

tal and moral stimulant which others may fail to detect, but who on their part will find in other volumes equal cause for satisfaction.

There is one little matter in connection with the books we undertake to procure for our friends, to which we find it necessary to allude: our offer applies only to "our boys" and to "our girls," and not to those outside our ranks, whether they be subscribers to UPS AND DOWNS or not. It is absolutely necessary for us to make this distinction, as we are not engaging in a business venture, but simply acting as a medium whereby our friends can obtain certain books at cost. We have already received some orders from people unknown to us in any way. In view of our omission to state that our offer was confined to our own friends, we will arrange for these orders to be filled.

We again publish the list of books, all or any number of which our friends can obtain at the rate of six for 25c. Those who have sent in their orders during the month will probably receive their books about the 21st of July, and we would ask them, one and all, to kindly send us word by post card, if they have not time for a letter, of the arrival of their parcels. We shall also be pleased to hear later what our friends think of their investment, and in which book or books they have found the most enjoyment and profit.

A book which has found many patrons among our friends is "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a powerfully told story of the slavery days in the United States. The authoress, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has just died at a very advanced age. Since her death the fact has been recalled that the original of Uncle Tom, the chief character of her widely-read book, is buried in Canada. Our friends will be interested to learn this and the following details contained in a press despatch from a leading Buffalo journal; particularly those boys who are only awaiting the arrival of our parcel from England to dive deep into the pleasures of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The original of Uncle Tom, an old negro slave, Josiah Hanson, is buried in Canada. For twenty-four years his bones have been resting in an obscure grave in Dresden, Ont. The man who buried him is Mr. S. S. Arnold, who is connected with a large business enterprise in Canada, and is at present stopping in this city. Mr. Arnold was seen by a *News* reporter, and asked about Uncle Tom's life in Canada. 'I can only tell you,' said Mr. Arnold, 'that Uncle Josiah Hanson lived near Dresden for many years, and that he was the "Uncle Tom" of Harriet Beecher's novel. He was a very intelligent old negro, and precisely such a character as was pictured in the book. He was very active in his work to help the negroes who settled in Canada, and was regarded by all of them as their leader. He did a great deal in procuring the "Institution Farms" which the negroes were given in Canada during the war. He raised a great deal of money for that purpose, and made a trip to England. I remember that he had an audience with the Queen, and she presented a gold watch to him. The Queen had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when she heard that Josiah was the original Uncle Tom she was greatly interested in him. He died in 1872, and was buried in the little old negro cemetery near Dresden. I owned an undertaking establishment then at Dresden and Chatham, and was called upon to bury the old man. I don't remember much about the funeral, except that every negro in the neighbourhood was there, and seemed to mourn for the old man as if he had been an own father to them all."

Each topic for this month has about the same number of contributors, and we are publishing four of the papers received—two on "My Favourite Animal or Animals," and two on "How I Like to Spend My Leisure Hours."

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL OR ANIMALS.

ALBERT E. YOUNG, Age 12. Party '95.

As for me, my choice would be horses and cows, because you can tame them by being kind to them. You can get their affection and cause them to love you and know you from other people. We have a black cow only three years old, and she will follow me around the yard to be milked first.

And we have a bay mare. I am very fond of her; she will let me hitch her up and drive her or work her. She and I have been cultivating corn to-day,—my first attempt, but not her first,—and we got on well together.

We owe our young friend Albert E. Young an apology, which we herewith tender. Last month his excellent little essay on "The Season of the Year I Like Best" was inadvertently ascribed to Albert H. Young, of April, '96 party. We very much regret that the mistake occurred, and hope that Albert E. will forgive us for publishing his contribution as the work of Albert H.

MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL OR ANIMALS.

WALTER DENTON, Age 17. Party, July, '92

The animal I like the best is a little hard to say, but I think if I had my choice I should choose first the horse; second, the cow; third the dog. The horse is a noble animal and very gentle as a rule; if a horse only knew its strength it could do almost anything with us. Instead of letting us harness or drive, it might easily knock or throw us down and trample us to atoms; so we should always treat our horses as we would be treated by other folks according to our strength.

Why I put the cow second is because it gives both food and drink to us; while it lives it gives milk, which is principally made into butter and cheese and many other delicacies besides. After it is killed we eat its flesh, which we call beef and which is very juicy and tender.

Thirdly, I think a dog is very intelligent and saves us many a step, and also guards us by night. As an instance of a dog's intelligence, I will tell something my master saw while up at Mr. Nixon's, and which surprised him. Mr. Nixon thought it was time for milking, and just simply took the milking pails and walked slowly towards the barn. Meanwhile, the dog had seen him getting the pails and had gone to the woods and brought the cows without a word.

HOW I LIKE TO SPEND MY LEISURE HOURS.

ALFRED JOLLEY, Age 20. Party, April, '90

"Before attempting to describe how I spend my leisure hours, it will be necessary to mention what leisure hours I have.

"I am working on a farm; there is not much spare time in the summer time, as we work early and late, and when night comes we are glad to get a rest; but in winter we have more spare time; I generally have from one to three hours every day, and we can use this spare time to improve our knowledge, in some way or other.

"One of my favourite employments during my spare time is reading. I am very fond of books, that is to say, good books; I read all the good books I can, I do not read cheap, trashy novels; I think these cheap novels are ruinous, more especially to young people.

"Another pastime I am very fond of is music. I have studied the violin for some time, although I have not one at present, but expect to have before long. I think music is a grand thing, it ought to brighten every home when we get gloomy, as we are apt to do sometimes. We can get our instruments and we will be so absorbed that we

will soon banish all our gloomy thoughts. I would feel lonely without a musical instrument near me, so that when I feel lonely I can go and get it to cheer me up a bit. I have at present a mouthorgan and a flute. Anyone who has no taste for music does not know what company it is.

"I am also very fond of holding conversation with one or more persons on some interesting topic. I think much can be learned in this way, and we learn to respect the opinions of others, and to have patience while they are speaking. It also improves our delivery of speech, and makes us guard against using improper language."

Alfred does wisely to recognize in music an antidote to gloomy thoughts. It possesses, probably in a greater degree than any other agency, the power to draw the attention away from ourselves and the worries of the present, but it is not the only means by which we can bid dull care begone; there are many opportunities if we will only avail ourselves of them. In a short poem, entitled "The Day is Done," Longfellow describes with all the pathos and depth of feeling of which he was such a perfect master, the weariness of spirit which frequently comes over one at the close of day, and how the feeling of sadness may be banished and in its place reign cheerfulness and joy. In fact his poem is in itself the remedy it prescribes. We will publish his verses so that Alfred and others of our friends can, when occasion requires, apply the remedy to themselves.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HOW I LIKE TO SPEND MY LEISURE HOURS.

WILL HOWARD, Age 19. Party August, '89.

Herodotus compares man to a bow which, when not in use, a skilled archer leaves unstrung; for otherwise, it would be unserviceable when the time for using it

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