

many a terrible deed done, that has brought ruin and disgrace on loved ones. Oh! if we could but see the cruel bands of intemperance sundered and its cups dashed to the ground!

The chains that Mammon forges for his votaries are bright and glittering, but as "all that glitters is not gold," so wealth with its binding links is often found very delusive and unsatisfactory.

Not the brazen fetters with which the Philistines bound Samson, weighed more heavily than do those of fashionable society on its chafed and fretted devotees. If they attempt to go beyond a certain point, the fear of what their set will say draws them back with relentless hand.

But the chain of circumstances presents itself to my mind as strongest of the strong. Aspiring sons of genius are everywhere to be found, that would take "the wings of the morning" and fly to meet fame; but when they rise a short distance from the ground, and just as they see ahead of them the glittering spire of her castle, they find themselves drawn back by strong unyielding links—then are they compelled to give up their vain hopes, and descend to their old monotonous every-day life. And indeed this chain is the particular one that clanks at my heels. Many times I dream day-dreams, and am a heroine of great beauty and brilliant talents. I am courted and admired by all. In Europe I find myself entertained by England's Queen, and visit all the courts and palaces with a train of attendants. But I am suddenly startled by the voice of our respected instructor giving out a topic for our next week's composition. Then I awake to a realizing sense of the fact that I am a school-girl in Bute House. With this awakening, comes the consciousness of the fact that I am bound by another chain, that of friendship, which circles our warm hearts, and links us very closely to each other. Older people tell me that it is as brittle as glass, and will break as easily, but I cannot but feel now, that however many years may roll over my head, however far I may wander from this classic spot, I shall still be linked to it by this mystic band, and "drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

Compared with this, I find dislike to be but a fetter of straw. One kind action and it snaps like tow before the fire. This feeling, however, if allowed to strengthen into hatred, becomes also a chain, and no force upon earth can loosen its hold, the divine grace alone can break its iron bands and free the heart from its fetters.

Several links are about to drop off from the chain of this school, and form other connections in the world outside. Yes, some are going away, never to return, no, never. Solemn thought, no one on earth knows their future; perhaps it may be