

## The Family Circle.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

A NEW VERSION.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should we forget the auld thatch'd cot  
And days o' lang syne ?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes  
And pu't the gowan's fine,  
But we've wondered mony weary days  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the brook  
Frae mornin' sun till dine,  
And play'd aroun' the ingle nook,  
In auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

Still daisies fair and heather bell  
Deck banks a' sweet wi' thyme,  
But could the hearts we lo'ed sa well,  
In auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

Let present nae be bright and gay,  
And flowers our brow entwine,  
They ne'er can bring a sunnier day  
Than auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

We need na' surely a pint stoup  
To cheer your heart and mine,  
Nor sparkling wine on which to look  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And let our hearts in friendship blend,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a thought o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

—The Watchman.

(All Rights Reserved.)

### MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Marjorie could only say that her father used to tell her that if people could go to Heaven without loving Christ, they wouldn't be happy there; and that the Bible didn't say anything about "going to Heaven," but about going to be "with Christ."

But this was unintelligible to Ada, nor indeed did Marjorie understand it yet, herself.

"Well, you know the rich man that was clothed in purple and fine linen was "in torments." I heard our clergyman preach about that the last Sunday I was in church, and it has often come into my head since. And when he came to see me—you know mamma only let him come once—he prayed that I might be made one of God's children. Now, how can I, Marjorie? I think I'd like to be if I could."

Marjorie was delighted to hear Ada say this, but she hardly knew what to reply. Then she remembered what her father had said to her about being "converted," and she tried to explain to Ada that it meant being willing to follow and obey Christ.

"But how can I be willing, and what must I do to obey Him?" persisted Ada.

"He can make us willing if we ask Him," said Marjorie, "and He will show us just what He wants us to do. But the first thing is to love Him."

"Yes," said Ada; "but how can I love Him, when I've never seen Him? And how can I be sure He will hear me if I ask Him? I know Mr. Hayward didn't believe that He could hear at all. Did you know he was gone away, Marjorie?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, "and I'm very glad."

"Well, I was dreadfully sorry at first," said Ada. "That was one thing that made me fret when I was beginning to get better. But I don't mind so much now, for I know he used to say lots of things he didn't mean. But you know he never went to church, and he didn't believe Christ could hear us at all."

"Yes, I know," said Marjorie; "and once my father didn't either. But he does now, and so do I. I'm sure Christ was divine when he was on earth, for, as Professor Duncan says, no one else was ever so altogether good; and if he was divine then, he is divine still, and when we try most to be like him, we feel that He does hear and help us. And I think He has helped you, in making you well, just as he did the daughter of Jairus, you remember."

"O, yes? I remember," said Ada eagerly. "Do you know, I once saw such a beautiful picture! It's here in Montreal, and I wish you could see it. Christ is in it, sitting by the little girl, and just putting out his hand to wake her up; he looks so good and kind. I thought then I could love him if he looked like that."

"But He must have looked like that, Ada, if He could die for us because He loved us and wanted to save us! And if He did that, don't you think He will help you to love and obey Him if you asked Him?"

"Well, I will ask Him," said Ada, "if that's all it means to be a Christian! But I used to think it meant going to church very often, and reading sermons, and going to see sick people all the time, and never having any pleasure. And so I didn't want to be a Christian; at any rate, not till I knew you. But I'm glad you like to come to see sick people, any way," she added, with one of her old smiles.

"But it does mean some of these things," said Marjorie, "for you know Christ says we are to love God "with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves."

"But how can we?" said Ada. "Nobody does."

"I don't know," replied Marjorie; "but that is what Christ says, and my father said that he always meant what he said."

"But if people loved their neighbors as themselves, there wouldn't be any poor people in the world, and that poor boy wouldn't have so little, nor his mother to work so hard, when we have so much."

"No," said Marjorie, "I think a good many things would be different if we all did love our neighbor as ourselves; though I don't know if there would be no poor people. My father says there always will be, so long as some folks are idle and lazy. But there wouldn't be so many, and Louis would be better off."

"Well, Marjorie, I've got a surprise for you," said Ada. "I asked mamma, to-day, to give me all the pocket-money she owed me, and here it is," she added, taking her little velvet purse from under her pillow. "And you are to take it all for little Louis, to get him anything you like."

And Marjorie, with great satisfaction, took out a bright gold sovereign, and never even thought that, after all, her own prediction had come true.

She could not forbear going to tell Miss Matilda of this conversation; and the invalid rejoiced with her over the good news, and reminded her that she should not forget to return thanks to Him who had thus answered their prayers. Ada's recovery seemed to progress more rapidly now that her heart had become more at rest; and before the swelling buds on the trees began to burst, she was able to be moved downstairs to the sofa in the library.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### OPENING BLOSSOMS.

Every day now grew more springlike. The last traces of the snow and ice were fast disappearing under the genial influence of the brightening sunshine, and Jack and Millie were already contemplating an expe-

dition to the 'mountain' to look for the first wild flowers.

Now that the roads were growing dry and smooth, Gerald was out every afternoon on his pony or his bicycle, for he had both; and he frequently let Alan have the use of the one he was not using himself, which Alan much enjoyed. Meantime the progress of the struggle in the North-west was the absorbing topic. The interest grew more intense when the news came of the bloody conflicts between the Volunteers and the half-breeds; and the lists of killed and wounded were eagerly scanned, even by those who, like the Ramsays, had no very personal interest in the matter. Alan and Gerald wished again and again that they could have been in one of the engagements; a wish which their mothers and friends certainly did not endorse. But the decisive conflicts at Batoche and Cut Knife Hill 'broke the back of the rebellion,' as Dr. Ramsay said; and the restoration of quiet and order would only be a question of time.

"I hope the lesson will be taken to heart by all whom it concerns," said Professor Duncan, "and that another time they won't wait to do their duty till battle and massacre and a devastated country have waked them up to it." And when the description came of the conference between the chief Poundmaker and the Canadian commander, they all read it with an interest intensified by the stories which had taken them into the roving life of the Indians of two hundred years before. Indeed, as Professor Duncan said, it seemed like a revival of the old stories, only with the great difference that the Indians felt themselves in the power of the white man; and that, for the first time, they had real reason to complain of their treatment under the British flag; for it was clear that if the agents of the Government had done their duty, the rising would never have occurred; and Dr. Ramsay read with pleasure a letter he had received from a friend in the North-West, who testified to the fact that but for the influence of the Christian missionaries among the Indians, the rising would have been far more general and far more destructive.

Ada's pony had been brought into town—a pretty little sorrel, gentle and nicely trained; and she was counting the weeks that must elapse before she could use it. But a bright thought occurred to her; why might not Marjorie have a ride on him? The riding-master had been giving his education some finishing touches, and Gerald had tried him several times while Alan rode his, and declared him "just the thing for a girl, so easy and gentle; and spirited enough, too, for Ada, at least."

Marjorie thought the proposal of a ride a charming one, and as Mrs. West was willing to carry out any wish of Ada's, and Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay had no objection, she went, one fine May afternoon, to don Ada's habit and start for her ride. The little blue riding-habit was a trifle small for Marjorie, but it had been made large for Ada, who was growing fast, so that it answered the purpose tolerably well. Marjorie was more excited than she was willing to show when Gerald put her up on the saddle, in orthodox fashion, and she gathered the reins in her hand, Gerald showing her what he considered the best way to hold them.

They walked soberly enough along the winding road that led up the mountain, now and then turning to look back at the city, as it lay spread out below. When they were fairly on the pretty mountain road, where the air was full of the fragrance of opening leaves and wild blossoms, they had a brisk canter till they came again to a more sudden rise. Marjorie was so exhilarated by the delightful bounding motion, which was so much better than a toboggan, after all, that she forgot all about the view that lay behind them until, coming out at last on the very brow of the stately hill, Gerald drew rein and told her to look down.

And there, indeed, was a view to enjoy, with the soft spring sunshine flooding the

scere, and giving an ethereal coloring to the distant hills. Just below lay the city, its streets and squares mapped out in serried ranks. Beyond it curved the wide blue river its channel studded here and there with bosky islands, while beyond it soft blue mountain summits rose against the distant horizon. Gerald told her the names of the different hills, showed her St. Helen's Island the way down to Quebec, and then, when they had gone a little farther on, pointed out the white gleam of the Lachine Rapids in the far distance.

Marjorie remembered what Ada had said about the greater beauty of the view in summer, and wished she were there to see it with them.

"I don't wonder that Jacques Cartier called this "Mount Royal,"" she said, thinking of Professor Duncan's stories.

"No," said Gerald. "I wish there were any such great things to do now, as those old discoverers did."

"Are there not always great things to do?" said Marjorie.

"Well, what would you be if you were a boy?" asked Gerald, after a slight pause.

Marjorie did not know. She thought it would be nicest to be something like her father.

"I used to think I'd like to be a soldier," Gerald said; "but there don't seem to be any very noble wars now, at any rate. I've been thinking that, after all, there must be better things to do than picking off poor savages, and that seems to be about the main thing our men have to do nowadays. And then, as Professor Duncan says, war should not be thought of between Christian nations any more. But I do wish there was something to be done that one could put one's heart into! I'm sick of the flat sort of life most people seem to live, and I often think I'd like to cut it all, and go off, like those old Jesuit fellows that Professor Duncan is so fond of."

"Or like those Cambridge graduates?" suggested Marjorie.

"Well, I tell you, it would be a fine thing if one only could believe as hard as they do; to put one's heart and soul into a cause that one thought was the best in all the world. I'm sure I wish I could! It's a fine thing to be a doctor like Dr. Ramsay, but I know I could never make a doctor of myself, and as for law and business, I hate the very thought of them."

"There's the Church then," said Marjorie.

"Yes," said Gerald with a sigh. "I should like the Church first rate, if I were only good enough! Or rather, what I should like would be to be a missionary, or to go off like Gordon and feel I was doing something that would really tell! But then, you know, one couldn't do that unless one believed with all one's heart."

"Of course not," said Marjorie. "But why shouldn't one?"

"Oh! girls find that so easy. So did I, once, only I never thought much about it at all! But that Hayward used to say so many things; I know he was no good, any way, but then I couldn't help thinking about the things he said, and I can't believe quite as I did."

"I don't think that sort of believing was worth much," replied Marjorie. "I think my father wouldn't call it believing at all, only "taking for granted."

"And isn't that what everybody has to do?" asked Gerald, surprised.

"My father didn't, at any rate. I can't exactly explain it, but I know that he doesn't call it believing, unless things are quite real to you. And he says if one only tries to do what one does believe, and is willing to get more light, one will get it. You know that verse, don't you: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine?"

"No, I don't know it," said Gerald. "You must show it to me. I should like to hear your father talk about such things."

"Perhaps you may," said Marjorie. "You know he's coming for me, some time this summer. But then there's Professor Duncan. He's almost as good."

(To be continued.)