

paradise of love and comfort; that man will fight the battle of life with infinitely more energy, and as a consequence, with more success than he who lacks such incentives to exertion, such sweet rewards of anxiety and toil.

In fine, to the young, home is a seminary of infinite importance: the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all can be graduates of a home. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of love, enameled upon the heart of childhood defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting are the impres-

sions of early life, that we often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between it and the present hour, is a blasted and forgotten waste. An old and half obliterated picture, in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, often seems to fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is Home, a "comfortable Home," the great Institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

CHANGE ON THE OTTAWA.

BY G. MARTIN.

I.

To the brave Lumberman what praise is due!
No isolated, petty power, is he;
His strength is normal—circulating through
The Body Politic, and long shall be,
As it hath been since sailed Champlain's canoe,
Acknowledged great from Huron to the sea;
The Farmer's Pioneer, he boldly leads,
And hungry Commerce on his bounty feeds.

II.

Whether in Winter glooms, with sounding stroke,
Far above Alouet he tells the pine,
Or hews at Mattawan the giant oak;
Or near the Turtle Lakes, his utmost line,
Shakes the tall elm till in her ermine cloak
She thunders down in snow-smoke, sparkling
fine;
In every place he cheers the houseless wood,
Sublime in hardship! lord of solitude!

III.

His heart is fearless as his arm is strong;
Upon the river's bank I oft have stood,
Where Chaudiere Rapid shouts his martial song,
And watched him fighting with the angry flood,
Steeping his *crib* with skilful art along,
Till down the slide its journey it pursued,
Or wrecked amid the whirl of torturing shocks,
Crowned the bald foreheads of imperial rocks.

IV.

Onward the Saxon treads. Few years ago
A chief of the Algonquins passed at dawn,
With knife, and tomahawk, and painted bow,
Down the wild Ottawa, and climbed upon
A rocky pinnacle, where in the glow
Of boyhood he had loved to chase the fawn;
Proudly he stood there, listening to the roar
Of Rapids sounding, sounding evermore.

V.

All else was silence, save the muffled sound
Of partridge drumming on the fallen tree,
Or dry brush crackling from the sudden bound
Of startled deer, that snorts, and halts to see,
Then onward o'er the leaf-enumbered ground,
Through his green world of beauty, ever free;
Such was the scene—no white man's chimney
nigh,
And joy sat, plumed, in the young warrior's eye.

VI.

No white man's axe his hunting ground had
marred,
The primal grandeur of the solemn woods,
When Summer all her golden gates unbarred,
And hung voluptuous o'er the shouting floods,
Or when stern Winter gave the rich reward,
All suited with his uncorrupted moods,
For all was built, voiced, roofed with sun and
cloud,
By the Great Spirit unto whom he bowed.

VII.

The gray of morn was edging into white,
When down the rugged rock the Indian passed,
Like a thin shadow; soon the rosy light,
Lay on the maple leaf, and dew-drops cast
A lustrous charm on many a mossy height;
And squirrels broke out in chatter, as the blast
Swayed the tall pine tops where they leaped, and
made
Grand organ-music in the green-wood shade.

VIII.

Again the Indian comes—some years have rolled,
Down the wild Ottawa, and stands upon
His boyhood haunt, and with an eye still bold
Looks round, and sighs for glories that are
gone;
For all is changed, except the fall that told,
And tells its Maker still, and Bird-rock lone;
Sadly he leans against an evening sky
Transfigured in its ebb of rosy dye.