

POOR LITTLE JOE.

DROP yer eyes wide open, Joey.
 Fur I've brought you sumpin' great,
 Apples! No, a great sight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest! Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy! Wet'a them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lady sot,
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one chim'in' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
 Pretty! Maybe not! Oh, no!
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
 It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
 How I brought you up—poor Joe!
 (Lackin' women folks to do it,)
 Sich a imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jest as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with yer crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day;
 Joe, sho up and went to cuttin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirik—it's been a fortnit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
 Better! Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes they're mighty pretty, Joe.
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy!
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the count-y, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Some time when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
 Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerfu—
 'Blieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
 Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
 Joe! My boy! Hold up your head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey.
 Oh, help! help! can Joe be dead?
 —*Peleg Arkwright.*

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.



At the time of the American Revolutionary War a considerable number of the American colonists had remained faithful to the mother country. Their condition, during and after the war, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother

country. Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the sea-board provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax, and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transport-ships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity.

The main body, however, settled near the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers. On the 18th of May, 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of Fort Frederick and of a few fishermen's huts met their gaze; together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores. A rude shelter was speedily constructed for the reception of the destitute families, and before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity. Among these were seventy-four refugees from Maryland. They were the survivors of the wreck of the "Martha," a ship of the September fleet, which had sailed from New York to Quebec, with eight thousand of these exiled people. To the new settlement the name of Paratown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. In a letter to Lord North, in September, 1783, that gentleman estimates the number of refugee loyalists in Nova Scotia and St. John's Island at thirteen thousand.

On the 18th of May last, the citizens of St. John, N. B., celebrated the founding of their beautiful city. The anniversary began with a Watch-night meeting in the New Centenary Methodist Church. Dr. Pope stated that the copy of the Scriptures from which the Word of God would be read was brought to the city by one of the Loyalists.

The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were hung on either side of the pulpit. On the platform were Lieut. Governor Wilmot, Chief Justice Allen, Mayor Jones, of St. John, Gen. Warner, U. S. Consul, and several of the clergy, and principal citizens of St. John. Gov. Wilmot presided, and the service was of a very interesting nature, reviewing the great changes that had taken place in the Province during the last century.

Mr. J. W. Lawrence, the President of the New Brunswick Historical Society, then said. As the first act of the Loyalists on landing was prayer and praise, it is fitting, in this closing

hour, that we should think of the loving kindness of the Lord in the midst of His temple. Their first act of worship on landing was in the great temple of nature, whose maker and builder is God, with the heavens for a canopy and the trees of the forest—the spruce the fir, and the pine—for its wall and buttresses.

At midnight the birth of another century was saluted by the firing of cannon intermingled with the sweet chimes of the church bells. Next day at 6 30 a.m., the woodboat St. George, gaily decorated with bunting, and with a large number of ladies and gentlemen on board dressed in the antique costume of a century ago, represented the landing of the Loyalists.

Tableaux representing an old log house of a hundred years ago, etc., were exhibited. A sermon was preached from the text, "The land which thou gavest to our fathers." In the evening fire-works and electric lights celebrated the occasion. It is well to commemorate these brave old U. E. Loyalists. Next year the settlement of Upper Canada will be celebrated, and will receive, we hope, due prominence in these pages.

A KING'S GIFT.

ONE day George III. was walking in the neighbourhood of Windsor when he chanced to see a little boy of ten years old taking care of some sheep.

"What have you there, my boy?"
 "The A B C book, sir," replied the boy boldly.

"Can you read, then?" inquired the king.

"A little, sir."
 "Can you spell words of two syllables?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."
 "Well, spell *abbot*."

"A-b, ab, b-o-t, bot, abbot."
 "Well done! that will do. Can you read as well as you can spell? Do you go to school? and do you read the Bible?"

"Mother is too poor to send me to school, and she has only part of a Bible; and that is so torn and dirty that it is of no use."

"Oh, that is bad, very bad! What is her name? and where does she live?" asked the king.

The boy told the king, and he wrote it down in his pocket book.

As soon as he arrived at the castle he sent for his secretary and said to him,—

"My poor people around here have not sufficient means for instruction, and more must be provided for them. Send this packet immediately to the person to whom it is addressed and at the same time let it be made known to the poor woman for whom it is intended that this Book is given to her on one condition—that is, that she shall continue to have her child taught to read; and let money be provided for her to send him to school."

The good king put a five-pound note into the Bible and wrote on the title page of the Book, "From George III., for Mrs. ——" "Let it be sent forth with; for it is our will that every one in our kingdom shall have the opportunity of reading the Bible."

The poor woman, after the death of the king, was offered large sums for that Bible, but she refused them, saying that she would never part with it

during her lifetime and that, when it was God's will to lay her on her dying bed, she wished it to be put under her pillow.

CATCHING THE COLT.

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

WITH forehead star and silver tail,
 And these white feet to match,
 The gay, half-broken sorrel colt
 Which one of us could catch?
 "I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that.
 He slowly shook his empty hat."
 "She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he.
 "Stand by, and she will come to me."
 Her head she shy, proud creature raised
 As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
 Then down the hill across the brook,
 Deceiving oft, her way she took.
 Then changed her pace and moving quick,
 She hurried on and came to Dick.
 "Ha! ha!" he cried, "I've caught you,
 Beck."

And put the halter on her neck.
 But soon there came another day,
 And eager for a ride,—
 "I'll go and catch the colt again;
 I can," said Dick with pride.
 So up the stony pasture lane,
 And up the hill he trudged again;
 And when he saw the colt, as low
 He shook his old hat to and fro,
 "She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought.
 "And I shall have her quickly caught."
 "Beck! Beck!" he called; and at the sound
 The restless beauty looked around,
 Then made a quick, impatient turn,
 And galloped off among the fern.
 And when beneath a tree she stopped,
 And leisurely some clover cropped,
 Dick followed after, but in vain,
 His hand was just upon her mane,
 When off she flew as flies the wind,
 And, panting, he pressed on behind.
 Down through the brake, the brook across,
 O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
 Round and around the place they passed,
 Till breathless Dick sank down at last,
 Threw by, provoked, his empty hat,
 "The colt," he said, "remembers that
 There's always trouble from deceit,
 I'll never try again to cheat!"
 —*Our Little Ones.*

A SON'S PRIDE.

THOMAS CARLYLE had a very humble origin. His father was a stone-mason and worked as a day-labourer. But he was honest and upright, and impressed his sturdy character upon his children.

Though he had not the advantages of an education, he decided that Thomas should attend school. So he sent him away to study, against the advice of his neighbours, who prophesied that when he became learned he would despise and forget his humble parents. These sinister predictions were far from being realized. How abundantly the son honoured his father! He writes: "Ought I not to rejoice that God has given me such a father? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world, if God so will, to rejoice him at last."

Of his mother, too, a plain, quiet Scotch woman, he invariably speaks with the tenderest love—calls her his "incomparable mother;" and no word seem too emphatic to express his devotion. "Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never rudgence in any form, and which has made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me!" Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than his intellectual attainments to keep green the memory of the "sage of Chelsea."

NEVER commence to write the word "finis" backward! It will be a "sin" if you do.