

the kindness of her pastor in days gone by, and his consideration of her, in bringing his "dear young wife to this humble cottage." In all that she said, there was that peculiar refinement and delicacy of feeling which long years of intimate communion with heaven never fail to produce, be the outward allotment what it may.

She asked Mary several questions; and, being once reminded by her daughter that she had made that inquiry before, replied, with great simplicity, "perhaps I have; but she will excuse me. I do so love to hear her voice; it reminds me of sunshine and the flowers; and it helps me to form an idea of her face—a sweet face, I am sure."

LAIRD.—I am glad that the Yankees are beginning to cultivate the *quiet* and the *natural* in their stories. The lassie that wrote the above must hae been an admirer o' Charles Lamb. Ye could anaist think that the Doctor has been giving us an extract frae *Rosamond Grey*. Girzy will be muckle the better o' "*The Shady Side*." Her taste had got vitiated wi' that conglomeration of nonsense and rant, *Beatrice*; and she stood sair in need o' a tonic like the present, to restore her moral disjestion to a healthier state.

MAJOR.—(*Looking at his watch.*) Bless me! I had no idea it was so late. Where is Mrs. Grundy—supper should be ready by this time, if we expect to do much afterwards.

DOCTOR.—There is an old saying, Major, "No song no supper," and although I will not keep you strictly to the letter of that law, still as I have no song for the evening, suppose we finish our sederunt before refreshing the inner man.

LAIRD.—What's come o' the sang, Doctor? Hae ye hung your harp on a willow tree?

DOCTOR.—Not exactly, but press of other business and want of space, have prevented the introduction of a song in this number.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel! Let us cry ben, Mrs. Grundy, (*rings.*) I hae a' whien facts, (*enter Mrs. Grundy.*) How do ye do, Mem? and I hope ye winna' scump me as you always do.

MRS. GRUNDY.—I will not take much room, Laird, as just at this season there is not much novelty in dress, and it is too early for Winter fashions to come out.

LAIRD.—So much the better, and to make sure o' a hearin', I'll begin at ance wi' something to tell us how to get what we wanted bad enough this fall—water:

HOW TO HAVE PLENTY OF WATER.

Pure, clear water, forming as it does, at the same moment, both the emblem and embodiment of refreshment and comfort, is looked upon as a vital element of satisfactory existence, by all who hate dirt, parched lips, dusty lungs, strati-

fied deposits on the skin, and parti-colored linen. It also forms a most agreeable class of pictures for the eye, in the form of placid sheets, bubbling brooks, springing jets, and flashing fountains: and through the ear, it gives us the music of cascades, the thunder of cataracts, and the grave roar of ocean surges.

It is no wonder that all are ready to labor for and welcome so agreeable a companion. The large cities have brought it many miles in hewn masonry, at a cost of millions, that they may spring their streets, feed their baths, and keep a ready antidote for incipient conflagration. The country resident longs for the termination of the parching drouth, when drenching rains shall fill his cisterns, replenish his failing well, and set the brooks in motion. Many are looking with envy at some rare and "lucky" neighbor, who happens to have an unfailing spring; and others, as we have often witnessed, placing the water hogshhead on the ox-sled, proceed to drag their needful supply from a distance of one to three miles, as the case may be, and as they can get it from the pond, creek, or some better supplied resident. We have positively seen a wealthy farmer drawing rain water a mile, after having allowed five times the amount he ever would have needed to run to waste immediately before his eyes; and we venture to assert that not one farmer in a hundred who has suffered from a want of water during the present year's severe drouth, has not committed a similar waste, though perhaps sometimes less in degree.

The great mass of country residents seem to have no more conception of the enormous floods of clear, pure rain water, that annually pour off the roofs of their dwellings, wood-houses, barns, sheds, and other out-buildings, than if they had never heard of such a huge watering-pot as the clouds in the sky. If all the rain which falls in both the Canadas within a year, should remain upon the surface of the earth without shrinking into it or running off, it would form an average depth of water of about three feet. In the southern states, it would be more; within the American tropics, it would amount to about ten feet; and near Bombay in Asia, to twenty-five feet.

Every inch of rain that falls on a roof, yields two barrels for each space ten feet square; and seventy-two barrels are yielded by the annual rain in this climate, on a similar surface. A barn thirty by forty feet, yields annually 864 barrels—that is, enough for more than two barrels a day, for every day in the year. Many of our medium landholders have, however, at least five times that amount of roofing on their farmeries and dwellings, yielding annually more than four thousand barrels of rain water, or about twelve barrels or one hundred and fifty ordinary pailfuls, daily. A very small portion of this great quantity is caught in the puny and contemptible cisterns and tubs placed to catch it; but full-sized, capacious reservoirs, fit to hold this downward deluge, we know not where to find, even in a single instance!

It is true, that where a constant draught is not on a cistern, it need not hold the full year's supply—even one-sixth part, will, in general, answer, as the variations in the wet and dry seasons