"I knew my life
Rise up within me and expand, all
The human which so nearly is divine
Was glorified."*

Then there were the evening chamber concerts for selected pupils, very bright and pleasant, in Old Hollan-dy-lighted rooms filled with young people, with a sort of House of Lords of professors and masters, and a

* From the "Epic of Hades".

... last year, when I traversed the United States and Canada on my journey to the "Great Show," i.e. the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Everyone is so comical, and the fun is added to a thousand times by the fact that no one looks at it in that light; and the words or expressions are so common that they have ceased to be funny.

Beginning with the old lady who travelled with me up to Niagara, and told me she had lost so much money, as well as her farm, and "she felt it considerable to have to climb down and take a back seat at her time of life." "I'm going to visit round for a spell," she continued. "My daughter lives out west in Nebraska, I should adviso you to see you out there; she's gotten her a good home, and she's a real smart woman, though she ain't much to look at. She favours her par, but she was a bit as honest as a brick-wood fence." We had great talks together, mine ancient chum and I, and she "took quite a shine" to me, as she kindly said. One of her many confidences was, that "she had gotten religion, and in all her troubles had been a waiter on Providence!" The last I heard of her was, her advice to me to "hustle" or I'd never catch the train. "You have to hustle," she said, "and don't you forget it at the Bridge." And I did "hustle" indeed! But I thus taught my train successfully.

When you land in Canada, the word "hustle" is the most constant sound you hear, and everyone impresses on you that "you'll have to hustle," whatever you are about. You "hustle to the tram-cars, and the train," and if ever, by any chance, you have to meet anyone, you "hustle" more than ever. As to the telephone, it is the most dreadful "hustle" in the world.

"I'm just death on cake," exclaimed a young lady, who also said, "Anything is possible," and she has "seen such a lovely man," while she also talks about a "brainy woman," this word being much applied in America to people and to things. A "brainy" newspaper means clever and able, in the sense of imaginative. "You have a brick in your hat," if you get tipsy; and if this be not your first one do you reply, "It's not my funeral" (which it certainly is not, in the sense that you are not yet dead).

"Lakes the cake," and "had hat," or, as the Californians say, "a bad egg," have both

running current of pleasant chattering in the pauses between the pieces of the programme. Very refreshing too, that delightful pause for tea and conversation when favoured students were well taken care of. This child was so happy enough to have Stendhal Bennett often as her chaperon (and how popular and charming he was, all who had the happiness of knowing him agree to-day), with her other auditors who looked after the tired and timid girl who felt so happy in their care. Even

... now, so long after, the bright happy voices full of excited young people (all the few adults were students), the hum of those young sweet voices, the (not unwelcome) chatter of tea and coffee cups, and the moving crowds with their very suitable and tactful opinions (young people are so decided in their inflatable judgments) form a bright pageant of the past which is very real still today, the girl was so happy then and met with such generous kindness.

(To be continued.)
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will vote for silver, and take that pay in gold; and very nervy."

"Don't look a boughten vote in the mouth."

"An angel in politics will shed its wings after the first campaign."

The use of abbreviations in America is very extraordinary, especially on the railroads. A gentleman told me he had gone to the ticketoffice—I think, in Chicago—and had asked what was the best route to St. Louis; the clerk said at once, "St. Louis? Go over the C. B. and G., C. R. L., and P. A. T., and S. F., C. and A. L. C. L., and S. W." This seems what would be called over there "as clear as mud."; but, after all, it is only the names of the railways you must traverse to get to your destination.

The negroes are amongst the most amusing of the people you meet, even on the cars. The porter (as he is called) of the "sleepers" gave me no end of amusement, and the following, which I hope you will enjoy, is a capital specimen of negro talk.

"I'm po'ly, honey, po'ly, Kyrant speck to hold toegedder much longer, wod de pains room' lyar, an' munny lyn' rom' in de chest, an' cramps constant. I'm breakin', breakin' fast, De good Lord sen's punishment to dem dat needs His 'flectin' rod; He's gettin' me ready, I s'pose. But de deblib, he trabbles fast; done catch up of I doan be mighty spy.

As she went on the old woman only swarey her body to and fro, repeating the tale of her misfortunes as if to an inward accompaniment of merriment. Her laugh seemed to have spread over the entire surface of her whole frame.

Then all at once a sudden seriousness seized upon her. She leaned over close to Glory to whisper with suppressed oppression.

"Yer ain't done got married yet, chile?"

"No," Glory replied lightly, looking down in the earnest black face. She was laughing now into the solemn eyes fixed upon her.

"No, not yet, Sukey; nobody'll have me."

"How ole you gettin', chile?" The black eyes remained fixed on her, still more impressive solemnity in their gaze.

"I'm nineteen, Sukey, las' May."

"Per goodness' sake, honey, done hurry up and ketch some un!' cried the negro, holding up her chocolate arms in the fervour and heat of her admiration. But Glory continued to smile, the smile broadening into a laugh at the apprehensions of the hopelessness of her still undetermined condition.

"The trouble is, Sukey, there isn't anybody to catch," Glory answered at last through her laugh.

"Dar muss' be some un', honey; de Lord neber meant gals like you ter go fru life ole maids; 'tain' de way de Lord works, nohow. Dar's some unl' ong, you jes see of dar woen. Hit look like dat to me; he's roun' de corner, um nebby yer'll fine him knockin' at de do' when you get home. An' you jes le'm in, honey; don' knock no goin'. He dar ain't no time ter lose, nohow. An', honey," continued the negro, with increasing fervour of intensity, as she took hold of Glory's falling skirts with both her strong black hands, and lifted her shining face, glistening with the warmth of her appeal, "you jes' be kyrful how you marriage, no time of sent no account, nohow; dey's sure ter die or be killed off, or somethin' happens, likely 'nuff. But de second one, he's de one dat stays by yer—he's dar, sure's yer skin, an' dar ain't no gettin' rid ob him no more'n rheumatic or de taxes; he's roun' constant. You 'member what spectable negg Jeff was, my lust hoss—well, you know, he's dif'ront. Well, when he's jes' a lowdown, no 'cunter negg, lyn' room' drinkin' an' cussin' nuff ter try de sperit ob der archeangels. Goodness knows Ise had muff ob second husbands."

The military term "luggage" does duty where we, in England, should use "luggage," and here we have not yet adopted the "All aboard!" which is the universal signal for the starting off of every form of conveyance, from a "buggy" to a tramcar or railway train. Nor have we either the term "deadhead" for the person who holds a free pass; nor yet adopted the phrase "He's a rustler," though, in its place, we do say, "He's a daisy," meaning with the same thing.

When the true American inquires "Where are my guns?" you need not think she is alluding in any way to her mouth; she only inquires for her goloshes, and should she ask you your "given name" you will know she means what we should call the Christian name and not the surname. The funniest misconception which one hears is in the northern parts of Canada, where people talk about "lunch," if you chance to arrive in the middle of the night, the meat you would partake of being known as "lunch" or "breakfast." If you start on a train with an early breakfast, that would be "lunch," too. In fact, I found that all meals eaten out of the season were "lunches," and the real lunch has no existence where there is perpetually early dinner.

And now I think I have almost come to the end of my notes, save one, which I must chronicle. Upon one of the northern lakes of Canada someone in my hearing asked, "What So-and-so was doing now?" (meaning, of course, whether he had any employment). The answer of his brother was at once funny and spoke a volume as well. "Oh, he ain't doing much, he mostly takes it out looking round," said the brother. "I will end with the Western and Southern form of salutation and adieu—"

"So-long, so-long!"

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

THE TURQUOISE, AND CAT'S EYE.

By Emma Brewer.

"And true as turquoises in the dear lord's ring
Look well or ill with him."*

Again,

"As a compassionate turquise doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well."*

The turquoise was believed to protect its wearer by taking upon itself any danger that threatened, but in order to release all the advantages which this stone was supposed to grant the wearer must have received it as a gift and not by purchase. It is a proverb in Russia that a turquoise given by a loving hand will carry with it happiness and good fortune. And another, "that the colour of a turquoise represents Glory's beauty by dever is in peril," and the modern superstition is that the turquoise is a sovereign defence against mortal woe.

The historian, Boccius de Boot, relates the following as coming within his own experience, and shows his firm belief in the mysterious properties of the turquoise.

"The turquoise had been thirty years in the possession of a Spaniard who resided within a short distance of my father's house. After his death, his furniture and effects were exposed for sale, as is the custom with us. Among other articles was this turquoise ring; but al-though many persons, admirers of its extraor-dinary beauty during its late master's lifetime, were now come to hand, no offer for it, so entirely had it lost its colour. In fact it was more like a mahogany than a turquoise. My father and brother, who had also gone with the intention of purchasing it, being well acquainted with its perfections, were amazed with the change. My father bought it notwithstanding, being induced to do so by the low price put upon it. On his return home, however, ashamed to wear so mean-looking a gem, he gave it to me, saying, 'Son, as the virtues of the turquoise are said to exist only when the stone has been given, I will try its efficacy by bestowing it upon thee.' Little appreciating the gift, I had my arms engraved upon it as though it had been an agate or other less precious stone such as are used for seals and not for ornaments. I had worn it but a month before it resumed its pristine beauty and was considered to increase in splendour. This, however, was not all. De Boot still further relates that he was travelling home to Bologna from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when in the dark his horse stumbled and fell with his rider from a box on to the road ten feet below. Neither his horse nor his rider was hurt, but when he washed his hands on the following morning he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger portion reset and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident.

* Gen. Johnson.