

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

'Oh, grandmother, see my beautiful new dress,' exclaimed a gaily attired girl, skipping into her grandmother's bedroom, 'see how it sets, and see how becoming it is.'

She walked to and fro before her grandmother, faintly smiling; 'but it is not what I should choose for you.'

'Oh, father says pink is so becoming to my complexion; what colour would you choose, grandmother?' and the little girl fingered the pink trimmings on her pink robe as if no trimmings equalled hers.

'White, pure shining white.'

'Mother says I tear white dresses so, I do not deserve to have one,' answered the little girl.

'This will never tear.'

'Oh, grandmother, think how awfully I look in my out-grown white dress'—and the little child seemed to shrink from the very thought of another white dress.

'This you could never outgrow.'

'Always fit me! why, grandmother, you don't mean so!'

'Yes, my little child, it will always fit you.'

'Now, grandmother, you are making fun!' and yet the little girl looked in her grandmother's face and saw that it looked mild and serious as it ever did.

'Could I burn it?' asked the little questioner, for she remembered on a cold winter's day, what a hole the hot stove made in her new plaid dress.

'No fire can burn it!' answered the grandmother.

'Nor sun fade it?'

'No, neither can the rain wet it.'

'Oh, grandmother, I know now, it's made of asbestos—you mean an asbestos dress'—and she leaned upon her grandmother's knee, looking eagerly into her face. Perhaps all children know that asbestos is a mineral that can be made into threads and wove into garments, which heat cannot consume.

The grandmother shook her head.

'If it's such a beautiful white, I should soil it very easily, I suppose.'

'Yes, you could easily soil it! even a thought, a wrong thought, would sully its delicacy.'

'Oh, grandmother,' said the little girl, looking very incredulously upward, 'how funny! I should be afraid to wear it.'

'But it will shield you from harm.'

'I should like that—is it so very strong then?'

'So strong, my little girl would never wear it out, and then it becomes more beautiful the longer you keep it, if you keep it carefully,' said the good lady.

'How careful Nancy would have to be in washing it!' exclaimed the child.

'I do not think it will ever need washing.'

'Oh, grandmother! well, will it be becoming? shall I look pretty in it?' asked the little girl eagerly.

'You could wear nothing so beautiful.—It has some very precious ornaments, a great deal handsomer and more costly than your gold chain or your coral necklace.' The eyes of the child danced with delight.

'Are they always worn with it?'

'Yes, always; you should never lay them aside for fear of losing them.'

'Why, I never saw such a dress,' and she looked thoughtfully. 'Where can I buy one?'

'There is one already bought for you, my child.'

'Oh! and she looked surprised, 'oh I am so glad, who did buy it for me?'

'Your best friend.'

'You, grandmother,—did you buy it?—how very, very good of you,' said she, earnestly regarding her grandmother's face.

'No, it was not I—a better friend than I,'—and she spoke solemnly.

'Oh, you mean something, grandmother,' said the child; 'please tell me what do you mean. What is this dress so wonderful? I am sure I want one.'

'This dress, so wonderful, is the garment of salvation. It was bought by Jesus Christ at a great price, even his life; its ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit. Will my dear little girl wear this beautiful garment?' The sweet and solemn earnestness of the lady touched the heart of the child.

'I wish I could,' breathed the little one, her head bowed low.

'Then you would have a wardrobe for eternity, my Mary, fitting you for the company of the heavenly hosts of the upper world, where the redeemed are hymning their songs of praise;' and the grandmother pressed the little child to her bosom, and breathed over her the prayer of love. Who will not wear this beautiful garment? who will get ready his wardrobe for eternity?

## FLOWERS.

YOUNG LADIES, cultivate flowers! you will find your interest will be so great in them, that you will be up with the lark, to see what progress your buds have made through the night; the morning air will brace and invigorate you; you will find intruders in the shape of sprigs of grass—which your bump of order will not tolerate; pulling them out will be good exercise; air and exercise will promote health and cheerfulness; your cheeks will rival your rose from nature's own pure hue.

Mothers, cultivate flowers, that your children may emulate your good example, that home may be the sweetest spot to them. Our first mother was placed in a garden, as the most appropriate place for one who was to be the partner of him who was formed after the image of his Maker; that her first lessons might be taught from nature's most beautiful leaves of instruction. If we feel troubled and care-worn, for troubles will come, does not a walk among the flowers calm and soothe us by leading our thoughts to more pleasant things, to the manifold kindness of our heavenly Father in studding the earth with so many jewels? Our imaginations can scarce keep pace with the varieties of color and texture of his handy work. Are we not taught that this is not our abiding place, by the flowers?—in autumn they fade, wither, and die; in spring they bud forth with renewed splendor and beauty, blossom and send forth their richest perfume as incense meet for the Creator of all good; shall we be more ungrateful than the simple violet, and not send the incense of our praise for all his mercies? He gave flowers as ministers of his love to us, we use them as emblems of love and esteem to our fellow creatures. Who would reduce all things to mere utility? Our Creator has set us a better example; flowers are the stars of the earth, her children, and she nurtures them with her tears; do they not richly repay her kindness? they are associated with all that is beautiful, elegant, and lovely; they deck the bride, the May Queen, and the solemnities of the burial; they are associated with our earliest and pleasant recollections of home. Who does not remember some favorite flower of "my mother's"? What woman does not remember how often she has been led from nature "up to nature's God," by the simple structure of a flower, and what woman of refinement, sensibility, and affection, but loves flowers?—indeed, they bear a close resemblance to her lot, and

"No marvel woman should love flowers; they bear so much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history; like herself repaying  
With such sweet interest all the cherishing  
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth,  
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect."

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

## PROVINCIAL.

THE CRISIS.—We understand that the Hon. Mr. Viger leaves town to-day for the East. The hon. gentleman will doubtless visit his constituents, and explain to them personally his position. It is remoured, with what correctness we know not, that that "man of error," Benjamin Holmes, retired from the representation of Montreal; that on such retirement Mr. Viger will offer himself for the vacant seat, and on his election, of which there can be no doubt in the event which we have anticipated, will offer a political friend to the electors of Richelieu.

Mr. Viger goes to Lower Canada, armed with the ultimatum of the British Government upon the question at issue between the Governor-General and the Assembly, and we cannot believe that the people of Lower Canada are so blind to their real interests as to be any longer dupes of Mr. Baldwin's "impracticability." They have obtained for themselves what they long desired, an equal share in the administration of the Government of the country; if they have grievances

to complain of, the remedy is in their own hands; they have the power of becoming a happy, prosperous and contented people, and it would seem to any rational man the height of madness that they should harter these substantial advantages for a shadow—that they should rekindle in this country the strife of party, and perhaps the war of races—to lend themselves to the triumph of a faction which form an early period of our history has been the curse of this section of the Province.

—Kingston News, February 1.

LOYAL DEMONSTRATION.—There has been, (says the Transcript,) a great gathering of the men of Gore, to lend support to His Excellency in the present crisis. It is stated that from 1000 to 1500 persons were present, comprising all the most influential persons of the District. The principal speakers were Sir A. Macnab, and the Hon. James Crooks; and the address adopted was just such a one as we might expect from this loyal quarter. The concluding paragraph will show the spirit which animates the men of Gore:—

"In the support of those principles and opinions, the loyal men of Gore will always be found, as they always have been in more perilous times, 'Ready, aye Ready.' They will rally round the Royal Standard of the glorious Empire of which they are proud to form an integral part—they will follow that Standard in your Excellency's hand, wherever you will lead them, and then may 'God defend the Right, and Save the Queen.'"

The numerous friends in Canada of the 71st Regiment will be happy to learn that that distinguished corps has arrived at Barbadoes. The Herald of Tuesday states that a Gentleman arrived in this city on Saturday last, direct from the Island, from whom information has been received that the officers and men were well and hearty, and that no deaths had taken place among them.—Trans.

## EUROPEAN.

The English papers announce the death of the venerable Lord Lynedoch, at the age of 94; of Lord Inverurie, eldest son of the Earl of Kintore, aged 23, by the fall of his horse upon him while hunting; of General Loveday, noticeable chiefly for having married the sister of that Mr. D'Esterre who was killed in a duel by Mr. O'Connell; and of Mrs. Bulwer, mother of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who succeeds by her death to large estates.

The cold in London was severe on the night of the 2d instant, the mercury falling to 12 degrees below the freezing point; per contra, it was so mild on Christmas day, in Northumberland, that boys were seen bathing in the river, and insects were observed on the wing, as in summer.

The Sutherland Tenantry.—At a public meeting in Tain last week, it was stated, with respect to the tenantry on the Scottish estates of the Duke of Sutherland, that on a rental of from £30,000 to £40,000 per annum, there had not for four years been a pittance of arrears. This was justly considered a proof of the comfort and prosperity of the tenantry; and we suspect there are few properties in the kingdom of which the same gratifying fact can be related.—Inverness Courier.

Mrs. Gilmour's Trial.—This trial was to take place at Edinburgh on the 12th of January.—We learn that Mrs. Gilmour received the intimation with the same simple unaffected demeanor which she has always exhibited in her difficult and trying situation, and she is understood to be rather pleased than otherwise that the long period of suspense, in which she has been kept, approaches to a termination. This trial will be one of the most interesting which has taken place in the criminal proceedings of Scotland for several years past.

Late English papers bring the particulars of a very tragical event which occurred in June last, at New Zealand, by which nineteen Europeans fell in an engagement with the natives, with whom a dispute had arisen respecting the right to a tract of land claimed by the New Zealand Company. Amongst those who fell, the most remarkable in every way was Capt. Arthur Wakefield, brother to E. G. Wakefield, Esquire, the member for Beauharnois. Capt. W. was agent to the New Zealand Land Company, and it is stated that his loss will be severely felt in the Colony as well as in England.—Mon. Trans.

IRELAND.—The demand for troops in Ireland is urgent, but the state of Wales and the manufacturing districts almost precludes the possibility of meeting that demand at present. We have reason to believe that as soon as the pensioners can be made available—and another month will probably complete the arrangement—the large force now distributed in the manufacturing districts will be reduced, and that force transferred to Ireland. Many of the towns in England, in which the regular troops are now quartered, can be safely entrusted to the pensioners when armed and clothed; and we may fairly calculate that three regiments at least may be withdrawn from the Northern and Midland counties. There and a battalion of the Guards now at Winchester would be a seasonable augmentation to the Irish army.—Naval and Military Gazette.