

THE SCOTT ACT PASSED.

BY G. C.

"**W**HERE are you, dear wife?" cried the good Farmer Brown, "Lay your work, for a minute, aside and come down, Do I look any younger? I feel like a lad; And I've something to tell you, will make your heart glad. The cause we so loved, is triumphant at last; Thank God for our victory; the Scott Act has passed."

"Whou our teams to the town have gone loaded with grain, How often awake half the night have we lain: With the lantern left down in the kitchen to burn, Awaiting our boys' long-expected return, Delayed as they were we both well understood, By the licensed temptations to drink on the road; When liquor had drawn all sense from their heads, Also their teams had been stabled; and they in their beds. Our prayers, my dear Mary, that this might not last, Are answered to-day for the Scott Act has passed."

"I know what you're thinking of now, that sad night, When the frozen earth gleamed in a mantle of white, When stern winter reigned monarch, supreme and severe, And we waited in vain till the morning drew near. O! how anxious we grew as the hours fled by, Till we heard a faint tinkle of bells drawing nigh, I opened the door; there were horses and sleigh, But stark frozen and dead in the latter there lay Both our loved ones, for whom we had waited so long, Who but lately had left us so joyous and strong. Oh! I never could tell how we passed through that day I can only remember when friends went away At evening, how lonely and heart-sick we felt, As hand clasped in hand by our bed-side we knelt, To pray the great Father our grief to assuage, With his sore-needed grace, in our childless old age. And he who sends ever the mourner's relief, Gave us strength to sustain our great burden of grief. No voting can ever undo the sad past, But I thank God to-day that the Scott Act has passed."

"Great Father of mercy, thou knowest what I feel! On behalf of the homes of our land I appeal; May the hearts of the men who are making our laws, By thy wisdom inspired, be true to truth's cause; May they vote to outlaw the vile drug that destroys Our innocent girls, and our brave, noble boys, That robe home of all peace, and all comfort, and then Transforms into demons both women and men; Its fell tide of ruin o'er broken hearts roll, And peoples the nethermost hell with lost souls. May the license issued this year be the last, And the whole land rejoice that the Scott Act has passed."

CANADA AS A WINTER RESORT.

FROM an illustrated article by W. Geo. Beers, in the February *Century*, we quote the following: "How shall I hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snow-fall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and

laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and townspeople crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the most popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid *corks*, or bumps.

"Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized. Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women and children revel in the dashing flight. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visitors. Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor, whom she had steered down the steepest slide.

"Oh! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars."

"You'll try it again, won't you?"

"Not for a thousand dollars!"

LEISURE HOURS.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, he could not read it; so he purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this and fully mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the stairs waiting for her, and she asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister in Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed from a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him

books, and was often seen setting by him on a log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, use your leisure hours well.—*Selected.*

ORDER.

"WHERE'S my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy! When you came to the house last evening, you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.

I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your feet right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner, his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his books will neither show blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer, "Be orderly—be accurate."

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengal girl, shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion:

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said that her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions—I have prayed every day to Jesus; I do not pray to idols because I do not believe in them." This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and,

having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head *several times*, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said she did not much mind, adding: "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

"THE rich man sat in his father's seat— Purple an' liuen an' a'thing fine! 'The puir man lay at his gate i' the street, Sairs an' tatters an' weary pine!"

"To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes; Many a morsel gaed frae't or fell; The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs, But whether he got them I canna tell."

"Servants prood, saft-fittit an' stoot, Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors; Maisterless dogs 'at rin about Cam to the puir man an' lickot his sores."

"The rich man deed, an' they buried him gran, In linen fine his body they wrap; But the angels took up the beggar man, An' laid him down in Abraham's lap."

"The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that— Sic was the rich man's wesome fa'; But his brithers, they eat, an' they drink, an' they chat, An' care nay a strae for their father's ha'."

"The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will; Ah! some they kunna what they wad be at; But the beggar man thoct he did no that ill, Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that."

—George Macdonald.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POTATO.

THE potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown in some countries of Europe a hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania potatoes are mentioned soon after the advent of the Quakers. They were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of eleven thousand bushels grown on a sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that if a man eat them every day he could not live beyond seven years.

SYMPATHY WANTED.

A. eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a loud voice, "Yes, you could. You might have said, 'Oh'"