

The Canadian Highlander.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

THANKS to my sire, I'm Highland born,
And trod the moorland and the heather,
Since childhood and this soul of mine
First came into the world together!
I've "paddled" barefoot in the burn,
Roamed on the braes to pu' the gowan,
Or clomb the granite cliffs to pluck
The scarlet berries of the rowan.

And when the winds blow loud and shrill
I've scaled the evenward summits hoary,
O' grey Ben Nevis or his peers
In all their solitary glory,—
And with the enraptured eyes of youth
Have seen half Scotland spread before me,
And proudly thought with flashing eyes
How noble was the land that bore me.

Alas! the land denied me bread,
Land of my sires in bygone ages,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,
And countless heroes, bards, and sages.
It had no place for me and mine,
No elbow-room to stand alive in,
Nor rood of kindly mother earth
For honest industry to thrive in.

'Twas parcel'd out in wide domains,
By cruel law's resistless fiat,
So that the sacred herds of deer
Might roam the wilderness in quiet,
Untroubled by the foot of man
On mountain side, or sheltering corrie,
Lest sport should fail, and selfish wealth
Be disappointed of its quarry.

The lairds of acres deemed the clans
Were aliens at the best, or foemen,
And that the grouse, the sheep, the beeves
Were worthier animals than yeomen,
And held that men might live or die
Where'er their fate or fancy led them,
Except among the Highland hills
Where noble mothers bore and bred them.

In agony of silent tears,
The partner of my soul beside me,
I crossed the seas to find a home
That Scotland cruelly denied me,
And found it on Canadian soil,
Where man is man in life's brave battle,
And not, as in my native glens,
Of less importance than the cattle.

And love with steadfast faith in God,
Strong with the strength I gained in sorrow,
I've looked the future in the face,
Nor feared the hardships of the morrow;
Assured that if I strove aright
Good end would follow brave beginning,
And that the bread, if not the gold,
Would never fail me in the winning.

And every day as years roll on
And touch my brow with age's finger,
I learn to cherish more and more
The land where love delights to linger.
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,
I fond memory recalls, and blesses
Its heathery braes, its mountain peaks,
Its straths and glens and wildernesses.

And Hope revives at memory's touch,
That Scotland, crushed and landlord
ridden,
May yet find room for all her sons,
Nor treat the humblest as unbidden,—
Room for the brave, the staunch, the true,
As in the days of olden story,
When in our outvalued grouse and deer,
And lived their lives,—their country's
glory.
—The Scotchman, New York.

Christmas and New Years at Port Simpson.

BY THE REV. T. CROSBY.

FOR a month or six weeks before
Christmas, the people had gathered
home, and the young men were formed
into a singing class, led by one of
their own number at the organ, and
practised for church and also for
Christmas carols. The brass band was
also practising new pieces, and then as
the time drew near, the people went off
and brought stores of wood, for if they
do not provide much wood any other
time of the year, they have a good
stock for Christmas. The children
were also prepared for the anniversary
in connection with the Christmas tree.

Christmas eve came, clear, cold, and
frothy, (no snow); at 1 a.m. about forty
singers went out. The village was
beautifully lighted up, and nearly all
the people sitting round good warm
fires to wait and listen to the singing.
The singers did very well; it was really
delightful to hear them sing those
beautiful pieces, (in contrast to their
old heathen songs and the dancing and
drinking of a few years ago). There
is not allowed any noise or any one
walking about the village while the
singing is going on.

By daylight we had crowds of people
to shake hands, and this went on till
time for the church service at 11 a.m.,
when the church was well filled. The
week is spent by the people in inviting
each other to their houses. Indeed
this is carried to a very great extent.
Much of it very kind and innocent, but
it leaves them poor and is not always
a help to their spiritual growth. A
day is set apart to send out a little
parcel of food to all the old and poor
or sick people. The Christmas tree
with about 130 children. Their sing-
ing and recitations were very good. It
was under the charge of Miss Hending
and our teacher. Every child got
something, thanks to the friends who
helped to make this such a success.
The children have done well in Sab-
bath-school and are committing a great
many texts of God's Word to memory.
And the day school is well attended,
but they are away from home so much
that it is very much against advance-
ment among them.

At the watch meeting we had a very
blessed time and a large congregation.
When it came to silent prayer it was a
season long to be remembered, and
our Covenant service on first Sabbath
was a blessed time. A large number
stood up to resolve on a fresh conse-
cration of themselves to God. New
Year's day all the companies were out.
The fire company, with the brass band,
did well, the rifle company was also
out, and the Council. The Temperance
Society had marched on another day.
And all seemed to try to make one
another happy.

Will You not Get an Answer to Your Signal.

CAPTAIN HAWSER is down in the
trim, snug cabin of the *Racer* overhau-
ling his box of signal-flags, and Will
Waters, the new cabin-boy, is standing
by, watching the captain.

"Those are to signal with, Cap'n
Hawser?"

"Yes, that's what we talk with, and
a red flag is good as a tongue, better
even, when we are a quarter of a mile
away from a ship or a life-saving station
on shore."

"And you got an answer?"

"Get an answer, boy! What do you
mean? See here? I'm off a life-saving
station, and I am in distress and I
want a boat immediately, having lost
mine. I show the ensign, this Amer-
ican flag, and this pennant—red, striped
with white. That shows 'em on shore
I want to talk with 'em. They will
answer it. I show then a red pennant
with that white ball in centre, and
above, a blue square flag with white
block in centre. That means 'Want
boat immediately.' They will answer
that, too, and, what is more, they will
send a boat. Of course they will.
Why not, boy?"

Will goes to his berth and sits down
by it. He bows his head. He buries
his face in his hands. He is away

from home. He is in distress. There
are temptations about him to give up
prayer, to use profane language, to
forget God. If he lifts "a signal" to
God, won't he see it and answer it? If
men can trust one another, and "sig-
na ling" g'ts answers, can't a boy trust
God? And there alone, Will Waters
kneels by his berth. And God, looking
down out of the wide, lonely sky, sees
that "signal" lifted by a boy on a wide,
lonely sea. Won't God answer? Try
him, boys, on sea and on land.

"He shall call upon me, and I will
answer him." That is one of the
promises in God's signal-book. Do
you know where it is? Only try the
signals.

Now, Noblest of the Land.

Now, noblest of the land, be brave;
Once more your precious country save.
Again the day of earnest choice
Demands that you shall use your voice.

And trusty weapons burnished bright,
Against King Alcohol's base might;
Oh, see the almost countless foes,
Who have no pity for life's woes!

Now, noblest of the land, be true;
Once more the helpless look to you—
Bring all your gifts, your service bold,
To the great warfare you uphold.

As watchers your alarm will try
All men whom party cannot buy;
Thus you'll be gaining strength and might
Because your principles are right.

Now, noblest of the land, be wise;
Delay not when you're called to rise
And bring deliverance from the curse
Which fills the liquor-dealers' purse!

Our Young Women.

A PARTIAL defect in our social life is
the notion that girls have nothing to
do. Boys are brought up to some
employment, but girls to none, except
where pecuniary want compels them.
The family that is "well off" has busy
boys and idle girls. The young man,
after eating his breakfast, starts out to
his daily occupation, and returns at the
close of the day. The young woman,
after eating her breakfast (usually at
a late hour), saunters about in quest of
amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping
(for necessary trifies), dressing in three
or four different costumes; formal visit-
ing, drawing if able, and lounging, are
the elements of the young woman's day.
In the evening by way of recreation (!)
she goes to the theatre or a ball.

This unequal discipline of the sexes
is the basis of innumerable evils. It
makes the girls careless and selfish; it
turns her mind to personal adornment
and other frivolous matters as the great
concerns of life; it takes away the
sense of responsibility, and produces
feebleness and disease in her physical
constitution. It also prevents her from
asserting her true dignity in the eyes
of man; for the life of utility is alone
dignified. Women thus brought up in
indolence, are looked upon by men very
much as were the women of the old
dark times of the world, as mere play-
things, expensive toys, not counsellors
and friends. Marriage in such circum-
stances belongs to a low, sensual plane;
and the girl is prepared neither in body
nor in mind for the serious responsi-
bilities and lofty duties which marriage
implies. Her training moreover, or lack
of training, has made it necessary for a
long purse to apply for her. Economy,
helpfulness, co-operation—these are
not coming to the new household
from this vain source. Dresses,
drives, entertainments—these will form
the staple demands on the young hus-

band. Accordingly in city life, where
this class of young women is chiefly
found, a young man is (greatly to his
hurt often) kept from marrying by
reason of its costliness, whereas society
should be so ordered that marriage
would help the larder and not beggar
it. We want simplicity in life, fru-
gality, modesty, industry and system.

If we could introduce these virtues
in our higher society, we should diminish
the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation
and suicides of the single, and the
bickerings, wretchedness and divorces
of the married.

Let our girls have as regular daily
duties as our boys. Let idleness be
forbidden them. Let recreation be in-
deed recreation, at proper times and in
proper quantities. Let us open more
numerous avenues of female industry,
and let every woman be clothed with
the dignity of a useful life. Can such
a reformation be brought about? My
dear madam, begin it yourself. Rule
your household on this principle. Have
the courage to defy fashion where it
opposes. Be a bold leader in this re-
form, and you will soon see a host of
followers glad to escape from the old
folly.—Dr. Howard Crosby.

Nelson's Works.

"NELSON ON INFIDELITY" has been
blessed in bringing scores of infidels to
Christ. 100,000 copies have been cir-
culated. He was eminent as an intelli-
gent infidel physician, and then as an
able minister of Christ.

Nelson, at twelve, thought himself
converted, and soon entered Washing-
ton College. He graduated at sixteen,
and entered on the study of medicine.

Studying the works of Volney, Vol-
taire, and Paine, he thought he had
been deceived, and that all religion
was a delusion.

By the dishonesty and unfairness of
Voltaire, and by other infidel writers,
and by patient, intelligent examination
of the subject in his own heart, in the
lives and conduct of believers and un-
believers, he was again led by the
Holy Spirit in the true and right way.
He became a "burning and shining
light" to the whole congregation, and
throughout the State, and it was those
revivals that were the manifest per-
suaders of the great revival of 1831,
which extended through the land and
added to the Churches more than one
thousand souls.

He wrote the "Cause and Cure of
Infidelity," in 1836, under the shade
of four large oaks. He also wrote
"Wealth and Honour," breathing a
missionary spirit as expansive as the
ruins of the fall.

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes
says that the prettiest compliment she
ever received came from a child of four
years. The little fellow, after looking
intently at her eyes a moment, in-
quire^d naively, "Are your eyes new
ones?"

At an Australian hotel colonial beer
is sold at threepence the imperial pint;
and the local paper tells how two gentle-
men were talking together over their
glass, when one of them hazarded the
opinion that at such a price the ale
could not possibly be good. The re-
mark was heard by an old man who,
in a very advanced state of inebriety,
was standing at the bar enjoying his
cheap beer. "Not good, gen'l'men?"
said he. "You're mistaken. Look at
me for ninepence!"