

Our Young People.

(FOR CANADA.)

DREAMS.

BY G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

I.

Although the wind and the snow were shrieking through the solemn elms and over the cold steel-gray ice on the river, and though a rumour of mince pie and plum-pudding creep up the winding stairs from the kitchen, yet I turn my thoughts a few months back and dream of the summer.

Behind us the busy town fades out like a toilsome dream, and the stretch of the river lengthens away before our eyes, and seems to sleep and run to nothingness among the green islands far ahead. The wakes of the two canoes ripple far behind as if searching for the half-forgotten town, and the four busy paddles dip and swing,—dip and swing to the tune of the water as it runs along the varnished bark. There ahead of us, crossing the river with a steady beat of wings, a great blue heron steers his course. In the shadow of our two canoes, down among the eel-grass, the dusky forms of pickerel and perch come and go, and far up in the blue distance an osprey watches their many glidings. The sun rises higher and the paddles seem to linger after every dip, while the canoes slide along in the shade of the shore willows, and the glare and the current of the mid-stream is left. In the afternoon we reached our camping ground,—a shore of sand and grass and drooping willows, which slowly climb up and mix among tall elm trees.

Such was the place where we pitched our tents, and in front of them we built our fire. Early next morning, we the inexperienced, who are not used to blankets, turn out to explore. Right at the foot of our path to the beach, lies the mouth of the lagoon. In the lagoon the water is calm, and at its head there rises an ice-cold spring. The wet grey sand gives place to shining white pebbles, with here and there a piece of red cornelian. Further along the shore, we come to a desolate sand-bar, which stretches far out into mid-stream. On the other side of the island is the Grand Pass, which foams along, fretting and undermining the gravelly shore, and bearing away logs and branches and great bubbles of white foam. Up the bank a little way there is a small grove of young hard-wood and tall grass, which slowly gives away towards the middle of the island, to muddy

hollows, filled with willows, drift-wood, ferns. Far in the distance we hear the breakfast horn, and so our explorations are ended.

Home Topics.

Edited by B. A. S., Box 19, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

A KIND VOICE.

"THERE is no flower of love so hard to get and keep," writes Elihu Burritt, "as a kind voice. A kind hand is dead and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone which is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and it stirs up ill-will, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be more to you in the day to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is light which sings as well as shines.

PLEASURE OF RECEIVING LETTERS.

How eagerly one watches for the expected letter, and how the face may flush or pale upon receiving an unexpected letter. The letter of the absent friend, the letter that describes the journey, the pleasures of the visit—it is the next thing to going one's self. And, when a stranger in a strange land, how eagerly welcomed, and often read, are the letters from friends, from mother, father, sister or brother. The mother anxiously wants the weekly news from her boy or girl away at school; the old folks at home long for tidings of the absent ones. How dear to the heart of a girl are the confidential letters of her quondam schoolmate! How the young man treasures the letters from his sweetheart! And the scrawl of baby hands, the faint wavering lines on the scrap of torn paper sent by fond parents are proudly exhibited by a proud grandmamma.

How the cold characters glow in the light of friendly and loving eyes! But remember the words once put on paper are as thistle-down given to the four winds.

Old letters, with ink pale, the paper yellow with age, the postmark faded, all tied up with faded ribbon, are sometimes priceless treasures, mementoes of past, halcyon days; but for the present, compare them with a letter new, crisp, the ink bright, the postmark yesterday's.

Everyone enjoys receiving letters but not everyone likes to answer them. Receiving a letter usually wakens a lively train of



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