

Dorrit in 1856, "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Uncommercial Traveller" and "Great Expectations" were added to the list of Mr. Dickens' library of fiction soon afterwards. As the proprietor of a weekly serial, first *House-hold Words*, and then *All the Year Round*, Mr. Dickens had scope for his abilities in a somewhat different field; but "Our Mutual Friend" and other emanations from his fertile brain have shown that his new avocation did not circumscribe the range of his literary powers. His Christmas stories were always looked for as affording a special fund of delight and enjoyment. His dramatic power, when reading his own works, and the perfect identity he established between himself and the character he was presenting, were known and appreciated by all who had the privilege of hearing him.

From a purely theological point of view, the works of Charles Dickens are, it must be admitted, wanting in religious tone and feeling; and there are caricatures in his pages which tend, perhaps a little too much, to bring into ridicule classes that may claim some protection by virtue of their office. But admitting this, can it be said that any one ever rose from the perusal of one of his novels without feeling elevated in thought and principle by the task. No one can dwell upon his pictures of human misery and suffering without a feeling of charity springing up in his heart; none can read the touching evidences of love and devotion so pathetically portrayed without feeling braver and stronger for the struggles of life before him, while the withering scorn that assails the mean and base, reads a moral that can have but one effect. It is something at least in favour of the man whose arm but yesterday rested from its toil, that, notwithstanding the almost unceasing labour of his brain and the temptations the example of others have spread in his path, he has not left behind him one book that a moralist can fairly condemn or written one chapter at which purity itself can be justly offended.—*Globe*.

2. HENRY WARREN ROEBUCK.

The subject of this obituary notice was a brother of the celebrated politician, John Arthur Roebuck, and if not distinguished by the great ability of the ex-member for Sheffield, he will be ever remembered for his sturdy independence, honesty of purpose and intrepid character. He came to this country about forty years ago, and settled at Coteau du Lac. He was one of the earliest and principal pilots that ever ran the steamers down the Coteau and Cedar Rapids. During the troubles of 1837 he was engaged, on account of his sagacity, loyalty, and knowledge of the country, as a guide to H. M. forces, and was also chosen pilot for the steamers which conveyed the troops from point to point on the St. Lawrence. His remarkable judgment in running the rapids was only equalled by his coolness and fearlessness. He was employed by the Government Surveyors of the Rapids, and upon one occasion he, with five others, narrowly escaped with their lives. The boat they were in was capsized in the Coteau Rapids, and it was mainly owing to Mr. Roebuck's wonderful presence of mind and dexterity that they were all saved. As a raftsmen in perilous circumstances he was unsurpassed. He was upon several occasions appointed a member of the Diocesan Synod of Montreal. He lived in the esteem of all who knew him, and has died universally regretted.—*Montreal Daily News*.

VI. Miscellaneous.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The grey-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tear drop fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes desiered
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag, and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,
"Mother, these vacant chairs,
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night;
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the vacant room up stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget

That the children went away.
The boys come back, and our Mary too,
With her apron on of chequered blue,
And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
And Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening-time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,
Willie wakes from his battlefield sleep,
To say a good-night to me.
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow,
At our Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

2. HOMES AND CHILDREN.

"Home, sweet home; there's no place like home." There must be something done to make "no place like home." There must be exertion and planning to make home attractive. The sooner parents and guardians understand this, the better for the "dear ones" under their charge. They are responsible for not making "home" above all other places the most inviting. They lose sight of the fact in practice that home is, and should be, the place where their children should delight to dwell. When one sees children running around in the street, bare-foot and bare-headed, it says to him those children have no suitable home, and hence their home and affections are in the streets; all the sanctity of their homes is in the wide thoroughfares; there they receive impressions that grow into tendencies and harden into habits, and make them after a while what they will be. This is their school, their training. Children should have sunlight and oxygen, and they should get these at home. There should be their little world of comfort and joy. If they are agriculturally disposed, let them have their little ploughs, hoes and barrows and fields; if horticulturally disposed, let them have their spades and rakes; paths, and beds, and seeds, and flowers; let them have their little gymnasiums and Olympian and Pythian games and be athletic Greeks; marbles, tops and whistles should they have, and home! home! should be the theatre of their action and the place of their joys, hopes and aspirations. Don't let them run in the streets, for there they are to all intents and purposes waifs on the sea of life. You may not think so, but you do practically make them such. They are as much beyond your care and vigilance there as if they were in Lapland. The non-attractiveness of home is owing to neglect somewhere, and of course it lies at the door of the parents. They do not study the wants, necessities, and aspirations of their children. The mother is full of household duties, the father engaged in business; they can't attend to their children, and, as a consequence, these tender ones that should be educated in everything, and made happy at home, and constantly surrounded with home delights, but finding none there, push through the gates ajar, and get into the streets as eagerly as a culprit leaps the walls of his prison house, and they are waifs, and grow up as anything else would grow if neglected, come up some how. Two-thirds of the children come to manhood and womanhood in this way, and it is a matter of culpable oversight and ignorance on the part of otherwise fond parents. Mother, your household duties are secondry. Father, your children first, your business afterwards. Make your children happy; let them have home happiness where you can see them, watch them, care for them, love them. Administer to their little aspirations, and as they are a part of yourselves, let them not be separated from you. Don't send them to school either simply because they would annoy you at home; don't send them here to "get them out of the way." Send them to school to have them cultured for life's realities and duties, and for no other purpose, and you should know that those schools are rendered proper for them. Make home comfortable, delightful. There should be more study and system in regard to this than thousands of daily duties.

These words apply to "children of older growth," young men especially, who, finding no library, books and fresh reading at home, go out to the saloon and the bowling alley, and it is all because home is "duller than any other place." "Oh! that the words were true." "Home, sweet home! there's no place like home."—*Ex. in Montreal Daily News*.