

luck neither, for the squire stopped me on the road; and said, "Here, Tom, you've always been a good lad to your mother, and I'll give you a sovereign to buy something for her now you are leaving, and here's another for yourself. We don't want industrious chaps like you to go away, but there is certainly a good prospect for you in Canada. And don't forget old England, Tom; be loyal to your Queen and Country, and keep under the old flag, Tom, whatever you do".

"I will, sir", I said, "and thank you, sir", but the squire had cantered almost out of hearing in a minute.

Here I was with nearly five pounds in my pocket and a merry heart, after all! One of my great troubles had been that I could not give a parting present to anybody, I was too poor; now I was rich enough and to spare. I did not tell mother of the Squire's gift that day, but I went to see Anne next morning, and she got leave to go with me to the town and there we bought mother a splendid new gown, father a new hat, granny a new pair of spectacles to be exchanged if they didn't suit, a box of marbles, all glass alleys and agates, for Dick and Mary, a doll apiece for Lillie and Emmie, and a nice new neck tie each for Will and Jim, who were out in place. Anne got herself a new parasol, which she had not been able to afford, though she wanted one so badly, and she declared she would make it last until she saw me again. "If you don't come home in five years, Tom, I shall perhaps try Canada, too", she said.

We had a discussion as to whether it would be proper to take old Josiah a little gift, as we had to be under some obligation to him so that I could go, but at last we agreed to take him a new 'bacey box, with a sailor dancing a hornpipe on the top, that was to be had for sixpence and couldn't be construed into an impertinence by the most testy of men, and old Josiah was pretty good-natured generally.

Such a parcel as we had to carry home! And so little it cost! I had still three pounds in my pocket and I'm sure I received a hundred pounds worth of pleasure in the distribution of my gifts.

"Why that hat'll do to go to church in, Tom", cried my father as he put his new tile on, and peeped into the looking glass.

"And don't father look well in it?" said little Mary, "he looks young again".

"It hides all his shiny head and makes his hair look as black as black", added Jim.

"If I comb oor hair every Sunday will oo go to church, father?" enquired Emmie.

"Perhaps I will", said father, "when mother gets her new gown made; the parson's behaved like a brick to Tom, an' I'll forgive him".

This was a glad speech to me, for I knew how poor mother had tried and persuaded father to resume his attendance at church in vain, and it seemed as though a gleam of happiness for my poor mother had come to cheer us all in our parting.

From Current Periodicals.

TO CANADA.

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHIEF.

FAIR Motherland, we join thee in thy grief,
No seek with plummet line thy woe immense
To vainly sound; nor soul, nor human sense
Its depths abyssal, e'en for moments brief,
Can reach, or bring by so thing words relief;
Thy heart corals now with agony are tense,
And o'er thy erst bright face clouds dark and dense
Bespeak thy mother woe for our dead Chief
Sweet Canada! thy grief is right and just;
His child thou art, though he did bow to thee;
Thy parts he found in jealous fear to rust,
Thy children bickering from sea to sea;
His magic voice wove bonds of mutual trust,
And bade them stand a nation strong and free.

—*Evening Mail.*

DOLLARD.¹

(MAY, 1660).

He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.
—*Schiller's Wallenstein.*

WE would not institute a new Chinese order of the Worship of Ancestors; but it is well to remember the men who went before us—the men who subdued wild nature and wilder humanity, who carved a magnificent monument out of the wilderness, and laid the foundations of future greatness. The hope of the future may indeed be the sons, rather than the fathers; but that hope for which we make glad way, will be such sons as prove that they are worthy of their fathers, not only by themselves doing, but by the grateful emulous remembrance of the deeds of these departed worthies.

They have gone, but not wholly—for their deeds remain, and the silent earth they trod has speech of them. Their patience, their heroism, their fidelity, their piety, are seeds of power nourished by the centuries, and grow like sequoias of the West, English oaks, and cedars of Lebanon. No drop of their blood was wasted, no sigh was aimlessly breathed, no blow fell without its eternal echo; they lived; and ourselves and our heritage are here. We *do* remember them!

"Our hearts their presence feel
Voiceless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On Memory's shore harmonious echoes steal;
And names which in the days gone by were spells,
Are blent with that soft music".²

Welcome! then, the deeds and names to which our hearts respond with nobler beating! This world is quickened by the tread, and sweetened by the breath of heroes; it is sanctified by their blood, and redeemed by their dying. Their chronicles are among its imperishable records; the

¹ This incident is the foundation of Mrs. Catherwood's excellent romance published in *The Century*, entitled, *A Story of Dollard*.

² Joseph Howe.