The Pamily.

THE BROTHER'S PROMISE.

In a dark and dreaty garret, O'et a ditty London slum, Where the blessed light of Heaven And the sunstance seldom come, All saides this want and squalor-This abode of am and care-Lay a little city analy, Breathing out his small life there—

All atone save one-his sister-All alone save one—ha sister— Younger still than he, who tried, All in vain, to drive the anguish From his aching hack and side. Still she tient o'er him, caressing; And the while, in accents mild, With a faint and feeble utterance, Slowly spoke the dying child.—

"I am dying, slater Nellie, And when I am cold and dead, I shall be at rest in Heaven, As the clergyman has said. But you'll come some day, my sister— There is room for me and you; it would not be Heaven, Nellie, If you did not come there too,

" And if father comes to morrow When he sees me tying dead, He'll know, then, that i am not shamming, As, you know, he aways send. Don't you be atraid he'll beat you. When he comes to-morrow morn : I feel sure he will be ainder, Nell, he looks so dull and worn,

"We have been good friends, my stater, In our short life's pain and woe, Though we've braved it both to either, You must stay while I must go. I am not afraid of dying. To be freed from all this pain, But I wish for your sake, Nellie, I was well and strong again.

"Don't cry so, my darling nater : I hough I in going int away,
I shall be a shating anger
In a land of en itess day;
And I it always waten you. Nellie,
From toy place to Heaven above
I will ask dear God to et ate,
And I know He is all love.

"So, when I am up in Heaven, In that piace so fair to see
I will hook down, dear, upon you,
Though I know you won't see me; And when all is hished and silent, And the stars gleant in the sky, You will know I in lobking, Nelle, And be glad, and will not cry."

In a damp and Honal graveyard, Where the bones of paupers he, Midst a crowd of gaping idiers, Passes a little functal by. But the only one who sorrowed, Only mourner of them all, Was a intie ragged maiden, was a but ragged maiden, confin small.

—Canalis

-- Cassell's Family Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF JANET HAMILION THE SCOTTISH POETESS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN BRIGHT'S VISIT TO JANET'S HOME.

The most remarkable old lady that I have ever heard of."-John Bright. with the principal self-taught poets of Scotland; but above even this, her moral ha use towers distinguished."

"This grand old woman has well earned a niche in the temple of fame."—Panch.

Janet Hamilton: From my earliest years I had a Janet Hamilton: From my earliest years I had a great love for poets, and when quite young had volumes of Burns and Tannahill of my own, drinking with avidity at the stream of poesy. When, on a yisit to my grandmother at Pauley I got a front law stringle and of his friend Richard Cobustions. After showing Mr. Bright the various edition.

The most hurtful influence of the repression and him with one specially bound, we made a pilgriming of pression of slow-witted children is the lowering of the strandard of his friend Richard Cobustions.

The most hurtful influence of the repression and him with one specially bound, we made a pilgriming of the standard of his fire and action. got a friend to take me to see "Tannahili's nole," the place where the sensitive poet ended his life. Having a natural bent of this kind it is little wonder that I sought to see in the body a true poet who lived and moved and had her being at my own doors. I knew her son by sight; and her guidman John had often met and spoken to, but I had never seen auld fanet, or "Jenny," as she was familiarly called. I had never been asked to visit her, and did not just exactly like to go up and say that I wished to see Janet, but I had made up my mind to see the poetess, and inustered as much as would procure one of her volumes. I thought that would be a very teasonable excuse for a call, seeing they were to be had at the house. Consequently, I plucked up courage and made a pilgrimage by night. Having ascended the backstur, I reached the kitchen door, and, looking through the keyhole, taw a picture which I shall never forget. On the one side, in a large nimchair eat Janet-I knew her from the photographs I had seen with the black patch over her eye. On the other side sat ber venerable looking husband with "the big ha" libble "on his knees. They were at "the Books," or as John himself would have said, "takin' the Bucks." At Janet's side sat aud John Crombie. Buicks." At Janet's side sat auld John Crombie, the beadle in the Relief kirk; James and Mation, their faithful son and daughter, sat in the centre, and completed the picture. I have often when reading the Collar's Saturday Night of Burns recalled the group round the fireside at Langloan. I stood riveted to the spot, and "took the Books" with them in spirit. If I remember rightly, the hymn song that night was

O God of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are fed; Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led.

The simple service overawed me, and I could not think of disturbing the peace that was brooding over the quiet circle of devout worshippers. So retreated, resolving to come again at a more convenient season. This was my first visit to Janet Hamilton, and the first time I had seen a living poet, if I except "Radical Miller," who flourished in our district during the Baird and Hardie crisis, and who narrowly escaped execution.

That little circle is now broken up. All save one, Marion Hamilton, have entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. One by one they were called home, and I was present at the funeral of them all, paying the last respect to their mortal remains.

A few days inter having beat my hasty retreat, again went up and purchased Janet's volume. I again went up and purchased Janet's volume. She "thocht I was young to has sie a notion." I was treated in a very kindly manner by them all, Janet telling me on leaving "no to be lango" comin' back." I became quite a favourite with the poetess, who encouraged me to do a little in poetry myself. She was my critic and had many a good laugh at my attempts. One of these I remember and it is was in

> JANET HAMILION'S BIRTHDAY, When the leaves frae all the branches fa', And robins glo us mony a ca;
> "Twas then that Janet light first saw
> Up in the Shotts,"
> And first began her horn to blaw
> "Mang Carabill cots.

Her faither, dacent, honest man, Made shoon to fit the human clan Frae townood auld to owre the span He hid their feet Wil condides seasoned at the tan For mony a week.

He sat fu' constant on fils stool, Wrocht in the "way an wl' the will," An' tho' it was whiles gey uphill He wauchled throe's And kept his haun down frac the gill And frac his mou.

She laughed sery hearthy at my youthful produc-tion, adding, "Ye main pit in my mother, t u, Joseph" Often "when a' the lave had gane tae rest, I sat with her at her ain ingle check and read-for she was blind-her favourite authors. During the readings she would make me pause to tell me something about the author, or point out the gems of the poem. If the piece was of a humorous nature, such as "Patie and Roger," she would put her hand on my arm at the salient points, and laugh outright in a very hearty man-ner. Unless it be Ellen Terry's, Janet's was the most musical laughter I have ever heard. I was always impressed too with her superior manner not the frivolous simpering of the school, but the inbred politeness of a mind which had kept company with the best minds that had ever blest this carth. "He that wasketh with who men shalf be wise," and one who had from her youth up kept company with the despised of Galice, with Shake speare, Milton, Burns, Campbell, and Matthew Henry could not fail to have a soul far above mediocrity. I have met not a lew people now in my time, and I have come to the conclusion that the best types of the lady and gentleman I have ever met were Janet framilton and John Bright,

It has been supposed by some that I was the first to bring Janet Hamilton under the notice of John Bright. This is not the case. The late-Wm.

Logan of Glasgow, when missionary to the opera-

Logan of Glasgow, when missionary to the operatives in Bright's mills, spoke first of all to the people's tribune of our noted poetess. Mr. Bright, as all the world knows, is a lover of poetry, and particularly the poetry of Bbenezer Elliot, Whitter, Janet Hamilton, and others who are not so much heard of as the lashienable society/poets. It was through corresponding about Janet Hamilton that I made the acquaintance of the right hongentleman. He was among the first to help me in my endeavour to rear a memorial fountain in her my endeavour to rear a memorial fountain in her honour. After the fountain had bean invested and the bustle over, I invited Mr. Bright to come and see the fountain he had helped to rear when he had a fitting opportunity. In March, 1883, he came to Glescow to Addition his address to a rear the came to Glescow to Addition his address to a rear camo to Glasgow to deliver his address as Lord Rector to the students of the university, and arranged to pay me a private visit on the following day. The arrangement was that he should come incog. I kept my promise to the letter, but in an "The most remarkable old lady that I have ever heard of "—John Bright."—John Bright.
"She has extraordinary powers, and deserves to rank with the principal self-taught poets of Scotland; but above even this, her moral has use towers distinguished."—George Gishilan.

"This grand old woman has well earned a niche in the temple of same."—Punch.

I can well rememember the first time I saw where we had tes. He was uncommonly homely in his manner, and anothe with much servour of the in his manner, and spoke with much feryour of the over to the house where Marion then lived with a friend, I told Mr. Bright that she was not aware of his intended visit, and would be taken unawares, which I thought was better, because cabinet ininisters were not to be seen every day in Coatbridge. When we reached the house I knocked at the door. Marion's friend opened. I said "This is an acquaintance come up to see Marion," at which we were welcomed with a "Come awa ben." Marion, who was sitting reading the morning paper, soon came into the room where we were introduced them in the homely Doric, telling Marion that "this was an acquaintance that had come up to speer for her." "I'm gled to see him," was her reply. When the great statesman and orator and the poetess's daughter were shaking hands I said, "You'll no ken wha this is Marion." No, I canna say," she said cheerily. then informed her that she was clasping the hand of John Bright. "John Bright I was jist reading your speech when yo cam'in the noo. My mother had a great respect for you, Mr. Bright." They then sat down and had a fine "crack." Marion at my request repeated the ballad of "Effic" from memory, Mr. Bright sitting in the most humble manuer listening to the pathetic tale. The conversation was very animated, the substance of it being "old times," poetry, politics, temperance, and religion. During the conversation, I remember Mr. Bright said that he had not had intoxicating drink in his house for over forty years. Also that although a lover of poets and poetry he never attempted to write any. I remarked that his speeches were saturated with poetry nevertheless. At the close of our conversation I said that it was not likely we three would ever meet again here. but that it was very comforting to know that, although we were moving in different spheres, we were all trusting in the same Saviour, and that by-and-bye we might meet in the mansions which lie has prepared. This was the hope of each. Before departing I was very desirous that Mr. Bright should take home with him a bit of Janet's own handwriting. Marion had just one bit, but where, she wasna sure, but thought that it was in the "wee kist." The wee kist was thereupon produced and laid on the table, the lid opened, and its contents examined. I think I see Marion ear-nestly pulling out one thing after another, Mr.

Bright watching intently the whole proceedings and lending a helping hand. The greatest orator of the age and Janet Hamilton's dochter turning . Javet Hamilton was born in the parish of Shotte.

up the debris of the auld kist in search of a piece of autographic writing! It was a nice picture. First came a pair of auld specs, with thick from frames, which had belonged to some relative of a bygone day. Then a tiger's tusk came up. The tiger had been shot by some friend who had become a planter. Then out came a string of beads, with a crucifix hanging to it. "Ha, do you count your beads, Marion?" said Mr. Hright, laughing, "Na, na 1 oor George fand they on the road, and I jist put them in here." Still the search continued as for hidden treasure, and at last the autograph was found at the bottom of the box. Marion presented Mr. Bright with the writing, which he said would be put among his most valued possessions. was found at the bottom of the box. Marion pre-sented Mr. Bright with the writing, which he said would be put among his most valued possessions. face, me b'y i'' We then helped to replace the miscellaneous articles in the kist, after which Mr. liright said "Good bye." He remarked coming down the stair, "She is a remarkable daughter of a remarkable mother." We then visited the fountain, where Mr. Isright drank to the memory of the poetess.- Joseph Wright, in Christian Leader.

"CUB"-A STORY FOR ELDER SISTERS, BY MARIAN HARLAND.

(Centimant)

"Not a bit of it Katy! I'll tell you all about what I am doing some day a don't you be fright-

He grew stouter, taller and suddier every day,

moved more briskly, and are more beartify
"He's getting really coarse!" sighed Sadie.
"Who would ever take him for a gentleman's son."
She went to Mount Desert with her brothers at the close of school and college term. In August, Mr. and Mrs. Rhett took the little girls and Baby Rob to the mountains.

"Cub needs no change," said his mother, one night in his hearing. "He is getting old enough now to take care of himself. And Katy is such a faithful creature that he may be safely trusted with

her. She ought not to be left alone in the house mt night."

Mt. Rhett throw a careless glance to where his son sat on the steps of the piazza. He did not more his elbows from his knees or give other sign

that he was listening,
"Does he care for anything, or to go anywhere?"
he asked, hardly lowering his tone. "I say—Cub!" Yes, air I."

The boy arose to face him.

"What do you think of going with me next week to the White Mountains and Niagara? Would you like the jaunt?"

The bantering accent was lost upon the person addressed. His heart stood still in full bound. An instant before he had exulted in the prospect of unrestrained liberty to labour for his cherished end. He verily believed that there threatened him now the bondage of tedious travel in the society of the one he feared most on earth.

"I don't know, sir," he stammered, chafing his knuckly fingers and hanging his head.

His father surveyed him with unspeakable dis-

"You don't know!" inmicking his faltering enunciation. "My dear Mrs. Rheu, let me inform you that we have reared at least one fool. A lazy donkey at that i By all means leave him at home with Katy! That is, unless she desires better company!

"You had better go to hed, Cub!" said his mother, in plaintive despair.

He slunk away, a strange burning in his heart as if a red-hot wire were twisting there. If his father had used his eyes carlier and to better purpose, he might have seen that the whole boy was stirring and waking up. Oliver's society had done much to develop what was best in him. The bicycle had done more. He had an object in life. It was not an exalted ambitton, not one that would have appealed to a single instinct or emotion of his nature. But the desire to possess what older people would have called a toy, was altogether innocent and natural, even beneficial, inasmuch as it stimulated thought and nerved him to healthful

age to see Janet's daughter Marion. On the way of the standard of belief in one's own powers, reover to the house where Marion then lived with a sulting in chronic discouragement. As a rule Cub bore patiently, if sometimes stolidly, the ridicule of his brothers, the incessant fault-finding of his sister, the mournful reproaches of his mother, and his father's neglect and occasional bitter gibe. As he stood by the one window of the cubby-hole now. staring into the night, hot, salt tears forced their way to his lids and trickled down his cheeks.

Twenty working days at seventy-five cents a day brought in fifteen dollars, and in five days after his parents' return from their month's stay in the mountains, Cub earned another dollar by stray jobs. The evening he received the last ten cents he alipped out after supper, and ran round to the Lymans' to count over his fund. Mr. Lyman exchanged the small change he brought for another dollar lunip," and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Well done, my lad ! A fellow that can stick to well done, my lad! A reliow that can stick to a purpose as you have done, is bound to get on in the world. You've learned a lesson that will stay by you all your days."

Oliver lighted a candle, and the two boys went

up to the garret to inspect the hardly-won treasure Cub put both arms about it, and laid his cheel down to the saddle. Oliver looked the other way, and whistled softly, "'Way down upon the Swanee River." The garret was very still and dark in the far corners, very warm and close. Cub felt as if he stood at the gate of Eden. In his heart he said "Thank God," while he hugged the big wheel, his face to the cool leather.

"Father thinks you'd better take the money home with you," said Oliver, on their way down stairs. "He'll see your father to-morrow. But he says, and so do i, that you ought to have the pleasure of showing your folks the hard cash you've earned before it's paid away,

He escorted the dollars and their owner to Mr. Rhett's back gate. Cub heard his clear whistle of Swanco River" far down the street as he turned. the knob of the kitchen door. Katy met him there.
"Hist! stale up the back staits alsy, and slip into bed before she mistrusts ye've been out. sister's come home quite onexpected loike.

Cub slept with the rouleau of dollars under his pillow, holding it in his hand all night, conscious, even in his dreams, that it was there. In the morning he tucked it very far back under the

By the time he had bolted his breakfast, Sadie hurried him off with three notes to her bosom-est

up the debris of the auld kist in search of a piece an hour. Before he had gone two blocks, Sadle,

(To be continued)

"LADIES."

CULTIVATION alone will not make a lady of a vulgar woman, nor a gentleman of a boor. Innate vulgarity will manifest itself in spite of all forms of politices and etiquette. To a certain class of persons, indifference is the test of high-breeding. It you educate a man or a woman to insensibility, the design of the second of ho in their view is a gentleman, and sho is a lady, A woman was one day brought before the judgo of a police court. She said in her defence:-

"Me and another lady was a having a few words, and she called the a 'hindewidual,' and I ups with a pail of water, and chucked it all over her, and hat began the row between me and the other

Mo and another lady, indeed f The following notice was once put up over the door of a snow;

"No lady or gentleman admitted into this show in a state of intoxication,"

A hand-bill in St. Louis read :-

"One hundred rats to be killed by one dog in ten minutes. None but gentlemen are expected to be present on this occasion."

The advertisement of a dog-fight in a western

town read :-"Tickets admitting both gentleman and lady can

be had for one dollar."

A very elegantly dressed woman once rudely pushed a man from a crowded sidewalk, saying as

she did so . + "Ain't you got any more manners than to stand

right in front of a fludy f"
Ashabbily dressed womanac; identally ranagainst
a superb-looking woman whose dress and manner indicated the perfect lady.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the poor woman in the most humble manner. "You clumsy thing I" angrily retorted the ele-

Which was the lady? - Youth's Companion.

AN AFRICAN NEW-YBAR'S CARD,

Or course all boys and girls know what the cactus is—a green, grotesque-looking plant, almost covered with sharp spines and bearing a most gorgeous flower; but I am sure they do not know all of the uses to which the cactus can be put, nor do I believe that the most ingenious guesses could come near to the truth. It is a native of America, but it has been taken

to Europe and Africa, and now grows in the latter country in great profusion.

But, after all, the oddest use of the cactus pre-

vails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting cards.
Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of
thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are not very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.
When a lady calls she has only to draw out one

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his pen-knife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's that these vegetable cards are cancipility Year's Day, these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of day apart from those of other days, ap ate a branch of the cactus to that purpose.

One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly fifteen feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting-cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this practice adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves. J. R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas for January.

SPIRITUAL PREACHING THE CURE FOR MERCANTILISM.

THE Rev. Edward Hungerford, in an essay entitled "Spiritual Preaching for our Times," in the January Century, says: "Science has grandly stimulated industry by increasing its rewards. The stitutiated industry by increasing its rewards. Ine prizes of enterprising labour are great, often glittering. The power of wealth is fascinating. The successful producer or dealer of to-day is a prince. The industrious labourer is rich. And the result of all this is that laziness is ceasing to be fashionable ;-the nobility of England are learning to make themselves useful. Science sets the world astir. The goal of its motion is gain. The race is eager. Hence mammon-worship. Hence mercantilism, the inordinate estimate of wealth; the grading of all things at a value in cash; society graded on a cash basis; ideality sacrificed to material good; virtue, patriotism, heroism, man-hood counting for less, money counting for more; votes, offices, justice having their price. This is mercantilism, the great danger to society; greater because more subtle than nihilism. It creeps into literature, science, art, politics, the state, the church; and here arises the demand for that spiritual teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus, the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving; the lofty view of a life which is more than meat; God coming in among the elements of this world, clothing tilies, feeding birds, summoning man to the glory of an ideal kingdom and to the attainment first and foremost of character, rooted in God and God's righteousness. The care for the mercantile spirit is not ethics, but faith. It is not a moral code but the divine Fatherhood. It is not even the golden rule, except as the golden friends, charging him to wait for answers. Make rule is formulated out of the spirit of Christian what speed he might, he could not be back under Brotherhood."