

The Family Circle.

DOMINION HYMN.

TUNE—"National Anthem."

Lord, our Dominion bless,
With peace and plenteousness,
From shore to shore;
Let truth and virtue reign,
Mercy's fair fame sustain,
And equal rights maintain,
For evermore.

Our Provinces unite,
In Federation's might,
In union strong;
Let every discord cease,
Strife's bitterness decrease,
Just laws uphold in peace,
With pen and tongue.

Concord and love bestow,
Let goodness ever grow,
Keep honor bright;
Our freedom strong and sure,
Our patriotism pure,
Our heritage secure
Founded on right.

Let neighboring nations be
Friendly in rivalry,
In trade and art;
O'er this terrestrial sphere,
Let mankind far and near,
As brethren appear,
In mind and heart.

Canada's first desire,
Loyal to old Empire,
No feuds between;
Unitedly our race
Implore the God of Grace,
To guard our foremost place,
God save our Queen.

—George W. Armstrong.

London, Ont.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED

'Mamma and I have been paying a little visit to my aunt. I was awfully sorry to come away, for I always have lots of fun there. But mamma said if I didn't come home now, it wouldn't be worth while to go back to school before Christmas. Well, I'm awfully glad your going to stay in Montreal all winter; we can have such a nice time; and there'll be the carnival, you know—that's such fun. Did you ever see an ice palace? We've had two before this, and they say this one will be the best yet. And so you're going to the Ramsays? I know Marion and Alan Ramsay quite well. Marion's ever so much older than me, so of course she's not in my set at all; but Gerald knows Alan very well, so I see him pretty often, and he is ever so nice and jolly. Mamma,' she ran on, scarcely leaving Marjorie room for the briefest replies, 'Marjorie's going to stay at Dr. Ramsay's—Mrs. Ramsay's her aunt. She told me that last summer, and I told her you knew Mrs. Ramsay quite well.'

'Yes, of course I know Mrs. Ramsay, and every one knows Dr. Ramsay's a very clever doctor,' replied Mrs. West, whose indifferent and somewhat patronizing manner impressed Marjorie somewhat unpleasantly, she scarcely knew why.

'Yes,' continued Ada, in a lower tone, 'Gerald says Dr. Ramsay's awfully clever. He once came to our house for a consultation when my eldest brother was dreadfully ill. Gerald and Alan go to school together. I daresay you and I will go to school together. What school are you going to?'

Marjorie replied that her father had left that altogether with her aunt to decide.

'Well, then, I'm almost sure she'll let you go to my school, for every one says it's the best in Montreal. And that'll be ever so nice, for then I can get you to help me with my lessons. It's an awful bore to learn lessons, but I know you don't mind it, you're so clever. It must be nice to be as clever as you are.'

Notwithstanding the liveliness and cordiality of this unexpected travelling companion, Marjorie, whose heart was still rather heavy and preoccupied had had time to grow somewhat tired of the ceaseless flow of questions and remarks, by the time Mr. Field returned to tell her that, in a short time, now, they would be in Montreal. He seemed much

pleased to find that Marjorie had found a friend of her own age who could talk to her so much better than he could, so he took his seat at a little distance to look over a Montreal paper he had just bought in the train. As he did so he remarked: 'It's a pretty sharp night outside. The Northern Lights are very bright, too. I expect you'll know you've got a good way North when you get out of the train.'

Poor Marjorie! the mere mention of the Northern Lights almost upset her, so vividly did it bring back the thought of her father, now so far away. But it brought memories, too, that helped to console her. Meantime, Ada and her mother had begun to gather up their wrappings, and Marjorie was counseled to muffle up well.

'You don't know how cold it is in Montreal in winter! You'll have to get some furs; you never can get on in our winters with a hat like that. Why! is that your dog?' added Ada, as Marjorie, in rising, woke up Robin, who had been sound asleep in a corner.

Marjorie explained that Robin, as well as herself, had been invited to Montreal.

'Well, isn't that funny! Look, mamma! Marjorie has brought her dog with her, too. Her aunt said she might. Isn't he sweet? He's almost like Cousin Ettel's little Skye. Where did you get him?'

Marjorie replied that he had been given to her father by a great friend of his who had brought him from Scotland.

'Well, you'll have to take awfully good care of him, or he'll be stolen. Gerald had such a lovely dog stolen once. Who do you suppose will come to meet you? Most likely they'll send Alan. And Gerald's sure to come to meet us. So I can tell him you're here, and Alan won't miss you—for how could he know you when he has never seen you? There now, look out if you can; we're just across the Victoria Bridge.'

Marjorie tried to catch a glimpse of what was without. She could see very little, however—only a dim, white expanse around, with a long stretch of twinkling lights to the right, which Ada told her was Montreal. Then they glided into the great terminus of Point St. Charles, and a few minutes after the train drew up beside the long platform of the Bonaventure station.

Mr. Field assisted Mrs. West and Ada as well as Marjorie, to alight, and then they stood watching the bustling scene and the people who were looking for their friends along the line of cars.

'Oh! there's Gerald,' exclaimed Ada, as a tall, slight lad in a fur-trimmed over-coat came swiftly towards them, scrutinizing the various groups as he passed. 'And there's Dr. Ramsay looking for you—look! that tall man in the beaver coat and cap. Now, isn't it well I'm here to point him out to you? O, Gerald!' she went on, as the lad greeted his mother and sister, 'Dr. Ramsay's looking for his niece. You'd better tell him she's here with us; Miss Fleming, Gerald.'

Gerald bowed and went off at once, and returned directly with Dr. Ramsay, who gave Marjorie a warm welcome, in a kind, cheery Scotch voice, and heartily thanked her escort for the care he had taken of her.

'I was looking for a little girl all alone,' he said, smiling, 'so I was led astray by seeing you with Miss West. I had no idea you had acquaintances here already.'

Mrs. West explained that her daughter had met Marjorie while traveling the previous summer, and then, after many promises from Ada to come and see Marjorie soon, they parted, to look after their luggage and see it taken off to the waiting sleighs.

'Your aunt would have come to meet you herself, Marjorie,' said Dr. Ramsay, after they had said a cordial adieu to Mr. Field, who promised to look them up before leaving town, 'but she has a slight cold, and I thought she had better stay at home; so I undertook to find you. Luckily, I was disengaged, and able to drive down for you myself. Alan is holding my your check and get him to look after your trunk; it makes so much delay. You've got your dog safe, I see.'

They soon reached the doctor's snug little cutter, where Marjorie was duly introduced to her cousin Alan, who looked a very big boy in the blanket coat and blue tuque that so many Montreal boys delight to wear in winter.

'All right, father, he said briskly, as he took the check, and went off whistling merrily, to look after the trunk, while Dr. Ramsay stowed Marjorie and Robin, whom she had been holding tight in her arms, down among the soft fur robes of the low cutter.

'Poor little fellow!' he said, as he patted Robin's soft head, 'so you've lost your master for a while. Your father was always a lover of dogs, Marjorie,' he said, as they drove off. 'I remember him of old, with two or three trotting at his heels. He was so proud of knowing the original "Rab." Of course you've read "Rab," Marjorie? Your father and I used to devour everything that my dear old professor, John Brown, wrote, and I wasn't a bit surprised when I heard he called you "Pet Marjorie."'

The tears started to Marjorie's eyes as she heard her father's pet name for her quoted, but it made her feel as if Dr. Ramsay was an old friend; and he kept her busy looking at the various objects of interest clearly visible in the bright glare of the electric light, which almost totally eclipsed the soft glow of a brilliant Aurora that threw into bold relief the dark hill before them, rising boldly against the northern sky.

'There's the Windsor,' he said, as they passed the great hotel block with its shining windows. 'And there's the site of the ice palace; they're just beginning the foundations. And that's what we Montrealers call our "mountain" ' he added, laughing, 'though when your father and I were boys, we would only have called it a brae.'

'It was impossible to resist the influence of Dr. Ramsay's cheery spirit, as indeed many of his patients had found out, for his brightness and kindness cheered many a sick room, like a veritable "light shining in darkness." His repeated references to her father had the effect he desired of making her feel at home with him at once. Then it was inspiring in itself to glide so swiftly over the white snow-clad streets to the merry jingle of sleigh-bells in all directions, through the keen frosty air in which the stars seemed to glitter like diamonds of rarest lustre.

'Here we are, then,' said the doctor, reining up his spirited little horse at a door in a long row of 'terrace' of stone-fronted houses, on one of the streets running up toward the mountain. 'Here, give me Robin, now; that's right.' And by the time Marjorie reached the door it was thrown open, revealing the warm, lighted hall within, and a lady who stood waiting to give Marjorie a motherly welcome.

'Now, Marion will take you upstairs,' said Mrs. Ramsay, whose tranquil manner and peculiarly sweet voice strongly attracted Marjorie. 'And you will come down as soon as you get your wraps off, and have some supper.'

Marion was a blooming girl of eighteen, tall like her father, but with her mother's brown hair and soft dark eyes, with something, too, of the matronly and protecting air which is often noticeable in a helpful elder sister. She put her arm kindly around Marjorie as she showed her the way to the neat little room which had been prepared for her and helped to remove her outdoor wrappings, with a quiet cousinly frankness that made Marjorie feel at once as if she were no stranger.

'My room's just next to yours,' she said, 'and we can talk through the wall when we choose. But mother thought you would like best to have a room to yourself, as you had always been accustomed to it.'

It looked a little strange to Marjorie, who had had one room for her own ever since she could remember, and this one seemed rather small at first. But she thanked her cousin, saying that she was sure she should be very comfortable, and the two girls went downstairs arm in arm.

Dr. Ramsay met her at the dining-room door, and courteously led her into the cheerful room with a bright fire burning, and a light supper laid for the traveller. 'You and I are going to have supper together,' he said smiling, 'for I have been out all the evening and am as hungry as a hawk. The rest don't indulge in hunger, for I think people are better without them, as a general rule. But you know doctors are privileged people, who are quite superior to their own rules.'

There was something very infectious in Dr. Ramsay's clear, almost boyish laugh, and Marjorie laughed too, and began to feel some appetite, which, a few minutes before, she would have disclaimed. He was a tall athletic man, with wavy auburn hair falling across a broad, white forehead, and sea-blue eyes which seemed to have a gleam in them of the old Danish sea-kings, some of whose blood was in his veins. Kindly eyes they were, which, however, could be very keen or even stern when occasion required. Just now they were bent with affectionate scrutiny on Marjorie, to see how much he could trace in her of the lineaments or expression of his old friend, John Fleming. Marjorie was thinking what a contrast he was to her own father, with his slight nervous figure and earnest face, so expressive of study and thought, and rather sad when in repose, though often so bright in conversation. Mrs. Ramsay had been thoughtfully attending to Robin's comfort, and giving him his supper. It was a pleasure to her to care for her brother's little favorite, and the creature seemed to recognize her as a friend, and took to her with a readiness which astonished Marjorie. She and Marion helped Marjorie and her uncle to the delicious ham and bread and butter and coffee—made very weak by the doctor's order, so that it might not keep the child awake; and presently Alan came in, looking not quite so big when his blanket overcoat was off, but much more like his father than his mother, with his blue eyes and fair complexion brightened with a rich color from the keen, frosty air.

'And how did you happen to get acquainted with Ada West?' asked Mrs. Ramsay, when they had talked over Marjorie's journey and arrival.

Marjorie explained how she had met her at a favorite summer resort near which her father and she had spent some time the previous summer.

'And were you great friends?' Mrs. Ramsay asked.

'Well, we saw each other very often,' replied Marjorie, a little doubtfully; 'but she used to say she hated Americans.'

Dr. Ramsay laughed heartily, as did Alan also, who exclaimed: 'Isn't that just like Ada! She always says whatever comes into her head, no matter what. And then she's so pretty, people don't seem to mind.'

'Well, she doesn't seem to hate you,' said Dr. Ramsay; 'and she really is a good-hearted little girl, only rather spoilt by getting everything she wants, poor child! She's developing fast into a society belle, like her mother.'

'They're awfully rich people,' said Alan, for Marjorie's benefit; 'and they have a fine house on Sherbrook Street, just below the "mountain." Gerald's in my class at school, and he has a pony of his own, and as much pocket-money as he wants to spend.'

'Yes, and it's a great wonder that he's as nice and steady a boy as he is, considering how he has been brought up,' said his father. 'When you've got to my age, Alan, my boy, you'll understand better that it's anything but a good thing for a boy to get all he wants so easily. It's good for a man, as well as a horse, to "bear the yoke in his youth," and be well broken in, too, as he has got to be sooner or later. So don't be envious of poor Gerald. If he doesn't follow in his elder brother's footsteps it'll be a wonder.'

'Oh! I don't want to change with Gerald,' said Alan, as he drank off the cup of hot coffee his mother had handed him; 'though he is a good fellow, and I wouldn't mind having his pony.'

'Be thankful you have old Chester to drive sometime, and your toboggan to ride,' said his mother, smiling.

'You never went down a toboggan-slide, did you, Marjorie?' inquired Alan. 'Well, wait till we get a little more snow, and then you'll see what speed is.'

'Well, Marjorie has finished her supper now, and it's time she went to rest after her long journey. I sent the younger ones to bed before you arrived, dear,' she added to Marjorie. 'They wanted very much to wait till you came, but I thought you would have enough new faces for one evening, so they will be all impatience to see Cousin Marjorie in the morning.'

(To be continued.)