

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

UP, and in the river is winding,
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine land
And gusty tongues of plain.

Only at times a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assamboines!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of willow gear?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tune of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace—
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface,—

The bells of the Plover Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And lo! in the Angel of Shadow
Rears his feet on wave and shore
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Holy is the wh. Leareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCESS LOUISE.



It is ominently fitting, as we are so soon to lose the presence of H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and of her gallant husband, the Marquis of Lorne, that we should present to each reader of PLEASANT HOURS, a copy of their portraits. During her residence among us, she has endeared herself to all who have had the privilege of coming in any way into association with her. Of this high-born pair, as of Tennyson's Lord and Lady Burleigh may it be said.

Alas! the heart made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she lived a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

The Princess is the fourth daughter of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria. She was a special favorite with her father, Albert the Good, and seems in a special degree to have inherited his artistic and literary tastes. These tastes have had the advantage of the highest culture, under the best masters. There is no royal road to learning, and to become the accomplished linguist and artist and musician that she is, she must have studied hard and long. Of her artistic taste, the readers of PLEASANT HOURS, and of the *Methodist Magazine*, have had examples in her beautiful pictures of Quebec and its vicinity, which we have given, and of this her oil and water colour paintings in our public exhibitions have given still further proof.

The following from an article on the "Princess Louise," in *Harper's Bazar* gives an account of her early life.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was born on the 18th March, 1848, at Buckingham Palace, then, as now, the Queen's town residence. Her early life, like that of all the Queen's children, was spent simply, with the mingling of study and recreation, early hours, careful training, and religious instruction which belong to all the better class of English households. The royal children were surrounded with very little useless luxury. There were large nurseries and a cheerful school room, every possible advantage in moral and mental training was theirs, and at no time were they without a mother's personal attention. The Queen gave the masters and mistresses instructing her children ample authority, but she visited the school-room daily, inspected their studies, and desired that all misconduct or good behaviour should be reported to her in person. School room discipline in the royal family is said to have been very severe, yet we have been given pleasant pictures of the harmony and simplicity of the Princess's young days. There was always a cheerful sitting-room in the apartments belonging to the children, and there, a friend has told us, might be seen various indications of the tastes and talents among the young people. A prominent object was always Princess Louise's portfolio and the writing-table of the Princess Royal. On one occasion a lady visiting Windsor recalls a pretty picture in this room upon which she came: Princess Helena practising at the piano, the Princess Royal writing letters, and the then youthful Louise examining critically some prints and drawings which had been given her on a recent birthday. The guest was received with informality, and all the kindness of manner for which the Queen's family are noted, indeed, on visits like these there is only that touch of deference always shown to rank in England to mark the inequality between hostess and guest. The young princesses were always talkative and good-humored with those who visited them, and the lady in question described how pleasantly an afternoon among them was spent. The Queen coming in unexpectedly caused the only formality, every one rising, and, as she remained but a short time, standing until she had withdrawn, the guest as well as the young princesses courtesying as the Queen departed.

Thus happily and affectionately the sisters were educated together, the first break being the Princess Royal's marriage at seventeen to the Crown Prince of Germany. Princess Alice married soon after her father's death, and, as befitted the dreary period, quietly and without ostentation. Princess Helena's marriage occurring soon after, it came about that when quite young, and for a longer period than any of her sisters, the Princess Louise was known as the "young lady" of the royal family.

It was during this period that she first endeared herself to the hearts of the English people by entering so cordially into all the art and charitable enterprises of the day, her own work in sculpture and pencil was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the name of "Louise" was speedily known in connection with the since famous Art Needle-work Schools which she established at South Kensington, thereby giving congenial means of employment

to hundreds of intelligent women thrown upon their own resources, as well as developing a high standard of art in home decoration.

A lady who visited Inverary with the Lornes has told us of the unaffected and agreeable routine of their life there. After breakfast if the weather permitted, the two special guests generally went off unattended to sketch in some part of the park or neighbourhood; in the afternoon they usually rode or drove, returning at five or six for the drawing-room tea-party which is part of the routine of every country home in Great Britain. Occasionally the Princess, with some lady in attendance, walked out and visited the cottages of the peasantry, talking to the people good-humoredly, and forgetting herself in remembering their wants and miseries. In London, of course, the Princess's life has been more stately, so far at least as externals go.

For some years the various art galleries have exhibited work, both in pencil and sculpture, done by the Princess Louise, and at the "Grosvenor" her bas-relief of "Enid" created quite a sensation among critics, who viewed it apart from the favour likely to be shown a royal artist. Patronizing artists liberally, she has often given presents of her own work to her friends. A portrait of herself, beneath which was written, "From Louise to her dear old master," was one of such gifts.

The charity which will always be specially associated with the name of the Marchioness of Lorne is the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, established some few years since, the "Louise Ward" being opened in 1874. At this beautiful hospital for the sick children of London, otherwise homeless and unfriended, Princess Louise has been constantly seen, working heartily, and not content with the merely nominal patronage which is itself a benefit. A lady well known in literary circles, and a friend of the Princess, met her at the hospital for some social purpose. It so chanced they were in a room alone together, and the royal lady's critical eye fell upon some dust on the floor. "This room ought to be swept more carefully," she exclaimed, then seeing a broom in the corner, evidently left by the housemaid who vanished on their entrance, she took it up and began playfully to sweep. Her companion remonstrated, when the Princess said, laughing, "Now do you suppose my mother left my education so unfinished that I can't sweep?" and accordingly, half in jest, but with a skill many housekeepers sigh for, the little lady vigorously swept the apartment, having taken the homely precaution of pinning back her gown before she commenced the operation.

One sensible custom, we are glad that her Royal Highness introduced into this country, is the habit of taking long out of door walks even in cold and stormy weather, and of wearing good sensible boots and walking-dresses. We hope that this custom will not die out when she leaves us. Another thing for which we admire her is that though the daughter of a Queen—the Queen of the mightiest empire on earth, yet for love's sweet sake she gave her hand and heart to a subject of England's Queen, a man of ancient family and heroic blood it is true, but still not of royal rank. We all regret that while in the performance of public duties, as the representative of Her

Majesty, the Princess should have received such injuries as to disable her from appearing as much in public as might otherwise have been hoped. We are sure that all our readers will join in the prayer that wherever she may go in the future, and to whatever august duties she may be called, that she may enjoy life's richest blessings, and at last, life everlasting.

A FLY ON THE CEILING.

TO walk head downward on a floor turned topsy-turvy would puzzle a great many, and the wisest men were for a long time unable to explain how the fly walked so easily on the ceiling. Some supposed that the foot of the fly was formed to act like a sucker, which by exhausting the air would enable the insect to attach itself firmly to any ceiling. Others fancied that this foot might be furnished with little hooks to grasp the inequalities of mortar. A third supposition was that the foot was a sort of gumbottle, provided with a sticky fluid, and by help of which the fly was kept from falling.

But the best idea of all was to examine this portion of the insect's limb. By the aid of that wonderful instrument, the microscope, people can now see instead of being only able to guess, as in olden times. The microscope magnified the leg of the fly so that it appeared as large as that of a horse, and its foot as large as a horse's hoof. The little foot was then seen to possess all the good qualities above mentioned. The all-wise Creator had indeed formed the fly's foot as a sucker, furnished it with a set of hooks, and also moistened it with a viscid fluid.

Thus is God's wisdom shown even in such a small thing as the foot of the fly, to say nothing of the same power and tender mercy shown in the formation of other parts of the little creature's body. And this wondrously formed little insect has its legs and wings torn from its body by thoughtless boys and girls, and is wantonly crushed by many people, who must surely be ignorant of the care and loving providence that God has shown to these little objects of His creation.—*S. S. Advocate.*

UNTIDY GIRLS.

MANY girls who are in the evening genuine ornaments to the parlor, tastefully dressed and "neat as a new pin," are little better than slatterns when performing domestic duties.

I have no patience with this untidiness. It has always seemed to me as if Cinderella herself might have kept out of the ashes even if she was obliged to stay in the kitchen and work.

To look well about housework is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothly brushed hair, a clean collar, and a plentiful supply of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it if so prepared for it. The moral influence of dress is undoubted.

A CERTAIN little pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "O Lord, bless brother Bill and make him as good a boy as I am."