

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

## Cow Bells.

With kingle, kangle, kingle,  
Way down the dusty dingle,  
The cows are coming home.  
How sweet and clear, and faint, and low,  
The airy tinklings come and go.  
Like chimings from some far-off tower,  
Or patterings of an April shower,  
That makes the daisies grow.

Ko-ling, ko-lang,  
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingle-ling le,  
Way down the darkening dingle,  
The cows come slowly home;  
And old-time friends and twilight plays,  
And starry nights and sunny days,  
Come trooping up the misty ways,  
When the cows come home.

With jingle, kangle, jingle,  
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,  
The cows are coming home,  
Walyine, and Pearl, and Florinell,  
De Kamp, Kedrose, and Gretchen Schell,  
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Sprangled Sue—  
Across the fields I hear loo-oo,  
And clang her silver bell.

Go-ling, go-lang,  
Go-ling, go-lang, golingle-ling le,  
With faint, far sounds that mingle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
And mother's songs of long-gone years,  
And baby joys, and childish tears,  
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,  
When the cows come home.

With tingle, tangle, tingle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam;  
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis  
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,  
In a drowsy dream.

To-link, to-link,  
To-link, to-link, tolinkle-linkle,  
O'er banks with buttercup a twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
And up through memory's deep ravine  
Come the brook's old song, and its old time sheen,  
And the cresset of the silver queen,  
When the cows come home.

With kingle, kangle, kingle,  
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,  
The cows are coming home.  
And over there on Merlin Hill  
Hear the plaintive cry of whip-poor-will;  
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,  
And over the poplars Venus shines,  
And over the silent mill.

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingle-ling le,  
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,  
The cows come slowly home.  
Let down the bars, let the train  
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,  
For dear old times come back again,  
When the cows come home.

—Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell

## Lord Macaulay.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born on the 25th Oct., 1800, at the mansion of his mother's sister-in-law, Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was an active worker in the agitation in England for the abolition of slavery. We are told that from three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the floor and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. He had a splendid memory and retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been reading last. Mrs. Hannah Moore was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with an abundance of light hair, about four years old, who came to the door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits, a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When asked what he knew about old spirits he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About the same time his fancy was much exercised with the threats of the law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room where his mother was entertaining some visitors, and walked into the circle, and said very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark." It would not be difficult to give an unlimited supply of stories told of this precocious child, but I think I have given enough to show that the child is father to the man. His parents never let him know that they thought him clever; like the parents of John Stewart Mill, they made him think that at four it was nothing to write verses and an essay on history. J.S. Mill tells us in his charming autobiography that he was master of several languages at an early age.

In October, 1818, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. His life at college was a brilliant one; no man could argue better, no man could interest his hearers more by apt illustration, earnest and eloquent language. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in his brilliant biography of his uncle, tells us that Macaulay never practised composition. "Seek your minds in Cicero, was his constant advice to students. I suppose those who cannot read Cicero might seek their minds in Milton, Addison, Shakespeare, or Macaulay.

After he left college his life was full of incident; no man worked harder, no man did his work with more conscientious care. In 1823 and 1824 Macaulay contributed *Monteoutour*, *Ivry Songs* of the Huguenots, to *Knights Quarterly*, a magazine set up by Cambridge students. In 1824, Francis Jeffrey, who was looking out for young men who could infuse new blood into the "Edinburgh Review," published with great pleasure Macaulay's essay on Milton, a noble tribute to the puritan poet. He was a brilliant talker. In later days, we are told, Samuel Rogers, at one of his breakfasts to which he gathered many men of letters, once announced that as Macaulay was coming presently, "If anyone has anything to say let him say it now, while there remains a chance." Again, in 1832 his sister records, "Tom dined with us and stayed late. He talked almost uninterruptedly for six hours." In 1830 he entered the House of Commons as member for Colne. His speeches on the Reform Bill were splendid successes, and won for him great applause. In 1832 he sat for Leeds. In 1834 he went to India, and the work he did there as President of the Committee of Public Instruction, and President of a law commission for which he framed a code of Indian Criminal Law, earned for him enduring honor. In December, 1837, he left for England. He was terribly disappointed to find the father dead whom he so devotedly loved. He entered parliament as member for Edinburgh 1838. In 1837 appeared his fine essay on Francis Bacon: 1840, Lord Clive, and in 1841 his brilliant essay on Warren Hastings, and shortly after the Lays of Ancient Rome. In 1847 modern Athens was tired of the brilliant man of letters and statesman. Adam Black, the great publisher, stood firmly by Macaulay and he never rested until Macaulay was again member for the ancient city, and he accomplished this without Macaulay so much as delivering a speech or making any pledges whatsoever. In the year 1848 appeared the first two volumes of his history of England. It took the reading public by storm. It was read as no history had been read before. It sold better than a novel, and was more fascinating. History had never been written like it. Young ladies who had never been able to read a chapter of Hume's noble work never laid it aside until it was finished. Much has been said against it, and it has been much eulogized. Many think that the gossip that is interwoven with so much skill and effect lowers the dignity of a great historical work. Many think that he is not impartial, that the side he supports is advocated with all the skill and eloquence of a great advocate. This is right in a lawyer pleading the cause of his client, but in an historian it is undoubtedly a great blemish. Hume's history is not faultless in this respect. However much we may differ about its impartiality, there is no difference of opinion about its splendid diction, its noble tribute to King William, its masterly vindication of the liberties of Englishmen. His essays will always be read. His style is noted for ease, brilliancy and a splendid faculty for marshalling all his facts.

Macaulay may be an advocate, a gossip retailer, but we only remember that no man loved liberty with a deeper love; no man hated tyrants with a fiercer hate; no man ever pleaded the cause of the oppressed with so much eloquence and so much learning; no man held political tricksters in as profound contempt, and we can only regret that he did not live to add more to his illustrious name. With his prodigious memory, his affectionate heart, his profound veneration for the literature of the old world, he stands out as one of the purest, noblest, and brightest ornaments of the nineteenth century. In 1857 he accepted a peerage. He died on the 28th December, 1859, in his chair, while reading a magazine, at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill. He was buried in poets' corner, Westminster Abbey, on January 9th, 1860.

A GORDON PATRON.

## The Popular Man.

Seldom, if ever, is it seen that a really very kind-hearted person attains to the thing called "popularity." Popularity is a curious combination of friendliness and indifference, but very popular people rarely have devoted friends, and still more rarely suffer great passions. Everybody's friend is far too apt to be nobody's, for it is impossible to rely on the support of a person whose devotion is liable to be called upon a hundred times a day from a hundred different quarters. The friendships that mean anything mean sacrifice for friendship's sake; and a man or a woman really ready to make sacrifices for a considerable number of people is likely to be asked to do it very often, and to be soon spent in the effort to be true to everyone.

But popularity makes no great demands. The popular man is known to be so busy in being popular that his offences of omission are readily pardoned. His engagements are legion, his obligations are innumerable and far more than he can fulfil. But meet him when you will, his smile is as bright, his greeting as cordial, and his sayings as universally good-natured and satisfactory as ever. He has acquired the habit of pleasing, and it is almost impossible for him to displease. He enjoys it all, is agreeable to everyone, and is never expected to catch cold in attending a friend's funeral, or otherwise to sacrifice his comfort, because he is quite certain to have engagements elsewhere, in which the world always believes. There is probably no individual more absolutely free and untrammelled than the thoroughly popular man.

An American Politician. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

## Consideration for the Little Ones.

How much is expected of little children in the way of politeness, when none is ever shown them. Their little legs carry them on many an errand for you, and never a "Thank you, dear," for encouragement, when the poor little heart longs to hear it, for it is so human in us all to want approbation. Think of your little ones oftener, mothers. You are their all; they turn to you for their wants, and are often disappointed. Some children's souls and hearts are starved for want of kindness. Try what a little bribe will do instead of punishments. More sugar on their lunch at school, or a slice of cake promised for more perseverance, or reward for efforts to do better. A very small piece of money will make the heart of many a child joyful for a long time. Try to study their natures more. All children cannot be managed alike any more than grown persons. And the present of a pet—a puppy dog or a rabbit—will make a good child often, when punishment fails. Love the little ones more, they have their rights, and ought to be respected as well as yours, but a child's feelings are rarely consulted. You constitute yourself the judge of what is best for it, and it has to submit. Try and learn to get the sympathy of your children, and all will go smoothly, and no savage memories will ever be cherished against the "Old Folks at Home."

## Puzzles.

## 1-CHARADE.

Dear cousins, I have left my home  
And friends in New Carlisle so dear;  
Last Monday I sailed up the bay  
And came to Bathurst in the C. P. R.  
I cannot just now say how long  
My sojourn here will be;  
But I expect to hear of you PRIME each month,  
And to have the paper forwarded me.  
So, I must now my letter close,  
Lest it be too late for the mail;  
WHOLE I have been transported,  
You may hear from me again.

LILY DAY.

## 2-SQUARE WORD.

I am an "opaque substance,"  
And sought for in a mine;  
My second is "to elevate  
In thoughts" almost divine.  
My third shows "style in choosing,"  
My fourth "a garret" is;  
Now "the border of a sloping sail,"  
Then go about your biz.

FAIR BROTHER.

## 3-RIDDLE.

I'm first in all sorrow, all sobbing and sighing,  
But I always clear out before people start crying;  
And though I'm in misery pray do not doubt me,  
Neither pleasure nor happiness can live without me.  
I'm in music and every sweet sound of our speech,  
Yet I end in a hiss and delight in a screech;  
I'm really quite useful, in fact it is said,  
You can't answer a puzzle unless you've my aid.

ADA ARMAND.

## 4-CHARADE.

"Will you me wed?" said handsome Fred,  
To pretty Nettie May;  
"I'm last to keep you FIRST fine some day,  
If you the word but say."  
"No, thanks," said she, "I'll second not  
My present state so sweet,  
So you may woo some other maid,  
My answer is COMPLETE."

ADA ARMAND.

## 5-BEHINDING.

Oh! Monarch Fair Brother,  
With thy tantrums we will bear;  
Take kindly to thy kingly gait, dear sir,  
For we know you have been taking western air.  
To your queries thus I do reply:  
No government sit have I;  
Nor a Sunday evening's honey.  
I'm only a farmer's boy; that's not funny.  
Whom did I think I was addressing?  
Truly that is no guessing;  
To you alone those honors and titles are due,  
And we all know you to be a king true.  
Your word is my law, my dear king,  
Young Devitt, sir, booked, sir;  
And your majesty now I sue  
To give Miss Scott a place in SECOND canoe.  
This advice to you I freely give:  
Do not get a first temper,  
But a life of gentleness and virtue live—  
That you are H. R. H. King F. B. always remember.

H. REEVE.

## 6-TRANSPOSITION.

Fair Canada, my native home,  
Though wandering from thee now;  
My thoughts quite often doth revert,  
To "ye olden time," I trow.  
I've left thee, though 'tis not for good,  
With "Uncle Sam" to dwell;  
Pray ask me not, wherefore, or why,  
Or what did me impel.  
Forsooth I am a rolling stone,  
A rover by the way;  
I roam about from place to place,  
And give myself full sway.  
Of me my friends cannot keep track,  
I'm hard to find, 'tis true;  
I'm hery today, to-morrow where?  
For thee I have no dew.  
Oh! Canada, Dominion fair,  
Some day, if spared, I will  
Return to thee, and PRIME abide,  
My heart is with thee still.  
One happy thought I've cherished long,  
LAST cheers I cry with ease,  
For "The flag that's braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

FAIR BROTHER.

St. Paul, Minn.

## Answers to 15th May Puzzles.

- |              |             |                    |
|--------------|-------------|--------------------|
| 1-Welcome.   | 6 C A R A T | 7-Monarch.         |
| 2-Parasol.   | A D A G E   | 8-Procrastination. |
| 3-Inanimate. | R A V E N   | 9-Garden, ranged,  |
| 4-Injury.    | A G E N T   | gander, danger.    |
| 5-A Gate.    | T E N T S   | 10-Your, our.      |

## Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to 15th May Puzzles.

Addison and Oliver Snider, A. R. Borrowman, Geo. W. Blythe, Morley, Smithson, Geo. Rogers, Ada Smithson, Edith Fair Brother, Thos. W. Banks, I. Irvine Devitt, Lily Day, Henry Reeve, Minnie Morrison.