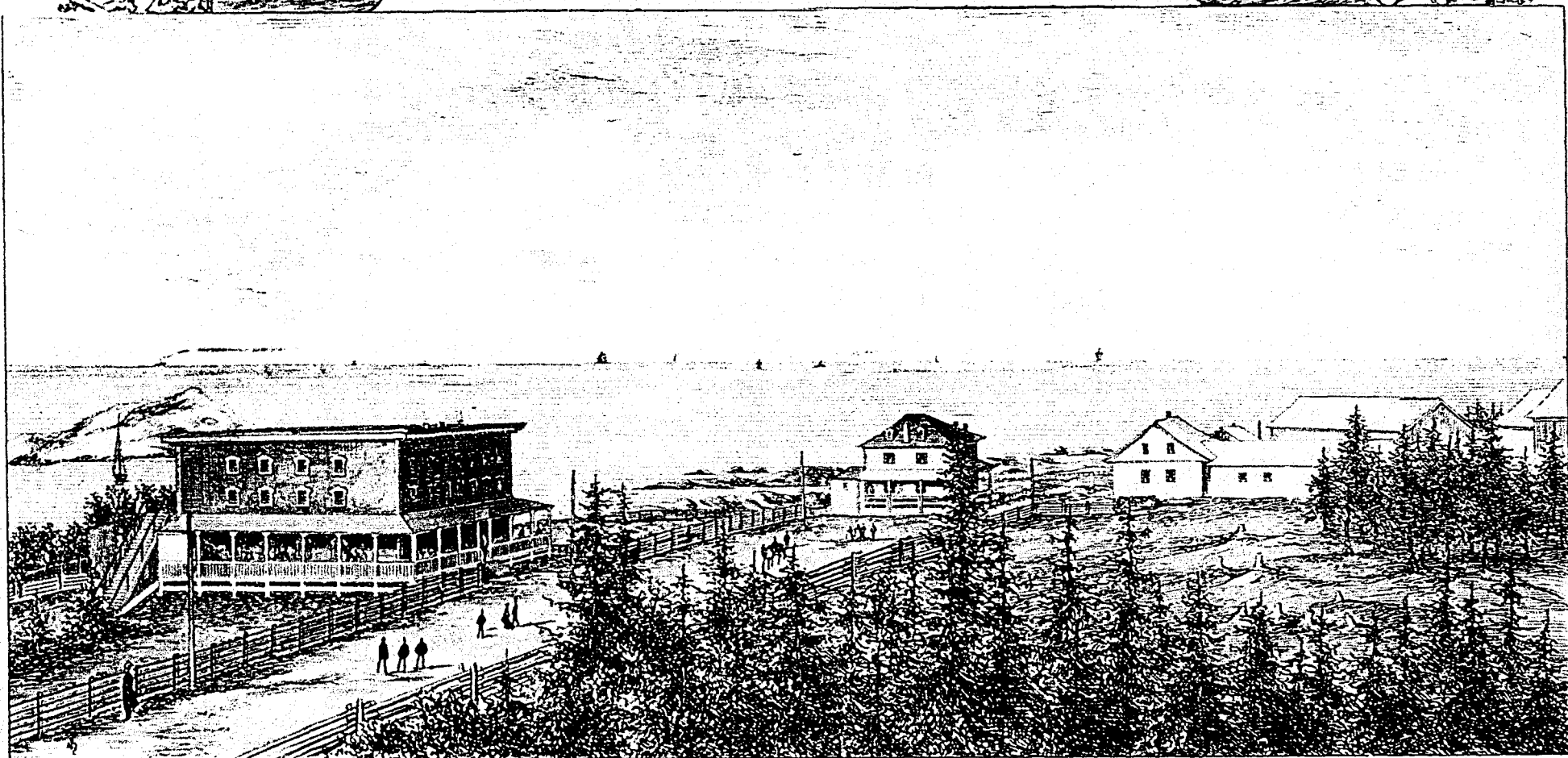


METIS, QUEBEC, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MANSE.



LITTLE METIS, QUEBEC.

VARIETIES.

SILVER WEDDINGS.—At the different Courts of Europe five silver weddings (twenty-five years of married life) and one golden (of fifty summers) occur during the present year. The latter is that of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria and the Duchess Ludovica, parents of the Empress of Austria, to be commemorated on the 9th of September. The silver series commenced on the 28th of April with the wedding day of the Duke Ernest d'Altenburg; on the 26th May as that of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse; on the 18th of June, that of King Albert of Saxony will take place; on the 22nd of August, of Leopold II.; and on the 26th of September, of Duke George de Waldeck. During the present year, also, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the advent to the throne of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (8th of July) and of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg (3rd of August) will be observed. In 1879 there will be grand festivities in honour of the golden anniversary of the Emperor of Germany (11th of

June), and of the silver one of Duke Frederick of Anhalt (22nd of April), of the Emperor of Austria (24th of April), and of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (29th of November). On the 2nd of March, 1880, the Czar will commemorate the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

A GRANDFATHER'S LOVE.—Dr. John Brown writes that he never can forget an incident during the cholera in 1832: "One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might; they had too many dead or dying at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place. It was very dark, but I saw a crowd of women and men on the shore at the landing-place, all shouting for the doctor. We were near the shore when I saw a big, old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head partly bald.

He said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman that stood in his way. It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, Little Joe. He bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe himself was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I can never forget how terribly in earnest he was."

"DOODLE BUGS."—It is a known fact that everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with wrapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.

"We call the doodle bugs up any time we have a mind," said some little girls to me one

day when I was teaching school in Western Virginia.

"Doodle bugs?" said I; "I never heard of such things."

"Would you like to see them?" asked one.

"Most assuredly," I answered.

Then the little girls led me forth to the ruins of an old school-house, roofless and floorless, and, joining hands, they squatted upon the ground, forming a ring, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command:

"Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle Bugs!"

I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard-baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant some three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground begin to heave in little spots, and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-coloured beetle.

When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back into their holes.