

## The Family Circle.

### THE GOLDEN SIDE

There is many a rest in the road of life  
If we would only stop to take it;  
And many a tone from the better land  
If the querulous heart would make it.  
To the soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eye still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is 't' a hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And do God's will with a cheerful heart,  
And hands that are ready and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Charles Mackay

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### MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAK.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

At last Mrs. West rose, and she and the two girls adjourned to the library, another luxurious apartment containing a bookcase well filled with books in handsome bindings—seldom opened,—an elegant writing-table fitted up with all sorts of paraphernalia and any number of comfortable easy-chairs, one of which Mrs. West drew up before the bright coal fire and took up a magazine that lay on the table, to while away an hour by glancing over its pages. Ada opened a large photograph album to show Marjorie the portraits of her friends. Presently the door-bell rang, and, shortly after, a visitor was shown into the library; a bright-eyed, sunny-faced little lady with silver-gray curls, and brisk, animated voice and manner, who put Marjorie at once in mind of some of the people she knew at home. Mrs. West greeted her as Miss Mostyn, and having expressed great pleasure at finding Mrs. West at home, the visitor turned to Ada with a pleasant salutation, and then looked inquiringly at Marjorie.

"This is Miss Fleming—Dr. Ramsay's niece from New York; she only arrived the day before yesterday," said Ada.

"I'm delighted to meet any one belonging to Dr. Ramsay," said Miss Mostyn, grasping Marjorie's hand most cordially. "I'm sure I don't know how we should get on without Dr. Ramsay. He's so good to the poor and suffering! And so you're from New York, my dear? I've got some very dear friends there—noble Christian women. I hope you're going to be like them."

Marjorie's heart was quite won by the pleasant face and cordial words. Miss Mostyn had business on hand, and she turned to a seat beside Mrs. West, but Marjorie was so much attracted to this stranger that she could not help following her with eye and ear, and giving a very half-hearted attention to Ada's chatter.

Miss Mostyn explained that she had come from a poor family in great want and suffering, in whose case she wanted to interest Mrs. West. The father had recently met with a dreadful accident in the "Works" in which Mr. West was a partner. He had had one of his legs amputated, and had been in a very critical condition ever since. And now his wife had a young baby, and was much prostrated by her watching and anxiety, and the family had nothing coming in, and were in absolute want of food, clothes, and fuel—everything, with no money to buy anything. Dr. Ramsay had been attending them and had been most kind, as indeed, Mrs. Ramsay had been also. But they needed so many things, and Miss Mostyn was trying to raise a subscription to procure necessaries for them dur-

ing their present helpless condition. She had come to Mrs. West, she said, hoping that she would head the subscription with a generous donation, as the poor man had met with the accident in the "Works" with which Mr. West was connected.

Marjorie felt intensely interested in Miss Mostyn's narrative and graphic picture of the suffering helpless family. Now she felt how delightful it must be to be rich and able to reach a helping hand to people in such distress. But Mrs. West did not seem at all eager to respond to the appeal. She 'thought,' she said, 'the firm had done all that was necessary for the man at the time the accident occurred, thought it really was no fault of theirs in any way.'

'They did make him a donation at the time,' said Miss Mostyn, 'but he has been two or three weeks ill now, and that money is gone. You know, with rent and fuel and food to pay for, how fast money runs away.'

'Well, I know Mr. West thought they did all that was necessary,' replied Mrs. West, chillingly. 'And I really have so many claims constantly. You could have no idea what it is, unless you lived in a house like this,' with a complacent glance at the luxurious appointments about her. Miss Mostyn smiled slightly, but made no reply.

'However, of course it's a very sad case, and I really must give you a little toward it.' And she took out of an elegant pocket-book a dollar in silver, which she handed to Miss Mostyn. 'It's really all I can spare just now; it's just one thing to give to after another, and then there is Christmas coming, too, and I always have so many presents to give. But if you get a dollar from every one you ask you'll do very well. But I think,' she added, 'that you should head your subscription with the amount that the firm gave at first, because they ought to have credit for that, you know.'

Miss Mostyn thanked the donor rather formally, and suggested at parting that Mrs. West might drive round that way and see the family for herself.

'My dear Miss Mostyn!' exclaimed that lady pathetically, 'you've no idea how many things I have on my mind. It's all very well for you, with plenty of time on your hands, to go and visit such people; and I'm sure it's very good of you, and you'll have your reward. But with my establishment to look after, and my visiting list, I assure you it's quite out of the question. And then it always makes me so miserable to see how such people live; it would quite upset me, I assure you. Some people are more sensitive to such things than others.'

Miss Mostyn's sunny countenance was just a little clouded, and there were bright red spots on her cheeks as she took her leave with the same gentle kindness as that with which she had entered. Marjorie felt shocked, indignant. It was the first time she had ever seen the hard, cool, callous selfishness, naturally engendered by a life of luxurious self-indulgence, come out and display itself with unblushing insensibility to the suffering of others; and the moral ugliness of it seemed all the greater in contrast with the beauty of the material surroundings, and the grace and fairness of the woman who had spoken such heartless words. She felt as strongly repelled from Mrs. West as she had been attracted to Miss Mostyn, who had kindly invited her to come to see her, as she took her departure. To her great relief, Mrs. West remarked that the sleigh would soon be at the door for their afternoon drive, and Ada carried her off to get ready.

'Miss Mostyn's awfully good, you know,' Ada replied, to a question of Marjorie's; 'but she's just "got poor people on the brain,"' Dick says. 'She's always got some awful case of destitution on hand, and mamma says it just makes her nervous to see her now.'

'But, Ada, don't you think that people who are rich ought to be always helping the poor? I think that must be the greatest pleasure of being rich—to be able to help other people.'

'Well, Marjorie, you do have such funny ideas! I never heard any one say before that it was a pleasure to give money to poor

people. I know it's good to be charitable, but that's because it isn't nearly so nice as buying what you want for yourself.'

'Well, my father always says that "it's more blessed to give than to receive," and you know who said that.'

'Yes, I know it's in the Bible somewhere,' said Ada, for we had a sermon about it lately. But I didn't think that meant it was a pleasure, you know; for the Bible says: 'Blessed are they that mourn,' and I'm sure that can't be a pleasure.'

Marjorie felt a little perplexed at this view of the subject, but there was no time to continue the discussion then, for Mrs. West called to them to make haste.

They were soon in the sleigh once more, and Mrs. West directed the coachman to drive to the western extremity of Sherbrooke Street, where she had to pay two or three visits, and while she was so engaged Ada could give Marjorie a little drive, and then leave her at Dr. Ramsay's house. As they glided swiftly along Sherbrooke Street, Ada pointed out the various objects of interest; the College grounds and buildings, the palace-like residences on the street and on the slope of the snow-clad hill. Every moment some beautifully appointed equipage glided past them, and ladies, wrapped in rich furs, and with color brightened by the sharp, frosty air, exchanged bows and smiles with her companions.

'Ada,' remarked Mrs. West discontentedly, after a critical scrutiny of her appearance, as she sat opposite to her, 'that cap of yours is really beginning to look a little shabby already; I shall have to get you another soon. You really ought to take more care of your things.'

To Marjorie's eyes Ada's sealskin cap seemed all that could be desired; but Mrs. West had a very fastidious eye for dress, and liked all belonging to her to be irreproachable. Marjorie's thoughts went back to Miss Mostyn's tale of misery and Mrs. West's dollar subscription; and it was a relief to her mind when that lady reached her destination and bade her a civil good-by, expressing the hope that she would soon come to see Ada again. She was, indeed, genuinely fond of her daughter, and glad to gratify the great fancy she had taken to this new friend, who seemed a nice little girl, too, 'for an American,' as Mrs. West would have put it.

After another swift, enjoyable drive along the whole length of Sherbrooke Street—Ada pointing out the long toboggan slides, with their wooden platforms and inclined planes, on the mountain slope at either extremity of the long, broad street—they turned down the street on which Dr. Ramsay's house stood and drew up in front of it, to the great delight of Norman and Effie, who were drawing a little toboggan up and down in front of their own door.

'O, Cousin Marjorie! we've been trying our toboggan slide in the field, and it's lovely. We'll give you a slide if you'll come,' they exclaimed, in chorus.

Marjorie bade Ada good-by, and as the door was opened Robin rushed out in wild delight at her return. Millie stood by enjoying his transports, and declared that he had been such a good little dog, and had gone for a walk with her and Jack, and that he knew them all quite well now, and was 'great friends with Nero already.'

'And here's something you'll be glad to get, my dear,' said Mrs. Ramsay, with a smile, holding up a letter, on which Marjorie recognized, with delight, the dear, familiar handwriting of her father.

'You must come back and tell me all your news when you have read it, dear,' said her aunt, as Marjorie rushed off to devour her letter all by herself in her own room. She sat down with Robin in her lap, and felt as if she were transported back to the dear old home in which her father and she had had so many talks together, and as if she could hear the very tones of his voice and feel his hand on her hair.

The letter was a pretty long one, and as she opened it, there dropped out of it a folded printed paper, at which she did not look until she had read the letter. It was written by snatches; telling her, in her father's own characteristic way, what he had been seeing,

and a little, too, of what he had been thinking on his journey. It contained many kind messages to the Ramsays, and ended with a few grave words, which, as Marjorie well knew, came from his heart:

'And now, my Marjorie, I have told you sometimes that I believe life is a long education for us, by which our Heavenly Father is seeking to fit us for higher things by and by. Your school has been changed just now, in more senses than one; but if you are only "trusting and following," you will be learning day by day from the Great Teacher. I incline to you—what I think you will like to have—the story of the Northern Lights in print. It is being published now, and I asked them to let me have a proof on purpose for you—which reached me yesterday. So here it is. You might keep it in your Bible, and then it will remind you often of our talks about it. And remember, dear, who it was said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." That is the secret of getting true light, and of a true and happy life.'

Marjorie wanted to sit down and answer her letter 'right off,' but she felt she must first go down and read most of the letter to her aunt, and give all the kind messages. And before she had finished, Mr. Field called, according to promise, and they had a little talk about New York and her father's journey, and the attractions of Montreal; so that she only got part of her letter written before tea. She had begun it the day before, giving a very detailed history of her own journey and arrival, and now she had a great deal more to tell. In fact, Alan, who came into the 'study' where she was writing, inquired if she were writing a book, and said he was thankful boys were never expected to write letters like that. But Marjorie knew it would not be too long for her father.

(To be continued.)

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE PRESS.

In proposing "Prosperity to the Newspaper Press Fund" at the annual dinner of that institution, held in London lately, Mr. Chamberlain said that the power of the Press was enormous and daily increasing. He would not go so far as to say, with some people, that the country was governed by the London correspondent, but he said that while the authority of the Crown, of Peers, and of the House of Commons showed symptoms of decline, the authority and power of the Press were continually increasing. It was a good thing to have giant strength, but a sense of responsibility should always accompany a sense of power. In the main, he believed that in the management of the Press this was the case, and that the newspapers of this country were worthy of their high mission. No doubt there were some exceptions. The Press of this country was in tone high in its conception of public duty, and had always been animated by lofty patriotism. These were great virtues, which justified the pride of the people in the British Press, and which justified their sympathy with every institution for its advancement.

### HOW WOMEN VOTED IN NEW ZEALAND.

The *Review of Reviews* says: A woman journalist in New Zealand sends me an interesting letter upon the subject of the result of woman suffrage in the colony which leads the world in the enfranchisement of womanhood. According to my correspondent, who writes very intelligently and very much to the point, the chief characteristics of the first general election in which women were allowed to participate was the increased importance attached to the moral character and honesty of purpose of the candidates, and the strengthening of the temperance party. The women made it perfectly plain that no scoundrel need apply for a seat in the legislature. Personal character was, for the first time, preferred before either ability or wealth. So far as the experience of the first election in New Zealand goes, it confirms, and more than confirms, everything that has been said as to the woman's vote being a great moral reserve force which it is urgently desirable to summon at once into the field of practical politics.