

the despised of this world; wonder, as He dies in behalf of those who had contemned him in life, and railed at him crucified. Meditate upon these characters, and learn the lessons taught by them, and you shall indeed be as "trees planted by the rivers of water." Live so that you may gain the immortality of the good, and you shall learn forever; shall eternally bathe in the infinite ocean of Truth.

VIII. Miscellaneous.

1. THE MAPLE TREE.

O'er barren hill, o'er valley,
The blazoned lions wave,
They greet the sun from earliest rise
To where he seeks his grave:
The terror of the tyrant,
The hope of freeborn man,
In many a bloody fight
For liberty and right
They've flashed amid the van.

But ours is not the blazon
That tells of life-blood shed,
Our standards float not on the breeze
That waifs o'er heaps of dead.
No lions grace our banners,
No kingly bird have we;
But ours the stately forms
That have braved a thousand storms—
Ours is the Maple tree.

A thousand hills are gleaming
Beneath the sun's glad rays,
A thousand hymns are echoing
Bird-hymns of joy and praise,
And o'er them off the Maple
Lifts high his noble head;
No fairer sight, I ween,
Than his many-tinted sheen
Of emerald and red.

All other things are fleeting,
All other boasts shall cease,
Our victories shall last for aye—
The victories of peace.
Oh, hallowed is each leaflet
That decks the good old tree,
For he towers to Him above,
Who alone is perfect Love,
And father of the free.

2. FIRST DISCOVERY OF MAPLE SUGAR.

In *Dodsley's Register* for October, 1765, it is stated that "a method of making sugar and molasses from the sap of a certain tree called maple, common in the New England Colonies, has just been discovered and put in practice at several portions of New England, but especially at Bernardston, about twenty miles from Athol."

3. A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF FRATERNAL LOVE.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate. "Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends, my father and mother are dead; I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh! sir, what can he do for me?" "The Court must send you to the House of Correction." "Here I am, sister—here I am! Do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance started forth from amidst the crowd and stood before the Judge. "Who are you?" said he. "James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl." "Your age?" "Thirteen." "And what do you want?" "I come to claim my Lucille." "But have you the means of providing for her?" "Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid!" "Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; the Court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister. "But you must give us some explanation." "About a fortnight ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to

carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I soon found a good place, where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman who, for those twenty francs, will take care of Lucille and teach her needle work. I claim my sister." "My boy," said the Judge, "your conduct is honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow." "Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

The little ones are near to God, just as the earth—a small planet—is near to the sun.

4. THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

A DARK SHADOW UPON MEMORY.

My father, after an absence of some years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest) into a rough, careless boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence.

My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down an open field,—a favorite playground for the children in the neighbourhood.

After talking cheerfully on different topics for awhile, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field.

I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my playground when a boy. The rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors.

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her sweet, affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her sincerely. I was never happy apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority, or to appear penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron-strings. From a quiet, home-loving child, I became a wild, boisterous boy. My mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but I did not heed it till it was too late.

"It was on an afternoon like this, that as I was about leaving the dining table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly, but firmly, 'My son, I wish you to come with me.' I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me, 'We will take a little walk together.' I followed her in silence; and as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, and being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock. Oh, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me, for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile, stands the monument of my guilt for ever.