

Gift of
William A. Gosling

10 Miss F. Saunders,
40 W. 53rd St.,
N.Y. City.

A present from my ~~self~~



MARY BURTON

ABROAD

BY PANSY
AND OTHER STORIES BY PANSY, MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON,
AND OTHERS



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
32 FRANKLIN STREET

COPYRIGHT, 1882.
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY.

Presented
 Gift of Mrs. A. E. ...
 2/2/12

CONTENTS.

1.	The Starting Point	5
2.	Mary Burton at Glasgow	9
3.	Mary Burton at Edinburgh	15
4.	Mary Burton at Windsor	21
5.	Stratford-on-Avon	31
6.	Mary Burton at Smithville	39
7.	Mary Burton in London	45
8.	Bethnal Green Museum	49
9.	Royal Albert Hall	54
10.	The Albert Monument	59
11.	The Albert Monument (continued)	67
12.	Mary Burton at Home	71
13.	India	81
14.	The Little Maid Missionary <i>Rev. C. M. Livingston</i>	87
15.	He went in " " "	92
16.	John and Mary " " "	100
17.	Nails " " "	107
18.	Claude " " "	111
19.	Two Christmas Babes " " "	116
20.	Their Faith " " "	122

21.	Tell it all	<i>Mrs. C.M. Livingston</i>	125
22.	Time enough	<i>Faye Huntington</i>	137
23.	A true Story	<i>Isabella R. Williams</i>	140
24.	Letter from Auntie May .	<i>Mary Williamson</i>	143
25.	Who could want it? . . .	<i>Theta</i>	148
26.	"I hope it will snow lots"	"	152
27.	Marjory	"	157

MARY BURTON ABROAD.



I.

THE STARTING-POINT.

THE kitchen was in completest after-dinner order. Mary's two hands had dried all the dishes and sent them away and swept the room; now she sat paring the apples that were to be baked in sugar for the early tea, — sat with a half-sad, half-dreamy look on her usually sunny face, and pared the apple so slowly that tea-time might almost have come before it was done. She was tired, and she was also just a little blue. It had been a very busy day.

Before the first streak of daylight had appeared, she was up and at work, and her busy feet had not found a moment's resting-place since, though it was now after three o'clock. Uncle Horace, and Aunt

Augusta, and Cousin Ethol had been there to dinner, and were gone now for a sleigh-ride. There wasn't room for her in the sleigh, and besides the apples had to be peeled. There was very apt to be apples or something to attend to, in Mary's life. She didn't care much, however. She was four months and three days older than Cousin Ethol, but nobody would have guessed it. What with her stylish hats, and real kid boots, and handsome furs and kid gloves, Ethol looked quite the grown-up lady, and Mary was only a good-hearted, capable little girl.

A good scholar in school, a trim little housekeeper at home, and a wonderfully "handy" child, anywhere. That was what people who knew her were sure to say. But she was by no means a young lady. Besides,— and this "besides," covered the sigh which came every once in awhile from Mary's heart,— Ethol was going abroad, —going to Europe to spend two years. This was her last visit before they sailed, and in less than another month they would be on the ocean. Mary had all her life — and it seemed to her just now a very long life — wanted to see the ocean.

There was no present likelihood that she ever would see it. She wanted to go to Europe herself. She was sure she could appreciate the sights and sounds of that rare old world, fully as well as her Cousin Ethol could. Why should all the nice things come to her, and her cousin have to sit in that large neat kitchen and pare apples? She wasn't exactly cross, neither was she jealous; she wouldn't have kept Ethol from going for the world, I cannot say she was even miserable; she was just a trifle melancholy.

She went on with her peeling, and with her thoughts. By and by, if you had been watching her, you would have known by the quickened movement of her hands, that her thoughts were brightening. The apples began to drop rapidly into the tin. She had a new idea. "I'll go to Europe myself, see if I don't, this very spring. I'll borrow just the right books at the library and read up on them, and keep a diary about the places I go to, and the people I see. No, I'll write to Lollie Adams all about it. Ethol said she had promised to write to her dear friend Helen every single week; it is queer she never

said anything about writing to me, and I her own cousin! Never mind, I won't write to her either; but Lollie Adams shall hear from me every day. I'll hand her the letters as I go to school; she can read them over while she sits and sews, and she will like it I know. She will call it one of her 'helps.' That is a real nice idea Mary Burton: I don't know why you can't go to Europe as well as anybody. When Ethol comes back, won't it be fun to compare notes! Just as soon as these apples are done, I mean to hunt out a book and set to work."

By this time, the cores were being dug out of the apples very fast, and the tin was almost full; besides, the melancholy look had vanished from Mary's face. When a person is going to start in five minutes for Europe, and leaves no one behind that she cares much for, and is quite sure of not being seasick, why should she be melancholy?

II.—MARY BURTON AT GLASGOW.

GLASGOW, July 13, 18—.

MY DEAR LOLLIE:—Don't you remember when we were studying history, how interested we used to get in old Scotland? Just think of actually being in one of its cities! I'm not going to tell you a bit about the ocean voyage, the sea-sickness, and all that sort of thing. Everybody who goes abroad does that, and it's the same old story over again, and just *horrid* I think. I'm going to begin here in Glasgow. I wonder what you want to hear about most? Of course I can't tell you everything. I know; I'll tell you about St. George's Square. Lollie, don't you remember we used to think the square in front of the court house at home, was real pretty? Dear me! if you could see this! Just think of a square all filled up with lovely bronze statues, for one thing. Oh, of course I don't mean

the statues fill up all the space; but there are lovely ones. The grandest one is Walter Scott's. The monument on which it is placed is magnificent; eighty feet high; and the statue is just splendid! There is no inscription on the monument, except the name, "Walter Scott." I suppose people think his books are his inscription. For that matter they might be his monument. Then there are statues of Sir John Moore, and James Watt, and Robert Burns, and several people that I don't know about. Did you know that Sir John Moore was born in Glasgow? I didn't. It seems James Watt, began his experiments with steam, here; that's the reason he has a statue. Lollie, wouldn't you like to do something great and grand, so people would build a monument for you, or something, and everybody would remember you always? They do have statues of women. Queen Victoria's is in this very St. George's Square.

There are fine hotels all around the square, and the great post-office, and public buildings. We are stopping at a temperance hotel, and it is named after

Washington. Isn't that nice? I declare, I have forgotten to say anything about the Clyde! Isn't that a sweet name for a river? If I should ever have the naming of a beautiful little boy, I would call him Clyde. You can't think how lovely the river is! People say it has the finest scenery in the world; but I don't know how to describe scenery, I only know that it is perfectly magnificent. The name of the finest street in the city, is Argyle; that is a pretty name, too.

We went to see John Knox's monument; it is on a hill, and is very high and grand. And oh, I have been on a sail down Loch Lomond! And I saw Dumbarton Castle; it is built on a great rock partly split in two. Oh, the beautiful lake! It is twenty-two or three miles long, and has mountains on each side; one of them is about three thousand two hundred feet high, and is named Ben Lomond. Then there are lovely little islands that we pass, one of them is a park, another has the ruins of an old castle on it, and another an old church. Inchlonaig

is an island where drunken wives used to be sent by their husbands. Set ashore there, you know, with some bread and water, and left as long as their husbands pleased! At least that is the story one of the gentlemen told me, and he has written a book, and ought to know. Oh, but I wish I could draw, or rather paint, and I would send you a picture of the falls of Inversnaid! They are so lovely! Did you know that Wordsworth wrote a poem named "Highland Girl." I think that is the name of it; the story was about a Highland girl, anyway, and she lived at this waterfall. I'm going to read the poem as soon as I get a chance.

That reminds me of another book that I mean to read sometime. A gentleman told me about "Rob Roy," one of Walter Scott's stories, and pointed out the very cave where Rob Roy hid himself, and the prison made out of a rock, where he was caught. It is on the shore of the lake. I should like to read stories that had real true history all mixed up with them. I don't believe mother would object to that.

Only I asked the gentleman who talked with me, how I could be sure which was true, and which was made up? and he laughed and said, "That was a little troublesome, occasionally."

Oh, Lollie dear, I have so many nice, beautiful things to write you about, but I must leave them all until next time.

And now, good-by, your ever loving friend,

MARY.

With the greatest satisfaction did Mary Burton hop up from her chair in the plain, square, upper room in her father's house, in the country of Central New York, where this letter was written, and hasten to get on her sun-bonnet, and take her pile of school-books, and trip down the shady walk of the village street to school, stopping on her way to hand in at the door of the dressmaker's shop, her Scottish letter.

"Foreign mail in!" she said, in a low, gleeful tone, as she found that Lollie Adams, her friend and confidant, although a girl of nearly eighteen, was the only one in the room.

“It is all true, Lollie, and was such fun! I do hope you will like it.” Then she sped away to take her place as the first scholar in arithmetic in the district school.

III. — MARY BURTON AT EDINBURGH.

DEAREST LOLLIE, — Oh you blessed child, if you were only here this morning to talk with me, instead of being off in that little dried-up village in America! “Here” is Edinburgh. Doesn’t it seem just like a dream? Oh Lollie, I have thought of you all the week. Such lovely, *lovely* flowers! I did not know there were so many in the world as are crowded into this one city. Lollie did you know the Scotch people cultivated flowers so much? I didn’t. I thought they were a cold, grave, sort of folk who did not care for such gay little creatures as flowers at all.

Nothing could be more untrue. Don’t you think, along the railway, coming here, even the

names of the stations are spelled out in great glowing letters, with flowers growing, you know, on a mound by the road-side! Oh, Edinburgh is grand. Great stone buildings; looking strong and lasting. We are stopping at the Clarendon, and I am afraid you will laugh when I tell you the nicest thing I have seen about it, is the stars and stripes waving on the upper balcony! It does look so like home. There are two Edinburghs. I mean it is a city set on two grand hills, or rows of hills. The highest belong to the old town, where the castle is. Why, Castle hill is three hundred and eighty-three feet high! A lovely lake used to divide the two towns, but the people had it drained, and made gardens all over it, and on the north side of the gardens is Princes street, — a perfectly lovely street. There is a high, splendid bridge built between the two towns.

We have been everywhere. How shall I ever be able to tell you all about the things I have seen? You like monuments, you know. Well, I've seen such grand ones. Last Thursday we went to see the

Scott memorial. That is in these gardens of which I have been telling you. It is a little over two hundred feet high, in the form of an open Gothic spire supported on four Early-English columns which serve as a canopy to the statue of Scott. There are niches all around and up the monument, filled with marble people who represent some of Scott's characters. I heard a sad thing about it yesterday. That was, that the man who planned the memorial, — designed it, you know, and thought out all these lovely fancies about it, — died before it was built! Even before he knew that they were going to work entirely from his plan. His name was George Kemp. Poor fellow, I wish he had lived to see it. It took four years to build this monument.

There are ever so many statues on Princes street, Livingstone's among others; Nelson's monument is on Calton hill; it is rather ugly. There is a ball on the top called the "Time ball." At exactly one o'clock, it falls, and a gun is fired at the Castle. This is done by electricity, somehow; I don't understand how. There are ever so many sciences that I

will have to study when I get back from Europe, in order to understand what I have seen.

Oh, I saw the house where John Knox used to live. It is on High street. It says on the outside in queer letters and queer spelling, —

"LUFÉ · GOD · ABOFE · AL · AND YI · NYCHTBOR · AS · YI · SELF!"

Just think, he has been dead over three hundred years, and is preaching away yet from the walls of his house! Speaking of High street reminds me that we went to St. Giles Cathedral. It is built in the form of a cross. The tower is made in the shape of a crown, and is very grand and beautiful. It can be seen from nearly all parts of the city. The church is very, very old. It was rebuilt as long ago as 1359. Think of a church building large enough to be made into four! That is the way it was arranged after the reformation, and John Knox preached in one of them. Lollie did you ever hear of a woman named Jenny Geddes? She sat in this church choir a little less than two hundred and fifty years ago, and when the Dean began to read the new Episcopal service, she

was so angry that she picked up her stool and threw it at him. I saw the very stool; it is in the Museum. She had a good deal of spirit, hadn't she?

Oh Lollie, I saw somebody who interested me more than John Knox, or Scott, or Nelson, or any of them. Don't-you think, Mr. Burnham is here! I saw him on the hotel piazza and screamed out his name and rushed up to him, so glad to meet him again. He is just the same Mr. Burnham. In the midst of all the talk about the plans for to-morrow, of going to the Castle, and seeing the king's old room, he bent down and said to me: 'I trust you are still looking forward to see "*the King* in his beauty, in the palace which he has gone to prepare." Wasn't that just like him?

"He *did* say that,' said Mary, when she stopped on her way from school to talk over the Edinburgh letter that she had taken to Lollie in the morning. "It was just after history class, and we girls were talking about the palace at Holyrood and how much we should like to visit it, and Mr. Burnham came up behind us and said that. Oh Lollie, he is a perfectly

splendid teacher." And Lollie, as she sewed away on button-holes, said to her friend, "I think he is ; what with enjoying his talk and your European letters, I am having the nicest time I ever had in my life. Stay to tea, dear ; we are going to have soft gingerbread."

And Mary stayed.

IV.—MARY BURTON AT WINDSOR.

WINDSOR, Sept. 18—.

MY DARLING LOLLIE,—Oh! oh! Lollie dear, how shall I *begin* to tell you all I have seen to-day. I ought to be tired enough to be in bed and asleep, but you see I am so eager to talk to you that I cannot sleep. Just think! I have been at the Castle all the morning. It has been a perfect day from the first opening of my eyes. We came from London this morning. (That reminds me that I haven't told you a bit about that great, beautiful, awful city; but we are going back there, and you needn't be afraid; I know I shall write a whole volume about it yet.) Well, Windsor, you know, is only about twenty miles, perhaps not quite that from London, so it took us about an hour to get here. This is Friday, the last day of admittance to the Castle; that is for this



WINDSOR CASTLE.

week, and it seemed an age to wait for another week, so we just left everything in London and came on, to-day. Oh, Lollie! How Professor Sargent would criticise that sentence! Wouldn't he? I fancy I can hear him saying, — "Do you think anything in London will suffer very materially because of your absence, Miss Mary?"

Well, the Castle; we reached there at a quarter past ten and had to waste an hour, because eleven o'clock is the earliest hour of admittance. Still, of course, there were lovely grounds to look at. Lollie, think of walking through a real castle that has been lived in by kings and queens for so many years. I was half wild with delight. We couldn't see the private apartments at all; they are hardly ever open to visitors. Isn't it mean? What hurt would it do just to let us peep in, and see what their real home rooms look like? It never seems to me as though they had any home, or that they ate, and slept, and laughed and talked like other people. It seems as though they did everything by rule. Lollie, there are thirteen towers in the Castle. The great, elegant

ball-room and the state dining-room are in these towers. Oh, there are ever and ever so many different buildings, you know; the principal part of the Castle is built in a sort of Court, and there is a lovely round tower in the centre. That is where the governor lives. The top of the tower is more than two hundred feet above the Thames, and the most lovely views of the river can be seen from it. It was rather cloudy to-day, but one of our party said that in fine weather as many as twelve counties could be seen from the tower. Oh, Lollie, if you *could* see the paintings! Many of them were done by those old artists that we have read stories about; and then some are by artists who are living now. I like the modern ones a little the best, but I suppose that is because I am not capable of understanding the beautiful work of the old masters. Some of our party just raved over paintings that I couldn't see any beauty in. While they were gazing, I took a promenade down the corridor. How long do you suppose it is? Do you remember the academy piazza which was sixty feet long and seemed

such a pleasant walk to us? Well, this corridor is five hundred and twenty feet long. I paced back and forth and imagined I saw queen Victoria and the princes and princesses, and all the grand lords and ladies. In fact,—now Lollie, you needn't laugh at me,—I imagined I was one of them myself, and that I wore a white satin dress, and diamonds in my hair and on my neck, and oh, everywhere! It was real fun; ever so much nicer than to be a true princess, because when I got tired of it, I put the white satin and everything out of the way without any trouble and went down into the garden; you go from the terrace down a long flight of steps, and it is just perfectly lovely there. I can't describe gardens, can you? Oh, Stacey Livermore is here; he went with us to the Castle. We went down the gardens together, and saw Herne's oak. "Do you know about Herne's oak?" I asked him, and he said, "poh, no; I don't know about any of these things. A fellow ought to stay at home and study a hundred years before he comes to Europe. I know that old fellow Shakespeare wrote something

about it, but I haven't an idea what." I didn't know any more about it than Stacey, but I shouldn't wonder if you did. We went the "Long Walk," which is a lovely, lovely avenue, three miles long, in the midst of a great, magnificent park. There is a row of old elm trees all the way on each side of the walk. We saw Prince Albert's tomb in the distance. I asked how much it cost, but nobody knew.

That reminds me, though, that I *did* hear what the new stables and riding-house cost, — seventy thousand pounds! Think of that! Oh Lollie, I can't tell you about Windsor Castle at all; when I commenced I thought I could; but there are some things you can't describe.

On Monday we are going to Stoke Pogis, (isn't that a horrid name?) Stacey says he knows a lot of things about that place. He is going with us, and he says he'll help me remember things to tell you. He is improved a little I guess, — you know there is room for it. He is different some way; I can't quite make out what it is, but I like him more than I used; he can be real sensible sometimes.

Well, dear, I'll try to tell you all about Stoke Pogis.

"It was the awfulest work," giggled Mary; she had come back from Windsor, and was seated on the door-step with Lollie, who had come for her after-supper walk and to get the foreign mail.

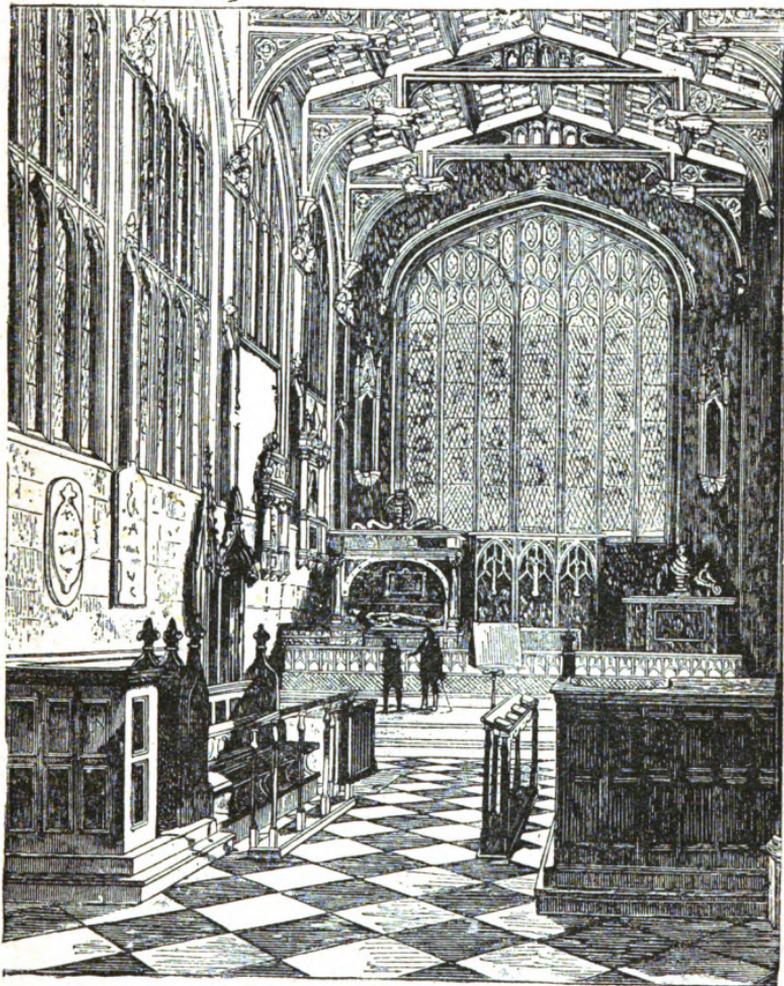
"You see I can't find out much about Windsor Castle. I found a picture of it, and just little bits of description here and there; everything I've said is true; but it made me cross to think how many real nice things I could have told you if I had only known what books to find them in, and then could have got the books. I'll tell you what it is, I mean to find out about it all; somebody knows things of course, and I'll ask questions until I find out; then I shouldn't wonder if I'd run down to Windsor again some day, and write you another letter."

"So all you wrote, is strictly true, is it?" asked her friend. "That about Stacey is then, of course?"

Then the two girls looked into each other's eyes, and shouted with laughter. "I don't care,"

said Mary at last, "he needs improving, and if I can't do it any other way, I'll do it on paper."

"Are you sure there is no other way, Mary, dear?" Lollie asked her, quietly. "If Stacey were only a Christian, he would be wonderfully improved. Seems to me I would try to help him in something besides Algebra, if I were you."



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

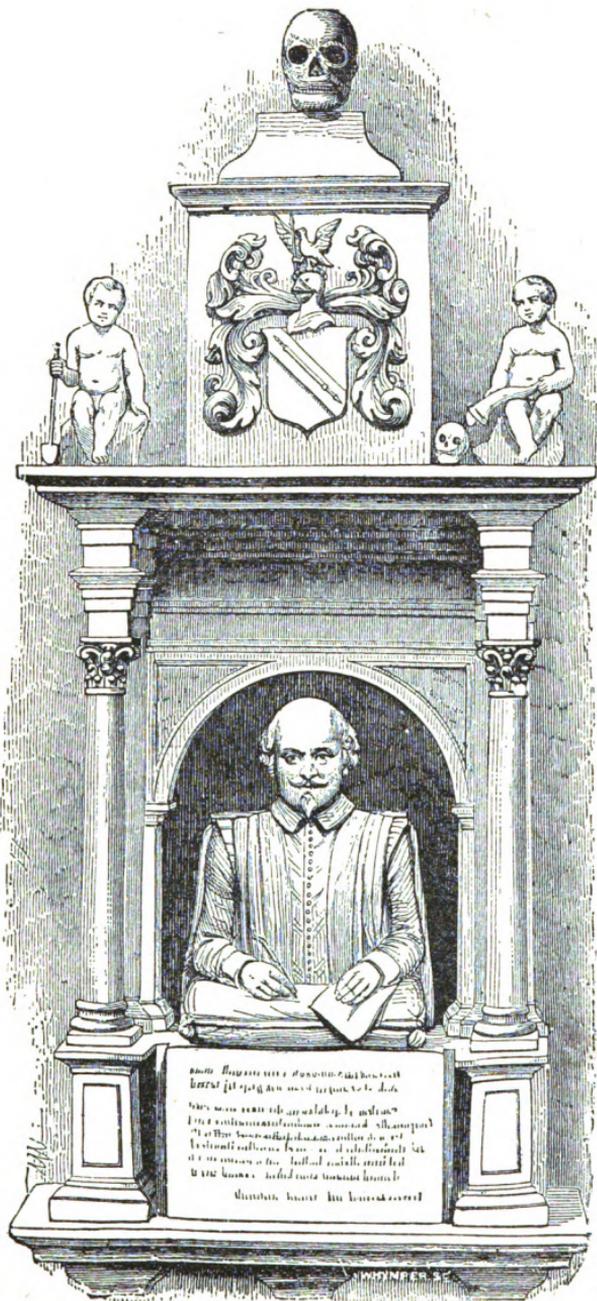
V. — STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

DEAR LOLLIE,—Isn't it queer for me to be spending more than half a day in an *old* church! Some of our party just wanted to keep staying and *staying!* but then I didn't wonder; *you* would have liked it, Lollie. Of course, you know the church at Stratford-on-Avon is the place where Shakespeare is buried;—though I didn't know it until Mr. Burnham told me so. If it were not for that same Mr. Burnham I should know very little about the places where we go; but he comes up and answers all my questions, besides a great many that I want to ask, and don't like to. We saw the house where he used to live, —Shakespeare I mean, not Mr. Burnham; and now I think of it, I don't mean even that, for the house was pulled down; but somebody

has built another just like the old one, so we can see what it was. A common enough house; I think I like ours at home, better. Still it seemed strange to walk around it, and think what a great man once lived in it; and people didn't know he was going to be a great man! I suppose his father punished him, and his mother boxed his ears, occasionally, just as though he was not going to be the greatest poet in the world! I stood looking at the great slab lying in the chancel, and by the way, it has a horrid verse on it; I copied it for you, spelling and all.

“GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLEST BE YE MAN YT SPARES THESE STONES,
AND CVST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

I asked Mr. Burnham if it was supposed that Shakespeare wrote those lines, and he said, he believed some people supposed so; but it would be hard to prove it, or make scholars believe it. Then he asked me why I looked so dissatisfied; wasn't Shakespeare's tomb satisfactory? I laughed, and said that I wanted to know a hundred things. He



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB,

told me to ask him fifty of them, and see if he could answer. "Well," I said, "I don't know anything about Shakespeare before he became famous. I want to know what kind of a boy he was, — rich or poor, a good scholar, or bad, and everything. "Poor," he said. "His father was once quite wealthy, but when William was about fourteen, he had to leave school and go to work, earning his own living."

"What did he do?" I asked, eagerly, and I wondered if even as early as that, he wrote verses that people paid money for. But what do you think was my answer!

"Well, it is supposed, and with very good reason, that he became a butcher." Think of it, Lollie, the great Shakespeare a *butcher*! Then Mr. Burnham said it was thought that he also taught school for a time, but nothing was very certain about this part of his life. You see, the trouble was, they didn't know he was going to be famous, and so took no pains to remember about his boyhood. But before he was nineteen he married! his wife's name was Anne Hathaway, and she was about twenty-seven

when they married! I don't think he was very good to her; only think! all he left her in his will was a bed! It doesn't seem to me, from all I have heard, that he was a very good man, if he *was* a great one; but Mr. Burnham says he was better than many men in his time. His monument is horrid! At least I think so; a great awful *skull* on the top! The little angels on each side are sort of ugly-looking creatures, too. I don't like the great man's face, either; this is what it says both in Latin and English, on his monument, "In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil; the earth covers him, the people mourn him, heaven possesses him." I asked Mr. Burnham if he were a good man, — that, is a Christian, — and he said he had never heard anything that would lead him to think so. Then I don't think they ought to put that last sentence on his monument, do you? He was just fifty-three years old when he died, in April, 1616. How almost *awful* it seems to think of any one having been dead for more than two hundred and fifty years!

Lollie, do you know much about Shakespeare's

writings? I told Mr. Burnham that I didn't believe I had ever read a dozen lines that he wrote; and he answered, that there was time enough for me to read him, if I lived; but he thought quite likely I had read a great many lines of his without knowing it, as he was more often quoted than almost any other author. "But," he added, "I would rather have Bunyan's monument." I didn't know anything about Bunyan's monument, and I told him so; and he promised when we went to see it to tell me a great deal about it, and him.

Then he read for me Anne Hathaway's epitaph written by her son. It is in Latin; I made a copy of it: "My mother, thou gavest me milk and life; alas for me that I can but repay thee with a sepulchre! Would that some good angel might roll the stone away, and thy form come forth in the Saviour's likeness! But my prayers avail not. Come quickly, O Christ! then shall my mother, though enclosed in the tomb, arise and mount to heaven." I liked that epitaph best, because it sounded as though somebody loved her.

Lollie, I had a feeling, standing by those graves that had been there for two hundred and fifty years, that nothing lasted but *graves!* I said something like it to Mr. Burnham, and he smiled, and said, I must not forget my own soul, which was to last after those marbles had crumbled into dust. I'm going to write about something pleasant, next time, I guess.

Your loving

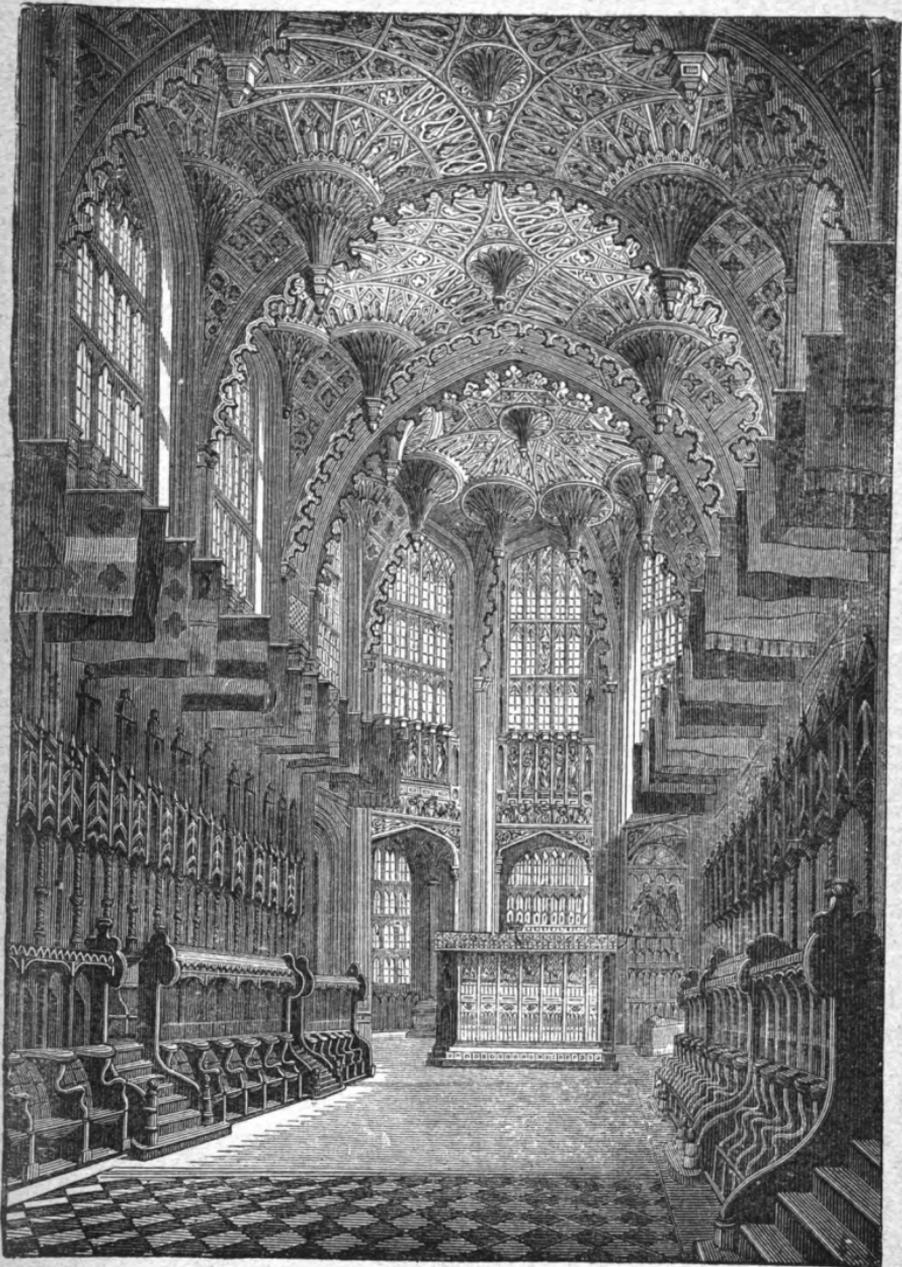
MARY.

VI. — MARY BURTON AT SMITHVILLE.

THAT is not in Europe, you understand ; but is the pretty little village where Mary lives. Just at this writing, she is not in the most amiable of moods. She is seated in a low chair, by the west window of Lollie Adams' room, engaged in hemming a ruffle so that Lollie can shirr it.

“So there is no foreign mail, to-day?” questioned Lollie, a shadow of a smile hovering around her lips, she sewing, meanwhile, very fast.

“No, there isn't, and I'm out of all patience ; I meant to have just the nicest letter for you. I saw a picture of Westminster Abbey, and I wanted to write about it ; but do you believe, after trying hard for two days, I can't find anything that sounds like



WESTMINSTER ABBEY (CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.).

real plain English about it. Where is Westminster Abbey, anyhow?"

"More than I know," laughed Lollie, "I am not in Europe, you will remember, and have never been."

"Well, what is it? A church where they have meetings every Sunday, and does the queen go there to church? And what is there so very wonderful in it?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Lollie, serenely.

"That's just it, neither have I; and I've tried as hard as ever a mortal could, to learn. I suppose I haven't the right sort of books; but I wish I could find out what sort to get. I hunted through Uncle Robert's encyclopædia and found just nothing at all; and in one book I found a sentence that read as though everybody knew all about it, of course, and there was no need to spend any time on it. 'Westminster Abbey is of course too well known to need any description from me,' — that is what one writer said; I find plenty of such sentences; I believe when people don't know anything about a thing, they say that. I'm going to try it. After this,

whenever you come to a sentence which tells about things so well known that they may be passed over in silence, you may understand that I don't know the least thing about them, and neither does anybody else that I can find to talk with. I asked Stacey Livermore to-day, if he was posted on Westminster Abbey, and he said, 'Why, yes, of course; everybody was. Edward the Confessor had it built, instead of going on a pilgrimage to Rome as he had promised.' But when I began to question him, as to how it looked, and where it was, and what it was for, and the things that had made it famous, he knew no more than a kitten. I spent the whole of last Saturday morning in the library, going over old, musty books, that, judging from their titles, would have something to say about Westminster, and every one of them talked as though of course I knew it all! I tell you what it is, Lollie, I do hope I will really and truly go to Europe some day, so I can write a book, and I'll describe things so plainly that people can see them the minute they shut their eyes."

“I hope you will,” said Lollie, laughing, “I *sincerely* hope you will go, both for your sake and mine; but in the mean time, dear, don’t pucker that hem. You need help in the selection of books; why don’t you ask Mr. Burnham what to get to read up on Westminster?”

“So I will,” declared Mary, with brightening eyes; “that will be just the thing. There, Lollie Adams, you have given me the first real help on Westminster that I’ve had this week. Oh, I’ll know something yet; you shall have your description, — see if you don’t.”

“And about Stacey, is he improving anywhere except on paper, yet?”

“No; he’s horrid. He lounges into Sabbath-school when it is nearly half out, and knows as little about his lessons as I do about Westminster.

“Perhaps, little girlie, he needs some real outspoken help from you; as much as you need it on another subject. How much do you say to him on this subject, so much more important to understand than Westminster can be?”

Silence for a few minutes, then Mary said, "Lollie, you are just *awful* to ask questions. Hand me the scissors, please. I don't know how to help Stacey; but I suppose I might try."

VII. — MARY BURTON IN LONDON.

LONDON, AUG. 18.

DEAREST LOLLIE, — You couldn't guess where I have been all the morning: in a meat market! Don't you think I must have been hungry? But really it seems to me just now as though I never *should* be, again, or want to see any more meat; but I suppose I shall like it as well as ever by to-morrow. Ah! but the market where I have been is well worth going to see. Do you remember Sarah Williams describing to us Fulton Market, in New York? Dear me! I wonder what she would think of London market. Lollie, imagine iron gates twenty-five feet high, nineteen feet wide, and weighing fifteen tons. Nineteen feet wide! Why my room at home is only fourteen feet wide, and you know we think it a pretty good sized bed-

room. Three acres of market! *Can you imagine it?* The roof is made of glass, and fancy iron work, and is just as pretty as it can be. If you can't imagine how large a place three acres is, just go up to Mr. Burnham's and walk around the grounds, he says there are just three acres. You may imagine it took us some time to walk through the market, for there were so many things to gaze at, and it is six hundred and thirty feet long. Under the market, there is a railroad depot; tracks are laid from there to all the railroads in London, and even out into the country, so that people can get their meat sent to them at the last minute. One of the waiters told us there was a train passed through their depot every two minutes, all day long. There are one hundred and sixty shops, or stalls, in this market, ranged on either side of the avenues. Think of having avenues for promenading through a market. They are just splendid, anyway. The central one is thirty feet wide; then there are six side avenues, each twenty feet wide. Oh, I can't tell you how lovely it was to stand at one end of the main avenue, and look away

down as far as the eye could reach ; a wide, straight beautiful walk, with lovely glass roof, mixed in with ornamental iron arches and pillars, and great balls of fire, for gas lights.

O Lollie I couldn't realize that there were people enough in the world to eat all the meats that we saw in that market. I said something of that sort to Mr. Burnham, and he said that he would like to have everything in it cooked, ready for eating, then open the great gates, and call on all those who had no breakfast and no dinner, to come in and eat. "I don't think by dark there would be a mouthful left," he said. Only think of it! So many hungry people in London. Oh, I saw such queer shaped eggs, just mountains of them piled up. I couldn't think what they were ; but a man told us they were plover's eggs. Then don't you think I saw eagles to *eat!* They come from Norway, and are not like our American eagles, but still I should think that no American would like to eat them, just for the sake of the name. Well, it was a nice, clean, cool, elegant place. Think what an immense amount of

money must have been spent on building it, and how much it takes every day to keep it stocked. And there are people enough to eat all the food displayed there, and in hundreds of other places, and still hundreds go hungry ; and this is all in one city. What a *great big world it is!* How can God take care of it all? This evening when we had prayers in our parlor, Mr. Burnham read the verse, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father ;" then he looked directly at me, for I had told him I couldn't realize that God could think of so many people at once. Oh, I was glad to hear it read out from the Bible, in plain words that we cannot mistake ; and then the next verse rests one so : "Fear ye not, therefore : ye are of more value than many sparrows."

O Lollie, it is good in a great, full, *terrible* city like London, to remember that our Father numbers the very hairs of our head. It is good to belong to Him. That is the thought with which I want to go to sleep to-night, so I will leave you now.

Good-by dear, until to-morrow.

VIII. — BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

MY DEAR LOLLIE,—I am just home from a visit to the Bethnal Green Museum. It is a lovely place in which to spend a morning. Do you know about it? James the First had the ground on which it is built given to the poor. It is said that all around the Museum at that time were bare fields, but now it is a crowded city. The building itself is ugly I think. It is all of dark red brick; the front is arched, but the arches are not graceful looking. I told Stacey Livermore that the building looked very much like the Union depot at Marysville. Inside it is just a great world's fair; all sorts of things on exhibition. There is a department for animal products,

and one for vegetable products, and one for minerals, and one for metals, and one for wooden things. How much does that tell you about what I saw? I ought to pick out some one thing of special value and describe it; that is the way Mr. Burnham says we must write letters of interest from abroad; but do you believe I can do it? You see, the trouble is, I looked at so many things they just whirl around in my brain, a mass of color and confusion, and I can't get anything out of them. One of these days I'll settle on something and describe it perhaps. The prettiest thing I saw, that had anything to do with the Museum, was the fountain just in front of the main entrance. It was perfectly lovely! exquisite vases, and cups, and carved figures, and the water streamed in such graceful jets from them all. It is made of majolica ware. "What is majolica ware?" I asked Stacey Livermore.

"S'pose I know!" he answered, as if he were so much astonished at being asked. Then I was determined to know about it; so I asked auntie, and Mrs. McMartin, and her niece, a young lady who

knows everything — except about majolica ware; I couldn't get a bit of information as to that. So I waited for Mr. Burnham to come up, and tried him. Of course he knew. He said it depended on whether I meant what was it now, or what it was once when the Italians first began to use the word. I said I wanted to know from the beginning. So he told me. The Italians called a certain kind of earthen-ware by that name, because the first that they ever saw came from Majorca. After awhile the same kind of ware was made at Faenza, so people stopped saying "majolica" and said "faience" instead; a prettier name I think, don't you? In these days he says the name majolica is used again, and people mean by it anything made out of colored clay, and coated with a white opaque varnish which makes it look like the original faience. I didn't like to ask him what "opaque" meant, so I had to wait until I could get to a dictionary; then I was astonished to find that it only meant something that couldn't be seen through! A beautifully carved figure of St. George and the dragon is on the top of the fountain.

That was another thing about which I had to ask questions. I really wish I knew *anything!* Still I didn't learn much. Stacey said St. George was a man who lived a great many years ago, and they made a saint of him. Now of course I knew that. As to the dragon, there was a story that he had rushed upon such a creature and killed it, and saved the life of a king's daughter by so doing; but who the king's daughter was, and how it came to happen, or whether there did really anything happen to make the legend out of, and if not, who first got it up, he didn't know. Stacey doesn't know much, now that's a fact; neither do I; but I do mean to study hard when I get home. I have been saying some of those things to Mr. Burnham to-night, and the answer he made was just exactly like him: "But with all your getting, get wisdom." That sounds as though the Bible thought there was one thing worth being called wisdom, doesn't it? I know Mr. Burnham thinks there is nothing so important as that kind of wisdom. Well, so do I, of course; but then comes

the question, if I truly think so, why don't I get that? Aren't people queer, Lollie?" I musn't write any more. Auntie says my letters are always too long. Do you think so?

IX. — ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



DEAR LOLLIE, — Now I have something that is perfectly wonderful to describe to you. I know it will take a good while, because there is so much to tell; but I am going to try to “condense,” as auntie says. But first I want to go back to that last letter about the Bethnal Green Museum, and correct it, or finish it. Auntie read it over just before the mail went, and she laughed at me. “The idea,” she said, “of writing about Bethnal Green Museum, and not explaining that it was a free institution, or, at least, open free for three days in the week, and that there are rooms for instruction in drawing, designing, and many other studies.” Well, now I have told you that,

do you like the museum better? I suppose it was an important item, but I never thought of it. Auntie says that is because I don't expect to stay long enough to get any benefit from it. Do you suppose I really am such a selfish creature as that? Well, now, let me tell you about the Royal Albert Hall. It is in Hyde Park, right in front of the lovely floral gardens. It is an immense brick building, circular in shape; inside it is lovely. Mr. Burnham says it is like the Colosseum at Rome, only of course not so large. But it is large. Down in the centre a thousand people can be seated, and then in the amphitheatre fifteen hundred more. Then there is a row of boxes for eleven hundred people, and a lovely circular balcony that will hold twenty-five hundred. Now you will be sure to think that is all; but it isn't; above the balcony is a circular gallery for two thousand more. It doesn't look nearly so large. Stacey and I almost quarrelled about the number of people it would seat. He was right for once, and I was wrong (for a great many times). There is an immense organ, and a platform for two thousand mu-

sicians. Wouldn't you like to hear a choir of that size sing? Mr. Burnham says that about ten thousand people can be comfortably seated in this hall. The dome of the building is all glass; and there is a curious sort of tent, hung just below, which makes the light as soft and pretty as possible. It is the very finest building I have seen yet. But, Lollie, I'm just discouraged with trying to describe things to you. "If Lollie were only *here!*" I say, a dozen times in as many minutes, sometimes. Now, when I began about this hall, I thought I could tell you some real wonderful things; and after all, what have I said, but that it is a great, big room, that will seat ten thousand people? I can't put the lovely lights that filled it on paper for you, nor the sound of the great organ, nor the graceful galleries and balconies, and if I could, they wouldn't look as they did to me.

"How much did it cost?" I asked, suddenly, as we stood looking around on all the beauty. Uncle laughed, and said "Mary was a thorough American." Of *course* I am; why shouldn't I be, but I don't know just what he meant. Mr. Burnham said, to

speaking within bounds, he would put it at two hundred thousand pounds. That sounded large, but I really was not sure how many dollars it was; these "pounds" do bother me so! I rushed for a dictionary as soon as I reached home; for I have to ask so many questions, I have decided not to ask a thing that the dictionary will tell me, and it is a wise book. Well, I suppose you know how much a pound is, but for fear you don't, I'll tell you that it is about four dollars and eighty-four cents. Nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars! Isn't that *immense*? I don't know about things, Lollie; I really don't. People think this hall is so grand and splendid, and it is; and they say Prince Albert was a public-spirited man for planning it and having it built; but oh, the awfully poor people that we saw on our way home! Awful men, and more awful women and children. Oh the *children*! What if all that money, or half of it, say only *half* of it, had been spent in making decent homes for some of those people, would there be as much misery in London as there is now? Stacey laughs at me, and says, what

if I should wear just my skin on my hands instead of the pretty gloves of which I am so fond, and spend the money in clothes for poor children, would there be as many without clothes as there are now? Well, of course there wouldn't, *quite* so many, and yet it doesn't seem the same thing. I'm all mixed up. *Do* you suppose I ought to go without gloves?

X. — THE ALBERT MONUMENT.

LOLLIE, DEAREST, — That last letter closed right in the middle of it! Uncle hurried me, — said there wasn't time for another word, and wouldn't even wait for me to sign my name. I was glad for one thing: auntie didn't see it; she would have been sure to laugh over it. Don't you think I didn't even reach the subject that I intended most of my letter to be about! I was only going to say a few words about Royal Albert Hall, and then I meant to tell you of the Monument. All those adjectives about having a "wonderful" in the first part, referred to the Monument. I shall never learn how to "condense information."

I'll start with the Monument, this time, or rather

with the steps leading to it, — Lollie, the most wonderful flight of steps! They are of granite, and they form a regular pyramid, stretching nearly two hundred feet in length. The platform at the top is laid in lovely colored stones, from different quarries in England.

There is a great gilt railing all around the pyramid. At the four corners are lovely groups of statuary, in Italian marble. They are supposed to be pictures of the four quarters of the globe. Some of them are so strange! The figures are immense. Europe is a woman, seated on a bull; she has a crown on her head, a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other. England, Italy, France, and Germany sit around her. They are women, too. England is sitting on a rock, with the waves of the sea dashing against her; she has a shield in one hand, and a trident in the other. Now, if you are no wiser than I, you will want to know what a trident is like. It is a sort of sceptre, and has three prongs, or teeth. Neptune, the god of the ocean, is generally pictured as carrying a trident. So I sup-

pose England thinks she rules the ocean. I asked why the sceptre was named trident. Uncle laughed, and said, —

“Here is our young interrogation-point on hand again;” and Stacey added, giving me a survey from head to feet, “A little grey thing that asks questions.”

Well, I said, “None of that answers my question.”

Then Mr. Burnham called on Stacey for an answer, and he said he was sure he did not know; so as usual, Mr. Burnham had to tell me. It seems “dent” is the French for teeth, and “tri” is the Latin for the number three; and as this sort of sceptre has three teeth, it is named “trident.” I do like to know the reason why of things.

Italy sat on a broken marble pillar, with a pallet and a lyre at her feet; that is because Italy is such a musical and artistic country; but I don't see why the pillar that she sits on should be a broken one. France is all ready for war and victory; she rests her right hand on a sword, and holds a wreath of

laurel in her left, to crown the victor. Germany is studying her lesson, an open book on her lap. I don't think Germans study any harder than other people, do you? But they were all very, very beautiful.

At the next corner, Asia is pictured by five human beings and an elephant. A woman is seated on his back, just taking off her veil; a Persian stands beside her with his pen in his hand, a Chinaman on the other side with a lovely Chinese vase in his arms. A little at one side stands an Indian in full war dress, and an Arab, who has just jumped from his camel, leans against the saddle. I liked Asia ever so much, — there was something so wild and grand in all their faces. I don't see how such things can be made in marble. Why, it seemed to me that I could see the fringe of the Persian's shawl!

At the next corner was Africa: a kneeling camel, with an Egyptian princess on his back; a Nubian standing beside her, with his hand on an ancient monument; a Moorish merchant in striped dress, turban, pipe, and a bale of goods at his feet, is the

next figure ; and the last is a negro, with his chains broken and lying at his feet.

At the next corner is America. A woman seated on a buffalo is riding, or looks as if she were, through long prairie grass ; she carries a shield on her arm, which has an American eagle on it and a Canada beaver. The United States stands at her side, — a lovely woman, with a sash made of marble going over her right shoulder ; it is all full of stars ; she wears an eagle's plume on her head, pinned on with a star. Canada stands at the other side, looking at her ; she is dressed in furs, her head-dress of leaves, a pair of snow-shoes at her feet. A rattlesnake is slipping through the grass, away from the United States. Mexico is there, in furs and panther skins ; and South America is a prairie hunter, with South American lilies lying at his feet.

Now, just think, Lollie, of seeing all these wonderful and beautiful marbles on the platform of the Monument ! You see, we haven't reached the Monument yet ; in fact, we haven't *half* reached it yet. There is ever so much more to tell you about.

Lollie, I shall certainly have to wait until to-morrow before finishing my story. It is time to go to supper now; I hear the first gong sounding. Just think of writing a long letter, and not getting through with a description of one monument! But then, it is the most wonderful monument there is in the world. I do think Queen Victoria must have loved her husband very much; some way, it never has seemed to me as though queens really *loved* people.

“You see,” said Mary, explaining the matter, as they sat on the door-step, after tea, “I don’t get much time for studying up and finding out all these things, and so I have to cut my stories short, right in the middle of them, so you will get a letter every week. I pretend to write it all at once; but, dear me! sometimes I only write three lines in a day. I was all yesterday afternoon finding out about a trident. That about the gong sounding for supper I put in, because I heard old Moolie’s cow-bell tinkling, and I knew she was milked, and that mother

would want me to carry the milk to Mrs. Patton's."

Then both girls laughed merrily.

"It is very interesting," said Lollie. "I am in such haste to hear about the Monument that I can hardly wait. I didn't know there were such beautiful things in London."

"Nor I," said Mary. "I wonder if Ethol has been to see it? They are in London now; they have been there for two weeks."

"Why don't you ever put Ethol into your letters?" Lollie asked.

"Oh, I don't know; I can't. Some way, it doesn't seem as if she would say anything to put in a letter. I can imagine myself talking with uncle and auntie, but I have to leave Ethol out. I wish she would write to me. Wouldn't it be nice to get a *truly* letter from Europe?"

"Perhaps so; but I like my imaginary letters from Europe ever so much; I am learning a great deal from them. And, Mary, dear, there is one thing

that I like very much, — the little bits of earnest talk which you have with Mr. Burnham.”

“I do, truly, have those talks,” said Mary, thoughtfully.

XI.—THE ALBERT MONUMENT.

LONDON, Aug. 18—. Now, my dear, for the conclusion of that story about the monument. Where did I leave off? O, I remember, I had just reached the second flight of stairs. At their top is another platform, of granite and marble, and all around the four sides are statues of great men; artists, and scholars. One hundred and sixty-nine statues of life size! Think of it, Lollie! Raphael sits gazing at his sketch-book. Michael Angelo is leaning on his chair. Then there are Titian and Rembrandt, and Rubens, and Hogarth, and Murillo, and O, ever so many artists. Wonderful geniuses they all were. On another side the poets are gathered: Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, and all the rest of them; then the great musicians, Beethoven, Mozart, and the

rest. On the north side, are figures of great builders. Cheops, and Hiram of Tyre, and all those old, old men, who lived, it always seemed to me, before the world was made at all! On the four corners of the last platform are four figures which represent Manufacture, Agriculture, Engineering, and Commerce. How can they represent such things? Well, listen: There is a woman with her hand resting on a piece of machinery; in front of her another with compasses in her hand; and another has a cog wheel; then there is a man at work, with tools of different kinds scattered around him; all these in marble, remember. Then another figure is directing a man at his plough, and beside her sits a woman with her lap full of corn; a shepherd boy stands near, and his sheep are all around him. At last you reach, on the centre of this platform, a lovely house, open on all sides (O, it is like a church tower), held up by lovely pillars, and in the niches is more statuary, in bronze, eight figures, each seven and eight feet high. One is "Astronomy;" she is holding a globe, and has a headdress of stars. Medicine has a cup in

her hand, and a serpent at her side. I suppose there is brandy or alcohol of some kind in her cup. Physiology has a cunning, little baby in her arms and a microscope in one hand. In this lovely spot is the statue of Prince Albert. Of course we have reached the actual monument now; though I guess I didn't tell you so. It rises from the centre of that platform I told you of, where all the great poets and artists are. It is one hundred and eighty feet high.

Away at the top of the house where Prince Albert sits, are more statues, eight feet high. They are perfectly lovely! One is Faith, with a cross; another is Hope with an anchor; Charity has a burning heart; Humility has a taper lighted, and there are ever so many more. Then, above them are eight angels, made of gilt bronze. They are clustering around the foot of a cross, which crowns the monument.

Here are the words which are on the monument.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PEOPLE
TO THE MEMORY OF ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT,
AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE
FOR A LIFE DEVOTED TO THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Now I have reached the end of the description of the monument. Don't you think it must be a wonderful thing? Think of spending over five hundred thousand dollars for something to mark a grave! Doesn't it seem strange? "What did Prince Albert do, anyway?" I asked. And uncle Horace laughed, and said he married Queen Victoria. But auntie said she didn't think that was fair, he did a great deal more than that. He was a man who believed in public improvements, education, and humanity, and did a great deal for the culture of the people.

XII.—MARY BURTON AT HOME.

There had been an all-day bustle about the Burton kitchen. Mary had had no chance, and, indeed, no desire to write her "foreign letter." On this very day her uncle and aunt and cousin Ethol were expected to make their first visit since they returned from Europe. That of itself made bustle enough, but it didn't begin to be all that was going on. Before this letter telling of the coming of the travellers was received, it had been planned that Mary should have a nice little birthday tea-party. The guests were all invited. Lollie, of course, and Mr. Burnham the teacher, and Stacey Livermore, besides half a dozen others; in other words, everybody who was in the history class, beside

Lollie who wasn't in. Of course the party had to go on, if the travellers *were* coming, though Mrs. Burton went around looking a little troubled, and wished that everything didn't come at once. However, Lollie came over early.

After tea, when things had settled down a little, an eager group gathered around Ethol in the parlor, ready to ply her with questions. She had been "abroad," and every boy and girl in the history class wanted to go, and wanted to hear about Europe. So they began:

"Of course you went to Scotland?"

"Oh, yes," said Ethol. "We were there three weeks, and we went everywhere, and saw everything; though I don't think much of Scotland; it doesn't begin with Paris."

"How does the Scott Memorial look? Is it handsome?"

"The Scott Memorial? Let me see! I've forgotten where that is. Oh, yes, I remember, in Glasgow!"

Then did Stacey Livermore and his particular

friend George Hudson, look at each other.

"Is that so, Mary?" asked Stacey, looking over to Mary Burton.

"Why, no, Ethol; you mean Edinburgh," Mary said, her cheeks growing red for Ethol's sake.

"Oh, yes," said Ethol. "One gets things mixed up so after being everywhere. It is in Edinburgh."

"Which Edinburgh is it, old or new?"

And, behold! Ethol didn't know, and Mary Burton had to be appealed to again. Neither did she know how tall it was, nor how much it cost, nor whether it was of marble or granite, and finally confessed that she did not recall it at all.

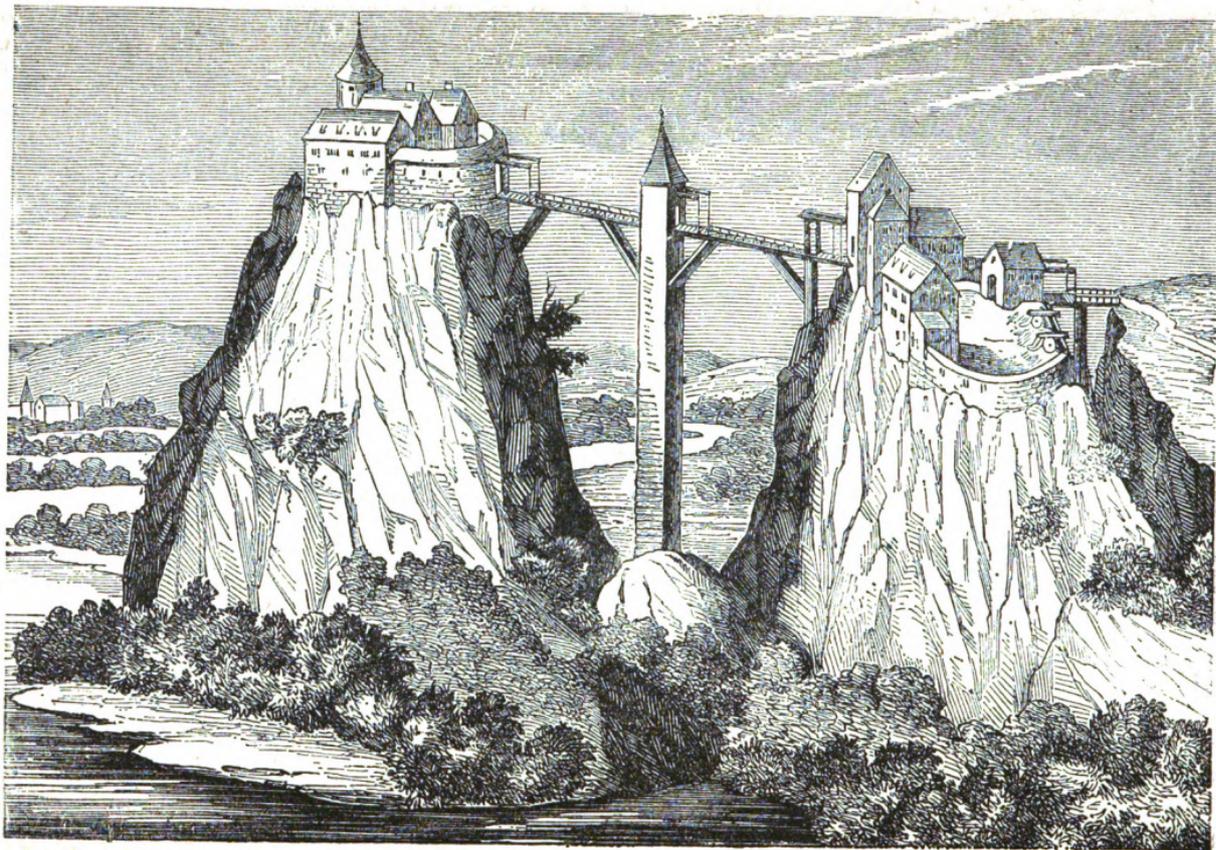
"On the whole," said Stacey Livermore, who was an old acquaintance of Ethol's, and seemed to think he was privileged to be rude, "I guess we'll have to let Mary tell us about it. It seems, after all, that she is the one who has been abroad."

Ethol's remembrance of Windsor was even worse; and she didn't go to Stratford-on-Avon at all; in fact, didn't know what the boys meant when they asked her about it. Royal Albert Hall she had seen, and the Prince Albert monument, of course; but she did not remember about the statuary, and when asked to describe just how England and France and Italy were represented, answered that she didn't know what they meant; there wasn't a word about any of those countries on the monument. Then two or three of the boys laughed, and appealed to Mary, who, of course, could hardly avoid answering their questions. About the Bethnel Green Museum, Ethol had not so much as heard.

Mr. Burnham came over to their side presently.

"What are you young people doing?" he asked them; and of course Stacey Livermore was ready with an answer.

"Why, we are hearing about Europe. It seems Mary Burton and Lollie Adams have been



WILDENSTEIN CASTLE.

abroad, and they are telling Ethol and us about things."

"How is that, Miss Ethol?" Mr. Burnham said, smiling. "Stacey is getting names mixed, isn't he?"

But Stacey was too quick for her. "No, sir, it's all a mistake. We were told that Ethol had been all over Europe, and that she would tell us lots of things; but come to find out, she went with her eyes shut, and Mary here stayed at home, and kept hers open, and it makes a difference."

"Stacey thinks because I don't know all about those horrid monuments, and museums, and things, that I haven't seen anything," Ethol said, with a very un-grown-up pout on her pretty face.

Then did Mr. Burnham, discovering the trouble, sit down with them, and wisely ask such questions as he felt certain would draw out Ethol's knowledge.

Sure enough, she *had* seen things about

which she knew, and though she had not looked at them carefully enough to describe them well, and though both Mary and Lollie had to be appealed to to add facts, still they got on much better, and were all ready for Mr. Burnham's gentle hint.

“You see, young people, Europe is a large country; there are a great many things to see. It would be absurd to expect one who had been abroad but a year, to know all about foreign countries. Quite as absurd as to suppose that those who stay at home know nothing about them.”

“But, after all, sir,” said Ethol, speaking respectfully, “don't you think people have to *see* things before they can know so very much about them?”

Mr. Burnham smiled as he told her that one of the best books ever written about Europe, was written by a blind man, who, of course, saw nothing. Still she insisted that while people might find out some things by studying, you

could tell in a few minutes' talk which knowledge came out of books and which came from seeing. "I should know that you had been all over Europe," she said, confidently, "by the way in which you speak of things.

Then Stacey Livermore clapped his hands, and Mr. Burnham's niece Helen laughed; for both of these knew that he had never been abroad in his life.

"The fact is," said Mr. Burnham, "we have to discover that we don't know much of anything, before we are ready to learn; and sometimes it takes half a lifetime to discover that. Still I like the plan wonderfully that some of this class have been carrying out, that of studying up foreign countries, and writing about them. If you had only gone a little farther, and opened correspondence with Ethol, and kept each other posted, what a mutual benefit you might have been! You could have used her eyes to see with, and she could have used yours." Then every one of these young people looked

sorrowful, and realized that here was a lost opportunity.

“Why didn't we think of it?” said Stacey; and Mary thought, but did not say, that the reason she had not thought of it, was because she had been so jealous of Ethol and her opportunities, that it blinded her eyes.

INDIA.



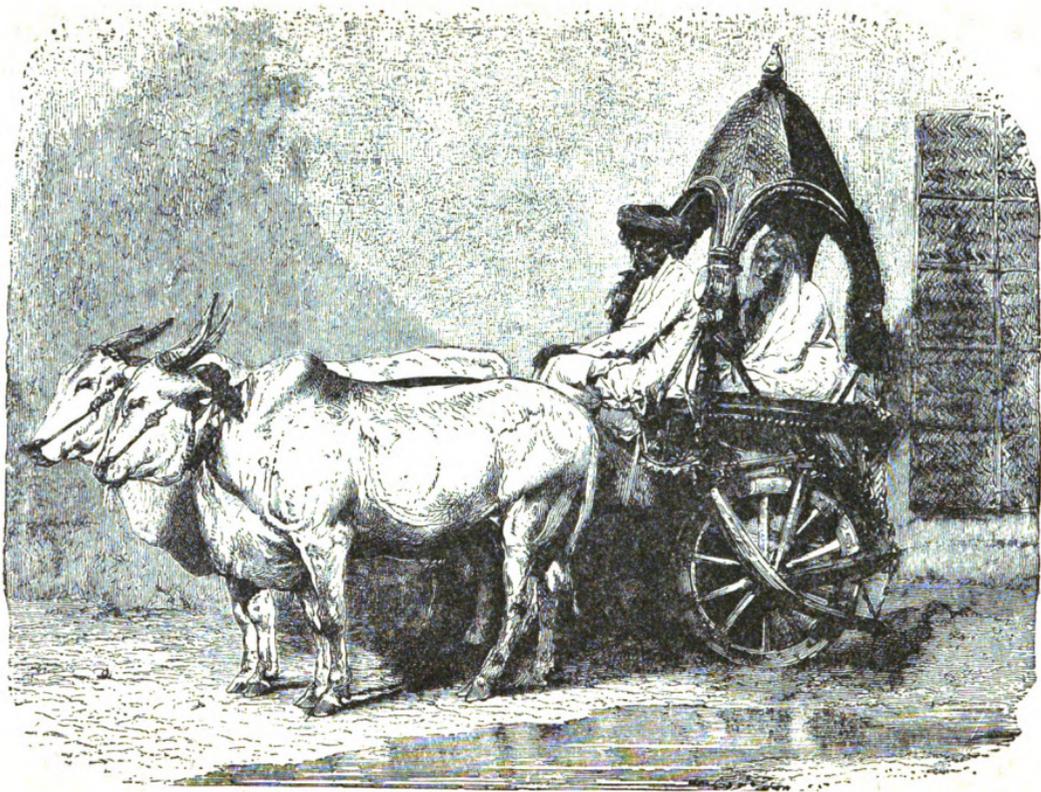
SHALL we take a journey to that far-away country, and see what we can find? A queerly-dressed woman is our first sight. At least she looks queer to us. But in her own home she appears like the rest of the young women. In fact, she is very much dressed. Notice the embroidery on her dress, and the string of pearls or ornaments of some kind around her neck. Never mind if she is bare-footed; that is the fashion! Pay special attention to the ring in her nose, with its string of jewels: this marks her as quite elegant. "What a horrid fashion," says a little girl at my elbow. I think so myself; but how the little girl can is a mystery, for looking closely at her I discover that she has holes pierced

in her two delicate ears, and rings inserted with jewels on them. Why should not the Hindoo lady think a ring in her nose as becoming as the American lady's rings in her ears?

Besides, in some of her fashions the Hindoo lady agrees with our ideas of beauty; she has a ring on each finger of one hand, and her bracelets are certainly larger and heavier than any that we wear. More than that, if you look closely you will discover that she wears rings on her toes! Why not? "If rings on the fingers are pretty," she reasons, "then why shouldn't rings on my toes be pretty, too?" And on they go.

Here is the carriage in which our fine lady takes her morning ride. She has on her out-door dress now. I think myself it is less becoming than the one she wears at home. How the driving is managed is more than I can understand. What if those animals should run away? Though, to be sure, they look as though such a daring thought as that never entered their heads.

Perhaps my lady is going to visit the Jain Hospi-



tal. That, you must know, is a very large hospital in Bombay, for animals. Horses, and dogs, and cats, and monkeys, and crows, and vultures, and all sorts of animals are received into this hospital, fed, and bathed, and tended with the greatest care; the sick ones are dosed with medicine, and looked after in every way as we look after our sick people. The outer court is kept only for cows; these have the best rooms and the best care, for you know the Hindoos think they are sacred animals. It is a very curious sight to go through this strange hospital. Think of the money, and time, and care spent here. When you meet a horse limping around with a wooden leg, and a sheep with bandaged eyes, and a bald-headed monkey done up in liniment, you are half inclined to think the Hindoos the kindest-hearted people in the world. The truth is, we Christians might learn something from the poor heathen about kindness to animals. Still there are two sides to the question.

What do you think of taking more care of horses, and dogs, and cats, than of human beings? Do you

know that in India, animals, even tigers and serpents, are held so sacred that the forests are full of them, and hundreds of little children have been destroyed by them? How much such people need to learn about the great God who made our bodies with such care, and who considers them so beautiful that he is willing to call them his temples.

THE LITTLE MAID MISSION- ARY.



ONCE there was a little girl, and she lived away beyond the Great Sea. And there was war between her country and the next. And one day there came along a band of soldiers by her home and they carried her away in spite of her screams, and she was sold for a servant. And day and night she thought of her father and mother, and often and often she wept herself to sleep. It was no wonder. But worst of all, this little maid was among wicked idolaters. She had no church or Sabbath-school to attend. She was never called into family worship; she never saw her master or mistress reading the Bible, or even "asking the blessing."

Can you blame her for carrying a heavy heart and crying red hot tears till midnight. What if it had been you!

But after a little she began to think how her Heavenly Father always makes all things work for good to them that love him; and she remembered how the dear boy Joseph was sold for a slave down in Egypt land, and how God made it all come out so well for this Joseph and all his family and many of the Egyptians; and so she wondered if the Lord had not a hand in her being away off in this land among people who worshipped idols. Perhaps she was there for a missionary. How did she know? So she prayed and watched her opportunity to serve her Master Jesus as well as her other master. She didn't want to wait long. If you want to do good and seek for it, it will surely come to you many times a day. You can do good without going to Africa; though some day your master may wish you to go there for Him.

One day this little maid's master was taken very sick. Masters have to sicken and die just as much

as their slaves, you see. Well, they knew he couldn't live long at that rate. And they called in all the best doctors. But he grew worse and worse. And his wife was alarmed and began to weep and wail, and there was great sorrow all over the kingdom, for this man stood very high and the king and princes couldn't see how he could be spared. So in every house there was lamentation. And our little maid was sad with the rest. And she wondered what she could do to save his life, and so perhaps make him a Christian. And one night, while all in the house were crying and wringing their hands in grief. She went to her little room to pray, for she knew about calling upon the Lord in the day of trouble, and casting all your cares upon the Lord. And as she prayed, the Lord heard her and reminded her of her pastor, who was a great prophet; how he used to come to her home, and how father and mother and the children would gather around him, after prayers, and listen as he told what wondrous things God had done by him; how he had even raised the dead. And she ran to her mistress and told her all about the won-

derful prophet, and she knew he could cure her master, and she begged her to have him go and see him without delay. I wonder if you ever asked one of the heathen where you live to come to Christ to be cured of sin. But day and night she kept begging that her master might be sent to the prophet. And to her joy one day, it was told her "He is getting all ready to go." And sure enough, she looked from her window and saw him ride away in great style and with a great company of his soldiers and servants. The little maid was happy. And she flew to her room and knelt before her Heavenly Master with thanksgiving. She knew how it would come out.

Well, this dying man had no sooner gone down to the country of the little maid and made known his business to the great prophet and done just as he was told, than he was cured, and he came back well and happy and his heart was changed, and there was great joy all through the kingdom. They made great feasts in all the palaces, and there was music and rejoicing everywhere. And this cured man,

wherever he went, told how he was cured and he told his people about the great and good and true God. And how many more gave up being idolaters, and cast away their idols of wood and stone and the like, eternity only can tell.

Ah, if a little captive child, far away from home, with no father or mother to show her and comfort her, could do so much for the heathen, will you not try harder than you ever did to do something for them for whom Jesus died, and to whom he says we must carry the "good news?" See if you cannot do something, even if you do not go, or are not carried captive among them. I wonder if you are Jesus' captive. I wonder if you really feel that he has bought you with his precious blood, every bit of you, to serve him as faithfully, as did this little maid missionary. Read her story in 2d Kings.

HE WENT IN.



Two young men were "going in," as I passed along. They had been standing at the door a moment before in earnest conversation, as I could readily see from a distance, every little while one trying to pull the other in. But I just caught a good look of one and knew him. He was from the country, a member of a Sunday-school. He came to the city and became a clerk in one of our large stores. One of the other clerks soon got well acquainted with him. They often walked the streets together, after tea when their work was over. This other clerk knew all the low, wicked places of the city, especially where there was drinking and gambling.

There was one particular saloon where he went

every night, and spent his substance in riotous living.

The keeper of this place allowed him many privileges, provided he would bring other clerks. So the young man was a daily visitor there, and it cost him but little to drink and play billiards and cards, if he only brought one or two others with him. Out of such the bar-keeper made his gains.

Now this young man from the country, whom we will call Will, had never been in a saloon in his life, nor had he ever tasted intoxicating drink; and when he left home for the city he had promised his mother to keep away from all such places, and be true to total abstinence.

But he liked society and music and pictures, and he was very curious. He wanted to see what was to be seen, and so he loved to walk about the city and see the sights, though he meant never to go near any bad places; certainly never to enter them.

This time of which I began to speak, Will's friend had led him about from shop window to picture gallery, and so on, till suddenly they stood before that

saloon. It had a beautiful front, high, broad, and seemingly all glittering with gold. Hundreds of gas jets, within and without, made everything bright like midday. Handsome young men were going in and coming out, smiling, smoking, now and then, it is true, swearing and staggering. Sounds of sweet music ever and anon floated through the opening and closing door, and what seemed most gorgeous paintings could occasionally be seen.

Thus Will stood with his friend, almost bewildered, as one in a new world. His friend had led him there for a purpose. He rightly guessed how he would be affected by all the sights and sounds near that saloon; though up to this time he had not told Will that he ever frequented such places. But Will, after a few minutes, began to remember his promise to his mother, and was about to turn and go away, when his companion plead for five minutes more of the music; then he urged Will just to step in, just that once; that they needn't have anything to do with the wrong of it, but could simply see for themselves, and no doubt learn a great deal; and, what

was best of all, prove to themselves that they could resist temptation, though right in the midst of it. He urged that the city missionary and many other gentlemen went in just to find out how things were inside, and be able to speak from experience. But Will had promised, and was about tearing himself away, when the door opened, and he caught a full view of the inside. It was gorgeous, dazzling. He had never seen anything so magnificent. Then the music, how could he get away from it? Why not listen a moment longer?

So he listened, and it seemed as though angels must be playing. Was not music a good thing? Why not go in just once, and enjoy it near by, and see how they made it so sweet. Yet the promise came before him. "Mother, you needn't fear for me. I'll keep clear of all such things. I will for your sake at least." At that moment a fine looking gentleman came out and spoke very politely to Will's friend, and was introduced to Will. And they conversed about many things, while enraptur-

ing music went on within, and again and again the paintings could be seen, all aglow with light.

“Come,” said the gentleman, “will not your friend step in a moment and see the paintings, and enjoy the music better than one can out here? You will find most comfortable chairs, and the latest periodicals and ice water (I see you are weary), all at your service. The proprietor is a friend of mine, and a perfect gentleman, too, if I do say it. Very few such as he in this city. He is highly respected. Several of the ministers know him. He used to be an active member of one of the largest Sabbath-schools here, and quite a supporter of the church,—does a great deal of good yet, gives great sums to several poor families whose fathers have got to drinking to excess. Strange that a man can’t control himself. I know when to stop after I’ve taken a little to refresh myself. I despise a young man who has to sign a pledge to keep from being a sot.

“Gentlemen who come in here are none of your low class. The proprietor won’t have it. He is determined to prove that a young man may find a pleas-

ant and profitable place to spend an evening with his friends, without falling into the beastly habit of common saloons. Come in a few minutes and rest yourselves, and then let's take a stroll somewhere else."

So saying he opened the frail door. Again that bewildering world within was seen. Poor, weak Will! He had stopped, just stopped and listened and looked in a moment. That was all. What possible harm could there be in that? Harm enough. He *was constrained* and *went in* and came out at midnight — *intoxicated*, for the first time in his life.

Three persons were once walking together one evening, and when they came near a certain house, two of them urged the third to go in with them. I do not know if there was one picture, or any kind of music, or any other such thing to attract him; but he went in. Think you they played cards or billiards together, or drank beer, or whiskey, or any strong drink, or used any low slang words, or told any disgusting stories, or took God's name in vain, or

came out with red faces and blood-shot eyes, and staggered through the streets, carousing as they went? Yet they sat and dined together, and talked most warmly till their *hearts burned*; yes, and they were all *intoxicated* when they separated that night — not like Will with maddening whiskey, but with *love*, intoxicated with love to God, and everybody, and each other,— a love that caused one of those three to lay down his life — to die on the cross — to wash away with his own blood the sins even of drunkards and drunkard makers; a love that caused the other two to go here and there, telling the story of redeeming love.

He went in. Ah yes, one goes in, like Will — goes into some beautiful, fascinating — Hell, to lose his own soul; another goes in, like Jesus at Emmaus, into some plain cottage, or lost soul, to save that soul.

What if you were to just *never enter* a saloon, no matter what may tempt you, but always be in the habit of going into God's house, or wherever the Lord will go with you, and like those two disciples

eat of the bread which he may break and bless, and drink the water which he will give from the fountain of life. Well, what say you to that? He says: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open the door I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me." *I wonder if it will be said of you at the last day, "He went in;" I mean, into glory.*

JOHN AND MARY.



MANY years ago there lived in the great city of J—— two children, John and Mary. Often they played together, and went hand in hand to school; and many a time, as they were coming home, now looking into a shop window or hurrying by a saloon, or almost pushed from the narrow sidewalk by some drunkard, they promised each other, when they should grow up, that they would fight with “all their might and main” for Temperance. John said, if he could only study law and become a smart man, and get into office, he would close up the run-shops, — he would defend the poor widow and fatherless. And little Mary promised she would never marry a man who drank.

But, like too many boys and girls who promise never to touch or taste strong drink, both of them, when temptation came, forgot their promises. I've known so many strong temperance girls who said they never would keep company with young men who smoked, and went to saloons and theatres and such places, and yet two-thirds of those very same girls, a few years later, did just what they were not going to do. Some of you say you will always keep clear of all this nasty, dreadful business. I wonder if you will. God help you! You can't escape unless you are kept by his mighty power, because you are fighting against "the rulers of the darkness of this world." No one has ever stood against such foes alone. I tremble for you, if you are not on the Lord's side, and he on yours.

But we must follow John and Mary a few years. Both grew up, John becoming so popular he was made a judge; and so he had a good chance to carry out his early promises about temperance. But he cared more for his office, and how he might keep it year after year, than he did to use it for the comfort

of the oppressed and as a terror to evil doers. So he soon fell into bad society, spent a good deal of his time gambling and drinking, and became very profane and wicked and hard-hearted. The devil has always used alcohol and gaming and such things to make men hate God and each other.

As for Mary, she was soon engaged to be married. It was a most beautiful day in May when, amid the good wishes of friends and the songs of birds, she started on her wedding tour,—a beautiful beginning, as most are, but, like most, a sad ending. She is soon a widow, and with an enemy. She married a very nice young man, *except* that he was not a total abstainer. He would not sign the pledge, nor would he promise never to touch strong drink; one of those, you know, who “will not sign away their liberty,” who “know what they can stand,” who “will not be such fools as to be contemptible drunkards.”

For a time he was a loving and industrious husband; then he became very intimate with some of the fast young husbands who invited him to their

club meetings. There he met the judge, and there drank and gamed.

It is never far from some of those club-houses to the lowest dens. This young husband who "would not sign away his liberty" was not long in finding his way there, and, little by little, his money went into the saloon-keeper's till, while he now could drink glass after glass, with the judge at his side. Finally nothing was left but a craving appetite, a wasted name and home, and wife and children in tears and rags.

Last of all (the old story — you can read it when you will in the dailies), that husband was killed in a drunken carousal in the place where he spent all his earnings, — murdered, and cast out door, like a dog, by the saloon-keeper.

Can you blame that wretched Mary — now a widow, with her homeless, friendless children — if she cried for justice against that cruel adversary?

Ah, how many Marys are now wringing their hands and crying, as they look down into open graves where a once-beloved friend is being lowered,

to awake in the great day of judgment to "shame and everlasting contempt,"— for it is written over the gateway of heaven, "Drunkards shall not enter"!

What an "adversary," indeed, is strong drink! And how Mary, as she comes from the cemetery to her desolate home, must have thought of her beautiful childhood, and that lovely spring morning when she became a happy bride! And now all was so soon night and winter. And how came it all? Who did it? And what would save her dear boy from the fate of the miserable father? She would go immediately to the judge; he would surely pity her, and aid her in her effort to bind and destroy this adversary.

She was soon on her way. The street was crowded. The throngs jostled her this way and that; but her heart was too sore, and her purpose too grand, to be frightened by anything. So on she presses, right by the dreadful place where her husband spent his last night, — right over the walk, stained even now with his blood.

There is the judge, sitting in state, — put there to

plead the cause of the poor, the widow and fatherless. Down at his very feet she casts her weary self.

“For God’s sake, give me back my home and comforts that my adversary has stolen away; and, if need be, bind him in prison, lest he reach forth and destroy my dear boy also! For the sake of our childhood’s days, for the sake of promises made years ago, for the sake of your own sons and daughters, for the sake of hundreds whose hearts are sadder than even mine!”

No wonder he drove her away, and commanded his officers to hush her cries. What could such a man care for Mary’s tears and entreaties now? Hadn’t he learned to care for neither God nor man, through his love for office and money and strong drink? May be that “adversary” was standing near, and whispered to the judge that if he regarded this widow he would see to it that all the saloon-keepers would vote against him. That was enough. How many unjust judges there are now-a-days! They were once temperance boys, I suppose, many of them; they signed the pledge, and sang temperance songs,

and recited temperance verses from the Bible, and we thought they would make grand temperance men in a few years. But they grew up, and wanted office, and got it,—some of them by drinking and “treating,” and pledging saloon-men, if they would elect them, they would serve them. And they are doing the bidding of their masters. Thousands of poor, suffering widows come pleading before them, year after year, to make good laws against these wicked rum-sellers, or defend the laws, or execute them; and the long, weary years drag by, and, like this unjust judge, they will not “do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly,” and “relieve the cry of the distressed.”

But cry on, sorrowing, broken-hearted Marys, against the great adversary, Rum. Even this godless, cruel judge did at last relent before such pleading. Cry on, dear boys and girls, against your great enemy, strong drink. And cry not so much to hard, cruel man for aid, as to our mighty, loving God, who will avenge his own speedily that cry day and night to him, though he bear long with them. Read Luke xviii.

NAILS.



THEY drove nails through his hands, those very hands that had been so tenderly laid upon the heads of little children and left them a blessing ; those dear hands that broke the bread which he had made for the thousand hungry people ; those gentle hands that touched and opened the blind man's eyes ; hands that were always spread in blessing upon some one.

Just think how much hard work those loving hands had done, and all for others. They never had been idle. They never had stolen one penny from any one ; never had hurled a stone at any one, though bad people were often catching up stones to throw at him. They never had struck any one,

though he was so tormented and insulted ; and once shamefully struck in the face. Blessed, patient hands, yet there were people wicked enough to drive iron spikes through them.

What if they had been your own mother's hands, after she had carried you about so long, and fed you when you could not feed yourself ; had done for you what a mother only can do for a helpless child ; and her hands were *so* weary, and she was trying to get a little rest ; then, what if a band of rough soldiers had come and seized her and put hand-cuffs upon her, and led her away to prison, and condemned her to die, and driven nails through the same hands that had given them bread to eat when they came to her door almost starved to death ! But they nailed Jesus to a tree, and let him hang there till he suffered, and groaned, and died. No one pitied him, and took him down, and bound up the wounds.

They drove nails through his feet also. And what had those feet done to deserve such treatment ? Had they carried him into a house to rob and kill ? "The feet of the wicked are swift to shed innocent blood."

Not long ago, a man walked right up behind his neighbor, and shot him dead, because he hated him. Think you the feet of Jesus ever carried him on such an errand? Think you he ever trod upon a worm if he could help it? Why, he was walking about day and night, over the rough country of Judea, hunting up the sick and those in trouble, to comfort them. Yet they nailed his weary feet to the tree just as they had nailed his hands. What if it had been said that Mary, who once bathed his feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed them again and again; that this very Mary treated him like the others, striking him in the face and spitting upon him! Ah, you couldn't have believed it of her! She loved him too greatly for the wonderful love and mercy of Jesus to her. Ah, what great difference there was among the people in those times! Some loving the Redeemer so tenderly they were ready to die for him; while others could most cruelly put him to death on the cross.

And did you never think what one thing makes some people so cruel, whether they have ever so

handsome a face, or ever so much money, or high a place in the world? What makes some fathers so cruel to their families, sometimes swearing fiercely at the little children, or striking the sick mother; sometimes even killing them all, and themselves too? May be you would hardly believe it if I should tell you what happened only a little way from here, some months ago; but dear me, you have only to read the papers to find just such things going on daily.

I hope you love the blessed Redeemer too tenderly ever to drive one painful nail into him. Know what I mean?

CLAUDE.



FAR, far away, and a long time ago, there lived a famous soldier, and he had a wife and boy whom he loved very much. But his king one day commanded him to take ten thousand soldiers and hurry away to a distant land and subdue the people who had rebelled. They were a great people, and very fierce in battle, and to fall into their hands as captives was to meet a terrible death. So it was a sad day indeed when this husband and father had to kiss his wife and child for what might be the last time.

They went with him down to the sea-side, and saw his great army, with flashing swords, enter the ships and sail away eastward. Then the mother clasped her boy to her heart and wept. But the brave little fellow cheered her up, saying, "Don't cry, mamma,

dear! He'll come back to-morrow, I guess, and bring all those wild, bad people with him, with heavy chains on their hands; and the battles will all be over, and papa will go no more to dreadful war, and he will stay with us for ever and ever and ever, and we'll be *so* happy,—won't we, mamma, dear? And then some day we'll go into a beautiful ship, and sail away off, off, and see all the curious people, and birds, and flowers, and, oh! ever so many things,—won't we, mamma, dear? Now, don't cry any more. There, let me wipe that naughty tear away; and you mustn't let any more come."

And the dear child suited the deed to the word, and with one, two, three, a hundred warm kisses in turn, they hastened home.

So the day went away and the next came, and early little Claude awoke, and begged his mamma to make him ready to go down to the ships and meet "dear, grand papa." But his mamma put him off that time, promising to go as soon as a letter should come. So another day and another flew by; and one Saturday evening, as darkness began to

steal all through the city, and the lamps were being lighted, Claude crept into his mother's lap, and, looking earnestly into her face, began, "When will he come? Oh, when will he come? I'm so tired waiting!"

But the little head was weary, and soon Claude was fast asleep, dreaming; while dear mamma softly murmured

"He is coming o'er the sea,—
He is coming back to me!"

But Claude's "to-morrow" grew into one long year. Then, one day, the postman came hurrying in at the doorway with a letter. It was from "papa." The war was over. He was leading his shattered ten thousand home; but they had many captives in chains, and other strange things, from that far-away land. "And," said the postman, as he stood a moment while mamma broke the seal and read, "they say they are in sight now, and the whole city is hurrying to the wharf;" and away he ran with the excited multitude.

Sure enough, out on the rough waters, with sails pressed by the winds, the very same ships were

steering straight for the city, and here and there the flashing swords could be seen, and flags flying, and music swelling.

“There he is, mamma!” shouted Claude, as he saw a fine figure step from the boat; and a loud huzza rang from street, balcony, and house-top.

“Hail to the chief
Who in triumph advances!”

broke from a hundred players on instruments. And the grand procession swept through the avenues, the king wearing his radiant diadem, by his side the conqueror, grand papa; then his brave army, with their bronzed faces and bruised bodies, their broken blades and tattered colors; then a thousand dark-skinned, frowning rebel chiefs, wearing chains, and following the triumphal chariots of their conquerors. Then came Claude's other curious things, — birds and weapons of war so very strange, battle-flags, and ever so many other things that can't be told.

But it was over soon; and grand, brave papa that evening sat, in the twilight, with Claude on his

knee, and patient, happy mamma by his side, telling over all the battle-scenes, and how many hairbreadth escapes he had had, and how once he had a hand-to-hand encounter with the great rebel chief himself, and finally slew him.

“Brave, grand papa!” shouted Claude; and he threw his arms around papa’s neck so firmly as almost to choke him.

Two or three days after that, they went up to the great museum, and there, all about, they saw “the spoils of war,”—among them the curious and wonderful things that Claude’s papa had brought from the enemy’s country. Claude is looking at some of them now, and exclaiming, all the while, “Brave, grand papa!”

But there’s a braver and grander conqueror than Claude’s papa. He went from his glorious home on high. He came to the rebels of this world. He conquered Death and Hell. But, ah! what he suffered to do it, no tongue can tell. In a little while he is coming to His waiting family. Then they will be forever and forever with him. Are you His child?

TWO CHRISTMAS BABES.



A GREAT many years ago there was a beautiful city, away over the ocean ; and it had a palace, large and grand, all furnished in gorgeous style. And the people who lived there were grand. It is said they dressed in purple and linen very fine, and rode in golden chariots, and their horses were swift as the wind. And the people took off their hats, as they went grandly by, and did obeisance. And they feasted daily, and had men and women singers ; and at night the great hall of the palace was lighted with a thousand lights ; and they danced to the sound of the sweetest music. And the servants, gayly dressed, served the wines and delicacies. And it was so, day after day.

It is said that on one beautiful evening, just be-

fore the old year died away, and the new one took its place, a baby was born in that palace. And the word went round, and the servants sang for joy, and the harpers in the hall harped sweetly. It was a beautiful child, they said, with eyes so blue and limbs so round, and dimpled cheeks. And dukes and lords came with costly gifts. And sages said how great and good the child would be. And they say the little one slept on a bed of rarest, softest make ; no breath of cold air came near him. As for his food, some say 'twas almost like that of angels. And he grew to be a handsome lad.

This may not all be true about him. But there we'll leave him for twenty years or more ; then you shall see him again, and say how beautiful and good—or bad he is, and tell his name.

About that time, 1880 years ago (December 25), another child was born, not far from that palace. But his parents were poor and far from home ; and the night settled down over the land ; and they knocked at many a door for a lodging place, but not a soul in all that city full, bid them come in.

Weary and sick, they begged a place in a barn from the cold night and prowling thieves.

Ah, children! what if to-night some dear one of yours were turned out into the cold, or shivering in some dark, lonely barn, upon a heap of straw! You'd hurry to the poor sick one, and let her have your soft, warm bed? Some of you would, I do believe. If you knew where a certain hungry child is, with his dying mother, alone in an attic in this great city, — for friends they have none, — you'd go right there now; you'd carry them something from your own mother's pantry, and your own soft hand would wipe baby's tears away, and you would say to that sad mother "Come home to my house; we will care for you. Don't cry any more."

"Yes, I know you would. God bless you, dear child; may you comfort many a sad heart, in Jesus' name, ere you go before the Great White Throne, and He will say to you, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; athirst, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye visited me.'"

But no one took that tired father and mother in and cared for them, or watched with them that night, but the beasts that chewed their hay near by.

Ah, yes! there were angels hovering round, and God looked on tenderly when that babe was born and laid in the manger.

I know not if it had rosy cheeks like the other, and dimpled arms, eyes as stars and locks like ravens. No painter seems to have cared enough for such a babe to paint it. Yet I suppose no child you ever saw had face and form so fair, so pure, so sweet as his. Fine feathers may make pretty birds, but handsome boys and girls are those who walk in God's commands blameless. And you should have seen this holy child, with mother and father, at home. Ah! find me the boy, the girl, that's beautiful at home; there's your treasure, there's a belle indeed.

Well, so he grew; and I cannot tell how many sad souls he soothed; how many hungry mouths he fed; how many sick and suffering ones he healed; I

cannot tell the thousandth of all the blessed things he said and did; this church could not hold the books about them.

But one night, while he was praying in a garden all alone, a band of wicked soldiers came and bound his blessed hands, and led him off to prison. And base men swore false things about him. So he was condemned to die like an awful murderer. And then they mocked him, and cut his quivering flesh with whips, and spit into his sweet, sad face; and, last of all, they drove sharp spikes through his hands, and then hung him thus upon the cross, and a cruel soldier drove an iron spear into his side, and his head and hands and body streamed with blood; and all the while a thousand wretches went mocking by. So he suffered as never any suffered, and after a few hours he died in great agony; yet praying for those wicked men to the last.

But who do you suppose let all this cruelty come? who commanded the Babe of Bethlehem, when he became a man, to be crucified?

It was no other than the handsome lad we saw

twenty years before. He was a man now and a ruler. He was Pontius Pilate. He crucified the Lord of Glory. Shall I say that one babe killed the other? How dreadful the thought!

But this is Christmas, or Christ-mas. It comes, not from that grand palace, but from the birth of Bethlehem's Babe in that lonely barn. And this Babe, this Jesus, has friends and bitter foes to-day. There are but two sides. Every one is for him or against him; on Jesus' side or Pilate's side; a Christian, or a crucifier of Christ. You cannot have a real happy Christmas and New Year and not be on Christ's side. Are you his? When did you begin to be his? Are you getting all ready to meet him, when he comes again, not in that Bethlehem barn, but in the clouds of heaven, with all the holy angels.

THEIR FAITH.



“FATHER looks so sad,” said Hattie to her older sister Bertha. “I wonder what makes him look so downcast. Is he sick, Bertie, do you think, or has he heard some bad news, or is it that same old headache? I couldn’t *think* of sleeping last night. After kissing him, and looking back, I thought I saw a great tear in his eye, though he quickly brushed it away and tried to appear cheery. But all night long I kept seeing that tear, and wondering if you and I couldn’t in some way keep dear, sad papa, from suffering so. O, what can be the matter? What can we do?”

“Pray,” was the calm, assured answer of the sister. “Ask what ye will,” said the last Sunday lesson. His promises are all yea and amen. They are

as true as — as — the sun, dear Hattie. Don't you know it? I am sure He'll never let one of them fail."

Side by side, with clasped hands, they knelt, and silently, but earnestly, they asked, "O, Heavenly Father, *do*, — O, DO bless our own sad father. Help him out of all his trouble. Show us what we can do to help him and cheer him. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

So they prayed, not once only, as too many do, and forget all about it. They prayed "without ceasing." Their sympathy for their father was so great that they thought of little else except how they might help him and comfort him. They lost all wish for dress and gay society. Their pastor and Sunday School teacher observed that something was greatly troubling them; but though they tried to learn the cause of their sad countenances, the sisters kept the matter locked up in their own breasts.

Meanwhile, however, they were coming nearer to Jesus. It was not long after Hattie noticed that

“tear,” that both had become converted, and became very earnest Christians.

“I am almost discouraged, Hattie,” said her sister, one day, as she still noticed her father’s sad look. “I’m afraid He isn’t going to do what we want him to. You know it is just three weeks to-day since we agreed together to ask our Heavenly Father to help. But where’s the help? O, I’m almost in despair.” And Bertha could keep back the tears no longer.

“But I’m not discouraged yet,” said Hattie. “Will not God avenge his own elect, that cry day and night unto Him, though he bear long?” He will, he will, and it won’t be long either. Don’t cry, Bertie; maybe, before the week is done he will answer.”

He did. Very soon that sad-faced father began to smile and rejoice, not simply because he got into good business, and was greatly prospered, — and all this through the prayers of faith and loving help of those two dear daughters, — but because he gave his own heart to God, and was now a very happy Christian.

TELL IT ALL.



“I JUST expect those children will come to grief in some way,” Grandma Hathaway declared, as the old family carriage rolled down the shaded driveway and through the gate.

Grandma’s two married daughters and her son’s wife had all brought their children, and come home to spend the summer; the old house was full and happy.

And now this pleasant June afternoon they were on their way to Sewing Society. Grandma had proposed that she stay at home and take care of the children, but “the girls” said, “Oh, no, do go; there will be no pleasure without you,” for although her hair was quite gray, nobody could make everybody have

a good time like grandma. She was as bright and witty, and entered into everything that was going on, just as if she were twenty-five instead of sixty-five. So after every mamma had declared several times over that the children would do nicely by themselves, with Mary Ann in the kitchen, she consented to go.

The children had made all sorts of promises in the line of behavior, — a way children have, as you very well know. They thought it a grand thing to have the house, and the inside lawn, and garden, and orchard, all to themselves, and they really meant to be very good and have plenty of fun besides. Grandma herself could have desired nothing better of them for the first two hours, while they sat under the shade of the great elm, stringing daisy-chains and hunting four-leaved clovers.

There were six of them in all ; Nettie was the oldest but not always the wisest; the next in age was Rachel, strong and breezy; she liked to climb fences and trees, and had to wear stout, long-sleeved aprons, because she tore finer ones all to ribbons. She was



a good girl usually, though she had a bad habit of dashing into things without stopping to think. Bob was her brother, so very full of mischief that even his mother could not have loved him if he had not always been "so sorry" for his pranks and never told a lie to hide them; then there was Bessie, chubby and happy, she was Nettie's sister; then Lily, and she was like her name, fine and sweet; then dear little Paul, Lily's brother and everybody's pet.

"Come," said Rachel, after awhile, jumping up, "it's cooler now, let's play;" and then the whole six were on their feet in a twinkling.

You know just what a lovely time they had with "hide and seek," and "tag," and "puss in the corner," how they scampered over the grass, and flew in and out behind the tall trees, and hid behind lilacs and syringas, and shouted and laughed till they were hoarse. The play lasted a long time, but the end did come, when their feet began to grow heavy, and they felt quite willing to go into the sitting-room and rest on the sofa and easy-chairs. They were very

tired, and their faces red and hot; it seemed as if they never would be cool again.

“If we only had something nice to drink, some raspberry shrub,” suggested Nettie.

“Grandma wouldn’t care if we did have some, if we can find it,” said Rachel, and with that the whole troop started for the dining-room. If only the carriage had driven up to the porch just then, but it didn’t. Grandma supposed that before she left home she had locked the door of the dining-room closet and put the key in her pocket, — if she only had — but she didn’t; she was in a hurry and forgot it. She would no more have thought of leaving that door unlocked than she would have given them her best cap to play with, and there she sat now in the sewing society laughing and chatting. If she had only known that at that very minute, her closet door was wide open, and six little marauders had possession of it, and were examining and tasting the jellies and jams that she had made that morning and left standing unsealed on the shelves to cool; and not only this, but that Topsy, the old, black cat, who

was never allowed to put so much as one paw into that closet was there, too, slipping softly in behind the other little cats.

How came they to do anything so naughty? Well, they never quite knew themselves how they could have dared, but they got into it little by little. Rachel opened the door first, and went hunting about to find the raspberry shrub, then the others rushed in after her. It was a nice place to be in, they thought; it was cool and dark, and cans and glasses of fruit stood on the shelf by the open window, and there was a good smell of all manner of dainties. Rachel could not find the shrub, so she stepped up on a low shelf, and seizing a teaspoon that lay there, helped herself to a taste of currant jelly; then Bob ran to the dining-room and got two more teaspoons, and then he lifted little Paul up on a table and climbed on himself. Paul shouted, "Me some!" "me some!" so Nettie held out to him a pot of raspberry jam. Meanwhile, naughty Bob dipped into a jar of preserved cherries, and Bessie, perched on a stool, was exclaiming in delight over a jar of pickled pears.

They did look tempting to thirsty little girls, — the small smooth pears with brown stems sticking up all ready to be taken. Lily's eyes were fastened on them, too, and she had put out her hand to take one, when she suddenly turned squarely about, so that she could not see what she longed for so much. What had she done? Almost stolen one of grandma's pears that she had put away for winter! She stood without speaking for a minute, then she cried out, "Let's get out quick." The jellies and jams were set down hastily and they all rushed out as fast they could and shut the door. "Are they coming?" one whispered to another. No sooner were they well out than they heard a crash from the closet. Topsy had thought it was her turn now, for she did not take the alarm and come out with the rest. She jumped on to the shelf instead, and in jumping struck a can of strawberries, and down it went on to the floor. The children all looked at each other and fairly held their breaths for a minute, then Bob flew to the door and opened it. Topsy rushed out, but what a sight to behold was the closet floor. The

glass can was in a hundred pieces, more or less, and the red strawberry juice streamed over the shelf and floor. They all gazed at it with horror-stricken faces, then they shut the door hard and tight, and Rachel began to cry. When stout-hearted Rachel cried it was a signal of general distress; so they all joined in, all but Lily, she stood looking out of the window, pale and trembling.

“What shall we do?” cried Nettie.

“What’ll grandma say?” sobbed Bess.

“Oh, dear, dear, if we only hadn’t!” whimpered Bob, his face besmeared from ear to ear with jam.

“If it hadn’t been for Lily we never would have come out in such a hurry and shut the cat in,” said Rachel, “she made us believe the folks were coming.”

“I didn’t say they had come, I was afraid it was stealing to take grandma’s things,” said poor Lily.

“As if grandma was so stingy as to care whether we took a taste or two when we were so hot and dry, of course she wouldn’t,” Nettie said.

“What made you cut and run so, then, when you thought she was coming?” asked Bob.

“I say, what shall we do about it? How do we know that we let the cat in?” Nettie urged.

“’Cause I saw her go in after us,” declared Bob.

“Well,” Nettie said, slowly and hesitatingly, “we — we could keep still about it, and grandma would think she had been there all day.”

“Why, Nettie!” spoke up Lily, “that would be *very* naughty; mamma says its just as bad to act a lie as it is to say it. I *must* tell grandma we went into her closet; I couldn’t sleep to-night if I didn’t.”

“I just wish you’d staid in Boston, Lily Stevens!” Rachel said, lifting her head from the folds of her apron. “You always set up to be so dreadful good, you’re a proud thing, too, *so*. I guess Kansas is as good as Boston any day, and better. So!”

Lily’s tears came, too, at this.

“Don’t cry,” said Bob, putting his arms around Lily’s neck; “I’m going to tell, too, I shan’t be a sneak. You didn’t do much, just went in; but I ate a lot of jam and got up on the table; that’s worser.”

The tea-bell broke up the talk then. The supper was dainty and good, but the bread and butter did

not go off as fast as usual. Nobody enjoys eating when the heart is heavy, be the food ever so nice.

They felt refreshed though, and people are often ashamed after tea of what they said before tea. So Nettie and Rachel had come to a better mind. Rachel begged Lily's pardon, and told her she wasn't proud, and that Boston was as good as Kansas.

But the great question was how to tell grandma.

"Men 'point a committee when they want to do something that nobody don't like to do; papa said so," said Bob. So Bob and Lily were made a committee to break the news to grandma.

When the sound of wheels was heard, all but those two fled up stairs like frightened birds. The "committee" did not wait for grandma to take off her things; each seized a hand and led her straight to the closet, opened the door, and stood in silence, their eyes on grandma's face.

"That's what I thought," said grandma, "that there would be some kind of mischief going on."

Grandma was displeased only for an instant. She caught sight of the two troubled little faces, and re-

membered sixty years back when she herself was a little tot in trouble; then dear, kind grandma, sat down and opened her arms, and the "committee" ran into them and told the whole story to her.

Meantime, Nettie, and Rachel, and Bess, had their heads in the hall door listening. Soon they rushed in, and walking straight up to grandma's chair, and all talking at once and very fast, said, "Grandma, we were the naughtiest, Lily didn't go in first, and she didn't taste a thing, and she got us out quick, and we thought it was mean not to tell you."

When the white nightgowns were all on, and grandma came to the nursery to give her usual good-night word, she said, "Little ones, sometimes unpleasant things happen to teach us pleasant ones. What if this trouble that you got into to-day is to teach you to go to Jesus when you have sinned, to go at once to tell him the whole, not trying to hide our sins or excuse them, and then my dear little lambs, he would show you, that he will open wide his arms and take you all in."

TIME ENOUGH.

“Oh, there’s time enough!”

These words fell upon my ear the other morning as I was getting ready for breakfast. The first bell had rung some time ago, and still the little boy lingered over his morning toilet, and mamma, knowing that the second bell must ring very soon, was remarking, “My boy, you will be late!” And this remark, repeated for the second or third time with the addition of, “I think you will need to hasten a little,” called forth the same response:—“Oh, there’s time enough!”

And then I remembered that I had heard this same little friend of mine make this very same response many, many times. He seems to have the feeling that there is always time enough for all the

things he *wants* to do before it is necessary to attend to the things which he *must* do. For instance, that morning he wanted to look at a new book that had come just the night before; then he wanted to see how that game went; he wanted to count the icicles that hung like a lambrequin outside the window. You see all these things were important to a boy, but that breakfast-bell would not wait, and mamma knew it would not; and she knew, too, that the steak would be cold and the coffee stale, to say nothing of overdone muffins and stiffened oatmeal. And though she hurried the boy, and insisted upon his leaving his various employments and attend to his duty of dressing, the bell *did* ring before he was ready, and they *were* late, and the sick mamma had to make out a breakfast upon insipid coffee, and cold steak, and soggy potatoes, all because the little boy would insist that there was time enough.

Be it summer or winter, my little friend uses this expression very often. Last summer they were stopping at an old-fashioned country house. Willie was delighted with the flowers, and the birds, and

all the rest of the country pleasures. He grew strong and healthy on the fresh new milk, and fruit, and eggs; but even here it was the same; he could never be got ready for breakfast. Sometimes he was too sleepy, and sometimes he was wide awake, but wanted to lean out of the low window and have a frolic with the kitten, by means of a ball and string. Or, he must look over the treasures gathered the day before; bits of stones, bits of bark, curious gnarled sticks, and the like; always saying, "Oh, there's time enough!" Of course he was almost always late, much to the annoyance of his mamma and his good aunt, who, having taken great pains with her breakfast, did not like to have it spoiled with waiting.

Some day Willie may find himself in trouble, because of the habit of putting off the thing he ought to do, while he follows out his own plans. All this makes me think of one question. Are any of you saying in regard to the preparation for heaven, "Oh, there's time enough!"

A TRUE STORY.



It is twilight on the Sea of Japan, and the Mitsu Bishi steamship, Nagoya Maru, plows her way in the blue water.

Come out and look through the port-holes at the waves around us. How still the sea lies sleeping yonder! Let us go for a moment on the upper deck, and look at the green hills under the last golden cloud. Hitherward, in the shadow, lights begin to gleam out like stars.

Now we come down again, and soon the eleven-year-old daughter says, "Good-night, mamma."

Nearly an hour passes, and Mary Stanley comes, saying pleasantly, "Where is Etta? Isn't she sleepy yet?"

"Why, I thought she went to your room long ago!"

“Oh, no, she hasn't been there at all.”

“Will you see if she is in Mrs. Sheffield's room?”

“I've just been there.”

The mother rushes out to search closets and corners in both upper and lower sections of the steamer. “Chambermaid, do help me hunt my girl.” “Have *you* or *you* seen my daughter, — about *so* tall?”

“No, madam; we'll look for her. She can't be lost.”

“Has she fallen overboard?” whispers the agonized woman to herself. She sees a girl reaching out at a port-hole, and the swift vision comes of one sinking and struggling alone and unheeded in the dark waters. While no one cared, she was calling, “Papa, mamma.” Away back, how far? There can be no grave, and *we must go right on*. 'Tis of no use to stop and search for the body. A hungry shark is her coffin. “My child! my child! there was no one to hear your cry.”

This is while we are searching the state-rooms. A thought flashes on me. Mary's room is opposite Mrs. Sheffield's, on one of the side passages. Mr.

Sheffield's is on the next passage, on the same side of the steamer. She may have gone into the room opposite his. Trembling and white with fear, the mother opens that door. There, on the upper berth, the child lies asleep.

How glad was that mother over her lamb that she feared was lost! What if she *had* been lying in the deep sea, would her soul have been with Jesus? What if death were to come to you, or you, or you, swift, sharp, sudden, as we thought it had come to her, are you ready?

“Watch, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.”

LETTER FROM AUNTIE MAY.

DEAR RAY, — It is a long time since I wrote you a letter, and I am sure you want to hear about my Polly parrots.

I have named the large one Billy, and the small one Polly.

They are very happy together. Every afternoon Billy will spend an hour in petting and dressing Polly. He will oil her feathers, and scratch her head; then he will hold his head down, and try to make her fix him, but she can't take time. She will just give him two or three little pecks, and then be intent on eating her supper, or playing with a stick, or bit of paper.

Whenever she screams, Billy will say, "Shut up, Polly; *shut up!*"

I have only one canary bird with me ; he is a dear little singer whose name is Tip.

Oh, that reminds me of another little birdie who used to live in this boarding-house. He belonged to a young lady who was soon to be married, and we planned to have her little bird and my Tip sing at the wedding. So we dressed up the cages, her's in white tarletan, and mine in pink. Three days before the wedding, little Dick was taken sick. He caught cold, and had inflammation of the lungs. His mistress brought him to my room, and as soon as he heard my Tip sing, he tried to sing too, but could not ; he just rolled himself up in a little ball and panted for breath.

We gave him milk and pepper, and put a drop of wine down his little throat ; but at that he shook his head ; he was a temperance bird. A third lady suggested a warm bath, so we gave him that ; then in came the doctor and said he must have some aconite, so down went two little pills ; then we wrapped him up in flannel and put him to bed ; and don't you think, in the morning he was sitting up

in his swing, looking quite bright. At the breakfast-table we had a discussion as who should have the benefit of the cure. One said it was the bath, I said it was the wine and pepper, and Auntie D. said it was the doctor's little pills, but gave me some credit for my nursing.

But in an hour after breakfast, poor Dickie was as bad as ever. We went to work again; another bath, a little more wine and pepper; but it was all of no use; before noon he was dead.

His mistress had a good cry over him, before she laid him away in a little box to wait until the snow melts, so she could put him — as her dear little sister Neelie said — “under the rose-bush in the garden and cover him with flowers.”

In two days after that, she stood in the parlor in a lovely bower of smilax and roses and was married. Tip hung in his pink-covered cage over the piano, and when Professor P. played the wedding-march, he sang with all his might; turning his bright, black eyes down at the professor every once in awhile, with a look that seemed to say, “You may

bang that piano just as hard as you please, but you can't drown my voice." He did not seem to feel badly in the least that poor little Dick was not there to help him sing.

Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you that on the



morning of the wedding, when the little messenger-boys were constantly coming with bundles and boxes of every sort, who should arrive but another little bird, looking like a yellow puff-ball.

He could not go down in the parlor and sing at the wedding, because he was a bridal present, and had to stay up stairs with the silver and glass and china, the only living present there! I don't believe he had a bit good time; it would have been so much nicer to have been down in the parlor, singing and watching the guests in their elegant dresses, and seeing the beautiful flowers. Now his mistress has gone away on her bridal-tour, and left her bird with me, he seems very happy in poor Dick's beautiful house, and he and Tip sing from morning-till night. On pleasant evenings, after the gas is lighted, they give a concert from seven to eight. Then they go to sleep, but commence again with the first streak of daylight.

What a long letter I have written you! I was going to tell you about Neelie's cat; but must wait until next time.

Good-bye,

AUNTIE MAY WILLIAMSON.

WHO COULD WANT IT?

MADGE had not wanted it to snow on that day of all others. She had been invited to take tea with her friend Louise, and mother had said, "You may go if it is pleasant."

Madge had been confined to the house for a few days by a slight illness, so she was all the more eager to make the promised visit.

"Perhaps it will rain, but it won't snow any more this winter, for it isn't winter at all any more — its spring," Madge said next morning as she ran to her window as soon as she got out of bed. Of course it's spring with the grass green and the trees all budded, and March is a spring month, the almanac says so.

She saw now to her dismay that there were little

flakes of snow flying here and there through the air. "But it is only a flurry; I guess it will be all right by afternoon," she said, as she hurried to get dressed.

By afternoon, though, the tiny flakes had changed to large ones, that came thick and fast, and covered every thing once more with soft, white fleecy garments; they filled up the streets, and piled themselves into a huge drift before Madge's front door, as if to say, "Now I have you, you know you will have to stay in now;" and Madge did know it by this time. She had fretted a good deal, and cried a little, and argued some with grandma about it, for grandma had said, "It's all for the best somehow, my dear; I've lived a long life and I've seen it turn out so scores of times in little troubles and great ones, too.

But Madge said she didn't believe she ever would see why it was best for it to snow that day, when it was such a disappointment to her.

Who knows but that it would disappoint some other little girl very much if it did *not* snow, you see, dear child, we can't have just such weather as would suit every one of us, so we must just think that God knows best about it.

“Who *could* want it to snow, I wonder, when it is almost time for summer!”, Madge said, as she climbed



into a chair to have a better view of the snowy world. She leaned her elbow on the window-sill, and rested her chin in her hand while she watched the soft,

white feathers sail from the sky. How softly and lightly they laid themselves down in white wreaths on the evergreens, and made pretty, fleecy caps for the gate-posts, and rounded out the large flower-mound on the lawn till it looked like a bride's cake; then she looked up into the great, wide sky, where millions on millions of flakes were still coming, — coming as if there never would be an end. “How high up did they come from? was it almost to heaven, and did the angels know about them?”

So much snow all around made her think of the hymn they sang at prayers that morning and before she knew it she was humming,

“Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”

And grandma caught the words and repeated, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” Her knitting dropped in her lap, and the old eyes looked out, too, on the wonderful whiteness as she murmured, “precious words, ‘as white as snow!’”

There was another little girl who *did* want it to snow that day.

“ I HOPE IT WILL SNOW LOTS.”

THERE was a little girl who did want it to snow the day that Madge Perry did not.

Her name was Nettie, she lived in a bit of a brown house in the country. She had been watching for snow the last three days, and now, as she saw through the school-room window, the first flakes of the same storm that had so troubled, Madge, she clapped her hands softly under her desk, and said, “Goody!”

Faster and faster came the white downy things, chasing each other through the sky like frolicsome butterflies.

Nettie watched them with glee; then, when they settled down into a good, steady jog of a snow storm, a thoughtful look came into her face, and she mur-

mured, “God heard, — I thought he would.” Then she covered her eyes with her hand for a minute, and whispered, “Dear God, I thank you for snow.”

On the way home from school, the snow came down thick and fast. Nettie walked with her teacher, under her umbrella, and when Miss Carter reached her own door, she told Nettie she would lend her the umbrella to get home with. Now, if there was one thing that Nettie enjoyed above another it was carrying an umbrella all by herself; so she trudged on through the storm, happy as a queen — if not happier — laughing outright when a big flake whisked itself into her mouth, and another laid itself down on the end of her nose. What a grand snow-storm this was, the very best one of the whole winter. The cold wind almost blew her off her feet, but what did she care, her heart was so light, and all because of the snow. “I do hope it will snow lots,” she said to herself; “then it will be all right.”

But what had a snow-storm to do with making things “all right?”

This was the way of it, —

Two or three nights ago, when she lay curled up in her trundle-bed, all ready for a good night's sleep, she heard something that made her wish, and not only wish, but pray for snow to be sent.

The door was partly open into the sitting-room, and she heard her father tell her mother, as they sat by the fire, that he did not know what he was going to do about raising some money.

"If we could have another week of sleighing," he said, "and I could get my wood and potatoes to market, we would be all right. I wasn't calculating on the snow going off so suddenly and leaving the roads in such a bad fix. There's that debt to finish paying, and shoes and groceries to be bought, and it will be weeks before the roads will be settled enough to take heavy loads so far. If it does not freeze up and snow, I don't know what will become of us." And her father sighed heavily, and his voice was full of trouble.

Nettie felt so sorry for him; she wished so much that she could do something to make him happy again. As she lay there thinking about it, this

thought came to her. “The snow comes down from the sky and God lives up there ; I mean to ask Him to send some down.” So she crept softly out of bed, and kneeling in a dark corner, prayed, “Dear God, please send some snow, father wants some so much and he feels so bad, he is such a good father, do help him.” Then she nestled into her warm bed again, and was soon fast asleep.

When morning came she did not forget about her prayer as some people do, she kept looking up into the sky all that day expecting to see the snowflakes come sailing down ; they did not come that day, nor the next, but Nettie kept on praying and looking for them, and sure enough, one night the north wind came out and blew his cold breath over the earth, till the roads were frozen as hard as a rock, all ready for the snow that came in the morning, on the day Nettie shouted and laughed all the way home from school because she was so glad, and Nettie’s father looked through the window at it, hurrying skurrying down as fast as it could come, and said with a happy face, “Well, well, this is just wonderful!”

Nettie usually sat on her father's knee after tea, when the work was done, and they had nice little talks. To-night she whispered in his ear, "Father do you know why it snowed so? I know; I asked God and He heard."

How strange it was that Nettie's father drew the very first load of wood straight to Mr. Perry, Madge's father. While he unloaded it, Mr. Perry stood and talked with him a few minutes; they talked about the snow, and how strange it was to have so heavy a fall of snow so late in the season.

"I have a little girl who says she knows why it snowed so," said Nettie's father, as he lifted out the last stick. And then he told the story of his trouble and Nettie's way of helping him out.

When the Perry family were gathered about their pleasant tea-table, father told the story to them all and nobody but themselves, knew why grandmother looked at Madge and nodded, as if to say, "I told you so."

MARJORY.



MARJORY — that was her name, not “Mar,” nor “Margie,” nor “Jo,” or “Jory,” as some girls now-a-days would say.

She was a little Puritan maid who lived long ago, and the fathers and mothers of those times did not approve of nicknames, so the sweet musical name always came out in full.

Majory’s father and mother had, with others, come in the brave ship Mayflower, from Old England, and made themselves another home which they named New England. The little town that began to grow up they called Salem, because Salem means “peace,”

and here it was that little maid Marjory lived in this pretty, quiet, peaceful place.

One lovely Sabbath morning, Marjory sat in her little chair under the shade of a great elm tree, not far from the cottage door. It was after breakfast, and she had brought her Testament out with her to learn her verses. It was a pretty spot where she sat; the air was sweet from the white clover blossoms all about her, bees were humming, and birds singing, and a soft cheerful rustle went through the tree-tops, and the bright sunshine was everywhere, except in some cool spots under the shade of the big trees.

Marjory leaned her head back and looked up through the green leaves into the blue sky and thought how pretty everything was.

“O, I wish I could go to church,” she said, “it is such a pleasant morning.”

She usually did go to church every Sunday with her father and mother, but to-day mother was sick, and father had said, —

“I’m scrry little daughter can’t go to church to-

day. I must stay home with mother, and you know you can't go all alone."

"O, let me go alone, I'm big enough," Marjory coaxed, but father said, "No, the walk was long, and she was only a bit of a girl as yet."

While she sat thinking and wishing, she heard a sound that made her want to go to church more than ever, — not a sweet-toned bell; but in those days a man went about the streets blowing a horn to call the people together, and now the sound echoed from hill to hill, and Marjory jumped up, and said aloud, "I do wish I could go."

She glanced into the little sitting-room. Mother was lying on the lounge by the window, and father was reading to her. Neither of them was noticing her. A sudden thought came to Marjory.

Why should she not go to church by herself? She tiptoed softly through the kitchen and up the stairs to the little room where she slept. She opened the drawer where her Sunday clothes lay. There was her pretty blue cambric dress and white pinafore, and new slippers with satin bows, that her

grandmother sent her from England. She *must* go to church to wear those slippers, for Lora Standish had no slippers, and what would she say when she saw those beauties?

“Mother won’t care if I do,” she said to herself, as she slipped off her every-day dress and slipped into the Sunday one. She had hard work to get it buttoned. She never had fastened her clothes all alone before; but, after a great deal of twisting and turning, it was done, and the stockings, and slippers, and pinafore were on, and now the pretty Sunday hat was set on the yellow hair, and Marjory was ready. She was going to church.

Can anybody tell why she went down the stairs as softly as if she had been a mouse, and then taking a peep into the sitting-room to make sure that father and mother did not see her, darted through the kitchen, and went like a big butterfly across the fields, never stopping once to pick a daisy or buttercup?

And why did she say over and over to herself, “She won’t care, she won’t care; it’s right for folks

to go to church, — it is.” But she could not quiet the little voice that kept whispering in her ear, “Naughty girl! Naughty girl!”

She was glad when the long, hot walk, was over and she saw the church just before her.

It was not like any church that you ever saw; there were no stained-glass windows or carpeted floors, and the oaken seats had such high backs that the people in one seat could only see the tops of the heads of the people who sat before them. They had no choir; when it came time to sing, a man got up and repeated the first line of the hymn, and started the tune, and all the people joined in and sang it; then he repeated the next line, and they sang that, and so on to the end.

The men carried their guns to church, — it will be too long a story to tell why; then there was a tithing man, he carried a long pole and kept the people in order; if boys and girls laughed or whispered, he gave them a smart rap with the end of his stick. If anybody fell asleep, he reached out his long pole and gave them a poke.

When Marjory arrived at the church door she was almost afraid to go in ; the people were all in their places and the minister was preaching. She peeped in two or three times first, then she stepped softly in, and while she walked up the aisle all the people looked straight at her, and wondered why she was all alone, and what made her come to church when it was half out. She was so tired out and so warm, no sooner had she seated herself in the big pew and leaned her head back to rest, than the minister's voice began to sound very far off, and Marjory was sound asleep.

She did not sleep long for something touched her shoulder. She started up and rubbed her eyes, wondering where she was, and there stood that awful tithing man scowling down at her ! Poor Marjory ! She buried her face in the white pinafore and began to cry. What a dreadful thing had happened to her ! She cried and cried, and the more she cried, the harder it was to stop, till finally she sobbed aloud, then that dreadful man came and took her by the arm and led her out ; and then whom did she see

coming up the path but her own dear father. He looked very grave and troubled; but he opened his arms and his little girl ran into them, and put the rest of her tears on his shoulder. On the long walk home, she told her father all about it. He did not talk much then, but after dinner when Marjory was rested he gave her a little verse to learn.

“Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.” Then he explained to her how the heavenly Father was better pleased to have little children obey their parents than even go to church to worship Him, if they could not do both.

“Maybe,” said Marjory, as she put her slippers back into the drawer that night, “maybe, I shouldn’t ’a gone at all if it hadn’t been for these new slippers.” Then she put her wise little head on one side and thought a minute, and said to herself, “They shan’t go to meeting next Sunday, they shall stay right in that corner to punish them — and me.”

They did stay there, and Marjory wore her old boots to church of her own accord; but she never forgot that other Sunday and the tithing man, though she lived to tell the story to her grandchildren.

THE "PANSY" BOOKS.

The Chautauqua Girls' Library. Each Volume \$1 50.

FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA. RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.
CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME. LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE.
FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

Ester Ried Library. Each Volume \$1 50.

ESTER RIED. THREE PEOPLE.
JULIA RIED. KING'S DAUGHTER.
WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Household Library. Each Volume \$1 50.

HOUSEHOLD PUZZLES. ECHOING AND RE-ECHOING.
MODERN PROPHETS. THOSE BOYS.
THE RANDOLPHS.

Tip Lewis Library. Each Volume \$1 50.

TIP LEWIS. DIVERS WOMEN.
SIDNEY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS. A NEW GRAFT.

Each Volume \$1 50.

THE POCKET MEASURE. THE HALL IN THE GROVE.
MRS. SOLOMON SMITH. MAN OF THE HOUSE.

Cunning Workmen Library. Each Volume \$1 25.

CUNNING WORKMEN. MISS PRISCILLA HUNTER and
GRANDPA'S DARLINGS. MY DAUGHTER SUSAN.
MRS. DEAN'S WAY. WHAT SHE SAID and
DR. DEAN'S WAY. PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T TIME.

Each Volume \$1 00.

NEXT THINGS. PANSY SCRAP BOOK.
MRS. HARRY HARPER'S AWAKENING.

Getting Ahead Library. Each Volume \$0 75.

GETTING AHEAD. SIX LITTLE GIRLS.
TWO BOYS. PANSIES.
THAT BOY BOB.

The Pansy Series. Each Volume \$0 75.

JESSIE WELLS. HELEN LESTER.
DOCIA'S JOURNAL. BERNIE'S WHITE CHICKEN.

The "Little Pansy Series," 10 volumes. Boards \$300. Cloth \$4 00.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Hezekiah Butterworth. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. In form and general appearance this is an exceedingly attractive volume. The paper is good, the type clear, and the illustrations with which its pages are crowded are well chosen and finely engraved. Mr. Butterworth has selected for the basis of his work McKenzie's "History of the United States," which was published in England several years ago. The text has been thoroughly revised, changes made where necessary, fresh matter introduced and new chapters added, the remodelled work being admirably adapted for use in schools or for home reading. It sketches succinctly and yet clearly the gradual development of the country from the time of the landing of Columbus down to the present; brings into relief the principal occurrences and incidents in our national history; explains the policy of the republic, and gives brief biographies of the statesmen and soldiers who have rendered especial services to the country. The narrative is brought down to the present moment, and includes an account of the inauguration of Garfield, with sketches of the members of his cabinet. An appendix contains a list of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, with the dates of their qualifications; statistics showing the population and area of the states and territories, a list of the cities and towns of the United States having a population of ten thousand and upwards, according to the census of 1880, and a chronological table of events. There is, besides, an exhaustive index. The work should find a place in every home library.

WARLOCK O' GLENWARLOCK. By George MacDonald. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.75. This charming story, by one of the foremost English writers of the time, which has appeared in the form of monthly supplements to *WIDE AWAKE*, will be brought out early this fall in complete book form uniform in style with *A Sea Board Parish*, and *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*. It is a picture of Scotch life and character, such as none but Mr. MacDonald can paint; full of life and movement, enlivened with bursts of humor, shaded by touches of pathos, and showing keen powers of analysis in working out the characters of the principal actors in the story. The book was set from the author's own manuscript, and appears here simultaneously with the English edition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A FORTUNATE FAILURE. By Caroline B. LeRow. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. The author of this charming book is widely known as a successful writer of magazine stories, and any thing from her pen is sure of a multitude of readers. Her style is clear and flowing, and she is peculiarly happy in the invention of incidents. In the present volume her powers are shown at their best. The principal character of the story is Emily Sheridan, the bright, ambitious daughter of a New Hampshire farmer, whose pride and comfort she is. Taken from her quiet surroundings by a rich aunt and placed at a distant boarding-school, she meets new friends, and new paths are opened to her in life. It is the author's plan to trace her development under the changed and varying influences which surround her, and to show how she is affected in heart and mind by them. Nothing can change the natural sweetness of her character, however, her experiences serving only to ripen and bring out the finer and higher qualities of her nature. In one of her companions, Laura Fletcher, the author draws the type of a certain class of girls to be found everywhere — bright, warm-hearted, full of life, and tinctured with tomboyism and a love of slang. Maxwell King is another well-delineated character bearing an important part in the story. We do not propose to sketch the plot in detail; that would spoil it for most readers, and we do not wish to deprive them of the pleasure they will find in reading the story for themselves.

MARY BURTON ABROAD. By Pansy. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cents. This pleasant book is made up of a series of letters supposed to have been written from some of the great cities of Europe, principally Edinburgh and London. They contain information about objects of interest in these places, descriptive and historical, and are written in that gossipy, unconventional style which is pleasing to children.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

YENSIE WALTON'S WOMANHOOD. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Nine out of ten Sunday-school scholars have read *Yensie Walton*, one of the best and most interesting books that ever went into a Sunday-school library. The present volume introduces *Yensie* in a new home and under new conditions. She enters the family of a friend as an instructor of the younger members, and the narrative of her experiences will especially interest those who have to do with the moral and mental training of children. The author shows that all children are not made after the same pattern, and that one line of treatment is not of universal application. In one of her pupils, a boy of brilliant mental endowments, whose mind has become embittered because of a physical deformity, *Yensie* finds much to interest as well as to discourage her. She perseveres, however, and by studying his character carefully and working upon him from the right side, she gradually works a change in his disposition and brings his better qualities into active exercise. This is scarcely accomplished when a call from Valley Farm reaches her. Ever prompt to do duty's bidding, *Yensie* quits this happy home for the sterner requirements of her uncle's family, where she labored with unflagging interest and determination until that much-loved relative says his last good-by. It is then that the hitherto silenced wooer refuses to be longer quiet, and our heroine goes out from the old red farm-house to her wedded home, where as a wife and mother she makes duty paramount to pleasure, and every circumstance of life is met with that same fortitude characteristic of the *Yensie Walton* you so much admire. Besides the characters with which the reader is already familiar through the former work, others are introduced which are equally well drawn, and which serve to round out the story to completeness.

THE MOTHER'S RECORD OF THE MENTAL, MORAL AND PHYSICAL LIFE OF HER CHILD. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Quarto, \$1.00. This work is valuable as it is unique. It is prepared by a Massachusetts woman, and though originally intended for her own benefit, has been published for the help of mothers everywhere. It is intended for a yearly chronicle of the child's growth and development, mental and physical, and will be an important aid to mothers who devote themselves to conscientious training of their little ones.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PETTIBONE NAME. By Margaret Sidney. The V I F Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25 If the publishers had offered a prize for the brightest, freshest and most brilliant bit of home fiction wherewith to start off this new series, they could not have more perfectly succeeded than they have in securing this, *The Pettibone Name*, a story that ought to create an immediate and wide sensation, and give the author a still higher place than she now occupies in popular esteem. The heroine of the story is not a young, romantic girl, but a noble, warm-hearted woman, who sacrifices wealth, ease and comfort for the sake of others who are dear to her. There has been no recent figure in American fiction more clearly or skillfully drawn than Judith Pettibone, and the impression made upon the reader will not be easily effaced. Most of the characters of the book are such as may be met with in any New England village. Deacon Badger, whose upright life and pleasant ways make him a universal favorite; little Doctor Pilcher, with his hot temper and quick tongue; Samantha Scarritt, the village dress-maker, whose sharp speech and love of gossip are tempered by a kind heart and quick sympathy, and the irrepressible Bobby Jane, all are from life, and all alike bear testimony to the author's keenness of observation and skill of delineation. Taken altogether, it is a delightful story of New England life and manners; sparkling in style, bright in incident, and intense in interest. It deserves to be widely read, as it will be.

LIFE AND PUBLIC CAREER OF HORACE GREELEY. By W. M. Cornell, LL. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. This is a new edition of a popular life of Greeley, the first edition of which was early exhausted. It has been the author's aim to give a clear and correct pen picture of the great editor, and to trace the gradual steps in his career from a poor and hard-working farmer boy to the editorial chair of the most powerful daily newspaper in America. The book has been thoroughly revised and considerable new matter added.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. By Margaret Sidney. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Of all the books for juvenile readers which crowd the counters of the dealers this season, not one possesses so many of those peculiar qualities which go to make up a perfect story as this charming work. It tells the story of a happy family, the members of which, from the mother to the youngest child, are bound together in a common bond of love. Although poor, and obliged to plan and scrimp and pinch to live from day to day, they make the little brown house which holds them a genuine paradise. To be sure the younger ones grumble occasionally at having nothing but potatoes and bread six days in the week, but that can hardly be regarded as a defect either of character or disposition. Some of the home-scenes in which these little Peppers are the actors are capitally described, and make the reader long to take part in them. The description of the baking of the birthday cake by the children during the absence of the mother; the celebration of the first Christmas, and the experiences of the family with the measles are portions of the book which will be thoroughly enjoyed. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by the author in bringing the little Peppers out of their poverty and giving them a start in life. The whole change is made to turn on the freak of the youngest of the cluster, the three-year old Phronsie, who insisted on sending a gingerbread boy to a rich old man who was spending the summer at the village hotel. The old gentleman after laughing himself sick at the ridiculous character of the present, called to see her, and is so taken with the whole family that he insists upon carrying the eldest girl home with him to be educated. How she went, and what she did, and how the rest of the family finally followed her, with the rather unlooked-for discovery of relationship at the close, make up the substance of a dozen or more interesting chapters. It ought, for the lesson it teaches, to be put into the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is very fully and finely illustrated and bound in elegant form, and it will find prominent place among the higher class of juvenile presentation books during the coming holiday season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOCTOR DICK: A sequel to "*Six Little Rebels*. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50. Ever since the publication of that charming story, *Six Little Rebels*, there has been a constant demand from all quarters for a continuation of the adventures of the bright young Southerners and their Northern friends. The handsome, well-illustrated volume before us is the result. The story begins with Dick and Reginald at Harvard, with Miss Lucinda as their housekeeper, and a number of old friends as fellow-boarders. Dolly and Cora are not forgotten, and hold conspicuous places in the narrative, which is enlivened by bright dialogue and genuine fun. What they all do in their respective places—the boys at college, Cora at Vassar, Dolly with her father, Mrs. Miller at Washington, and the others at their posts of duty or necessity, is entertainingly described. The story of the fall of Richmond and the assassination of Lincoln are vividly told. One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that which describes the visit, after the fall of the Confederacy, of Reginald's father, General Gresham, to Cambridge, and the rejoicings which followed. The whole book is full of life and incident, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by young readers.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Nathan Haskell Dole, editor and translator of "Rambaud's Popular History of Russia." Fully illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50; half Russia, \$2.00. Mr. Dole has for several years made a careful and special study of Russian history, and the volume before us bears testimony to the critical thoroughness of the knowledge thus gained. Russia has no certain history before the ninth century, although there is no lack of legend and tradition. Some attention is given to these, but the real record of events begins just after the time Vladimir became Prince of Kief, about the beginning of the tenth century. The contents are divided into two books, the first being sub-divided into "Heroic Russia," "Russia of the Princes," "The Enslavement of Russia," and "The Russia of Moscow." The second book deals with Russia after its establishment as an empire, and its sub-divisions have for their special subjects, "Ivan the Tyrant," "The Time of the Troubles," "The House of the Romanoffs," and "Modern Russia." It would have been in place had Mr. Dole given the reader a chapter on modern Russian politics, a thing which could easily have been done, and which is absolutely necessary to enable the reader to understand current events and prospective movements in the empire. The volume is profusely illustrated, and contains two double-page colored maps.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HALF YEAR AT BRONCKTON. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This bright and earnest story ought to go into the hands of every boy who is old enough to be subjected to the temptations of school life. It teaches a lesson of incomparable importance, and in such a manner as to leave a permanent impression.

OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS. Second series. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. The first volume of this series appeared two years ago, and met with immediate and universal favor. Mr. Benjamin, who is himself an artist, has taken special pains to give such information in regard to our living and best-known painters as their admirers most desire to obtain. Each of the biographical sketches contained in the volume is accompanied by a portrait with a view of the artist's studio and a reproduction of some one of his works. Many of the artists have themselves furnished the designs for engraving. The book is admirably adapted for presentation purposes, both on account of the character of its contents, and the elegant manner in which it is printed and bound.

OUR TRAVELLING PARTY. By Daniel C. Eddy. Five vols. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$5.00. In these five volumes Dr. Eddy has brought together in an interesting manner, his experiences during a European tour describing in a succinct and interesting way the various countries through which he passed, together with the characteristics of the people. The first volume is devoted to *England and Scotland*: the second to *Ireland*, the third to *The Alps and the Rhine*: the fourth to *Paris and Amsterdam* and the closing volume to the countries lying between the *Baltic and Vesuvius*. The several volumes are illustrated.

HOME AND SCHOOL. A song book for children. By L. C. Elson. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. The author and compiler of this book is the editor of the *Musical Herald*, and a well-known musical authority. He has brought together a number of pleasant songs — all pieces adapted for home and school singing, which will be eagerly welcomed.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND MIDSUMMER SONGS. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. A dainty volume and one that will find favor among a multitude of purchasers for the holiday season is this collection of choice pieces by popular authors, brought together by a judicious hand. Great pains have been taken by the publishers to make it an exceptionally attractive volume, and the success has been complete. The type is large and clear, and the illustrations from designs by prominent American artists. In size, it is uniform with *How We Went Birds'-Nesting*, one of the most popular of last year's presentation books.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TENT IN THE NOTCH. By Edward A. Rand. A Sequel to "Bark Cabin on Kearsarge." Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. The boys and girls who last year read Mr. Rand's charming book, *Bark Cabin on Kearsarge*, will hail this present volume with genuine delight. It is a continuation of that story, with the same characters, and relates the adventures of the Merry family during the vacation season, the camping-out place being changed from Kearsarge to the Notch, and the bark cabin giving place to a large tent for a summer residence. The location selected for the camp is a short distance down the Notch road, within easy walk of the Crawford House where the ladies of the family have a room, although their days are spent at the tent. From this point excursions are made in all directions, every known point of attraction being visited and others eagerly searched for. One day they make the ascent of Mt. Washington, the ladies going up by rail and the boys taking the Crawford bridlepath. Another they climb Mt. Willard to enjoy the magnificent panorama spread out below, and one day the boys take part in an exciting but unsuccessful bear hunt. The author has interwoven with his story many of the local traditions of the mountains, and his descriptions of the natural scenery of the region are so vivid and accurate that one who has gone over the same ground almost feels as if the book were a narrative of real occurrences. Like the first volume of the series, *The Tent in the Notch* is capital reading, even for old folks. To the boys and girls who expect to make the mountains a visit this summer, it is, aside from its interest as a story, as good as a guide book, and what they will learn from its pages will add greatly to their enjoyment.

OVER SEAS: or, Here, There, and Everywhere. Ill Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Twenty-one bright, sparkling sketches of travel and sight-seeing make up the contents of this handsome volume, which every boy and girl will delight to read. The various stories are all by popular authors, and cover adventures in Italy, Germany, France, and other countries of Europe, China, Mexico, and some out of the way corners of the world where travellers seldom get, and which young readers know little about. They are full of instructive information, and the boy or girl who reads them will know a great deal more about foreign countries and the curious things they contain than could be gained from many larger and more pretentious books. The volume is profusely illustrated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CLASS OF '70. By Helena V. Morrison. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Here is a bright, sharp, aggressive book, whose author keenly appreciates the necessity for reforms in church and society, and points out, through the channels of a story, some of the means by which they may be accomplished. Helen Vernon, one of the principal characters of the book, is a high-principled, warm-hearted, quick-tempered young girl, a member of the graduating class of the village high school in the opening chapter of the story. Among her companions are Trissie Bruce, a good-natured, butterfly sort of a girl; Nell Horton, careless and unmethodical, but clear-headed and true-hearted; Olive Warner, proud, rich, and brilliant; and Rose Nason, quiet and sweet-tempered. These are the principal actors in the drama which follows, the author tracing their different courses after leaving school, and showing the effect of varying influences upon their separate characters. One of the principal objects of the author is to show the weaknesses of some of the methods employed by temperance workers, and to combat the arguments of a certain class of the opposers of the temperance movement. In speaking of a certain class of Reform Clubs, one of the characters is made to say:

"I've seen a *brother* stand outside one of these Reform Clubs for a single transgression, while a few brilliant young men and women sang 'The Old Man's Drunk Again.' In clubs like this the pledge was second to the constitution, and that in turn second to the admission fee, and the subject that agitated the united mind, was how many gallons of ice-cream, and how many cases of strawberries, would supply the next dancing festival."

Again, in speaking of the lukewarmness of many professing Christians, and even clergymen, the author puts the following indignant speech into the mouth of Nell Horton:

"I don't belong to the Church, and I never mean to unless my religion means something more to me than an hour twice a week of sleepy church-going. I think if logic consists in laziness, we have plenty of logical Christians. If I could understand why a little enthusiasm would be amiss in religious work, I should be glad. It seems to me it would warm and give life to the whole spiritual existence."

The author does not mince her arguments, but sets them forth clearly, strongly, and convincingly. She evidently, like one of her characters, "hates all half-way people and methods," and puts into her pen all the strength of her convictions. The book is one that cannot fail of making a strong impression.

