

ne permit pas que le souvenir de tant de dévouement et de courage fût enseveli dans les abîmes de l'océan. Un navire, que la tempête avait jeté dans ces parages, les aperçut et malgré la colère toujours terrible de la tourmente, quelques hommes de l'équipage se dévouèrent pour aller à leur secours.

On se hâta de mettre la chaloupe en mer, et on les recueillit au moment où ils allaient disparaître pour jamais. Ils furent transportés évanouis sur le vaisseau, où des soins empressés les rendirent à la vie ; et bientôt après ils trouvèrent, dans les caresses et le bonheur de leur mère, la récompense de leur tendresse mutuelle et de leur généreux dévouement. Un frère est le meilleur des amis. Heureuse la famille où l'on s'aime jusqu'au dévouement !

G. VIGNIER.

COMPOSITION ANGLAISE

WINTER

The scenes around us have assumed a new and chilling appearance. The trees are shorn of their foliage, the hedges are laid bare, the fields and favorite walks have lost their charms, and the garden, now that it yields no perfumes and offers no fruits, is like a friend in adversity, forsaken. The tuneful tribes are dumb, the cattle no longer play in the meadows, the north wind blows. "He sendeth abroad his ice-like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?" We rush in for shelter.

But winter is not without its uses. It aids the system of life and vegetation ! it kills the seeds of infection ; it refines the blood ; it strengthens the nerves ; it braces the whole frame. Snow is a warm covering for the grass ; and, while it defends the tender blades from nipping frosts, it also nourishes their growth. When the snow thaws, it becomes a genial moisture to the soil into which it sinks ; and thus the glebe is replenished with nutriment to produce the bloom of spring and the bounty of autumn.

Winter has also its pleasures. I love to

hear the roaring of the wind ; I love to see the figures which the frost has painted on the glass ; I love to watch the redbreast with his slender legs, standing at the window, and knocking with his bill to ask for the crumbs which fall from the table. It is not pleasant to view a landscape whitened with snow ? To gaze upon the trees and hedges dressed in such sparkling lustre ? to behold the rising sun laboring to pierce the morning fogs and gradually causing objects to emerge from it by little and little, and appear in their own forms ; while the mist rolls up the side of the hill and is seen no more ?

Winter is a season in which we should feel gratitude for our comforts. How much more temperate is our climate than that of many other countries ! Think of those who live within the polar circle, dispersed, exposed to beasts of prey, their poor huts furnishing only wretched refuge ! They endure months of perpetual night, and by the absence of heat almost absolute barrenness reigns around. But we have houses to shelter us, and clothes to cover us, and fires to warm us, and beds to comfort us, and provisions to nourish us. How be coming, in our circumstances, is gratitude to God ! This season calls upon us to exercise benevolence. While we are enjoying every comfort which the tenderness of Providence can afford, let us think of the indigent and the miserable. Let us think of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes cannot screen them from the piercing cold. Let us think of the old and the infirm, of the sick and the diseased. Oh, let « the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon us. » Who would not deny himself superfluities, and something more, that his bounty, may visit « the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. »

This season is instructive as an emblem. Here is the picture of the life : thy flowery spring, thy summer strength, thy sober autumn, are all hastening into winter. Decay and death will soon, very soon, lay all waste ! What provision hast thou made