

The Family Circle.

WHITTIER ON WEALTH AND LABOUR.

Not without envy wealth at times must look
On their brown strength who wield the reaping
hook

And scythe, or at the forge-fire shape the plough,
Or the steel harness of the steeds of steam,
All who, by skill and patience, anyhow
Make service noble, and the earth redeem
From savageness. By kindly accolade
Than theirs was never worthier knighthood made
Well for them if, while demagogues their vain
And evil counsels proffer, they maintain
Their honest manhood unseduced, and wage
No war with Labour's right to Labour's gain
Of sweet home comfort, rest of hand and brain,
And softer pillow for the head of age.

And well for Gain if it ungrudging yields
Labour its just demand; and well for ease
If in the uses of its own, it sees
No wrong to him who tills its pleasant fields,
And spreads the table of its luxuries.
The interests of the rich man and the poor
Are one and same, inseparable ever more;
And when scant wage or labour fail to give
Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
Yes, even self-wrought misery and shame
Test well the charity suffering long and kind.
The home-press'd question of the age can find
No answer in the catch-words of the blind
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none,
Save in the golden rule of Christ alone.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULR MACHAR.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Fleming's own papers had all to be arranged and put away, and very soon the house began to wear the strange and comfortless look characteristic of a transition period, and the disappearance of the things that most mark the individuality of the inhabitants.

At length, the last evening had come, and Rebecca with very red eyes, had carried away the tea-tray for the last time. The fire burning brightly, alone seemed unchanged, but the room otherwise looked very bare and formal. Even Robin seemed to feel the difference, and watched Marjorie and her father with a wistful expression, as if he wanted very much to know what could be the matter. All the preparations were made and the boxes packed, for both travellers were to start on the morrow, within an hour or two of each other. Marjorie sat down on her low chair by the fire, with some sewing, glad to have something to do as an outlet for her restlessness. She was trying to finish—before leaving—one of the flannel garments she had undertaken to make for the Dorcas Society.

'You've been sadly interrupted in your good intentions, dear,' said her father, smiling at her determination to finish her work at the last moment.

'Yes, papa. Oh! doesn't it seem a long time since that evening you read me the 'Northern Lights'!' she exclaimed. 'But Rebecca says she'll do the rest, and it'll be all the same to the Dorcas. If I did only know we were going away, I might have worked more when you were ill, but somehow I couldn't settle down then.'

'No, dear; you have hardly learned that amount of self-control yet. But you are going to be a brave girl to-morrow, are you not? You won't make it harder to part with you?'

Marjorie shook her head, but her lips quivered, and her father hastened to less dangerous ground.

'I hope, my child, you will try to feel as if your cousins were brothers and sisters. I am sure they will want to be good to you.'

'Yes, father, but I hope they don't hate Americans.'

'Why, Marjorie, what put that into your head?'

'Well, you know, father,' said Marjorie, 'that little girl we met at the Glen House last summer? She came from Montreal, and her name was Ada West.'

'A pretty, fair-haired little damsel, very vain and silly? Yes, I remember her; rather a spoiled child, I imagine,' replied Mr. Fleming.

'Well, she always used to say she hated Americans, and their ways; and that she never wanted to have anything to do with them.'

'Why! she seemed to have quite a fancy for you, notwithstanding.'

'Oh! she insisted that I wasn't really an American—she called it "Yankee." But I told her I was a real American, and that my mother's great, great, great-grandfather came over in the *Mayflower*, and that my grandfather died fighting in the war, and that I was proud of being an American, and never wanted to be anything else.'

'Well, dear, I want you to love your native country and believe in it. And you know I am a naturalized American and love your mother's country as much as my own Scotland. But where did we all come from in the first place?—your great, great, great-grandfather as well as your father? But there is no reason why the children of the same mother should hate each other, because they live on different sides of a river, or because some have been longer in America than others. I don't suppose Miss Ada knew what the *Mayflower* was.'

'No, she said she didn't know, and didn't care.'

'Yes, I thought so. These violent dislikes and prejudices are generally signs of thoughtless ignorance. And the rich, self-indulgent people one is apt to meet at such places are not the best people to take as specimens of any country. People often make this mistake about Americans. But your cousins are not like that, I know very well. Your Uncle Ramsay has too big and noble a heart to allow such prejudices in his family. How well I remember how he and I used to hurry down Princes Street in the mornings, to get the latest news of the American War, when we were Edinburgh students, and the battles he helped me to fight with the fellows who were so down on the North then; and the beautiful letter he wrote me when he heard that I was going to marry the daughter of a true, brave patriot who had fallen in that terrible yet heroic war—heroic on both sides, as every one can afford to admit now.'

Marjorie's eyes glistened, for she had always been proud of this unknown soldier-grandfather; indeed she was, perhaps, privately guilty of a little ancestor worship.

'But remember, Marjorie, no one can truly love his country, who hates any other.'

Marjorie looked surprised, and inclined to question this strange proposition.

'I know some people call it loving their country, when they abuse and attack others,' continued Mr. Fleming, 'but it is really only loving themselves. They love their country just because it is something that belongs to them, and when they lose their selfish interest in it, they soon show how deep is their love. You have read Coriolanus. Do you remember how when his pride and self-love were wounded, he turned against the country he had been so proud to serve—'

'No more infected with my country's love'—and was only prevented by the entreaties of his wife and mother from destroying it? So Americans used to boast of their country; but when opposition of interest and opinion arose, they split into two parts, each for a time hating the other more than they could a foreign enemy. No, Marjorie! true love never hates, any more than heat can suddenly turn to cold. It must go on loving, though human love must grow less intense as it goes farther from home. And true patriotism, in seeking the real good of its country, must seek the good of all others, too. Even an old heathen poet could write the noble line:—'

'I am a man, and I hold nothing human as foreign to me.'

'And my country's poet has sung, more sweetly still:—'

'Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for 'a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be an 'a' that.'

That is true patriotism and true cosmopolitanism or, rather—for that is a very long word—true brotherhood.'

'Why, I never thought of that before,' said Marjorie, thoughtfully.

'No, dear, you could hardly be expected to have thought yet, of all the things we older folks have had time to think about. But don't forget it, dear. It may save you from getting into silly and vulgar and unchristian disputes. And, Marjorie, one thing more let me say. The root of true brotherhood is, to know and love our Heavenly Father. If we do that, we can't hate any of His children. One of the things that has taught me to know Him, was my growing, deepening love for you! I came to feel that that love could only come from the source of all love, as of all life. Marjorie, what ever you do, let no one make you believe anything but that God is Love; and, just because He is Love, seeking to save from sin, our worst enemy, but always loving us with a tender, faithful, untiring love, infinitely more tender than any human love, which can only faintly reflect His.'

'Yes, father dear,' said Marjorie. 'I'll always remember that when I think of you.'

'And remember too, darling, that no part of your life should be lived apart from God. People divide life far too much into "religious" and "secular" things. But our life touches God at all points, and must do so save in wrong. In your lessons and daily interests, yes, even in your amusements, you come in contact with things that are God's, and can live always in the sense of His presence, if you seek to do so. When you have not me to come to, take all your troubles and difficulties to your Heavenly Father. If you can't do that, be sure there is something wrong, and go to Him to set it right. This will save you from many mistakes and much unhappiness, and will show you that the true nobility and beauty of life lies in living it as seeing Him who is invisible. I don't want your path to Him to be so long and thorny as mine has been. And remember too, that we know Him best in the tenderness and truth—the ever present love of Him who was "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"; our Elder Brother.'

'You know those lines from my dear old Whittier, that I have read to you sometimes:—'

'That all our weakness, pain and doubt
A great compassion clasps about.'

And these others, from his "Miriam," that I have learned to say from my own heart:—'

'We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the true, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flowerfields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read,
And all our treasures of old thought
In this harmonious fulness wrought
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.'

'As you grow older you'll understand that better, and love the lines, as I do, for their own sake. And now, my dear child, it's getting late, and we have to be up early. So now we won't say another word but good-night.'

There was a long, fervent embrace, and then they parted, trying not to think how long it would be before they could say 'good-night' again.

CHAPTER IV.

NORTHWARD.

Mr. Fleming had arranged to depart on the same day with Marjorie, by a train leaving only an hour or two after that by which she and her escort were to start. They went in to the city by the earliest morning train, after a hurried breakfast before daylight of the gray December morning. The parting words were said to the tearful Rebecca, and they were whirling towards New York before Marjorie could realize that the journey was begun. Robin seemed overpowered by surprise at the strange proceeding, and cowered down in a corner beside Marjorie's satchel, to see what would happen next. The conductor talked to Mr. Fleming about his journey and his intended absence, while Marjorie wiped away some tears that she could not quite keep back, notwithstanding her determination to be 'brave.'

In New York there was a hurried transfer from one station to another; the arrangements about luggage, the bustle and noise of the drive through the long New York streets, the crowded station, the brief talks with Mr. Field, her escort, the few bright parting words said by her father, when she and Robin—the latter by special permission—were comfortably settled in the Montreal train, and then, before she could realize what was

happening, the locomotive whistled, her father gave her the last kiss and jumped off the train, and, as he took off his hat and waved it toward her, they glided off and the parting was over.

Mr. Field kindly left Marjorie to herself for a little while, till the tears that had been kept back with such an effort, had had their way, not a few of them falling on the shaggy coat of the still astonished Robin, whom Marjorie hugged close to her as if she was in danger of losing this last link with her home life. For the first hour or two she felt thoroughly and utterly homesick. It seemed to her that she could never be happy till she should see her father again. Then her mind went back to his earnest words of the evening before, and she found the soothing solace that comes to each one of us in remembering that those who are separated from us are not separated from our Heavenly Father, and from commending them, simply but earnestly, in our hearts to that ever loving care. Nor did she forget Rebecca, left lonely in the house to prepare for the arrival of strangers, and just then 'fretting' a good deal, as she would herself have called it.

By degrees Marjorie's impressible nature began to assert itself, and she began to look out with some interest at the country through which she was passing, the villas and villages, the glimpses of river and mountain, beautiful even in the cold grayness of December. Mr. Field, in his desire to entertain her, brought her two or three morning papers, at which Marjorie tried to glance, out of courtesy; he also bought for her—to her secret annoyance—a packet of candy from the ubiquitous 'newsboy' and offered her choice from the parcel of gaily bound volumes laid down by her side, when the boy again made his inevitable round. But Marjorie could truthfully say that she did not want to read just then, and in watching the ever changing panorama without, and mentally trying to follow her father's movements as he set out on his southward journey, the hours crept on, not so slowly after all. Dinner made a break not unwelcome to either herself or Robin. Then there were changes of cars, and cities and towns to rush through, and by and by the short December day began to draw to a close as they were nearing the Canadian frontier.

It was some little time after Mr. Field's announcement that they were in Canada now, that a lady entered the train accompanied by a very young girl, and took vacant seats quite near Marjorie's, on the other side of the car. Marjorie was looking with admiration at their rich sealskin jackets and fur muffings, when, as they laid aside some of their wraps, she gave a little start of recognition. She could not be mistaken, the fair hair and lively chatter were certainly those of Ada West, and the handsome and handsomely dressed matron with her must be her mother, so much did Ada resemble her. She was too shy, however, to make any advances, and sat perfectly still, watching the two with some eagerness, till Ada, whose quick eyes were not likely to leave anything or anyone about her unnoticed, glanced at Marjorie with a scrutinizing glance, which speedily changed into one of surprise.

'Why, I do believe it's Marjorie Fleming,' she exclaimed, darting from her seat to Marjorie, and overwhelming her with questions, while her mother looked on with an inquiring and critical air. Mr. Field had just then gone into the smoking car for a chat with a friend, so that Marjorie was left alone.

'Mamma,' said Ada, as soon as she had extracted from Marjorie some information as to what she was doing there, 'this is Marjorie Fleming, that I told you about—you know I met her when I was travelling last summer with auntie—and how clever she was, and how her father wrote poetry, and all sorts of things.'

'Ada! Ada, how you do talk!' exclaimed her mother. 'How do you do, Miss Fleming?' she continued, somewhat stiffly; 'are you going to Montreal?'

Marjorie explained as briefly as she could, and then Mrs. West having done all she thought necessary, reclined comfortably in her corner, leaving Ada to chatter away to her heart's content.

(To be continued.)