

## IN SORROW.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

When thou art sorrowful, and cares around  
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;  
When thou believ'st 't on brightest things can lend  
The saddest echo to the gayest lays—  
As men of old were fed with angels' food,  
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died,  
And each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;  
When every hope that others build upon  
Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—  
Take up the burden of another's grief;  
Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner believe that sorrow may be bribed  
With tribute from the heart, nor sighs, nor tears,  
But nobler sacrifice—of helping hands,  
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears.  
Oh have the saddest words the sweetest strain;  
In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Thou grief shall stand with half-averted foot  
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;  
And hope shall take her quietly by the hand,  
And both kneel down with faith to meekly pray.  
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize  
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

## "FROZEN UP."

"Oh! how dearly I should like to live there," exclaimed a pretty, gushing girl, as she was led a few miles away from the nearest railway station by the village, hanging on the arm of her lover, and admiring a picturesque cottage which formed the centre of a pretty rural scene. Then it was summer, and June had put on all her roses, and the landscape showed no sign that it ever was whitened with winter.

"It is all very well, and very pretty now, and captivates the eye, as you do," replied the young gentleman, with a smile; "but did I never tell you how our friend Smith fared, when he took apartments in an out-of-the-way cottage in the middle of winter?"

"Smith is such an oddity I shouldn't be astonished at hardly anything he did," said the young lady; "for he must differ from other people, if only to be what he calls 'original.'"

"He had been reading some work which showed, as he said, the right man in the right place," was the reply. "It related to one of our Arctic explorers, who lost his way while sledging, and had to winter among the natives in an Esquimaux hut. All they had to live on was whalebone, as there were no seals to be caught. This you could neither champ nor swallow whole, only roll it about on your tongue for hours, then bolt it as you might do a piece of indiarubber. But then, as he said, you had nothing else to do from rising in the morning to lying down at night, so that all the long hours you were awake you were occupied in eating your dinner, or whatever meal you pleased to call it."

"Is that a fact?" said the young lady.

"Undoubtedly; I will send you the work," was the answer. "Smith said he could have done the same thing. We told him he had better try a lonely cottage in the country in the middle of winter by way of practice. He said he would, and he did. With what result I will tell you. Smith made many journeys, and had a good deal of hunting about before he could find a place that suited him. We met him at the club once or twice a week, where he afforded us great amusement in what he called 'reporting progress.'"

"You know," Smith used to say, "I don't want rooms in one of your cottages where they are in the habit of letting apartments during the summer. But a real, downright labourer's cottage is what I am seeking, where I am to live just as the family does, as that gentleman did among the Esquimaux—same fare every day. All I shall order down will be a little wine, and I don't think I shall be reduced to the masticating of whalebone until it is gelatinous enough to be swallowed. Of course, labourers do not live on luxuries; those I don't expect. Brown bread, bacon, cheese, milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables are sure to be plentiful, and no gentleman must expect more who has made up his mind to live on 'pot-luck' among the village labourers in winter."

"I daresay the hardy country people enjoy such strong food," said the white-handed beauty; "I have heard that the women brew and bake, churn butter and make cheese, bake custards, cheesecakes, fruit pies, and have plenty of bacon and cabbage to eat. I could live on such fare well enough for a time, with ham and chickens and cream sauce."

"But you will only find such in a large well-to-do farmhouse," replied the gentleman, "not in the cottages of labourers. But Smith found a place at last, though he had to bolt at the expiration of a month, for he was frozen up!"

"Frozen up!" exclaimed the young lady. "He'd plenty of money, took wine with him, and no doubt kept up a good fire—how was it?"

"Well, you have met him at one or two pleasant parties, and been highly amused with him," was the reply. "What he says he'll do he will do if it is possible. The old grandmother of the family with whom Smith took up his winter quarters explained how the gentleman got on, as she termed it. 'Now my good people,' said Smith, 'no alteration, remember, in any way. I live as you live, and as you would live were I not here; you will only have to provide a little more food, but it must be the same as you are accustomed to. I shall go back to town and show my friends that a gentleman may pass the winter in the country on labourer's fare, if he is 'the right man in the right place.' But," continued the old woman, 'the very day he came the frost set in, and you know how sharp it froze. The brook was frozen, and when my daughter brought the water in for the gentleman's breakfast, it was all lumps of ice, and there was such a many funny-looking things frozen up in it as were not at all relishing for a gentleman's breakfast. Then the snow came down, and the carrier never came with the butter. I offered the gentleman some nice dripping I had skinned off the pot when I'd boiled the bacon, but he shook his head, and said 'No; thank you all the same,' for he was always the gentleman. He complained of the cold one night, and I made him a nice basin of oatmeal gruel, with a lump of dripping in, and quite tasty with salt, and two or three onions I sliced up; but he only took one spoonful, and that he spat out on my clean bright blackleaded grate. It was the only time I knew him to swear. He wanted me to kill the ducks, but there was no meat on their backs, for after the frost set in they could get no sludge, nor anything to eat or drink. The fox stole my only laying hen, and the noise she made woke me out of my sleep. I went out with a good thick stick, but I might have looked for the wind

that was blowing. My little grandson Jack snared two or three starlings, for we have a great many about, but the gentleman said there was nothing on 'em, and that they tasted very queer—as if they had been fed on smoke. Of course there wasn't such picking as there is on a goose; but then I didn't make 'em. We only baked once a fortnight, and if the bread was a little bit mouldy, it wasn't ropy, as it sometimes is in summer. I know it got very hard, but that made it go a long way, for you couldn't eat so much. The ground was so hard we couldn't get a spade into it to get up a potato, carrot, or parsnip—the cabbages all frosted off. But he'd plenty of bacon and bread, such as it was. He ate all the cheese the first week, and drank all my beer, and the carrier couldn't get round to bring any more, for we were all frozen up. The gentleman didn't like our brook water, but said his tea tasted of frogs and snails. I have had such a thing as a frog get into my tea-kettle, when I've left the lid off to sweeten, but never in winter; but I soon found it out when I tasted my tea."

"Poor old woman, I should think she did," said the young lady. "I should say Smith very soon had enough of it."

"He had; but then he couldn't get back," answered the gentleman. "It was such an out-of-the-way place, he couldn't find any conveyance to move away, and couldn't walk on account of his chilblains. The roads were snowed up. Three attempts were made to get him to the railway-station, but all failed; to add to his troubles, he was half mad with the toothache. A blacksmith came three miles through the snow with a pair of large pincers, and wanted to pull the aching teeth out, but that Smith couldn't stand; besides, the pincers were so big that the head couldn't be got into his mouth."

"But, surely," said the lady, "there was no lack of tea, coffee, and sugar?"

"There was a lack of everything after they were once frozen up," replied the gentleman. "Beside, Smith wouldn't allow any extra stock to be laid in, except what would suffice for one in addition to the regular weekly supply for the family, and such as the labourer was accustomed to bring home from the village on a Saturday. On the strength of his new lodger, the labourer got 'beery' and put the tea and sugar in the pocket in which he carried his pipe; they became loose and got mixed up with the tobacco ashes, which gave a very peculiar flavour to both the tea and sugar, so Smith was at last forced to rinse his wine-bottles out with hot water, and drink that."

"And how did he get away at last?" inquired the lady.

"In a wheelbarrow," said the gentleman. "Two sturdy labourers went first with a strong rope over their shoulders, the third wheeled. They stuck fast several times in the snow, and had a good many upsets. Smith, with his feet bandaged up for the chilblains, and an old flannel petticoat tied about his jaws to ease the toothache, was wheeled at last on to the railway platform. I had the honour of receiving him among many others as I was returning from a shooting excursion, and seeing a crowd on the platform, I stepped out of the carriage, and there I found the right man in the right place."

"Poor fellow! what a Guy he must have looked!" said the lady.

"A Guy that had been stolen from a rival party of boys and not carried off without a severe struggle," answered the gentleman; "and he stood like Bunyan's monument."

The same to testify."

An Iowa editor is so belligerent in his style that he always engages a lawyer to defend him before inserting an editorial.

Lord Mulgrave, eldest son of the Marquis of Normandy, is about to take orders in the English Church. He will be ordained by the Archbishop of York, on Trinity Sunday.

An Irish orator, speaking of an opponent's love of praise, described him as so vain in that respect "that he would be content to give up the ghost if it were but possible to look up and read the stone-cutter's pull on his grave."

A man, complaining of being turned out of a concert-room, said that he was fired with indignation. "If you were fired," added a by-stander, "perhaps that was the reason they put you out."

Never trust a man who assents to everything you say, who falls in with all your views, without making a single suggestion or correction of his own. A man, in fact, who is incarnate "you," is either a fool or a knave.

Pope Pius IX. has confided the task of writing the history of the approaching Council to the Italian author, Cesare Cantù. For that purpose he has been authorized by the Holy Father to be present at the sittings of the assembly. He is the only layman to whom that privilege will be accorded.

A person calling himself Antonio Cereghino, an Italian, has been imposing upon the credulity of the people of Galt and neighbourhood. Pretending to be an agent of the Waldensian mission, he collected a considerable sum of money, part of which he speedily expended in "whiskey cocktails" and other beverages of that kind. He was compelled to disgorge a portion of his plunder.

A communication in the *Wanderer*, of Vienna, states that Prince Iturbide, who considers himself heir to the Mexican throne, is about to marry a rich heiress of Stuttgart, Mlle. de Kaufmann, who, before the nuptial ceremony, will embrace the Catholic religion. The Prince proposes returning, after his marriage, to Mexico, in company with Father Fischer, who administered the last religious consolations to the "Emperor" Maximilian.

The Greek text of the polyglot inscription for the monument in honour of the completion of the Suez Canal has been composed by Dr. Reinhold Klotz, Professor eloquentiae at the University of Leipzig, in consequence of a commission to that effect which he received from Paris. This text, literally translated, is as follows:—"In the year of the Hegira, 1282, (1869), under the renowned government of the illustrious Padisha Abdul Aziz Chan, Emperor of the Ottomans, and under the wise rule of the noble Ismael Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, this monument was erected to celebrate the excavation of the Suez Canal, which is destined to approximate the nations of Europe and Asia, to multiply their commercial relations, to promote the beneficent conquests of civilization, and to favour a more intimate union between all the members of the human family. This great work of peace owes its origin to the courageous perseverance of Ferdinand Lesseps, with the co-operation of the principal maritime nations, and under the patronage of the Emperor of the French."

The opinion seems to be gaining strength, that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate of the Plains. Instead of continuous droughts, all along the railroad, rain now falls in refreshing abundance. This result has been remarked upon in other sections of the West. In Central Ohio, for example, it is said the climate has been completely revolutionized since the iron rails have formed a net-work all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts formerly suffered there, for some four or five years there has been rain in abundance, even more than enough to satisfy all the wants of farmers. This change is thought to be the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain.

Gold has been discovered in Lapland. Two men who had formerly worked in the California mines, wandered last summer over a part of Lapland, and it is said, found gold in large quantities. One nugget, as large as an eight-ducet piece, was pure. The government of the district in which the discovery was made bought this piece for ninety-three marks, and then forwarded it to Helsingfors. The men endured many privations during the four weeks employed in traversing an uninhabited region, and they were finally compelled to discontinue their search by scarcity of provisions. In conjunction with a third person, who has earlier been engaged in gold washing in Australia, they are now petitioning the Government for permission to search for gold in Lapland. The results of the summer's work of the two men were satisfactory, for they obtained sixty ounces of gold, for which they received six thousand marks.

The New York *World* says of the annual report of the U. S. Revenue Commissioner:—"It is, on the whole, a gloomy, saddening document. It proves, by incontestable evidence, that the great mass of our people have had their incomes and their scale of comfort greatly reduced since 1860. Nominal wages are indeed higher, but the purchasing power of what is called money is so much diminished that our industrial classes have lost their former command of modest luxuries, and are restricted in their enjoyment of the bare necessities of life. The ratio of paupers to population has greatly increased. The appraised value of property has not kept pace with the former rate of increase. We have fewer houses in proportion to the number of families, fewer domestic animals, a smaller percentage of profits on capital invested in business, and a stunted growth in every department of production. Some important branches of business, like ship-building, are in a state of almost total collapse. Our navigation interest, prostrated by the war, does not revive. We are every year sinking more deeply in debt to foreign countries."

**SUSPENSION BRIDGES IN CHINA.**—The construction of suspension bridges has been thought a signal achievement by the Western nations, but in China they are of great antiquity, and many still exist. They are made of iron chains, and their mode of construction resembles, in the main, that used in the Western countries. They are, however, generally confined to the mountainous regions, and span rivers whose navigation is interrupted. There is one over a river in the Yunnan province that is said to have been first built by one famous Chu-koh-hand more than two thousand years ago; and there is a second and much larger one in the Kweichow province, spanning the river Pei. This latter was built during the Ming dynasty. It consists of many chains stretched across the river and fastened firmly in the stone on either bank; from natural elevations above, other chains depend, and are made fast to the span, and there are also chains fastened to it from below, the object being to make the bridge as firm as possible. A plank floor is laid on this bed of chains; it is repaired at regular intervals of from three to five years at the imperial expense. The span of this bridge is said to be several hundred feet.—*Scientific American*.

**THE INSULT TO THE BRITISH FLAG AT MUSCAT.**—An account of the *Bombay Gazette*, dated November 6, states:—"By the arrival of the B. I. S. N. Company's screw steamer 'Burmah' yesterday, we learn that the insult to the British flag at Muscat has been apologized for. Immediately on hearing of the affair, Colonel Pelly, political agent in the Persian Gulf, left for Muscat in the screw steamer 'Dalhousie,' and on his arrival there he demanded an explanation of the firing on the gunboat 'Clyde.' Azan bin Ghes, the present ruler at Muscat, tried to get out of his awkward position by saying that the Muscat authorities had expected an invasion from Zanzibar, and that they had fired on the 'Clyde,' thinking her to be the Zanzibar vessel. That this was a mere subterfuge was, however, evident, for the 'Clyde' had the British ensign flying all the time the fusillade went on; and Colonel Pelly, with his usual determination, required apology to be made to the captain and officers of the 'Clyde,' which was tendered on the quarter-deck of the 'Dalhousie.' On the arrival of H. M. steamers 'Daphne' and 'Nymph' at Muscat, it is expected that they will be despatched to Bahrain, to chastise the Sheikh of that place for some recent offences against British subjects."

**A MAD WOLF.**—An extraordinary story of a mad wolf in Lithuania has been recently given. The wolf was first seen one evening last month in a field near a village called Pociu. He sprang, so runs the story, into the field, out of an adjoining wood, and in an instant tore to pieces a woman who was working there at the time. Her companions fled to the village for assistance, but when they returned with their husbands and brothers, the wolf had disappeared, leaving on the ground the bleeding body of his victim. A guard of six well-armed peasants was then set over the corpse. They lighted a fire, and seated themselves round it, one of them only marching to and fro as a sentinel. In a few hours the wolf again made his appearance, and fiercely attacked the peasants, killing two of them, and putting the rest to flight. He next ran into the villages of Pociu and Plocani, broke into the houses, wounded the people in them, and then entered a farm where there was a number of horses, ten of which he killed. Some of the stablemen now rushed forward to seize him, but he broke through them, severely wounding three of their number, and after committing similar ravages in two other villages, disappeared in the nearest wood. The peasants who saw the animal declare that he must have been mad, as he foamed at the mouth, and did not suck the blood or eat the flesh of his victims. Next morning all the able-bodied men in the district turned out to hunt the wolf. He was caught in the wood, where he had taken refuge, by a peasant, who seized him by the throat, while his companions beat him to death with their sticks.