

The Family Circle.

HOPE, FAITH, LOVE.

Have Hope, have Faith, have Love, young heart,
How'er rough or dark the road;
Hope that though clouds now darken the sky,
And tears of sorrow bedim the eye,
And the frame is bent 'neath a tiresome load,
Clouds and sorrow will pass by.

Have Hope, have Faith, have Love, young heart,
As you journey day by day;
Faith that whate'er betide you here—
Doubts or trials—still bravely steer
Your bark through the storm and the blinding
spray,
Look up, your Father is near.

Have Hope, have Faith, have Love, young heart
Till the close of Life's brief day;
Love for your brother, whate'er his creed,
A helping hand to a brother in need,
And a kind word and smile alway.
Thus living, you live indeed.

—Christian Leader.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

As she looked in silent wonder and delight, a liquid, melodious trill met her ear, like the pure note of returning life, and wherever her eye turned it was gladdened by bursting buds and opening flowers, nearly all of the same dazzling snowy purity, though here and there their fair whiteness was just tinted by some exquisitely delicate coloring; and occasionally a blood-red blossom seemed to be a memorial of the beautiful, but mournful glory which had preceded the season of sorrow and despair.

But now the air was full of fresh hope; the sun shone warmly with a soft, sympathetic power that made its gentle kiss a very touch of life. The music of a thousand streamlets filled the air, and the song birds that had fled before the Destroyer's approach, were caroling joyously from every bough. And the Spirit of the Woods, as she drew in a long breath of the sweet reviving air exclaimed, "Now I know that the power of love and life is forever stronger than the fatal force of death and destruction."

"Well, do you like the Spirit of the Woods as well as the Light spirit?" asked the professor.

"No," said Marjorie promptly. "She was very useless, for she could only moan and lament."

"Oh, well! she's only intended to symbolize Nature 'travelling in pain,' as she is now; and she does well enough for that. But on a day like this one can take in the lesson, and it's the very one I've been preaching to you in my stories—that Love is the only power that will ever appeal to the human heart."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Mostyn; "I know that by experience, if I'm not a professor. Love is the only thing that will work any real reformation, even with the most hardened."

"And therefore," said the professor, "I, for one, need no other evidence that the Gospel of Love came from Him who made the heart and knows how to touch it."

But Norman and Effie were rather impatient of the quiet talk; and very soon they all went on an expedition to look at the military building on the eastern end of the island, where a regular garrison used to be posted, but where now almost absolute solitude reigned.

"So may it be with all our fortifications every-where," said the professor. "There ought to be no more need for them."

Then they began to talk of Helene de Champlain, and to wonder how the island looked when she first fancied it.

"I'm sure I think she might have been very contented in Canada," said Millie, "with such a pretty island all for her own."

"I think so too," said Professor Duncan.

When Dr. Ramsay arrived they boiled the kettle with a spirit lamp, and had afternoon tea by the shore. There were several

other picnic parties on the island, but it is so large that they did not disturb each other. The children had lovely bunches of wild flowers to carry back, as they stepped aboard the ferry boat to return in the glowing sunset, the city before them lighted up with the golden flood of radiance, and the distant hills transfigured, too, with its transient glory.

The little ones, with their flowers, were driven back by the doctor, who had left his horse at the nearest convenient place, and the others walked leisurely home in the pleasant spring twilight. To Marjorie, notwithstanding her father's absence, her fourteenth birthday seemed the pleasantest she had ever known.

CHAPTER XIX.

EASTWARD, HO!

Mr. Fleming's tour among the West India Islands had been rather more protracted than he had at first intended; and he wished to visit several interesting points in the South before returning northward. It would be, he wrote to Marjorie, July, at any rate, before he could join her in Montreal. Her cousins were delighted at this, for they had been afraid lest he might come for Marjorie before they went to Murray Bay, where they always spent the summer holidays, in one of the country cottages near that pleasant spot. They had told Marjorie a great deal about its manifold beauties and delights, so that the pleasure of looking forward to these counteracted the disappointment of her father's protracted absence; and they were all eagerly anticipating the first week in July.

Ada was getting on very well, but the doctor recommended a change to country air as soon as possible. She had been hearing so much about Murray Bay from the Ramsays and Marjorie, that she fixed her affections on that place at once, and the doctor said that nothing could be better than the bracing air there, though the water, unfortunately, would be too cold to admit of her bathing. Mrs. West had been there occasionally when her children were younger, and as a general thing she preferred to go to the livelier American watering places; but as Ada had taken a fancy to go to Murray Bay, and as she certainly was hardly fit for a long and fatiguing railway journey, the convenience of a place accessible by steamer decided the matter. And Ada had soon the satisfaction of informing Marjorie that her father had secured a furnished house for a few weeks, where she hoped Marjorie would spend part of her time with her, when they were all down there together.

Another little project the two girls discussed with great interest. Louis Girard had some relatives not far from Murray Bay and if they could take him and his mother down there to their friends in the country, it would be the very thing to recruit them both. It would be, too, Ada said, the nicest sort of reward to give the little fellow for finding Robin, though perhaps it would be more correct to say that Robin found him.

Dr. Ramsay had often told Marjorie of the 'Fresh Air Fund' in Montreal, for taking poor children out to the country; so she suggested that they should start a little 'Fresh Air Fund' for little Louis. The 'Fund' became very popular. Gerald and Ada put into it almost all their pocket money, the latter limiting her expenditure in candy to a wonderful degree. Marjorie put in all that she could save from what her father sent her for necessary expenses. Mrs. West dropped in a five dollar bill, and the young Ramsays each contributed their mite; and very soon they had collected quite enough for the purpose. And as Dr. Ramsay wanted to get Louis to the salt water as soon as possible, he and his mother were sent off with the first detachment that went down under the care of the 'Fresh Air Society.' Both were delighted; the mother crying with pleasure at the prospect of seeing her old home and her relatives again.

Alan had got his surveying appointment, and had started with his party; but Gerald

was too much needed at home to allow of his being spared. As Dick could not be much depended on, and was, more over, needed by his father in the office, Gerald must take care of his mother and sister when they went to Murray Bay, where they were to have with them an aunt and two cousins of Ada's. And as they had several other friends who took summer cottages at Murray Bay, there would be no lack of pleasant society. The Ramsay's usual resort was two or three miles from the hotels and little settlement of summer cottages, on the opposite shore of the bay. But the Wests were to take down a phaeton to drive and with Gerald's and Ada's ponies, there would be no difficulty in having frequent meetings, even if the charming walk were too much for the invalid.

June passed rapidly and pleasantly by. Marjorie went to school as usual, and had now set diligently to work at her crayon head, though the weather was not very favorable for indoor application. Ada was taken out for a drive every day, and Marjorie was her frequent companion. Their drive was usually the delightful one round the Mountain Park, with its lovely views of city, river and country, on both sides of the noble hill. Sometimes they drove through the beautiful cemetery, where the quiet sleepers rest under such a bowery shade of stately trees; and occasionally Gerald and Marjorie had a ride, sometimes up the 'mountain,' sometimes along the smooth surface of the Lachine Road, with its green fields and tall elms and glimpses of Dutch canal scenery, and the tall, gray French spire of Lachine rising above the trees.

Everywhere there was the fresh beauty of June; even in the city itself, where the gardens were aglow with flowers and blossoming shrubs, and many of the streets, especially those leading up to the 'mountain,' were like bosky avenues; and the 'mountain' itself had shaken out its luxuriant mantle of green, and rose behind the city, twice as stately in its summer robes as in its cold wintry garb. In fact it seemed scarcely possible to realize that the Montreal of June and the Montreal of the Carnival were one and the same place.

Professor Duncan went away in June to Quebec, where he usually spent most of the summer, and where he promised to take care of Marjorie, and show her much of the historic city, if she would come on a day or two in advance of the family party, who could not conveniently linger on the way. Before he left, however, an early morning expedition was arranged to go down the Lachine Rapids, as Gerald had suggested. He and the professor acted as escorts, and Marion, Marjorie and Millie started about six o'clock on a lovely June morning, after a hasty breakfast, to meet their escorts at the Bonaventure Station.

The train had soon whisked them out to Lachine, where they stepped out on the pier where the steamboat lay on which they were to descend the rapids. Above stretched the wide Lake of St. Louis—the expansion of the river above the rapids, which formerly bore the same name. As they steamed away from the village, with its large stone church and *Presbytere* and line of houses stretching along the lake shore, Professor Duncan pointed out the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the opposite bank of the river, just below the lake, and told Marjorie something of the romantic and tragic career of Robert de la Salle, the first feudal lord of Lachine. The very name of the place was, he said, a memorial of this adventurer's ambitious dream of finding a short way by water across the continent to India and China. It was in a spirit of derision that his jealous enemies gave this name to the seigniory here, given to him by the ecclesiastical body which then owned Montreal, on condition that he should build and maintain a fort there, which might help to keep off the raids of the murderous Iroquois. And he told her that there were still relics there of La Salle's old house and fortification. But La Salle was a born explorer, he

said, and soon sold his seigniory here that he might go farther West, and devote his life to his cherished project of finding a water way to the Pacific.

The professor also told briefly how, after a long succession of arduous labors, toilsome journeys and heart-breaking disappointments, he at last realized his dream of finding the Mississippi River, following it to the Gulf of Mexico, and taking possession of this great rich Western and Southern country in the name of his king, the great Louis the Fourteenth. But even in the realization of his dream he was doomed to disappointment. The jealousy of his foes and the forces of nature seemed to be banded against him, and after twenty years of labour and bravely-borne disappointments, he fell in the wilds of Texas by the bullet of a traitorous follower while trying to secure succor for an ill-fated colony he had led to that southern shore.

Marjorie listened to the professor's brief outline with the greater interest, because it seemed to interweave with the history of the place that of her own native land, and established an unexpected link of association between this Canadian village and that tropical Louisiana of which she had been reading so much in her father's letters, and both of which draw their French character and coloring from the same old brave explorers.

But they were nearing the rapids now, and the present excitement crowded out every other thought. These rapids do not look so grand and formidable as some of the other rapids of the St. Lawrence, and just at first Marjorie felt greatly disappointed. But when they got fairly into the strong grasp and swirl of the water that looks so decently quiet, and were carried on at headlong speed past the bare black rocks that almost graze the steamer's side, and saw the strong white breakers that here leap up as it to catch it and drag it to destruction, it was exciting enough; and she almost held her breath till they had stemmed the raging surges below the rocks, and had emerged into the calm, though still swift current near the tranquil beauty of Nuo's Island—quite an appropriate name, Marjorie thought, for an island that seemed such an embodiment of repose, contrasted with the angry and troubled waters just above.

The view of the city, with its mountain background, was lovely in the fresh, bright morning light, as they steamed under the huge Victoria Bridge, and swept round to the quay. And then this little expedition, so unique to Marjorie, was over already. She stepped off the steamboat reluctantly, glad that she could look forward to having soon more enjoyable travel on the same noble river.

The weather was growing very warm in Montreal, even before the end of June. Marjorie felt it difficult to fix her thoughts on her studies, and her energy was growing rather languid. Ada was suffering from prostration caused by the heat, and grew more fretful than she had been since the first days of convalescence. Preparations were hurried on, and one fine evening in the end of June, Marjorie found herself on board the large Quebec steamboat, with her aunt, Jack and Gerald, who were going down in advance of their respective parties, to have all things in readiness. Marjorie was to be left at Quebec with Professor Duncan till the others came on, two days later, when she was to join them on the Saguenay steamer.

They had a beautiful calm evening, with a growing moon, as they sailed down the wide stream of the St. Lawrence, watching the 'mountain' till it rose dimly blue in the distance. To Marjorie it was associated with so much enjoyment, that to lose sight of it at last seemed like bidding good-by to an old friend. Her aunt insisted on her going off early to her stateroom, notwithstanding the beauty of the summer night; for there would be far more to see in the morning, and she would have to be up about five, not to miss the fine scenery just above Quebec.

(To be continued.)