

Fouths' Department.

THE CHILD AND THE WIND.

"Father, father, are you listening,
Said the shepherd's little child,
'Tis to me, as if hoarse and hollow,
As it howls across the wild?"

"When I hear it in the chimneys,
When it sweeps along the ground,
'Tis to me, as if deep voices
Mingled strangely with the sound.

"Now they louder swell and nearer,
Now they fall and die away,
Can you tell me, dearest father,
What it is the wild winds say?"

"Nay, my child, they are not speaking,
Not a word the winds impart,
But each sound the Almighty sendeth,
Hath a message to thy heart.

"And that murmur deep and awful,
Couldst thou catch its voice aright,
It might whisper, 'Child, be grateful,
Thou art safe at home to-night.'

"While for thee the red fire burneth,
Sitting by thy father's knee,
Many laden ships are tossing,
Far away on the salt sea.

"Many mothers, sitting watchful,
Count the storm gusts one by one,
Weeping sorely as they tremble
For some distant sailor son.

"They might tell of Him Who holdeth,
In the hollow of His hand,
Gentle breezes and rude tempests,
Coming all at His command.

"He provideth our home shelter,
He protecteth on the seas,—
When the wild winds seem to whisper,
Let them tell thee things like these."

Thus replied the shepherd father,
And the child, with quiet mind,
Had a thought of God's great mercies,
As he listened to the wind.

SWEARING.

"Trust not to the promise of a common swearer," says Francis Quarles, in his *Enchiridion*, "for he that dare sin against his God for neither profit nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own advantage. He that dare break the precepts of his father, will easily be persuaded to violate the promise unto his brother."

There is good common sense in this advice, and it would be well if it were generally acted on. There are, no doubt, many great scoundrels who never swear, and perhaps a few men of otherwise good conduct who sometimes transgress the commandment; but of the "common sweater,"—the man whose every other word is an oath, and who cannot perform the most trivial or even disgraceful act without profanely invoking the name of the Supreme Being,—but little good can be said. He may be successful in business, shrewd in worldly dealing, and courageous in facing danger; but in the qualities that make up the gentleman and the Christian, he is woefully deficient. Take the man who is well read in good literature, who is agreeable to those in whose society he is thrown, and whose name is but another word for honor and probity, and he will never be found one who

"Unpacks his heart with words,
And falls to cursing like a drab."

Unhappily, too many of our young men think it a mark of good breeding, and social dignity, to interlard their discourse with oaths and curses, wishing to appear, says a quaint old writer, that they are on familiar terms with the Ruler of the universe, if they are not with the aristocracy of the land. How mistaken an idea this is may be seen by the dislike men of really good breeding evince to the society of these swearing pretenders. Our rising generation, with the human failing of learning that which is bad because that which is good, are sadly tainted with the vice of profane swearing. He who doubts the fact has only to pass a group of boys at play in the street to be convinced. Nor is the practice confined to the children of the poor or the degraded. The well-dressed sons of the "better classes" are very apt to be those who swear the loudest and the most pertinaciously. Are the parents of such boys not aware that "hard swearing" is irrefragably a pioneer to more flagrant vices and crimes? We wish those addicted to this vice would heed the advice of "holy George Herbert"—

"Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse,
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer, through his common sluice,
Lets his soul run for nought."

Selections.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK.

The recent inauguration of the "People's Park" at Halifax was preceded by a luncheon, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was present, and proposed "the well-being of the People," and in doing so said that Julius Cæsar in his will gave his gardens on the banks of the Tiber to the people. He had been surpassed by Mr. Frank Crossley, who in his lifetime had given to them his gardens on the hill-side of Halifax. The "People's Park" comprises between twelve and thirteen acres of ground, beautifully laid out and ornamented with marble statuary and a fountain, the entire cost to Mr. Crossley having been about £30,000. It is a condition of the gift that bands of music shall not be allowed on Sunday, and that no dancing shall be permitted at any time. In returning thanks for his health being drunk, Mr. Frank Crossley gave the following interesting narrative of his rise in life, and remembrance of Him to whom it was due:—

This, gentlemen, is to me, not the proudest day of my life, but it is the humblest, for I see much honour paid to me this day to which I can lay no claim. I have simply done what I have thought to be my duty. (Applause.) Had I neglected to do the thing which I have done, I should have been guilty of gross neglect—not so much to my fellow men as to the God who made men. And yet it is the happiest day of my life, because I see in it that which will make my fellow-townsmen a happy people for the time that I live, and I have reason to believe they will be happy when I lie in that spot which shall know me no more for ever. If I had been born of noble birth, or if I could have traced my origin (like some in this room) to a long line of ancestors which came over with William the Conqueror, however true it might be, it might not be good to do so. But, since I am of humble birth, perhaps it will be allowed of me to say a little of those who ought to share the honour which is heaped upon me. My mother was the daughter of a farmer who lived upon his own estate, and, although the estate was not large, it had been in that family for many generations, first as tenant's and afterwards as owners. That little estate is over the hill at Shibden-vale, and is called the Scout. Her father made the same error that Joseph made; Jacob made too much of Joseph, and her father made too much of Mary. My mother was sensitive and quick in disposition; she said that right was not done to her at home, and she was determined to make her own way in the world, whatever the consequence might be. She went out to service, contrary to the wish of her father, in a little family at Warley. In that service, in her own person she did the work of kitchenmaid, of housemaid, and of cook, and, in addition to that, she regularly milked six cows every night and morning, besides which she kept the house, which was not a small one, as clean as a little palace. But this was not enough to employ her willing hands. Her mistress took in wool or tops to spin, and she would do what scarcely a girl in Warley could have done—spin that wool to thirty-six hanks to the pound, and thus earned many a guinea a year to her mistress, besides doing all the other work. My father, prior to the year 1800, was a carpet weaver. One night he was taking his "drinking" at the loom. He laid his black bottle at the side of the loom, but by some means or other it fell down and broke. In attempting to catch the bottle, he cut his arm, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could stop it from bleeding, to save his life. He was for some time doing nothing, but one day his employer, Mr. Curren, said to him, "John, do you think you could manage to tie up a loom, as you cannot weave?" John replied that he should only be too happy to try. His master tried him, and found him so expert that he never allowed him again to go to the loom to weave. He was going on warm with the business of courtship, but the proud farmer said that he would never allow his daughter to marry a weaver or a fureman of weavers, and that one thing was certain—that if she ever married John Crossley she should never see his face again. This was a great trouble to my mother, and when she had been asking counsel from One who never errs, she settled to open her Bible and see what it said. Her eye caught the 27th Psalm and 10th verse: "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." She did not doubt after that, and eventually he gave his consent to the marriage. Many years after that,—for I must not be too tedious,—they took the Dean Clough Mill from that highly respectable firm, S. & J. Waterhouse—a name I can never take upon my lips without a respect almost amounting to veneration, for the kindness I know my father re-

ceived from their father, and also the kindness which I have ever received at their hands. As my mother went with her usual energy to that place down the yard at four o'clock in the morning, she made a vow—"If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it." (Applause.) It is to this vow, given with so much faithfulness, and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success my father had in business. My mother was always looking how best she could keep this vow. In the days that are gone by, when it was a dreary thing to give employment to a large number of people, the advice that she gave to her sons was, "Do not sell your goods for less than they cost, for it would ruin you without permanently benefitting any one; but if you go on giving employment to some during the winter, do so, for it is a bad thing for a working man to go home and hear his children cry for bread, and not be able to give them any."—(Applause.) I recollect that one time my friend Mr. Salt calling to see my mother, she said, "You see Mr. Salt, my sons have flown off, and have taken fine houses to live in, but it won't do for us all to leave this spot." She lived to a green old age, and she died in her eightieth year, having lived to see her children's children's children. One of the greatest treats she had in her old age was to fix a mirror in her room so that while lying in bed she could see the happy countenances of those who were going to work and coming back again. There is one fact connected with this town which has given me great pain—it is the fact that many an honest, hard-working, intelligent working man does not believe in the existence of a God. What I am about to relate now is for the benefit of that class, that they may not go stumbling into an unbeliever's grave as the horse rushes into battle. What I am about to say now is what I have not told my dearest friend, not even the fair partner of my life, but when she reads the report of what I am about to say, she will remember that on the occasion when I returned from the walk I am about to relate, I asked her where those words were to be found in the Bible, "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." She is a help-mate in these things as well as in every other. On the 10th of September, 1855, I left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains of the United States. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery on that day, which I ever saw in my life; and, indeed, more beautiful than I believe any man and power have brought us within sight of. I stood inside of the cars, from which I could see the tops of the mountains covered with all-glorious beauty. In America you have a much better chance of seeing the scenery than in this country, because, instead of going through the hills they go round them. The wheels are not fixed to the carriages, but they were placed upon swivels, and they go round curves where ours would not go at all. I remember that when we arrived at the hotel at White Mountains the ladies sat down to a cup of tea, but I preferred to take a walk alone. It was a beautiful spot. The sun was just then reclining its head behind Mount Washington, with all that glorious drapery of an American sunset which we know nothing of in this country. I felt that I should like to be walking with my God on the earth. I said, "What shall I render to my God for all His benefits to me?" I was led further to repeat that question which Paul asked under other circumstances—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—The answer came immediately. It was this:—"It is true thou canst not bring the many thousands thou hast left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery; but Thou canst take this to them. It is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walking range of every man in Halifax; that he shall go take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's toil and be able to get home again without being tired." Well, that seemed to be a glorious thought! I retired home. My prayer that night was that in the morning I might be satisfied when I awoke that if it was only a mere thought that was fluttering across my brain it might be gone; but that if there was reality about it there might be no doubt about it, and I might carry it into execution. I slept soundly that night, and when I awoke my impression was confirmed. On the 10th of September, when I went to the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here of building a city. On the day I returned I felt as convinced to carry it out as I was of my own existence, and never from that day to this have I hesitated for a moment whenever difficulties arose. I knew they might be overcome, and would be overcome. It is a happy day for me that I am permitted to see that result. (Much cheering.)