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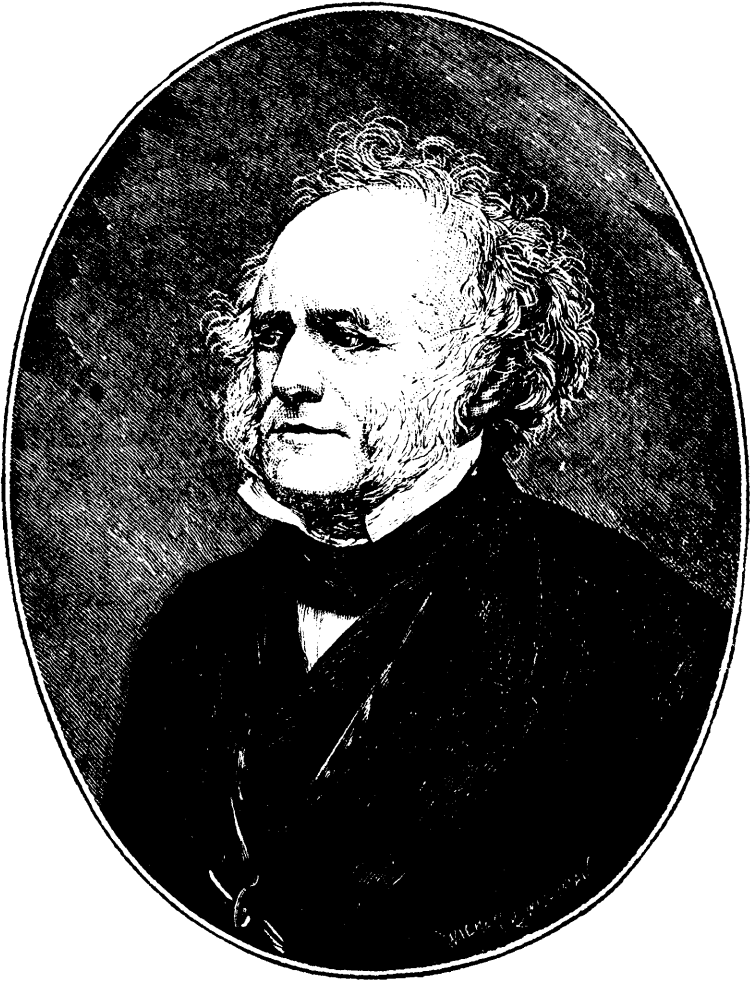
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THE LATE SIR CHARLES LYELL, D.C.L., F.R.S., ETC.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1875.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

BY B. ATHOL.

"I'm glad summer will soon be here. It's so expensive living in winter. When the days are longer and warmer there is a great saving of light and fire."

The Gray family were at tea, which was, with them, and had been for some years back, what the books call, a frugal meal. In fact, when in good spirits, they were in the habit of cracking mild little jokes thereon themselves, and inviting the attention of one another to the fact that their table, an old one, and inclined to be rheumatic, groaned beneath the luxuries of the season. This evening they were unusually silent. Kate, the eldest daughter, generally the first to speak, answered her mother, though not in the same spirit of hopefulness as regarded the change of the season which was likely to diminish the household expenses.

"It seems to me I can't remember ever hearing any word but 'save, save, save, save,' always save. If we had something to save, I could understand it better."

And she glanced discontentedly around the room, meeting a prospect which was not calculated to improve her state of mind. Everything was old, shabby, patched, and darned, and though arranged with an air of would-be fineness, seemed to say, by way of apology, "Well, we're not much to look at we know; but you see we're trying to put on the best face possible, and we've been better once."

"Well, you might hear a worse word, Kate," said her brother Robert, who for some years had represented the head of the house, and, with a great deal of her manner and disposition, was his mother's staff and comfort. "It isn't such a bad word, after all."

"You might hear 'save' with a 't' and an 'r' in it," said Annie, a younger girl, who threatened to be the clever woman of the family.

But this answer was too serious, or perhaps some of them remembered to have come too near the truth of it, to call forth any of the applause which often greeted Annie's remarks.

"You've a dreadful imagination," exclaimed Kate. "Nothing seems too bad for you to think of."

"Taint my fault; I don't want to think of it," was the quick reply.

"It will be good for Edward, too. He will grow strong again when the warm weather is here. I'm afraid you walked too far to-day."

"Not too far, if I had made anything by it," was the response, with a sigh.

"Keep in the house until you are stronger, old boy. I'm as likely to hear of anything for you as you are for yourself. You need not make yourself sick again over that," said Robert.

There was another silence for a few minutes, when Robert broke out suddenly:

"I wish I could get Elliott's place, mother."

"I'm sure you deserve it, my son. But don't think too much of it. Don't set your heart on it. That only makes the disappointment greater."

"Who do you think will get it?" asked Edward.

"Markham, of course. It is between him and me. If he doesn't, I will."

"I never could bear that man!" exclaimed Kate. "He is so sharp with his great hook nose and eagle eyes."

"As sharp as he looks, too," answered Robert. "But Markham is a very good business man. No one can deny that. He never neglects his work, any more than he neglects to find fault with another, if he has a chance. Always trying to keep himself up by pulling another down. I don't wonder he is no favorite there. When Mr. Burke comes in, Markham is so obsequious you would almost think he was going down on the floor to crawl. Then he turns to the others below him and shouts, orders, and finds fault, so that one might suppose there was not a man in the place who attended to the business but himself, and that he was carrying the whole responsibility on his own shoulders. But he never does neglect the business at any time, I'll say that for him, though he has a hateful disposition. One morning, a couple of months ago, I was about a quarter late—had to go round for the doctor or something. It made no difference so far as customers went; it was so stormy, there was no one out. In the afternoon something had gone wrong, and Markham, of course, was settling it; and though it was not in my department at all, because Mr. Burke was in, he said loud enough to be heard by every one: 'He supposed it must have occurred this morning before Mr. Gray was here. He noticed Mr. Gray was not quite up to time this morning.' Nothing annoys Mr. Burke so much as tardiness, and I have been late a few times this winter—a fact that Markham takes good care to make known if he can. He is a little afraid of me because I am equal with himself; he knows there is no danger of the others stepping up before him."

"What is the difference in the salary, Robert?" asked his mother.

"Two or three hundred more than I have now."

"That would be a great thing for us," said Mrs. Gray. "But don't think too much about it. Markham is an older man than you, and more likely to be promoted. We'll get along some way. Edward will soon get something to do. We've been in worse circumstances before. When will Mr. Elliott leave?"

"About the first of the month, I think; at least it will be decided who his successor is to be at that time."

"I should think Mr. Burke would rather give it to you anyway. The way I've heard him talk about father, sometimes you'd think he'd do anything," said Kate.

"That makes no difference in a matter of this kind. Burke is a self-made man himself, and 'every one on his own merits' is his motto—a good one, too, I think. But when I first went to him he gave me more than I had any right to expect. Still things don't seem to be evenly divided, mother. I've never seen Markham do any person a good turn yet, and I've known him do many mean things—things I could never bring myself to do;—but for all that, and for all we need it so badly, and he could live without it, you'll see he will get Elliott's place. I don't understand it, mother. Virtue must be its own reward."

Robert rose from the table with a half bitter laugh; but they heard him whistling on the steps, which was one of the little deceits practised by affection, that his mother might not suppose he was gloomy or discouraged. Outside of the gate he stopped. He was in no mood to whistle. Anxious, troubled thoughts pressed too heavily on him. How were they to live?—or what more could he do than he was doing now? It had taken good management to keep the family on his salary and his brother's together. But all the winter, Edward, who was always rather delicate, had been sick, and now that he was well enough to go about, there was no prospect of employment. How are we to live? he thought, while fighting his way against the biting, boisterous March wind, so fierce

that it reminded him of his own and his mother's struggles against poverty. How are we to live?—and how is the debt to be paid? Two questions that had been haunting him for some time past. The winter had been long and severe. There was a heavy doctor's bill, and all the other unavoidable expenses which a tedious illness brings with it, were still unpaid. It was impossible for all the family to live on his salary alone; and even if they could, how was the debt to be paid? He had formed plan after plan for increasing their small income; but one after another had been abandoned, generally for want of time. There was only one thing he could try, which, even if it succeeded, would be very little compared to their wants. Three evenings in the week he had a couple of spare hours. He might get some one to teach.

For Robert Gray, at present, work was the result of necessity, not choice. As a boy he had been educated and looked forward to following his father's profession; but when Dr. Gray's sudden death left his mother with nothing but the cottage they lived in, and Robert himself, the eldest of a large family, he was only too glad to accept Mr. Burke's offer of a situation at a better salary than was generally given to beginners, and a promise of promotion according to his own deserts. On this salary, together with what his mother made by sewing, the family had managed to live, or rather exist. By the time he reached his present standing—only one above him—the Mr. Elliott whose place would soon become vacant,—Edward, the second son, was bringing in his share of the income, a fair share, too. At the entreaty of her sons, Mrs. Gray had given up sewing, and though the strictest economy was still practised in their home, things had looked brighter for the Gray family, and for two or three years there seemed a fair prospect of "getting on." But the loss of Edward's salary, his sickness, with all the attending expenses, had put them further back than they had been for years. They had never been in debt before; now there was a good deal of debt, and no prospect of anything to pay it. Robert wondered,

half angrily, half sadly, if it would come to this, that his mother and sister would have to commence sewing again. Kate could teach, it is true; but with so many younger ones she could not be spared from home; and Edward, in his anxiety to get something to do, was almost making himself sick again. Everything looked dark to Robert Gray that stormy night. He had not his mother's faith, and found it impossible to follow her advice and put out of his mind the situation that would soon be vacant. What that would be to them, in their present circumstances! In bitterness of spirit he thought of its being given to a man who could fill it no better, and deserved it no more than himself, and who had not one quarter of his need of a larger salary. There was little comfort to him in the fact that he did his work well and was a favorite with every one. Any customer would prefer him to Markham; but what good would that do?—Mr. Burke never noticed that. It was true Robert Gray's manner in business was very quiet and unobtrusive; whereas Mr. Markham, what with his eagle eyes, hook nose, loud tones, and general fussiness of demeanor, would be apt to impress one, especially his employer, that the prosperity of the whole establishment rested on his exertions alone, and were it not for his zeal and untiring energy, the entire thing would go to ruin. It seemed hard in Robert's circumstances to stand by and see such a chance pass him,—one that would not be likely to occur again for years. But he felt sure it was not for him. Markham was an older man and had had more experience—a good business man too. What more natural than that he should get the promotion? He tried to turn his mind to teaching in the evenings, if he could get it. That would help them to live, and as for the debts, he must speak to people and get them to wait, a hard thing to one of his proud spirit to do. But there was no other way, and he was anxious to keep his mother from sewing. He felt sure she could not stand that work now, or come through some of the old days again. In a few days Mrs. Gray proposed it herself.

"You can't keep us all, my son, and the

children will need new clothes. They cannot possibly do without. As soon as Edward gets something to do we can give it up again."

"Sewing!" said Robert, bitterly. "So it's come to that again with us. I thought we had given that up for good some years ago."

"Only for a time, Robert. How could you expect to keep such a family on your salary? Besides we have some debt, and I'll be much better than I was when I sewed before.—I have Kate to help me now."

"But I hate to have you ask sewing from people."

"That will not injure us, my son. It's through no fault of ours we are reduced. I could easily ask money from them to pay our debts, and help us, and would get it, too, quite readily; but you know you and I decided never to borrow money."

"No, I'd never borrow," was the resolute reply.

"But don't commence the sewing for a couple of weeks yet, mother. Something may turn up for Ed, meanwhile, and it will be settled about Elliott's place, too, by that time. I wish it was decided one way or other. I always keep thinking I might have a chance, and yet I know I haven't. Every man in the place would like me to get it. Elliott said he would speak to Mr. Burke himself for me, but he knew it would do more harm than good. He can't bear to be dictated to, especially about his own business. If Elliott advised a thing, it would just decide him to take the opposite course. And then Markham is so much older, you know."

"You should not let yourself think of it, Robert. You are not likely to get it. Mr. Markham, as you say, is older, and of course has more experience; it would not seem natural to put you above him. You'll get a change all in good time. We never know what may happen. You and I have come through hard days before. Why should we not again? So, if you like, we'll not say anything about the sewing for a couple of weeks. I don't like to mention it to Edward; he will feel it so. I wish something would be put in his way. The poor boy is becoming so hopeless."

"All in good time, mother," said Robert, forcing a little laugh; "as you say, all in good time. Let us wait two weeks, anyway, and in that time who knows but the wheel of fortune may give a little turn, and behold! the Gray family riding gaily on the topmost wave of prosperity—or, to be less high-flown, and express ourselves more in accordance with our moderate desires, it may move just enough to set us up—well, let us say, a couple of pegs. I think a couple of pegs would do me to begin with. But we'll be far above that yet, mother. By the time you are an old lady, you shall do nothing but drive around in your carriage."

"I have been under the impression that I was an old lady already," said Mrs. Gray, smiling in spite of herself.

"Nonsense! What an idea! Why you're not near middle-age yet, I am only twenty-four myself, and you don't look much older than I do."

"You should not laugh at your old mother, Robert."

To tell the truth there was little laughing in either heart. For years mother and son had been in the habit of making a great display of cheerfulness to one another, and assuming a hope they did not always feel; very much like a pair of scales,—as one went down in the same proportion the other rose. Though each fondly thought to deceive the other with this well-meant hypocrisy, there was in reality no deception in it. Beneath his light laugh and humorous speeches, the mother detected his troubled mind, as easily as he, under her patient smile and cheerful way of making everything appear good and just as she wanted it, her anxious and oftentimes sad heart.

For two weeks no more was heard about the sewing. The first passed without any change for the better. Discouraged and sickened with hope deferred, Edward passed the most of his time in the house. People told him he would have a better chance in the summer. It sounded like mockery to talk to him of summer. How was he to live now? Little use of fighting through a dangerous illness and getting well, if it was only to become

a burden on those who were over burdened without him. Robert, though despondent enough himself, tried to keep up his courage, by reminding him that the wheel of fortune could not be expected to move without a little time to start. But Edward expected nothing from the wheel of fortune, or any other wheel.

Great excitement prevailed in the establishment of Burke & Company in the last week in which Robert Gray looked for some favorable change. Instead of forgetting the promotion in store for some one, he thought more of it every day; fearing to hear the decision, though he knew what that decision must be, yet wishing to have it ended, for the suspense seemed harder to bear than an adverse certainty. Many conjectures were whispered about as to whether Markham or Gray would get it, and who would get the other vacant place, for the promotion went down through all ranks. Everyone expressed the hope that Markham would be disappointed. "Hard times for some of us if *he* gets Elliott's place," was the general remark.

There were many whispered consultations carried on in quiet corners,—at least as far as was possible under the eagle eye and hook nose of Mr. Markham, who seemed, probably in view of his impending rise in life, to have redoubled his vigilance in the matter of hauling forth and shouting at all delinquents. Evidently his heart

"Beat high with hope elate."

Whether from some private and good reason of his own, or the quiet, almost dejected, manner of his rival Gray, Mr. Markham seemed to consider the situation his already, and comported himself accordingly. His voice and eyes were sharper, and his nose larger than ever; his commands more numerous and more difficult of execution, and when he could get nothing to do, say or find fault with—a state of things that seldom happened—he employed himself walking up and down in a dignified, leisurely manner, very much as his employer was accustomed to do; even to customers, the change extended in a slight degree,—that is to the poor ones: those who were obliged to suit their taste

to a small purse. Mr. Markham had no hesitation in telling them that they had no right to expect the same choice of goods as those of larger means. But to the rich, whom he always took care to serve himself, with an eye to the time when he should be in business on his own account, he was the same personification of fawning obsequiousness. To such his voice and smile were still the same combination of milk and honey.

But as one day after another passed and nothing was heard of promotion, the suspense began to tell on Mr. Markham. Could it be possible that Mr. Burke was thinking of giving that to a stranger? Mr. Markham was troubled. At one time he displayed all his accustomed activity; at another he was slow and absent-minded. He became hard to get along with, though that could be said of him at the best of times with all truth, and very irritable. He thundered at any one he took for a beggar, who showed an inclination to approach him, in such tones that, without venturing to appeal to any other person, they turned and fled, fear lending them wings. The lady collectors he dismissed with very short answers, not even examining their books to see what everyone gave—a thing he never failed to do before. Very different this from the usual persuasive smile and bland regrets that, "really calls of this kind being so numerous, and money at this time of the year so uncommonly tight, he really did not see that he could feel it his duty to do anything for them on this occasion, much as he would like it; some other time, perhaps, he might,—at least he hoped"—Here Mr. Markham would lay his hand on the front of his coat and pause, while the lady collectors took the opportunity to withdraw. What Mr. Markham's hopes had reference to no one had been able to discover. It certainly was not to any future subscriptions, for this was his invariable answer to all these troublesome people. It had been conjectured once by some one who did not know him very well that as it was a lady he was speaking to, he might be referring to something quite out of the money line. This idea in connection with Mr. Markham

was a most diverting novelty, a joke that lasted for months. Just now there was no joke in connection with the gentleman, in fact there was scarcely any peace at Burke & Co's. except in his absence, these periods being of very short duration. He seemed to think some one would take advantage of him if he were not on the spot to attend to his own interests. He was scarcely out for dinner when he was back again, eagerly scanning every face as if to gather from it the purport of what had transpired during his absence.

The first of April came,—a day of pouring rain, howling wind and weak practical jokes, some of the latter being well remembered for years after.—a very depressing day to the Gray family, and a very irritating one to Mr. Markham. It is to be feared from the temper in which that unfortunate man made his appearance that morning, that he had been made the victim of a first of April joke. Whether that was the case or not, before many hours were over, he had fallen into many a trap, with his eyes open too; it was the general belief that they were never shut. The others shared his fate, but they received it with better grace. Pompey, the colored office boy, was busily engaged carrying notes, generally purporting to be from Mr. Burke on private business, to each one in the establishment—the most successful trick of the day. Even the eagle-eyed Mr. Markham fell into it, and Robert Gray with a very serious face,—there was little joking about him that day—after opening and reading his, quietly took his hat and went out to the office next door, only to come back and own himself “fooled.” With Mr. Markham, the “*bete noir*,” the jokes never came to an end, some of them very transparent, others the result of strong dislike and a great deal of thoughtful preparation; but by the afternoon he was on the alert and prepared to pay every one back in his own coin. With a broader grin than usual on his sable countenance and a mischievous twinkle in his eye, Pompey presented him with a letter from the office. “Wait, I’ll give you an answer,” said Mr. Markham. Taking the letter to his desk he wrote something on it with red ink and

telling Pompey to give that to the one that sent him, Mr. Markham glanced around exultingly as if to say, “I’m not the man to be easily taken in.” In a few minutes Pompey returned with a similar letter for Robert Gray. Robert was half-way out to the office before he remembered the joke of the morning and what day it was; still he was not sure it might be something, and he could not afford to let a chance go.

“Well, Grey,” commenced Mr. Burke, “I don’t know how *you* feel, but I’ll be glad when this day is over. They began at home this morning, and it seems to have been pretty well kept up all day. That inside door has never been shut. And now Mr. Markham must needs finish the business by trying a joke on me. Look at that,” and Mr. Burke held up a letter addressed to Mr. Markham, but unopened, and the words “April Fool,” in large characters and red ink. “But he overdid it this time.” Although Robert had no liking for Mr. Markham, he thought it unmanly in himself to stand without trying to show where the mistake was.

“Oh, I know all about that. He thought he was being fooled, and so might you, but you had the respect for me to come and see.” Like a great many of his kind, Mr. Burke was very particular as to the quantity and quality of respect shown him.

“Now I’ll tell you what it was for. Elliott is to leave in a day or two, and his place is yours if you like. I offered it, or at least would have offered it to Mr. Markham,—not that I like him any better, mind you. The fact is, Markham is getting a little snappy, I’m afraid, to the customers, and he makes so much fuss about everything; some days when I go in there I can think of nothing but a hen with one chicken, the way he flies about. I offered it to him, I say, because he has been a good while with me, and is older than you.”

It was a hard thing to do, but Robert said that, as it was through a mistake, should not Mr. Markham have another offer,

“Never from me,” said Mr. Burke with great emphasis. “Why did he not come and find out? The man ought to be able to take a joke if he isn’t.” Lack of respect to

himself was an unpardonable offence in the eyes of Mr. Burke.

"How's your mother getting on these days? Brother sick, eh! What's like to be the matter with him? Oh, better, what's he doing now?"

"Nothing; he can get nothing to do."

"That's bad!" Mr. Burke was silent, and appeared to be lost in thought. Robert wondered if he was thinking of something for Edward. He was thinking of that, but more of a time many years ago, before he became the successful merchant, when he too could get nothing to do, and was almost in despair, when the father of the young man before him stretched out a helping hand, and was the means of giving him his first start in life.

"They want a book-keeper in Craig's foundry. How would that do? It's pretty close work, book-keeping, but it might suit for a while. Oh, it's all right; no thanks, no thanks, you know. I'll see about it. Glad to do anything for your father's boys. Tell your mother I'm coming over to see her one of these days."

Mr. Burke was either touched at the light on the anxious face opposite, or else gratitude—a virtue in which he was by no means deficient—for old-time favors, made him forget his usual dignity of manner. That evening, at tea, Robert Gray an-

nounced to all whom it might concern that the wheel of fortune having turned a little they would soon take their places two pegs higher.

For many years Robert Gray was Mr. Burke's right-hand man. His mother, too, lived to drive around in a very unpretending carriage. Mr. Markham was the same Mr. Markham of old. Active and energetic as ever, still shouting to his subordinates in threatening tones, and placing his hand on the front of his coat to the lady collectors; it was never known to find its way into his pocket. But he was obliged after a time to take his holidays about the first of April, being unable to stand the frequent allusions to this day some years ago,—the "red letter day of his existence," as it was called. When the firm Burke & Co. became Burke & Gray, Mr. Markham retired to another street, where, as he expressed it, he opened out for himself. Though finding it difficult to keep clerks with him he always, in his own words, did "a tidy little business." The small boys of his neighborhood affirmed that, "So he'd ought. He need only lean over the counter and look out of the door, when his nose would hook in the customers." One thing is to be said of him, after a certain first of April, he was always careful to ascertain that a joke was a joke before treating it as such.

LOSS AND GAIN; OR, THE BENSONS.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

CHAPTER I.

The end had come at last—as it always comes—and Mr. Clement, the wealthy retired merchant, the sympathizing friend, the willing helper, was carried to his last resting-place. Alice Benson, his niece, stood at a bay window that overlooked the street watching the long funeral procession. When the last person had disappeared in the distance, she shut the bars of the Venetian blinds, and, drawing the curtains close, gave way to the first fit of tears in which she had allowed herself to indulge. Helen, her younger sister, who had wept herself sick, was lying in a darkened chamber with ice at her head.

“Poor dear Uncle,” said Alice aloud, “I am so glad I did not leave you. The temptation was strong, but I had strength given me to do my duty, and now I have nothing to reproach myself with.”

No wonder that Alice and Helen Benson, with their brothers, grieved most sincerely for the death of their uncle, for he had been almost father and mother to them. Their father, a clergyman, had died fourteen years before, when Alice was only seven years old, and their mother followed him in a few months.

Mr. Clement was a widower for the second time; his beautiful residence situated on the St. Lawrence, a couple of miles from Montreal, was under the entire management of servants,—not the most efficient ones he feared. At the time of his brother-in-law’s death, he was about to dispose of his property and take up his residence in England; but that event altered his plans. His sister and her children were to be cared for. He immediately brought them to Lindenwold, where he hoped his sister would sufficiently recover her health, which was prostrated by months of anxiety and

watching at her husband’s bedside, so as to enable her to preside as mistress of her new home. But it was ordered otherwise. Death entered and took the third mistress of Lindenwold. Mr. Clement, in despair of anything but hirelings surviving under his roof, proposed again to part with his home and consign himself and his orphan charge to the tender mercies of a boarding-house. Fortunately he was led to reconsider this step, and to decide to bring up the little ones with home influences around them. Calling Alice, the little eight-year old girl, to his side, he said :

“Your little brothers and sister have no mamma now, so you must be a mamma to them. You must hear them say their prayers night and morning, and teach them to be good, the way mamma taught you; and you must be my little house-keeper, and help me to keep this pretty home for you.”

With a very serious face, as though she fully realized what her uncle asked of her, the little girl promised.

Mr. Clement at once installed her head of the tea-table, and the childish hands prepared the tea for the maid to pass. He enjoyed the sweet little face opposite him, and the earnest efforts she made to please. But as she grew up to womanhood, he feared that he had deprived her of much of the happy thoughtlessness of childhood by treating her as a woman too soon. At eighteen Alice was engaged, with her uncle’s approval, to a talented and rising young lawyer in the city. “But you must wait,” the old gentleman said, “for a couple of years yet; I know youth is hasty, but love is the stronger for being tried. You may think me selfish.”

“No, Uncle, you are not selfish,” said Alice, interrupting him.

“Still you may think me so,” he said,

smiling lovingly upon her, "when I say I cannot part with my Alice yet. Nor can her brothers or sister spare her. Frank has just entered upon his college course at McGill, and the boy is at an age when he needs an older sister's sympathy and influence. Helen could not study a lesson nor practice a piece of music correctly without her sister's encouragement. And Charlie, eleven year-old Charlie, could not part yet awhile with the only mother he has known."

"Uncle, dear Uncle," said Alice, pleadingly, "do not say anything more. Fred is quite willing to wait the two years or longer, if you wish. I will never leave while you need me."

Mr. Stuart, who had been unwilling to wait a month, forced himself to agree cheerfully, lest Alice, in her self-sacrificing devotion, would promise never to leave her uncle while he lived.

The two years were not long in speeding by—Mr. Clement thought them but as so many months, when Mr. Stuart reminded him of his promise. To Alice they had passed like a dream, each day being a repetition of the preceding one—in pleasant duties and pleasures. The mornings were devoted to housekeeping, the afternoons to visits, charitable and social, until about five o'clock, when, accompanied by Helen or Charlie, she walked or drove toward town to meet her uncle and Frank. In the evening the home circle, with the addition of Fred, and occasionally other friends from the city, gathered for music, pleasant conversation or reading; sometimes varied in winter by a sleigh drive, a visit to the Victoria Rink, a lecture or concert,—in summer by a pleasant walk along the river bank. No wonder the time passed pleasantly, for contentment dwelt in every heart. Alice's trousseau was in the hands of the modistes in the city, her bridal dress, a rich, creamy white satin, purchased, when death again entered Lindenwold; not this time to lay the mistress of it low, but the faithful governess who had for ten years lovingly performed her duties there. This unexpected death, with the prospect of losing Alice, gave Mr. Clement a great deal of anxiety. He had hoped that Mrs.

Ellis, with the help of a few finishing lessons from masters in town, would complete Helen's education, as she had done that of her sister. Now, what was to be done with the child, for she was only fifteen? He had a prejudice against boarding-schools, thinking that girls make truer women, better fitted for the higher duties of life, when educated with home influences around them, instead of being thrown with companions of every variety of principles and training. He had no expectation of being able to replace Mrs. Ellis, who was not only an educated and accomplished woman, but a devoted Christian. Neither had he the desire to seek a successor to her, for he shrank from giving Helen into the charge of a stranger, who might mar the beautiful character that was developing. Besides he was an old man, and had his peculiarities, his individual views and notions, which Mrs. Ellis had always respected, and a stranger might not, and would perhaps teach her young charge to treat them with indifference, and thus break up the confidence and happiness of his home. Mr. Clement's dilemma pressed upon his spirits all the more that he could not speak of it to his young adviser in domestic matters. But Alice's quick eye soon detected the shade upon his pleasant face, and her affectionate heart divined its cause. After prayerful consideration as to her duty, she wrote a letter to her intended, and then informed her uncle that if Fred were willing she would postpone her marriage for a year, and that he must let her remain housekeeper for that time, as well as take the charge of Helen's education. At first, Mr. Clement was greatly relieved by the proposal, but when he thought of the disappointment to the two young people who had patiently waited for two years, he refused to accept it.

"No, my child, I cannot permit the sacrifice; life is short enough for any of us, but we know the old must die, and I have a strong desire now to see you settled."

"A year, Uncle, will not be long in passing away, and then Helen will be old enough to take my place. Now you must not refuse me. In following any other course than this, I could not feel I was doing right. I

know Fred will wait, it will be a disappointment; but I can trust him."

This year passed even more swiftly than the preceding one, and Alice was again looking forward to her bridal day. Mr. Stuart had a house ready for his bride, in a pretty retired street near the Mount, when Mr. Clement was taken ill of intermittent fever. He lingered in it for weeks and was but recovering a little strength when he received a paralytic stroke. When the crisis of this new trial was passing, Alice ventured to ask the doctors if they thought he would recover.

"He will recover partially; and may live for months, or even years, but will never be the same man he was; he will need constant care and attention now."

In the course of a few days, it became evident what the doctors meant when they said Mr. Clement would never again be the same man he was; his mind was much weakened, as well as his body—memory entirely gone. Poor Alice! here was a new trial to which she had never looked forward—doubly severe, because it called upon her to choose between duty and love to her uncle, and inclination and love to her affianced husband. Before coming to a decision, she laid her difficulties before Mr. Stuart, expecting to receive from him sympathy and counsel. He listened to her in silence, and when she paused for a reply, said, in a cold, unnatural voice,

"Alice, I see that you wish our engagement broken,—I have thought so for the past year, and I am perfectly willing to release you."

"Very well," replied Alice, her face showing no change of expression, her brown eyes looking into his as sweetly as ever.

"Very well," he repeated, and left Lindenwold forever.

Alice sat for hours where he left her, without realizing anything. It was not until Charlie came bounding into the room and placed a sealed package on her lap, saying, "From Fred, Alice," that she aroused herself to a consciousness that she was not dreaming. With a shudder she lifted the parcel and carried it to her room; she did not open it,—she knew too well that it contained returned gifts.

Alice did not tell her uncle the sacrifice she had made for him; there would have been no use in her doing so, for he had forgotten all about her engagement. He could not remember from hour to hour what occurred. She read to him; talked with him, and walked with him, during the six months of his living death. Of Mr. Stuart she heard nothing, except that he had sailed for Europe, and that on board the same steamer there was a young lady and her mother, with whom Rumor had often connected his name. Alice had never been jealous of this young lady—she had placed implicit confidence in Fred; but now the tormenting question often presented itself, "Had Miss Miller anything to do with his willingness to break our engagement?"

During Mr. Clement's illness, Alice had no time to regret the sacrifice she had made, and very little to think of it. But when thoughts of Fred and the happy past *would* intrude, she tried to put them aside with the assurance to her own heart, that she had done her duty, and that this trial was one of the "all things" that would work for her good.

Day by day her uncle grew more and more dependent upon her society and attentions. Helen's presence disturbed him; when she was near he seemed trying to grasp at some fragment of memory which constantly eluded him. Latterly this became so painful to him, that Alice advised her to keep out of his sight. On the morning that he died memory appeared to return. Noticing Alice, Frank and Charlie by his bedside, he asked for Helen. When she came he took her hand affectionately, and said,

"You are so like your mother, child." Then looking at Frank he asked, "Is Mr. Bertram safe yet? Is his name good?"

"No," replied Frank, "he became insolvent a week ago."

"My poor children!" he exclaimed. He died in a few hours after this, without speaking again.

CHAPTER II.

Alice was still in the drawing-room when her brothers returned from the funeral.

"It is all over," said Frank, going up to her and affectionately laying his hand upon her arm. "He is laid in his last resting-place, until the resurrection morn."

"Dear Uncle," said Alice, "much as we shall miss him, I would not wish him back."

"There is the chair that he used to sit in while you read to him," said Charlie, his eyes filling with tears.

"Never mind speaking of those things now, Charlie," said Frank. "Alice, you look so cold, and no wonder; this room is very chilly. Come into the library, where there is a good fire, and I will go and see if Helen will come down. There is a rumor in town that I would like you to hear."

Although it was the middle of May the weather was very cold, and Alice shivered as she drew a chair to the bright coal fire.

"Now," said Frank, when the four were seated around the hearth, "that we are together, I want to tell you a report that I heard a day or two ago in the city. It is said that about a year and a half ago Uncle went security for Mr. Bertram for a large amount, and that just before his illness he lent him a large sum of money as well."

"That was so like Uncle," remarked Helen, interrupting her brother, "always helping some person."

"Yes," said Alice, abstractedly, for she was taking another view of the case, "do you think that this is likely to be true, Frank?"

"I do not know, but we shall know to-morrow, when the will is read. I would not have mentioned it to-day only to prepare you in case it should be true. Do you not remember that just before he died, he asked us if Mr. Bertram were solvent?"

"Yes."

"His having done so inclines me to think that there must be some truth in the rumor. It is also said that anxiety about this brought on his illness."

"I don't believe it," said Charlie indignantly. "Uncle would never let money trouble him. Besides he was rich enough to go security for Mr. Bertram and have plenty left."

"I hope so, Charlie."

When Mr. Clement's affairs were inves-

tigated his young relations learned, what every person in the city had known for a week, that all he possessed, and more too, would be needed to satisfy the claims of Mr. Bertram's creditors. This was a great disappointment to them, but by none of them was it so fully realized as by Frank, who saw himself obliged to give up the study of his favorite profession, medicine, and at once seek for remunerative employment.

"Alice," he said to his sister, as he met her and Charlie about a fortnight after his uncle's death, coming on the city road to meet him, "I have just had an offer of a situation in a store; and as situations are scarce, I think I had better accept it at once. The salary is small, but it is the best I can do."

"And I have the promise of six music pupils," said Alice. "Now, if we could get a boarding-house that would be convenient for both, we could move at once."

"Mr. Arnot mentioned a boarding-house that he thought would suit us; but when I looked at it I could not bring myself to go in and ask the terms. It was such a dull, dreary-looking house on a narrow street."

"If it is within our means and convenient to our duties, we must not mind its appearance, brother. You know we can carry sunshine in our hearts, and that will brighten every place for us."

"It was not for myself I was thinking, nor yet for Charlie. He is a boy, and will like the excitement and noise of the city; besides we must try and keep him at school, and that will take up his attention. But it was for you and Helen. You will miss this beautiful place so much."

Before Alice replied, she looked up at the maple, elm, and oak trees which lined the road on either side, and which had just opened their leaves; every tint of their green was familiar to her. She looked down through their foliage at the river, bright with the slanting rays of a deep orange sunset, then away in the distance to where a white gate led into a serpentine avenue of maple trees, at the end of which stood the only earthly home she knew.

"Miss it," she repeated, slowly, "our beautiful home, and the pure free air! We

shall all miss it. But God, who appointed our lot here, appoints it now elsewhere, and He knoweth what is best. My only anxiety is for Helen. She will have nothing to do, and I am afraid she will grow weary and low spirited."

CHAPTER III.

Before the end of three months, Frank found his health so much impaired by the close confinement of the long business hours, that he was under the necessity of resigning his situation and looking for some healthier employment. Seeing an advertisement for a teacher for his native village he decided to apply personally for the situation, as well as visit the parish where his father had labored for ten years. Helen, too, had suffered from the change. The bright, rosy-cheeked, laughing girl had become pale, thin and spiritless. In the course of a few days Frank returned from Shoreville, with the welcome news to his sisters that he had rented a cottage there, and that the farmers and villagers had promised any number of music pupils if "Miss Benson would condescend to teach their daughters."

"Now," he continued in his cheery voice, "our greatest difficulty is to get furniture for the cottage. It won't need much, for it has only three rooms and a kitchen. Still we will want some, and Alice will need a piano."

"We can sell our jewellery," suggested Helen.

"No," replied Frank. "You would only get half-price for what you value beyond its intrinsic worth. But I will get some of the students to take my chemical apparatus, etc. I purchased them myself and money can replace them. Besides, I never actually needed them."

The sisters and Charlie made a protest against this sacrifice, for they knew how fond Frank was of trying chemical experiments, and that for six years he had spent his pocket-money in gratifying this taste. Frank remained firm. And so it was decided that the chemicals should be disposed of, and with the proceeds from them

and Alice's trousseau, they hoped to be able to settle comfortably in their new home. Alice was not a sentimental young lady, giving way to morbid grief over disappointed hopes and a blighted life; still she felt deeply, although not unprepared for it, the announcement in the city papers of Fred. Stuart's marriage to Lucy Miller.

"He is a mean fellow," said Charlie, "or he would have waited until you could marry him."

"You must not say that," replied his sister. "It is better as it is. But although I shall never need a trousseau I am not going to break my heart."

It was the evening of a sultry day in August when the Bensons arrived at the wayside station, where Frank, who had preceded them to Shoreville, was to meet them. Long before the Grand Trunk train stopped, Helen and Charlie were peering out of the windows to see if Frank and the carriage were anywhere visible. But not even when the train stopped could they be seen.

"Alice, do you think we have mistaken the place?" asked Helen, when the three were left alone on the platform, after the cars had moved away.

"No, he said Bywash station, and there it is in black and white letters over the little depot, and yonder are the three taverns and groceries that he said comprised the village. But where is he?"

"Here he comes," exclaimed Charlie, starting up the road to meet Frank.

"Yes, there he is waving his hat to us. But what is he driving in?—a sort of lumbering market waggon!"

"Of course," replied Alice, laughing at her sister's look of astonishment: "You did not expect a fine carriage out here. Remember what your text-book, 'Life in the West,' says of the unfitness of fine conveyances for primitive roads; and I suppose the roads out here are all corduroy."

As soon as Frank had driven up to the station he threw the reins to Charlie, while he jumped out to welcome his sisters and help them into the high waggon.

"I am so glad you have got here in safety," he said. "I have been waiting

for you for the past hour. I was afraid to come too near the cars with these young horses. They are not accustomed to the noise. What do you think of the country?"

"It is delightful by moonlight and not at all what I expected. I fancied our road would be through forest, and here it is nice open country."

"Why, Alice, you have been reading Helen's 'Life in the West,' and I suppose thought you were coming into the primitive forests. This place has been settled over twenty years, and though there is plenty of bush remaining, yet most of the farms are pretty well cleared."

"O, Frank, what are those?" asked Helen with a shudder, as the horses stopped to rest after ascending a very high hill.

They all looked down the road where she pointed, expecting to see a bear, or a wolf, or some other denizen of the forest, waiting to spring upon them.

"It is Fenians," said Charlie, recalling to mind the invasion of a few months previous, and groping in the bottom of the waggon for his brother's fowling-piece. "There, I can plainly distinguish them drawn up behind their horrid pikes."

Frank gave such a hearty laugh that it rang out upon the night air, arousing a farmer's dog that was guarding a flock of sheep in a near field, until in a few moments the whole settlement echoed with the barking of dogs.

"That is a fence, made of partially burnt stumps and roots of trees. Surely, Helen, you are not frightened at their fantastic shapes."

"It is so weird and unearthly looking," replied she, drawing nearer to her sister, "and reminds one of all sorts of stories of ghosts and hobgoblins."

Frank and Charlie now laughed so merrily that Helen grew ashamed of her fears. Still there was a romantic mysteriousness about this moonlight drive in a strange place that, in spite of the laugh, crept with a sort of awe over the brothers. For some time after this, they drove on in silence, until they came to a place where the road lay on the outskirts of a wood.

"There is something truly romantic," said Frank, pointing into the grove where low fires were smouldering in its dim recesses, sending a lurid light up its long vistas. "It does not need much effort of the imagination to fancy this a Druid temple, and these long openings, aisles, leading up to the sacred fires where the victims lie bound, and the murmuring of the wind among the trees, the low incantations of the priests."

"Some person besides Helen has a vivid imagination," remarked Alice, playfully.

"Do you mean that I have? I could not be a Benson without one. I am sure Charlie here is peopling the grove with all sorts of things. But I want you to look away now to your right, for in a few moments you will see the village, and the parsonage that papa built."

"Poor papa!" said Helen, "was it not strange that after taking so much trouble to collect money for the parsonage, he should move into it but to die?"

"Yes," replied Frank, "it does seem strange, and that his successor, who enjoys his labor, should be a man who neglects the parish."

"God's ways are not as our ways," remarked Alice, who in this reply gave vent to the only solution she could find to a problem that had been trying her all day—why they were being led back to this backwoods place, where her parents had led the socially isolated life of missionaries. "No doubt," she said to herself repeatedly, "our Heavenly Father has work or discipline for us."

"Now," said Frank, touching the horses with his whip, "we have passed the village, and the dear little parsonage nestling among the willows, and when we drive three miles more we will be at home."

There was boyish pride in Frank's voice as he emphasized the word, *home*.

"Here we are at last," he said as he stopped the waggon before a gate that led into a garden, overrun with bushes and weeds.

"What a dear little cottage!" exclaimed Helen, as they pushed their way through the long grass to where a light was burn-

ing in the kitchen window of the little house, and shining out upon a heavy blind of foliage. "Why, Frank, you said that it was a log house with a wilderness around."

"So it is a log house; and when daylight comes you will find that it is in a wilderness of weeds and bushes."

"Yes, but not at all what I expected; see the cottage is all covered with vines, up to the very chimney; and so prettily situated on the banks of the river. I am sure that we shall be delightfully happy here."

"I think we will,—at least, I hope we will," replied Frank, his face beaming with pleasure at his sister's admiration of the new home. "I did not tell you of the beauty of the situation, so that when you saw it, it would make up for the discomfort of the house. But here comes Mr. McDuffy for the horses and waggon. His wife was a servant of mamma's, and his daughter Mary is to be one of your music pupils, Alice. They got a melodeon for her when they heard you were coming. She is in the house preparing supper for us."

The girl came forward to the kitchen door to meet them. While Alice was speaking to her, Helen caught a glimpse of a pair of very large hands, and she mentally wondered if such fingers could ever bring music out of an instrument.

Alice and Helen's countenances fell as they passed from the little kitchen into the room which was to serve as drawing-room, sitting-room and library, and saw the bare wooden walls blackened with smoke, and great beams across the ceiling. Frank noticed their expression, and his voice betrayed disappointment, as he said,

"It is the best I could do. But the place won't look so miserable when we get these boxes unpacked, and cleared away, and

the furniture nicely arranged. Any way, we can live out of doors until the cold weather sets in."

"Four pairs of willing hands will soon make this home so bright and cheertful that we won't want to run away from it," said Alice, making an effort to chase away the longing desire for the old home that was gathering about her heart. "Besides this is our birthplace, and we should not despise the house that our parents lived in for eight years."

"No," said Helen, "we should not, and we will not despise it. Do you remember, Uncle told us that when it was built twenty years ago that it was the finest house in the settlement, and the Governor-General dined in it."

"Why, Frank, old fellow, I have been out exploring and this a grand place," said Charlie bursting in the unwieldy front door, which opened into the sitting-room, "Capital river for boating and fishing, and there is a boat all ready for us, chained to a tree at the foot of the garden. We'll be as happy as the day is long, here."

"Never mind exploring any more to-night," said Alice, once more taking the direction of affairs. "It is eleven o'clock now. Come in and do justice to Mary McDuffy's nice tea. Here are bread, butter, and stewed plums, which she has prepared for us."

When the supper was over Alice brought a Bible, and book of family devotions, and laid them before Frank. The boy hesitated and looked pleadingly at his sister, as though he would rather she would take his place. Alice answered his look with a quiet shake of her head, and

"Frank, you are the master of the house now, and the head of the family. Begin well by honoring God."

(To be continued).

THE DEATH OF D'ASSAT.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

The night was come, and the moon looked down
Through the struggling clouds on the sleeping town;
An hour ago, and a noisy throng
Was hustling the roaring streets along;
All day their echoing pulses had stirred
To song, and laughter, and jesting word;
Now they lay in the silvery light
Silent, and empty, and lone, as night.

The last keen bargain was closed, the kiss
Left its last lingering pledge of bliss,
The last good-night, and the last faint prayer,
Had sped through the waves of the closing air,
The great bell up in the belfry tower
Had long ago clanged the midnight hour,
And fainter and fainter the sentinel
Droned out his cuckoo cry, "All's well."

Beyond the walls in the deep'ning shades,
A soldier was pacing the forest glades;
Little he dreamed of feats of arms,
Of foemen near, or of war's alarms,
Yet he thought of her who had sent him to fight
For the cause of his God and his country's right,
And he felt his heart within him burn
As he coupled the names "Elaine" and "Auvergne."

A voice in his ear, and a nervous hand
Plucks from his grasp the half-drawn brand,
"Silence! a motion, a word, a breath
Is the certain signal of instant death!"
Round him from under the gloomy trees
Cluster the foemen like swarming bees,
And the moonbeams shiver awhile, ere they rest
On the blue-black bayonets poised at his breast.

Loud and clear as the bugle's blare,
Sang out th' alarm on the startled air,
"Ho! sentinel on the ramparts, Ho!
Arm, arm Auvergne! 'tis the foe, the foe!"
Tramp of men, and the trumpet's call,
And the watch-fires blazing along the wall,
And the deep-mouthed cannon spoke out, "All's well,
Auvergne is ready,"—so D'Assat fell.

LULU'S TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY M.

THE FIRST.

It was a bright summer's day when Lulu first opened her eyes upon this beautiful world. But little preparation had been made for her coming, for her parents were poor, and they already had four children. Still they welcomed her heartily, and loved her none the less that it was another to work for. Indeed honest John Martin seemed very proud of his daughter, and laughingly told neighbor White that he "would not exchange her for all his boys;" but White, who was the father of three sturdy urchins, rather doubted him, saying "Nay, nay, man, boys are better nor girls for a poor man."

"Mebbe, but I've got both, and will be able to tell the differ by and bye."

"No, John Martin," said a bright, cheery little woman who happened to be passing, "you will never know the differ till one wants ye more nor the other. Maybe the wild one will give you the heart scald, and then ye'll try and try to win him back, and love him all the more for the trouble he gives you; or maybe," and here the bright eye seemed to dim a little, and even the cheerful voice became saddened, as laying her hand on Martin's arm she continued, "maybe one will grow sick, and then ye'll know which ye love best. The minister says,"—here she seemed to go on in a dreamy sort of way as though quite forgetful of her listeners,—"the minister says God sends sickness 'in love,' but I say God sends it *with love*—love so strong that we never feel the trouble of it, for that's what kills, the trouble, and that only comes where there's no love."

She walked away after these words, and the two men stood looking after her. There had been no word of parting, as there had been no salutation on meeting; but these

things were but little esteemed in the class to which John Martin and Philip White belonged. At length John said,

"Ah, poor Ellen knows trouble," and then the two men separated—Philip for a game of romps with his youngsters, John to prepare as comfortable a tea as he knew how for his sick wife. We shall not follow either, but will rather climb the steep stair after Ellen Black, who spite of many an ache that would call forth a groan from another, makes her way with a loving "Well, dearie," into a tiny attic room. How bare everything looks, and how querulous sounds the voice from the further corner: "Why did you stay so long? I wanted yer."

"I wasn't long, dear; I only went to Murphy's for the tea and sugar, and oh, Neddie dear, John Martin's wife has another little daughter."

"Oh, I am so glad, won't you bring her to me, and, mother, I'll try not to be cross any more, but you know I never am with babies," and the poor bed-ridden Neddie turned a wistful glance upon his mother.

"Whisht, whisht honey, mother never thinks yer cross,"—and it was true; no matter what poor Ned Black might say, his mother never thought him cross; no matter what he asked for, she would try to obtain it for him; so now, unreasonable as the request would have been in any one else's eyes, in hers it was all right that he should ask to have a day-old baby brought to see him.

John Martin was a good-natured, easy sort of fellow, willing to oblige a neighbor if possible; but he had some compunctions about allowing his little daughter to go visiting so soon, even if it were but across the street. However, Mrs. Black gained the day as she usually did when it was anything concerning her son, and before long

the baby lay in his arms, giving pleasure almost with her first breath to one sorrowing one of God's great family. Was it a forecast of her after life; an unconscious dedicating of herself to suffering humanity? Little knew the tiny babe as it lay there; but to Ned Black it was a messenger direct from another and a better world, and pure, sweet, holy thoughts rose in the poor cripple's mind as he pressed the little form to his lonely heart.

Who was Ned Black, and how came he to be the poor emaciated creature we now behold? Five years ago he was as light-hearted and active as any of his companions; five years ago he was a good workman, earning good wages, and supporting his mother; five years ago (ah, there lay the sting) he was engaged to be married to pretty Lucy Edwards. Now his mother worked for him; now Lucy Edwards rested beneath the green sod, and Ned lay a cripple for life upon his bed.

The tale is a short one, and easily told. Ned and Lucy had known each other from children; had always liked one another, spite of their little childish quarrels, and at last were engaged. But Lucy was vain and loved admiration, while Ned was jealous of her. What wonder, then, that angry words often passed between them! Once when invited to make one in a sleigh-ride, he tried to prevent her going because he could not be present himself, but Lucy was obstinate and refused to comply with his request that she should refuse.

"It's the only holiday I shall have for a long time," she urged, "and I'm sure you might knock off work for once, and come too;" but Ned would not give in, neither would she, and they parted ill pleased with each other.

But ill-temper does not last forever, and after a while Ned repented his angry words; she too did the same, though he never knew it; but it was a slight consolation to him in after years, to measure her love by his and think she might have done so. It was just about time for the sleigh-party to return home when Ned walked briskly along the road he knew they would have to pass. He whistled merrily as he walked along, and thought, "How surprised

they will be to see me, but the sleigh is large and I can always be sure of a seat." Thoughts like these passed through his mind, when suddenly a noise burst upon his ear which made his heart beat fast and loud. The quick tramp of runaway horses, the shriek of women, and in another moment the large sleigh drawn by four horses came thundering down the road.

"Lucy," was the one thought that passed through his mind ere he was hanging on to the bridle of one of the frightened animals. It was a reckless thing to do, and of but little benefit to those in the sleigh; indeed one of the thoughts that haunted him after was that perhaps he had done more harm than good. However, it was days before he knew what had happened after that frantic plunge at the horses' heads; days before he could be told that the huge sleigh was upset with its living load, and for a while there had been only a struggling mass of horses and people. but how when all was restored to order it was found that two were seriously injured and one dead, crushed beneath the ponderous vehicle. Days before he knew that much, and weeks ere he could be told that it was Lucy's mangled form which had been found with the life crushed out of it. Poor Ned! life lost all its beauty to him then, and when, after lying helpless for long weary months he was at length told that the injuries to his spine were of such a nature that he would never walk again, the only apparent difference in him was that he became fretful, thinking himself badly used if his mother were absent but a few hours.

Things now began to look very bad for Ellen Black. The savings of years were spent, and there was no way by which she could earn sufficient to support both; but man's opportunity is God's opportunity. He put it into the heart of the district visitor to try what she could do to better their condition, and before long Ellen and her son had the tiny attic room rent free, a certain sum promised by kind friends, monthly, which would cover all necessary expenses, and sufficient knitting procured for the mother, which would enable her to provide any delicacies for the sufferer.

It was a joyful day for both when inform-

ed of the arrangements made for them, and Mrs. Black poured forth her thanksgivings at the same mercy-seat where she had hitherto carried her troubles.

One trouble only did Ellen acknowledge, and that was that her son was not a sincere Christian. True, he read his Bible daily, listened with respectful attention to his minister,—nay, even seemed to desire his visits; but his mother, a true earnest follower of the blessed Jesus, felt there was wanting a life, a vitality in his religion—a fact which she could only deplore and pray her God to alter. Never once in all those five years had she felt it a trouble to wait upon him; never once let him know how her weary limbs ached, or how she longed to be out in the fresh air as she used to in those happy days gone by, instead of sitting there hour after hour knitting, her only change to arrange his pillows, or prepare some little luxury to tempt the failing appetite. One great source of comfort to Ned was children; he was passionately fond of them, and if he could only persuade someone to bring him a baby would be perfectly happy; so now he sat propped up by pillows, and thinking sweet thoughts about his lost Lucy.

Tea over, John Martin mounted the widow's stairs in search of his child.

"Well, Ned man," was the salutation, "how d'yer find yerself to day; stronger, eh?"

"No, Martin, no, no stronger, nor never will be; a poor look out for a feller, isn't it, and doctor says I may live years yet?"

"Oh, we'll have yer walking about all right yet," replied John, not because he believed what he said, but because he knew of nothing else to say.

"Never, never," sighed the poor fellow, "but this little one will, and mebbe when she's old enough to toddle round she'll do a turn or two for one who can't help hisself."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," answered John, stretching out his arms for the babe; but Ned would not give her up yet, he must have another kiss; then, placing her in John's arms, he said,

"Would yer mind calling her Lucy?"

"No, no, in course not," and John bustled from the room.

"That chap allers makes me feel bad when he talks of Lucy," said Martin afterwards to his wife, "an, so I had to promise."

"I suppose Lucy will do as well as anything else, and Loo will answer well for short."

"Ay, to be sure," and the new name Loo was repeated so often that the next in age caught the sound and after sundry efforts ejaculated "Loo Loo." Thus was the baby named, and though Lucy on the parish register, yet at home she was ever Lulu.

Time sped joyously to little Lulu; how could it do otherwise when so many loving hearts were round her, so many kind arms always ready as a resting place for her? True the willing arms were often covered with coarse, well-worn garments, the loving hearts as well; but it mattered not to little Lulu,—the love was what she wanted, and the love was what she got, and she grew apace upon it. Nor had time stood still with Ned Black. Summer, winter, spring and autumn, had run their allotted course many times since the little Lulu first lay in his arms; he had even received his new birth, and was now a rejoicing Christian. But that same blessing had not come to her yet,—no, though the parish register showed her to be nearly eighteen, and though the tall handsome-looking girl who now sat by Ned's bedside, bore little or no resemblance to the baby stranger who had so brightened his sad life, yet as far as her Christian course was concerned, she had seen but *One Birthday*.

THE SECOND BIRTHDAY.

It was the last day of Lucy Martin's single life, and she was alone with her mother. We have seen but little of Mrs. Martin,—indeed no one ever did see much of her, for her children and husband so thoroughly occupied her time, that she had but little leisure for others; but now she sat in the deepening twilight, with her work-stiffened hand clasping that of the daughter she was so soon to lose.

"I'll miss ye sorely, Lulu," she said, and tears ran down the turrowed cheeks.

"Yes mother, I'm sure yer will; still yer have father and the boys."

"True for ye, but, dearie, I'm selfish and want ye all."

Silence fell on the two women, then Lulu said, "Could not you and father come too? as for John and Robert they will never leave; but oh, Philip and I would be glad to have you with us in our new home—and, mother, they do say Canada is a fine country."

"Like enough, child, like enough, but I misdoubt me if father would move; we are old now to make a new home."

So they were, and so thought Philip White, the eldest son of our old friend White, whose acquaintance we made the day Lulu was born. He now lay in the quiet graveyard, beside his wife and two children, and Philip, the only remaining one, was to emigrate soon with Lulu, his wife. Ned Black, too, slept his last sleep; but his brisk, cheery little mother, cheery now no longer, though calm and resigned, still pursued her wonted way. She had sorrowed deeply for her son, though she knew it was "good for him" to leave her. Had he not learned to love the Saviour she had so long trusted in? Had he not felt how "strong to save" was the Heavenly arm stretched out to support him, and now was he not one of the glorified, in the Mansion prepared for him by his risen Lord? Yes, widow Black knew it, and though her mother heart sorrowed, her Christian love rejoiced, for her prayers had been answered.

Bid we goodbye then with Lulu and Philip to the Old World, and, crossing the broad Atlantic, follow them to their home in the New World. It was not a very large one,—only two rooms; but it was pleasantly situated, and Lulu was happy. Philip was a good workman, and as there was a scarcity of hands at——he soon found employment. Lulu, too, soon found that she could earn as well as her husband, and it was not long before they found themselves possessed of a sum of money which they could lay by.

"Not such a bad country, after all, Lulu," said Philip to his wife, when, after counting their savings, he found they

amounted to nearly \$30. "Now what shall we do with this?"

"Put it into the savings' bank, to be sure, and perhaps we may be able to add to it, by and bye."

"Aye, may be; but what shall we do with it when it grows large?"

"Wait till it is large," laughed Lulu, "before you want to know what to do with it"

But Philip already, in imagination, saw his \$30 \$3,000, had bought stocks and property to ten times its value, seen himself and family occupying an exalted position, and only stopped short of an M. P.

Shall we pass over ten years? Philip's \$30 had indeed multiplied, according to the rate that many a steady man's has done in Canada; he was now comparatively rich, although he had six children to support, as well as his wife—for Lulu had lately found work enough at home without working for others.

Once more we find him and his wife consulting about how best to invest their money.

"We've toiled hard and saved till we've a goodish lump, Lu; and now what shall we do with it?"

"Suppose we buy a farm?"

"Not so bad," said Philip, slowly; "still I think we may do better. Jones wants to sell out his tavern, and has offered it to me on easy terms; but I would not give him an answer till we talked it over together."

Lulu sat quiet for a while thinking; she had no particular objection to a tavern herself, but she remembered how often she had heard her father and Ned Black talk about them, and how each had called them "a curse to the earth," and that "no good" could ever come to the owner of one. She remembered this well, and though by this time both lay at rest, yet their words came back vividly to her remembrance; but her husband's voice roused her: "Well, Lu, what dost say?"

"I don't know, Philip, I suppose there is plenty money to be made by it; but they do say 'taverns make drunkards,' and, Phil, I don't want you to drink."

"Me drink! Nay, nay, lass, I'm not such a fool as that, and we could keep it respect

able like,—never give liquor, you know, to a fellow that's had enough; we couldn't hurt any one then, and we could make lots of money."

"Very well," said Lulu; "if you only keep from it yerself, it's all I want."

"Never trouble about me," laughed Philip, as he took up his hat. "If that's all you fear, I may as well close with Jones at once."

"As you like," answered the wife, and Philip left the house to make the final arrangements for his new purchase.

Philip had barely left when the door was opened by two rosy-cheeked boys, who rushed up to Lulu, throwing their arms round her neck, to the injury of the smoothly brushed hair, and the imminent danger of baby's eyes.

"Boys," laughed the happy mother, "whatever are you doing. There, now, you've set baby crying."

"Oh, never mind that,—she'll soon stop; but yer see, mother, Jack and me, we had a race from school to see who would get the first kiss."

"And where's Nellie?"

"Coming with Lucy," replied Jack, the elder of the two boys; "here they are," he continued, as the two children made their appearance.

The family was now complete, and we may as well take a glance at them. Jack and Ned were two fine sturdy boys of ten and twelve; next came Nellie, whose twin sister lay asleep on the tiny little bed in the corner; she had always been delicate, poor child, and averse to exercise, and as she was a sweet-tempered child, and never complained of any other feeling than weariness, she was allowed to pass her time as she liked best, and that was principally lying down. Next came Lucy, a fine child of about six; and last the baby, of about six months. Lulu White was fond of her children,—nay, more, she was proud of them when she contrasted their neat appearance and good behavior with the rough-and-tumble set by whom she was surrounded; and when an hour or so after they were all seated round the tea-table, laughing and talking among themselves, or with her and their father, the mother's heart swelled

with love for her children, and the thought arose in her mind of how great things should be done for them when possessed of the wealth which was sure to flow into the pockets of the owner of Jones's tavern. Did it never occur to her that harm might come to some of them instead of good; that perhaps her bright-eyed boys might change to bear-eyed sots, her tidy Nellie to a gaudily dressed slattern? No, thoughts like these never dimmed those bright visions of future splendor. Philip had promised not to indulge, and she believed him; and as for her innocent children, why she never associated them with aught so lowering.

Terms were soon settled between Jones and Philip, and within another month the old tavern had changed hands. Fresh paint and paper, plenty of light, and in winter plenty of warmth, made it a pleasant resort, and as no one thought of going there for the comfort alone, but considered themselves obliged to take "a glass" or two, and perhaps treat a friend, now and then, no wonder Philip considered tavern-keeping a good business; then, so far, no evil had arisen to themselves. Their business was certainly conducted, as Philip said, "respectably,"—no quarrelling ever took place at the "Workman's Rest;" no one was urged to drink, or kept in the house long enough to become helpless; no, to tell the truth, Philip had a sort of dislike to the sight of a drunkard, though he was quite willing to take the man's money, and therefore under the plea of "respectability" always managed to get rid of his customers whilst still able to walk without assistance.

Once more we will use the author's privilege, and take a flying leap over a few years. The "Workman's Rest" looks as clean and comfortable as ever, and we will look in upon those collected around the brightly blazing fire.

"Well, Mr. White," says a lean, half starved looking old man, as he laid a ten-cent piece on the counter, "I'm cleaned out; so I suppose I needn't show my face here again till I get more money; you know you never like a fellow to drink 'more than is good for him';" and the old man laughed a low chuckling laugh, looking

round upon his hearers as though expecting applause from them. All laughed, even White, though he reddened at the old man's speech, for he had often made use of those very words when getting rid of a troublesome customer.

"Oh, look in now and then; I'm not a very hard fellow, and we can always find a warm corner for you any way, with a glass now and then,—but not too much you know, Thompson."

"No, no, not too much, that's always your cry,—'not too much,' though, after all, your 'moderation' that you talk of so much has cleaned out a good few of us."

"I never wish a man to drink away his all in my house," said White, a little nettled. "I always tell them I don't want drunkards here."

"No, Dad, you're about right there," said Jack White, the bright, fresh-looking boy whom we met a few years since, bright no longer now except when "under the influence" as he called it when among his friends. "We want no drunkards here; we only begin the work, and it can be finished to perfection *round the corner*," pointing with his thumb in the direction of a little grog-shop near. Philip White looked steadily at his son; a certain tone of the voice told him that his boy had paid too many visits to the decanter, and he felt almost inclined to accuse him of it; but he held his peace,—it would never do to speak to his son before all his customers. How could he blame him before them, at any rate, for doing the very thing which if their case had enriched the White family? Besides he knew this was not the first time, though Lulu had striven so hard to hide it, and Philip White loved his wife too well to add aught to the trouble he saw coming upon her.

"Only begin the work, eh! Not so bad, lad; not so bad," chuckled old Thompson, as he drained the last glass he could afford to pay for; and the others laughed too, saying, "Not so bad."

Not long afterwards all had left the tavern, the shutters were up, and White with his wife and family had retired to rest—all but Nellie and her brothers, who still remained in the bar chatting together.

"Let's have one more glass before going to bed," said Jack, and as Ned did not refuse, they emptied the decanter between them, then took their way carefully to their rooms. Nellie remained behind looking long and earnestly at the rows of bottles; it was not the first time she had done so, but to-night the tempter seemed to be stronger than usual, for, taking down a bottle of brandy, she poured some into a tumbler, filled it with water, and drank it. "I don't see why it shouldn't be as good for me as for Jack and Ned," she thought as she mounted the stairs to her own room; and soon she was sleeping a sleep far too sound to be healthy or natural,—a sleep brought on by the brandy she had drunk.

Next day was a sorrowful one to the Whites, for Philip, the kind-hearted husband and father, lay on his bed a cold, stiff corpse. "Heart disease," said the doctor, "heart disease," echoed the coroner, and, through him, the neighbors.

Little did it matter to the poor widow under what form the angel of Death came to visit her home; it *had* come, laying its icy hand on one she loved dearly, and she felt the blow keenly, its suddenness adding to its weight. At first she felt too stunned to think about her affairs, and things went on pretty much as usual under the guidance of Jack and Ned, and when at length she roused herself sufficiently to think, it had been decided for her by her friends, that it would be better to keep on in the old way.

"You couldn't do better," had been said, and she had believed it; but when after what appeared to her an incredibly short space of time, she found both her bright boys drunken sots; when she found even her Nellie had more than once been evidently intoxicated, then the iron entered into her soul; then she remembered what Widow Black had so often said about loving one child more than another, and she felt that if called upon to resign one of her children, she would pray earnestly to keep the erring ones; then she wept and entreated of her children to turn aside from the destroyer, remembering all the while how many homes she and her husband had made like unto what hers was now; then at length she fell bruised and

heart sore at the foot of the Cross, waiting, watching, praying earnestly for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. It came at last when the poor stricken soul was ready to receive it, and a flood of the purest joy passed through Lulu White's frame as she thankfully recognized her *Second Birthday*. We need not say that the business was quickly given up and

the mother's efforts devoted, during the remainder of her short life, to the reform of her elder children. These efforts met, however, with but imperfect success, as it was not easy to eradicate the appetite which had so early become a confirmed one, and Lulu had cause through life to regret the false step which they had taken in buying Jones' tavern.

PRINCE EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

We have access to a few "carefully preserved records" which refer to a brief portion of the time the Duke of Kent spent in Canada, which we know to be more reliable than some that are paraded through the columns of contemporary publications, or ostentatiously displayed by posthumous critics. If what follows can serve a just cause, or aid those who honestly seek to render a righteous verdict, we shall not write in vain. It is simply a narrative, told without speculation, and attested by honorable witnesses.

In 1792-3, Prince Edward had command of a regiment of the Regular Army, stationed at Halifax and Quebec. A remarkable activity of character, and agreeableness of manner, made him highly popular with all classes of the Canadian people. He was restless after information referring in any way to the object of his mission, and likewise passionately fond of adventure and exploration. Hearing much of the scenic attractions of the St. Lawrence in its upper course, and the incomparable facilities for hunting and fishing afforded by the numerous bays, and thick, primeval forests which line their shores,

he determined upon a visit to the Western Province. Governor Simcoe was then in charge of the administrative duties, and held forth his gubernatorial functions at the picturesque village of Newark (now Niagara). He seems to have entertained a great respect for the Prince, and strongly urged him to carry into effect the proposed visit. Thus influenced, arrangements were completed for a mid-summer campaign of the most pacific nature, and a start was made from Quebec in May, 1793. Humorous accounts are given of the way the journey was prosecuted between the starting-point and where Prescott now stands. Travelling was necessarily slow and exceedingly tedious, owing to the primitive state of the roads, as yet, totally unacquainted with the principle of Mac-Adam. The Prince made use of a *calèche* part of the way, drawn by French ponies, while the rest of his party adopted different conveniences as time and circumstances would permit. Sometimes difficulties in the way were thought to be insurmountable, and fatigue made the novelty less exciting. Proposals would then be made by the timid ones to abandon the expedition; but

the Prince's ardor was not so easily cooled, and he would encourage to renewed exertions by setting a good example himself. Finally, after much trial of patience, and considerable privations, Prescott was reached and the real difficulties were passed. A flotilla of small boats had been sent down by the military authorities at Kingston, and awaited the arrival of the Prince and his party at this place.

It was now the "leafy month of June," and the whole aspect of Nature appeared in its richest colors. We, who are now so familiar with the picture made by our famed "Thousand Islands," can form some estimate of the feelings of the enthusiastic Prince when the scene opened before him in all the gorgeousness of a summer dressing. The innumerable green holms, unmarred by the hand of man, seemed like emerald settings in the bosom of the wide, tranquil river. Wood and water were everywhere most charmingly blended, and no one could enter more heartily into the enjoyment of the enchanting view than Prince Edward. He examined every feature with the eye of an enthusiast, and that he might realize every possible gratification, requested the boats to proceed only by day, and to make frequent deviations from the regular channel. In this way they proceeded, the guides sometimes getting quite bewildered, and on one occasion when making a digression they actually lost the course entirely, which was then not so well known or plainly designated as now. But this delay did not cause complaining; all were too eager to please the Prince, though their labor was increased thereby; and he, as a consequence, was too sensible of real pleasure not to respond familiarly. In his military capacity he has been accused of entertaining an excessive zeal for every disciplinary form; but when camping among the "Thousand Islands" and along the shores of the Bay of Quinté there was no reserve in his social intercourse—the most humble were made happy in his company, by a patronizing equality of manner, at once honorable and ennobling.

In due time Kingston was reached, then little more than a naval station and military

rendezvous. But the panorama of Nature was spread out in its pristine beauty, and we know something of its attractions. A reception of befitting magnitude and earnest loyalty was tendered the august visitor. The U. E. Pilgrims who were settled in the vicinity, hastened to pay their homage to one so closely allied with the Royal Family of England, and renew the heartfelt devotion to the "old flag" which, only a few years previous, strengthened them to endure so much. They were still suffering privations of a trying nature, and the recollection of what they had experienced kindled to a burning flame the embers of patriotism and loyalty. A number of them had volunteered to man the boats which were sent to Prescott, and their gallant conduct had already impressed the Prince very favorably. He made enquiries after their prospects in the new homes chosen in Canada, and had a word of encouragement for all. Before proceeding westward he promised his loyal followers to make it convenient for the enjoyment of a more intimate acquaintance before returning to Quebec,—a promise which compensated for years of suffering.

The Government schooner "Mohawk" had been ordered to Kingston to convey the Prince and suite to Newark, where they arrived after a few days' pleasant sailing. Governor Simcoe received his friend in a manner suited to the exalted rank he occupied, and had prepared whatever means for entertainment the primitive condition of affairs would permit. A contracted but brilliant society was assembled at the little capital, and a series of hunting and exploring expeditions were organized, which very agreeably consumed the allotted time—nearly one month. We omit the dinners, balls, receptions, &c., because our information does not include them particularly. They took place, however, with less variety of custom, perhaps, than what prevails now, but with equal hospitality and etiquette. There were brave men and fair ladies, who entered as heartily into the social festivities of that birth-day history of our country as their most favored descendants of the present time. At any rate, we have assurance that "all went

merry as marriage bells" during Prince Edward's sojourn with Governor Simcoe, and when the time for departure arrived, there were many expressions of regret from those who had learned to honor him so highly, and appreciate his many endearing qualities. He was escorted some distance down the Lake by a retinue of boats, frequent landings being made for inspection of favorite localities. Arriving at Kingston, no time was lost for carrying out, as far as practicable, the promised visit among the hardy Loyalists, who were eagerly anticipating the honor to be conferred upon them. The necessary preparations being complete, a number of willing volunteers was engaged, and the boats proceeded slowly up the irregular and picturesque bay, following whatever course the Prince desired, and stopping for camp whenever he felt inclined. There are still living those who remember looking with childish curiosity upon the brilliant company as the boats, gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, passed their humble abodes, or landed for refreshments and amusement. At certain intervals part of the escort would be dismissed, with thanks for their attendance and presents to be preserved in remembrance of the visit. These little mementoes of a very pleasurable date in the early history of our forefathers are still to be found, though the recipients have all passed away, after living to witness the realization of their dearest wishes in the growth and prosperity of their adopted land. Mayhap their children and grandchildren do not look upon them with the same excited feelings which stirred the hearts of their ancestors, but they are generally preserved with becoming care, and regarded as heir-looms of filial interest.

The Prince took great pleasure in visiting the log cabins of his devoted followers, and familiarizing himself with their thoughts, feelings and aspirations. In this manner he contrived to bind their loyal hearts to him with hooks of steel, and leave behind him a memory which time could not efface. Many amusing instances are related of his surprising the inmates at unusual hours, and the good-humored relish with which

he enjoyed their homely hospitality. Nor did he leave without some substantial token of his interest, and a word of cheering kindness. The mother would be complimented, the children praised, and the struggling patriot encouraged by hopeful reference to the future.

Having explored every place of interest available, and satiated their desires for a nomadic life, the closing summer month admonished the Prince that his homeward journey should no longer be delayed. The farewell meeting with his rustic friends took place one calm August day, upon a steep, romantic "bluff" or headland of dark grey limestone, situated near the southern terminus of the beautiful bay which now bears his name. They had returned from an extensive trip up the narrow Bay of Quinté, and passing through what is now known as the Upper Gap, separating Amherst Island from Indian Point, and connecting the bay with a deep, broad kind of gulf, explored its entire coast to the spot above designated. The view from this elevated site commanded a wide range of interesting scenery. To the right lay a narrow piece of flat land separating the gulf from the main lake, and close by its extremity clustered two thickly wooded islands, known to mariners as the "False Ducks." Away towards the east could be seen Amherst and Wolfe islands, with Simcoe and other smaller ones in close proximity. The placid water, scarcely stirred by a summer breeze, was spread out before them, and lined by the dark green foliage of a primeval forest. Dinner had been served and partaken of with keen relish, for the party had been active since early morning. The Prince could not separate from his faithful servants without further expressing the gratification their service had afforded him and the deep interest he felt in their welfare. He referred to the cause they had espoused so nobly, and the extreme privations endured uncomplainingly for conscience' sake. Though driven from the homes of their childhood, and forced to begin the struggle of life anew in a wilderness, he pointed out the encouraging prospects that surrounded them, and expressed his confidence

in the triumph of their motives. The land they adopted was indeed a goodly land, a land literally flowing with milk and honey. He predicted that the same unconquerable will and strong arm which had enabled them to meet and vanquish their first and most formidable enemy, would soon carry them victoriously through, and that the wilderness and solitary places would be made to bud and blossom as the rose. The natural resources of the country were inexhaustible in his estimation; and it only required the energy of Britons to lay hold of and utilize the inestimable blessings with which Providence had favored them. A steady aim to a noble purpose would be in the future, as it had been in the past, the watchword of their lives, and he entertained no doubts of the result.

Such were the sentiments, if not the exact language, by which Prince Edward addressed the few Loyalists who gathered about him on that August day, more than eighty years ago; and who can estimate the silent influence these cheering words have exerted over the lives of the noble founders of our institutions? There can be no disputing the fact that to the U. E. Loyalists, who settled the Bay of Quinté and more western sections of Canada, we are indebted for most of the influences which have so signally favored the prosperous development of the Western Province. They and their descendants have never wavered in the strong attachment to British rule which was first manifested when rebellion had made them aliens in the land of their birth. From them have come some of our earliest and most noted statesmen, judges, lawyers, divines and teachers; and the spirit which animated them in the performance of great enterprises, has been accorded by many writers. We have mentioned the pride with which they recounted the incidents associated with the visit of the Prince, and how tenaciously they clung to his memory during the remainder of their lives. Every word he spoke was treasured in attentive memories. His predictions were wrought out with unflinching courage, the object and aim of their lives seeming to

be the accomplishment of all he desired. Let those who are fond of deducing principles from trivial circumstances of an active life, decide whether Prince Edward, by his conduct on this occasion, and during his familiar intercourse with a simple-hearted and devoted people, did anything to enoble and elevate them, and through them the generations which were to succeed in "this Canada of ours." For our own part, the question is already answered. We have witnessed enough to convince us that what transpired at that remote period of our history, has been a latent impulse, stimulating when the opposing elements were accumulating thick and fast, and though unknown or unacknowledged, working in and through every enterprise of that and subsequent periods.

It only remains for us to add that in deference to the urgent request of the settlers, Prince Edward was pleased to give his name to the broad gulf or bay we have previously mentioned as being the last for them to explore. The christening took place amid great enthusiasm, and it has been known since as "Prince Edward Bay." Some years later, when the original districts were subdivided and re-named, and most of the present counties defined, the name was also given to the rich and highly picturesque peninsular county adjoining. Thus the county and bay are constant reminders of a person and time held in the most pleasing remembrance by the happy people living near.

The above is all we know of Prince Edward during his sojourn in Canada. There has been no exaggeration. The incidents have been related as we heard them, or as nearly so as possible. The individual whom they most concern appears throughout in his true character, uninfluenced by courtly rites or disciplinary obligations. We accept him as having been a nobleman by nature, and a prince by hereditary right. He was brave, active and conscientious, the embodiment of a soldier and a gentleman—just such a man as we would wish the father of our beloved Queen to have been.

MUSIC IN THE CHURCHES •

BY FESTINA LENTE.

There appears to be a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the musical portion of church service. Often unreasonable. Sometimes just. People may be divided into three classes, roughly: Firstly, students and lovers of music, who are dissatisfied because the music falls short of their ideal; secondly, those who possess little ear for, and no knowledge of, music, and consider what they hear too intricate and fine; thirdly,—and with that class this paper has nothing to do—those who are quite content with the whole musical arrangements of the service, and really do not see that they could be improved upon.

In illustration—let it be supposed that the organ is a fine instrument, that the choir is well-trained, and the organist an “artist.” What can there be to complain of in the execution of the musical service? Express this opinion to the larger number of the congregation, and the answer will be as follows:

“Yes, it is certainly very fine music, and the singing remarkably good, but—”

“Yes”—then comes that dubious “but.” The speaker finds it hard to analyze his feelings on the subject, or is ashamed to utter them. It takes a brave man to stand up against a fine organ and well-trained choir, and say: “It is all very well, but I cannot worship God so. I should like to sing myself.”

And wherefore not? Because his voice is rough and unpleasant, and his ear for music incorrect, and so few of the members of the congregation sing that if he were to do so, every one would be disturbed by his discordant sounds. Did every one else sing, such trifles would pass unnoticed.

And why is it that so few people join in the singing?

Some are lazy, quite willing that the choir should worship for them; some are careless, only bored at the unusual length of chant or hymn; some are apathetic

and content to let the sweet sounds drift them into a pleasant train of thought. To such as these it cannot matter what the music is like. Pass on to happy people, coming to church to worship and sing praises from the bottom of their hearts; to the weary souls, who yet find rest in singing the words that comfort them in their sorrows; to every one who comes to church with a distinct desire to worship—and feels that to do so as he wishes he must join in the singing. What is to prevent his doing so?

For instance, a *Te Deum*—with changes at every verse in keys and harmonies. Ignorant of what is coming, finding by experience that he has not ability to keep in with either, he pauses—finally gives up trying; hears the glorious words with a sigh, feels as if he would like to shout them out, but cannot. The choir is singing exquisitely; it is quite a treat to listen.

Yes, quite a treat to listen; but what is enjoyment compared to that rising feeling of enthusiasm which would bid the soul sing aloud for joy? Or, the evening service, sung to perfection by the choir, with the addition of a beautiful anthem. He has listened to all with pleasure and attention. What has he to grumble at? Only that he went to church to sing praises and to worship, and feels uneasily that he has not done either.”

It may be said that this is straining at trifles, and that very few ever think at all of the words they sing, and that the probability is that they worship just as much in hearing a thing well done as in bungling over it themselves. To this it must be answered that only a trained ear and thoroughly refined mind can worship after this fashion. And to the first objection let it be hoped that the next generation of men and women will be more intelligent, and really care as to what words it sings; and that the present generation will begin

to care for sense as well as sounds. The infant speaks sounds first; as his intelligence develops he speaks words. As for the lack of pronunciation of words by singers, this fault is too much regretted by all hearers to require much comment.

What the modern idea in going to church means is not always very clear. In ancient days the supposition was that one went to church to worship with others, to gain and give a fullness to spiritual life. But old-fashioned notions pass away, bad and good, into oblivion. It is to be hoped that better ones arise, higher and nobler motive power for all actions.

Is the musical part of the service intended as a means by which one and all can worship? If so, it should be provided for the worshippers. For those who are connoisseurs, exquisite music, instrumental or vocal, by means of which their souls shall be carried upwards into that higher sphere their ideality so often pictures. Or, let the services be so simple that those who desire to worship that way may be able to join in every hymn and chant.

For illustration—take the services at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and those held in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. You enter St. Paul's. The vast size of the building impresses you; its beautiful architecture gives impetus to your higher sensations; you are ready for the kind of worship provided. Presently a soft strain of music floats through the air; as it floats along, it seems to gather power; you feel surrounded by this invisible power, and far away it peals and echoes from the dome. It ceases, and from the distance you hear the small voice of a clergyman, as he reads the service. So far is it away from the congregation that all that is heard by its members, in crescendo and diminuendo, is "Bow, wow—wow—wow." You look round upon the people, they stand, they kneel. Some few have prayer-books; the greater part of the hearers have come without disguise, only to hear the musical portion of the service. The anthem is sung; when its exquisite harmonies have died away, most of the listeners quietly leave the church. Means of worship, then, depends chiefly on the musical service at St. Paul's, since few words uttered by the

clergyman in service or sermon can be clearly heard by the congregation. This is very well for those who are easily affected by their musical senses, but would fail as a means of worship to the majority of people.

In Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle you have a building well built for sound, and of immense size. Your wonder is awakened,—not at sight of vast dome and splendid architecture, but at the sight of hundreds of people struggling to gain even standing room. You look upon a sea of faces, earnest faces, come to see no show, to hear no fine organ, or splendid singing, but to hear what is to them "Tidings of great joy," and with full hearts to join in the service. The hymn is read, the tune started by the precentor, and it seems that all present join in singing it. The tune chosen is easy to sing, and the effect of so many voices singing at once too wonderful to describe. You feel intensely sad. You see there, faces whose history is written only too legibly,—faces saddened by care, made gaunt by hunger. And there are those whose acutest story of sorrow would not sadden you as does the sight of their eager faces when singing.

It seems, then, that to make congregational singing a success, it is necessary to have simple tunes and choose them carefully, so that they shall be readily caught up by uneducated ears. There are some churches, however, where no such extreme case is necessary, where most of the members of the congregation are tolerably well acquainted with music. In a well-known church in Liverpool, England, such was the case, and the congregational singing not only very good but even exquisite. The tunes selected were chiefly those by Ogden, or taken from the works of the "masters." Such tunes require education of ear and voice to be properly produced. Imagine, then, a large congregation singing them with even artistic effect! It was managed in this wise: Every person possessing knowledge of his notes, was presented with a copy of the music used, scored according to the voice—treble, alto, tenor, or bass. Those who could not read music, sang air, and when surrounded by people who were singing, were not afraid to make the attempt. But it must not be forgotten that this success in congregational singing was greatly due to the determination of the members to make it such, and is only possible when the majority determine to join in the whole musical service.

Young Folks.

SPITZI.

(Concluded.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY L. E. KELLEY.

Vincent then related how that he had conducted the pastor by safe by paths; but, unfortunately, these devious ways were known also to that demon, Michel. The latter guided the soldiers into a thicket, which served as an ambuscade, and there they awaited Jean Hofer. When he appeared, they sprang upon him unawares, seized and garrotted him; they then placed him across a horse, his head hanging on one side, his legs on the other, and in this ignominious manner they bore him away. The faithful Spitzi, after vain attempts to deliver his master, had escaped from the soldiers, who wished to kill him. Vincent himself had lain hidden in the thicket; in joy at their capture, the Austrians had forgotten him, and so, from his hiding place, he had had the good fortune to hear their deliberations, and to know the route they intended taking.

This time, the news was sure and to the point; action must be taken without delay. M. de Gamharst, with his customary decision, arranged all the necessary details of the expedition.

"Franz," said he, "get your wooden wagon ready; I will go in it with some armed men, and we will quickly start at once to the forest. You, town clerks, go and call together the bravest men of our communal militia; let them follow us on horseback by different roads. The general rendezvous is the forester's hut; there we will hold further consultation. Take this order to the Council, and see that it is enforced. Let the ramparts be guarded, and the Finningers' house watched; the gates of

the town must be instantly closed, and no one allowed ingress or egress without this password '*God is on our side,*' and may the Lord," added he, reverently doffing his cap, "be indeed with us and for us!"

Franz gone, and the messages sent, the worthy magistrate turned to Thérèse, who, since the fatal news, had remained pale and motionless as a statue. He took her hand, and said, in a tone of mingled love and pity:

"Take courage, dear lady; we can do all things through Christ which strengthen us."

"On no account forget Spitzi!" cried the poor woman, a little cheered by the comforting words: "Do not forget Spitzi. Better than any other guide, he will lead you on his master's traces. Go, and may God be with you and protect you!"

Spitzi had no idea of being left behind. He shivered with impatience, ran from one person to another trying to attract them to the door, and seeming to chide their delay. As soon as the wagon arrived he jumped first into it, as if to hurry their movements. Neither would Hansli remain at home.

"I want to help you to save my uncle!" he exclaimed, eagerly. As he spoke he placed himself by Spitzi in the wagon.

M. de Gamharst wished him to descend. "Ours is no child's play," he said to Franz.

But Franz interceded for his son:

"He knows better than any of us all the nooks and corners of the forest, and probably he and Spitzi will be our most useful guides."

Father Bernard also joined the party, and sat by the forester. The armed men arrived, and all was ready. M. de Gamharst once more pressed Thérèse's hand and said:

"Now, my men, let us set out, and may God help us!"

Amid the roar of the thunder, the flash of lightning, and torrents of rain, they departed, calmly and seriously, with hearts full of love and confidence in God.

Left alone in the deserted cloister, poor Thérèse threw herself on the floor, her hands clenched in mute agony. She had no words, no tears, to relieve her anguish. She could not even *think*. She could but suffer at her Saviour's feet! But our pitying Saviour enters into even the silent sorrow of those who wait upon Him. And He kept near the poor woman, an invisible spectator of her misery, to support and strengthen her; also, in her distress, He sent an angel to comfort her.

Margaret Blaner, sister of the Reformer of Constance, was then at Mulhouse. She was one of those dauntless women who were needed in those times of peril, and whom God raises up when required—one of those pure and noble beings who have never lived for an instant to themselves, but for others. From her earliest youth, Margaret had devoted herself to the nobler task of comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick and prisoners, and praying with the dying. As soon as the news reached her of all that was happening that dreadful night, she flew to Thérèse's side, guided by the sure instinct which led her to all suffering ones. Thérèse, who had long known her, received her as a heaven-sent messenger, and the very sight of her was a comfort. Soon the little chapel bell tinkled and called the flock to prayer for their captive pastor. With a mighty effort, Thérèse rose and went into the House of God, leaning on her friend's arm. It was yet night; there was scarcely any light in the silent church. The faint glimmer of the tapers was reflected on the windows of the choir; all the rest of the building was shrouded in darkness. The congregation were few in number; a mournful gloom filled every

heart. Otto Binder, Jean Hofer's colleague, occupied the pulpit. When he saw the two women come in he was deeply moved; he tried to speak, but the only words he could utter were two lines from one of Luther's first hymns:

"Out of the depths, to Thee, Lord, have I cried!"

Those present repeated some of the psalm after him, but after singing a verse, they were unable to continue. A profound silence ensued, only broken by Thérèse's sobs. Otto Binder, overcome with emotion, could not speak; then, Margaret Blaner, commanding herself, and mastering her feelings, intoned the last couplet in a firm and sweet voice, "Fear not, O Israel, God knows thy suffering."

The holy trust of this excellent woman, the well-known words of the psalm, which testified the Lord's faithfulness to all who wait patiently for Him, inspired the hearts of the dejected hearers with courage. Otto Binder opened his Bible, not knowing what text to choose. His eyes fell on a passage in Genesis, which shone before his gaze as a ray of hope, "*And God remembered Noah.*" He seemed to hear the voice of the Almighty, promising to watch over his captive servant, as He formerly preserved the patriarch from perishing in the flood. The infant Church, battered by the storms of persecution, seemed to him a type of that mysterious Ark which contained a future world, and which the Lord himself conducted to its destined port." What God said to the preacher, the preacher repeated to the assemblage, whom a common sorrow had led to the foot of the same altar. And when his voice, finding an echo in every breast, was raised on behalf of the dear prisoner; when the murmur of earnest supplication rose towards the listening heavens—behold! the day star rose gloriously in their hearts as well as in the distant horizon. The star shone brilliantly, and its serene beauty seemed to send a message to the unhappy ones and bid them in their Father's name to "Hope."

The little band who set forth to deliver the captive, were obliged to wait until the storm was over, in the forester's hut; but at early dawn they started, more

uncertain than ever which road to take, across paths covered by the rain. The Hart, also called the Great Forest, at this time extended beyond the precincts of Mulhouse as far as the village of Modenheim. Many roads crossed each other to join the highway to Ensisheim. Which one would the soldiers take, who certainly had not been able to advance on this dreadful night? This no one could guess. It was agreed that the armed men should divide into separate bands, and remain hidden in the wood, while Franz, Vincent and Hansli scoured the forest in all directions accompanied by Spitzi, to whom fell as by right the task of tracing his master's footsteps. The plan, once settled, was speedily to be executed; but, behold, Spitzi, the principal actor, did not answer to the roll call. He was sought for in vain; no one knew in which direction he had disappeared. For a moment, the party was rather disconcerted by this circumstance.

"What does it matter, after all?" cried M. de Gamharst. "The Lord does not need this dog to show us our way. Let us go forward in God's keeping!"

Each one instantly took the place assigned to him.

But it is time we should return to our poor pastor, whose situation, since the previous evening, was indeed pitiable. We left him tied in the form of a cross on a horse, his legs and head hanging on either side, and suffering double torture in body and mind, pursuing his way to the castle of Brunnstadt. As night came on, the storm obliged the soldiers to take refuge in the cabin of a charcoal-burner—for the darkness prevented their progress over paths effaced by the rain. The soldiers, well housed and sheltered, gathered round a crackling wood fire and amused themselves by making jokes about the worthy pastor, whom they left outside exposed to all the fury of the tempest, still fastened on the horse, who was tied to a tree. The customs of that epoch sanctioned such barbarity to prisoners, and heretics, especially, were deemed unworthy of the smallest pity.

In this cruel strait, his body bruised, his arms and legs lacerated and swollen by the

cords which bound him, Jean Hofer felt the full force of the words "to be girded by another and carried whither he would not." Doubtless he loved his Saviour with all his soul, but on this fearful night the flesh more than once gained a mastery over the mind. He felt, to his shame, that it was the heart of a son of Adam which beat in his breast; that in spite of his faith he feared death because he knew he was sinful, and that death is the penalty of guilt. The lightning which played about his head, the torrents of rain, the growling of the thunder, all bore the impress to him of the terrors of the last judgment. So, like David, he cried "out of the depths" to Him who conquered death, beseeching His blessing and help in the final hour, and strength to remain faithful to the end.

But, God be praised! there exists a communion of saints, and the prayers which ascend on behalf of the oppressed are not offered in vain. Towards morning, at the very time his flock were pleading for him, peace was restored to the martyr's soul. The rain ceased, the storm and the thunder abated. The morning star shone in the horizon, and its pale rays lit up the captive's face, at the moment that his wife and friends were assembled in the church. It seemed as if he felt it, for light flowed also in his breast. He breathed more freely; an angel of consolation seemed to come and dissipate all the horror and agony and wipe away the bloody sweat like that of Jesus in Gethsemane! All at once a noise was heard in the thicket; an animal springs out. It is Spitzi, the faithful Spitzi, who rushes towards his master, and, leaping up, endeavors to lick the poor suffering face.

"Spitzi, my brave Spitzi!" cried the pastor, in an ecstasy; "so you have not forsaken your friend?"

Tears of joy fell from his eyes, like refreshing dew. But even while caressing his master, the dog is visibly troubled. Now he leaves him to search among the bushes; then, his nose in the air, he seems listening and looking towards the town, as if expecting some one who does not appear; then he returns to lick the pastor's

wounded hands and assume the humble office of consoler. The sun was just rising. The charcoal-burner's wife went out of her hut, occupied in household cares. Suddenly she sees a black object turning and twisting round the prisoner. Terror-stricken, she crossed herself, and ran bewildered to the soldiers, saying:

"May God help us! There is the demon in company with the preacher, under the form of a horrid black animal. Holy Virgin, protect us from the Evil One!"

"Ah! I know who it is," growled one of the soldiers; "it must be that wretched dog which follows him like his shadow. I wish I could have earned yesterday the florin little Finninger promised me if I killed the beast, but I could not manage it! The creature must be possessed by the devil, for he tore my gaiters, and his fangs went into my legs, without my being able to get hold of him!"

"By the mass," said another, "I should like to divide the florin with you. Perhaps two of us may have better luck!"

They go out, followed by the woman, but Spitzl disappears in the thicket.

"I told you it was the Evil One!" said the charcoal-burner's wife, again crossing herself. The soldiers did not cross themselves, but they were visibly disconcerted.

The brute has a keen scent," said one; "he doubtless went to seek reinforcements. By this time, the town will have been alarmed, thanks to this cursed animal, and a band of armed men will be sent in pursuit of us. We must decamp from here as quickly as possible!"

They at once called their companions, the cords which bound the pastor were tightened, and he was placed in the centre of the escort. Two men were ordered never to lose sight of him for an instant, and to kill him if they were attacked.

"For, after all," said the chief, "we have orders to bring him, dead or alive; in any case, the reward will be the same, and the Governor will only thank us for having stopped *one* preacher's mouth."

Jean Hofer heard these menacing words, but Spitzl's visit had not been in vain, and it was with mingled earnestness and confidence that he now commended to himself

the God of all mercy. The sun shone brightly in the clear blue sky. It was a splendid morning. The birds, shaking their wet plumage, sang joyous morning anthems, or discoursed amicably together in their own sweet language. The drops of rain on the trees and grass, sparkled like diamonds beneath the sun's rays. A thousand fragrant odors scented the air. It seemed as if a silent prayer was ascending to heaven from the heart of the new creation.

The soldiers took little notice of all these wonders and beauties, and the poor pastor still less, for each step of the horse caused intense suffering to his poor wounded limbs.

The *cortège* had at first marched in good order, but as they advanced deeper into the forest, the roads cut up into quagmires, became almost impassable; it was necessary to stop every instant to make long and frequent detours; the men and horses were knocked up. At last they arrived at an opening shaded by beech trees,—a spot unknown to any of them. The chief did not know which way to take, so he recommended a halt, and they held council. The most important matter was to remain on Austrian soil, and not venture on the territory of Mulhouse. But no one knew where the former began or the latter ended. As far as the eye could pierce through the forest, neither man nor habitation was visible. To send some of the soldiers to reconnoitre, would weaken the escort, and expose the party to be surprised by the enemy, who were probably hiding in the thicket, and might start out at any moment.

All at once, a child was seen gathering strawberries on the outskirts of the forest. The chief asked him to indicate a road which led to Brunnstadt, without having to pass on Mulhouse territory. The boy pointed out one, and some were sent in the direction, to see exactly where the boundary was situated. The chief himself, with several others, went through some of the paths diverging from the clearing. The two guards, tired with their march, threw themselves on the ground, a few steps from the horse, who not having

breakfasted as well as his owners, was refreshing himself by cropping the young shoots of the underwood. Hansli (for you will guess it was he, and the cunning little fellow well knew that the escort had wandered right into the suburbs of Mulhouse) crept like a snake in the grass, noiselessly, for fear of waking the sentinels, up to the prisoner, and putting his mouth to his uncle's ear, he whispered:

"Take courage, help is at hand; I already hear Spitzi."

At that moment the dog appeared, and sprang joyously to his master as if to say, "Here we are!"

Hansli, seeing that the escort were sufficiently distant to allow his friends full play, turned towards the adjoining thicket, and called out in a loud voice,

"God is on our side!"

"God is on our side," answered many voices, which came like so many echoes, from all sides. The guards, jumping up, rushed to the pastor and were about to pierce him with their lances, as they had been ordered. But Spitzi is at hand to watch over his master, who, unable to move or speak, hears all and commends himself to God. The dog sprang on the wrist of the first soldier, and bit him so severely that he was forced to drop his weapon. The other man had barely time to escape, for the Mulhousians surrounded their pastor, and threatened the soldiers. The other Austrians returned, one by one; but hesitating, discouraged, ashamed at having allowed themselves to be surprised, how could they contend against men whose courage was doubled by faith and hope? After a few moments of unequal struggle, they turned and fled. The Mulhousians, wild with joy, break their dear pastor's bonds, and sing hymns of triumph. They carry him tenderly and carefully to the forester's hut, where M. de Gamharst and Father Bernard awaited him.

"Honor to Spitzi!" cried Franz, clasping his brother-in-law, with impetuous joy, in his arms. "Without this faithful servant I do not really know how we should have found you. And people say dogs have no mind! Spitzi has more than most men can boast of!"

"And I, too, have done my part well; have I not, father?" said Hansli, anxious for a share of praise. "I was the first to see my uncle, and to cry out, 'God is on our side!'"

But the poor pastor scarcely heard what was said, and was quite unable to reply. The frightful position in which he had spent the night, the cords which bound his feet and hands had cut into his flesh and made his limbs numb and swollen, and all the blood seemed to mount towards heart and head. He could not stand, so as soft a bed as possible was made for him of leaves in the wagon. Spitzi lay at his feet, Hansli sat by his side, handing him one by one the strawberries, which he had managed to keep in spite of all the turmoil. They set out for the town, with joy in their hearts, and thanksgiving on their lips. At the sight of the wagon, festooned with garlands, and of the men who tossed their caps and rent the air with noisy *vivats*, the sentry on St. Stephen's tower took his speaking trumpet and proclaimed the joyful news to all the town:

"The pastor is saved!"

Then the ramparts were thronged, the gates thrown open, and many ran to meet the approaching band. "Our God is a strong tower!" was the cry from a thousand triumphant voices, and all the church bells sent forth their noisy accompaniment of the national hymn of the Reformed German people. The *cortège*, still increasing, advanced towards St. Stephen's. At its head was Jean Hofer, walking with difficulty, and supported by Franz and M. de Gamharst. On the steps of the church the burgomaster and councillors awaited him and received him in their arms. He was carried rather than led to the foot of the high altar, where he knelt, trembling with emotion, to give thanks to God. Otto Binder mounted into the pulpit. That morning he had shown, to a weeping congregation, how the God of mercy had protected Noah in the midst of the flood; now he invites his hearers to raise their eyes to heaven and see the sign of their deliverance.

"And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall

be seen in the cloud." (Genesis ix., 14.) "In like manner," said he, "a dark cloud has passed over our town, but God has driven it away, and His bow smiles out of heaven upon us!" The preacher's emotion spreads throughout the assembly. Each one seemed to see arched over his head the seven-colored bow, which speaks to us of the love and pardon of our God. The Church strengthened in the faith, and animated by new hopes, ceases to fear. The Lord himself had been her helper, and past blessings guaranteed future joys. We do not attempt to depict Thérèse's transport or the emotion of the worthy pastor on re-entering his home, and embracing the wife and child he had never hoped to see again. One of his first acts was to go to Finninger's house. The cartwright was, at first, very uncomfortable and ill at ease. On his own score, he dreaded reproaches, and for his son, too well deserved punishment. His astonishment was great when Hofer held out his hand to him, saying:

"Neighbor, your boy Michel thought to do me evil, but God turned it into good. It is time we lived together in peace, and let us forgive each other our trespasses, if we wish our Heavenly Father to forgive us. But, my friend, you ought to think seriously of your children's eternal welfare."

He spoke so tenderly to the unhappy father, that the man, who had a heart under the thick outer bark, could not help being touched. In his turn he extended his hand in token of reconciliation, and as long as he lived all went on smoothly. But, alas! after his death, his wife and children, no longer kept in check, went headlong down the road that leadeth to destruction. Thus, their names are written in characters of blood in the annals of our city. And what of Spitz, the hero of the day? His name was in everyone's mouth, and it is still remembered at Mulhouse. When he leapt from the wagon Thérèse, in an ecstasy, took him to her arms and pressed him to her bosom as a friend, just as in former days she used to caress her little white hen! Through dumb creatures God often teaches us in His goodness, says one of our old canticles; and, dear friends, may not we also learn

a lesson from the good Spitz? Are we as faithful to our Master which is in heaven, as he proved to his earthly master? After bringing him back safe and sound to his home, the dog went quietly and lay down in his corner; there he slept, his head on his tail, without thinking of all the great things he had done, or of the merited glory attached to his name. And the next morning when he awaked, he was Spitz as before.

Readers, how many of you, in his place, would have done what he did?

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

CHAPTER XI.

HELEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far, and yet so near."

Eloise did not stay long after tea; she whispered an excuse to Helen: "My back aches, Miss Helen."

Trudie intended to remain several days at the Parsonage. Helen's days were busy days, and Agnes needed constant companionship. Josie went home early with a comical allusion to "lactiferous wealth."

Helen stood on the piazza listening to their voices as they crossed the lawn. Their lives seemed far away from her life; she had been led through the world girlhood lives in, with its lightness and happy dreams, into the settled peace of womanhood.

"I never can live through such another day," she was thinking. "Every sound has startled me since I opened my eyes this morning. And I have brought it all upon myself. God has shown me how my own will has power to hurt me. After all my praying He has not answered me—as I would."

The stars were shining far above her; were they nearer to God than she was? Oh, if she could but fling herself at His feet, how she would beseech Him to listen and not turn away! Perhaps Alf was feeling to-night the aching of the two hearts that were praying him home! All wrapped around in prayer as he was, he could not be leading a sinful life! If she could hear his voice in prayer as she had heard Tom Nelson's, she could ask no more; the joy would be almost too great to bear. Had the ten years wrought no change in him? It would be hard to have the man like the boy, impet-

uous, irresolute, full of merriment, turning aside every serious thought.

"You see I don't forget you, Nell."

The words were ever repeating themselves. How good it would be to hear his call, "Nell, Nell," sounding again through the house!

His father had been renewing the advertisements for him, Trudie had told her! She had seen the advertisement: it would bring him, Trudie thought, from the very ends of the earth.

Were these advertisements working together with their prayers to bring him back? In looking into the events of her life to see how God was working, Helen often interpreted with no guide but her own heart.

She did trust in God, but just as fully she trusted in her own heart.

"I am hungry to-night," she moaned. "Father, feed me with Thy words. Give me one of the words that Jesus spoke."

The day had worn upon her to such an extent that her heart foreboded only evil in the words Agnes wished to speak to her. Had she heard news of Alf? Would news of Alf's death, or, still worse, his wrong-doing, come to her upon their birthday? Was God angry, and would He punish her? In her weakness a great fear of God seized her; she hid her face and trembled. And she had loved Him so that she had never been afraid of Him before.

Her throat was filled with sobs, her knees were failing; she clung to the railing, while words of passionate entreaty moved her lips:

"I love Thee! I do love Thee! Oh, don't let me be afraid!"

The gate swung to with a click, a man's footstep was upon the walk. Not daring to look towards him, she bowed her head lower, clinching the railing with both hands.

The steps were on the piazza; the suspense was choking her; she raised her eyes to find revealed by the shining of the hall lamp a bent form clad in coarse garments. It was a man older than Alf could be. Alf would not be bent; Alf would be erect, tall and handsome as he went away, or would God send him home a cripple, broken in health, a dissipated man!

"Ah he is—as he is, let him come," she moaned.

The man rang. Emmeline admitted him, and he passed on to the study. But he might be bringing news of Alf: she hurried in; it would be better to know the worst.

"Who was that man?" she asked of Emmeline as calmly as she could speak.

"Somebody to see the minister. There's somebody sick at his house—"

"Whose house? What's his name?" she enquired eagerly. "I can't think of his

name—he lives out of the village. Is anything the matter, Miss Helen?"

Helen passed into the hall, her father stood there with the man.

"This good man's wife is sick, Helen," explained the minister. "I am going with him. Do not sit up for me."

That was all, and it had been so much to her!

But it might be much to this poor man. She was drawn out of herself by asking questions, then detained him a few moments to send a basket of dainties to the sick woman.

"May I come, too, to-morrow?" she asked. "Perhaps I can think of something she would like to have."

"She would be only too glad, Miss; she is not well, and she makes herself worse by thinking of all the sins she has done in her life. Perhaps you can bring her a word of cheer."

"I can, indeed," returned Helen, earnestly. "Tell her I will come, father, if she would like to see me."

Almost her own happy, strong self, Helen made a glass of lemonade and went up to the guest chamber. A low sound as of prayer arrested her on the threshold. Agnes was repeating a hymn that Helen had copied for her:

"I am waiting, as the day wanes, waiting,

The light of the coming dawn to see:

As the weary child lies watching for its mother,
I am longing, O my Lord Christ, for Thee."

The light from the tall candle shone on Agnes's face. Her eyes were soft with tears; a smile just touched, the sweet, flexible lips. In all her life, Helen thought, she had never seen anything so beautiful as Agnes's face.

"You do not look like a weary child," she said, lifting both her hands to her lips.

"I am—in that. Helen, you always know when my lips are dry,"

She drained the goblet and then lay back again upon her pillow.

"I do want to be well, Helen. I want to honor God as you do."

"To-morrow I hope to take a word to one of His hungry children? Father has gone to-night, but there is always a word for me to take."

Helen then told the most appreciative listener she had upon the earth of her time of trembling, and of the shock the man's coming had been.

"I would not be so afraid if I trusted more—it was my nerves this time, though. Now Agnes, what is it you have to tell me? Has someone stolen your heart, and must I give you away?"

"No," was the very grave reply, watching the face bent over her. "Theodore Congreve is married, Helen."

"Oh, is that it?" Helen almost laughed with the reaction. "I was afraid it was something about Alf. I am glad to hear that."

"Helen," drawing her face down to give her a most sympathizing kiss, "I can't understand you."

"I don't know *how* to want the thing God has taken from me—if you mean that. I have not wished that—for a long time. I know now it was not my good thing. I hope it will be a good thing for her—his wife. I would like to see her." Despite herself, a faint color spread over her face. How strange it was to speak of Theodore Congreve's *wife*!

"I do not know who she is. I saw the notice of the marriage a month ago."

"And you have been waiting for courage to tell me," smiled Helen. "Agnes Lucerne, you are a little goose! I am not a sentimentalist, whatever I may have been! I may not feel as a heroine in a novel would feel, but—" she paused, adding lower, "I hope I feel as God loves to have me."

"Your voice sounds glad, Helen. And I have been dreading it so. I am glad it is over."

"So am I. I am glad to know it. He is my old and dear friend. I wish you would tell father. The experience has been to me a beautiful love-story. My life is better for it. I would not like to live a life and miss the love. Men would say a love-story with a sad ending, but God does not. A love-story told to God must needs have a happy ending. I must tell my girls that I want them to have *happy* love-stories, if they have any. Father spoke of Theodore the other night; his words, or rather his intonation, went through me like a knife. Only those who understand must speak his name to me."

"Helen, dear," said Agnes, caressing the hand that held hers, "I hope God will give you another love story with the ending 'happy,' as other people call happy. You were *made* to be in somebody's happy home."

"Then He who 'made' me for that will place me there. Don't worry your anxious little heart."

"I won't, Helen. After this I will not be anxious about you any more than I will about the angels."

"I am His care, as truly as the angels are. So are you, Aggie."

"Yes," with a quivering of the flexible lips. "I asked Him to give me a home, Con and me, to die in, or get well in. But I did not expect so good a home as yours, Helen."

"This *is* your home, my little sister. It is mine, and therefore yours. I am rich, and so are you. And if you *do* go away dear, Con is mine to be provided for and taken care of, to be my sister, as you are

now, till she goes into a home of her own. And if she stays with me till I die, my income is hers. Now don't worry about *her*, either, Agnes."

Agnes arose, and with a burst of tears threw both arms around Helen's neck. Helen held her, soothing her with words and kisses, then laid her back upon her pillows weak and excited.

"Your eyelids are drooping, Aggie; that is a good sign! I will go down to see if father has come in, and turn his lamp down."

"Pray first," whispered Agnes, "and then I will go to sleep."

Helen knelt near her pillow, keeping the hot, nervous fingers in hers, speaking to God to thank Him that He had given His two little children a home, and that her own home was no more desolate.

Then she kissed Con's tanned cheeks, extinguished the candle, and left Agnes to fall asleep with a heart upon which no burden rested.

And her birthday, was it ended?

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE.

"Now Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong,
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word,
Thou call'st me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet."

It was two o'clock when, with a weariness and faintness through all her frame, Helen laid down to rest. This birthday had been the most exciting day of her life.

After this long wrestling, peace had been given her; she would never be so moved again.

"Never again, never again," she sobbed. "Father, after this I will trust Thee."

She had been pleading for a word to rest on, for God to speak to her. The word was given after these hours of prayer, prayer that had been groans and tears.

The word brought strength. We do not know how the word of the Lord came in the olden time; we do not know how the word of the Lord comes now.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

With a fulness of meaning the words came to her, sustaining her in her weakness, feeding her in her faintness.

She repeated joyfully: "'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'"

That day every beating of her heart had

been prayer. The struggle was over: she trusted in the everlasting strength, and lay down with her mind stayed on the Lord Jehovah.

He that believeth shall not make haste.

She had been making haste, therefore she had not believed.

The thought that God had not regarded her prayer because of her sinfulness brought her to His feet in utter self-abasement. Limiting God's answer to her own time, because the expected answer had not come, she thought He had turned His face away from her.

"I have sinned grievously" was her cry; she was confounded and ashamed before Him.

The prayer of months had not been made in the faith that God accepts; she had thought the prayer was born of her faith, now she saw that its birth had been in faithlessness.

If she had believed she would have been willing for Him to choose His own time. Was she wise enough to know His times?

Very penitent were the tears that pleaded for pardon, very sweet also, for Helen loved to be humbled before God, who knew that she had loved Him even while she had not trusted.

Her times were in His hands, she would not seek to know them. He would show them to her in His own wisdom.

She arose from her knees and threw open the blinds. The moon had risen, the village slept in its pale light. She stepped out on the balcony, and stood leaning against the railing, drinking in the peace with all her thirsty soul. Soon her fingers ceased their nervous trembling, even the physical unrest had passed away. No longer would she stumble along in her blind way. She fed upon words Christ had spoken:

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."

Now that she believed, she would evermore walk in His light,

Not as the ravens would she cry to Him, but as one of His redeemed, seeking His honor.

Her birthday was ended. She slept the sleep of one whom God has comforted.

The resolve to believe, and "not make haste," had ushered a new era into her life.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELOISE'S SECRET.

"There's Helen's light! Does it beckon to you, Marion?" asked Trudie, as Marion closed the door of the "poky little bedroom."

"Yes." Marion's tone was full.

"Now, don't go and make an allegory out of a simple question. Did you notice how wild her eyes were to-night, and how she was startled when Emmeline said some person wanted to see her? It was only somebody with a note about something, and she did not look like herself for some time. I'm afraid she's troubled about something."

"She doesn't let herself be troubled," remarked Marion.

"I know that, but something makes her nerves shiver. She looked just as I feel about mail time. I dread to hear about my book, and yet I am always expecting it. I shall be glad when everything is all over," said Trudie, excitedly. "Somebody calls life a 'fever,' and I am sure it is."

"But—if—" Marion spoke slowly—"it is all true—what Miss Helen says, there's nothing to fret about, Trudie. All we have to do is to wait."

"Yes, wait!" was the sententious reply. "I should think suspense would kill people."

"Trudie, I wish you *didn't* care so much," returned Marion in a troubled tone. "Perhaps we are troubled because we care more for such things than we ought to. The best things are *sure*, there's no suspense about them."

"Yes," Trudie's voice was quieter.

"How Miss Helen loves Agnes," said Marion in another tone, beginning to take the hair-pins out of her hair.

"Doesn't she! I believe she never passes her without touching her. She calls Agnes her 'child.' Aggie's own mother died when she was a baby; she says she always has been wanting some one to love her with Helen's mother-love. Aggie is so pleading and clinging, so little, too, that she does seem like a child when Helen talks to her. She has been delicate so long that Helen has felt as if she were her special care. I am so glad for them both, they were born to fit each other. That is one of the beautiful things I have taken note of."

"What is another?"

"Tom Nelson says his mother is the most perfect character he knows. I like to hear young men say such things."

"And another?" enquired Marion, busy with her hair.

"Aggie Lucerne refused to marry a rich man, because she knew it would be for a home for her and Con. Many girls would have done it. He is a sort of skeptic, but he's generous and educated, and loved her dearly. And he promised to educate Con. Now she has a home with Helen without soiling her soul to get it. That was a grand thing to do, wasn't it? It wore upon her, for she was afraid she would die and leave Con!"

"Yes," exclaimed Marion, her eyes

kindling, "because she might have reasoned that it was right to do. Did Miss Helen help her out of it?"

"As she helps everybody—by praying for her."

"And Aggie didn't love him?"

"Oh, no. How could she? Could you love anybody that did not believe in God, Marion?"

"No. Being together in that is the best part of it," answered Marion, flushing to her temples.

"I wonder what Helen does sitting up so late. You said her light is always late, isn't it!"

"Mother says so. It sees me asleep every night. I wonder why *she* isn't married, Trudie?"

Marion seated herself as if the subject required deliberation.

"Because—Won't you tell? Do you promise?"

"Yes, indeed," was the eager reply.

Marion did like true love stories.

"Well, somebody used to come to the Parsonage," began Trudie, mysteriously. "Mother told me about it. It was years ago when I was at school. He was tall and handsome, with dark eyes—don't you notice how she always likes dark eyes? It was through Agnes Lucerne, before she went away to teach; he was a cousin, I think. And suddenly he went away, and that is all mother knows."

"Is that all?" asked Marion, disappointedly.

"That is all mother knows. She has never spoken of him to mother. Helen was always crazy about education, and he was finely educated, father says. He could speak all sorts of languages, and had read everything. He taught her German and bought her books. Helen studied more those two winters, father says, than she ever did before. Father knew all about him, and said he was not half good enough for Helen; he lived for the world, just as much as Helen—doesn't. Father says it was a happy escape for Helen; she would have grown to be very unhappy, for he was utterly selfish, and Helen needs thoughtfulness. It would have been dreadful to be disappointed afterward—" Trudie stopped abruptly. "There, I've heard that noise before now; what is it?"

"It sounds like some one crying, but it can't be. The nurse sleeps with the children, and it surely can't be Eloise."

They listened; the sound of sobs quick and heavy, followed by a low, startled cry, brought them both to their feet. "It is Eloise!"

Marion unlocked the door that led into Mrs. Raynor's room. The candle on the bureau had burnt low, casting a fitful light over the room. Under the pink and white covering of the bed Marion spied a trem-

bling little figure, and heard the sobs from deep in the pillow.

"Why, Wesie, what's the matter?"

Trudie drew back, and softly closed the door.

"Oh, Marion!"

The child threw up her arms with a cry of delight.

"Why, Wesie, what's all this for?"

Marion seated herself upon the side of the bed, Eloise crept into her arms and clasped both arms about her neck.

"I was *fright*-ened!" she gasped. "I dreamed—that—moth—"

"That she turned into a cow and ate the moon up? And Will—"

"No, it was *dreadful*, and I thought I'd be good and not call her."

With quick sobs she clung nervously to Marion.

"To-morrow, when the sun is shining and the robin singing in Miss Helen's hedge, how you will laugh at the idea of being frightened. But you were a brave little maiden not to call your mother. I don't like to have ugly dreams: it is only that piece of chocolate cake that is moving around in your stomach. You wanted to be a heroine this morning, don't you know? Who will you be like? Joan of Arc?"

"No, I don't like her."

Very tenderly Marion loosened the clinging arms and settled the child comfortably in her lap, still keeping her seat upon the side of the bed. The light flashed out, revealing a white, frightened face.

"Poor Wesie!" said Marion, kissing her as she drew her mere closely to her arms.

A warm grateful light flushed the brown eyes—a light that from that moment shone in them for Marion till the white lids closed over them for the last time.

"My back has ached so all day: I always dream when my back aches. It made me cross to-day; I wish I didn't have to be cross."

"I don't believe you will be to-morrow," soothed Marion.

Once more the dying light brightened the room, then the wick dropped and smouldered and sputtered out its life.

"That is an ugly smell."

"Oh, don't put me down; it won't hurt us," cried Eloise.

"Very well, I won't then."

The hot fingers stroked Marion's face with loving touches, then found their way into the two hands that were folded together holding her so close.

Eloise's hands were her messengers and suppliants.

"Who is that old lady that came in the stage to-night?"

"My old auntie. She lives about fifteen miles from Sunny Plains."

"Isn't she married?"

"No."

"I wish she had a little girl," were the next words.

"Why?"

"Because mother says there's nothing so good, and I'd like her to have something good."

"She does have *her* good things. Shall I sing?"

"Oh yes, please."

"Something funny?"

"No, something *good*; I don't feel funny. Sing the one I like best."

Very comforting and restful Marion's voice was; so were the words of the hymn Eloise loved best.

"Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way,"

sang the voice that loved the words as much as the child loved them.

"Does He?" the child whispered through the darkness. Marion's heart throbbed with a great love towards puny, fretful, little Eloise.

"Yes, He loves you *dearly*."

After a pause Eloise asked: "Please sing it once more."

At its close Eloise opened her sleepy eyes: "Mother said to-day that you were *unfishy*, Marion."

"Did she?"

At that moment the gift of a piano would not have given Marion so much delight.

"I am very glad," she replied; "I would rather people would say that about me than anything."

She drew the coverlid nearer and wrapped it around Eloise.

"Now, I'm so comfortable!" she said with a sigh of satisfaction. "It pays for my dream—almost."

Again and again Marion sang the words the child loved; the brown head grew heavier against her shoulder, and the breathing came regularly. Voices, steps, and a light were in the entry. Eloise did not stir. Mrs. Raynor came to the doorway; just behind her stood her husband. Marion drew her bare feet hastily under the skirt of her night-dress.

"What's the matter?" enquired Mrs. Raynor, anxiously.

"Is my little daughter sick?" said Mr. Raynor.

Nettie was his "child,"—only Eloise was "daughter."

Mr. Raynor brushed past his wife and took Eloise into his arms; not till her head rested on her father's bosom did she open her eyes.

"Oh, father!" with a little glad cry. "Oh, father, I know I am dreaming."

In a few words Marion explained how she found Eloise crying, made her escape, and ran in laughing to Trudie.

"How *did* I look?"

"You look well enough. You are quite

a picture with your hair in two long braids. Now, come to bed. You have opened your heart wide to 'that' Eloise."

"Trudie," Marion began, with the warm look all over her face, "I believe there are new births in our hearts all the time."

"Yes," assented Trudie, marvelling as to what new experience Marion had found.

Marion snuffed the candle with a pair of old shears, then seated herself on the carpet and opened the Bible that lay on the chair.

"I read a verse or two at night," said Trudie as she lay in bed watching her, "and sometimes that means so much that I can't read any more."

Marion snuffed the candle out with her shears, and set the candlestick outside the bedroom door. After a moment of silence she dropped on her knees beside the bed.

At one time she and Trudie had suffered much discomfiture about "saying their prayers," in the presence of each other; even now, Marion preferred to kneel shielded by the darkness.

The thoughts of the afternoon were still fresh in her mind. She had never felt before that she was speaking to God. Even Trudie, who was so near to her that she was conscious of every movement, even of her breath, was not near enough to know the petitions that made her prayer. How near the Holy Spirit must be if He prompted her requests! And every true prayer must be of His giving.

One petition Marion never forgot: "Make me unselfish."

Eloise's words had proved that the prayer was being answered. For the first time in her life she gave thanks for an answered prayer.

Then, her head sinking lower with a fluttering of the heart, she asked God to "take care of Tom, and bring him safe home again."

Not even Trudie did she tell that Tom Nelson had asked her to write to him.

"Unruffled" was the word in Trudie's thoughts when she saw Helen's face in the morning, with a light from within shining all over it.

Marion had promised Tom Nelson that she would write to him the day after he left Sunny Plains.

"Waive ceremony in this case, Marion, and write to me first! If that won't do, I'll write a letter to you now on the spot."

"Do," laughed Marion.

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR KEEPING GOLDFISH.

1. Have the diameter of the globe at least five times the fish's length.
2. Change the water no oftener than three times a week, and have it moderately warm.

3. In changing, lift the fish in a cup or linen net; never in the hand.

4. Feed with fine bread-crumbs and the yolks of eggs boiled hard and powdered.

5. Furnish the globe with water-plants, to give refreshing shadow, to purify the water, and afford food. The following weeds are procurable in fresh-water ponds:

Water Starwort (*Callitriche verna*), Water Milfoil (*Myriophyllum*), Ditch Moss (*Anacharis Canadensis*), Eel Grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*), Pennwort (*Hydrocotyle umbellata*), Hornweed (*Zannichelli palustris*), Duckweed (*Lemna polyrrhiza*). The Duckweed is especially liked for its seeds.

LENNIE, THE GOLDFISH.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

In the clear sparkling water
Of linden-girt pond,
Where green moss hangs its clusters
And fern lifts its frond,
Lived a tribe of gay goldfish,
Contented and free
As such small, simple creatures
Could possibly be.

But one day, in their play-hour,
At chase through the wave,
A dark net came descending,
As still as the grave
And caught all the bright goldfish,
No more were they seen
In their gardens of crystal
And nests of cool green.

Ah! what torments they suffered.
The brightest of all
Was enclosed in a glass globe,
So cruelly small
He could find no nook ever
To stretch his full length,
And the cramped, ceaseless circle
Exhausted his strength.

He was sold to three children,
Who saw with delight,
Through the dazzling shop-window,
This wee, cunning wight.
In their beautiful parlor,
Mid flowers and birds,
They made place for their goldfish,
With flattering words.

And they named their pet "Lennie."
Each morning was heard
Their three shrill, eager voices
Repeating this word,
As they brought the cold water
To fresh fill his glass
Or stood watching his beauty
Like gilded wand pass.

Do you know how they hurt him
With little rough hands,
When they pulled him out boldly,
As rude bath demands?

Can you think how they hurt him
With bits of coarse straws,
Which he swallowed like "Jonah"
And flung from his jaws?

Oh! the children laughed loudly
To play the sad trick,
And they laughed to clutch boldly
A live thing so quick,
And they laughed when he darted
Like arrow away,
As in clear ice-cold water
They plunged him each day.

So they dreamed not the suffering
Poor Lennie endured;
If they had, their unkindness
Would soon have been cured;
For they loved their pet dearly
And wanted to keep
Just forever and ever
This "golden bo-peep."

But at last on bright Lennie
Strange black spots appeared,
And dark circles surrounded
His keen eyes unbleared,
And his swimming was slower,
Save at times when he flew
Far more frantic and sudden
Than happy fish do.

And poor Lennie was dying!
He ached with the cold,
He was starving and pining,
With bruises untold.
Oh! actually starving.
Good morsels of bread,
With fine crumblets of egg-yolks,
He should have been fed.

And, above all, he longed for
The water-plant's leaf,
Such as grew in wild plenty
Where life knew no grief;
Where emerald parasols
Branched through the wave
And the kind boughs both shelter
And nourishment gave.

Oh! the red-stemmed rich starwort,
He dreams of it now,
Round his sad heart its columns
Like pale rubies glow;
And the horn-weed and grasses,
The water-snails' bowers,
The dear milfoil that changes
In summer to flowers.

Little Lennie was dying,
And now 'twas too late
With white bread-crumbs to tempt him,
Or lift him in state
In smooth net of fine linen;
And too late to take
The sharp chill from the water,
That made his heart quake.

'Tis a sad sight this morning
The children behold—
A dark speck on the water
Lies stiffened and cold.
Of the glad, sunny creature
All image is fled,
The live gold is turned leaden
And Lennie is dead.
—New York Independent.

The Home.

TWO SUNDAYS IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

BY M. E. H.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Livv?"

It was her sister Grace who called, pausing for a minute at the door of the bedroom where Olivia and her cousin Matilda were having a grand frolic preparatory to undressing.

"'Tis Saturday night, remember, child!" And the rustling of silken skirts passed on and downward.

"Oh dear me! so it is!" exclaimed Olivia, with a sudden change of tone from glee to discontent, as she stood still, and dropped the pillow aimed at her cousin's head. "Too bad!"

"Why?" interrogated Tilda, a fresh, well-browned country girl spending her first week in the city. "You don't begin Sunday on Saturday evening, do you, like old Aunt Hathaway down in Danvers?"

"No! I should hope not! But we have to put everything nice away—all our dolls and fixin's. Bother Sunday, anyhow!" she muttered, as she proceeded to the task.

"Livv Heywood!" exclaimed the astonished Tilda, "Do you want to be a heathen?"

"I suppose not!" in a disconsolate way, as she tucked into her costly doll-house the beautiful wax baby that meekly shut its eyes to order as it lay down. "Only I do wish, Tilda, you and I could cuddle in here with Adeliza, and just sleep it over until Monday morning!"

"Miss Sabbath-day! You're joking. But this is not a nice thing to joke about, you know, so please stop, and let's hurry to pick up. I ought to have thought of it before, but we have run around so much to-day that my head got fairly turned, I do believe."

"To think, though, that all our good times are over!" bemoaned Olivia.

"But I'm not going away until Monday noon!"

"Yes! but what's Sunday?"

The entrance of the old nurse cut short the vigorous reply that was ready on Tilda's tongue.

"Get along to bed with ye, young ones, or I shall never have you out for your bath in the morning! Deary me! such a chatter!"

Mr. and Mrs. Heywood were conscientious people, who truly strove after a Christian family life in the heart of a worldly city. Still, the week was a busy time to the harassed merchant; and when the strain was relaxed, after the special tension of Saturday evening, it left him little disposed to arise early on Sabbath morning. The household took its key-note from him and mamma, and came straggling down separately or by twos to coffee, all the way from half-past eight to ten o'clock. No one looked rested and happy. Even Tilda's bright face was clouded, for the contrast that was in her memory made her homesick. She had been supremely happy, for the past six days, in ranging over and among all the wonders of the city and park. And she had set much store upon going into a city church; but now the general discontent infected her.

"There! the bell! girls, get ready quick, or I cannot wait for you," called Olivia's mother. "Grace!"—she was rustling down stairs—"are you not going with us?"

"No; I'm going with Nellie S., to hear Dr. B."

"And the boys are off to Mr. R's," said her father. "I don't like this scattering, mind you!"

Grace shrugged her shoulders. "One gets so tired of one thing! I shall be around in time for Sunday-school!"

"So you have Sunday-school too!" queried Tilda, as the two cousins walked demurely along behind the elder couple.

"I—no indeed! Sunday schools are for poor children, that don't know anything. Grace has a class, and she says it's such a bore!"

"Does she have to keep it, then?"

"Of course not; but papa wants her to; and then it's something to do on Sunday, at any rate!"

They were at the door of the dim, richly-furnished church; and, entering, were lost in the depths of a crimson-cushioned pew. Tilda almost held her breath, it was all so strange and gorgeous. And then the organ! It was pealing forth its voluntary, and she listened like one entranced. Her

aunt telegraphed to her a nudge not to gaze around toward it, which she obeyed, though sorely tempted; and sat straight as a reed through the long service. The text was a familiar one; and, at first, she liked the preacher very much. But her little head soon got confused with trying to follow him. Here and there fine things flashed down upon her; but, as she told her mother afterwards, "It didn't seem just like a sermon." He who preached was the young colleague of the elder pastor, a white-headed patriarch who closed the service with a prayer that quite melted Tilda's heart, and made her forget where she was. But Olivia's funny remarks upon the dresses and people that passed by as they walked homewards, though she knew they were wrong, drove all seriousness out of her mind.

As Sabbath noon was the only one of the week which Mr. Heywood could spend with his family, they dined at two o'clock; and felt justified in preparing a meal more elaborate than usual. To be sure, as much as might be of the work of preparation had been accomplished on Saturday evening. But though the board was richly spread, there was small sociality about it. Whenever Olivia or her young brothers ventured a remark, the father looked up suspiciously, and often interrupted with "Talk about something else of a Sunday!" He and his wife meanwhile introduced no topic that could interest the children. Grace glanced from time to time into a magazine by her plate; and so the meal went off. The boys were heard to explode into a giggle and a scuffle, the moment the dining-room door was closed behind them.

"Behave yourselves, boys!" called out the father sternly, as he turned to go off and take his accustomed Sabbath afternoon nap. "Go and get some Sunday reading!" mildly advised their mother, as she prepared to follow him.

They kicked and thumped their way upstairs, to find at least something in the shape of a book. Olivia and Matilda, in time, sauntering around aimlessly but more quietly, came upon them with heads joined over a copy of Robinson Crusoe.

"O John! you naughty boy—you know you are! I'll go tell mother, if you don't put that right down!"

"See here, young lady!" demanded John, bitterly; "I'd like to see you do it! Who got out her writing-desk to write a composition one Sunday, and who—"

"Oh! nonsense!" interrupted 'Livy. "But I did put it away; and you ought to—really, now!"

"Hang it! what is a fellow to find?"

"Haven't you any nice books nor monthlies?" suggested Tilda. "I saw such a pretty copy of Pilgrim's Progress down on the centre-table, with pictures."

"Gloomy old thing!" yawned Frank with a grimace. "Come, Johnny, sneak down stairs, and smuggle up a lot of old newspapers. Put an *Observer* on the top, say! Sunday side up! Guess we'll scare up something out of 'em!" The girls wandered into the small library at the end of the drawing-room. Tilda lighted upon a book, which 'Livy, with a pout, declared a "stupid thing," and tucked herself up to read it in a corner of the luxurious sofa. But Olivia was so often calling her to the window to watch the airs and dress of this and that passer-by, that she did not keep her place and interest very well. At length her cousin, turning, fumbled about the shelves. "You are perfect in your catechism, I suppose?" she said to Tilda.

"No; I've never learned it; why?"

"You don't say so? Why, we recite it every Sabbath evening! Plague the old book, where in the world is it? Oh—here!"

Pulling out a well-thumbed book, she sat down to run over the half-comprehended answers—all most excellent ones, if they had been accompanied with motherly explanations and counsel. Tilda was troubled, at tea-time, when her turn came in the questioning on the catechism, but modestly explained that her parents had never required her to commit it. "That was one of Susan's notions, I believe," remarked Mr. Heywood in an aside to his wife.

"Most extraordinary!" responded the latter.

Tilda's cheeks burned; the more so, as the boys, off whose tongues the answers rolled glibly if not always correctly, made grimaces at her whenever their father's face was turned away.

"I suppose you recollect the text of the morning, at least, Matilda?" suddenly spoke out Mr. Heywood, at the close. "You may repeat that!"

The text? what was it? It had had so little connection with the discourse to her, that she had wandered away from it, and now, on the spur of the moment's call, it wouldn't come back! She hung her head in silence, and blushed almost to tears.

"Olivia!" no better result; but Olivia did not blush at her forgetfulness. It was an old story. "What do you go to church for, girls?" in a reproving tone. "It is astonishing how careless our children are growing nowadays! Frank, ring the bell for prayers! It is almost meeting time."

Prayers being over, Mr. and Mrs. Heywood went out to the evening service, while Grace, who had a slight headache, sat down to her piano to play an anthem. Tilda was enjoying it to the full, in spite of her boy-cousins' pranks, when Olivia yawned and whispered, "Do come to bed early, so as to have it over!"

"Stay till this is finished!" pleaded 'Tilda.

Once in their room again, Oliva sat musing as she unbraided her hair.

"Too bad that you must go to-morrow, 'Tilda!"

"But, then, you are to come and see me in just a month, you know! See if you don't like our country Sundays better," she added, sagely.

"Well, if I don't—Now, 'Tilda, don't think me horrid; but I must out with it! If heaven—some folks say it is—is one long run of Sundays like to-day, I don't want to go there! There now!"

Twenty-four hours later, when Matilda found herself in her mother's room, running eagerly over all the events of the week's visit, she ended with,

"And it was all beautiful, mother; all but Sunday! I don't know why—I never want to pass Sunday there again. Nor anywhere, but in my dear, darling old home!"

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Here you are!"

"Oh! I'm glad!"

"We've expected you every evening for three days."

"Yes, but father was always prevented by some dreadful thing or other. And now he only came with me as, far as G—, on his way to Y—. He will come after me when he goes back next Wednesday, Aunt Susan, he told me to say to you."

"And this is Saturday! Why you will not stay a week! Not so long as I did! That is not fair!"

"Well," laughed Aunt Susan, "make the most of her while you have her. Never grumble at the must bes!"

Such were a few of the exclamations and greetings, one pleasant Saturday eve, when Mrs. Noyes and Matilda had gone down to their quiet little depot to meet Olivia Heywood, just come on from the city to return her cousin's visit.

They sauntered along a pleasantly shaded road towards the house, the girls, of course, chatting like magpies. They were met near the gate by a neat, maid-of-all-work with a baby-boy in arms, and a five-year-old trudging at her side.

"Cousin 'Livy's tome," screamed the latter, making a great rush at her mother, in whose skirts she muffled her delight and bashfulness. The baby jumped and crowed his welcome. Olivia kissed and patted his fair cheek, and then tried to entice to her side "little Mother Bunch," as Trudy was often styled. But she hung back like a cub-fox.

"Never mind her," laughed her elder sister. "You'll get enough of her in the

end. Come along, 'Livy; I want you to see my dear little room."

It was indeed a pleasant nest under the cottage eaves, fresh and white with its dimity counterpane, and toilet with a rough box for stand. No gas, no Brussels carpet, nor one of the pretty things that made up Olivia's chamber luxuries. But a graceful woodbine had been trained over the open window; and a vase of lovely flowers ornamented the small pine bureau.

"Now come into our play-room;" and 'Tilda opened the door into a long narrow apartment, half-filled with chests and playthings. There was room, however, for a fine rocking-horse, and for a capacious baby-house, made out of an old packing-box, and curtained with chintz. Inside was arranged a family of babies of mixed breeds; some pure "rag doll," others boasting brains of a higher order; and one, the princess of Doll-dom, with "real true" curls, and waxen face and arms.

"We haven't put anything away yet, you see," explained 'Tilda, as she hastily displayed her treasures, "because we wanted you just to have one peep to-night. We'll have rare times with them on Monday though. See! here is a regular doll's carriage, and there is a little cart. We will take Maude to ride down the lane. If you had only brought on Adeliza!"

"Mother said it would be silly," replied Olivia.

"And here are my books and pictures," said 'Tilda, opening a little book-case. "But you haven't time to look at them now." For "Tome to breakfast!" was sounding in their ears from the stairway. "Trudy never will learn the difference in meal-times!" exclaimed her sister. "Run along, pussy, and tell mamma we're coming."

It was a lively and pleasant tea-table. Olivia was almost a stranger to her uncle and aunt, but she was soon made to feel at her ease with them.

"Yes, run out a few minutes, if you like," said Mrs. Noyes, in response to a whisper of 'Tilda's; "but come again soon, you know!"

"Yes, mamma."

Down the lane, across the green meadow newly mown, away by the side of the babbling brook. Oh, what treasures were there, under the arches of the wild grapevines! Olivia could have picked checker-berries, gathered wild flowers, and chatted for hours; but 'Tilda urged her back again. "Must we leave it all?"

"Oh, it'll keep! and then, we have enough else—but, you shall see. Now we must work fast to put things in order in this play-room. 'Trudy's doll stays out until Sabbath morning, because it always sleeps with her. The rest of you must go into the convent—and mind you behave

yourselves!" she added, dropping the chintz curtain with a laugh, as she turned to lock her bookcase.

"What? Don't you keep your books out on Sunday?"

"Oh yes! Not these, though."

"Here's the Sunday cubby," put in Trudy who had pushed in, unheard before. She patted the door of a narrow wardrobe in the corner.

"Trudy! come to your tub!" was the summons from below.

"Let's hurry down and see her splash!" suggested Tilda. "You have no idea how round and rosy all over she is. Just like a little dolphin, mamma says."

So down into the low kitchen they went, carrying the preparations for their own bath; and had a grand frolic with it all. Then to bed, where Aunt Susan came and tucked them in, with a good-night kiss, and with "God give us a pleasant and happy Sabbath-day, my dears."

Olivia woke, half confused, to hear the birds pouring out a torrent of music over the vine-shaded window. She raised her head at a pattering sound on the painted floor. Matilda still slept soundly; but little Trudy, in her white "nightie" and bare fat feet, was marching pit-pat through to the play-room, with a large rag doll dragged over her shoulder, and such a serious look in her eyes.

"What are you after, Trudy?"

"She's been good all night," said Trudy, meditatively, nodding back at her dolly. "Now she's going to sleep. Dollies can't have Sundays; they haven't got any fink, mamma says! I've got the cubbykey, too," she chirped, swinging it by its long pink ribbon. "That's 'cause I got up the firstest!"

And she proceeded demurely to tuck away her beloved dolly behind the curtain, and to open the cupboard. In this last operation she found some difficulty, and Matilda, waking up, jumped and ran to her assistance. An exclamation of joy burst from each.

"Oh, my! such a pretty new card! Is it Samson, Tilda?"

"No, 'tis Moses striking the rock to make water come out. But Trudy, child! run away and dress!"

Her cousin had joined her by this time; and Tilda well enjoyed her flush of pleased surprise as she gazed into the closet. The shelves were furnished with everything that could make the sacred day agreeable or instructive to the children. There were books, magazines, and illustrated newspapers, some in bound volumes. There was a Concordance, and a full set of Kitto. There were pens, ink, and blank-books. There were picture-cards hung around, as well as cards for reading; and picture-books in plenty upon the shelf. Likewise a slate for

Trudy, with a wonderful frame bearing on one side her name, and the alphabet in printed and written letters; on the other side, a variety of small words and pictures were pasted. Likewise a set of blocks, also lettered and pictured.

"See! what a good mamma! She has put in this lovely new book for us to read to-day; quite new. Usually she reads the book once, with us, and then puts them in to stay. See! how many. Have you ever read this and this?" taking down her favorites, many of them beautifully bound and illustrated.

"Why, one could read all day!" exclaimed Olivia

"Yes, indeed! But dear me, we must do something else first. What am I thinking of?"

They dressed and sat down together to read the morning chapter, in the clear sunlight of the September morning.

"There's the table to set, now," remarked Tilda after a time. "You can have either the baby or the books while I'm at work."

Breakfast came, with its sunshine and its texts, each repeating one, and the father following it with some appropriate explanation or anecdote. Then prayers; a chapter patiently opened to their comprehension; and a glad song in which all joined, even baby Harry on mamma's knee entering into it with spirit, if not with understanding.

Then the quiet walk to church,—all but mamma and baby: It was neither a rich nor a sombre church, but one full of the pleasant morning light and fresh country air. The sermon was suited to the audience. Olivia found herself attending to it as she rarely did to one of more pretension.

After it came the country Sabbath-school, which numbered in its classes the infant and the gray-haired man. Pleasant talks, singing, and recitation.

"Don't you like Sabbath-school?" whispered Tilda as they passed out.

"Grandly! This isn't one mite like Gracie's, though!"

After the simple dinner, the mother prepared to go to the afternoon service in her turn.

"Girls, you can wash up the dishes and mind the children," she said, quietly. "Lotta will go to church with me."

"Yes'm."

"She didn't once say, 'Be good girls and remember Sunday,'" thought her niece in secret wonder.

By-and-by, after a general tidying up, Tilda took down her hat from its nail, and proceeded to array little Harry in his hat and sacque. Trudy was ready, in a blue sun-bonnet that almost swallowed her.

"Where are you going?" demanded Olivia in wonder.

"Put on your hat, Livy, please! Bring along the book, too. We will go and give

baby an airing. Here, Trudy—your picture-card! Now where's the carriage for my prince?"

Crowing and clapping the baby sat, as she drew him down the garden-path into the orchard, and stopped at a quiet knoll under a spreading apple-tree.

"Just as good as an arbor; only see how the boughs bend down. Plenty of ripe apples, too. Only, Trudy mind you don't eat but one."

"Es; I'll eat a big one," replied that young lady, who stalked about, an image of contentment. The baby rolled and crept about the soft grass. The girls explained to Trudy her card, and then, interlacing arms, were buried for a time in the new book.

"Trudy, what are you up to?" called out her sister, as that small damsel, placing her half-eaten apple upon a root of the old tree began to trudge slowly house-ward.

"Got a sick butterfly!" responded Trudy out of the deep sun-bonnet. "Got to put him in hospittle!" Trudy had, I must explain, a corner for invalid bugs and crickets.

"But—on Sabbath-day?" I don't know," queried Tilda. It was a poser to her, but not so to the little one. She turned with arms folded across her back.

"Nessity and marsy, Tilda! Don't you 'stonish me! Nessity and Marsy, mamma said so!" Nodding triumphantly, she went on, tenderly bearing the crippled butterfly.

"What a queer thing!" laughed Olivia. "What does she mean?"

"Why, one Sunday, I asked mamma about something she was doing for a sick neighbor, and she said 'works of necessity and mercy' were always allowable, and then explained it to me. To think of the little rogue's remembering it! But come, it is time to go in and write our texts."

They passed in, established Master Baby with his blocks and rattle, and sat down with blank books and pens from the closet. Trudy was to print hers as well as she could upon her slate.

"Mamma likes to have us write what we can recollect about the heads of the sermon, too," observed Tilda.

Before this was finished, the churchgoers returned. Trudy sprang to the window in glee, and baby was lifted beside her, to patter and call to papa and mamma, who answered by nods and smiles from outside.

"Now for our best treat!" exclaimed Tilda. "Mamma dear, let me take your bonnet and mantle up-stairs, and you just rest here so that we can begin all the sooner. I'll fetch the books and papers too."

"Baby going to be very still? Then he may stay too and hear the story! Here, mamma, here is the New York 'Observer' with one of Mrs. Prentiss' nice stories, and

the "Christian Weekly" And here 'is your delightful scrap-book!"

An hour passed on swift wings, interrupted only by baby's exodus into the kitchen dominions, when he grew too restless to play audience. Trudy asked her droll questions, and all were free and happy. A song or two followed, with the parlor organ to accompany; and then they made ready for tea.

After tea came evening prayers, when the text was repeated and the sermon questioned upon; and each recited a hymn or verse; among them the Ten Commandments. In her uncle's prayer, which followed, even Olivia could not help feeling how tenderly each one of the household was separately commended to the kind care of the all-loving Father.

Uncle Noyes went to the evening service, but aunt remained at home.

"Either father or mother stays with us," said Tilda. "Now I must study my lesson for next Sunday, while mamma puts the small folks to bed. Trudy always has a little bit of a story of her own at bedtime; and baby repeats 'Now 'ay me' so cunningly with his hands folded. Here is the book for you to finish."

"Well, my dears!" said Aunt Noyes, by-and-by, as she dropped smiling into her arm-chair. The girls drew up foot-stools and sat on each side of her, Tilda leaning her head on her mother's lap. This was the hour for heart-questions and counsel. Many a doubt had been solved to Tilda's conscience, and many a crooked thing had been straightened, or a seemingly straight course shown to be crooked, in the Sabbath evening talk at mamma's knee.

"What is it that makes Sunday so nice here, dear aunt?" blushing Olivia found courage to ask, after some minutes of pleasant talk had made her feel like fully opening her heart.

"It's part the baby, I know—but—" and she hesitated.

Aunt Susan meditated a full minute, softly stroking her niece's hair. She was musing how best to answer without reflecting upon others.

"I suppose, dear," she replied slowly, "it is, first of all, because we try to please God on His own day. If we did just what we liked, without any thought of Him do you think all the freedom in the world could make the Sabbath day happy?"

"I'm sure not!" said Tilda.

"When I was a little girl," she went on, "I was often very unhappy at bidding my dolls and playthings good-bye of a Saturday night, and finding nothing to do, as it seemed to me, when I woke up on Sabbath morning. As I grew older, it entered my head that there might be some contrivance for making Sunday a day of innocent

pleasures that could not be enjoyed through the week; a day of promise instead of privation."

"That is it! that's just it, mamma," cried Tilda in delight. "I could never get at the why of it before!"

"And now, dears, it is time for your evening chapters, and to bed. To-morrow, if pleasant, we will show dear Livy all the wonders of the neighborhood. Go, put away all the Sunday books!"

"May I keep out this one auntie; since I shall not be here another Sunday?"

"Yes, dear; Tilda will put it by afterwards."

"With my eyes shut, mamma!" laughed Tilda. "I've done teasing about that," she added, to her cousin. "Mamma taught me such a long time ago, that the way to have my Sunday enjoyments was to save them up!"

"And now, darlings, remember to the end the old verse:

"A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever be gained
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow!"

"I shouldn't mind," said Olivia, deliberately, as she stood arrayed for "sweet sleep," in the moonlight that streamed through their chamber window; "I am sure I shouldn't mind—a great many such Sundays in heaven!"—*Christian Weekly.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY G. B. EMERSON, LL. D.

The most important and the most neglected part of education is the training, from birth, of all the senses and faculties of the body. To be perfect, it must be begun at the very earliest stage of infancy, and continued till every sense and every bodily power shall have reached maturity. There can be little doubt that a man so educated, with all the senses and other bodily faculties brought into full, natural, and healthy action, and with only the commonest school instruction, would be more likely to live a happy, useful and distinguished life, than the same man with all the discipline that the best academies and colleges could give, without this complete education of the bodily faculties.

The most precious thing that was ever committed to the care of a mortal, a newborn infant, is laid in the mother's arms, the most delicate, the frailest, the most dependent of all things. The heaven-given intelligence is in embryo; all the senses which are to be trained to be ministers of this intelligence, the senses of sight, feeling, hearing, smelling, and taste, are to be care-

fully watched, protected from harm, and gradually directed to their proper object. Every part of the infant body is imperfect. The bones are not hard; those of the head do not protect the head, but are themselves to be carefully protected, till they touch each other and unite, so as at last to protect the brain. The eye, destined to connect the individual with almost all else in creation, and to give knowledge of all things external, must be watchfully cared for. The head should never be so laid that the sunshine, or the full light of day, or of a lamp, can directly fall upon it. The chamber should be kept partially lighted. All movements about it should be gentle.

When the child gets on far enough to creep, and to get at and handle everything it can reach, it should be allowed to do so. It is learning the use of its fingers, what things are hard and what soft, what smooth and what rough. It will soon learn what are heavy and what light; what are flexible and what stiff; that is, it will learn the qualities of things. Every movement and every touch is recognized by the brain, and is thus educating the brain. A child should not, unnecessarily, be interrupted or disturbed in its investigation, at the very moment when he is as much interested in them as its aunt is in the last novel, or its brother in Higginson's America, or its father in his volume of history. No child can be led prematurely to walk, without the risk of weakening or crooking its legs. Let it alone; it will walk when it is ready.

When a boy is stout enough to be abroad, especially if he has the privilege of living in the country, let him go abroad and play in the grass and in the dirt and among the stones. All these are things which he must learn about, and he is in haste to pursue his education. He must be making his experiments, and finding out the difference between *wet land* and *dry land*, or mud. If he can get near a brook or stream, he must be studying the running of water, and its whirling and falling, and the making and breaking of bubbles. He is as really and as naturally and earnestly studying the nature of water, as the philosopher is when he is pursuing exactly the same study, and calling it Hydrostatics and Hydraulics. If his parents have taste and sense and knowledge enough they will sympathize with him, and thus quicken and guide his enquiries and awaken new. The insect world, the world of creeping things and birds and quadrupeds, will open to him, especially if he have the good fortune to live near a forest. I know an old man who had a grandson, not old enough to be a candidate for school, who had become very much interested in butterflies, grasshoppers, and other insects. "Grand-papa," he said one day to the old man, "I have found something very curious in this creature; I don't

know that you will understand it—I do not understand it very well myself." He then pointed out an apparatus under the insect's wing, and said: "There, he does not sing through his mouth, but through that hole." He had himself thus discovered what had not been long known by the naturalists.

What shall the boy do in winter? Let him go out into the snow and learn to play in it, and wade in the snow, or slide on the ice as soon as he can. Let him be out as much as possible; for the sun is not only the giver of light and heat, but of life and health also. In the long evenings, let him have plays of all sorts if he can find companions; Hunt the Slipper, Puss in the Corner, and everything else of the kind. Or he may have gymnastics; he and his companions, his sister, his aunts, his brother, his father, if he has manliness and sense enough to join. Let them square their shoulders, throwing back their arms and holding up their heads, and walk backward and forward, with measured steps; jump—once, twice, thrice, four, five, or six times; run and spring, once and again, as far and as high as possible; swing the arms, first one, then the other, then both, five or six times—first forward, then backward; throw the fist up forcibly as high as possible, and down forcibly many times. These drills, and others that will readily occur, may be devised to exercise and develop all the muscles of all the limbs, so that they may be brought to their full size and strength; for it will soon be seen that a muscle much used, if used carefully, will become larger and fuller and stronger. By keeping the shoulders well back and the head erect, during all these exercises, the chest will expand, and the breathing naturally become freer and fuller. The mother must take care that the dress both of boys and girls should be so fashioned as never to impede any motion of the limbs, and especially not to compress the regions of breathing or of digestion.

There is no reason why boys, as well as girls, should not be taught all the arts which may pleasantly occupy the hands, such as knitting, netting, sewing, crotchetting. All such things will give them the ready use of their fingers, and will, at the same time, be exercising their powers of attention, and thus developing and exercising their brain.

To aid in exercising the skill in contrivance, sets of paper and wooden models, geometrical and building, and a variety of others, may be introduced, which will entertain, occupy, and instruct children. And it will be well and pleasant for the mother to enable the child to use the proper names and words in speaking of all these things. It would be very easy to enlarge upon this subject, but enough has been said to in-

dicating the course to be taken with other things.—*New England Journal of Education.*

CHEAPNESS, COMFORT, AND LUXURY.

BEDROOMS.

We who aspire to be housekeepers must submit our æsthetic delights to a system of rigorous analysis. We can not afford to simply enjoy pleasing effects; we must find out how they are produced. If we see a beautiful dress in the street, our first glance takes it to pieces, makes it up again, and estimates its cost; our second may acknowledge its excellences, subject to the private conviction that, in our own hands, they would have been much enhanced. Somewhat similar must be our attitude toward the household arrangements of our friends—when the time comes for us to have houses of our own. We may admire with half an eye, but we must criticise with two whole ones.

Let us, for example, step into this pretty front bedroom, with its two windows on the same side. A soft rose-colored light pervades it, with pearl gray shadows, such as we imagine in the chambers of the marquises at Louis XV.'s court. The carpet is pink and black arabesques on a dark gray ground. The walls are hung with gray paper and adorned with photographs from French genre pictures. The windows are draped in graceful folds of pink and gray, and so is the bed, whose flowing curtains fall from a tester, and are caught back to the wall on either side. Bed and pillows are covered with a charming gray counterpane, embroidered with pink. Between the windows stands a toilette-table with tester and draperies to match the bed; if you sit down in the comfortable little dressing-chair and peep into the oval mirror, you will find your countenance softened by a most becoming light. Beneath one of the windows we see a low, broad, Oriental-looking divan, furnished with a couple of soft cushions. The mantelshelf has a valance to match the counterpane, and so do the brackets in the corners, which support vases filled with maiden-hair and other ferns. The second window is monopolized by a gypsy table, mounted in pink satteen, the rim studded with brass nails; in front of this sits sociably a low Shaker easy-chair, with plumply cushioned back and seat; a rocking-chair of similar fashion is comfortably established upon the hearth-rug. A work-table is made beautiful with an embroidered cover: this and a waste-paper basket of black and gold wicker-work complete the room.

Now all this seems luxurious, and is manifestly comfortable; but how about cheap-

ness? Can we conjure it into a reality for ourselves without risk of our incantations being paralyzed by the upholsterer's bill! Let us submit the room to our vigorous analysis, and we shall see.

In the first place, we must buy an indefinite amount of chintz, striped with alternate pink and gray, each strip three inches wide. The best plan is to have a whole piece sent home from the shop, use as much as we need, and then return the remainder.

For the bed, let it be a simple iron one, with or without a foot rail. Get a couple of stout wooden bars (they should be about three inches wide by an inch thick, and seven or eight feet long), and make them fast to the head-posts of the bed. Next take three lighter strips of wood, equal in length to the distance apart of your two bars; nail two of them at right angles to the third, and you have three sides of a square. Now fix the open side of your square firmly to the tops of your two uprights, and you have a tester frame-work. The square must be strengthened in its position by a diagonal brace on each side; and matters will be farther improved by a horizontal brace nailed behind the two uprights to keep *them* steady. And now we are ready for the chintz.

Stretch it tightly between the two uprights, being careful the stripes run vertically, and to keep the right side of the cloth toward the bed. Do the same by the horizontal overhanging square. Having prepared your curtains, nail them along the sides of the top. They should be a breadth and a half wide, and long enough to drape gracefully. Outside the curtains and round all three sides of the tester nail a shaped lambrequin, edged and headed by a pink ruffle, put on with narrow pink braid. Make two rosettes of oval pieces of wood covered on one side with chintz over a padding of moss, and bordered with an inch-wide ruffle; let the pink stripe form the centre of the rosette, and ruffle the gray round it. Fasten them into the wall on either side of the bed, using for the purpose a screw about four inches long. The curtains are looped back on these by loops made of a shaped and lined piece of chintz, the pink stripe running along the middle, and the lower edge ruffled crosswise of the goods. Throw over the bed a gray sateen counterpane coarsely embroidered with pink worsted, nail a chintz founce long enough to sweep the floor round the base, and, behold! the very counterpart of what we have been admiring.

Flushed with our success, we next proceed to catechise the dressing-table. Its foundation is a rough board table, fitted with two shelves underneath; one four inches from the floor, the other about a foot above the first. To the back of the table are fastened three uprights—one midway,

the other two at a distance from it on either side of some six or eight inches. Across these three uprights nail a strip of wood parallel with the surface of the table, and extending a few inches beyond its ends; this is used to loop back the curtains to, when we shall have got them up. To the top of our uprights fasten a square tester frame, the same as that on the bed, except, of course, that it is about a third as large. Round the three front sides of the table and just below the top fasten a thin iron rod, and the frame work is complete.

Cover the top of the table with your chintz, stretched tight, the stripes running from front to back. Prepare a founce ample enough to more than reach from the table-top to the floor, and to curtain the three sides; run this on the iron rod, cutting it open up the centre of the front, so that it may be pushed aside when we wish to get to the shelves. Nail a ruffle to the table edge so as to conceal the rod without interfering with the working of the founce. Conceal your three uprights with a screen of common paper-muslin laid in fluted folds from top to bottom, the unglazed side out. Cover the tester frame likewise with paper-muslin, and arrange the curtains, lambrequin, and ruffle precisely as for the bed. Loop the curtains to the cross piece of wood already described, by gray bands, and let them fall to the carpet. The oval mirror, which gives such rose-colored reflections, is set in a plain wood frame, padded, like the rosettes above described, with moss. The padded frame is now covered with a pink stripe and ruffled on both sides with an inch of gray. Suspend this mirror, at such height as best suits you, to a strong iron hook fastened into the middle upright. Put beneath it a pincushion covered to match the counterpane, and your dressing-table is complete.

If we have got so far, what remains to be done need not give us much trouble. The window-curtains, are, of course, made to correspond with those of the bedstead; the imposing looking cornices are merely boards padded and chintz-covered, pink striped along the centre, and gray-ruffled at the top and bottom. The cosy Shaker chairs have moss-stuffed chintz cushions for back and seat. The Oriental divan is a box with a hinged cover, six feet long, three feet broad, and twelve inches high. The sides are veiled by a founce nailed around neatly; the top is fitted with a six-inch-thick mattress of moss or cotton-wool, covered with chintz, and caught down in diamond pattern with gray covered buttons, care being taken to leave margin sufficient to tack to the lid. Now nail a ruffle round the edge of the lid, leaving place for two stout strips of chintz to serve as handles when you wish to open the box. The cushions are made of yard-square pieces

of chintz stuffed with feathers; they are finished with a thick pink and gray worsted cord. The box is invaluable, interiorly speaking, as a haven for ball-dresses.

As for the mantle-piece valance, it is a piece of pink sateen glued along the marble adjoining the wall, and edged with a vandyked lambrequin gray embroidered. The toilette chair is a round box, the lid of which is padded to form the seat of the chair; the low curved back is affixed to the lid, not to the body of the box, for that would interfere with opening it. The box is covered with chintz like the divan, and a similar flounce is nailed round the bottom. The curved back rail is padded and ruffled like the cornices, and should be made high enough to reach the small of the back as you sit down; and the chair should be rather high than otherwise. Nothing now remains to be considered except the carpet, for which, since we can not make it, we must trust to luck. Let us trust that chance may send us either a second-hand Brussels marvellously cheap, or a fresh ingrain exceptionally pretty. For the photographs, they cost little and are worth much. Altogether, therefore this pretty chamber has not turned out very alarming, from a pecuniary point of view.—*Mrs. Julian Hawthorne in Harper's Bazar.*

TOM.

Tom slung his satchel over his shoulder and set off to school, after his ten days holiday, just as unwillingly as when, two hundred years ago, the melancholy Jaques made him immortal. His morning face does not shine nowadays, however; there are black dabs of burnt cork upon it, after the minstrel performances which he and the other fellows had last night. They tone with a fine fitness with the limp shirt-collar and unlaced muddy shoes. The American school-boy does not whine either; he shows his inexorable prejudice against learning and authority by banging his slate to bits against the hall walls, dashing his *Cæsar* at the pet poodle; he beats a tantara at his brother Percy's door (asleep after last night's opera and supper at Delmonico's), tumbles over Tot on the stairs, gives her a bearish hug, and goes out slamming the door, and down the street, not creeping by any means, but shouting out, "The fox jumped over the parson's gate," or other "chaste aria," stopping to talk to the policeman, with whom he is on friendly terms, to follow a fire-engine down the next street, or to swarm with a hundred of his congeners about a dog fight, or a procession. The house falls into a blissful lapse of silence as soon as he is out of it; the late sleepers

turn in their beds with a sigh of relief; the servants go about repairing damages with many unspoken oaths; Tom is no favorite with them; they can see no use for him but to "eat like a glutton, and to order about his betters."

The trouble is that nobody can find the use for Tom; he is crude, noisy, malapropos in the house, or the woods, or the street, the one limb of the social body, awkward and ill-set; the uncouth molecule for which even Tyndall could find no work in nature. Out of doors Tom is as sure a harbinger of a row or a fight as a cough is of consumption; in doors he stamps out carpets, breaks china, leaves the print of his paws on the walls. The land before him may be an Eden of bric-a-brac, but behind him will be a howling wilderness. In literature nobody found a place for him, but great hearted, gentle Thackeray, who loved and made much of the lad. His sister, a sweet Christian girl, who teaches the little wretches in a mission school with enthusiasm, endures Tom with patient resignation. They are picturesque through dirt and misery; but what can you make of a creature who mimics your singing of *Ah non giunge* (and cleverly too), or thumps you on the back with "Give us the 'Mulligan Guards,' Nancy!" Percy, a brilliant young lawyer, marked in society for his fine æsthetic taste, does *not* endure Tom; he holds him an unmannerly cub, with neither heart nor brains. His father, out of regard to his corns, holds him at arm's length, and mentions him only to grumble at his shoe and tailor bills. Percy had been head of his class in school—a career and distinction waited for him; but what can be done with this dull, lazy fellow. Even his mother, since he put on trousers for knickerbokers, has unconsciously drawn away from the boy; she is a loving, gentle mother, too; when he was a baby lying on her breast, he was a part of herself, a good deal dearer than herself. But this half-man, half-child, with all his strange developments of cruelty and roughness, thoughts and ways which are alien to her own, appals and perplexes her. If she is a coarse woman, she nags and scolds him incessantly; if she be of gentle breeding, she quietly leaves him to himself. At school, Tom herds with the undistinguished rabble. There are certain pale, broad-browed youths who carry off the prizes at every exhibition day, and certain other broad-shouldered ruddy fellows who are masters on the ball ground, but there are one or two hundred Toms remarkable in neither brain nor body; they are neither head nor foot of the roll; the masters hear their halting lessons drowsily; they are worn out with a surfeit of commonplace boys.

Meanwhile nobody remembers that Tom

is Tom to himself—the only hero he knows in the world—the one being whose pleasure and hurts and chances for to-morrow he considers night after night, and day after day. You think that his mind is full of the chunk of cake he is munching or the licking he means to give Joe Peters. But the boy knows quite well where he stands in life; he sees all the impatient looks, feels the act in every angry word. He sees with a keen insight how he is somehow outside of the world of other people; grown men and women have their place and work outlined and clear; his future and capability are all vague—a mere nothing which nobody considers himself much about. There is a certain immortal charm about the baby Tot. She brought the glory with her when she “came from God, who is her home.” Tom himself has a reverence and a passionate love for the little thing; it brings the tears to his eyes when she hugs or kisses him, or when he sees her watching at the window for him. But the charm and glamour were worn off him long ago; even his mother does not see it now. He does not know what can be the matter with him; he does not know why, when he would be graceful and manly like Percy, he is only priggish and ridiculous; he does not understand why the problems which come by nature to other fellows make his heavy brain ache. The dullest, roughest Tom does not want to be dull or rough. He is in the groping transition state when he cannot appear the child he was or the man he will be; he perpetually essays to be something to stand firmly somewhere in the world—is by turns humble and conceited. God knows how bitter the consciousness of his inferiority is to the lad, how often he would like to go back to lay his head on his mother's breast, or say his baby prayers at her knee, if he could know that she felt just the same to him as long ago. But now as he stands at the parting of the ways for his whole life, he is left alone; mother and God seem far from him. Must we spend all our good fellowship on the man? All our tenderness on the baby? Have we nothing for Tom?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

BOILED TONGUE.—In choosing a tongue, ascertain how long it has been dried or pickled, and select one with a smooth skin, which denotes its being young and tender. If a dried one, and rather hard, soak it at least for 12 hours previous to cooking it; if, however, it is fresh from the pickle, 2 or 3 hours will be sufficient for it to remain in water. Put the tongue into a stewpan with plenty of cold water and a bunch of savory herbs; let it gradually come to a boil, skim well, and simmer very gently until tender. Peel off the skin, garnish with

tufts of cauliflowers or Brussels sprouts, and serve. Boiled tongue is frequently sent to table with boiled poultry, instead of ham, and is, by many persons, preferred. If to serve cold, peel it, fasten it down to a piece of board by sticking a fork through the root, and another through the top, to straighten it. When cold, glaze it, put a paper ruche round the root, and garnish with tufts of parsley.

Time, a large smoked tongue, 4 to 4½ hours; a small one, 2½ to 3 hours. A large unsmoked tongue, 3 to 3½ hours; a small one, 2 to 2½ hours.

A METHOD OF WARMING UP A COLD FILLET OF VEAL.—A fillet of veal that has been roasted the preceding day may be made really nice by dressing it in the following manner:—Take the middle out rather deep, leaving a good margin round, from which to cut nice slices, and if there should be any cracks in the veal, fill them up with forcemeat. Mince finely the meat that was taken out, mixing with it a little of the forcemeat to flavor, and stir to it sufficient gravy to make it of a proper consistency. Warm the veal in the oven for about an hour, taking care to baste it well that it may not be dry; put the mince in the place where the meat was taken out, sprinkle a few bread crumbs over it, and drop a little clarified butter on the bread crumbs; put it into the oven for ¼ hour to brown, and pour gravy round the sides of the dish.

LAMB CHOPS.—Trim off the flap from a fine loin of lamb, and cut into chops about ¾ inch in thickness. Have ready a bright, clear fire; lay the chops on a grid-iron, and boil them of a nice pale brown, turning them when required. Season them with pepper and salt, serve very hot and quickly, and garnish with crisped parsley, or place them on mashed potatoes. Asparagus, spinach, or peas, are the favorite accompaniments to lamb chops. *Time,* about 8 or 10 minutes. Allow 2 chops to each person.

POTTED HAM.—(A nice addition to the breakfast or luncheon table.) To 2 lbs. of lean ham allow ½ lb. of fat, 1 teaspoonful of pounded mace, ½ teaspoonful of pounded mace, ½ teaspoonful of pounded allspice, ½ nutmeg, pepper to taste, clarified butter.—Cut some slices from the remains of a cold ham, mince them small, and to every 2 lbs. of lean allow the above proportion of fat. Pound the ham in a mortar to a fine paste, with the fat, gradually add the seasoning and spices, and be very particular that all the ingredients are well mixed and the spices well pounded. Press the mixture into potting-pots, pour over clarified butter, and keep it in a cool place

Literary Notices.

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

We find in the last number of *Scribner's Monthly* such a very complete and interesting article upon the little understood Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy, that we have been tempted to insert it nearly complete in this department, instead of our usual extracts from new books.

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

Men no less in eminence than a British Prime Minister, and a professor of law in Harvard University, have maintained that the evidence is conclusive that Shakespeare was not the author of the works attributed to him. Under such circumstances the curiosity which enquires a little into the question cannot be considered as altogether idle; and it may be of service to present briefly the history of the discussion and the main arguments upon each side.

The common opinion as to the authorship of these dramas was first publicly called in question in 1856, by Miss Delia Bacon, an American lady of marked culture and ability. However, her book, "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," is difficult to read. During the first perusal at least, the reader finds himself compelled to put forth harassing, if not fruitless, efforts to comprehend the enigmatic style and seeming profundity of the author. Some facts in the life of Miss Bacon will account in a measure for this impenetrability of style. An interesting reminiscence of her may be found in Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections of Seventy Years," a book published several years ago.

Miss Bacon began her public career in the city of Boston as a lecturer on history. Being graceful and dignified in bearing, a fine reader and speaker, and lecturing entirely without notes, she produced a marked impression in Boston and Cambridge. In her historical studies she had become thoroughly convinced that Lord Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare. In time her friends were forced to recognize the painful fact that upon this subject she had become a monomaniac. Shakespeare's works were kept from her

sight as much as possible, and all conversation upon them was carefully avoided. However, she discovered in his plays a double meaning, and a whole system of philosophy which the Elizabethan age was not prepared to receive. In consequence of the unfavorable conditions of the time, this philosophy was disguised, and thus left to reach posterity; and Lord Bacon and his friends were the authors of it.

While delivering lectures in New York her heart became set upon a journey to obtain proof of her theory. In vain friends and relatives tried to dissuade her. Some persons in New York, converted to her views, were glad to aid her in making known what they, with her, regarded as a grand discovery. Means were supplied, and she started for England. Lord Bacon was the burden of her thoughts, and her first pilgrimage was to St. Albans, where he had lived when in retirement, and where, as she supposed, he had written his matchless plays. There she remained a year; and then, alone and unknown, she found a home in London.

She explained her great discovery to Carlyle, who received her kindly. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson made arrangements for her with the editors of "*Putnam's Magazine*" to publish her views. After one article had appeared, the contract, for some unexplained reason, was annulled. She believed herself ill-used, and determined that her theory should come forth in a book.

She obtained the valuable aid of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, then residing in England, who engaged to secure the publication of her work. While writing it she suffered many privations, living on the poorest food, and frequently without fire in her chamber, keeping warm only by sitting in bed while she wrote. She says in a letter: "I have been more than a year in this house, and have had but three visitors in all that time, and paid but one visit myself, and that was to Carlyle, after he had taken the trouble to come all the way from Chelsea to invite me. I have had calls from Mr. Grote and Mr. Monckton Milnes."

Her book being finished and in the hands of Mr. Hawthorne, she hastened to Stratford-on-Avon. By opening the tomb of Shakespeare she expected to find papers

that would disclose the real authorship of the plays, and thus verify her hypothesis. She did not secure the object of her visit. From Stratford she writes: "I want you to help me to bear this new kind of burden, which I am so little used to. The editor of *'Fraser's Magazine,'* Parker, the very best publisher in England, is going to publish my book immediately, in such haste that they cannot stay to send me the proofs. Mr. Bennock writes to me for the title, and says this has been suggested—'The Shakespeare Problem Solved by Delia Bacon;' but I am afraid that, with the name, sounds too boastful."

The publication of her book brought on the crisis of her life. The storm of ridicule and of more or less angry criticism which followed, coming after such prolonged and intensely exhausting literary labor, was more than her mind, already darkened by disease and suffering, could bear. The latent insanity was developed into frenzy, requiring the restraint and care which could only be found in an asylum. But no treatment, however careful, and not even her removal to her native land and to her friends and kindred, could repair the wreck. Soon after her return to her friends in America, she died. Thus was consumed an interesting and gifted mind, a sacrifice to a futile idea.

Her magazine article appeared in the January number of *"Putnam,"* 1856. It is written with an intensity of vigor and irony quite out of harmony with its subject, but is much more readable and satisfactory than her formidable volume. In about a year her book was issued, with a preface by Mr. Hawthorne, who calls it "the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain upon the old tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon," being literally the tribute of a life.

In the interval between the publication of the article and of the book appeared a long letter, in a similar strain, from William H. Smith, to the President of the Shakespeare Society. Mr. Hawthorne, in his preface, charged Mr. Smith with taking a mean advantage of Miss Bacon in presenting her theory as his own. In a later edition Mr. Smith denied the accusation, and published a letter from Mr. Hawthorne in frank retraction and apology. But the British critics were not so tender. The *"Athenæum"* did not hesitate to accuse the author of downright dishonesty in disclaiming all knowledge of Miss Bacon's earlier production, or that she was then engaged in writing a book upon the question. However, Lord Palmerston produced Mr. Smith's *brochure* in support of his own opinion that Lord Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare.

Although the matter received not a little attention from the periodicals of the day, it was so far from becoming a fair literary

question, that it was generally accepted as a miserable joke, and not worthy of a serious answer.

Here the subject rested until it was revived in 1867 by a book published in Boston, "The Authorship of Shakespeare." This book is not the product of either a charlatan or a fanatic. It displays a patient accumulation of evidence, a power of thorough analysis, knowledge of the times and works of Bacon and Shakespeare, an acquaintance with the classics, and with ancient and modern philosophy, such that it at once challenges attention and carries weight. It was written by Nathaniel Holmes, since a Professor of Law at Harvard University, at that time a Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and evidently a scholar. The book is worthy of much more attention than its predecessors, and is quite a readable and valuable work aside from its special object. But the argument is not systematized and presented with that clearness and force which the evidence seems to admit.

With a few reviews of this production, facetious and superficial, the question was again dropped, and brought forward once more only last August by an article in *Fraser's Magazine*.

In securing the object of this paper, little more can be done on the one side than to epitomize in as clear a manner as practicable the exhaustive work of Judge Holmes; and on the other to condense as much as possible the arguments which have been, or which may be, presented, without pretense of originality in thought or expression.

The first and strongest argument that there is some mistake in the reputed authorship of Shakespeare's works is altogether of a negative character. It is based upon the universal conviction of mankind that every effect must be preceded by an adequate cause.

The author of the productions in question is the marvel of literature and philosophy. Books have been written proving and illustrating his vast and varied knowledge. It is claimed that his familiarity with law could have been acquired only by a long and extensive practice. Chief-Justice Campbell says: "I am amazed not only by the number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which Shakespeare's judicial phrases and forensic allusions are uniformly introduced. There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." Again: "While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, of inheritance,—to Shakespeare's law lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."

He was well acquainted with the science

of medicine of his time. Dr. Bucknill is astonished at the extent and exactness of the psychological knowledge displayed in the plays, and concludes that abnormal conditions of mind had attracted Shakespeare's diligent observation and had been his favorite study.

The author of these plays was also a classical scholar. In him are found marked traces of all the leading Greek and Roman writers. For instance, it has been found that much of the story of Timon was taken from the untranslated Greek of Lucian; and "The Comedy of Errors," it is said, is clearly based upon the "Menæchmi" of Plautus, which was not translated until nearly a year after the Christmas Revels of 1594, at which "The Comedy" was first performed.

It is maintained that he also knew French and Italian, as many of his plays are taken from French and Italian stories and histories which at that time were untranslated.

Bishop Wordsworth remarks that, putting together the best authors in the entire range of English literature, excepting theologians, there is not to be found so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as is to be found in Shakespeare alone: a statement which is not in the least extravagant to those who have had the good fortune to hear the eminent reader, Mr. James E. Murdock, in his lecture upon Shakespeare and the Bible.

This author's metaphors and illustrations could be used only by a mind which grasped things in their scientific form and real nature, rather than in the vague and general way of the common observer. He understood the whole machinery of astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft,—not as they stood in the popular notion, but after the manner of the most profound scholars of his time. In fact, he was a philosopher; and this means one who has carried his studies into the highest realms of thought and culture. Such a development cannot be the work of a day, nor often of a whole life; neither can it be the result of intuition merely.

He is perfectly at his ease with the wise man and the clown; with the king and the peasant; with the artist and the mechanic; with the courtier and the husbandman; with the gamester and the statesman; with the purest innocence and the deepest villany. What phase of life has he not touched with a master hand? Says Pope: "He seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through the world at a glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be born as well as the poet."

Coleridge exclaims: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this

Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

Now look at the history of the man, which seems pretty well established so far as we know it at all. He had but a meagre education, to start with; probably less than that furnished by any good high school of our time. He was married at the age of eighteen to a woman eight years his senior. To escape the consequences of youthful follies, or driven by poverty, or attracted by the theatre, he appeared in London at the age of twenty-three, being employed in a very humble capacity at the theatre. No details are certainly known of him until 1593-4, when "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," were dedicated over his name. In 1597 he purchased the home in Stratford where his family resided until his death. In 1598 he is mentioned as the author of several plays, two of them being printed with his name, as author, on the title-page. At this time he was an actor on the stage, and loaned money to his neighbors. In 1604, when the finished "Hamlet" had been produced, he was a leading manager and stockholder in the two theatres, Globe and Blackfriars. For a few years after he seems to have grown rapidly in estates; and, as far as any information has reached us, his whole attention until 1613 was devoted to various pursuits and concerns of business. During these years the plays of "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Julius Cæsar," appeared. But no trace of his literary occupation can be found. The dates even of nearly all his works have been assigned by careful criticism of the works themselves. He had acquired a brilliant reputation and an ample fortune. He seems to have retired from an active participation in business affairs about the year 1612. After this, he is heard of only at Stratford, attending to the ordinary affairs of life and its social intercourse until his death in 1616. His best biographer, Halliwell, observes that the best evidence we produce exhibits him as paying more regard to his social affairs than to his profession. There seems to be undoubted truth in Pope's lines:

"Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

Now put these two Shakespeares side by side: the Shakespeare of history and Shakespeare the author. Can it be possible that one is the counterpart of the other? Will our experience and convictions admit for a moment that such studies, pursuits, education, and life could have produced those matchless works which we now ascribe to Shakespeare?

The German critic, A. W. Schlegel, declares the received account of his life to be

a mere fabulous story—a blind and extravagant error.

Emerson, considering the Shakespeare of history as a good-natured sort of a man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers, gives up in despair, thus:

"I cannot marry this fact to his vere. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast."

"Ask your own hearts," says Coleridge, "ask your own common-sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being* the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism. What! are we to have miracles in sport?—or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

Here, then, is a serious dilemma. Either we must take the man and his works as we know them, and accept the miracle of genius which they imply—a course which does violence to our conviction that "nothing can come of nothing," or, we must conceive for William Shakespeare a life and discipline which, according to our notions, shall seem adequate to produce such grand results; but by this theory all that investigation into his life seems to confirm would have to be rejected; or, lastly, we must believe that these works are the product of another brain, and only published under the name of Shakespeare.

Into this difficulty we are led by indisputable facts; but such facts do not so plainly indicate the way out of it. Whichever horn of the dilemma is accepted, either uncommon credulity must be exhibited, or a conclusion must be based upon evidence which is almost wholly circumstantial and cumulative rather than positive.

There are numerous other circumstances which give support to this negative proposition, that Shakespeare was not the author of the work ascribed to him.

1. There stands the great fact that Shakespeare never claimed the plays as his own. He never expressed any anxiety about them and died without seeing this most remarkable series of intellectual works placed in the custody of type. How utterly impossible to conceive such a thing of the creator of Hamlet and Falstaff if that creator were of flesh and blood!

2. No manuscript of any kind whatever in the handwriting of Shakespeare has been found. In fact, only two autographs exist which are claimed as his beyond a doubt, and they are upon separate sheets of his will. There is no direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen in his own time under circumstances which furnish conclusive evidence that he was the original author.

3. He bequeaths no trace of a library in

his will, and makes no mention of his manuscripts; nor is there any evidence that they ever came into the possession of his family or his executors. If he had contemplated a revision of his works for publication during his own life, it is hardly credible that he should not have left some instructions to that end.

4. Can it be possible that an author of such culture and refinement as to produce these remarkable plays could drop the theatre as if it had been to him a mere pastime, or an irksome trade by which he had amassed a fortune, and could quietly sit down for the rest of his days to the totally unproductive and stupid life of a common villager? to attend to his stock, his garden, and his family? to chat with his neighbors or his wife? to eat, and sleep, and no more? and with complete indifference, rather with complete stolidity, commit his works to the hands of chance and careless printers? How could the author who gave birth to Lear and Prospero be so regardless of his reputation, so heedless of the world about him, so blind to the ages to come, as to permit his manuscripts to perish and himself "to steal in silence to the grave," as if not conscious that he had written anything worthy of preservation?

5. There is no testimony on record that he was given to profound study or much reading. It is evident that no man in his circumstances and daily occupation could find means, not only for supplying the known deficiencies of previous education, but to make extensive and thorough acquisitions in all departments of knowledge, and at the same time to carry on the invention of these extraordinary compositions. The proof is not positive that he enjoyed the intimacy of literary associates, excepting Ben Jonson, beyond the stage and certain small writers. It is only a tradition that makes him a member of Raleigh's Club, and reports his wit-combats at "The Mermaid."

6. Contemporary literature is not without hints at the incongruity between Shakespeare and his supposed work. In 1592, Greene published a satiric poem, "A Groatworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance." In it he warns his friends who spend their wits in play-making to seek other employment, "for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hyle, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being a absolute Johannes Factotum is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a Countrey." This passage directly insinuates that Shakespeare, a mere actor, was undertaking to shine in borrowed feathers, or, at least, that, being an upstart player, he dared to usurp the writer's calling.

7. Bacon was fond of speaking of his contemporaries, of quoting their wit, and recording their sayings. He was the intimate friend of Ben Jonson, and a firm admirer of George Herbert and other poets of the time. In his "Apophtegms" is found nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. But in all Bacon's writings there is not a single allusion to Shakespeare. How came such a gatherer of wit, humor, and character, to ignore the greatest man living? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed to appreciate the greatness of "Lear" and "Macbeth." He must have had a reason for this silence. What was it?

8. Another difficulty lies in the description of foreign scenes, particularly Italian scenes, and of sea-life, which occur in the plays; descriptions so numerous, and so marvellously accurate, that it is almost impossible to believe they were written by a man who spent his life in London and Stratford, who never left his island, and who saw the world only as represented by wandering foreigners. It is not easy to conceive of "The Merchant of Venice" as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled upon the Rialto. So great is this difficulty, that some of his best biographers have thought it necessary to suppose for him journeys and voyages, of which they find not the slightest record.

9. These plays, according to the custom of the time, and somewhat after the manner of a copyright of our day, were recorded in Stationers' Hall, but not one of them in the name of William Shakespeare.

10. Ben Jonson records the anecdote that the players often mentioned it as an honor to, Shakespeare, "that in writing whatever he penned, he never blotted out a line." This anecdote bears upon its face an absurdity, and clearly suggests some device or hoax practiced upon the players. Any man must know the utter impossibility of such works as these being dashed off in a first draft, finished and complete, and not a line blotted. Bacon transcribed his "Novum Organum" twelve times; Burke, his "Revolution in France" six times; and Gibbon, a portion of his "Decline and Fall" several times, before they were satisfied with their work. Virgil, after many years of toil, is said to have commended the *Aeneid* to the flames as not finished to his liking. Evidently there was a delusion somewhere in regard to these dramas.

Such is only a part of the negative evidence on this side of the question. Next will be presented as briefly the chief evidence in favor of the authorship of the only man of that age to whom, according to the advocates of this view, circumstances point as the real author. This man was Lord Bacon.

1. All the circumstances of Bacon's life—

and in regard to them there is no want of fullness or certainty—are as conclusive in favor of his authorship as all the circumstances of Shakespeare's life are conclusive against his claims as the author of these works. Francis Bacon lived from 1561 to 1626, having been born three years before his contemporary, and surviving him by ten years. He was endowed by nature with the richest powers, as we know by the clearest testimony, and he had the will and opportunity to develop them to the utmost. His mother was a woman of rare classical attainments. His father, besides being Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was an eminent scholar and patron of art and learning. The Lord Keeper's palace and country seat were well furnished with libraries, and adorned with everything that could please the taste of a scholar and a gentleman. No wonder that Queen Elizabeth's young Lord Keeper, as she called the boy Francis, became the foremost man in all Europe in philosophy, natural science, law, medicine, indeed in the whole circle of human knowledge. He entered Cambridge at twelve; criticised Aristotle, and outstripped his tutors before he was sixteen. Before he was nineteen he was an attaché of the court of Paris, had learned French and Italian, had travelled upon the continent with the French court, was intrusted with a mission to his Queen, and at twenty-five was elected to Parliament. Upon the death of his father, in 1579, he located himself at Gray's Inn for a more thorough study of law, and, at the same time, dipped farther into the Greek poets, and the philosophy and culture of the ancients. He possessed a self-conscious power which did not fear to grapple with Plato and Aristotle, nor to undertake the renovation of all philosophy. In the meantime he pushed his interests at court, but his talents were by no means properly recognized. His wonderful learning and brilliant oratory soon acquired for him an ascendancy in Parliament. He received some tokens of the Queen's favor, but she looked upon him as "rather a man of study than of practice and experience." But his time of preferment came at last. He was successively Queen's and King's Counsellor, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, etc. In him were combined all those powers and attainments which the writer of these plays possessed, but in which the real William Shakespeare was certainly deficient, if the evidence of his life only is admitted. There is no need of citing the evidence of Bacon's wonderful legal skill and learning. As to his medical knowledge, his "Physiological and Medical Remains," and the passages in the "Advancement of Learning," and elsewhere, treating of medicine, and of the mind and body, and

their reactions, give abundant assurance. As to his profound classical scholarship, the evidence is upon every page of his works. He very frequently quotes Lucian and Plautus, the two authors from whom the "Timon of Athens" and "The Comedy of Errors" are taken. It is known that he studied French, Italian, and Spanish, while upon the Continent, and also had an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of foreign life and scenes which Shakespeare did not have. His translation of the Psalms, his essays, his published prayers, and abundant allusions and precepts throughout his works, prove his intimate familiarity with the Scriptures and his insight into the Christian life, which these dramas assert for their author, but which there is not the least extraneous evidence that Shakespeare ever possessed. Bacon's "Interpretation of Nature" and "Wisdom of the Ancients," omitting his other works and innumerable shrewd remarks scattered everywhere, show him to have been a most scientific as well as a speculative observer of men and things. He has held his title of philosopher for centuries without dispute. He enjoyed the highest prosperity and suffered the deepest disgrace. As traveller, student, attorney and judge, he must have met all phases of life, and had a rare opportunity to analyze every type of character. The evidence is abundant that he was accepted by his contemporaries as a poet of more than ordinary rank. Spedding, his best biographer, expresses the opinion that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet which might have carried him to a place among the great poets. Macaulay recognizes the imagination and poetic faculty in Bacon as highly developed. Judging from his acknowledged works only, and excluding from these his verses, which are few and of no great merit, he possessed every element of creative genius, not excepting a certain amount of poetic form and imagery, even in his prose; and we cannot refuse him Coleridge's expressive epithet of "myriad-minded."

2. According to the accepted dates, the plays and poems appeared at a time when Bacon could best have written them; between his admission to the bar in 1582, and his elevation to the principal law office of the crown in 1613; from the time he was twenty-one until he was fifty-two. During most of this time he was looking in vain for advancement, holding places of honor rather than of profit. He was a close student at Gray's Inn, with much leisure for writing and study. He was a constant attendant at court, an intimate associate of Essex, Southampton, Rutland, and other young lords, themselves patrons of learning and art, amateurs in poetry, and regular visitors at the theatre.

3. It is well known that Bacon was no novice in poetic and dramatic composition. In 1587, when Shakespeare is said to have come to London as a mere servant at the Blackfriars, and not suspected of being the author of anything, Bacon had become an important member of Gray's Inn, and, at the Christmas Revels of that year, he assisted the gentlemen of his Inn in getting up the tragedy of the "Misfortunes of Arthur," and certain dumb shows and masques, for which he wrote some speeches to be delivered before the Queen.

In 1592, upon a visit to him from Her Majesty, he presented her with a sonnet in compliment to his friend Essex. In after years he addressed numerous sonnets to her, and took parts in other masques, although he professed "not to be a poet."

4. Seven years after Shakespeare's death the products of a most transcendent genius bearing his name were gathered together and published in the folio of 1623, as the preface says, from "the true original copies." In this folio appear for the first time some perfected plays of which first draughts and surreptitious copies had been published before. Other plays of the folio had been printed before in nearly a perfect state. Nineteen of them had never been published before. Of those which had previously appeared, nearly all had received such critical correction and emendation as is possible by the hand of the master only. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," for example, in the folio, contains nearly double the number of lines of the previous play, whole scenes are rewritten, and speeches elaborated, and characters greatly heightened. This is the most authentic edition of the plays in existence, and it seems generally agreed that the changes and corrections in this edition are the work of the author. Now, if Shakespeare was the author of this revision, he must have furnished to the theatres the new and amended manuscript copies, which, seven years or more afterward, became "the true and original" copies in the hands of Heminge and Condell, the editors of the folio. Having no regard for his reputation or fame as an author, why should he take all this trouble for the benefit of the theatres merely, from which he had withdrawn some time before? If he had such regard why did he neglect to collect and publish his dramas himself? If prevented by death, how did it come that he failed to make any provision for their preservation and subsequent publication? But if the real author were still living to make these revisions himself, the whole mystery would be solved. All the circumstances attending the folio of 1623 seem to support the hypothesis that it was published under the secret revision of the author of the plays. Lord Bacon is the only man who can be thought

of for a moment as competent to the task.

5. It is remarkable that these editors, who took the pains to publish these works, should not have preserved a single manuscript, even as a memorial of their departed Shakespeare, and that not a single paper of his writing should have been preserved by any means. On the other hand, taking Bacon as the author, the original manuscripts would certainly have been kept in his own desk, and only transcripts in Shakespeare's handwriting would be furnished the players. This would well account for the fact, as the players understood it, that Shakespeare never blotted out a line. After Shakespeare's death it would have been necessary for the real author to find some other cover for his publications. Shakespeare's brother-actors, Heminge and Condell, might have been selected to fill his place as ostensible editors. They would have found no special interest in the manuscripts. These, of course, Bacon would have taken care to destroy, if he had really determined that the secret should die with him.

6. In 1607-8 Bacon was engaged upon the characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, and soon afterward the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" came from the hand of Shakespeare. Similar coincidences, although not so strong, might be mentioned.

7. Writing to his friend, Mr. Toby Matthew, about that time, Bacon remarks: "I showed you some model, though at that time methought you were as willing to hear Julius Cæsar, as Queen Elizabeth commended."

8. While Bacon is striving to gain a foothold with the new sovereign, James I., he writes to Master Davis, then going to meet the King, committing his interests at court to Master Davis's faithful care and discretion, and closing the letter thus: "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue." A significant remark, that.

9. To Mr. Toby Matthew, Bacon was in the habit of sending his books as they came out. In a neat letter, "To the Lord Viscount St. Alban's," without date, Matthew acknowledges the "receipt of your great and noble token of favor of the 9th of April," and appends the following P. S.: "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." Who could be the man of such prodigious wit, and whose real name was Bacon, but Sir Francis Bacon? And who but Shakespeare could have been considered by the writer as a cover for this remarkable wag?

10. There are passages in the plays which imply that the author was familiar with Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood; for example:

"That swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body."

— "Hamlet."

—"Make thick my blood:

"Stop up the access and passage to remorse."

—"Macbeth."

"The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped."

—"Macbeth."

But Harvey's discovery was not announced until 1619; and the best authorities assert that the Shakespearean author follows the theory of Hippocrates, that the veins, the only blood vessels, come from the liver; the arteries, from the heart. Rabelais is quoted as expressing the same idea. Now there is not the slightest external evidence to confirm the supposition that Shakespeare ever read these authors; but Bacon made "apophthegms" out of Rabelais, and had studied Hippocrates, Galen, Paracelsus, and the others who are alluded to in the plays.

11. On an occasion Bacon enclosed a "recreation," as he termed his lighter literary productions, to Toby Matthew. Matthew, in a reply without date or address, uses these suggestive words: "I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure." An easy, though not a certain, inference can be made.

12. It does not appear that Shakespeare ever wrote any verses upon his contemporaries, either in praise of the living or in honor of the dead. This is a suspicious circumstance. If really the author of the compliment to Queen Elizabeth in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the noble tribute to her in "Henry VIII.," why did not Shakespeare "drop from his muse one sable tear" upon the death of his Queen? Such was the custom of those who professed themselves poets. Assuming Bacon to be the real author, the explanation is obvious. Such efforts were not in his acknowledged line of literary work. Nor did he neglect on the one great occasion to record his praises "In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ," which needs no poetic supplement.

13. In 1610, or near there, Shakespeare retired from London and took up his permanent residence in Stratford. But in 1611 appeared for the first time "The Winter's Tale," "Tempest," and "Othello," and in 1613, "Henry VIII." Soon after this last play came out, Bacon became a laborious Attorney-General, and the plays ceased to appear.

14. The parallelisms of thought and expression, it is claimed, are abundant, far beyond what can be found, or at least what has been found, in any other two authors.

Enough has been given, though by no means all, to furnish some idea of the support there is for this trifling idea, as some are pleased to call it. However, it is im-

portant to propose some satisfactory reason for Bacon's concealment of his connection with the plays.

During the times of Elizabeth and James authors could not express with impunity any and all sentiments. It may be easily conceived that one who made it ever a chief aim to profit his fellow-men, would wish to secure for himself the largest liberty of thought and speech, and perfect safety for himself and fortune.

The reputation of play-writers and of poor poets was low. Bacon was always aspiring and looking to the things which might lead him to higher service. What more natural than that he should wish to conceal the fact that he was attempting verse, and to quicken the latent activities of the masses? Especially would this be the case when he first began, and was yet in doubt as to the estimate the world would put upon his efforts. Later in life, beginning to receive honor as a prose writer, lawyer, and philosopher, he might prefer that his name with posterity should rest upon the works which he considered of more worth and dignity, and better becoming his rank in life, than upon these "models," these recreations of sterner efforts.

The dramas being before the world, and passing under the name of Shakespeare, it would be hard for the self-respect and reserve of a noble manhood and exalted position to produce a vulgar sensation by asserting his authorship and claiming his own after such a long and voluntary dis- possession. When he foresaw the end of life, and began to prepare for final publication his numerous works, how much easier it would have been for him to devote quietly what little attention he could to the proper dressing of these waifs of his prolific intellect, and thus to leave to the world the progeny of a giant, although "going after about in the name of another!" Some such reasons as these may explain why he left his plays "fathered and yet fatherless."

No rejoinder to Judge Holmes has appeared. Here and there, in periodical literature mainly, a few points in answer are found. The substance of what has been said in response, or may be said, is about as follows.

1. The process by which Shakespeare is reduced to nothing is certainly startling. Take away all the evidence of his supreme intellect, refuse him the witness of his works, and then affirm that the poor player was unequal to the mighty task! His sublime indifference to the fate of his intellectual products, and his readiness to drop his profession at the advice of good-sense and business tact, have been held as evidence of his remarkable qualities. One of the elements of his divinity has been his

perfect contempt for reputation and glory. The great evidence of his inspiration has been found in his want of the education of schools, of profound study, and of the stimulus of associates who could attend him in sympathetic flight. But by this process the great genius vanishes. Deny to Julius Cæsar his campaign in Gaul, his commentaries, his agrarian laws, the reform of the calendar, his magnificent works and projects, and then call for evidence of his greatness. On such principles the historic doubts in regard to Napoleon are no longer doubts, but established facts.

2. Many of the assertions in the foregoing argument are simply assumptions, being yet matters of dispute. For instance, the superior value of the folio of 1623; the evidence of its careful revision, etc.

3. Shakespeare's manuscripts, being in the possession of the actors, may have been destroyed in the fires which are known to have taken place at the two theatres with which he was connected.

5. To the allusions in contemporary literature, only possible interpretations have been given. There is no means by which conjecture can be converted into certainty.

5. Bacon is no more silent in regard to Shakespeare than in regard to Ben Jonson, Edmund Spenser, and Christopher Marlowe, all distinguished contemporaries. That he does not speak of them as he does of Raleigh, must be due to the fact that circumstances did not suggest or require any mention of them.

6. It would be by no means an impossible task to point out as many analogies of thought and expression between other authors of the time, writing upon a great variety of subjects, as between Shakespeare and Bacon.

7. The feudal law of real property was then flourishing, and its forms must have been familiar to the great mass of citizens.

8. No one ever preserved his scraps with greater care than Bacon. He was as careful of what he wrote as Shakespeare was negligent; and yet it is not shown that Bacon ever laid claim to the authorship of any works except those now published with his name. There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever hinted that he was not lawfully entitled to whatever fame might be brought to him by the plays acted under his name.

9. Not a single contemporary of the two authors ever plainly doubted that Shakespeare wrote what we call Shakespeare, and that Bacon wrote only what we know as the works of Bacon. Where were the jealous and sharp-witted men of the times, who bore no friendship to deceit and pretension?

10. The familiarity with low and vulgar life displayed by Shakespeare, would be

quite impossible for Bacon, as he was never thrown into fellowship with it.

11. Cases are not wanting in which rare genius has supplied the place of every external advantage; but no instance can be found in history of the same man belonging to the highest rank of philosophers, and to the highest rank of poets.

12. No instance can be named of an author writing with such grace and perfection in two styles so entirely different as the styles of Bacon and Shakespeare.

13. In our ideal of the author of these plays, we must not imagine an Emerson or a Carlyle sitting by his study window, in dressing-gown and slippers, and surrounded by the best thoughts of centuries. We must not grace our ideal with the culture reflected from a polished society and literature. It must not have about it the atmosphere of the philosopher or the man of letters. What rebuke we suffer if we permit the thought even to flash through our minds. "Dr. Shakespeare!" He was not the man from whom in our day we should expect such characters and sentiments. He did not live in the conditions of modern life, and we must not judge him by our standards. His was an age of vigor, that spoke because it felt, and not because it thought and studied. Genius was his gift, and why deny him its exaltation? The gods do not wonder at their own productions; nor do we put a great value upon what we can produce without effort and in ordinary moments. Such admiration is for those only who confess their own weakness. How unnatural, then, that this divinity should have betrayed the mortal weakness of guarding his own fame.

14. How weak is all this circumstantial evidence, and as much more as can be found, by the side of the clear and positive testimony of contemporaries! Numerous extracts are given to show how clear and conclusive is this evidence.

The earliest mention of Shakespeare by a contemporary is by Edmund Spenser, in 1591, in "The Teares of the Muses." Complaint by Thalia, lines 205-210.

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment,
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent."

The best authorities make it clear beyond all doubt that these lines were intended to refer to Shakespeare. [See Charles Knight's "Life of Shakespeare," ed. 1843, pp. 342-348.]

In 1592 appeared "Kinde Hart's Dreame a poem of considerable interest and merit," by Henri Chettle. In Chettle's "address," a passage occurs, referring to Shakespeare, as all critics agree.

Ben Johnson's eulogy upon Shakespeare first published in the folio of 1623, is well

known. In his prose the same author makes a long and affectionate reference to the friend of his youth. The following is a part. * * * * "For I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.—["Discoveries." Probably written in 1636.]

What explanation can be made of these and other allusions? Were these men and their fellows all so completely deceived by the cunning of a Lord Chancellor and the Prince of Philosophers? Or are we to suppose that they were combined in an effort to make posterity believe a lie? What an absurdity! But one of these must be admitted, if this theory is to be accepted.

15. Besides believing that Bacon, in all his numerous acknowledged works, took pains to repress his "excellent phantasy" and wonderful "facility of expression," and to use them only in his dramas, this theory requires us to believe that he affected an ignorance about things with which he must have been perfectly acquainted; as, for example, in "Julius Cæsar" chimneys of the Roman houses are referred to, and the "eternal devil" is spoken of, evidently in its modern sense; both of which were unknown to the Romans. In "The Tempest," Bohemia is represented as a maritime kingdom, etc. How absurd to think of Bacon as stooping to such paltry tricks to escape the responsibilities of authorship!

16. If the new theory is accepted, the miracle is not lessened. No similar case is on record in which such magnificent genius succeeded in deceiving its own and following generations, or, in fact, that it ever made the attempt; and it is no more incredible that Shakespeare really wrote the works attributed to him, than that so many and such worthy contemporaries should be deluded so completely, or that they should assist in a stupendous deception for no conceivable reason.

It is unnecessary to multiply arguments further on either side or to notice the answers which will suggest themselves to many, if not all, of the arguments which have been presented.

So far as this discussion attempts an explanation of the origin or existence of genius, it is certainly quite futile; and quite as unworthy is the attempt to adjust the mere honor of authorship as between two individuals simply. But the question is by no means an unimportant one, whether genius has worked in this instance, by the use of means necessary to ordinary mortals, or whether its inspiration has been immediate and complete.

Review of the Times.

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Parliament is proceeding well with practical work. There are few exciting debates, and to spectators the proceedings will be dull. But dulness in Parliament means that business and legislation are going on; and this, after all, is the main point; else we might as well have a mere debating society.

The most important matter, probably, before the House this Session, is the establishment of a government for the North-West. It is a striking comment on the results of Confederation that within so short a time large measures of this kind, involving the future of millions of a coming population, are the subjects of parliamentary discussion at our Capital.

Such measures elevate politics to a higher level than anything formerly dreamed of. Instead of interminable petty squabbles about matters of difference between Upper and Lower Canada, we can now enlarge our vision and take in the condition and destiny of regions ten times as large in extent as either of them. All these are ours. They have fallen to our lot only within a few years. We are like a man with a small patrimony, who has suddenly received a bequest of an immense extent of unreclaimed land alongside it. The care of this now occupies his thoughts, and the putting it in order he feels to be one of the most important works he can do.

The act for the organization of the Territory passed very quietly, and no one would have imagined the great issues that were involved in it. It provides for the appointment of a Lieutenant-Governor, two stipendiary magistrates, and other officers; it appoints a Council of Government, and opens the way for a gradual introduction of the popular element; it prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor (a wise improvement); it establishes

a School System similar to that of Ontario, with a provision for Separate Schools. The seat of government appears to be fixed at Fort Pelly, which we cannot help feeling to be a mistake. The natural and commercial capital is Winnipeg, and experience has long proved that where the commercial capital is,—in the chief city of a State or Province,—there the seat of government ought to be. The American system of putting the seat of government in the geographical centre of a State is founded on a mistake. Such places are not the most convenient. The place "where people most do congregate"—where leading railroads centre, to which people most naturally gravitate—that is the place for the seat of government, no matter what its geographical position.

The new province has had a vigorous start of life. Winnipeg has risen from a hamlet to a town within a year or two. The country is beginning to fill up, and we know that the process once begun is likely to go on at an accelerating ratio year after year. We trust the new province may have a prosperous career and become the home of contented, industrious and sober millions, adding strength to our Confederation and affording a future to thousands in the older parts of Canada.

The Supreme Court Bill proceeds slowly. Its principle is most desirable; but it is difficult to harmonize conflicting views as to details. Here we see the disadvantage of different provinces maintaining radically different systems of law. Even religion has been brought into the discussion. A Romish prelate has fancied that such a court would have power to deal with cases of divorce—a groundless supposition, as the jurisdiction of the Court is appellant. A very important section of the Liberal party does not seem satisfied with

the measure, viz., that which looks to Mr. Blake as its leader; but the principal Conservative lawyers are apparently ready to co-operate with the Government in passing it.

The Insolvency Law is passing through Committee, but its numerous and complicated clauses do not apparently excite much attention.

Two good amendments have been made to the Banking Law. One forbids a bank to become the purchaser of its own stock—unless to get payment of a debt: a wise provision, and designed to guard against abuses in the administration of a bank not unknown amongst us. The other orders that the amount of loans or discounts to directors shall be published in the monthly returns to the auditor. This, too, is useful, and will guard against an evil which might threaten the very existence of a bank.

Progress is making with the Pacific Railway,—though we can scarcely say that the direction is a satisfactory one. The very first thing to be done is undoubtedly to connect the head of Lake Superior with the Province of Manitoba. Then we have a very accessible and feasible route to the North-West all summer,—and that, after all, will be the principal season for travel for many years to come. It is, therefore, to be regretted that instead of this being made the first work to be prosecuted, another portion of the road, whose benefits will be of a sectional character, has been chosen. The contract has been let to one who was a member of the Legislature—another unfortunate selection. Of course, the gentleman resigns his seat. But when a member of the Legislature obtains a large Government contract, the question must arise: What has preceded it? And what understanding is there as to the future? For, if entering Parliament is a means of obtaining these contracts, a class of men will be attracted who are the very least to be desired. We have had too much of these arrangements in the past, and the country has not been a gainer, but a loser, by them. We thought the present Administration was to govern the country on better principles. It should never be for-

gotten that it was not on constitutional questions that the Ministry came into office, but purely on a question of honest and economical administration.

There are signs that the Liberal party, now in the ascendent, is not a unit in its policy. That party never was celebrated for adhesiveness, either in the old land or here. Its members are generally men of independent opinions and habits of thought. It always, when in power, resolves itself into a few sections, more or less well defined; and though under a master-mind like that of Gladstone, in England, it may hold together for many years and achieve wonders in the way of legislative reform, there is always a tendency to fly off at tangents on the part of many of its members. They do not run well in harness, and they give a world of trouble to their leader. Such men as Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Forster, all men of great vigor of character, often have a way of their own, and *insist* upon having it. A Liberal leader in England has not such a host of country squires at his back as a Conservative has. These, if there are only enough of them, make a leader's task very easy; for they do not think much,—they want to take life easily. And they have the old feudal spirit strong in them, which makes the squire the humble attendant on the knight. Here we have no such *class*; but we have abundance of men of the same temper, and these are Conservatives by instinct. The little cloud of division in the Liberal party arises chiefly among the younger men. There are enough of these to make a respectable following for a man like Mr. Blake, whom they all look up to as leader. There has been a certain amount of chafing under another *quasi*-leadership, partly represented by a person, and partly by a newspaper. Occasionally this yoke has been galling. In the nature of things it was not likely to be quietly submitted to, and, in addition, for some time back, there has been an evident *rapprochement* between this leadership and the hierarchy of a Church that in these times has pronounced Liberalism to be its mortal foe. This kind of agreement cannot long continue; the alliance is too unnatural.

It must be an element of weakness as long as it lasts. It alienates friends whose cooperation is infinitely more important than those whose friendship is sought. Tried friends, old friends, friends on principle, cannot be safely put out of calculation on the supposition that they will be friends in any case. This is apt to be resented.

There is also the rising of the young against the dictation of the old, which is part of the universal experience of human life. It is a time, then, for great moderation and wisdom on the part of the leaders of the party in power. To hold the reins and not to make them felt should be their study. And reasonable deference should be paid to the views and opinions of the younger men. There must be mutual concession in any large body if work has to be done. Debate and argument are well when principles have to be settled; but when work requires doing, unity is essential.

We have alluded in this review to the work carried on in this country by Miss Macpherson, an English lady, who has for several years been engaged in work of a religious and philanthropic character. Before coming to Canada she had for many years conducted a refuge for the homeless waifs and strays of the London streets, whom she rescued from vice and trained to industry. The difficulty of finding places for these rescued ones in overcrowded England first suggested to her the idea of seeking homes for them in Canada. This was about four years ago. The project from the very first was a success. An almost unlimited field for the employment of juvenile labor was found to exist in this country, and an organization was soon effected by which a regular stream of young English and Scotch lads, many of them orphans and most of them rescued from vice, were brought over and placed out amongst the farmers of Upper and Lower Canada. Two cardinal points have been kept in view in conducting the enterprise: First, industrial training previous to sending lads away from England; next, the surrounding them with religious influences of the most earnest type. The last, in fact, is the distinguishing feature of Miss Macpherson's work. Of

a most pronounced religious character herself, having consecrated her whole life and being to Christian work many years ago, she has been gradually led to this as a form of missionary effort most needed in these times by the class amongst whom she has labored so long, and all who have seen her field of labor in England will acknowledge she is right. Nearly two thousand children have been brought over during the last four years, the majority boys, nearly all of whom have been placed out on farms in Canada, and are now growing up surrounded by the healthful influences of farm life. The utmost possible care has been taken in the selection of places for them, and a band of intelligent and devoted ladies, now assisted by an intelligent Scotch schoolmaster, co-operate with Miss Macpherson in maintaining supervision over them. Three homes now exist in Canada: one in the Eastern Townships, one in Belleville, and one in Galt, each of which is a centre from where the youthful emigrants are distributed, and which they are taught to look upon as home should any sickness or misfortune befall them.

Some time ago Miss Macpherson was solicited by the guardians of English workhouses to bring out some of their children. She consented, and a small number were placed under her care and by her distributed over various parts of Canada.

This has furnished a pretext for a visit of inspection paid by a gentleman in the service of the Poor Law Board of England, who has just presented a report of his visit. That report is what might have been expected from a stranger to the country and a stranger to the work. He neither appreciates the one nor understands the other. He has mixed up things totally distinct in their motives and methods, the work of another philanthropic lady being throughout confounded with that of Miss Macpherson, and he entirely fails to understand the free, plentiful, rough farming life of Canada, presenting as it does so entire a contrast to everything in the nature of the workhouse life in the old country. The visit and the report, in fact, present another of the many specimens of official meddling and muddling.

That it contains truth is undoubted, but it does not contain all the truth,—and what truth there is, is sometimes so presented as to make the impression of error. Doubtless there are defects in Miss Macpherson's administration, and it would be marvellous in placing 2,000 children out, if instances of bad treatment and bad conduct were not met with. But, taken on the whole, the enterprise has been a signally useful one to Canada, and we hope this excellent lady and her coadjutors may continue their labors for many long years to come.

The trial known as "The Canadian Oil Wells Case" must be regarded by Canadians with satisfaction, inasmuch as the evidence fails utterly in justifying any reflections upon the honor of any single person or institution for whose actions or neglect the country is responsible. The history of the affair can be told in a breath. One Longbottom held jointly with one Prince some lots in Petrolia. Longbottom, we think, is no Canadian—Prince is. The former sought to sell them at a fabulous price first to Mr. Albert Grant, as promoter of a company for their ultimate purchase; but even *his* seared conscience shrank from so glaring a swindle. The Credit Foncier was then tried, whose Chairman found out the vendor to be a rogue, and told him so. Then a Board of Directors, composed of gentlemen of title and high social rank, was got to take up the affair, who, though warned by those who had rejected the scheme as a fraud, warned also by the Press in the States and Canada, warned also by private friends, were silly enough to organize a company for the purchase of a property for \$2,500,000, which was not worth \$50,000. There are two points in this case bearing upon all commercial dealings and non-commercial also, at times, which are worthy of some attention. It appears that in order to test the value of the wells a son of one of the buyers was sent out to inspect them, and with him one of the directors. The young gentleman sent on this mission was seen and conversed with by the writer of this article, and he formed the opinion then, as did others, that the selection of this young man for any such

mission was a practical joke. The director and his co-inspector saw this wonderful property and telegraphed home that all was right, a fact which the director explains by admitting that "he was made a fool of by the vendor," which is not true, as that manufacture was already quite complete before he left England. This visit of inspection is the key to the whole mystery of the case, and with it we are enabled to see the working of the plot which ended in the success of roguery. We note, then, that false economy, combined with nepotism and excess of fancied cunning, prevented that visit of inspection, preventing such a fraud being perpetrated—false economy in selecting a raw young man as engineering inspector, instead of one of tried and good professional standing; nepotism in selecting a son of a director instead of an independent adviser, and excess of cunning in concealing their business from persons well able and most willing to give invaluable advice on the spot, but who were not asked lest they should be anxious to share in the expected treasure.

To false economy even States may justly attribute great disasters. At this moment in Canada, a conflict exists, soluble only by the highest engineering skill which money can command, and it would be the highest wisdom, the cheapest in the long run, to submit the Canal system of this country to such authority before going on as now into expenditures which a few years may show to be waste. To excess of cunning small minds are prone, but their rewards are also small. Frankness in dealing begets confidence, inspires respect, challenges honorable response, and elicits help. The directors of the Canadian Oil Wells would have saved their reputation and their purse and their peace of mind, had they not been so very cunning in concealing from Canadians the object of sending their deputation to Petrolia. That the jury could not agree is, we believe, to be accounted for chiefly from the glamor of the social position of the defendants; and, after all, it is perhaps better to be so. Better to keep up some faith in the honor of the "gentleman," fool though he has been, than do anything to lower the stand-

ard of honor in a class whose only service to their kind is its maintenance as a class characteristic,—“*Noblesse oblige*” is yet a potent moral force, and the day will be a sad one which justifies scepticism of its vitality.

The electors of Stoke-upon-Trent have had rough usage from critics for making Dr. Kenealy M. P. for their district, for district it is he represents. We differ from these censors, and consider their satire uncalled for. We hold many of these critics as much responsible for the election as the electors in so far as ignorance guided or misled them, and much of the philosophizing and prophecy done by the English Press on this event seems to us a trifle absurd. Granted that the Doctor is all that is affirmed: He is then an utter fool, some say “mad,” on the Orton matter. Well, so be it. Is he the only M. P. who is in this deplorable state? Have not some of us seen hustings at home, and candidates bungling and stammering and haw-hawing and making Parliamentary government ridiculous by their after efforts at Westminster? Has not even “the most intelligent constituency in the world,” that of Birmingham, sent again and again a representative who was as mad as ever lunacy went on the currency question? Does not that constituency now help to send Mr. Newdegate? And did not the Tory press say when that constituency returned Mr. Bright that it was “a national disgrace and disaster” and “a foreshadowing of mob rule”? The electors of Stoke are no more illiterate than a hundred others, and, so far as their faith in Orton goes, they share a credulity which at one time was as aristocratic a foible as china-collecting now is. Then, pray, who is to blame for their ignorance, their being carried away by the rhetoric of Kenealy? That’s a question which can be answered truly in a phrase—their betters, their present censors who kept them in the dark and now sneer because their sight is bad. We know something of Stoke and Stoke men, and brave hearts and kind, manly men and motherly women are there amid all the smoke and dust and blight of natural beauty. The coke mounds and furnaces belching flame, and the inordinate activity of all the powers of moral darkness, give the people

small chance of growing up in “sweetness and light.” The ignorance there is not wonderful, considering that for over a generation there has not been any honest attempt to remove it which has not been opposed bitterly and persistently from sectarian jealousies.

The time and wit spent in abusing Dr. Kenealy’s constituents would be better spent in the endeavor to establish such a thorough educational system as would render the next generation less open to the influence of mere oratory and political humbug. But if Dr. K. were to come here his tongue would enable him to carry a good many votes; for our electors are not quite beyond the fascination of rhetoric, however it may lack wisdom.

No country has a more direct, vital interest in the questions discussed by Mr. Gladstone and his opponents than this Dominion; in no other are there the ecclesiastical and political elements which exist here. Canada retains a strong Gallican section among its Catholic citizens, it has also a strong section of Ultramontanes. These are in the same state as a strong section of the Protestant party, and that state is essentially democratic in constitution. If Mr. Gladstone’s position is maintained by facts, the independent spirit of the old French Church will be brought down so far as clerical influence extends and the Irish spirit of subserviency to the Curia will be the dominating policy of the whole Roman Catholic body in Canada, a change which will not be that humiliation of the proud and lifting up of “the humble and weak” which the Psalmist exults over. From the day on which the French prelates answered the threat of Pope Gregory IV., that if he excommunicated them they would return the compliment, to this, the Gallican Catholics have been a pious but stiff-necked generation, as Canadians well know and many proudly rejoice over. The process of their conversion, if effected, will be a very interesting study, and, if effected, will have a marked effect on our political future, not, we fear, in the direction of social or political consolidation and peace.

Mr. Gladstone in Parliament always rose in power with his foes, his genius glowed the more as the fire of opposition grew in heat. His reply to Dr. Newman

and others, who have assailed his pamphlet, shows the same characteristic, its rhetoric is as molten-metal, it flows over his opponent's ground, scorching up most cruelly their mushroom logic and their pithless philosophy as lava kills the plants in its path. We cannot afford space for reference to more than two of his demonstrations. He, in his first pamphlet, quoted the official repudiation of the Bishops of Ireland of the Ultramontane phase of the Infallibility dogma as evidence of the "change of faith" forced on the Church by the Vatican decrees. The reply of Dr. Newman is, that such a declaration is not authoritative, and that the most solemn assurances, even oaths, of even Catholic Bishops, must not be accepted by any government unless those pledges are ratified by the Court of Rome! Mr. Gladstone, by this remarkable statement, is able to say, that, either these Irish Prelates were "guilty of perjury and falsehood" or that they were compelled by the Vatican decrees to accept a "change in faith," as he alleged; the first hypothesis he seems to accept, the latter justifies his main charge against the Ultramontane party. The next

point is of special interest to many of our readers. Dr. Manning uses the words in his reply "since the rise of Gallicanism in 1682." Mr. Gladstone sketches briefly the more prominent acts of the French Church thus, "the Council of Paris in 1393 withdrew its obedience from Benedict XIII. without transferring it to his rival at Rome; restored it in 1403, again withdrew because the conditions were not fulfilled in 1406, and so remained until the Council of Constance and election of Martin V." And what are we to say to Fleury, who writes "Le concile de Constance établit la maxime de tout temps enseignée en France, que tout Pape est soumis au jugement de tout concile universel en ce qui concerne la foi." On this Mr. Gladstone fires this red hot shot, "Archbishop Manning has been the first, so will be probably the last person, to assert that Gallicanism took its rise in 1682." We give this as a *bon mouche* for our French friends, which will, we hope, send them to the dish we take it from, as it will afford a splendid intellectual repast. We thank Mr. Gladstone for coining a new word to designate his reply. "Vaticanism" is a "happy thought," as a designation of a policy and principles which are as utterly worldly and non-Christian as Imperialism or Communism or other isms born of lust of power.

Notice.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Sir Charles Lyell was born at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, on November 14th, 1792. His father was a man of science, very distinguished in botany. Young Lyell was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated without any special distinction, and entered upon the study of the law, inscribing his name as barrister upon the rolls of the Middle Temple. At the time when geology was beginning to be honored as a practical science, because of the revelations made by the tunnelling of mountains and deep cuttings for railway enterprises, Charles Lyell determined to become a geologist, and very soon began to distinguish himself. His early papers on the deposits of certain Southern Counties in England attracted considerable attention by their display of remarkable powers of observation; but it was not until

1830, when he published his "Principles of Geology," that he became known to the world. One of the first results of the publication of this work was his appointment as Professor of Geology at King's College, London. In 1841 he visited America, lecturing in New York and Boston, and travelling extensively through the United States. On his return home he published his "Travels in North America," and, after again visiting America in 1863, published his "Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man." He died at London on February 22nd, at the advanced age of 77 years, covered with all such honors as the world can bestow. He had been elected President of the Geological Society by his associates; was made a Knight Companion of the Bath, and subsequently a Baronet, by Her Majesty the Queen, and was the bearer of the degree of D. C. L., given by the Deans of Oxford University.