

the fields of which were green; and it was well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets. When they came near the coast, they saw a number of people, who showed the greatest marks of wonder and delight. The poor people were greatly surprised at the fine appearance of the Spaniards; and, when they heard their guns fired, they thought the noise was thunder. After this discovery, Columbus returned to Spain, and was received by the king and queen with every mark of honor and distinction. Then a fleet was fitted out to go in search of more countries. In this second voyage, other islands were found; and, in a third voyage, the great continent of America was discovered. This was on the 1st day of August, 1498.

Columbus had many enemies, who spoke against him to the king of Spain, and he was at one time brought back to Spain in chains. But he proved his innocence, and was sent back to seek for more lands; and, after many perils by land and by water, he came back again to Spain, and was much honoured there, till he died, three or four years after his return.

THE PRIMROSE AND THE BRAMBLE.

A Fable.

*When nature wore her loveliest bloom,
And fields and hedges breathed perfume,
And every painted child of Spring,
Flutter'd in air its little wing.
Pleased a I ranged a verdant field,
(Each scene can some instruction yield,)
Beneath a hedge within my view,
A Bramble and a Primrose grew.
Fancy, that all-creative power,
Can give a tongue to every flower;
And thus, as I pursued my walk,
To fancy's ear they seem'd to talk.*

*The Bramble rear'd his thorny head,
And to his humble neighbor said,—
"Alas! thou poor unhappy thing,
Unblest with either thorn or sting.
What shall protect, if this lone shade,
The traveller's trampling feet invade?
We should be dare to touch, with speed
He shall repent the audacious deed;
Such insolence I'll soon repay,
And send him bleeding hence away."*

*His boast the primrose meekly bears,
Nor felt from thence uneasy fears;
Since thorns she deem'd a less defence
Than unoffending innocence.*

*Ere long, to shun the noon-tide rays,
Close to the hedge a traveller strays;
The Bramble did as he had plann'd,
And deeply scratch'd the traveller's hand.
The man, resentful of the deed,
Soon rooted up the worthless weed,
Indignant toss'd it from his sight,
That none might suffer from its spite;
While undisturb'd the primrose blooms,
And all admire her sweet perfumes.*

*My dearest girls, the tale attend,
And learn this maxim from a friend,
This maxim often taught in vain,—
Ill-nature still produces pain:
At others though she aims her dart,
It turns und pierces her own heart;
While meekness does the soul engage,
Admired, beloved, in youth and age.*

LIZZY M'CALLUM.

I remember my mother telling me of a poor woman, a neighbour of her's, who lived in the same village at the foot of the Grampians, and whose husband having died, left her with six children, the youngest only a few months old. "For many months (said my mother), this worthy creature supported herself and her six innocents by spinning literally almost day and night; and yet, with all this exertion, she could only procure them the scantiest supply of the poorest fare. Barley porridge, without milk, twice a-day, with perhaps the luxury of potatoes and herrings to dinner once or twice a week, formed their whole sustenance for months together, so small was the remuneration for that kind of labour which the mother alone could work at. But during all this time, no one ever heard a complaint from Lizzy M'Callum; and although her children's wan looks told that their fare was none of the best, still they were scrupulously neat and clean in their clothes—a feature which seldom characterized their neighbours. Being gentle, good-natured children, they were always welcome playmates to you and your sisters. In the winter evenings, they participated in your pastimes of hunt the slipper and blindman's buff; and in the fine days of summer, the young M'Callums were equally necessary and important allies in chasing butterflies over the knowes, plaiting swords and caps of rushes in the meadow, or catching minnows in the mill-burn. One day (continued my mother, with a sigh, the tears coursing down her venerable cheeks at the recollection)—I remember as if it had been yesterday—two of Lizzy's little girl's were at play with you and your sister Harriet in our front parlour. You were then both just about the same age, namely, five and seven years; and as I chanced to be dealing out to Harriet and you your customary forenoon slice of bread and butter, I offered a slice each to Mary and Jessy M'Callum. The latter, a mere infant, at first involuntarily held out her little hand with avidity, looked wistfully for a moment at the tempting morsel, then suddenly withdrawing her hand, as if a serpent had stung her, and reddening like scarlet, timidly said, 'No, I thank ye, mem.' 'Come, Mary,' said I to her sister, 'I am sure you will not be so shy; you shall have both slices.' 'I am much obliged to ye, mem,' replied the sweet child, blushing like crimson; 'but my mither says we mauna take pieces ex-

cept in our ain house.' Such were the lessons of self-denial and decent pride implanted by their worthy parent in the minds of these innocent children of adversity.

Not satisfied with providing for the more animal wants of her children, Lizzy M'Callum endeavoured, with the most untiring assiduity and affection, so far as her own humble acquirements went, to cultivate the minds and improve the manners of those helpless and endearing charges which had been entrusted to her sole care. One always sat by her side and read while she was engaged in spinning, and in this way she taught the four eldest to read the Bible very accurately. Psalms and questions from the Shorter Catechism accompanied these instructions; and when these duties were over, if any of the juniors began to grow impatient or clamorous for food, she would occasionally resort to the innocent expedient of lifting the tune of 'Little what ye wha's coming,' and making them dance to it, while she plied the task which was to procure them the next meal.

The neighbour gossips often wondered how Lizzy M'Callum found time to keep her cottage so trim, and her 'bairns sae 'wysse-like,' for, excepting on Sunday, she was always found at her wheel; and yet, although her labour seemed without end, and her privations almost too much for human fortitude to sustain, still Lizzy's open countenance ever wore the same calm good-humoured smile, and her answer to any whose benevolence prompted them to offer her pecuniary aid, was, 'I am obleeged to ye—greatly obleeged I'm sure, but I need naething, and the bairns ha'e aye a bite an' a brat (i. e. food and clothes)—thanks to the Giver. Every good result did indeed follow this excellent and humble-minded woman, and her singular exertions in so worthy a cause were not without their reward: for as her children grew up, they went to service among the farmers in the neighbourhood, to whom their good conduct soon recommended them; and so much were the M'Callums respected and beloved, that they invariably received higher wages than was usually given to servants in their station in that part of the country. But none, save those who have been similarly circumstanced, can fully comprehend the delight of the widowed mother, when, on the forenoon of the term day, her rosy, open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women one after another dropped into their dear mother's humble cottage, and with tears in their eyes, and looks glowing with happiness and affection, placed in her lap 'their sair-won penny fee.' Then would each, in his or her turn, receive the mother's kiss, and her solemn blessing; and ere the tears of pleasure and filial love were well-dry on their cheeks, they would commence making