

introduce me to the presence of the Sultan, and depend on my eternal gratitude."

Achmet seemed to be struck by these words, and the confident tones in which they were uttered. His manner assumed a semblance of respect very unusual between master and slave, and he expressed his intention of gratifying the wishes of Aline, if possible. Accordingly, when the vessel entered the port of Constantinople, and the party were conveyed to the house of Achmet, he showed his intentions by bringing her one of the richest dresses to be found in the city, this being a proper preliminary step, as he thought, to the execution of her design. But Aline declined assuming the garb, and contented herself with one of the most simple kind. To his surprise the Armenian was compelled to admit that her appearance was more captivating without than with the rich attire obtained for her.

Though Achmet seemed thus desirous of fulfilling her wishes, day after day passed away without any approach of that event on which Aline rested every hope of procuring her brother's liberation. At last, however, Achmet announced that it was impossible for himself to introduce his beautiful slave to the presence of the Sultan in any way. "But do not depend," said he, "I have sold you, along with Zaru, to Isaac Aga, son of the old chief of the old guard. He has promised to place you in the way of seeing the Sultan." Aline at first thought she was deceived with false promises, but such was not the case. Isaac Aga was faithful to his word, and Aline obtained her wish. She was brought before the Sultan. It is needless to linger on the issue. The skill of Aline in music was exerted to charm Abdul Hamed, and not in vain.

It was not long ere his passion for the accomplished captive grew so deep and strong that he made her his legitimate wife; and she had also the pleasure of embracing her brother, liberated by the Sultan's orders from the slave chains of Algiers. Under the title of Sultana Valide, Aline outlived Abdul Hamed, to whom she bore the Sultan Mahmoud. Mahmoud did not immediately succeed his father, but lived in seclusion during the intervening reigns of Selim and Mustapha. The civilized spirit of Mahmoud may, in part, be traced to the instructions of his mother, the Sultana Valide. She discovered the retreat of her relatives in France, and as has been said, sent them letters, which were accompanied by magnificent presents. M. and Madame Dupre, the aged pair described as residing in Havre de Grace, were her uncle and aunt, and shared liberally of her bounty. The Sultana Valide died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

MR. ONCKEN ON THE GERMAN CHURCHES.

This eminent and devoted Christian labourer from Germany—the victim of a long and cruel persecution—for whose release from imprisonment and oppression, delegates were sent some years ago from Britain and the United States, delivered the interesting addresses to large audiences in St. Lawrence Hall, on Lord's Day, 22nd January last, and in Knox's Church on the following Monday evening. His object in visiting this continent is to present before Christians generally, but more particularly before his brethren of the Baptist persuasion, the claims of the Mission with which he is identified, for their support.

Since 1823 at which period he went to Hamburg, a young man, as Missionary from the Continental Society of England, he has labored in his Master's service with apostolic fidelity and zeal surrounded by almost insuperable difficulties, and exposed to the severest trials and persecutions, it is worthy of special observations, arose not from the ignorance and moral debasement of the people—not from the adherents of Roman Catholicism—not from the avowed advocates of infidelity—not from the civil Government merely—but from the Clergy of the Lutheran Church,—the Established Protestant Church of Germany!

Until within the last few years there has been no religious freedom enjoyed in that country. The attempt on the part of any individual, however excellent in character, to preach the Gospel beyond the pale of the Established Church has been visited with instant, watchful and relentless persecution.— Arrest, fine and imprisonment, besides brutal indignities from brutalized officials, has been the common lot of Mr. Oncken and his fellow labourers, until the oppressor, at length discovered, not only cocked her head on one side, and asked "If I

was only the more widely diffused—and that the converts to truth were only therefore greatly multiplied. Lately, the King of Prussia who is admitted to be a pious man, has extended his protection to Mr. Oncken and his brethren; and now in many localities they can worship God unmolested by the State Clergy and officials.

In prosecution of his labours he seeks the aid of Christians on this continent, to enable him and his brethren to erect a number of plain buildings for public worship, and we trust that he will receive generous aid from all who are able to contribute.

He is a man of high intelligence, solid Christian character, and deep earnestness.—*Examiner.*

Ladies' Department.

THE BETROTHED.

Of course I said I'd marry him,
"Twill only change my name;
Perhaps I said I loved him, too,
Or what was much the same.
And if I hadn't told him so,
I'm sure I might as well;
I like the fellow well enough,
For aught that I can tell.

He's got a beautiful moustacho,
A handsome hand and head;
We'll live in tolerable style,
I think, from what he said.
I shouldn't call him charming,
And he's not a millionaire;
But yet as men and matches go,
I think he's pretty fair.

That sounds a little cool, but still
I must have clothes to wear;
And sentiment and poetry
Are unsubstantial fare.
You think I loved another more,
That still perhaps I do;
Much good that's ever done me yet,
Or ever's likely to.

Besides, haven't time to wait,
You know as well as I,
How quietly for several years,
My birth-days have gone by.
And pretty soon my friends will say—
No, that they shan't, I vow;
"She's been a rather pretty girl,
A little *passé* now!"

CHAPTER ON HOUSE-KEEPING.

I never could see the reason why our smart house-keepers must, of necessity, be Xantippes. I often had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genius.

I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Carrot's premises! Nobody was allowed to sleep after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed an hour earlier than the rest of the neighbours.

"Go a-head" was written on every broomstick about the establishment.

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the front door with his face toward the store in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatches up the six little Carrots, and scrubs their faces up and down, without regard to feeling or pug noses, till they shine like a row of milk pans.

"Clear the track" was her motto on washing and ironing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash tubs were turned bottom upwards again, and every article of wearing apparel sprinkled, folded, ironed, and replaced on the backs of their respective owners. It gave me a stitch in the side to look at her.

As to her "cleaning days" I never had the apple tree in the orchard until she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop.

You should have seen her in her glory on "baking days," her sleeves rolled up to her arm-pits, and a long check apron, swathed around her holster-like figure, the great ovens glowing, blazing and sparkling, in a manner very suggestive to a lazy sinner like myself. The interminable row of greased pie-plates, the pans of "rough and ready" ginger-bread, and pots of pork and beans, in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheat bread.

To the innocent inquiry whether she thought the latter would "rise," she set her arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, and asked "If I

Saturday evening was employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house; the old entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning, she devoted to her husband and her Sabbathical exercises. All I have to say is, it is to be hoped that she carried some of the fervour of her peculiar employments into those halcyon hours.

FANNY FERN.

Source.—The Daughters of Temperance of Lochaber gave a Soiree on the evening of the 19th January, which was largely attended. The room was largely decorated and brilliantly lighted. The Refreshments were of the best description, and were bountifully supplied. The chair was ably filled by Geo. W. Cameron, Esq. Mr. Neil Campbell, that "foe of tyrants (Alcohol & Co.) and the friend of man," was the first speaker, and was followed by a number of Rev'd gentlemen, Mr. Keirnan and others. During the evening several pieces of music were performed in a very creditable manner accompanied by the choir. The evening was pleasantly spent, and all present seemed particularly satisfied with the entertainment. The Lochaber Daughters have won fresh laurels for themselves, and deserve the thanks of the community for the efficient services now and heretofore rendered by them in the cause of temperance and moral improvement.—*Bytown Citizen.*



Youth's Department.

THE SONG OF THE SNOWBIRD.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, chick-a-de-de,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emmy heard him, so loud was his song—
"O sister! look out of the window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"If I were a barefooted snow-bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He's all the time singing his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
A nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose,
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we'd make him, poor chick-a-de-de."
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emmy said.
"How queer I would look in that dress!" thought he;
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"I thank you," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I would rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de."
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

"There is ONE, my dear child, though I cannot
tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too—
Good morning! O who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, &c.

AT HOME IN THE EVENING.

One of the grossest neglects of a youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings from home. Darkness is tempta-

crimes giving fearful foreboding, are the result; the youths becoming fit agents of outrage, by turning old entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning, she devoted to her husband and respects is deplorable enough—but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world; and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious, that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule.— There can be no objection to recreation and employment, at home, but there may be evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths and covering many lives with desolation imbibed when from home. The information demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience—must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to a blessing is home; and by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

A VERMONTER AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As we were sitting in the picture-gallery of the Crystal Palace, taking memoranda of its contents, a tall ill-dressed Vermont, attracted probably by the benignity of our visage, addressed us:

"Stranger, what might they charge to let a feller in this ere show?"

"Why do you ask? You paid at the entrance, did you not?"

"Y-a-a-s! I didn't pay nothin'; ef yew see anythin' green 'bout me, jest ye write, will yew?"

"How did you gain admittance, then?"

"W-a-a-l, yew see I traded with a boy out there for a *Herald*, and gin him an extry cent to 'holler 'fire' and when the man, with the brass thing on his coat, looked around, I kinder edged in behind him."

Of course we expressed our indignation, and were about to leave him, when he seized our button-hole, saying quickly:

"Say Mister, don't be riled; guess they'll never miss it. Yew talk so all-fired honest, guess yew must be newspaper feller; been takin' notes, ain't you? I've heard about this short-hand."

We assented, and he resumed:

"Mought yewr name be Greeley, Mister?—because I seed a nigger wench looked just like a fugitive nigger; and ef she is it's a bully chance for you to spread; won't cost you nothin', nather?"

We denied that imputation, when he continued:

"I alters like newspaper chaps, 'cause they're so clever. Been in the fine arts myself; taught school three winters—eighteen dollars a month, and boarded 'round."

We next stopped to view the fine specimens of perfumery, among which were busts made of solid soap.

"Hullo!" said Yankee, nosing the goods. "guess these are made of grave-stun, ain't they?"

"No, they are made of soap."

Before we could prevent him, he had touched it to satisfy himself. "W-a-a-l, guess it is; it feels soperiferous, any way; smells rife apocryphal to w. don't it? jest like old Mr. Slocum's 'pothecary shop tew hum."

A few steps brought us to the statuary, where a number of persons were silently gazing at a statue of the Greek Slave.

"Mister," said he, after a moment's inspection, pointing to the chains upon her wrists. "what's that critter hopped off for?"

The bystanders roared; and we endeavored to explain to him the nature of the subject; and to prevent him from handling it, as he was bent upon doing, pointed to the placard requesting visitors "NOT TO TOUCH THE ARTICLES."

"Don't touch the articles!" repeated he.—
"Why, she ain't got the first darned article on her!"

We left.—*Journal of Commerce.*

DEFINITIONS.

- Maiden—Preserved sweets.
- Children—A mother's history.
- Bachelor—A social poacher on other people's preserves.
- Widower—A liberated prisoner who (if we do) the female police of society consider "want looking after."
- Widow—One who knows "what's what," and is desirous of further information on the same subject.—*Yankee Blade.*

Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat. "It was as big as a turkey, and muckle as a goose—he turned it over on its back, took a crooked stick and drew across its belly, and 'Patrik, how it did squall.'"

FIRE.—"My dear fellow," said Bean H. "I was in a hotel. I had a respect for the