

THE BROOK—AN IDYL.*

BY W. M. WITHERS.

BORN high up among the mountains,
In the everlasting cloud-land,
Where the eagle soars and circles,
Round his lofty, cloud-lapped eyrie,
Ravels in the storm and tempest,
In the great heart of the mountain
Sleeps the fountain of the streamlet,
Fed by snows of hundred winters,
Numerous little springs supplying,
Which, in summer, never drying,
Water all the verdant landscape.

Gushing from its joyous birth-place,
Like gladness from a heart o'erflowing
With a love to all around it,
Making fresh and green its pathway
Through the world with pure affection,
On its banks the mountain mosses
And the Lilliputian willows,
By its moisture, grow and flourish.

Down the mountain leaps the streamlet,
Down the hill-side leaps and thunders,
Down the precipice it dashes,
In the sunlight aways and flashes,
Ever crowned with a rain-bow,
Ever veiled with a curtain;
Down the dark ravine it plunges
'Neath the pines as black as midnight,
Still it finds its pathway downward.

Ever on the brooklet goeth,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
'Neath the sunbeam's warm caresses,
In the solemn woods' recesses.
Foaming, frothing o'er its channel,
O'er its tinkling bed of pebbles,
Past the old deserted mill-site,
Past the old, dismantled saw-mill,
Where the rusty saw remains fixed
In the stalwart pine-tree saw-log,
With its hungry teeth embedded
In the great heart of the pine-tree.

Onward still the brooklet floweth,
With its crystal waters laving
The great giants of the forest:
Now, in shady corners leaping,
Then, flashing out in the light;
Here, sluggishly and slowly creeping,
There, wheeling in swift eddies bright;
Now, in the warmer sunlight basking,
Then to the cool shade retreating,
And its tender beauty masking:
Onward! onward! ever fleeting
In its deep brown depths so mellow
The bright sun-lit sands are glowing,
Its gleaming bed of sand so yellow,
Like molten gold seems downward flowing.

Here, the stream runs deep and quiet,
There, it bubbles with loud riot;
And the lough, green, grassy sedges,
Rankly growing on its edges,
Trail upon the flowing current;
The sweet-briar in its waters
Bathes its balmy-scented branches;
And the wild flowers, stooping downward,
Kiss it as it passes by them;
But its passing onward tells it,
'Tells the secret of the flowers
By the fragrance of its waters;
And the beautiful water-lilies,
Floating on its tranquil bosom,
Revel in the golden sunlight,
Revel in the clear, glad sunlight.

Now the ruthless men of money
Bind our gentle stream with fetters,
Make it toil from morn till evening,
It, the free, light-loving streamlet,
In a hot and dusty factory.

Bursting from its hateful bondage,
Chafed and fretted with confinement,
Onward still its course it hastens,
From all sides receiving tribute,
Till so much increased its volume
As to turn the busy grist-mill.

Oh! the dear old painted grist-mill,
With its old moss-covered mill-wheel
And the clear, pellucid crystals
Slowly dripping, dripping from it:
And the hale and jolly miller,
With his face so round and ruddy,
Leaning o'er his low half-door-way:
And the cottage nestled by it
Grape-vine-covered, and embowered
By the tall elm-trees around it:
How these linger in the memory,
With the pleasant thoughts of childhood,

* These youthful rhymes, written over a score of years ago, may perhaps serve as an illustration of the foregoing beautiful picture.
—E.P.

Like the sweetest strains of music
Faintly pealing from afar-off.

Ever onward flows the river
On its mission to the ocean,
To itself, aye, plaintive singing,
Like a tired and weary Palmer
Singing songs of home and childhood,
To relieve his weary journey:
Like a band of pious pilgrims
Sweetly singing songs of Zion,
As they kindly journey onward
Soon to mingle their aspirations
With the ever-swelling anthem
Which aye thrills the vault of heaven.

So the sweet meandering streamlet
Swiftly hastes to merge its music
With the roaring of the ocean,
With its mighty voice of thunders
Ever rolling in deep numbers,
Lofty peans to its Maker.

Surely we may learn a lesson
From the history of the streamlet:
Like its journey should our life be:
As the waters which compose it
Came at first in rain from heaven,
So the souls which live within us
At the first from God descended.

As again, in form of vapor,
To heaven re-ascends the streamlet:
Like its waters may our spirits,
When our stay on earth is ended,
Be restored unto the fountain,
Whence we first derived our being,
Go again to God who gave them.

As the influence of the streamlet
All around us wees a verdure,
Giveth joy to all around it,
So our life on earth should ever
Be a blessing to our fellows,
Be a joy to all around us
By its unaffected goodness,
And our names be long remembered
In the bosoms of the people
As a sweet and pleasant savor;
That at mention of our virtues
Aye may thrill their hearts within them,
As the plaintive harp scolian,
When 'tis swept by spirit-fingers,
Giveth forth sweet strains of music.

Thus our lives will not be wasted,
And our works to Heaven will follow,
And for aye will give us pleasure
In the regions of the blessed.

THROUGH CANADA.

FROM Brock's Monument we behold
one of the most beautiful spots in
Canada, a rich and delightful farming
country, extending to the lake. As
we looked down the fertile valley, we
saw that its fields were beautiful with
the golden grain, the gift from "Our
Father's" hand, while shrub and tree
were clothed in green, and God's world
shone out grandly. About noon we
reached Niagara and went aboard the
steamer *Chicora*.

At Toronto the "Royal Mail
Stramer, *Corinthian*," was waiting to
receive passengers from the *Chicora*.
Early next morning we were at King-
ston. It is most beautifully located,
has a massive stone fort and is quite
an historic spot. The Thousand
Islands commence here and extend
down to Brockville, a distance of 50
miles. No other group of islands can
be found in the world to equal them
in number and beauty. It is said
there are about eighteen hundred of
them. We were on deck at an early
hour, and were permitted to see the
first in the group. As we ran in and
out among them, we were reminded of
the fairy stories we had read many
years ago. The placid waters, the
rocky islets, the rich foliage, all glisten-
ing and sparkling in the beautiful sun-
light, presented a most magnificent
scene. All that was lacking was the
fairies to make it complete. About
noon we entered the "Long Sault"
rapid, so called from its extent, being
a continuous rapid of nine miles,

divided in the centre by an island.
At this point the current rushes along
at the rate of twenty miles an hour.
As soon as we enter the rapids the
steam is shut off and the boat is carried
onward by the force of the stream.
Going down the "Long Sault" re-
minds one of being in a storm at sea.
The waves run high and dash against
the boat as if they would engulf it,
but those at the wheel know their
duty well, and the *Corinthian*, amidst
the tremendous roar of the mighty
surging waters, continues proudly on
her way, and soon we enter the calm
waters below. In a few moments we
find ourselves gliding over the waters
of Lake St. Francis. As we look
toward the shores of this beautiful lake
we see many of the French Canadian
settlements. Most of their houses are
small, plain, and similar in appearance;
quite a contrast to the beautiful tem-
ples of worship we saw along the shores
of the lake and river.

Soon we find ourselves nearing the
Coteau, Cedar, and Cascade rapids.
It is very exciting going through these
rapids, and at times the people seem
to hold their breath and wait in
anxious suspense, not knowing what
may come next; but the boat plunges
onward, and passing safely through,
we enter Lake St. Louis. From this
lake we could see Montpelier Mountain,
nearly thirty miles distant. And now
we near the famous Lachine Rapids.
They are considered the most danger-
ous in the series, and at this point the
celebrated and experienced Indian
Pilot "Baptiste" came aboard. All
the people were anxious to see him,
and as he took charge at the wheel all
eyes were turned toward the pilot
house.

We shall never forget going through
the Lachine Rapids. At times it
seems as if we must certainly be dashed
on the rocks, which appear to be under
the very bow of the boat, but suddenly
the boat whirls around, and once more
we are in a wider and safer channel,
and the passengers turn around in their
seats, and in audible tones commend
the Indian at the wheel.

The grand old pilot clung to the wheel
With a firm and determined grip,
And steered the boat as she planged and
whirled,
And over the waters skipped.

His eye was bright, lit up with the fire
That shines in the truly brave;
And to us he seemed almost inspired,
As he guided the boat through the wave.

He seemed not to gaze on the rapids so near,
For the rocks he seemed not to care,
His eye was fixed on some object clear,
He purposed to bring us there.

We felt secure with "Baptiste" at the helm,
And believed he would carry us through
"Lachine's" fierce rapids, to a calmer realm,
At his post he was known to be true.

Soon we are permitted to pass under
the famous Victoria Bridge. It is
only as we pass under it that we are
impressed by its immensity. It is the
largest bridge in the world, being
9,144 feet long. It is constructed of
iron. In a few moments we are on
the dock at Montreal.—*Selected.*

In the midst of a stormy discussion,
at which Jerrold was present, a gentle-
man rose to settle the matter in dis-
pute. Waving his hands majestically,
he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is
common sense." "Exactly," inter-
rupted Jerrold; "that is precisely
what you do want."

DIED RICH.

THE wife of a hotel-keeper in Marys-
ville Cal., gives the following sketch:
"There came down from the moun-
tains, one day, the most comical-look-
ing old couple I ever beheld. They
were English, and had lived in Cali-
fornia two years, both working in the
mines.

"The woman had on a thin, faded
calico gown, which had come with her
from England ten years before, a calico
jacket over her shoulders, and on her
head was an apology for a sun-bonnet.
Her husband wore a mackintosh,
which reached to his heels, and on his
head an old hat—and O what a hat!
"Altogether they were the most
forlorn-looking couple one would wish
to see. They carried penury in their
very countenances.

"I pitied the old woman, so I gave
her a gentleman's dressing-gown which
had been left at the hotel. It was
rather soiled, to be sure; but it was
better than anything that she had.
They had started home to England by
the way of New York.

"When the bar-keeper requested
the man to sign his name, he made a
cross; and she was as ignorant as he.
At night she asked me if I would give
her a room with good fastenings to the
doors and windows, as they had a
good deal of gold-dust with them. I
inquired to know where it was, as
they brought no baggage with them,
except a little bag, which she carried
on her arm. She said it was in belts
around their waists. I told her if it
were much, she had better deliver it
up to the proprietor of the house for
safe-keeping. She said, 'O no, I
wouldn't lose sight of it for anything!
I have five thousand dollars in my
belt, and my husband has the same.'

"I advised her to send it by express
to New York, as they might be robbed
on the way. She said they could not
afford to pay the percentage for its
transportation, when they could carry
it and save that money. So they
started to take passage for New York
by the way of Nicaragua.

"The next news I heard of them
was that they were both drowned at
Virgin Bay while going from the shore
in a boat to get on board the steamer.
The weight of their gold sunk them at
once, while the rest of the capsized
boat's passengers floated and were
picked up by other boats.

"Thus these two old people, having
lived in poverty all their days, died
rich, weighted down by the treasure
they had earned."

"Whosoever will save his life, shall
lose it."—*Selected.*

"DID I LEAD THEM
STRAIGHT?"

It was just after the victory at
Tel-el-Kebir, in the recent Egyptian
war, that the chief of the English
army, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley,
rode up to a temporary hospital, where,
among the wounded, was young Com-
mander Rawson, leader of the High-
land Brigade, who, as he lay there
dying, turned and said, "General, did
I lead them straight?"

Are you, young Christian soldiers,
as anxious before you die to have the
approval of your Divine Commander?
If so, you must be careful in all your
fightings against sin to lead your
forces straight.