

## LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

WAY, away in the Northland,  
Where the hours of the day are few,  
And the nights so long in winter  
They cannot sleep them through;—

Where they harness the swift reindeer  
To the sledges where it snows;—  
And the children look like bears cubs,  
In their funny furry clothes;—

They tell a curious story—  
I don't believe 'tis true;  
And yet you may learn a lesson  
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good St. Peter  
Lived in this world below,  
And walked about it preaching—  
Just as he did you know—

He came to the door of a cottage,  
In travelling round the earth,  
Where a little woman was making cakes,  
And baking them on the hearth.

And being faint with fasting,  
For the day was almost done,  
He asked her from her store of cakes  
To give him a single one.

So she made him a very little cake,  
But, as it baking lay,  
She looked at it, and thought it seemed  
Too large to give away.

Therefore, she kneaded another,  
And still a smaller one;  
But it looked when she turned it over,  
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough  
And rolled and rolled it flat,  
And baked it as thin as a wafer;  
But she would not part with that;

For she said "My cakes that seem too small  
When I eat of them myself,  
Are yet too large to give away."  
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good St. Peter grew angry,  
For he was hungry and faint;  
And surely such a woman  
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish  
To dwell in a human form;  
To have both food and shelter,  
And a fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall live as the birds do,  
And shall get your scanty food  
By boring and boring and boring,  
All day in the hard, dry wood.

Then she went up through the chimney,  
Never speaking a word,  
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,  
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,  
And that was left the same;  
But all the rest of her clothes were burned  
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy  
Has seen her in the wood;  
Where she lives in the trees to this very day,  
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches;—  
Live not for yourself alone,  
Lest the needs you will not pity  
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given you,  
Listen to pity's call;  
Don't think the little you give is great,  
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,  
And try to be kind and good,  
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress  
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you  
live  
As selfish as you can;  
But you will be changed to a smaller thing  
A mean and selfish man.

A GENTLEMAN who had a servant  
with a very thick skull used often to  
call him the king of fools. "I wish,"  
said the man, one day, "you could  
make your words good, as I should  
then be monarch of the world."

## CANON FARRAR ON GENERAL GRANT.

E. H. DUTTON & Co., New York,  
publish in a neat pamphlet, Canon  
Farrar's noble eulogy on President  
Grant—pronounced in Westminster  
Abbey—from which we quote the  
closing words:

We are gathered here in England to  
do honour to his memory, and to show  
our sympathy with the sorrow of a  
great sister-nation.

Could we be gathered here in a more  
fitting place? We do not lack here  
memorials to recall the history of your  
country. There is the grave of Andre;  
there is the monument raised by grate-  
ful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe,  
there is the temporary resting-place of  
George Peabody; there is the bust of  
Longfellow; over the Dean's grave  
there is the faint semblance of Boston  
Harbor. We add another memory to-  
day. Whatever there may have been  
between the two nations to forgive and  
forgive, it is forgotten and forgiven.  
"I will not speak of them as two peo-  
ples," said General Grant at New-  
castle, in 1877, "because, in fact, we  
are one people, with a common destiny,  
and that destiny will be brilliant in  
proportion to the friendship and co-  
operation of the brethren dwelling on  
each side of the Atlantic." Oh! if  
the two peoples, which are one people,  
be true to their duty, and true to their  
God, who can doubt that in their hands  
are the destinies of the world? Can  
anything short of utter demerit  
ever thwart a destiny so manifest?  
Your founders were our sons; it was  
for our past that your present grew.  
The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh  
is not that nameless grave in St. Mar-  
garet's; it is the State of Virginia.  
Yours and ours alike are the memories  
of Captain John Smith and of the  
Pilgrim Fathers, of General Ogle-  
thorpe's strong benevolence of soul,  
of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and  
the burning zeal of Wesley and Whit-  
field. Yours and ours alike are the  
plays of Shakespeare and the poems of  
Milton; ours and yours alike are all  
that you have accomplished in liter-  
ature or in history—the songs of Long-  
fellow and Bryant, the genius of Haw-  
thorne and of Irving, the fame of  
Washington, Lee, and Grant. But  
great memories imply great responsi-  
bilities. It was not for nothing that  
God has made England what she is;  
not for nothing that the free indi-  
vidualism of a busy multitude, the  
humble traders of a fugitive people,  
snatching the New World from feudal-  
ism and bigotry—from Philip II. and  
Louis XIV., from Menendez and  
Montcalm, from the Jesuit in the  
Inquisition, from Perquensada and from  
Richelieu—to make it the land of the  
Reformation and the Republic of  
Christianity and of Peace.

Let America take her place side by  
side with England in the very van of  
freedom and of progress, united by a  
common language, by common blood,  
by common measures, by common in-  
terests, by a common history, by com-  
mon hopes; united by the common  
glory of great men, of which this great  
temple of silence and reconciliation is  
the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast  
purpose of the two peoples who are one  
people to show all the world not only  
the magnificent spectacle of human  
happiness, but the still more magnifi-  
cent spectacle of two peoples which are  
one people, loving righteousness and

hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to  
the principles of eternal justice which  
are the unchanging laws of God.

## THE FEARFUL FOLLY OF ALE DRINKERS.

MR. GEO. HALL, the accomplished  
editor of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the  
most valued of our exchanges and a  
"live" temperance paper, sends us a  
very striking tract published by the Live-  
soy's Temperance Tract Depot. It gives  
an engraving of two large rolls of bread,  
solid nutriment, price 6d.; and beside  
it an engraving of a quart of ale with  
2½ ounces of nutriment and 36 ounces of  
water, with the accompanying text.

The engravings show by their striking  
contrast the fearful folly of paying  
sixpence for 2½ ounces of nutriment  
of inferior quality, while 68 ounces of  
the very best food can be got for the  
same amount. And that is not the  
worst of the matter, for along with the  
2½ ounces of nutriment the ale drinker  
swallows 2 ounces of alcohol ("spirits  
of wine") or "the devil in solution,"  
which very appropriate designation  
was given to the intoxicating portion of  
liquors by one who was not a tee-  
totaler. To drink ale for the nutriment  
it contains is the greatest delusion  
that any sane person could labour  
under. What a waste of money! Six-  
pence for 2½ ounces of poor food—  
could folly go farther than this? Then  
in addition to the waste of money there  
is the injury inflicted upon the  
physical system from the effects of  
taking the dose of alcohol contained in  
the ale. It is amazing how long the  
delusion of ale drinking has lasted.  
Really, what do men drink ale for? It  
cannot possibly be for the nutrition it  
contains; that foolish notion is com-  
pletely exploded by the fact of the  
miserably small quantity of solid  
matter contained in the purest ale—  
that made only from malt and hops.  
And it is the solids and not the liquids,  
upon which labouring men have to  
work. Do men drink ale to quench  
thirst? No. Though such a very large  
portion of ale consists of water, yet it  
being mixed with a fiery liquid (alcohol)  
prevents the liquor from quenching  
thirst; just in proportion to its alco-  
holic strength instead of diminishing it  
increases thirst. Ale really excites  
thirst; as a proof of this the drinking  
man is always dry. If a thirst  
quenching liquor was wanted, the  
water, if taken alone, would serve that  
wise purpose, but it can never do so  
when it is mixed with the thirst-  
exciting, health-destroying spirit. If  
instead of spending 6d. in a quart of  
ale, the drinker spent a farthing for 2½  
ounces of bread and a small fraction of  
a farthing for 36 ounces of water, he  
would effectually quench his thirst and  
escape all the evil effects of the alcohol.  
But what a laughing-stock to all  
sensible people would a man present  
who was willing to pay 6d. for a  
beggarly bit of bread weighing 2½  
ounces with about three gills of water  
given with it! Foolish as would be the  
waste of money in such a case, yet it  
would be a far better plan than paying  
6d. for a quart of ale. For what then  
do men drink ale? Because they are  
deluded by the first effect arising from  
the spirit (alcohol) contained in it;  
they mistake excitement or stimulant  
for strength; they are grievously de-  
ceived by the false life which they  
seem to get when the alcohol is  
swallowed. The effect of all stimu-

lation from alcohol (whether in ale or  
whiskey or brandy, for the spirit is  
the same in all) is to draw upon the  
constitution and in a sense to force  
muscular power before it is due. Ale  
deludes by seeming to lift a man  
higher than his ordinary self, but then  
he always falls back—yes lower than  
before. This is illustrated by the  
condition in which the Saturday night  
drinker is found on Sunday morning.  
Such is the depression which follows  
the alcoholic excitement, that even a  
full day's rest on the Sunday is often  
insufficient to restore the drinker to the  
condition of health and strength that he  
possessed before he commenced drink-  
ing on the Saturday. Ale is neither  
food nor drink, but an alcoholic  
stimulant. What infatuation it is to  
spend money in shattering our nerves,  
which is the effect of ale drinking.  
Act wisely by abstaining from ale and  
all liquors that will intoxicate.

## "LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

THEY drive home the cows from the  
pastures;  
Up through the shady lane,  
While the quail whistles loud in the wheat-  
field  
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;  
They gather the earliest snow-drops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toes the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder-blooms white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,  
They know where the fruit is the thickest  
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,  
And at night-time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed children  
May grow righteous rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land—  
Chisel, palette, and God's holy word,  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

## HABITS OF OBSERVING.

Who was it that said it? of whom?  
—that such or such a person, had  
travelled more and seen less than any  
other man living? No matter. It is  
true that one can go about a great  
deal, and observe, hence learn, very  
little. We ought all of us to cultivate  
our senses more. How much more a  
painter sees in a landscape than you  
do, or than we. How much more a  
hunter sees and hears in the woods.  
How much more a sailor at sea. It  
would be an excellent thing for chil-  
dren once in a while to be sent out  
together on a walk, and returning be  
asked to give each an account of the  
things observed on the way. The  
comparison and contrast would be in-  
teresting and stimulating. Habits of  
observing should be carefully formed  
by us all. It would eventually make  
a vast difference in the sum of know-  
ledge acquired, and in the interest of  
life.