

RUTHVEN'S WARD



FLORENCE MARYAT.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

What should Mrs. Garrett do with the extra charge of Peg O'Reilly during the holidays, when her hands are full enough already with keeping Hamilton out of mischief? he had argued with himself, and Mrs. Garrett cordially seconded the idea.

Master Hamilton complained loudly of the arrangement, and declared it was "a jolly shame;" but as the two or three letters he had written to Peg, when she first went to school, had been feloniously kidnaped by the housekeeper and placed on the kitchen fire, he concluded she was an ungrateful little wretch, who had forgotten all about him, and therefore directed his attention to something else. Carmen Flower condescended sincerely with Margaret's disappointment; but she was too new a friend to propose taking her home with her to Abbotsville, so the girls parted, full of protestations of constancy that should last forever.

The summer and winter passed, and with the exception of Mrs. Garrett's visits and an occasional letter from Ruthven, incurring money, Peg heard nothing of the inmates of the little house in Kensington. She had been there so short a time that the remembrance of it was fast fading from her childish memory. The first home she had ever known was with the Misses Prism, and she would have been quite satisfied to be told she should never have another. She was quick and intelligent enough to take real interest in her studies, and Carmen Flower supplied all she needed in the way of affection. When the second midsummer vacation arrived, Margaret O'Reilly had developed into one of the fairest specimens of girlhood possible. She was now in her fifteenth year, slight and graceful as a fawn, and with a face of uncommon beauty. Mrs. Garrett had inadvertently let out so much of the wonderful change in her appearance that Ruthven had become curious to see her again, and was quite disappointed when he received a polite letter from Sir Frederic Flower, to say that, as their wards appeared to have become much attached to one another, he trusted Mr. Ruthven would permit Miss O'Reilly to spend the ensuing holidays with Miss Flower, at Abbotsville. For a moment Ruthven, to Mrs. Garrett's horror, was inclined to send an answer in the negative; but the housekeeper overruled him. "If you want Miss Margaret to behave like a lady, Mr. James, why, my advice is, send her amongst the ladies; but of course, you can do as you choose. Only, what good she'll get sitting down in the kitchen with me and Mary is past my saying, and you would hardly think of putting her up in the fine parlor along of Master Hamilton, with no one to look after them, I suppose?"

That was the difficulty. "Master" Hamilton, now eighteen years old, had arrived at the age when his uncle was already beginning to feel his presence in the house an incubus. He interfered with his bachelor liberty and gave him no domestic comfort in return; and Ruthven often found himself looking forward with anxiety to the time when the young man should be fairly launched upon the world, and leave him in his pristine condition. And to bring this girl home would only increase his discomfort and responsibility. So, on reflection, he agreed with Garrett, that until she was old enough to be placed under the care of Mrs. Delamaine, it was much better Peg should remain at school. Still, as they had taken a fancy to her, he supposed there could be no harm in her visiting the Flowers, and therefore he penned a cautious epistle to Sir Frederic, saying he was flattered by the notice extended to Miss O'Reilly, and that as far as he was concerned, he should be very pleased for her to accept the invitation to Abbotsville.

CHAPTER V.

MARGARET O'Reilly was delighted when her friend Carmen acquainted her with the success of Sir Frederic's application to Mr. Ruthven. She did not share in the disappointment of her guardian at her not returning to the little house in Kensington. Eighteen months had almost passed since she had seen it. It dwelt in her memory only as a resting place between the old, dreadful life, which she wondered sometimes now to think had ever existed, and the new, pleasant life, which had become so familiar to her. But to go to Abbotsville, and spend six weeks in Carmen's company, without any lessons to learn, was the first real holiday that Margaret had ever enjoyed, and she was wild with delight at the anticipation.

"We will have an end of fun," exclaimed Carmen, who, at sixteen, was developing into a handsome young woman; "for Uncle Frederic scarcely ever moves out of the library; so we shall have the house to ourselves—and there is such a beautiful garden, and fields, and a farmyard, and cows and all sorts of things you have never seen before."

To poor Margaret, indeed, whose visions of the beautiful had alternated between the paving stones of Covent Garden and the rocky arena of Miss Prism's "park-like grounds," the change from Blackheath to Abbotsville, a fine old building of red granite, dating from the fifteenth century, was like a glimpse into the fairy land she was so fond of reading about and speculating on. The deep glades by which it was surrounded, carpeted with ferns and wild flowers, in the shadow of which the speckled deer stood timidly to drink, were a marvel of beauty to the town-bred girl, and the Monks' Walk, said to be three hundred years old, where the box trees had grown until they met and embraced each other overhead, filled her with delicious terror without knowing the reason why. It was on a glowing August afternoon that the girls arrived at Abbotsville, and a carriage met them at the station and conveyed them in state to the mansion. Here, to Margaret's surprise, they found luncheon spread with all ceremony for themselves alone.

"How funny!" she exclaimed; "do you live here all by yourself, Carmen? Is there nobody in the house but you and me?"

"Oh, there's uncle, of course, but he never takes luncheon," replied Carmen, with her mouth full of cold chicken; "we shan't see him till dinner, and there's Mrs. Webb, the housekeeper, who orders everything, and will look after our clothes and trot us off to church on Sundays. But otherwise, as I told you at old Prism's, we shall have the place to ourselves."

"It is delightful—enchanting!" cried Margaret, "just as if we were two princesses shut up in a magician's castle, like Princess Floralia, in the 'Fairy Ring.' How I wish there was a mystery at Abbotsville—some dread secret that no one ever discovered before, and that should be left for us to find out for ourselves! Don't you, Carmen?"

But Carmen did not answer, and as Margaret glanced up at her, she fancied she had grown red and looked annoyed. "What nonsense are you two little ladies talking about?" exclaimed a sharp voice, as there entered the dining room, a small, withered-looking woman, dressed in a quaint, old-fashioned costume.

"Ah, Webb, is that you?" replied Carmen, carelessly; "here is my friend, Miss O'Reilly—you must put up a second bed in the south room for her."

"You can't sleep in the south room, Miss Carmen," interrupted the housekeeper, quickly. "And why not, pray?—because it's too good for us, I suppose."

"Oh, no, miss; haven't you always slept there? But still—"

"Well, I mean to continue to sleep there, and so does Miss O'Reilly. We intend to sleep together, but you know I can't stand anyone in my bed with me."

"I know you're as fond of your ease as you are of your own way, Miss Carmen, and that's saying a good deal for it. But what was Miss O'Reilly saying as I came into the room? We have no secrets nor mysteries at Abbotsville, thank heaven, and I hope we never may have."

"I was only saying how nice it would be if there were one," said Margaret in a low voice, for the little woman's sharp way of speaking intimidated her. The voice, low as it was, seemed to strike Mrs. Webb's attention, for she turned at once to look at the speaker.

"God bless my soul!" she cried. "What for?" demanded Carmen.

"That's just like your impudence, Miss Carmen," replied Mrs. Webb; "but this little lady has beautiful hair, just like spun silk it is, and the color of pale gold. I never saw any like it before—not so fine and so thick—but once."

"Why, isn't there any cream with the tart?" said Carmen, whose mind at that moment was soaring above such trivialities as Margaret's pale yellow hair.

"Because we're short of cream and butter, too, with this long, dry, season, miss, and I must retain a certain quantity—"

"You always say that when I come home for the holidays. Other people are served well all the year round. You might put them on short commons for once when I am here."

"Oh, Miss Carmen!" said the housekeeper, reproachfully. "Now Margaret, if you've done, we'll go and see something of this rusty old place. But come up to my room first, it's the best in the house, I take good care of that, and whilst you are here we'll share it together;" and before the servant could remonstrate against the proceeding, the two girls ran out of the dining room together.

To Margaret O'Reilly Abbotsville appeared as something which she had only dreamed of and never seen. The broad staircases, carpeted with velvet pile and ornamented with marble statues placed in niches in the wall, the long corridors, the suites of rooms, the lofty stained glass windows, all combined to inspire her with awe.

"I never saw such a beautiful house in my life, Carmen," she said. "Does it all belong to your uncle?"

"Yes, of course, and it will be mine after him."

"If I'm good or bad: The property is left so. My father was the younger brother, so, if uncle had had a child, it would have gone to her or him, instead. As it is, I'm the only one, and it all comes to me."

"And Sir Frederic has no children, then?"

"No, thank heaven."

"Why do you say that? Would you not have liked to have a cousin?"

"Why, you goose, if I had, I should not have been the heiress. Don't you see?"

"I forgot that. Still, it seems sad. And that your father and mother should be dead, and Sir Frederic's wife, too. And no one but you and he left."

"We've got accustomed to it, my dear. But look here, Maggie, don't get talking in this way before uncle, because he had a child once, and it died."

"Oh, how grieved he must have been."

"Webb says he nearly went mad, and I believe he did, quite, for he's the queerest mortal you ever saw. He's got a picture of Aunt Florence in his dressing room, all covered up, and no one is ever allowed to see it but himself. But here's our bedroom. It opens out upon a balcony, which is rather pleasant in warm weather, but quite the reverse in cold. However, the weather is warm now, so let us be thankful."

She threw herself idly upon the bed as she spoke and Margaret passed through one of the glass doors into the balcony beyond. Such a bower of sweets as it was! The purple wisteria entwined its branches with pale yellow honeysuckle, and banksia roses hung in clusters amid the light green delicate leaves of the Virginian creeper. The balcony appeared to extend the whole side of the house, and was evidently a modern addition to the ancient structure of Abbotsville; but at either end of that part of it, outside the room in which the girls were to sleep, was erected a wire fence or barrier, that shut it off from the remainder and on the other side of which hung blinds of striped linen.

"How cozy this part of the veranda is shut in," said Margaret, as she leaned over the railings; why is it separated from the rest, Carmen?—and why is that end of it shaded by awnings in front?"

"To keep out the sun, you goose. The creepers don't grow there, you see, and so it requires shading."

"There are people talking!" exclaimed Margaret in a tone of awe. "I thought you said there was no one in the house but ourselves."

"Goodness me, child! how matter-of-fact you are," replied Carmen as she jumped off the bed and pulled her companion into the room. "Come in here and talk to me, instead of listening to what the servants say. Those are my uncle's apartments and he shuts himself in because he particularly dislikes being overlooked or overheard."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Margaret. "I hope he did not hear me talking to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STREET CAR BABY.

The New York Variety Has a Way of Getting Its Own Will.

It was an umbrella with a round knob on the handle. It belonged to a dignified, severe-faced man in a high hat. He held it upright as he sat and gazed straight ahead out of the car window at the signs along Broadway, says the New York World.

The abstracted woman in spectacles with a baby sat next to the umbrella. She held the baby on one arm. It was the arm nearest the umbrella. The baby was of an investigating turn of mind. It leaned forward cautiously. Then it leaned forward some more. The mother read the advertisements in the car three times across and then the little woman on her right touched her arm.

"Your baby's choking, ma'am," she suggested, timidly.

The woman in spectacles glared at her and then investigated the baby. It was turning black in the face and was bent double. The severe man in the high hat sat rigid and unconscious, grasping his umbrella upright.

"You brute, you!" snapped the woman in spectacles, as she yanked it out of his hands, "the baby's swallowing your umbrella!"

It was an anxious moment. The baby and the umbrella were untangled with some difficulty. The baby yelled. The umbrella fell on the floor and became mixed in the conductor's legs.

The severe man in the high hat started and broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he picked up the umbrella, produced an immaculate handkerchief from his pocket and carefully polished the knob. There was an upward curve of his nostrils. The baby continued to yell.

"It wants your umbrella," said the woman in spectacles, composedly. "There! So it should!" (to the baby).

The severe man had half risen, nervously, clutching the umbrella. He glanced around haughtily and the baby grabbed for him. The people in the car held their breath and the conductor reached up to pull the bell rope.

Then the severe man sat down again with a curious look on his face that was intended for a smile and he said, "Cluck! cluck!" to the baby in a combination hen cluck and persuasive cackle and surrendered the umbrella. The baby good and all the car looked solemn and speculative.

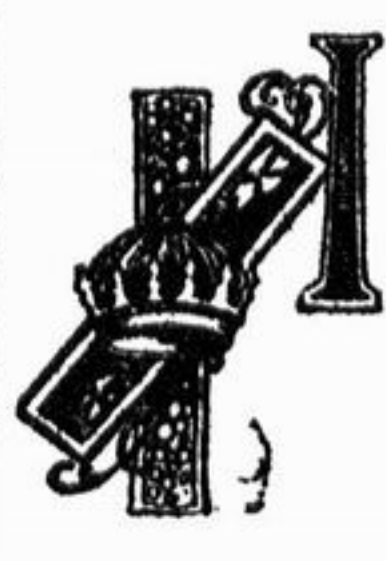
When She Tramped.

There was Dr. Belman. He was playing whist one evening with a maiden lady for a partner. She trumped his best card, and at the end of the hand he asked her the reason why. "Oh, Dr. Belman," (smilingly), "I judged it judicious." "Judicious! judicious!! judicious!!! You old fool." She never again touched a card.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"DIVISION OF THE SPOILS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

A Lesson Radiant with Coming Rewards for All Well Doers—"Shall Divide Spoils with the Strong"—Isaiah, 53:12.



IN THE Coliseum at Rome, where persecutors used to let out the half-starved lions to eat up Christians, there is now planted the figure of a cross. And I rejoice to know that the upright piece of wood nailed to a transverse piece has become the symbol not more of suffering than of victory. It is of Christ the conqueror, that my text speaks. As a kingly warrior, having subdued an empire, might divide the palaces and mansions and cities and valleys and mountains among his officers, so Christ is going to divide up all the earth and all the heavens among his people and you I will have to take our share if we are strong in faith and strong in our Christian loyalty, for my text declares it: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

The capture of this round planet for Christ is not so much of a job as you might imagine, when the Church takes off its coat and rolls up its sleeves for the work, as it will. There are sixteen hundred millions of people now in the world, and four hundred and fifty millions are Christians. Subtract four hundred and fifty millions who are Christians from the sixteen hundred millions, and there are eleven hundred and fifty millions left. Divide the eleven hundred and fifty millions who are not Christians by the four hundred and fifty who are Christians, and you will find that we shall have to average less than three souls each, brought by us into the kingdom of God, to have the whole world redeemed. Certainly, with the church rising up to its full duty, no Christian will be willing to bring less than three souls into the kingdom of God. I hope, and pray Almighty God that I may bring more than three. I know evangelists who have already brought fifty thousand each for the kingdom of God. There are two hundred thousand people whose one and only and absorbing business in the world is to save souls. When you take these things into consideration, and that the Christians will have to average the bringing of only three souls each into the kingdom of our Lord, all impossibility vanishes from this omnipotent crusade. Why, I know a Sabbath School teacher who for many years has been engaged in training the young, and she has had five different classes, and they averaged seven to a class, and they were all converted, and five times seven are thirty-five, as near as I can calculate. So that she brought her three into the kingdom of God and had thirty-two to spare. My grandmother prayed her children into the kingdom of Christ, and her grandchildren, and I hope all her great-grandchildren, for God remembers a prayer seventy-five years old, as though it were only a minute old; and so she brought her three into the kingdom of God, and had more than one hundred to spare. Besides that, through the telephone and the telegraph, this whole world, within a few years, will be brought within compass of ten minutes. Besides that, omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience are presiding in this matter of the world's betterment, and that takes the question of the world's salvation out of the impossibilities into the possibilities, and then cut of the possibilities into the probabilities, and then out of the probabilities into the certainties. The building of the Union Pacific Railroad from ocean to ocean was a greater undertaking than the gridding of the earth with the Gospel; for one enterprise depended upon the human arm, while the other depends upon almightiness.

Do I really mean that all the earth will surrender to Christ? Yes. How about the uninviting portions? Will Greenland be evangelized? The possibility is that after a few more hundred brave lives are dashed out among the icebergs, that great refrigerator, the Polar region, will be given up to the walrus and bear, and that the inhabitants will come down by invitation into tolerable climates, or those climates may soften; and, as it has been positively demonstrated that the Arctic region was once a blooming garden and a fruitful field, those regions may change climate and again be a blooming garden and a fruitful field. It is proved beyond controversy, by German and American scientists, that the Arctic regions were the first portions of this world inhabitable; the world hot beyond human endurance, those regions were, of course, the first to be cool enough for human foot and human lung. It was positively proved that the Arctic region was a tropical climate. Prof. Heer, of Zurich, says the remains of flowers have been found in the Arctic region, showing it was like Mexico for climate, and it is found that the Arctic was the mother region from which all the flowers descended. Prof. Wallace says the remains of all styles of animal life are found in the Arctic regions, including those animals that can live only in warm climates. Now that Arctic region, which has been demonstrated by flora and fauna and geological argument to have been as full of vegetation and life as our Florida, may be turned back to its original bloom and glory, or it will be shut up as a museum of crystals for curiosity-seekers once in awhile to visit. But Arctic and Antarctic, in some shape, will belong to the Redeemer's realm.

What about other unproductive or

regulative regions? All the deserts will be irrigated, the waters will be forced up to the great American desert between here and the Pacific by machinery now known or yet to be invented, and, as Great Salt Lake City has no rain and could not raise an apple or a bushel of wheat in a hundred years without artificial help, but is now through such means one great garden, so all the unproductive parts of all the continents will be turned into harvest fields and orchards. A half-dozen De Lesseps will furnish the world with all the canals needed, and will change the course of rivers and open new lakes, and the great Sahara desert will be cut up into farms with an astonishing yield of bushels to the acre. The marsh will be drained of its waters and cured of its malaria. I saw what was for many years called the Black Swamp of Ohio, its chief crop chills and fevers, but now, by the tiles put into the ground to carry off the surplus moisture, transformed into the richest and healthiest of regions. The God who wastes nothing, I think, means that this world, from pole to pole, has come to perfection of foliage and fruitage. For that reason he keeps the earth running through space, though so many fires are blazing down in its timbers and so many meteoric terrors have threatened to dash it to pieces. As soon as the earth is completed Christ will divide it up among the good. The reason he does not divide it now is because it is not done. A kind father will not divide the apple among his children until the apple is ripe. In fulfillment of the New Testament promise, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and the promise of the Old Testament, "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," the world will be apportioned to those worthy to possess it.

It is not so now. In this country, capable of holding, feeding, clothing and sheltering twelve hundred million people, and where we have only sixty million inhabitants, we have two million who cannot get honest work, and with their families an aggregation of five millions that are on the verge of starvation. Something wrong, most certainly. In some way, there will be a new apportionment. Many of the millionaire estates will crack to pieces on the disquisitions of grand children, and then dissolve into the possession of the masses who now have an insufficiency.

What, you say, will become of the expensive and elaborate buildings now devoted to debasing amusements? They will become schools, art galleries, museums, gymnasia, and churches. The world is already getting disgusted with many of these amusements, and no wonder. What an importation of unclean theatrical stuff we have within the last few years had brought to our shores! And professors of religion patronizing such things! Having sold out to the devil, why don't you deliver the goods and go over to him publicly, body, mind and soul, and withdraw your name from Christian churches, and say: "Know all the world by these presents that I am a patron of uncleanness and a child of hell!" Sworn to be the Lord's, you are perjurers.

If you think these offenses are to go on forever, you do not know who the Lord is. God will not wait for the Day of Judgment. All these palaces of sin will become palaces of righteousness. They will come into the possession of those strong for virtue and strong for God. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

China and Africa, the two richest portions of the earth by reason of metals, and rare woods, and inexhaustible productiveness, are not yet divided up among the good because they are not ready to be divided. Wait until the doors that Livingstone opened in Africa shall be entered, and Bishop Taylor, with his band of self-supporting missionaries, have done their work, and the Ashantees and Senegambians shall know Christ as well as you know him, and there shall be on the banks of the Nile and Niger a higher civilization than is now to be found on the banks of the Potomac or the Hudson, then Christ will divide up that continent among his friends. Wait until China, which is half as large as all Europe, shall have developed her capacities for rice and tea and sugar among edibles; and her amethyst and sapphire and topaz and opal and jasper and porphyry, among precious stones; and her rosewood and ebony and camphor and varnish trees, among precious woods; and turned up from her depths a half-dozen Pennsylvanias of coal and iron, and twenty Nevadas of silver, and fifty Californias of gold, and her five hundred millions of people shall be evangelized; then the Lord will divide it up among the good.

If my text be not a deception, but the eternal truth, then the time is coming when all the farms will be owned by Christian farmers, and all the commerce controlled by Christian merchants, and all the authority held by Christian officials, and all the ships commanded by Christian captains, and all the universities under the instruction of Christian professors; Christian kings, Christian presidents, Christian governors, Christian mayors, Christian common council. Yet, what a scouring out! what an upturning! what a demolition! what a resurrection must precede this new apportionment!

I do not underrate the enemy. Julius Caesar got his greatest victory by fully estimating the vastness of his foes, and prepared his men for their greatest triumph by saying: "Tomorrow King Juba will be here with thirty thousand horses, one hundred thousand skirmishers and three hundred elephants." I do not underrate the vast forces of Sin and Death; but do you know who commands us? Jehovah-Jireh. And the reserve corps behind us are all the armies of heaven and earth, with hurricanes and thunderbolt. The good work of the world's redemption is going on every minute. Never so many splendid men and glorious women on

the side of right as to-day. There are many good people as now. Disraeli has been spoken of as a wise man; because he went with a lantern at night, saying he was looking for an honest man. If he had turned his lantern toward himself he might have discovered a crank. Honest men by the ten thousand! Through the International Series of Sunday School lessons the next generation all through Christendom are going to be wiser than any generation since the world stood. The kingdom is coming. God can do it. No housewife with a chamela cloth ever polished a silver teaspoon with more ease than Christ will rub off from this world the tarnish, and brighten it up till it glows like heaven; and then the glorious apportionment! for my text is reinforced by a score of other texts, when it says of Christ: "He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

"But," you say, "that this is pleasant to think of for others, but before that time I shall have passed up into another existence, and I shall get no advantage from that new apportionment." Ah, you have only driven me to the other more exciting and transporting consideration, and that is, that Christ is going to divide up heaven in the same way. There are old estates in the celestial world that have been in the possession of the inhabitants for thousands of years, and they shall remain as they are. There are old family mansions in heaven filled with whole generations of kindred, and they shall never be driven out. Many of the victors from earth have already got their palaces, and they are pointed out to those newly arrived. Soon after our getting there we will ask to be shown the Apostolic residences, and ask where does Paul live, and John; and shown the patriarchal residences, and shall say: "Where does Abraham live, or Jacob?" and shown the martyr residences and say: "Where does John Huss live, and Ridley?" We will want to see the boulevards where the chariots of conquerors roll. I will want to see the gardens where the princes walk. We will want to see Music Row, where Handel and Haydn and Mozart and Charles Wesley and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury have their homes, out of their windows, ever and anon, rolling some snatch of an earthly oratorio or hymn transported with the composer. We will want to see Revival Terrace, where Whitefield and Nettleton and Payson and Rowland Hill and Charles Finney and other giants of soul rearing are resting from their almost supernatural labors, their doors thronged with converts just arrived, coming to report themselves.

But brilliant as the sunset, and like the leaves for number, are the celestial homes yet to be awarded, when Christ to you, and millions of others, shall divide the spoil. What do you want there? You shall have it. An orchard? There it is; twelve manner of fruits, and fruit every month. Do you want river scenery? Take your choice on the banks of the river, in longer, wider, deeper roll than Danube or Amazon or Mississippi if mingled in one, and emptying into the sea of glass, mingled with fire. Do you want your kindred back again? Go out and meet your father and mother without the staff or the stoop, and your children in a dance of immortal glee. Do you want a throne? Select it from the million burnished elevations. Do you want a crown? Pick it out of that mountain of diamonded coronets. Do you want your old church friends of earth around you? Begin to hum an old revival tune and they will flock from all quarters to revel with you in sacred reminiscence. All the earth for those who are here on earth at the time of continental and planetary distribution, and all the heavens for those who are there.

But notice that there is only one Being in the universe who can and will distribute the trophies of earth and heaven. It is the Divine Warrior, the Commander-in-Chief of the Centuries, the Champion of Ages, the universal Conqueror, the Son of God, Jesus. You will take the spoils from his hand, or never take them at all. Have his friendship and you may defy all time and all eternity, but without it you are a pauper, though you had a universe at your command. We are told in Revelation that Jacob's twelve sons were so honored as to have the twelve gates of heaven named after them—over one gate of heaven Naphtali, over another of heaven Issachar, over another Dan, over another Gad, over another Zebulun, over another Judah, and so on. But Christ's name is written over all the gates, and on every panel of the gates; and have his help, his pardon, his intercession, his atonement, I must, or be a forlorn wretch for ever. My Lord and my God! make me and all who hear me this day, and all to whom these words shall come, thy repentant, believing, sworn, consecrated and ransomed followers for ever.

General Booth's Tour.

In a recent interview, General William Booth summed up his tour of the world, just ended, as follows:

"During the seven months we have traveled 27,800 miles, the journeys occupying 2,562 hours, of which 600 have been spent at nights in the train. I have delivered 300 addresses, and 4,500 persons have been at the penitential form. The attendance at the meetings has amounted to 233,176 persons. Besides the above, a quantity of miscellaneous work has been got through, including forty-seven articles for our periodicals and forty-eight press interviews. If you add to this the hours spent in business, and councils and correspondence, the preparation of orders and regulations, and the time devoted to the direction of the whole concern, you will readily guess that I have not been idle during the seven months I have been away."