

lemon grows wild. The mango, guava, papaw, pomegranate, fig, arocarda pear, the cantard apple, the banana, all these fruits grow readily, and with due effort would grow abundantly. Apples and pears are raised, but lack the flavour they possess with us. Strawberries ripen from November till July. Grapes grow luxuriantly.

In travelling through Bermuda one's thoughts continually revert to Spain. The name of old Juan Bermudez, its discoverer, has been bestowed upon the islands, and it would seem as if his spirit still floats over them, so thoroughly Spanish are the outward characteristics; and in no place is this more marked than in the quaint old town of St. George's. The harbour is beautiful, and much more accessible than that of Hamilton. The streets are narrow—mere lanes in fact—across which you can shake hands with your neighbour if so disposed, and they are moreover sandy and disagreeable for pedestrians. Houses are huddled together in the most miscellaneous manner, and from one perfumed with the onion, with its unkempt and uninteresting-looking occupants bursting out at the doors and windows, you come pat upon a beautiful garden, with its pretty Bermudian cottage, only to find repetitions of the experience throughout the town.

THE EASTER CROSS.

CHRIST, whose cross began to bloom
With peaceful lilies long ago,
Each year above Thy empty tomb
More thick than Easter garlands glow.
O'er all the wounds of that sad strife,
Bright wreathes the new, immortal life.

The hands that once the cross upraised
All power in heaven and earth doth fill,
Of men desired, of angels praised,
Why sits He silent, waiting still?
Alas! in many a heart of pain
The Christ is crucified again.

Low lies the world He died to save,
And feels not yet her Easter morn,
Still holds the victory of the grave
O'er all His brethren younger-born.
His soul yet travails at their side,
Its long desire unsatisfied.

Sad symbol of the deathly strain—
In resurrected light revealed
The sign of hope that conquers pain,
Of joys that sharpest sorrows yield—
Hail, thou the first that bearest flowers!—
The burden, not the grace, is ours.

And yet the cross is dropping halm,
May we not come so near, at last,
That all the grief shall shine with calm.
And beauty hide the ashen past?
Oh, that our stone were rolled away!
Oh, that our cross could bloom to-day.

SIGNS.

WHEN I see a boy in haste to spend
every penny as soon as he gets it, I
think it a sign that he will be a spend-
thrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his
pennies, and unwilling to part with
them for any good purpose, I think it
a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy always looking
out for himself, and disliking to share
good things with others, I think it a
sign that he will grow up a very self-
ish person.

"The heart of childhood is all mirth;
We frolic to and fro
As free and blithe, as if on earth
Were no such thing as woe"

Kobl.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOES.



MAN named Clare, who had been brought very low through his drinking habits, told how he had reformed, and what induced him to leave off his evil ways. And what do you suppose led him in the right way? Why, simply a little pair of red slippers that bore the impress of little feet. His story is an affecting one, but too long to give here in full. Said he:

"I remember well one Christmas-time. It was a very cold, snowy season, and often our children had to stay indoors because their clothes were not warm enough for them to brave the weather in. Jane came to me one evening as I stood looking hopelessly into the darkness, and, slipping her arm into mine, as she used to do in the dear old time, she said: 'George, could you manage to get poor Tottie a little pair of shoes this week? She got out in the snow in her old ones yesterday, and came home with them soaked with wet; and I find she has a dreadful cold to-day. I cannot let her go out again till she has some better ones.'

"Just then Tottie came into the room. She seemed to have a severe cold; her eyes were red, and after coughing violently for a few moments, her breath sounded so wheezing that I felt alarmed. I took her up and kissed her and then went out. I had three and sixpence in my pocket which certainly had no right there; it ought to have been in Jane's. Well, as I went along I came to the wine and spirit stores that I was in the habit of visiting every morning, but I could not get Tottie out of my mind, so I passed the stores and turned into the nearest shoe-shop, and was shown an array of fairy-like slippers, blue, cream-coloured, black, pink, and red. As it was Christmas-time I chose a pair of red ones, and put the tiny parcel into my pocket, and then went and disposed of my last shilling for drink. Late in the afternoon I went home and found Jane hushing Tottie to sleep. At almost every breath the little one gave a short cough, and sometimes broke into quite a fit of coughing. Jane looked very anxious as she held her close to her bosom.

"Look here, Tot,' I said, drawing the parcel from my pocket and throwing it on to her lap. She sat up and with her little hot hands tore off the paper and held the gay shoes to her mother.

"'Oh! pretty,' she said, and kissed them. 'Put 'em on Tottie's foot.' She kissed me for them, pressing my face between her hot, dimpled hands, and, turning away wearily, settled herself to sleep. She grew rapidly worse during the next day, but would not give up her slippers, and lay in the crib with them hugged to her bosom. She died on Christmas Day."

After Tottie's death he grew worse and worse, and even took from the house bits of furniture which he sold and spent the money for drink. When the house had got nearly empty he went searching around one day and found something carefully tied up in a little black silk bag. On opening it he found Tottie's little slippers. If he had not been drinking that day they would have been sacred in his eyes, but as it was he thrust them into his pocket and went off to the saloon. There were many

people at the bar, and he waited his turn and asked for a dram. But let him tell his own story: "The landlady stared at me and said: 'I can't trust you any more. You must pay what you owe already.' 'Did I ask you to trust me?' said I. 'Look here, I am going to pay you with these; they will just fit your little girl.' And I drew Tottie's shoes from my pocket.

"I don't like this sort of payment, Clare. Besides,' she added, picking up one of the shoes between her finger and thumb and looking at it scornfully, 'I couldn't allow my Minnie to wear such common things as these; they are horribly common.'

"My Tottie didn't think so, nor my poor wife either,' I thought. My face grew hot, and I stared at her.

"Oh! you needn't look at me like that, Clare,' said the landlady. 'The fact is, I don't want anything to do with you. Until you can pay your debts I don't want to see your face here. I like to have respectable people come to my house.'

"Mrs. Smith, I was respectable, before I came to your house,' I said, feeling half-choked with mortification as I spoke; 'but I'd defy anybody to frequent your house and give up what I have given to you and remain respectable long.' I could say no more, so I put the shoes carefully back in my pocket and walked out.

"I crossed over the road and stood in a doorway just opposite the brilliant saloon. 'What haven't I deposited there?' said I. 'Peace of mind, peace of home, respectability, health and strength, my children's daily bread, my wife's happiness, and my character, clothes, chairs—and how can I enumerate all the things? And what have I got in return? Anguish of mind, these few rags that will not protect me from cold, a blasted home, a broken-hearted wife and half-starved children, an accusing conscience, that torments me unceasingly, a ruined soul! Yet Jane talks of hope for me? I will talk once more to her about it.'

Then he looked once more at Tottie's shoes through his tear-filled eyes, and hastened home, where he found his wife crying over the loss of the shoes, but whom he gladdened by returning to her, and made her still more glad by telling her his resolve never to enter the saloon again. Of course she helped him, and prayed with him, and years after when their home was as bright and as pretty as could be, yet the most sacred thing in the house were the little Christmas shoes.

SIXTY CENTS.—Sixty cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin county in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years amounted to. We speak of the investment made by young Dean. He shot Dan Coulter, and poor Dan passed into the spirit land. Then the McDonalds shot and killed Dean. For this offence they were arrested, and after continuing the case several times, were tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary. While in jail they were rescued by their friends breaking open the jail and liberating them. Taking it altogether, this sixty cents worth of whiskey killed two men, made one widow, caused two men to be incarcerated and kept in jail, the whole racket costing the county over \$10,000.

MOTHERING DAY.

CERTAIN observances of stated holy days which were practised by our ancestors two or three hundred years ago might be revived by this generation with wholesome effect. Among these is the celebration of Mothering Day, the fourth Sunday in Lent, at which time it was formerly the custom in England for all children to bring to their mother a little gift as expressive of their love to her and gratitude for all that she had done for them.

The children who were men and women, and had long left her side to become themselves heads of households, and fathers and mothers, were especially called upon to return on this day with their offerings; the mother, in her turn, giving each a peculiar cake called Simnel, a boiled compound of dough, sugar, and raisins.

The idea seemed to be that the adult man or woman returned gladly for one day to the condition of childhood, and came back to pay reverence and love to the mother who had nursed him on her knee.

The custom seems to us very beautiful and significant. In those early days there was comparatively little for men to read or to know; other countries, even counties, were far and mysterious in their distance. Family relations filled a larger space in life, and were more important, than now. Now, when science, books, newspapers, railways, and telegraphs bring all the world to our doors, we have too many outside matters to occupy us to keep up these homely observances.

And yet the memory of those old days was the most precious of a mother's possessions. The heart is never so hungry for love or the tokens of it as when it grows old.

THE DRUNKARD.



HAVE you seen the drunkard reeling along the street with a slouchy look and rum-red eyes? He has spent all his wages for that which is destroying his body, and which will at last damn his soul. He is going home to make his wretched family still more wretched. He is the servant of a hard master; and his wages are rags, ruination, and remorse. His reward for good service in the ranks of King Alcohol is bruises and a broken head.

Yes, no doubt you have seen him. Every boy has seen the drunkard stagger past for nearly every town and village in the land has its drunkards. All these drunkards that you have, and all that you have not, seen were once, like yourselves, boys with never a thought in their pure souls of growing up into the most debasing of all God's creatures, drunkards.

There was a time in the life of each when he took the first dram; and this was the very time when he crossed the danger-line and went over into the enemy's country. How much better it would have been if they each had seen the danger right then and there, and beat a hasty retreat over into the ranks of the cold-water army, where they would have been safe.

There is no safety for a boy who does not want to become a swaggering sot but in the total-abstinence plan. This is the Bible plan: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."