

The Family Circle.

THE TEST.

It is easy to be good
When life's skies are clear and calm;
When the voice of gladness drifts
Unaware into a psalm;
When, full-led, we sit content
In our gardens, fair and sweet;
When temptations pass us by,
And our lives grow full, complete.

When the harp of life is set
To rare strains of melody,
Pleasant now and full of hope
For the time that is to be;
When our lessons are each day
Easy to be understood,
When life's skies are calm and clear,
Then 't is easy to be good.

But the real test is when
Close we hear the battle blare;
When we wrestle, face to face,
With our foemen, want and care;
When our happy gardens lie
Waste beneath the spoiler's tread,
When our toil has seemed for naught,
And our fairest hopes are dead.

When we feel within us rise
Passions that we thought were slain;
When we find the stalwart tares
Growing in our field of grain—
Then, if patiently we toil,
If temptations be withstood,
If we stand and overcome,
Then may we be counted good.

Lillian Grey.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

'So, as she seems a very tidy, careful creature, I thought it best not to press the matter. Probably the child would fret more with homesickness than would counterbalance the good of the hospital nursing. These French Canadians do cling so to their little homes, however humble they are! And this is such a poor one. The mother takes in washing, and manages to keep the boy and herself. He did work in one of the factories (and he isn't eleven years old yet) but the confinement was too much for him, for he's a puny little fellow, and she wouldn't let him go any more, though she tells me he wanted to do it to help her. But the little room is very bare, and I want you to see that the child wants nothing that he should have, either in the way of diet or a little cheer.'

There were several volunteers at once for this kindly office, and Dr. Ramsay gave directions as to just what diet was to be prepared for his little patient, Mrs. Ramsay undertaking to superintend this, a frequent office of hers where poor patients were concerned. Marjorie was glad to have an opportunity of putting in practice some of the lessons she had learned lately, especially as the Browns did not now need so much attention—the man being able to be about again. Marion and she went down next day with the doctor.

The little boy was lying very pale and weak in the bare but tidy little room, his mother busy with her ironing. It was in a narrow French street where the houses looked old and grimy, and all the little shops had French names. That of the little boy was Louis Girard. His mother was a pale, thin little woman, looking exhausted with her night of grief and watching, and yet ironing away at her table as if nothing had happened. She told them, in her broken English, that her little boy was so good and so patient; '*comme un petit ange*,' she added, resorting to her French to supplement her English.

The boy was too weak to care to speak, and only feebly noticed their presence. Marion offered to relieve her by sitting up with the child that night, but the poor mother explained that the neighbors were very kind; '*tres bonnes*,' finding that Marion understood her French in which she much preferred to talk. They wouldn't mind coming in and sitting up when she was tired out, and she could take a nap on a neighbor's bed while its owner took her

place. And Marjorie remembered what her father had said about the goodness of the poor to each other.

After that she found her way often to Madame Girard's little room, and very soon poor little Louis learned to watch for her visits. Encouraged by the example of her cousin Marion, she tried to talk to him a little in his own language, and though at first she was sorely perplexed by his French Canadian *patois*, she succeeded by and by in being able to understand him and to make him understand her. She generally took Robin with her on these visits, and the little dog was a great source of amusement to the little fellow after he began to get relief from the prostrating pain and fever. He tried his best to say 'Robin,' and was much pleased when the dog would answer the call and leap up beside him. By degrees, as Marjorie and he began to be more intelligible to each other, he would tell her about the factory he had been working in, and how hard the children had to work—being sometimes cuffed and beaten if they failed to satisfy their masters, till Marjorie felt shocked to think that such things could be.

Marjorie's French vocabulary was still limited, but she bethought herself of taking with her a French Testament, and reading, very slowly, a few verses at a time. She chose such passages as the story of the daughter of Jairus, the Good Samaritan; and Louis listened earnestly, his black eyes fixed on her while she read. Madame Girard, too, would often stop her interminable ironing, and sit down to listen, exclaiming approvingly, '*C'est tres joli ca*,' as Marjorie ended. How much Louis understood she could not tell but there she had to leave it. The little fellow was certainly wonderfully patient, a fact which much impressed Jack and Millie when they came to see him.

Marjorie grew so much interested in him that she never let more than a day or two pass without going to see him, even though it cut a little off her drawing time; for her aunt insisted that she should not abridge her hours of exercise. But the snow-snoeing was practically over now, for there had been a good deal of mild weather, and a "thaw" had rather spoiled it. The tobogganing was getting spoiled, too, though skating was still available. The ice-palace still stood, though breaches here and there began to show the power of a silent besieger; and the ice lion and the condor were decidedly the worse for the inroads of the same insidious enemy. The latter, indeed, was already being carted away in blocks, to fill some of the ice houses for the coming summer.

Marjorie tried to interest Ada in her little protegee, but without much success. Ada was willing enough to give a generous donation out of her pocket-money, to buy for the invalid unlimited oranges or candies; but when Marjorie tried to coax her to go to see him, Ada was quite impracticable. She had all her mother's aversion to being made "uncomfortable" by scenes of sickness or suffering, and she didn't see what good she could do Louis by going to see him. Marjorie was rather vexed. She thought that, by this time, Ada would have profited more by the lessons of Professor Duncan, and she had quite set her heart on starting her on a career of philanthropy through getting her interested in poor Louis, who, of course, would have to be helped for a long time to come. When she could make no impression on Ada she began to feel impatient, and a little bit self-righteous, too.

'Well, Ada,' she said indignantly, 'wait till you are sick yourself, and then you'll have more sympathy for sick people;' words that she was not to forget for weeks to come as sometimes happens with our most thoughtless remarks.

Having failed with Ada, she tried Gerald, whom she found more open to persuasion, and she had much pleasure in guiding him to Madame Girard's little room, and securing his promise to visit and befriend Louis as much as was in his power; which was the

more satisfactory, as Ada and she had been conscious of their first coolness in regard to the matter; Marjorie not being able to realize that the habits of a life of self-indulgence are not to be broken in a day.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANXIOUS DAYS

'Well, Marjorie, how is your little French friend getting on?' asked Professor Duncan, one Sunday evening towards the end of March, as he took his seat in his accustomed chair.

Marjorie replied that he was doing so well that he would soon be allowed to sit up a little, and that he had already been wondering what he should do for a living, with only one hand.

'Poor little fellow!' he said. 'But I don't doubt that something will be found for him to do. And they are wonderfully adaptive and patient, these French Canadians. I'm sorry to see, Ramsay, that we're likely to have some trouble with their relations in the Northwest. That rebellion seems to be getting serious, to judge by the last news of the collision between them and the mounted police.'

'Yes,' said Dr. Ramsay; 'great pity it occurred. I was hoping the affair might have been settled without bloodshed. But when people get excited, and their blood is up on both sides, some rashness is sure to occur. Alas! "how great a matter a little fire kindleth."'

'Yes,' replied the professor, 'and it could all have been so easily avoided. A little ordinary humanity, a little faithful attention to the duties they are sworn to fulfill, on the part of our public men and their agents, would have redressed these grievances long ago. As it is, I am afraid that these poor people will learn the bad lesson that bullets will attract attention when all other appeals have failed. Some of our papers have been pressing the case of these poor half-breeds for months past, but to no purpose. Those whose business it was to right them, have been too busy with their own affairs, or party affairs. And now it's on the cards that this may be a tedious and blood struggle. What a comment it is on our boasted progress, to send men out to shoot down these misguided and neglected people, instead of giving them kind care and common justice. Greed, speculation, party politics—that's some of the darkness that the light has to struggle through now, as best it can.'

Alan, who had come in while the professor was speaking, listened with a very sober face. He and Gerald had been greatly excited by the news of a rebellion of the half-breeds and Indians in the north-west of Canada, and of the calling out of the Volunteers, and both were wishing they had been eligible for such a splendid adventure. But these observations of Professor Duncan seemed to throw another light upon it, in which it did not seem so splendid.

Presently another recollection occurred to him while Professor Duncan and Dr. Ramsay went on discussing the situation; and he turned to Marjorie, remarking:

'Gerald says Ada is not feeling at all well to-day. She hasn't been out since the day before yesterday.'

Marjorie felt a little conscience-stricken. She had not gone to pay Ada her usual Saturday visit, feeling a little vexed still, at her refusal to go to see Louis. She thought she would go to ask for her the next afternoon.

But the next day it rained heavily, and as Marjorie had taken a little cold, her aunt would not allow her to go out again after she came home from school, very wet and looking tired. The mild soft weather they had had for a little time had been causing a good deal of illness, and Dr. Ramsay had a good many patients on his hands. And next day Alan came home from school with the news that Ada was very ill indeed, and that the doctor feared an attack of typhoid fever.

Typhoid fever it did, indeed, turn out to be; and before many days were over, Dr. Ramsay was called in to consult with the Wests' family physician, as he had once been called in before in Dick's illness. He looked very grave when he came home, and, in reply to Marjorie's anxious questioning, he said that it was a very serious case indeed, and that Ada was not a good subject for a fever; her temperament being very excitable, and her constitution by no means strong.

It was a terribly anxious time for poor Marjorie, and indeed all the Ramsay family more or less shared her anxiety, for Ada had become a favorite with them all. No one, indeed, could help being attracted by her sunny face and graceful, winning ways. And so this individual anxiety rather cast into the shade the public one which was exciting the whole Canadian people with martial preparations and tidings of Indian risings and frightful massacres. At another time Marjorie would have been eagerly sharing the general excitement. But just now the question of Ada's recovery was paramount, and nearly every afternoon she called at the house to ask how the patient was, receiving always the same reply: 'Just the same, Miss; a little better, if anything.'

(To be continued.)

THE CAMEL IN AUSTRALIA.

The camel is playing an important part in the development of western Australia. The great central depot for the importation of these animals from India is Port Augusta, 259 miles northwest of Adelaide. Here a camel quarantine station has been established, and the arrivals are kept there and carefully watched for the first three months to guard against outbreaks of a certain deadly mangle which carried off most of the earlier animals. Once acclimatized, the camels are not liable to the complaint, and they thrive wonderfully upon the natural shrubs of Australia—salt bush, wattle, mulga, acacia, and other varieties. The imported animals, however, are not nearly so valuable as the Australian-bred camels. The herder breeds his camels, as he does his sheep, on scientific principles, so that already within twenty-five years, there has been produced in Australia a race of camels larger in frame, sounder in wind and limb, and possessed of greater weight-carrying capacity than the Indian animals originally imported. By means of camel caravans—there are now close upon 10,000 camels at work in Australia—the colonists have been enabled to stock new country which was formerly useless because a broad belt of land that is either waterless or subject to long periods of drought intervened between the good country and the settled regions, whence all supplies have to be drawn, and where all products must be marketed. It is only within the last few years that mining men have awakened to the utility of camels in their industry and large numbers of the animals have been drafted to western Australia. On the older gold fields of that colony the camel caravan has already supplanted the bullock team, being at once more economical and more efficient.

The late Professor Graham, of London, brought up among the United Presbyterians before instruments were permitted, was so impressed by instrumental music heard in a chapel at Vienna during his holidays, that he said to Dr. W. M. Taylor, when he came out, "Now, Taylor, I'll never say a word while I live against wind instruments, not even against yourself!"

An American divine, most pronounced in his Presbyterianism, was much pained to see half of his family following the fashion, and going off to the Episcopal Church. On being asked afterwards by a friend how many children he had, he replied, "Ten; five of them were wise, and five became Episcopalians."

The spirit of the older times may be thus illustrated: "He's a grand preacher?" said one sister to the other. "Whist, Bell, he's readin'!" "Readin, is he?" said the first, changing her tone; "filthy fellow! We'll gang hame, Jenny, and read our Book!"