A STRANGE STORY.

Under the title " Aut Diabolasaut Nihil, "The true story of a Hallucination," Blackwood publishes a weird story of how a circle of Spiritualists in Paris raised the Devil. The writer gives it as " the true story of a meeting with the Davil in Paris not many years ago-a true story in every particular, as can be easily proved by a direct application to any of the persons co ncerned in it, for they are living still." He says :- "The key to the enigma we cannot find, for we certain. y do not put faith in any one of the theories of Spiritualists; but that an apparition such as we have described did appear in the way and under the circumstances we have related is a fact, and we must leave the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to more profound psychologists than ourselves.'

The chief persons named are a Russian Prince, Pomerantseff, and a French Abbe, Girod, who ridiculed the whole theory of apparitions. The conversation at a dinner party of the Duc de Frontignan's having turned on spiritualism, the Duke said he had seen the spirit of Love. The Abbe, who was sceptical, had just preached a great sermon, demonstrating the existence of the personal Devil, laughed at the Duke, when the Prince declared that this was in no way incredible, inasmuch as he, the Prince, knew and had seen the Devil. "I tell you," said he, "I have seen him the God of all Evil the Prince of Desolation, and what is more I will show him to you." He refused at first, but afterwards, fascinated by the offer,

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

So the matter was arranged, and he, the Abbe Girod, the renowned preacher of the celebrated --- Church, was to meet that very night, by special appointment, at halfpast nine, the Prince of Darkness; and this in January, in Paris, at the height of the season, in the capital of sivilisation—la vide lumiere ! At half-past nine o'clock precisely the Prince arrived. He was in full evening dress, but-contrary to his usual custom -wearing no ribbon or decoration, and his face was of a deadly pallor. They entered the carriage, and the coachman, evidently instructed beforehand where to go, drove off without delay. The Prince immediately pulled down the blinds, and taking a silk pocket-handkerchief from his pocket began quietly to fold it lengthwise. "I must blindfold you, mon cher," he re-

marked simply, as if announcing the most ordinary fact.

"Diable!" cried the Abbe, now becoming a little nervous. "This is very unpleasant; I like to see where I am going.

On they drove; the time seemed interminable to the Abbe. "Are we near our destination yet?" he

inquired at last. "Not very far off," replied the other, in what seemed to Girod a most sepulchral tone of voice.

At length, after a drive of about half an hour, but which seemed to the Abbe double that time, Pomerantseff murmured in a loud tone, and with a profound sigh, which sounded almost like a sob, "Here we are; and at that moment the Abbe felt the carriage was turning, and heard the horses hoofs clatter on what he imagined to be the stones of a courtyard. The carriage stopped Pomerantseff opened the door himself, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight. "There are five steps," he said, as he held the Abbe by the arm." "Take care!"

The Abbe stumbled up the five steps. Pomerantseff warned him that they were about to ascend a staircase, and up many a man drowning in sight of land-being shallow steps they went. When at length shed into him from the sad blue eyes? Was they had reached the top, the Prince guided it Despair or was it Death? Ah, no, not him by the arm through what the Abbe imagined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it after them, walked on again, opened another door, which he closed and locked likewise, and over which the Abbe heard him pull a heavy curtain. The Prince

your eyes until you hear voices."

dark ; for although he could, of course, see fall, but that he would-oh! much worse it were illuminated.

THE INCANTATION.

Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror through him-a gentle noise as of naked flesh touching the waxed floor-and before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the sound, the voices of many men-voices of men groaning or wailing in some hideous ecstasy-broke the stillness, crying-

"Father and Creator of all Sin and Crime, Prince and King of all Despair and Anguish! come to us, we implore thee?"

pockethandkerchief. He found himself in a large oldfashioned room, pannelled up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light shed from innumerable tapers fitted by its nature soft, was almost fierce by reason of its greatness and intensity, proceeded from these countless tapers.

All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lightning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his whole attention was riveted upon the group before him.

Twelve men-Pomerantseff among the number-of all ages from five-and-twenty to fifty-five, all dressed in evening dress, and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, men of culture and refinement, lay nearly prone upon the floor, with hands

They were bowing forward and kissing the floor-which might account for the strange sound heard by Girod-and their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstasy-half distorted, as if in pain, halfsmiling, as if in triumph.

the Prince.

intense emotion.

praying aloud, or rather meaning, as they writhed in ecstatic adoration. "O Father of Evil! come to us!"

"O Prince of Endless Desolation! who sitteth by beds of Suicides, we adore thee "O Creator of Eternal anguish!"

"O King of cruel pleasures and famishing desires ! we worship thee !" "Come to us, thy foot upon the hearts of

laughter of innocence !" "Come to us, thy brow wreathed with the clinging Chaplet of Despair !"

"Come to us !" The heart of the Abbe turned cold and never of their great mental exaltation, swayed before him, and as the air, charged with a subtle and overwhelming electricity, seemed to throb as from the echo of innumerable

voiceless harps. Suddenly-or rather the full conception of the fact was sudden, for the influence had been gradually stealing over him-he felt a terrible coldness, a coldness more piercing than any he had ever before experienced in Russia, and with the coldness there came to him the certain knowledge of

the presence of some new being in the room. Withdrawing his eyes from the semi-circle of men, who did not seem to be aware of his, the Abbe's presence, and who ceased not in their blasphemies, he turned them slowly around, and as he did so, they fel upon a new-comer, a Thirteenth, who seemed to spring into existence from the air, and before his very eyes.

THE APPARITION OF SATAN.

tall, as beardless as the young Augustus, those who hd supported as well as forehead like a girl's. He was dressed in by grand decision and magnificent audacity evening dress, and his cheeks were flushed he translated his failure into a training for as if with wine or pleasure; but from his success—a success which, not improbably eyes there gleamed a look of inexpressible future historians wil find to be somewhat sadness, of intens despair. The group of qualified by the faith which Mr. Disraeli men had evidently become aware of his carried to an extreme, based on the convicpresence at the same moment, for they all tion that this decision and magnificent fell prone upon the floor adoring, and their audacity could atone for great errors in words were now no longer words of invoca- statesmanship. He certainly never showed tion, but words of praise and worship. The that "habitual indecision which has been Abbe was frozen with horror; there was no called the chief evidence of weakness; evin room in his breast for the lesser emotion of cing either a want of capacity to apprehend fear; indeed, the horror was so great and what is best, or a want of energy to pursue all-absorbing as to charm him and hold him it." "Strike the iron while it is hot," says, calmly, a faint smile playing over his intel. heated iron, are soft and pliant; decision, only added to the intensity of the despair | killed hand to mold them to its pattern. gleaming in his clear blue eyes. Girod was struck first by sadness, then with the beauty, and then with the intellectual vigour of that marvellous countenance. The expression was not unkind, or even cold: haughtiness and pride might indeed be read in high-bred features, shell-like sensitive nostrils, and short upper lip; while the exquisite symmetry and pertect proportions of his figure showed suppleness and steel-like strength, for the rest the face betokened, save for the flush upon the cheeks, only great sadness. The eyes were fixed upon those of Girod and he felt their soft, subtle, intense light penetrate into every nook and cranny of his soul and being. This terrible Thirteenth simply stood and gazed upon the priest, as the worshippers grew more wild, more blasphemous, more cruel. The Abbe could think of nothing but the face before him, and the great desolation that lay folded over it as a veil. He could think of no prayer, When they had proceeded a few yards, although he could remember there were prayers. Was this Despair—the Despair of Death! Death was peaceful, and this was violent and passionate.

THE FASCINATION OF THE DEVIL.

Moreover, by degrees the blue eyes-it then took him again by the arm, advanced | seemed as if their colour, their great bluehim a few steps, and said in a low whisper : | ness, had some fearful power-began pour-"Remain quietly standing where you ing into him some more hideous pleasure. are. I rely upon your honour not to attempt It was the ecstasy of great pain becoming a to remove the pocket handkerchief from delight, the ecstasy of being beyond all hope, and of being thus enabled to look with The Abbe folded his arms and atood scorn upon the Author of hope. And all the motionless, while he heard the Prince walk while the blue eyes still gazed sadly, with a away, and then suddenly all sound ceased. | soft smile breathing overwhelming despair It was evident to the unfortunate priest upon him. Girod knew that in another that the room in which he stood was not moment he would not sink, faint, or nothing, owing to the pocket-handkerchief, -he would smile! At this very instant a which had been bound most skilfully over name -a familiar name, and one which the inhis eyes, there was a sensation of being in fernal worshippers had made frequent use of, strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt as but which he had never remarked beforestruck his ear; the name of Christ.

Where had he heard it? He could not tell It was the name of a young man; he could the best of the joke. remember that and nothing more. Again the name sounded "Christ." There was another word like Christ, which seemed at some time to have brought an idea, first of great suffering and then of great peace. Ay, peace, but no pleasure. No delight like this shed from those marvellous blue eyes. Again the name sounded "Christ." Ah! the other word was cross-"croix"-he remembered

Was it that as he thought these things The Abbe, wild with terror, tore off the the charm of the blue eyes and their great sadness lessened in intensity. We dare not say; but as some faint conception of what a cross was flitted through the Abbe's brain, aithough he could think of no prayer-nay, right hand slowly up, for it was pinioned as by paralysis to his side, and feebly and half mechanically made the sign across his breast.

AFTERWARDS.

against another, as if some strong electric great blow to you? time, the throbbing of the thousand voiceless funds. harps was hushed. The pause lasted but for a moment, and then the men rose, stumbling, trembling, and with loosened hands, and stood feebly gazing at the Abbe, who felt faint and exhausted, and heeded them not. With extraordinary presence of mind, the Prince walk ed quickly up to him, pushed him out of the ian, yeu know, quite readily." door by which they had entered, followed him, and looked the door behind them, thus The Abbe's eyes instinctively sought out precluding the possibility of being imme distely pursued by the others. Once in the He was on the left-hand side, and while adjoining room, the Abbe and Pomerantseff more. his left hand grasped that of his neighbour, paused for an instant to recover breath, for his right was sweeping nervously over toe the swiftness of their flight had exhausted

bare waxed floor, as if seeking to animate them, worn out as they both were men" the boards. His face was more calm than tally and physically; but during thi those of the others, but of a deadly pal- | brief interval the Prince, who appeared to lor, and the violet tints about the mouth | be retaining his presence of mind by a purely and temples showed he was suffering from mechanical effort, carefully replaced over his friend's eyes the bandage which the Abbe They were all, each after his own fashion, still held tightly grasped in his hand. Then he led him on, and it was not till the cold air struck them, that they noticed they had left their hats behind.

"N imports !" muttered Pomerantseff "it would be dangerous to return," and hurrying the Abbe into the carriage which awaited them, he bade the coachman speed them away-"an grand galop!"

Not a word was spoken; the Abbe lay back as one in a swoon, and heeded nothing "Come to us, thy hair lurid with the until he felt the carriage stop, and the Prince uncovered his eyes and told him he had reached home; then he alighted in silence and passed into his house without a word. How he reached his apartment he knew; but the following morning sick as these beings pardly human by reason found him raging with fever, and delirious.

Decision.

It has been well said that "purpose is the

edge and point of character-the superscription on the letter of talent; that character without it is "blunt or torpid, and that genius without it is bullion-splendid but uncirculating." Even errors—if they imply nothing criminal or of evil intentmay be translated into something splendid something magnificent, by virtue of decision. When Mr. Disraeli, in his first great effort in the House of Commons, met not only with unsympathetic listeners, but with contempt so complete that he was compelled to sit down with his oration unfinished, he drew his hat over his eyes, and, with a resolute hake of the head, said to himself rather than to the House of Commons "The day will come when you will hear me." And in spite of rebuffs, many and severe, he persisted in getting on his legs He was a young man of apparently twenty, on every available opportunity, attacked with bright golden hair falling from his those who had opposed him, and thus spell-bound. He would not remove his eyes | the old proverb. There is a propitious mofrom the Thirteenth, who stood before him | ment, when outer circumstances, like the lectual and aristocratic face—a smile which directed by insight, is as a hammer in the

A Prince's Philanthropy. A good deal of comment is made in the German press on the singular bequest-and the still more singular way in which the same was carried out - of the recently de cessed Austrian Prince Schwarzenberg, who leaves a fortune of upward of 120,000,000 gulden (250,000,000f.) at the lowest estimate. The above-mentioned bequest to the poor of Vienna, the city in which he was born, and where he had resided during most of his lifetime, was-1,000 gulden! This munificent (?) bequest was announced to the municipal council of the Austrian capital by the son and universal legatee of the deceased in a letter, in which he says that, " prompted by the desire of expressing also his personal sentiments and his attachment to his native city, he has given orders to his treasurer to pay over the amount without any further delay." Noblesse oblige. The succession tax alone amounts to upwards of 6,000,000 gulden. The immense estates of the deceased-scattered through Bohemia, Austria proper, Styria, Salzburg, Franconia, etc.-cover an area larger than that of the principalities of Lippe and Waldeck combined, and have frequently been designated as the "Prince Schwarzenberg Empire."

The Peasant's Joke.

On a recent hunting expedition the Aus. trian Kaiser and his friend the King of Saxony had strayed some distance from their comrades of the chase, and coming up with a peasant's cart they asked the occupant to give them a lift. The latter did not recognize them, as they were both attired in Styrian dress, but readily acceded to their request. On taking leave of him the Emperor told him who they were. The peasant smiled incredulously, and said: "Well friend, if you be the Emperor of Austria and your companion the King of Saxony, I had better tell you who I am. My good fellows, I am his Holiness the Pope!' With this he drove off, delighted at having, as he thought,

United States Elections.

In each State there is a set of electors nominated by each party, the number of electors nominated varying according to each State's representation in Congress. The people vote for the whole set of Renow; a long thing with a short thing across | publican, Democratic or prohibition electors as the case may be. These electors from all the States meet in what is called the Electoral College and cast their ballots for President and Vice-President. As the electors are pledged beforehand the result is always known before the college meets, its action having become a mere form. The into scones on the wall—light which, though of no distinct use of this cross—he drew his people will cast no ballot for Harrison or Cleveland directly.

Natural Fears

Husband (a bank cashier, slightly under The vision vanished. The men adoring the weather)-If I should be taken away ceased their clamour and lay crouched up one from you, darling, would it really be a very power had been taken from them and great Wife (sobbing)-Ch, dear, John, I hope weakness had succeeded, while, at the same you haven't been fooling with the bank

> The Prime Accomplishment. "Yes," said the young lady demurely to Billy Bliven, "pape has given me ever educational advantage. I can sing in Ital-"Yes," said Billy, "I know." "Then I can converse in French and Spanish and compose verses in Latin." "Yes," said Billy; but tell me one thing "What is that?"

"Can you bake bread in English?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Englishman recently stated in court that he married at the age of 16 because he was out of work

Sara Bernhardt's latest " creation " is dress of salmon-colored satin, trimmed with silver passementerie. Young Man-" Will you give assent to

my marriage with your daughter, sir?" Old Man (grmly)-" No, sir; not a cent. "Jenny, do you know what a miracle is ?" "Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry

our new parson it will be a miracle." Sunday school teacher—What makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong? Scholar-Pa's trunk strap.

A very red-headed citizen of Atchison, Kan., says that when a boy he had the scar let fever and it settled in his hair.

The Glasgow International Exhibition was a very costly affair, but that famous seaport was well able to stand the expense, From figures prepared under official super vision, we learn that the total amount expended on buildings and grounds was £74. 464 as against an estimated cost of £69,128, There were some other expenses incurred for work done after the Exhibition opened such as the erection of a ceremonial arch. grand stand, etc., which amounted to something like £8,253, thus making a grand total outlay of £82,714.

Agood man who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it says : "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to leve and something to hope And the more one thinks over the whole matter the more he will be inclined to believe that that "good man" is about right. He is in a bad condition who has nothing to do even though he need do nothing for a living. He may as well commit suicide at once. And he who has nothing to love and nothing to hope for may just as well follow suit and get out as fast as pos-

The French and the Germans are still speculating about what they will do when the supposedly inevitable fight comes on, and when Belgian neutrality is violated and a casus belli thus brought round. Such talk is simply infamous, just as are the speculations about a possible collision between Britain and the States, and about how such a tussle would be likely to end. Why cannot common sense, and Christian feeling have the upper hand sometimes? Why should braggards, blusterers and swashbucklers have so much to say, and be so often listened to, not only with patience, but apparently with pleasure?

The Corporation of the City of Edinburgh is about to take a very wise step in the purchase of the Braid Hills for a public park and recrestion grounds. The whole of the hills compris: about 155 acres but the trustees of the Cluny estate, to which the hills belong, wish to reserve 22 acres for a cattle grazing ground for the Braid farm, and so 133 acres will be the amount of land available for park purposes. It is understood that the purchase money will be in the neighborhood of £11,000. And money well invested too. Every city should possess these public breathing spaces, and prize them highly. They are invaluable.

The trouble over the railway crossing in Manitoba varies so from day to day that there is no possibility of saying with certainty what the result will be. That it will be settled without blood shed is to be sincerely hoped. The C.P.R. may be within its legal rights in resisting the crossing but certainly the universal understanding was that on account of the bargain of last year no further resistance to Red River Railway was to be offered. Honesty and straightforward dealing always answer best, and the C.P.R. magnates, even for their own interests, had far better let things slide. Greed and bad temper are often stupidly

shortsighted. Speaking of the Princess of Wales, Le Figaro, of Paris, remarks : - "Her friends say that often as night falls, in the large hall at Sandringham, she remains for hours watching the coals reddening in the immense fireplace; she does not see what passes around her; she listens to nothing that is said to her, neither the calling of the Princess Maud, nor the jokes of Prince Albert. 'Her Highness sleeps,' say her attendants. They deceive themselves. Her Highness meditates on the litle Alexandra, who believed herself destined to marry a petty German Prince, very domestic, very faith ful, and who would have died very happy after having had many children."

Citizens of St. Louis who were up early the other morning saw a rare sight. Two | them. big flocks of pelicans passed over the city on their way south. They flew so low that the pouch under the lower bill and throat of each could be seen. The first flock, numbering over 100, flew slowly and in almost an unbroken single line, crossing the river to the Illinois side and disappearing in the distance. The second flock, following close behind, seemed to have lost its way and circled over the river for ten minutes, and then the leader suddenly started in a bee line for the southeast and the rest trailed after

Kaiser William doesn't miss an opportunity to contrast himself with his father. In his response to the address of the Burgo. master of Munich, while on his journey to Rome, e expressed the hope that he might always "guide the destinies of the German empire n accordance with the views of my grandfather." A sensation was produced at the recent banquet at Vienna regarding the strength of the Austro-German alliance. The Austrian Emperor proposed the unusual toast of "The German army, the most brilliant incorporation of military virtues." To this William proposed "The Austro-Hun garian army," with dreimal hoch, and th enthusiasm was tremendous.

been given to any book as is now being bestowed on the novel "Robert Elsemere." The gifted writer, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a daughter of Thomas Arnold, the second son of the famous headmaster of Rugby school, and therefore a niece of the late Matthew Arnold. Her book is an insidious and powerful effort of aggressive Unitarianism, an effort whose influence will be all the stronger, far-reaching and difficult to combat, because of the emotional environments of the story, which are almost theatrical at times in their intensity. It is not Christianity that is attacked, but the supernatural ele ment in Christianity. Everything in the nature of miracle is prontunced mythic from the Conception to the Resurrection and yet with the otherialized remnant powerful effort is made to show what can be done in the way of raising men above the store beetlel elements of existence.

A Step Bigher,

The principles of business that taught are not many; those that can be learned are almost without end very soon reaches the place where h been told all that is actually necessary he should be told about the details business; he falls into the ruts of the hour understands the run of trade, the variation in people and prices and how to get in and send out goods to the best advantage But all these details, while they are necessary to be learned, only fit the young man for that particular place, and if he is and tions he is always looking to something bet ter. Others have been teaching him; it

necessary that he should now teach himself A clerk who remains in one position all his life advertises himself lacking in one of two things—ability or ambition. Then undoubtedly are instances where a clerk is kept so constantly and continually employ. ed at one task that he has no opportunity by learn anything but his present work, lu such instances are very rare. As a general rule, every clerk has some time at his dis. posal, either at intervals during the day or in the evening. These are hours that he cannot afford to throw away. Not that it follows that he must deprive himself of every pleasure, or must desert every tom of entertainment. All work and no phy makes Jack a dull boy, and dullness don not lead to success. But let him have hi entertainment as recreation, and not see it as business, and then he will still have many valuable hours for self improvement

One of the prosperous merchants of this city began life as an errand boy in an office. Most boys, and most men, too, for that mat. ter, would say that his position offered but little hope of advancement. The men in the office were busily employed, and saw or spoke to the boy only when they had no ac counts to keep, no writing to do. But the desire being there, the opportunities came He carried the mail to and from the postoffice; watching the letters that pund through his hands, when he found an en. velope unusually well addressed he saved it from the waste-basket, and with this before him he began to try to imitate it.

It was his duty to copy the letters in the copying-press, and he read and remembered the phraseology and the style until he could have sat down and, with the topic given him, have dressed it up in the same form He was so ready and willing to do any and everything asked of him that the men sent him on many private errands of their own, and in return they could not but answer his questions when he asked about the books or the business. A chance of fered where he might do a little writing, and he did the work before any one there knew that he could. There was some surprise at the good form of his matter, and then he told them how he had learned. He was given a place at the desk, while another. boy ran the errands, and before he had ever thought of studying to be a bookeeper he was one, and a good one.

Hints About Horses.

It costs more to keep a poor horse thank does to keep a good one.

Change the feed for your horses often enough to make them relish it.

Improper feeding is the cause of nine cut of ten cases of sickness among horses. Every time you worry, your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulden to gall. So do poor, ill-fitting collars. The temperature of water for horses is not so much of an object as the purity of it. While it is best to have the water cool, it is more important to have it free from all im-

purities. Affection cannot be pounded in. Kind treatment insures the affection of an animal, while rough treatment is sure to cause

It is alike dangerous to other horses and men to spare the life of a glandered horse. Glanders is a highly contagious, incurable disease, and as a rule fatal in the human

Mares in foal should have exercise and moderate work, and under no circumstances should they be subjected to harsh treatment, nor should they ever be allowed to go where they would be in danger of being frighten

Of two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be vicious, treacherous and unsafe-all be cause of a difference in the men handling

The Eagle's Mistake.

The common eagle is a bird of wonderfully keen sight, says Harper's Young People At a height of eighty yards it can see a grass mouse or stoat, and having once locat ed its prey it will swoop down with the speed of an arrow and rise with the victim in its claws. Mr. Samuel Wilmot, the superintendent of the Canadian fish hatcheries at New

castle, Ontario, told me the following story

of an eagle :- A pair of eagles built their nest near our house well up in a large pine tree year in and year out for many seasons. One autumn the cold weather set in earlier than usual and the smooth parts of the stream that ran by our house were frozen, but the eagles still remained in the big pine, save when they flew abroad for food, morning as 1 sat at the window looking in the direction of the pines I noticed one the birds leave the tree and poise directly above a rough part of the river which was not frozen. Then he went down like a bolt and disappeared under the water. I watched with great interest to see what he would fetch—watched one, two, three, four seconds, but he did not appear. This was Not for many years has so much attention something so unusual that I became intense something so unusual that I became intense for ly interested. I stood at the window for half a minute watching where the bird had disappeared, and then, sure that something had happened to him, I snatched my hat and ran down to where lay my little boat. After some difficulty I managed to get it in to the open water, and then poled to the spot where the eagle had gone under. Looking down I saw the bird, his wings partly extended, and held fast to the bottom in some unaccommendation. unaccountable way. With a grappling hook
I drew him out. Judge of my surprise when shere came to the surface, besides the cafe. an enormous salmon. It was for this spin did prise that the eagle had made his plane, Of course he had buried his strong, shar talons in the side of the fish, but when he wanted to rise he could not lift his prey. Neither could he draw his talons from the salmon's side, and so had perished. fish weighed a trifle over thirty pound

"ROUGHI

CHAPTER XIII.-(CONT

My husband was anxious to of the native Indian airs, as well, and have a fine ear for his efforts proved abortive. said to young Nogan (who creditably on the flute, and cluded the popular air of "S a cannot you play me one

" Yes, -but no good." "Leave me to be the judge. not you give me a war song ? " Yes, -but no good," wit shake of the head. " A hunting-song ?"

" No fit for white man,"contempt. " No good, no goo " Do, John, sing us a love laughing, " if you have such on ! much love-song—ve

-bad-no good for Christian song no good for white ear very tantalising, as their very sweetly from the lips of and I had a great desire at get some of them rendered in To my husband they gave "the musician," but I have Indian word. It signified sweet sounds. They listened delight to the notes of his flu a breathless silence during th their dark eyes flashing into a martial strain, or soften plaintive and tender. The cunning which they d

contests with their enemies hunting, and in making bar whites (who are too apt to in ignorance), seems to spring law of necessity, forced upon isolated position and precario than from any innate wish t Indian's face, after all, is a of his mind. The eye char sion with every impulse a shows what is passing with the lightning in the dark ni course of the stream. 1 can deceit forms any prominer Indian's character. They with the strictest honour to never attempt to impose up natural for a deceitful person age of the credulity of other Indian never utters a falsel employs flattery (that powe the hands of the insidious) cations with the whites.

His worst traits are those in common with the wild forest, and which his interc lowest order of civilised me of moral worth, are great and the pernicious effects o have greatly tended to infla It is a melancholy truth, be lamented, that the vicini

settlers has always produ moralizing effect upon the proof of this, I will relate John, of Rice Lake, a middle-age Indian, was con about their larguage, and found in understanding the

in Indian for their use. things, I asked him if his pe or used profane language to The man regarded me wi horror, as he replied, "Ind knew your people, never

words to swear and take vain." Oh, what a reproof to C felt abashed, and degraded this poor savage-who, ign in many respects, yet pos great attribute of the soul, for the Supreme Being. H thousands of my countryme

important point! The affection of Indian children, and the defference to the aged, is another bear ing trait in their character.

One extremely cold, win huddled with my little one the door softly unclosed, a ed foot of an Indian crosse ed my head, for I was too to their sudden appearance feel alarmed, and perceiv standing silently and respe wrapped in a large blank she caught my eye she dro her covering from around my feet the attenuated about twelve years of age

last stage of consumption. " Papoose die," she clasping her hands again looking down upon the s the most heartfelt expres love, while large tears t dark face. " Moodie's Eq -poor Indian woman mu

Her child was beyond looked anxiously upon h the pinched-up features his wasted cheek, that hours to live. I could tears her agonising appear

" Try and save him ! (She held up five of her fi him all the way from Mu back, for white squaw to "I cannot cure him, m is in God's care ; in a fet with Him.

The child was seized w of coughing which I expe him a teaspoonful of cu he took with avidity, but moment on his stomach. " Papoose die," mu

woman; "alone-alone mother all alune." She began re-adjusting her blanket. I got some her to stay and rest herse much distressed to eat, remain. She said little premed the keenest ang mournful load, pre his wasted, burning han

My beart followed her eticly journey. are love must have when the had carr a miles, through the d to on such a day,