

midst of his sinful career. It was then on his deathbed, while resting in a full sense of pardoned sin through the sacrifice of his crucified Redeemer, did he feel how often he had crucified that Redeemer afresh; and how he had wounded him by neglecting the proffered love that ever with extended arms calls to suffering humanity, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Deeply did he grieve that, unheeding the proffered strength, he had given way to anger and impatience at his trials, and yielded recklessly to habits which he knew would lead and had led to present misery; and that but for the intervention of a merciful Providence, would have led to his eternal ruin. His poor wife was honest, sober, and gentle; kindness and firmness might have effected an improvement in her, if he had been as forbearing as became a Christian husband towards her whom he had taken for better and for worse.

Such thoughts passed through Harris's mind, as probably they have done to many, when divine precepts have been recalled too late to repair the evil arising from their neglect. There are some reflections he often made, which are best given in his own words, "It do be summat like Balaam when a mon be going into them places where they zells grog; conscience tells 'e the hangel o' mercy be standing at the door, and it be death to body and soul to pass 'e; and I do be thinking the poor, tired, patient brute a standing 'ours in 'eat and cold knows it to.' The Bible zays, 'In your patience possess ye your souls,' and it do be impatience with his burdens, drives mony a mon to destruction."

A maiden sister had left her father's house, and travelled many miles to attend upon her brother. Active, energetic, and abounding in health and spirits, she effected a complete revolution in George's uncomfortable home. Mrs. Harris had to yield to her irresistible energy, and in many ways profited by it, so that when George Harris was laid in his grave, she was better qualified to go forth, and once more toil for her

daily bread among strangers; separated from her children, who were taken to their grandfather's home by their aunt, and there trained to make more useful wives to hard-working men than their mother had been to poor George Harris.

—  
*Original.*

#### THE FOREST IN WINTER.

—  
BY W. ARTHUR CANLEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

How changed thy haunts since spring and summer faded!

Then birds sweet music poured into thine ear,—

The fragrances of myriad blooms pervaded

Thy leafy dells and genial atmosphere;

No loving voices winter hears within thee,

Of joyous birds, nor feels the breath of flowers;

Its chill winds bear in their embrace, to win thee,

No gifts from goddess Flora's blooming bowers.

And bald and bare thy weary boughs are bending,

Before the blighting blast the winter brings;

And deep the snows the boreal king is sending,

And harsh the song within thy courts he sings;

All silent are the summer's babbling fountains,

And sealed the lakes where late the sunbeams played;

While from their crests, adown thy frowning mountains,

The streams in icy channels seek the glade.

And all thy children—save the pine which towers

In queenly pride, still clad in living green—

Have lost the lovely robes that graced thy bowers,

And nudely grand look down upon the scene.

Upon untrodden snows the pale moon traces,

In truthful shadow, every pendant limb;

And paints a picture of unequalled graces,

Art's proudest efforts making strangely dim.

Here stalks the antlered moose to his undoing,

Or holds the hounds courageously at bay;

Till man, in majesty, his life pursuing,

The conqueror proves in the unequal fray.