

of her inhabitants, or increase in trade. Such advantages could only be obtained under a Liberal Government in favor of progress."—16.

Gleanings.

Two Sides of the Story.

A RHYME FOR WINTER.

Old Father Frost has come again,
With ice, and snow, and sleety rain;
And wintry days are short and dreary;
And wintry toil is sad and weary:
A poor man cannot wish his stay,
Old Father Frost! haste—haste away.

I know some spots that Father Frost
Near with his chilling foot has cross'd;
'Tis the warm kind heart with love o'erflowing,
'Tis the thrifty home with comfort glowing:
Old Father Frost may go or stay—
True hearts have sunshine ev'ry day.

Father Frost is a tyrant grim,
He chills the blood, and bites the limb;
His touch locks up the flowing river,
His breath can make the stoutest shiver:
The poor man cannot wish his stay,
Old Father Frost, haste—haste away.

Nay, Father Frost is not so bad,
His hand is hard, his purpose glad;
Under the ice the stream keeps flowing,
Under the snow the seed is growing:
You'll find when Father Frost's away,
His work has helped the summer day.

And so the cares of life, good friend,
Though hard to bear, and slow to mend,
Bring to the soul a heaped up measure
Of wisdom's secret, precious treasure;
Like Father Frost's most healthy chill,
They're sent to cure, and not to kill.

—C. L. B. in *British Workman*.

"A Short Life and a Merry One."

A tract distributor was walking to her place of worship along the Harrow Road, one Sunday morning, when she met a group of people hurrying on at great speed towards the canal bridge. She offered a tract to the first woman of the party; a man at the woman's side threw the tract back, saying in a loud voice and with a mocking laugh, "None of that, I'm for a short life and a merry one." The tract distributor knew that the party were going to the canal boat that was to take them and others up to Alperton, or the fields beyond, where the day would be spent in drinking and revelry. Already the group she had met looked very tired, particularly the women, some of whom were carrying infants, others were leading young children, and the men had bottles and bundles of drink and food.

At night, just as the different churches and chapels dismissed their congregations, and parents, children, and friends who had taken sweet counsel together and walked to the

house of God in company, were returning homeward on the side of the canal, and leading up to the bridge there was a great concourse of the returned merry-makers. Sounds of noisy anger and distress—policemen were hurrying to the place of landing,—there were men quarrelling, women screaming, children crying. Any stranger who had not been that way on a summer Sunday before, might well ask in alarm, "What's the matter?" but the tract distributor knew that this was too often the state of things on the Sunday evening with these pleasure seekers. On the particular Sabbath referred to, there had fallen some very heavy showers, and it was a sad and humiliating spectacle to see the women with their clothes dappled, their bonnets spoiled, their shoes and boots plastered with mud, and their tempers irritated, while the men were lustily impatient, and in that state which working men understand as half-and-half, when nothing can please them.

The poor children were pitiable, so tired, so scolded, so wretched. Was this "the merry life" the man had spoken of in the morning? It seemed of all lives the most toilsome and miserable.

The contrast between the neat, orderly, peaceful groups, wending their way home from the house of God, carrying a blessing with them, that would soothe and comfort them the whole week through, and the poor, wearied, cross, tumbled-looking creatures, who had in the morning talked of "a merry life," was so marked, that the latter themselves noticed it, and mostly turned their steps to bye-streets where they might not meet the churchgoers.

The tract distributor did not recognize in the throng the man she had seen in the morning. She would have known him, for he was a large dark man with a powerful face. She was however destined to see him again, about six weeks afterwards. Passing one Monday up Lisson Grove, her steps were impeded by a crowd at the end of a small dingy street. There had been an affray with some bad characters and the police. Led between two policemen was a strong man, perfectly mad with passion; blood was flowing from his head down to his shoulder, leaving his face bare. Yes, that was the man who had said, "A short life and merry one."

He had been trying to rescue a prisoner from the police, and had inflicted some terrible injury in his rage, and was now taken for the assault.

"It's a pity, he's a good workman," said one woman.

"Ah, if he was only steady," said another. "What's to become of his wife and children?" inquired a third.

"Oh, there's the workhouse," was the answer.

As hastily as circumstances permitted, the tract distributor passed on. She knew that the offence the man committed was a serious