

## 2. SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

"Please to help me a minute, sister,"

"O don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheel-barrows, or kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jackknife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling round fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked; "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment and then added: "Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

O, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented, as I kissed little Fred's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter, and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of our old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Fred—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.—*Examiner*.

## 3. LORD ELGIN AND THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

[Abridged from the correspondence of the London Times.]\*

SHANGHAI, Friday, Sept. 3, 1853,

On the 3rd of August, Her Majesty's ships *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Lee*, (gunboat,) and steam yacht *Emperor* destined as a present for His Majesty the Tycoon of Japan, entered the port of Nangasaki, and steaming past the point at which a line of junks have heretofore been moored to bar the ingress of foreign ships, cast anchor immediately off the city and Dutch factory of Decima. On the following day the *Calcutta*, having on board the Admiral, accompanied by the *Inflexible*, joined the squadron. Nothing can exceed in picturesque beauty the bay of Nangasaki and the situation of the city at the extremity; swelling hills covered with the most luxuriant verdure rise from the water's edge. The steep thatched roofs of snug cottages peep from out the dense foliage amid which they are nestled; while temples perched upon overhanging points contrast brilliantly with their dark green set-

ting. In some places precipitous walls of rock are mirrored in the azure blue or the water at their base; in others, drooping branches kiss its calm surface. Green batteries guard projecting points, and rock-cut steps ascend the steep hill-sides, clothed with heavy forest, or terraced with rice fields. Boats of quaint construction, with sharp-pointed prows and broad sterns, above which flutter two black and white flags—the Imperial colors—glance across the harbor, propelled by stalwart naked figures, who skulk to the tune of a measured chant. The forepart of the boat is covered by a roof, and contains a *posse* of two-sworded officials, who incontinently board each ship as it anchors, speak very fair Dutch, are extremely inquisitive, but very gentleman-like and good-natured, and who, after official curiosity has been satisfied, proceed to make their reports, and return, in all probability, to circumnavigate the ship as a guard-boat during the rest of its stay in the harbor. A Dutch merchant ship and a Japanese man-of-war screw-steamer were the only vessels in harbor when we arrived and anchored about half a mile from the shore. The city of Nangasaki covers a plain at the end of the harbor, but it has outgrown its area, and the houses cluster up the spurs of the hills that sink into it, and the streets are in places so steep as to render steps necessary. Formerly foreigners were not allowed to enter the town, and the Dutch were only permitted to leave their prison of Decima under a strong escort of officials, and when permission had been formally asked and obtained. Now the barriers had been so far broken down that we explored at pleasure the shops and streets of the town—not, as in China, an offensive, and disgusting operation, but a charming and agreeable amusement. The streets are broad, clean and free from foul odors; the people civil and courteous, and if the shops in the town do not afford many interesting objects of speculation, the bazaars, which are stacked with lacquer, China, &c., for the express benefit of foreigners, are so tempting that few can leave them without experiencing a considerable drain upon their resources. As Mr. Ward, who commanded the yacht, had been instructed to deliver it over, if possible, at Jeddo, it was therefore determined to proceed at once to that place. Lord Elgin determined, by accompanying the yacht, to avail himself of the opportunity which would thus be presented, of gaining access to the capital, as by these means additional facilities would doubtless be afforded for carrying out the object he had in view.

No sooner was it decided that the presentation of the yacht should take place at Jeddo than the *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Lee* and *Emperor* started for Simoda. Heavy gales obliged all four to run in for shelter at the bay of Nangasaki, and it was not until the morning of the 10th that they sighted the lofty volcanic mountain of *Fusiyama*. Towering like *Etna* to a perfect cone, with an elevation of about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, it was first visible at a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, its beautiful outline defined sharp and clear, with the first gray tints of morning. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by him into a household god. *Fusiyama* is painted at the bottom of the delicate China cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with *Fusiyama*—he hands things to you on *Fusiyama*. It is on the back of his looking-glass, it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments, and is the back-ground of every Japanese work of art or imagination. Simoda is a lovely but dangerous harbor. Its apparently sheltered nooks and secluded coves woo you into their embraces, and when the south winds blow fiercely you are dashed to atoms upon their ribs of iron. The earthquake which wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana* changed the surface of the bottom, and there is now no good holding ground, but it is a fairy land to look upon, and in calm weather the picture of repose and security.

Simoda is about 80 miles from the city of Jeddo, situate at the extreme point of the promontory which forms one side of the capacious bay, or rather gulf, at the head of which the capital is placed. Up this bay the squadron proceeded with a fair wind in the morning of the 12th, and passing through the Straits of *Urago*, the left shore of which is feathered with rich verdure and indented with little bays, reached a point opposite the Port of *Kanagawa*, beyond which no foreign ships had ever ventured, and where the Russian squadron could then be discerned at anchor. Lord Elgin seemed determined not to lose an opportunity of establishing a precedent likely to be so important in our future intercourse with Japan, and, to the astonishment of both Russians and Japanese, the British ships deliberately passed the sacred limit without communicating with the shore, and a few minutes after were very cautiously feeling their way round a long spit of land which runs far out in the bay, and offers some danger to the navigator. An instinct for deep water must have guided the ships along the channel, which was afterwards found to be sufficiently narrow and tortuous, but at last all doubts as to the feasibility of the enterprise were removed by the appearance of several large, square-rigged Japanese vessels at anchor, the draught of water of which was a guarantee for our own. Behind these rose gradually out of the waters of the bay a line of insulated forts which marked the defences of Jeddo, while an extensive suburb, running along the western shore, formed a continuous street

\* A most interesting account of the expedition, said to have been written by Lawrence Oliphant, Esq., formerly Lord Elgin's Private Secretary in Canada.