



He reaches success first who oils his wheels with civility.

A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes like a dead wasp.

Life would be one delightful slide if we did not have to drag our sledges back up the hill.

People should always make the most of fine weather when it comes, because there cannot be too much of it.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it is lucky for most of us that there is no building inspector around.

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

There are two things needed in these days; first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work.

There comes a time in most men's lives when the bell rings for prayers; and unhappy is he who finds nothing to answer to his heart's supplications.—*Augustine Birrell.*

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.—*D. L. Moody.*

Only the few favoured by fortune can scale the rock of fame; but there is plenty of other work to be done by the multitude, as good and true in its own way if not so enduring.

Of all charities mere money giving is the least; sympathy, kind words, gentle judgments, a friendly pressure of weary hands, an encouraging smile, will frequently outweigh a mint of coins.

In England young men speak of their father as "the governor," "pater," the "overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

Old age has its privileges. It is a blessed thing to grow old and be respected, and honoured, and humored. The very old and the very young are the light and the hope of the world. The dignity and wisdom of age and the innocence of childhood are the best features of life.

The Cross of Christ has presided over all the destinies of the modern world; it is linked with its trials, and with all its glories, it has served as a basis to its institutions, and a standard to its armies; it has consecrated the most dazzling pageantries of civilization, and the most secret emotions of piety; it has sanctified the palaces of emperors and the huts of peasants.—*Montalembert.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the cry of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away.—*Sterne.*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can give you
For every day:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

FINISH YOUR WORK.—Always finish work that you begin. One thing finished is worth a hundred half done. The completion of an undertaking yields more pleasure and profit than dozens of plans. The man who is always planning and scheming is rarely, if ever, successful. He often furnishes ideas for others, who go persistently to work and finish what his ideas suggested. "That was my idea—my plan," we frequently hear some one say; but the man who carried it out was the one who benefited himself and others. Do not begin what you cannot finish. What you undertake to do, do, and reap the reward of your own ideas and skill.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—The simplest receipt for happiness is to make some other person happy. This rarely fails. We are so eager to do some great thing that we are apt to overlook opportunities which occur every day for doing little kindnesses. A few flowers or a simple delicacy daintily served to one of the "shut-in;" the loan of books to hungry souls who count them a luxury they have no money to buy; a drive into the country for a poor woman whose days are spent in household drudgery; and full pay to the seamstress or washerwoman when her work is done; an unexpected interval of leisure to a faithful employee by now and then cutting short the prescribed hours of labour; a bright, cheerful good morning to a labouring man, with a kind word about his work and welfare—these are trifles, take little time, cost little money, give little trouble, but they brighten the drudgery of work-a-day life.

MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

This pretty little village is situated on the River St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal, and, on the 5th of August next, the citizens intend holding special services—one in the church in the morning and an historical soirée in the evening—in memory of the terrible massacre which took place there in the early days of Canadian history, just two hundred years ago. Three causes may be said to have led up to this massacre. First, in the year 1687 the French Governor, M. de Denonville, according to instructions received from the Court of France, seized a number of Iroquois chiefs, whom he had induced to come to Cataracoui, as if to a conference, and sent them off to France, where they were put to work in the King's galleys like convicts. The second cause was the severe chastisement inflicted by de Denonville on the Senecas, who were the most numerous, if not the bravest, of the Five Nations. The seizure of their chiefs and the defeat of the Senecas roused the ferocity of the other tribes. They attacked the fortified places and ravaged the settlements along the Richelieu, and were with difficulty driven off. In the meantime word was sent out from the Kings of England and France instructing their colonial governors to abstain from hostile acts against each other, and also to see that their Indian allies did the same.

Accordingly, the English Governor advised the Iroquois chiefs to make peace with the French on the following terms: Compensation to the Senecas, the restoration of the Iroquois who had been carried off to France, as well as other captives, and to demolish Forts Niagara and Frontenac. De Denonville met the Iroquois deputies at Three Rivers, and agreed to their terms in reference to prisoners and forts; but the other points were not settled, and the Iroquois returned for further instructions from their own people. On their way they were met by a certain renowned Huron chief, named Kondiaronk "Le Rat," who, with his followers, suddenly fell upon them, killing and wounding several before he would listen to their protestations that they were a peace party on their way home. Pretending to be much surprised at this, he assured them he was acting under orders received from the Governor himself. The Iroquois acted just as "Le Rat" had anticipated; they were completely deceived, and returned home burning with revenge for the supposed wrong done to them. The efforts of "Le Rat" to prevent the Iroquois and French from coming to terms were but too successful, and a terrible act of revenge and slaughter was resolved upon, which culminated in the massacre of Lachine.

Months passed away in doubt and uncertainty, and with the 14th of July, 1689, came the news that the mother countries were now at war with each other in consequence of James II. taking refuge at St. Germain, and the colonial governors were now released from their former orders. As a storm gives warning of its approach, so did the fury which was about to burst upon the unfortunate colonists begin to show itself by certain movements among the Iroquois tribes. Père de Lamberville and LeMoyne de Longueuil were sent to quiet, if possible, the hostile feeling of the Senecas, but they failed to produce any effect upon the chiefs. Quietly but surely the Iroquois went on with the preparations for their bloody work.

The 4th of August, 1689, dawned clear and beautiful, as only a Canadian summer day can. A cloudless sky looked down upon the happy homes of the peaceful little village, nestling among the woods which fringed the banks of the broad St. Lawrence. The cheerful clatter of the *sabots* of the housewife as she moved to and fro on her errands, the joyous shouts of children as they mingled at play, and the distant murmur of men's voices as they worked in the fields, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of that quiet scene. No thought of cruel treacherous foe lurking on the other side of the river, with hand grasping tomahawk and poisoned arrow, came to disturb the minds of the people. Night with its creeping shadows came on, dark angry clouds now swept the sky, the wind moaned drearily through

the trees, the waves rose and fell with a sullen sound on the shore. Darker grew the night, fiercer and wilder howled the wind around that doomed place. And then, amidst a storm of rain and hail, numerous canoes glided forth from their hiding place and shot across the water. No sooner had they touched the land than out leaped hundreds of savage warriors, who, with stealthy step, grouped themselves round each home. No cry from sentinel arose to warn those doomed ones of the awful fate which was about to overtake them! If some nervous sleeper did awake and listen for a moment with that nameless dread of some pending calamity, "It was but the noise of the storm," he said, and sleepily laid down again—to wake to what? To the yell of the Indian war-whoop, to the glare of burning houses and the shrieks of men and women as they were hurled into the flames, or fell beneath the tomahawk. The cruelties committed on that awful night were indescribable. Never before or since has so terrible a tragedy occurred in Canada. The few who escaped were cut down as they fled on their way to Montreal. The ruin and havoc extended for miles and miles; not a home was left standing; even to the gates of Montreal they were burned.

THE GARDENS OF JUDEA.

We may conclude that while gardens were known and prized in Judea, they played no such conspicuous part in royal and priestly life as they did in most Oriental countries, while the private citizen, unusually devoted to agriculture and devoid of wealth, rarely, if ever, created them on an extensive scale. Moreover, we can divine that the royal gardens themselves were primarily places for propagation of fruit trees and other useful plants. Even the poetical imagery of the Bible reveals this fact, speaking much more of fruits, sweet-smelling herbs, and serviceable trees than of plants prized for their beauty or for the luxury of the shade they gave. Flowers were not required in religious ceremonies, but incense was, and odoriferous herbs are constantly referred to in the Scriptures, sometimes as very precious things. A "balsam garden" at Jericho was important enough to be noticed by Strabo, but in reading authors of his time we must not forget the great influence which Greek and Roman conquest had then had upon the world. Of course, flowers cannot have been neglected in Judea—there is no civilized time or country when this has been the case. But their rôle was private, not public; and plants are only mentioned in connection with the temple in those simulated forms of pomegranates, palms, and "flowers of lilies," which entered into the carven decoration. So learned and enterprising a King as Solomon may well have filled his gardens with exotics obtained from his constant helpers, the travelling and trading Phœnicians, and the mention of planting "strange slips," in Isaiah, xvii., 2, seems to indicate that they were especially valued. The Levitical law against the propagation of mixed species must, however, have stood in the way of such horticultural operations as have enriched the garden flora of modern people. The Jews had a peculiarly keen sense for the beauty and grandeur of natural scenery and of wild-growing forms of vegetation. Why, then, were their gardens less numerous and important than those of other Oriental nations? Partly, as I have said, because of their relative poverty and simple ways of life, but partly because, while the Egyptians, for example, were artists by nature, the Hebrews were not. The same difference which shows in the history of gardening shows in that of other forms of art. Art of every kind was vitally essential to the religious ceremonials of Egypt, but it played a minor part in Judea, and in many of its developments was absolutely outlawed. It was proscribed as a spring of spiritual danger. But it would hardly have been proscribed for this or any other reason among a people endowed by nature with a strongly artistic temperament. The Jews were a highly imaginative race, but their imagination concerned itself most of all with moral and spiritual things, least of all with the things of art.—*Garden and Forest.*

Noah would have failed as a railroad man. He even built an ark to keep stock from being watered.