

A LATIN LULLABY.

We wonder how many of our readers know this lullaby, which tradition assigns to the Virgin, but which is not very old.

"Dormi fili, dormi! mater
Cantat unigenito:
Dormi, puer, dormi! pater
Nato clamat parvulo:
Millies tibi laudes canimus,
Mille, mille, millies.

"Dormi, cor, et meus thronus;
Dormi matris jubilum;
Aurum celestis sonus,
Et suave sibilum!
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

"Ne quid desit, sternam rosia.
Sternam fanum violis,
Pavimentum hyacinthis
Et praeaepe lillis,
Millies tibi, etc., etc.

"Si via musicam pastores;
Convocabo protinus;
Illis nulli sunt priores;
Nemo canit castius.
Millies tibi laudes canimus,
Mille, mille, millies."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

ELDER CASE IN WAR TIME.



He now return to trace the progress of events in Upper Canada. After the British disasters on Lake Erie, and at Moravian Town, Sir Geo. Prevost instructed

Vincent to fall back on Kingston, abandoning the western peninsula to the enemy—a desperate resolve, only to be adopted in the last extremity. At a council of war held at Burlington Heights, however, it was wisely decided by Vincent and his officers to stand their ground as long as possible. Colonel McClure, the commandant of the American force, was strongly posted at Twenty Mile Creek, and his foraging parties ravaged the country, and pillaged the inhabitants.

The season for active operations in the field having now passed, the Canadian militia were dismissed to their homes with instructions to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action should necessity demand their aid. Zenas Drayton had returned to The Holms, quite recovered of his wound and covered with glory by the distinction it had conferred upon him. He strode about with a martial air, to the undisguised admiration of the maids of the household and of all the damsels of the neighbourhood. His father's eyes followed him sometimes with a look of pride, but oftener with one of glistening wistfulness, for in these troublous times pre-eminence of merit was pre-eminence of peril. But Kate lavished all the love and homage of her woman's heart upon her brother, as the ideal hero of her dreams. The lad was in a fair way to be spoiled, if he was not also pretty sure to have

the conceit taken out of him in the stern school of adversity.

One evening, early in December, the family were sitting around their kitchen fire, which snapped and roared up the wide chimney throat as merrily as though such a thing as war had never been known. The squire and Zenas sat on opposite sides of the hearth comparing the old soldier's reminiscences of the Revolutionary War with the boy's recent military experiences. Between them sat Kate as she had sat on that memorable evening, more than a year before, on the eve of the fatal fight of Queenston Heights. How much she had lived in that short time! The outbreak of the war had found her a light-hearted girl; she had now the graver mien and sometimes the thought-weighted expression of a woman. But to-night, a look of happy contentment rested on her face as she gazed musingly on the glowing embers, or occasionally took part in the conversation of her father and brother.

Suddenly was heard without the fierce barking of the mastiff watch-dog, which as suddenly subsided and was followed by a quick, joyous yelp of recognition. Shuffling feet were then heard in the outer kitchen, stamping off the snow.

"Who can that be?" asked the squire.

"Some of the neighbours, I suppose," said Kate, for the hospitable hearth presented rare attractions to the rustic swains of the vicinity.

"Some of Kate's admirers I should say," laughed Zenas, as he rose to open the door; "only they don't hunt in couples."

Two snow-besprinkled, travel-stained men, came in out of the darkness and stood revealed in the glowing fire-light as Sandy McKay and Tom Loker.

"Welcome home! However did you get here?" asked the squire warmly shaking their hands, and making room for them at the fire. "We thought you were prisoners in the hulks at Sackett's Harbour."

"So we were," replied Tom Loker with all his *sang froid*, "longer than we wanted."

"How did you like picking oakum for the Yankees, Sandy?" asked Zenas.

"Nae oakum picked I," said Sandy with an air of grim determination. "It was clean against ma conscience to gi' aid or comfort to the King's enemies in any way."

"What did they say to that?" asked the squire. "I thought they had a way of overcoming scruples of that sort."

"They could na overcome mine," said Sandy.

"They jost clapped him in the bilboes and kept him there for one while," interjected Tom. "For me, I'd rather pick all day at the tarred rope though it was hard on the fingers."

"Did they use you well otherwise?" asked Kate with commiseration in her voice.

"Prisoners can na be choosers, Miss Katharina," responded Sandy. "I suppose our treatment was naithing by ordinar. We hadna thae oaten bannocks and hot kale ye aftens gavo us. But warst o' a' was bein' pent in the close hot hulks 'tween decks, whaur ye couldna stan' upright wi'out knocking your heid again the timmers, and whaur ye gatna a sough o' the blessed

air o' heaven save what stole in through the wee port-holes. How we tholed it sae lang I dinna ken. We faured better after yon Methodist parson came."

"Ay, he wor a good un, he wor," said Tom.

"Who was he?" asked Kate with much interest.

"He wuzn't much to look at," continued Tom; "that is, there wuzn't much of him. But he had a heart big as a mountain; ther wuz nothin he wouldn't do for them poor prisoners. 'He wuz come to preach salvation,' he said, 'to them that wuz bound.' Case wuz his name,—a lootle man, but worth mor'n a dozen ornary men. I remember one day he came 'long side with a boat load of tea, coffee, sugar, and several jars of milk for the prisoners; and he preached, and prayed, and exhorted so long that it seemed as if he couldn't tear hisself away."

We return from this digression to the group at the fire-side of the Holms.

"How did you get away?" asked Zenas.

"Tam here gied 'em French leave," replied Sandy. "He just droppit out o' a port-hole into the water after the guard made his rounds and got awa in the mirk; I wonner he was na drooded."

"So I wuz e'en a'most. But wuss still was that villian of a sentry blazing away at me. It's lucky the night wuz so dark. But I thought I'd have to give up afore I got to land. I had to lie on the beach panting like a dying mackerel. Well, I walked all night to Cape Vincent, and at day-break I just borrowed one of Uncle Sam's boats and paddled across to Wolfe's Island, and soon after got to Kingston."

"How much longer did you stay, Sandy?" asked the squire, who said the story reminded him of the adventures of the Yankee prisoners in the *Jersey* hulk during the old war.

"Weel, Tam here helped me tae win out, as I may say," replied Sandy. "He hadna enouch of fechtin,' sae he mun join thae yeomanry corps that followed Wilkinson's army down the St. Lawrence, and took part in the battle o' Windmill Point. They took a handle o' preeoners there, and sune cam a 'cartel' they ca' it, offering an exchange. We did garrison duty at Fort Henry awhile, and learned the big gun drill; it may come in useful yet."

"How got you here?" asked the squire; "you never marched from Kingston at this time of year, surely."

"No," said Tom Loker, "the ten-gun brig *William and Mary*, Captain Richardson, master, wuz a-carrying stores to Colonel Vincent at Burlington, and we got leave to take passage in her. We reached there last night and walked all day to get here, and glad we are to get back to our old quarters, the best we've seen since we left them."

* Captain Richardson afterwards became a distinguished minister and bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and was for many years Agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was under fire at the sking of Oswego, and while engaged rigging a pump, a round shot carried away his arm. We have heard him say in his own parlour, picking up a carpet ball, "It was a ball like this that took off my arm." He became, on recovery from his wound, sailing master of Sir James Yoe's flag ship the *St. Lawrence*, a position requiring much nautical skill, as the huge kraken drew twenty-three feet of water, and carried

By this time Kate had a hearty supper ready for the wanderers, to which they did ample justice before returning with grateful hearts to their old lodgings in the capacious attic. By such privations and sufferings on the part of her faithful yeomanry, were the liberties of Canada maintained in those stormy days of war and conflict.

AMBER.

VERY few natural products have excited more curiosity in regard to their origin, or have had a more diverse value attached to them, than this peculiar fossil. It is older than Homer and can be traced among all nations having a remote antiquity. Its chief use has been, and is, as a sort of incense in religious worship, it being still thus employed by the Mahomedans. Its beautiful tints, its clearness and durability once rendered it valuable for ornament, but it is now chiefly used as a mouth-piece for pipes, great quantities of it being thus consumed by the Turks. Among the ancient Romans, it was accounted so precious, that a small figure in amber, was worth more than a slave. From its electric qualities it was formerly accounted to possess certain magical powers, and one with amber beads about the neck was supposed to be safe from annoyance from witches. The greatest source of supply is from the Baltic and other northern seas, where it is cast up by storms and mined by digging deep pits along the shores. Amber is the resinous product of a tree growing upon a low marshy ground in a far-off geological era. About eight hundred species of insects, mostly now extinct, have been found imbedded in amber, and many varieties of plants which have long since disappeared, as existing species. It is not uncommon to find an insect perfectly preserved in amber, and some of these are exquisitely beautiful, as they are thus set in a transparent and delicately tinted mass. It is found in masses of all sizes up to thirteen pounds, and the supply seems almost inexhaustible. In classic lore it is spoken of as—

The sweet tears shed by fair Heliades
Apollo's daughters,
When their rash brother down the welkin
sped,
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters.

THE BEST LESSON HELP.

WE heard, a short time since, William Taylor, D.D., of New York, himself a distinguished author and successful Sunday-school expositor, speak on this subject as follows: "This is a day of great multiplication of Sunday-school Lesson Helps. Every religious paper has its column or two every week, and many special periodicals are published for this purpose. And all this is admirable. But there is help that surpasses all others, and that is a loving heart. Sound interpretation is good. Accurate information is good. But love in the heart is best of all."—*S. S. Banner.*

something like a hundred guns. Few men were better known or more esteemed in Canada than Bishop Rie' He died in 1875, full of years and full of honour, beloved and regretted by all classes of the community.

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Triceman, the Pioneer Preacher: a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.