

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—

To you who have seen the tide Charles Kingsley's words in "The Sands O'Dee," readily come to mind:—

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see."

This ebb and flow of the tide has ever been spoken of by true lovers of nature, and by the poets. The tide as it flows and ebbs ever has an interest, and it is little wonder that it has been so often used. What more apt than to describe the death of a brave, rugged old seaman as of his life going out with the tide. Many of our writers of poetry have touched on this, but it has remained for our Poet Laureate to put to it, after so many years of poetic composition, his accumulated forces. In song and story it comes to us, and just let me say here, my children, as you are all together at home round the family table, why not read some of these beauties aloud? Mother will be glad to hear; elder sister I am sure can tell a story or give a quotation to add interest, and brother Will, I know, can give you the reason for many things you do not understand. Did you ever think what a pity it is to talk around the fire-light, or when the lamps are lit, of all our worries, and cares and annoyances? Older people sometimes forget this, but you, my young folk, remember how many of these worries arise from those at home trying to make your way smooth, and joyous and bright. In return you can bring in with you when you come a flood of sunlight and something pleasant to think about. Bring a merry face, a contented spirit, a willing heart and ready hands to help with you.

One of the ways is by having nice reading, having noble thoughts to think, noble acts done, and let guile, and evil speaking, and hate be put away. How happy you all are now! Where and how will your home find you in twenty years? Like the bird's nest in the plum tree by the window, you may all have flown. Where will father and mother be then? Who, as you go in at the old gate, and up the path and on the verandah will meet you there, who sit with you at that table on which you are now leaning? Who can tell? We cannot see the future, but we can "so live" that we may go through life strong in the protection of an "unfaltering trust" that all is well.

One way to make the happy evenings of your childhood happier is beautifully given in an advice to Connie by Francis Ridley Havergal, telling how a brother may be won:—

Read to him, Connie, read as you sit,
Cosy and warm in the great arm chair,
Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,
Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair
Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

Read to him, Connie, read while you may:
For the years will pass and he must go
Out in the cold world's treacherous flow.
Danger and trial and evil to know,
He may drift in the dark, far, far away!

Read to him, Connie! For it may be
That your Sunday book, like a silver bar
Of steady light from a guiding star,
May gleam in memory, clear and far,
Across the waves of a wintry sea.

Another extract from the same writer is for those who have the gift of song. She says:—

Rise up! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.

Sing to the little children
And they will listen well,
Sing grand and holy music,
For they can feel its spell.

Sing at the cottage bedside;
They have no music there,
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.

Sing that your song may silence
The folly and the jest,
And the idle word be banished
As an unwelcome guest.

Sing to the tired and anxious
It is yours to fling a ray,
Passing indeed, but cheering,
Across the rugged way.

There are many other ways, but if you take these to heart you will hear of the others again from

UNCLE TOM.

Manners for Boys.

Poor fellows! How they get hectored and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling, which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Aunt M," as she pointed out the following rules for a little twelve year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners for the street.

Hat lifted in saying "good-by" or "How do you do."

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with a knife, fork or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at the door of private rooms.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

STORY FOR BOYS.

"Up Lake Sturgeon from Bobcaygeon to Lindsay."

BY A. P. ROSS, NELSON, ONT.

It was about 7 o'clock a.m. when we were aroused from our dreams by a not over gentle hand shaking us and a well-known voice informing us that "if we wanted to go to Lindsay we had better look alive," or, in other words, "hustle." The boat was billed to leave at 7.30, and as she was always on time our minds instantly reverted to breakfast. Hurrying into our clothes we scrambled down stairs where we found our host sitting at the table busily wrestling with a mutton chop. No time had we to talk, for all our energies were turned to the alarming task of devouring our breakfast and walking to the boat in exactly 15 minutes. Devoutly praying that the boat would be late we dived into our breakfast intending to make up for lost time; but, alas! our hopes were doomed to be shattered. Scarcely had the second mouthful passed into our "capacious maws" when the deep-mouthed whistle of the steamer boomed out in the still morning air, carrying warning to all would-be passengers that in five minutes more she would leave for Lindsay. There was no help for it, so leaving our breakfast with many a sigh (our feelings were made worse when we saw that the dog would get it) we started for the boat. About five minutes more saw us ploughing our way to Lindsay.

The morning was a magnificent one; sky and water were rivaling each other in calmness, while the sun, looking red and cheerful from his night's nap, shone brightly over all. Not a breath of air stirred the water, it seemed as if the wind had too much respect for such a scene to ruffle it. Everything was still, and even the "puff" of the exhaust pipe seemed fainter than usual. On we went past long lines of logs boomed in along the shore patiently waiting, as it were, the summons of "dilly, dilly, come and be sawed." Five miles up the lake we passed "Jackson's Island," uninhabited save for an old hermit of that name, who regularly paddles to Bobcaygeon in his "little bark canoe," only in this case it is safe to say that the canoe is not bark. A further run of five or six miles brought us to Sturgeon Point, one of the most popular summer resorts in Ontario. The hotel is built in a thick, shady grove which runs clear to the lake shore. Another short run of a mile brought us to the mouth of the Scugog River. Upon both sides extended nothing but forest; at least, that which had been forest, but which now was nothing but gaunt and bare stumps. This was caused by Lake Sturgeon being damned at the lower end, causing the water to rise several feet and submerge the woods around, which in time died. The Scugog River is a narrow channel dredged out of this wilderness. Here and there solemn looking cranes standing "all forlorn" on floating logs lent a rather comical touch to the picture. About this time the whistle sounded and we hurried out to catch a glimpse of our destination. A few more puffs and then steam was shut off, and impelled forward by the momentum the boat glided into Lindsay wharf. Hopes were made fast, the gang-plank shoved out, and in a few moments we stood once more on "terra firma." Here we were assaulted by two cabmen, who greeted us with such terrific shouts of "Benson House or railway station," etc., that we looked about us in horror, and seeing an opening we took to our heels and were soon in a quiet street "where the cabman cometh not."