

which has shone for no guest, and pitiable the roof which has sheltered no stranger friend.

Let us take counsel, then, as to how we may foster this gracious hospitality, which is the chief glory of hearth and home. How shall we cherish and develop it and still reconcile it with all the duties, charitable, domestic, and intellectual, of our complex age, and still leave ourselves that broad margin of leisure which Thoreau declared as beautiful in a life as in a book!

Our Young People.

[FOR CANADA.]

DREAMS.

BY G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

II.

The fire burns merrily. It is a fire of hard-wood,—white birch and maple, yet it takes me back to the days of the summer as I lie and gaze into the red coals, and imagine that I can hear the voice of the river as it flows by. Yes! I begin to think it a fire of drift-wood, gathered from the long, dry sand bars. I hear a voice! a voice rich and low, as if coming from under a heavy moustache, and I hear the story of the man who sold his shadow. The smoked birches at the back of the fire-place have become a background of dusky elms, standing like a great black cloud against the star-lit night.

On the other side of the fire someone is making beef-tea; ay, making it in a handleless cup, but with a silver spoon which clinks expressively against its sides. Now the logs are all burnt to bright coals, and the camping party around the fire get up to sing a hymn. The last log breaks and falls among the dying embers, and they all leave to go to their tents. The dog stays, and after settling himself with his curly black head on a cedar block, he goes to sleep with his feet to the fire, like any good camper. The last spark has smouldered into nothingness, and all the lights in the tents have disappeared, yet they ask not where I am,—I, a fellow-camper. I open my eyes and feel the soft head of the camp-dog against my face, and in the little fire-place there is no fire. A lady, she was a camper in the summer time, comes into the room and asks me why I have let the fire burn out.

III.

Forty differently tinted flames leapt up in the little fire-place, and forty different odours,—all savoury, and all telling of the coming Christmas, wound their shadowy

way along the passage, and up our noses. A dream of turkey bones and stray pieces of candy stole through the brain of the house-dog, and he wagged his tail in his sleep. We lay on the hearth rug; the dog in a peaceful sleep, and I criticising the many spicy odours as they floated, one by one, up the kitchen stairs, along the passage and through the curtained door-way. At first they were not visible, but came and passed me unseen, tempting us two on the rug for a moment, and then sinking away. But by degrees they stole up as little shapeless clouds of vapour, which slowly formed and compacted themselves, and drifted by in a procession of smoking turkeys, smoking chickens, and great jolly mince pies. Doughnuts and lemon-tarts danced between, and the house dog parted his eye lids the eighth of an inch and watched them from under his deceiving lashes, as if they were a line of stray cats parading a garden fence.

In the kitchen the slamming of the oven door, and the hussing of the things therein, kept on, and so I knew that these were but their spirits, flying away so as not to be eaten inside their unfortunate bodies. At last, at the very tail of the procession, the plum-pudding skipped in. His jolly red face was half hidden by the savoury steam arising from it, and I put my hand on the house-dog to keep him down.

"Hullo," said the plum-pudding. I bowed, and the house-dog struggled to get free.

"Did you two gentlemen ever hear of a plum pudding that was of any use to anybody except as food," he continued. The house-dog said he didn't think they were any good for anything else, and his mouth watered dreadfully.

"Well, I will just show you that they can be," said the pudding, and he struck an attitude in mid-air, and spoke thus: "In the year 1870 the schooner 'Bonny Mary,' got stuck fast in the ice a few miles off the eastern coast of Greenland. She had on board a small brass cannon used for saluting other vessels, and a quantity of powder, but no shot. While they were still in the ice, Christmas drew near, and the captain ordered two large puddings to be made, so that the officers and men could have a good dinner. When Christmas morning came, the captain went on deck to see how the weather was, and to his amazement he saw the ice to leeward swarming with greasy Esquimaux, who flourished seal-spears and numerous other articles in his direction. The captain was rather taken back at the sight, but he managed to tell the boat-swain to load the brass cannon, and the cook to ram one of the puddings which

had accidentally been frozen over night, down after the charge. The first mate aimed it, and the larboard watch set it off with the cook's poker, and the crowd of Esquimaux took to their heels with half of a Christmas dinner in their midst." The plum pudding stopped talking and looked well pleased.

"That's no proof," I said, "for perhaps it wasn't a plum-pudding after all."

"What other kind of puddings do they make at Christmas," asked the spirit contemptuously.

"Mince-meat puddings," said the house-dog knowingly.

I laughed, and the plum-pudding vanished.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRO-
NOUNCED HOPELESS.

An estimable young lady raised from a death-bed after being given up by several doctors.—A simple statement of facts.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the *Courier* has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians, he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall, restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable, and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to,