted by gentlewomen of good birth, true Christian women, who endeavored to make every human acquirement subservient to the humility and meekness of spirit characteristic of Christ's true flock. The girls did not leave their home till the youngest was twelve years old. I dreaded their contact with the rude ungovernable natures I so well remembered in my school days, but my husband deemed a school necessary, and I submitted, knowing that it must be if he had so decided.

While they were at home, and yet very young, I found it necessary to have an instructress in music for them. They all, including the boys, commenced to learn as they attained the age of five years, while their little fingers were flexible. I must say that both to the children and myself the note learning was an inexpressible weariness. I engaged Miss Barton to come every day to superintend the practice. Nor were they allowed to practice without she was present. I interdicted all tunes: the practice was really work. The scales in all their various keys and in all combinations formed the work, with short pieces from old masters, with more of harmony than tune in them. But I must except sacred music. No evening passed over without some strain ascending in all praise to the Creator. Every night was a Sabbath—a rest—the tired spirit seemed to ascend nearer heaven as the melodies rose on the stillness of the room. I need scarcely remark that all my children became musicians, with more or less skill, according as their tastes varied. But the girls when they went to school knew only their scales and but little else besides sacred pieces.

I was not much surprised to hear in one of their letters home that they were at the top of the class in which they were placed, and were about to enter the first division among elder girls, and that they were at the time of writing at the top of the Bible class.

I ought to have before alluded to my children's taste for drawing. Dot and Edith were the artists of the family, and the remaining three cared neither one way nor the other for the art, which to me had always been productive of much gratification. My way of teaching them was perhaps peculiar, though at first, and at no regu-

lar intervals, by way of pastime I challenged them as to which could draw the straightest and longest line, then the curve, then two sides of a triangle, then the triangle, the square, the round, and the oval. They were not at all aware there was any design in this, not the slightest suspicion that it was a task, or else, I fear, I should not have got on so well. Of course I joined them in the pastime, and my lines and curves, &c., were purposely as indifferent in perfection as theirs, though I was the first to improve. "Let us make 'curbs,'" was often the cry when tired with other things; and I am certain they found it equally amusing with making "dirt pies," or other extraordinary resources which children discover. More than a year passed before any use was suggested of these lines and curves, which by this time could be made tolerably, but not uniformly correct. One day, as I was sitting in rather an abstracted mood, my eye fell upon a small bottle containing gum, but which originally had held pomade. The shape of this bottle seemed to stand out distinctly before my eyes in its curves and lines.

"Look here!" I exclaimed; "here is a bottle made up of curves and lines. There are two straight lines down the sides; a half-circle at the bottom; near the top is more than a half-circle, and the top, you see, is a circle."

"No, mamma," said Dot, "not a circle; it is almost an oval."

"Not so; it is a circle, though it looks like an oval," I replied, showing them the top of the bottle, as I held it in my hand.

"So it is; but what makes it look like an oval?"

"The position, and the distance from which you view it," said I; "and this is called 'perspective,' and if you knew how to draw, you would sketch the object as it *appears* to your eyes, not as it actually is formed."

Dot pondered over the information I gave him, but did not quite comprehend it till Edith said—

"Look at yonder wall; that is what mamma means. Don't you see that at the far end it looks pointed, and here close by it is very wide; but I am sure it is the same width all the way down. Am I right, mamma?"

"Yes. It is the distance which creates the illusion. Even the farthest end of the room looks narrower than this where we are sitting."

Richard could not be brought to see this at first, nor, indeed, till I showed him a willow-pattern plate, where the trees and houses appeared up in the sky, simply because the size of the objects had not been reduced in accordance with their respective distances. Then, as if he had solved a riddle, the difficulty vanished.

Sketching soon became a very pleasant pastime, and Dot, or John, as we now frequently called him, gave unmistakable signs that his would be an artist's career, and being averse to any business or other profession, we reluctantly placed him for a year with a painter of well-deserved fame, but not until we had left him for a fortnight on a visit to the then president of the Royal Academy, to whom we were first known from letters of high introduction. At the expiration of this time he said—

"You will never make anything of the lad but an artist. Indeed, he is that now. But take him to S. Here is the address and a note. You cannot place him under better care."

Accordingly arrangements were made for his instruction in the art he loved so well. Two months after this myself and husband, passing near the British Museum —on our way to see our boy, whom I missed so much—we entered, and after some time drew near a student who was intent on copying a figure of Hercules, and did not observe the youth till we were turning away. "Dot!" I exclaimed. But it was a second before the soul which had gone out of him in loving admiration of his model returned to his eyes, and then in instant recognition he held out both his hands.

"Mother!" said he, and the tears welled into his eyes, though on the verge of manhood.

"And how do you get on, my boy?" his father asked, while I remarked, "How pale you look, my child!" But he heeded me not, intent upon replying to his father's question.

"Capital. I am studying anatomy."

"Why, what on earth will that do for you? You are not going to be a doctor."

"Mr. S. says that I shall never be able to properly sketch my figures if I don't study it."

"Well, there's something in that."

"Yes; he says he does not want me to be a copyist, but a true painter, and that I drew sufficiently well from models when I came to him. He tried me a day or two with lumps of chalk, and anything rough that came to hand; then he gave me an egg to copy, at which I laughed.

"'My mother let us play at sketch-eggs when we were very young,' said I. So he asked me to tell him all about it, and he was greatly amused at our play of curves and lines. He said it was so good a plan that he should like to see that system of amusement adopted in every house where children were.

The interview with Mr. S. was a very satisfactory one He was pleased with the earnest spirit with which the boy took up his work. "Indeed I have to repress his eagerness very often, and am astonished at his quickness of perception. The fact is,

the lad has been taught to think, and to find a reason and motive for every action.

I do not know whether this faculty is inherent in him, or whether it has come by early training I should think the latter. He will make a pupil of whom I shall indeed be proud."

The girls were grown all that parents' hearts could wish. I looked closely and with misgivings for any blemish in mind or manner, for any lapse in their simple faith, but I detected nothing.

"It has been no trouble to us to learn, mamma," Edith said one morning, "and of course at school we have had a regular routine of study and reading, but you so early taught us to think that it has been pleasure to us. The music master was quite dismayed when we told him we could not play pieces.

"'It is extraordinary,' said he. 'I understand from Mrs. Forbes that your parents desire you to excel in the art, which should always be commenced at a very early age.'

"And you should have seen him, mamma, with what a contemptuous air he said—

"'Have the goodness to show me how you play.'

"Mary and Alice stood looking on each other with dismay, while I produced those six sonatas that you said you had learned.

"'I thought you said that you did not play pieces.'

"'Not show pieces,' I said.

"I played them through, and then he asked me to play the scales set in different keys. He looked at me with astonishment.

"'And your sisters?' he asked.

"'Oh, they play in the same way.'

"'Then young ladies, I ask pardon. Scarcely any theme will be difficult to you. You seem quite to understand the composer's marks of expression, and you follow them. Any further difficulties you will readily surmount. Only practise steadily. May I ask who taught you to play with such emphasis—such feeling?'

"'Mamma told us that every piece of music was a poem either in blank verse or rhyme; that the marks of expression were indicative of the composer's meaning; and that if we did not at first quite understand it, upon a few times carefully playing it the meaning would be revealed; so whatever we have to play we like to read it over well first without the piano.'

"'But you must have practised much?' he asked.

"'Only an hour a day each of us. But then Miss Barton, our governess, always superintended us, and we were never permitted to slur over a note wrongly played.'

"'But,' said he 'this new piece which I have given you, can you read it quickly?'

"'Oh, yes,' I answered, and I began to read the notes aloud without the piano, at which he was much amused, and said it is a capital way, and he should adopt it in teaching. Do you know, mamma, that was the first time I really felt grateful to you? for in my secret heart I used to think you were very fussy, and I did always so wish to go to school."—*From "How I managed my children from Infancy to Marriage."*

BROTHER JOHN.

BY MARY BLAKE.

He came home last evening, and before he fairly had his boots off burst out, with a great laugh, "Well, I have seen *about* the funniest sight to-night! Miss Feathertop was a little late, and had to run to catch the train. Her skirts and ruffles went floppity-flop, that dromedary's hump she wears behind bobbled up and down, and the feathers on top of her hat nodded like the plumes on a hearse at a first-class funeral. For all her hurry she didn't make a bit of headway, she was so bothered by her ridiculous dress."

And John kicked off his other boot with his characteristic vehemence, jerked on one slipper, then, as if a sudden thought struck him, stopped with the other one half-way to his foot. "I say, girls, what is the reason you women get yourselves up so? Why can't you wear a reasonable dress? I never thought much about it before, but I believe that's the reason you are so helpless in any emergency. Bless me! I'd as soon be decently and comfortably wrapped up in a mummy-cloth, with the proper rites and ceremonies, as to take my chances of saving myself with a runaway horse in such a rig as Miss Feathertop's."

Sister Kitty, a sprightly girl of eighteen, who sat by the table deeply interested in Mrs. Charles' "Against the Stream," looked up from her book, and half-impatiently exclaimed: "I don't see why you should make such a fuss about it, you don't have to wear 'the dress.'"

"No, thank heaven! I don't, but I have to hear the groanings and lamentings over the 'bondage of woman' and the 'tyrant man,' when really you are the slaves of your own fashions," replied John.

"Here's something would suit you, then," said Kitty, turning back a few pages and reading aloud: "'My brother's sensible tight garments were made of things that would not tear, made so as to be convenient for climbing and racing, and in general with a view to being as little obstructive as possible, while mine seemed expressly constructed with a view to being obstructions in the way of everything it was best worth while to do, and filling up all the leisure spaces of one's life with making and mending them.'"

"That's true," replied John; "just as I

said: you women folks are perfect slaves to your clothes. You can't go out summer mornings for fear you'll drabble your dresses. Summer evenings the dew takes the starch out of something or other. In the winter you can't step across the street without a preliminary fixing sufficient to fit a man out for a full-dress party. And when you are out, you are so bothered and hampered with your skirts to hold up, your veils to hold on, your parasols and your muffs—"

"Parasols and muffs together in winter," laughed Kitty. "Do be reasonable, John, if you *must* scold!"

"Well, it don't make much difference," continued he, "you always manage to have something for three hands to do or to hold, and, as you haven't but two, somebody must wait on you."

"I notice you generally manage to wait on the *pretty* ones without much trouble," retorted Kitty.

"Then there's your interminable sewing," continued John, not deigning to notice the interruption; "there's always some big piece of work just begun or just finished. I had enough of it last week when I was home sick with a cold. Such a buzzing! such discussions as Kitty and Miss Snipper kept up—'bias folds,' 'kilt plaitings,' 'piping,' 'flutings,' and *harpings*, too, for what I know. The only thing like sense was something about postilions being all gone by, which I supposed was the thing for postilions to do as lively as possible, though what they had to do with Kitty's dress I couldn't conceive."

"Now, John," said Kitty, just a little vexed, "we thought you were asleep on the lounge; who would have supposed there was 'a chiel among us takin' notes?'"

"But, honestly," spoke up grave elder sister Laura, "I believe John is half right. I do sometimes wonder if we need to do all this sewing. I know *my* clothes are a worry and a vexation till they're finished, and a chagrin and disappointment till they're worn out. I never hang up a finished dress without a sigh of regret over the hours it has cost that I might have had for reading. I thought when I left school that I should do so much in the way of self-culture, but my sewing takes all the time I can spare from the housekeeping. I haven't opened my German books for two months, 'Arthur Bonnicastle' has been in the house three weeks and I haven't looked into it. Then, when I do read I have an uneasy feeling that I ought to be sewing, which takes away half my comfort."

"Why don't you use the machine, Laura?" asked John, in that tone of easy confidence and air of general and profound knowledge of the subject which men always use when they are showing themselves especially ignorant of women's affairs.

"My dear brother," solemnly answered Laura, "the sewing-machine is nothing but a temptation to put more work on to clothes instead of less. Our very underclothing has to be made with microscopic tucks and puffings, because it is so easy to do it on the machine. If we could only go back to the blessed simplicity of the days before machines came, and *then* have the machines to help us!" And Laura drew a long breath, as if the very thought was a relief.

"You must do as Mrs. Easymoney does, then," said Kitty. "She quite agrees with you that it is wrong to spend so much time and thought on dress, for I heard her say that she always went right to Madame Cutwell's and gave her orders, and that was the last she thought about it till the dress came home. And her children's clothes she gets from the furnishing stores—you know they do have lovely things there—and the rest her seamstress does."

"Yes," answered Laura, "but I suspect Mr. Easymoney thinks about it, and *speaks*, too, when the bills come in. And I have heard her say more than once that she never had any money for charity—it cost so much just to live that Mr. E. was really quite pinched."

"And as for reading," spoke up John, with a great contempt in his voice, "she never reads anything; for she asked me in that abominable drawl of hers, at Carrie Feathertop's party, what the gentlemen were all talking about the English elections for—she didn't know they had a President, she thought the Queen was King all the time."

"John, I am afraid you exaggerate a little," said Laura, smiling. "But it is very clear that Mrs. Easymoney is no guide for us. And really the question of clothes is a very serious one for people of limited means and good social standing, who don't want to be different from the rest of the world, and yet who find it a great tax on time, strength and purses merely to 'keep up.' I really don't see how mothers with three or four young children do it. I called on dear little Mrs. Motherly one glorious day last fall, and her children were just going down the street with their baskets, for an afternoon in the woods. She turned to me and said, 'Oh! dear, I wish *I* could have a half-holiday. The air is just delicious this afternoon, and I fairly long to be out in it, but there's Jennie's dress to be done for to-morrow'—and as she took up her basket, even her contented happy face had a frown on it."

"And yet I'd bet," said John, "if I was a betting man, that that very same dress of Jennie's had anywhere from three to thirty ruffles on it, and if she'd left them off, she'd have had not a half, but a whole holiday—now, isn't that so, Laura?"

"Why, yes," answered Laura, hesitatingly, "but I didn't think of it then."

"No, of course not, nor she either; and you bemoaned your hard fate together, and came home and trimmed your new dress just like hers, though she told you it took her over a week to do it. I tell you, girls," and John waxed warm again, "you are all of you bond-slaves to your clothes, and the worst of it is, you don't know it, but are continually laying the blame on to the circumscribed sphere of woman, and all that twaddle. If you'd only circumscribe your flounces! Here's these women up before the Woman Suffrage Committee at the State House, telling what tremendous reforms they'd make if they only had the ballot, and not one of them has the moral courage to wear a dress without an overskirt."

"Now, John," exclaimed Kitty, "it's all well enough for you to talk in that way, but nobody likes to see girls well-dressed better than you do. You don't want us to make 'guys' of ourselves. I am sure nobody criticises me as mercilessly as you do. It just makes me provoked to hear young men talk in this lofty style about woman's extravagance and all that, but let a girl dress herself according to their ideas, and see how much attention she gets from them. Girls like to look pretty and be admired, and they can't help it, for ''tis their nature to,' I suppose," and Kitty laughed in spite of herself, but went on, "I believe the young men are every bit as much to blame as we are."

"No, Kitty, you misunderstand us," replied John. "We do like to see pretty girls, and girls dressed in good taste, but half the things you wear are not in good taste, and you don't look pretty in them. You and Laura look twice as well in your last year's black alpacas as you do in those dull, fadded-looking 'sage-green' suits you wear on Sundays. It's style, I know, but it isn't pretty nor becoming to either of you. Here's Sam Smith has seen Kitty all winter at church, and never said a word about her looks, but he can't say enough about her since he 'caught her,' as she called it, one morning in her pink morning wrapper and white ruffled apron."

"Pshaw! don't talk nonsense," said Kitty, but her cheeks matched the pink wrapper and she grew suddenly silent.

John went on remorselessly. "Take that very dress over which you and Miss Snipper spent so many days last week, and I don't know how many dollars, and now it is done, I really don't think it's as pretty as it was last winter."

"That's true, Kitty," interrupted Laura, "and don't you remember you said when you put it away, that it looked so fresh and nice, you wouldn't have to do anything to it another season; but this fall it seemed so old-fashioned, you thought you must alter and re-trim it."

"That's just it," exclaimed John, "you must trim, and *trim* and TRIM, till you look like overloaded hay carts. And you race after the fashions like those little boys who wait by the roadside to 'catch a ride.' They just get hold of one waggon when away it goes and leaves them sprawling, and they must race after the next one; and you hardly get a dress done before it begins to be 'old style,' and you must plan how to 'make it over.'"

"Well, John," laughed both the girls, "I believe you're right;" and Kitty exclaimed, "Let's raise a crusade! We'll take John along as Great Heart to fight for us poor weak women, and we'll bind this Giant Despair, this tyrant 'Clothes,' hand and foot with 'bias folds,' as he has bound us so long, strangle him with yards and yards of piping and French cord, and bury him 'ten fathoms deep' under old-fashioned plates. Just to think of it, Laura, we'd have our sewing done once in a while, and could sit down right after breakfast and read, without an uneasy conscience whispering, 'Think of that basket of "cut-out" work.'"

"Humph," said John, scornfully, "you'll never see that day, nor I either, unless the millennium comes round suddenly like an unexpected comet. We might talk till midnight, and to-morrow morning you'd get up and begin to *trim* something in some unheard of way. No; the only hope for you is that whoever sets the fashions will have a 'spasm of sense,' and then *maybe*—come, let's go down to tea, the bell rang five minutes ago, and the toast 'll be cold, and I hate cold toast!"

So we all went down to tea and said no more. But the next afternoon I saw Laura go out to make calls, dressed with her usual dainty neatness, but in her last year's suit, which only the day before I had heard her declare was getting so *passée*, that she believed she couldn't wear it again till it was altered a little. And I thought that with her, at least, the crusade had begun, and wondered if anybody else would enlist under the same banner.—*Christian Union.*

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

To the ordinary eye, the in-coming modes appear but slight variations of the out-going. Indeed, the violent changes of fashion, once deemed necessary to mark the recurrent seasons, have become obsolete. Modistes have, unhappily, discovered the fact that poor feminine nature may be gently and gradually led into all sorts of absurdities, which it would rebel against if called to accept them suddenly.

The principal and prettiest change is in the combination of over-skirt and polonaise into a mysterious kind of jacket for street wear. It takes the place of the two other garments, and the skirt trimming is generally carried high enough to meet the lowest edge of the jacket. We say lowest edge advisedly, because the jacket is rarely of the same length all round. Sometimes it has only a short basque behind, with long, tab ends in front; or the back is extended into two tails (corresponding with the form of a gentleman's dress coat); while the front has little more than a frill, met by the garniture of the tablier. Besides these, many of the garments are long in front and back, and cut very high over the hips: while others again make no pretension to depth except on the sides. Every variety is worn and accepted but the old-fashioned polonaise and over-skirt. These, though often appearing, are not regarded as exactly *en règle*. Polonaises that would naturally be mistaken for over-dresses, and over-dresses bearing the air of polonaises, are alone allowed. Since it is impossible to do away with the over-skirt entirely, the fashion-makers design the most singular and characterless specimens for the ensuing months. They positively protest against having two sides alike, insisting that the whole effect depends on the draping. If the right gore be long, the left is sure to be the reverse. If there be a back breadth, the front is more than liable to be omitted, and *vicé versa*. The sole guide to cutting these articles is to create the most irregular and singular shape possible, and loop it gracefully, when it will inevitably be in the mode.

The noticeable variation in dress skirts is the wide-spread use of the puff in the back. It is made as much in out-door costumes as—perhaps more than,—in those intended merely for the house. Of course, with a puff, neither over-skirt nor polonaise is appropriate, and only a short basque is worn.

Skirts for the street are scantier than they have been—often not more than three yards and a quarter round the bottom. They preserve the old form of slightly gored front breadth (tablier), two wide side gores, succeeded by two narrow gores (so shaped at the bottom as to throw the entire shirt back like a train) and one or two straight breadths, according to the width desired. The fullness, as before, is carried far back, so as to make the front and sides lie as flatly as possible. Such extra fullness as is needed for house dresses is added in the straight breadths. It is not pleasant to note that the tendency toward trailing skirts for out-door uses is greater than ever. Is no appeal against this untidy and unladylike practice strong enough to induce sensible and refined people to abandon it? They would consider the wearing of soiled *lingerie* a sin against their nature; yet they will, day after day, put on dresses encrusted, for inches above the edge, with the sweepings of miry sidewalks. It does not depend upon modistes whether this shall be so; it depends solely upon women, who should foreswear any fashion which forces them to be untrue to their instinct of cleanliness.

TRIMMINGS.

Why were we so deluded as to predict a lasting austerity of decoration from a momentary spasm of simplicity? Autumn gave vague promises which Winter failed to fulfil, and Spring utterly belie. Sigh, sigh with us, wretched reader; for, if we create it not for ourselves, there is no plainness to be found. There are not only flounces, but flounces on flounces. In truth the latest design of skirt trimming is a very deep, straight flounce, from twenty inches to three-quarters of a yard wide, covered half way up from its hem, with narrow ruffles, puffs, piped bands, and everything that can be crowded upon it. Sometimes the wide, straight flounce,—which is necessarily very scant,—is set up a quarter of a yard from the dress hem, and another flounce, either of the same or a contrasting material, is put upon the edge. The overloaded look of this style prevents it from being really elegant, though it may be what the modistes call "dressy." Where this flounce is used, a puff in the back of the skirt and a sash of some sort across the front complete the ornamentation, as a simple basque completes the suit. The garniture for over-dresses and basques is as plain as that on skirts is elaborate. Large cords, double and single, pipings, revers, buttons and fringe are appropriate for this purpose. The ugly fashion of trimming the tablier differently from the rest of the skirt yet prevails, though in a somewhat mitigated form. The whole breadth is now covered with perpendicular or horizontal puffings, or folds from hem to belt, and the joining with it of the rest of the trimming is concealed by bows or revers. Wide revers, reaching from the edge to the waist, and following the seams of the front breadth, are very becoming to most figures, and serve, where the tablier is unlike the remainder of the garniture, to break the ugly meeting.

Shirring—old-fashioned shirring—has returned, and for the heads of flounces, edges of puffs, &c., nothing is so much used. The gathering threads are from half an inch to an inch apart. This makes the flounces hang very prettily, since it is possible to lay the fulness with great exactness.

Gimp goes out, and lace comes in, with

the milder months. Would we could say that beads were going also! But no, they are simply transferred from gimp to lace, and remain as sparklingly incongruous as ever.

Two shades, even two colors, continue to be mingled in all kinds of costumes; only the contrasts are rarely so violent as was their wont. Practice has made nearly perfect the art of blending tints.

The modish hues are grays of every shade, and blues, which have been the favorites for a year.

BONNETS AND HATS.

In their original bareness, the new styles resemble nothing but themselves. They turn up on one side, on both sides, before and behind, and down all around. The variety is endless and baffles description. It would seem impossible not to suit every taste, since the forms are so diverse.

It can hardly be said that the decoration of hats is massed at any particular point, though the tendency is towards the back and the top of the broadened crowns. A certain studied simplicity of design prevails among the best models; and where two different shades of trimming are employed, the second is frequently introduced in the flowers alone. Folded scarfs of soft repped silk,—the edges either hidden in the folds, or finished by a blind-stitched hem,—are the basis of nearly all hat trimmings. They usually pass round the crown, terminating behind in a bunch of loops, without ends; in, under, and about which, cluster the flowers that form so large a portion of the garniture. Trailing vines and sprays no longer depend from the back; the fancy being for a snug, "close-reefed" air, incompatible with streamlets. The up-turned rims give abundant opportunity for face trimmings, which is eagerly availed of to display pretty puffings of silk and lace, with exquisite wreaths of blossoms, that have never been equalled in artificial flowers. The oddity of the face trimmings is that they extend all round the hat, and really belong as much to the back as the front. Feathers are placed on the hat, to be worn between the leaving-off of velvet and the dawning of midsummer head coverings. But, upon the latter they will be—and very properly—seldom seen.

As to strings, they are perfectly optional, having no apparent relation to the hat, and put on only where some accidental vacancy exists. To suppose they bear any part in securing the bonnet on the head is a fallacy of a bygone period.

The new flowers are very beautiful, and of fine types. Heliotrope, heath, clethra, arbutus, wild roses, primroses, violets, small roses, ferns, delicate grasses, are all found, as well as the cabbage roses, poppies, tulips and lilies, bequeathed by former seasons.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

Bread With Potato Yeast.—I take one quart of tepid water, one pint of potato yeast, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and flour enough to mix the dough stiff enough at first; I knead till very smooth; place the dough in the bread pan; sprinkle over it a very little flour, to prevent the cloth, with which it should be covered snugly, from sticking; then turn over it a small pan, or what is better, a large, round earthen pudding dish, and set it to rise in a warm place. When quite light, I divide into four parts, and knead thoroughly; then grease two square pie tins with butter (which gives a pleasant taste to the crust); place two loaves in each tin; cover closely with cloth, three or four thicknesses, to keep the surface moist; set where it will keep warm, and when light enough to be an inch above the tins in the centre, bake in a not *very hot* oven, an hour and ten minutes. I turn occasionally while baking, and when the upper surface is just brown enough to be nice, cover with paper, or what is better, tins the same shape as those in which the bread is baking. When taken from the oven, I wring a cloth out of cold water, and cover the crust if at all hard: then outside of that, wrap closely in dry cloth till cold.

I particularly recommend potato yeast, because the moisture it produces (which makes Graham bread and buckwheat cakes sticky) is just what white bread, raised biscuit, rusk and raised fried cakes want. I should mention that potato yeast does not keep well in very hot weather. Perhaps it might if set in a refrigerator: but my plan during the hottest weather, is to soak two good yeast cakes in a cup of tepid water, stir in flour to make a batter, and while this is rising, peel, slice and boil three or four good sized potatoes in just water enough to cover them. When soft, rub them through a colander while hot, with all the water they were cooked in; then cool them with as much cold water as is necessary to mix the bread, together with the potatoes and yeast, not forgetting a little salt. This is not much trouble, and the best substitute for potato yeast that I have found in an experience of over thirty years in housekeeping.—*Lucy C. Wood.*

To Clean Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed, wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

Literary Notices.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER—A tale of the Heroic Age, by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.; illustrated. New York, J. B. Ford & Co.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

Dr. Eggleston commences his preface in the words, "Whatever is incredible in this story is true." The expectation of strange adventure raised by these words is amply fulfilled in the book, which is full of the same wild Western life which the author has so forcibly depicted in previous works. In this volume the interest centres in the pioneer work of the early Methodist circuit-riders. One of the meetings is thus described:

Both lower rooms of Wheeler's log house were crowded with people. A little open space was left at the door between the rooms for the preacher, who presently came edging his way in through the crowd. He had been at prayer in that favorite oratory of the early Methodist preacher, the forest.

Magruder was a short, stout man, with wide shoulders, powerful arms, shaggy brows, and bristling black hair. He read the hymn, two lines at a time, and led the singing himself. He prayed with the utmost sincerity, but in a voice that shook the cabin windows and gave the simple people a deeper reverence for the dreadfulness of the preacher's message. He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubting assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unforgiven hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction; and for immediate, practical purposes, one Tishbite Elijah, that can thunder out of a heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologies.

When Magruder read his text, which was, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," he seemed to his hearers a prophet come to lay bare their hearts. Magruder had not been educated for his ministry by years of study of Hebrew and Greek, of Exegesis and Systematics; but he knew what was of vastly more consequence to him—how to read and expound the hearts and lives of the impulsive, simple, reckless race among whom he labored. He was of their very fibre.

He commenced with a fierce attack on Captain Lumsden's dance, which was prompted, he said, by the devil, to keep men out of heaven. With half a dozen quick, bold strokes, he depicted Lumsden's selfish arrogance and proud meanness so exactly that the audience fluttered with sensation. Magruder had a vicarious conscience; but a vicarious conscience is good for nothing unless it first cuts close at home. Whitfield said that he never preached a sermon to others till he had first preached it to George Whitfield; and Magruder's severities had all the more effect that his audience could see that they had full force upon himself.

It is hard for us to understand the elements that produced such incredible excitements as resulted from the early Methodist preaching. How at a camp-meeting, for instance, five hundred people, indifferent enough to everything of the sort one hour before, should be seized during a sermon with terror—should cry aloud to God for mercy, some of them falling in trances and cataleptic unconsciousness; and how, out of all this excitement, there should come forth, in very many cases, the fruit of transformed lives seems to us a puzzle beyond solution. But the early Westerners were as inflammable as tow; they did not deliberate, they were swept into most of their decisions by contagious excitements. And never did any class of men understand the art of exciting by oratory more perfectly than the old Western preachers. The simple hunters to whom they preached had the most absolute faith in the invisible. The Day of Judgment, the doom of the wicked, and the blessedness of the righteous were as real and substantial in their conception as any facts in life. They could abide no refinements. The terribleness of Indian warfare, the relentlessness of their own revengefulness, the sudden lynchings, the abandoned wickedness of the lawless, and the ruthlessness of mobs of "regulators" were a background upon which they founded the most materialistic conception of hell and the most literal understanding of the Day of Judgment. Men like Magruder knew how to handle these few positive ideas of a future life so that they were indeed terrible weapons.

On this evening he seized upon the particular sins of the people as things by which they drove away the Spirit of God. The audience trembled as he moved on in his rude speech and solemn indigna-

tion. Every man found himself in turn called to the bar of his own conscience. There was excitement throughout the house. Some were angry, some sobbed aloud, as he alluded to "promises made to dying friends," "vows offered to God by the new-made graves of their children,"—for pioneer people are very susceptible to all such appeals to sensibility.

When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how a revengeful man was "as much a murderer as if he had already killed the enemy and hid his mangled body in the leaves of the woods where none but the wolf could ever find him!"

At these words he turned to the part of the room where Kike sat, white with feeling. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noticed Kike's emotion and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw in his imagination the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch hidden in the leaves and scented by hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now he stopped, and began again with tears, and in a tone broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: "Oh, young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all? You are another Cain, and God sends his messenger to you to-day to enquire after him whom you have already killed in your heart. *You are a murderer!* Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!"

No doubt all this is rude in refined ears. But is it nothing that by these rude words he laid bare Kike's sins to Kike's conscience? That in this moment Kike heard the voice of God denouncing his sins, and trembled? Can you do a man any higher service than to make him know himself, in the light of the highest sense of right that he is capable of? Kike, for his part, bowed to the rebuke of the preacher as to the rebuke of God. His frail frame shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. "Oh, God! what a wretch I am!" cried he, hiding his face in his hands.

"Thank God for showing it to you, my young friend," responded the preacher. "What a wonder your sins did not drive away the Holy Ghost, leaving you with your day of grace sinned away, as good as damned already!" And with this he turned and appealed yet more powerfully to the rest, already excited by the fresh contagion of Kike's penitence, until there were cries and sobs in all parts of the house. Some left in haste to avoid yielding to their feeling, while many fell upon their knees and prayed.

The preacher now thought it time to change, and offer some consolation. You would say that his view of the atonement was crude, conventional and commercial; that he mistook figures of speech in Scripture for general and formulated postulates. But however imperfect his symbols, he succeeded in making known to his hearers the mercy of God. And surely that is the main thing. The figure of speech is but the vessel; the great truth that God is merciful to the guilty, what is this but the water of life?—not less refreshing because the jar in which it is brought is rude! The preacher's whole manner changed. Many weeping and sobbing people were swept now to the other extreme, and cried aloud with joy. Perhaps Magruder exaggerated the change that had taken place in them. But is it nothing that a man has bowed his soul in penitence before God's justice, and then lifted his face in childlike trust to God's mercy? It is hard for one who has once passed through this experience not to date from it a revolution. There were many who had not much root in themselves, doubtless, but among Magruder's hearers this day were those who, living half a century afterward, counted their better living from the hour of his forceful presentation of God's antagonism to sin, and God's tender mercy for the sinner.

It was not in Kike to change quickly. Smitten with a sense of his guilt, he rose from his seat and slowly knelt, quivering with feeling. When the preacher had finished preaching, amid cries of sorrow and joy, he began to sing, to an exquisitely pathetic tune, Watt's hymn:

> "Show pity, Lord, O! Lord, forgive,
> Let a repenting rebel live.
> Are not thy mercies large and free?
> May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

The meeting was held until late. Kike remained quietly kneeling, the tears trickling through his fingers. He did not utter a word or cry. In all the confusion he was still. What deliberate recounting of his own misdoings took place then, no one can know. * * * * * * *

Kike, the new Kike, forgiving and forgiven, rose up at the close of the prayer, and with a peaceful face shook hands with the preacher and the brethren, rejoicing in this new fellowship. He said nothing, but when Magruder sang

> "Oh! how happy are they
> Who their Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasure above!
> Tongue can never express
> The sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love,"

Kike shook hands with them all again, bade them good-night, and went home about the time that his friend Morton, flushed and weary with dancing and pleasure, laid himself down to rest.

Review of the Times.

The very able and comprehensive speech delivered by the Premier on the subject of the Pacific Railway, gives an earnest that at length it is likely to be dealt with in a practical and reasonable manner. And, certainly, no subject is better worthy of occupying the attention of all who wish well to our Dominion. The project is so vast that, if badly managed, it might ruin us. On the other hand, undertaken with due forethought, and prosecuted with care and efficiency, it may build us up to a powerful and wealthy nation.

It is certainly a vast undertaking for so small a community as the people of Canada are at present, and some may well wonder why we stretch our ambition to so enormous an extent as to project the building of a railroad nearly three thousand miles long, almost wholly through an uninhabited country, all the way to the Pacific Ocean. No country of so small a population ever did anything like it before. Only nations of the population and wealth of the Mother Country, or of the United States, ever attempted anything of the kind. It is estimated to cost at least $120,000,000, and may cost even $150,000,000 or upwards, a sum equal to the whole amount of our national debt. It is much as if England were proposing to spend £700,000,000 on a railway to encircle the globe, if that were possible. It is true that we are not proposing to raise and spend $120,000,000 in cash. To attempt this would be utterly fruitless. But this amount will have to be spent on labor and material, and, when complete, the work will be one of the greatest in the world. We do not suggest these considerations that we may throw doubt upon the wisdom of the enterprise *per se*, but simply to show the vast importance of its being entered upon in that spirit of prudence which animates men of business who are about to proceed with undertakings which will tax all their strength. It is not, however, ambition that prompts us to undertake this enterprise. Canada has grown in the providence of God, during the last few years, from a few settlements along the banks of the St. Lawrence and contiguous lakes to be the possessor of a vast domain stretching across the whole continent, and containing tracts of land enormously exceeding the whole of what she has under cultivation at present. She has also been joined by the Pacific colony of British Columbia, whose great territory, including Vancouver's Island, has scarcely begun to be developed. The railway, then, has two main objects in view. First, it aims to open up the vast and fertile tracts of the central part of our continental domain, the regions of the Saskatchewan, Assiniboine and Red River valleys, that settlers may have a way in, and that the produce of these countries may find its way out.

Second, it aims to give us a connection with our fellow citizens in British Columbia and access to the Pacific Ocean, thus completing the chain of through communication on Canadian soil from sea to sea, and opening a way of transit for the vast commerce of Britain with China, Japan, and the East, entirely through British territories.

It is a project that stimulates the imagination and fires ambition. And if imagination and ambition were potent financial powers—which they are not—the requisite amount of money would be raised in twelve months, and the road finished in a few years. But a railroad is a very solid, tangible, practical reality, and the raising money to build it is often the hardest financial problem that can be offered for solution.

How, then, does our Prime Minister (who has very wisely taken the department of Public Works for his portfolio) propose to set about it?

In the first place, he intends that the Government shall deal directly with contractors. There is to be no company or companies who shall receive subsidies, and be the owners of the road when finished.

The Government is to build the road and to own it when complete. It is to be paid for somewhat as follows, so far as we could understand from Mr. Mackenzie's speech, viz: The Government will pay the contractors $10,000 per mile in cash. Then the Government will make over to them 20,000 acres of land per mile, undertaking to sell two-thirds of the land by its own agents, and pay over the proceeds to the contractors, giving them possession of the remaining third. It appears to be assumed that these payments will not be sufficient, and that a further sum, more or less, of an indefinite character at present, will have to be provided.

For this balance, then, the Government proposes to guarantee interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, apparently intending that contractors shall raise the money themselves on that security; though how, or for what time, has not at present been stated. This last sum is, of course, an uncertain one, and here it is that contractors are to compete with one another, basing their offer on a certain cash payment of $10,000 per mile, and on 20,000 acres of land per mile in addition, they are to send in tenders for how much more per mile they will do the whole work on the basis of the interest on this additional sum being guaranteed at the rate of four per cent. by the Canadian Government.

The work is to be divided into four great sections: the first from Lake Nipissing to Lake Nipigon, the second from thence to Fort Garry, the third, thence to Fort Edmonton at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the last over the Mountains and through British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean. And if carried through in the manner proposed Canada will have raised and spent $10.000 per mile as cash, say $30,000,000; will have given 60,000,000 acres of land or their proceeds, and have become responsible for the annual interest on a large amount of money, say $50,000,000 more at four per cent. Her annual burden will then be increased about $4,000,000, exclusive of the cost of working, which cost, of course, it is utterly impossible to calculate.

But then, on the other hand, a population will have poured into Manitoba and the Saskatchewan region, and if at all commensurate with the hopes of the promoters of the project, the additional population will early enable us to carry the additional load of taxation.

We must, however, very strongly insist on the importance of first pushing to completion that part of the road connecting Lake Superior and Manitoba. Here is the key of the whole project. Once that is done, the labor will be at command for proceeding with the rest. There will then be a way to the fertile territories of our North-West, and a way for the produce of these regions to the foreign markets.

Another point is that a canal must be constructed on the Canada side, at the Sault Ste. Marie. This is essential. Without it we can any day be prevented from going to Lake Superior at all. And if access be cut off from our own territories now getting to be so valuable and important, on that Lake, and from communication with Manitoba by that route, we should be placed in a ridiculous position indeed.

We are glad to notice that the Government are proposing to deal with the vexed and difficult question of an Insolvency Law. In a commercial community, experience has proved that such a law is absolutely necessary to prevent injustice, though, at first sight, it might appear that arrangements for compromise of indebtedness ought to be entirely matters between the parties concerned. The primary function of the law, with respect to debts, is undoubtedly to enforce payment. This lies at the root of nearly all the processes of civil law, and the whole machinery of writs, sheriffs, attachments and judgments, up to the final point of execution and sale of a debtor's goods, all bear upon this one end, —and very properly. The whole process, however, proceeds upon the supposition of a debtor's being able to pay, but unwilling. The numerous cases, however, which arise in our speculative and risky times, when men are so ready to undertake business without either capital or ability, and end by being unable to pay their debts in full, give rise to another set of considerations. If a debtor, under such circumstances, can call his creditors together and divide all he

has among them fairly and equitably, there need be no intervention of law at all. And many contend that it would be far better for the law never to intervene. They allege that it does more harm than good; and certainly, of all insolvent laws hitherto existing, it cannot be denied that mischief has resulted in too many cases. Many have escaped paying their debts in full through their intervention who were well able to meet all their engagements.

But, after all, in the absence of any insolvent law, there would arise an enormous amount of injustice. The creditors who pressed first would get first paid, and sometimes take all a debtor had. In other cases creditors who were pressing would get preferential security, which, without a law to that effect, would not be set aside. A debtor, on finding himself in difficulties, would have it in his power to favor some creditors at the expense of others, and would be sure to do it wherever family interests, or friendship, or business interests suggested it; and finally, though we do not attach the importance to this that some others do, no debtor could reckon upon getting a discharge from his obligations. He would have to carry the load as long as he lived, however large a dividend his estate paid. In view of these considerations an insolvent law of some kind is highly expedient, but the greatest possible care is required in framing it, lest the evil that arises under it does not overbalance the evils which would arise from the want of it. The evils to be guarded against are apparently as follows:—

That facilities shall not be afforded to fraudulent debtors for obtaining a discharge from their debts.

That the law shall not suggest to a trader in temporary difficulty an easy way of overcoming it by taking the benefit of the act.

That the expense of officials snall not be such as seriously to impair any dividend that may arise from debtor's estate.

With a view to the first, and to some extent the second also, an equitable law should embody provisions like the following:—

1. That no discharge be granted by law (which of course leaves a debtor open to arrange as he pleases individually with his creditors) unless his estate pays at least three-fourths of his indebtedness.

2. That no discharge be granted unless there has been an examination of the insolvent's affairs by a competent official, who shall report fully to the creditors.

3. That no discharge be granted until the whole of the estate is realized and wound up.

4. That any preferential security shall have been at least three months before insolvency to be declared valid.

These provisions will probably be considered at first sight severe, but their principal value would prove to be in the way of prevention. Such provisions would in the first place root up and destroy that mass of immorality and fraud which has arisen amongst us, of late years, in connection with insolvency. Men now "make money" by failing in business, and go about it deliberately and intentionally. This scandal and blot on our commercial life would be entirely destroyed by requiring as high a dividend as seventy-five cents to be paid.

In the next place men would be more cautious in incurring liabilities. No greater reform in our commercial system is needed than this. There would, therefore, be far fewer insolvencies than at present, and arrangements with creditors, when difficulty did arise, would almost wholly take the shape of extensions.

Our whole commercial atmosphere would be cleared under such a system, and while the effect would probably be to diminish the volume of business done, the ease, the comfort, the satisfaction, and above all, the honesty and morality of all parties alike, both wholesale and retail traders, would be immensely enhanced.

It will be probably objected that under such a rigid *regime* as this many debtors will never be able to get a discharge at all. This at first will doubtless be the case, and the operation of the law in that respect will be highly beneficial both to the debtor and the community, and for this reason:—There are numbers of persons now in business who would be far better out of it. They have not the capacity for success, and they have not the capital. They would be far happier and far more useful to the com-

munity as servants of others rather than as masters for themselves. A law, therefore, which would gradually weed out this class of traders would be a highly beneficial one, and such an insolvent law as we suggest would certainly do it. It would operate in this way: Such people will certainly fail some day. Their estates we may be sure will not pay twenty-five cents. They will, therefore, never be able to get a discharge. They can, therefore, never go into business again, which is exactly the consummation sought. Our commercial tree would thus be gradually pruned of dead and useless branches, and be infinitely more sound, healthy and vigorous by the operation; and if injudicious friends or foolish relations cry out against the hardship of driving a man out of business, and rendering him unable to maintain his family, the reply is unanswerable, ***that it is a benefit to a man and not a hardship, to drive him out of a line of life for which he has proved himself unfit, in which he can earn nothing, by following which he will only entail debt and disgrace upon himself, and which, instead of helping his family, will only ruin them.***

Let such a one go into the service of others, as many former traders have done already, and are living comfortably and usefully, a thousand times more comfortably than they ever were when carrying on a vain and useless struggle in trade, with debts which had got beyond their control.

With regard to the economical winding up of estates, this is confessedly a difficult business; but let the other great reform be inaugurated, and we apprehend there would not be many complaints on this score. A simple provision to pay assignees a percentage on their receipts, graduated according to the total amount, would probably meet the case. A graduated scale of percentages is certainly required, and could easily be framed.

We observe in a commercial journal a recommendation that a series of questions on the subject of Insolvency, shall be framed by the Government and sent out for replies to the commercial and banking community. This suggestion is a highly practical and valuable one, and we trust that it may be adopted.

Parliament is rapidly proceeding with practical business. There are few divisions, and no party conflicts. The Ministry have nothing to think of but the business of the country, and we trust it will be well done.

One of the most singular phases of human perversity is seen in the sudden awakening of men to extreme sensitiveness and anxiety in reference to matters which they no longer control, their management of which was characterized by stolid indifference. The sense of responsibility is usually spoken of as the great ally of conscience, but the mistake is a common one, to suppose that with the duties of responsibility there necessarily comes a sense of their gravity. Indeed, the reverse often occurs, and men only discover how serious are the obligations of any position when they have lost it, and only show concern for those obligations being fulfilled when others exhibit a tendency to neglect them as they have done. No little excitement prevails in many English parishes just now, and no stinted indignation is being expressed by the Press, at the reported ill-treatment of the pauper orphan children brought out to Canada to be placed out in farm and domestic service. We have noted for some years past the discussions of the Boards of Guardians of various Parochial Unions when the question has arisen as to the removal from their care of the unfortunate children who have been thrown into the workhouse by the folly or death of their parents. We never saw a word reported indicating any sense whatever of the higher duties of these officials to these children; the whole burden of the debate, their spirit and purpose, may be expressed most justly in the phrase: "Away with them, let us rid ourselves of their cost; let others care for and nurture and train those of whom Providence and the law of our country has made us guardians. Clergy as many of us are, Christians as all, we heed not the warning of the Master to those who offend His little ones."

But when a whisper comes that in their new nursery these tender transplanted ones are subject to an occasional blast of the same chill wind of neglect and cruelty which blew on them from their birth to their removal, there comes a shout of indignation from those who never before had for them a sympathetic or humane thought. England may cast out these children to save their cost, to shirk the responsibilities of their training, and no voice pities the frail outcasts until sympathy becomes a cheap luxury by involving no trouble save its expression. That isolated cases of ill-treatment occur of child or youth immigrants placed out to service here is certain. They are not alone in this trouble; but they are alone in having a community of friends anxious to give them, if needed, protection and shelter. They are removed from a society in which the cruel treatment of the

young is all but universal, where its severer forms excite no concern, where if not struck by blows they are hourly by blasphemous curses, where the cruelest of all cruelties is practised, worse than flogging or starving or cursing, the killing out of that little remnant of the divine nature which blossoms in the tender soul of a child. For the towns of England to swarm as they all do with children hardened into vice and crime is very sad, but it is even more revolting to hear those who see all that evil with complacency roused to anger at the report of some child rescued from ruin being treated unkindly in a Canadian home. Canadians want no such lessons in humanity as the press of England have lately been giving us, and if we did we should not seek them at the hands of those who make the workhouse ward for children a nursery for the jail, as it now is.

At a recent meeting in London, Eng., a distinguished traveller, speaking of Dr. Livingstone, affirmed his belief in the superior efficacy of *commerce over Christianity* as a civilizing influence. He went, indeed, so far as to deny the power of the latter for good until the ground was prepared by the former. The avowal was a daring one to make in the presence of the venerable Moffatt, who in a very brief address covered the commerce theorist with the confusion which all theorists suffer from when placed before an array of facts they have not noted. There is going on just now in the Fiji group of islands in the South Sea, simultaneously the operation of these two influences, in such a way as to afford a specially favorable opportunity for observing their differentia. It seems that until 1871 no form of government existed in Fiji except that of savage life. The native King, Thakombau, converted to Christianity in 1853, by Wesleyan teaching, was induced to establish a system of government after the English model; a House of Representatives was formed, a legal code established, a standing army organized, and with these necessities for civilized order there came also the usual drawbacks of civilized disorder. The population consists of natives and white men who are engaged in cotton planting and other industries. The point to which we draw attention is this: that this kingdom is ruled by a man who up to his fiftieth year was a savage of savages; it is said he never had need to parley with his enemies—he clubbed them all. Yet this man has risen to a far higher degree of moral purity and self-restraint than the majority of those who go to the islands he governs for purposes of trade. The influence of commerce is doubtless a potent element in civilization, but it has yet to show its power of breaking at one blow the heart of a savage. Strange to say, the barbarism still existing in the South Seas in all its darker features, its lust, its brutal contempt for life, is surpassed by those white men who are the missionaries of the gospel of commerce, who are the chief hindrances to the work of civilizing their fellow heathens by Christian missions, for which they prepare the ground by sowing it with the vilest tares of European vices. They deal with the natives, and end by kidnapping them, murdering them, by firing rifles indiscriminately into the hold of the vessel where the victims are confined, and conclude their commercial course of ethical instruction by selling their pupils as slaves.

This Fijian King, whose picture appears in this number, is anxious to make his territory part of the British Empire in order to secure protection from lawless slave dealers, and to establish the internal government of the islands on a permanent basis. As there can be no hope of raising these savage races to a higher plane of morality until they are as a people controlled by laws and customs derived from Christian teaching, and the work of missionaries is so much thwarted by the evil influence with which trading is associated in these distant distant seas, it seems to be a duty for a power like England to take the control of these islands, and lend its strength in establishing therein Christian law and order. The colonial theory which would justify England in abandoning Canada is strained very far when made an objection to assuming the protectorate of a new colony just struggling out of barbarism.

In an earlier review we stated how the Protestant sympathizers with Prussian Anti-Catholic legislation were open to a charge of inconsistency, and that the only impregnable position of the Church is that of a self-governed body, outside or inside of but moving in a separate sphere to that of the State, with which it has no necessary points of antagonism. The lesson is not superfluous; the Grand Council of Geneva has turned away from meddling with the Roman Catholic body there and has undertaken to reform the Protestant Church, treating both communities as associations within the jurisdiction of the civil power. The position is highly curious and interesting. Having for very obvious reasons deprived the Catholic authorities of supreme power to appoint their pastors and bishops, the State at Geneva has taken from the General Assembly of the Geneoese Church—a body much after the model of the Wesleyan Conference, and the Synods of the Presbyterian Churches—the power to locate the clergy in the parishes as it has been long accustomed to when vacancies arose. The State has in a word told both the Catholic and Protestant people that

they may worship as they choose, but with that freedom they must exercise also the right of selecting the minister who is to lead and superintend that worship and all spiritual affairs with which it is associated. It is indeed strange that the Genevese Council has taken the two leading principles of certain Protestant Churches, independence of State patronage or control, and the right of each congregation to select its own pastor, and twisted the first into a weapon for enforcing the other.

Not only has the State struck a fatal blow at any centralization of Church authority by making every pastor the elect of his flock, but it has taken a more serious step towards disintegrating the Protestant Church. It has decreed that no pastor may be elected unless he is approved by the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, all of whom are its own nominees, so that while giving the parishes the liberty to select their teacher and guide, it practically declares that the doctrines to be taught and the spiritual guidance followed shall be dictated by the State.

Thus are the innocent made to suffer with the guilty; the Jesuit conspirer against the civil authorities, and the Protestant loyalist is smitten with the same thunderbolt which they launch against the chronic foe of the State.

Indeed it is not among the minor curses which afflict society that the quiet and progress and power of those churches which confine their influences within the bounds set by the only authority any Church recognizes in an ultimate appeal, is being continually disturbed and menaced and frittered away by discussions and disputes arising out of the ambition and craft of the only Church on earth which is avowedly not a heavenly but an earthly institution.

The position of affairs in France and Spain is not hopeful for the cause of peace. The dissolution of the French Assembly may not lead to any appeal to the constituencies, but it reveals manifestly what has been understood, that the elements therein are not fusible in the alembic of patriotism. It is a common saying that no quarrels are so bitter as those of relatives: such is the dispute in the French Chamber. It is a feud between Monarchists *de facto* with Monarchists *de jure*.

What the next development may be is as uncertain as the weather, but a strong-willed man like MacMahon, backed by the army, is an awkward barrier in the way of a revolution. Whether he is holding power merely as the President elect for seven years, without any design of preparing for a crowned successor, is not known outside a charmed circle. He is not a politician, nor has he any fame as an intriguer. His vanity is evidently inflated to the highest by his present position, as is evident from the display made by the Republican Court, of which he is the centre—a display not surpassed by the Empire.

That to us seems indicative of a personal satisfaction with his dignity which is too intense to allow of his at the same time looking forward to and preparing for retirement.

It is very significant that as the Monarchical party are becoming more distinctly anti-Republican in the Assembly, there is at the same time being presented the claim of the Carlists for recognition by France as belligerents, which foreshadows French intervention in favor of Don Carlos. The future of these Republics, both menaced so threateningly, the one at Versailles in the Assembly, and the other amid the hills of northwestern Spain, is certain to be interlaced. The same power is at work fomenting both sources of disorder in France and Spain. The Legitimists and Carlists are alike manipulated by the supreme wire-puller, whose threads centre in the Vatican; who looks calmly upon civil war with all its horrors, its ineffacable stains upon humanity, with no more interest or concern than the excitement of the hope that therefrom the Church "will suck no small advantage."

The position of France and Spain is not likely to better much, so far as political quiet is concerned, until the people are more educated. In both countries the ignorance is as dense in the country parts, and in large sections of town populations, as it was in Great Britain before the Reformation era,—as it would be in this country were the same power to rule as that which has kept these countries unlit by any gleam of modern knowledge save what is reflected from more enlightened nations around. Disorder is the fruit of ignorance in nations as in mobs, and force in any form, self-chosen or not, will never do more than temporarily repress what popular education only can cure.

The visit of the Emperor of Russia to see his married daughter is a pleasant spectacle, both nationally and humanly. That he declared to the Diplomatic body his anxious desire to preserve the peace of Europe is also so, and on the same grounds. We have, however, the remembrance of a previous Czar's visit being followed by the Crimean war, and another Imperial declaration of the Empire being peace being followed by a succession of wars. Still, let us hope for the best, and in the evidently deep affection of father and daughter recognize a symbol of the attachment between the nation the one governs, and the people the other has already learned to love.