

without ole Ohloe. Ye can't do widout me, no how. De ting's onpossible!"

"No, indeed, Mammy and Aunty," said Mrs Pemberton, a delicate little woman, with a low, soft voice, "I don't know what we'd do without either of you. I'm so glad you don't want to leave us. But we've lost all our property, you know, and we will have to go away off to Canada, to the wild backwoods, where nobody ever lived before."

"All de more need for ole Mammy and Ohloe to go wid ye, and nuss ye, and care for ye and Mas'r," said the faithful Dinah. "We can die for ye, honey, but we can't leave ye."

So the whole household, with these faithful servants, took passage in a schooner down the Potomac to Hampton Roads, where they were transferred to a British ship which had been sent to convey the Virginia loyalists to the port of Halifax, in the loyal province of Nova Scotia. It was a small and crowded vessel. There were many refugees on board, and the autumnal equinox had brought with it fierce Atlantic gales. Three weeks they beat about that stern inhospitable coast—these delicately nurtured women suffering all the discomforts and privations of sea-sickness, and of the crowded cabins and short allowance of water and provisions, before the almost shipwrecked vessel, with tattered canvas, guided, like a storm-tossed bird with weary wing, into the harbor of refuge, where the fair city of Halifax now extends her spacious streets and squares. The town was very different from the stately city which we to-day behold—a row of wooden warehouses near the water, and on the rising slope irregular groups of houses, barracks, and a fort, all surrounded by a palisade. In the broad Chebucto Bay lay slumbering on the wave half a score of those

Oak Leviathans whose hugo ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of [the sea] and arbiter of war.

And as the lightning flashed from their oaken sides, and the thunder rolled over the wave as they saluted the loyalist refugees, these exiles for conscience' sake felt with a proud thrill that they were once more under the protection of the dear old flag for which they had endured so much.

It was on the verge of winter. Many of the refugees were suffering from lack of clothing, and many of them were without money to procure either food or shelter. Among them were men and women of gentle birth and delicate nurture, ex-judges of His Majesty's courts, ex-officers of His Majesty's army, clergymen of Oxford training, planters, and country gentlemen, all reduced from competence to poverty on account of their fidelity to their conscience and their King. But the best provision that it was possible to make for their comfort was made. The King's stores were thrown open, and ample supplies of food, blankets, and tents were furnished, and accommodation was provided as far as possible for the refugees in the barracks of the troops and in private houses.

Some took up land in Nova Scotia, among them the paternal ancestors of the present writer, who were loyalist refugees from North Carolina and Virginia. Others—among them Colonel Pemberton and his family—preferred to make the journey to the more distant wilds of Canada. These had to remain in camp or barrack through the long

and dreary months of a winter of unusual severity. In the spring, when the ice was thought to be out of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, a transport was sent to convey them to Quebec and Montreal. But the spring was late. The ice floes were unusually heavy and numerous; and much delay and discomfort were experienced before the transport cast anchor beneath the fortress-crowned height of Quebec. But the troubles of our refugees were now almost at an end. As if an omen and augury of their future prosperity, the month of May opened warm and sunny. A sudden transfiguration of the face of nature took place. A green flush overspread the landscape. The air was filled with the pollen and catkins of the larch and willows. When our travellers landed on the river bank at Montreal, they found the blue-eyed violets blooming under the very shadow of the "ice shove," where the frozen surface of the river had been piled up upon the shore; and before the snow-drifts had melted from the hollows a whiter drift of apple blossoms had covered as with a bridal veil the orchard trees.

The welcome of the Virginia loyalists at the Heck Settlement, as it had begun to be called, was no less cordial than had been that of the more peaceful and less aristocratic Quakers of the previous year. They had all suffered for a common cause; and community of suffering is the strongest bond of sympathy and friendship. Hence it was that in the early days of the settlement of Upper Canada—

All men were as brothers
In those brave days of old.
Then none was for a party,
And all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

Tribute to Canada.

The following is from the reply of the Knights of Pythias to the address of welcome.

Now my friends of the land of the Maple Leaf, and from every quarter of the Dominion of Canada, again allow me to express the grateful tributes of the heart of every Knight within the circle of the Supreme Jurisdiction for this kindly and princely reception. We do not wonder now that you have an honest pride in this charming metropolitan city with its 120,000 fair women and brave men, its immense lake commerce, its iron arteries of trade reaching out in every direction, its palatial and costly private residences, elegant public buildings, wide, spacious, and beautiful streets and avenues, massive school buildings, colossal manufacturing enterprises, healthful climate, grand church edifices, and chivalric Knights, possessing every element of a great, prosperous, and cosmopolitan city, the legislative and judicial centre of your splendid Province, the most important factor in the Dominion of Canada as formed less than two decades since. Our people have never so fully appreciated your wide domain, comprising as it does over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, and covering over one-third of the entire area of Great Britain, and including nearly one-half of this continent. Without including the area covered by the great lakes there are 3,470,392 square miles, or about 40 per cent. of the whole British Empire. England, Wales, and Scotland together form an area of 88,000 square miles. You could out forty

such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 300,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, Continental Italy, and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent)

THREE BRITISH INDIAS IN CANADA,

and still enough left to make a Queensland and a Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada, and fifteen more countries of the same size. With a commerce traversing nearly every sea, the fourth maritime Power in the world, with untold universal and agricultural wealth, with great lines of railway like so many pulsating arteries on the land, the enterprising emigrant wending his way over soil of prairies and forests, where the moose and deer have roamed undisturbed for centuries, the land of magnificent distances, with crystal lakes flashing like jewels upon the bosom of beauty—who can fully estimate its glorious destiny?

Text, Sermon, and Application.

HALLO, old man, what are you holding up that tree for!" shouted the leader of a band of young students, to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor, miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's-slipper, and Indian turnips. Have you got a Homer abroad, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced, and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could, indeed, render quite as fluently, and with as much correctness, as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin, as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken, boys; don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are 'able to go out,' and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat, belong always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expeditions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face; and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself; but I'll try, whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text and

heads, and whole sermon, and application, is this: 'Keep temperance men temperate!' Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood cutter, or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say: 'Keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. Yes and the girls—for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruine!—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first born—I taught in my own way, until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—Heavenly Father, keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practice. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge; do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him, if you have faith enough; but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—Keep temperance men temperate!"—*Band of Hope Review.*

The Missionary and the Infidel.

"I REMEMBER many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada," says the Bishop of Saskatchewan. "He said that some years before then a humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Upon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased.

"The missionary stood up and said: 'My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and, to my horror, I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger, and I heard him cry for mercy to God. I heard him scream, 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land, and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the very man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God nor heaven nor hell.'"