

FOUNDING OF MONTREAL.

In the spring of 1642, the little flotilla bearing the founders of the future city of Montreal glided up the river—Montmagny, as representing the Hundred Associates, Maisonneuve, the Jesuit Vimont, Madame de la Peltrie, Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, and about forty soldiers, artisans and labourers. As they landed they fell upon their knees and sang a hymn of thanksgiving. An altar was soon erected and decked with flowers, and, in that magnificent amphitheatre of nature, Father Vimont celebrated mass and invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colonists. "You are a grain of mustard-seed," he said, "that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. God's smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land." Thus religiously, in accordance with the Roman Catholic ceremonial of the French settlers, were laid the foundations of Ville Marie de Montreal, the future commercial metropolis of Canada.—*Withrow's "History of Canada."*

SLOWLY sailed the lone flotilla from St. Michel that spring-day,
Up the fair Canadian river, flowing proudly
on its way;
Hour by hour, it plowed the current, in its
course unhindered, free,
Bearing souls that were brave-hearted to
a noble destiny.

Slowly sailed the lone flotilla, day by day,
until at last
On the glad gaze of the pilgrims rose an
island proud and vast,
Whence should rise a queenly city by the
airs of heaven kissed,
Whose fair corner-stone, they reasoned,
only reasoned, should be Christ.

And along its shores they anchored, left
their boats and trod the land,
In their breasts a purpose beating that was
lofty, bold and grand;
And they knelt that springtime morning
there together on the sod,
And they lifted up their voices in thanks-
giving unto God.

Then they rose up stronger, better, while
one said—"Now let us rear
In this very place an altar unto him we
love and fear;"
Thus they did, and then fair women, fair
and saintly, mid those hours
From the million blooms about them decked
it with a wealth of flowers.

Now before the shrine they gathered,
kneeling there in loving trust,
While the priest clad in his vestments lifted
heavenward the Host;
Silence and silence hallowed filled the
place, and when was done
This sweet rite of adoration to the high and
holy One,

The good Father, smiling sweetly, turned
and spake these words—"Ye are
As a grain of mustard seed, that's wafted
hither from afar,
That shall grow until its branches over-
shadow all the earth,
For the work unto you given, loved ones,
is of heavenly birth."

As he ceased a wondrous chorus sounded
forth on either hand
From throats of feathered-songsters,
fairest, loveliest in the land,
While the air grew softer, sweeter, and like
Eden seemed the place,

Since all life around, and in them, breathed
a fair and loving grace.

Slowly waned the day so gracious, slowly
came the evening hour,
And on high the stars of splendour shed
their glow with kindly power;
While, upon the holy altar with the rarest
flowers embossed,
Burned the lights with wondrous brightness
where still lay the sacred Host.

Then they pitched their tents—these pil-
grims—lit their bivouac fires, and sang
Songs of love and fond thanksgiving that
out on the still air rang,
And upon their rude beds laid them down to
blissful sleep and rest,
Only glad thoughts of the future beating in
each peaceful breast.

Down the ages has this story—this fair story
—come to us,
Of the birth-hour—shall we call it?—of a
mighty city! Thus
We may see how from beginnings, very
feeble though they are,
There may grow in time a glory with the
glory of a star.

They were few in numbers only, they who
wrought so long ago,
Aye! but they were Knights and Ladies full
of hope and faith, we know,
Each devoted to a calling that was holy in
its aim,
For they lived but for the Master, not for
riches or for fame.

On the shores of the St. Lawrence, flowing
to the ocean gray,
Stands a city full of grandeur, full of loveli-
ness to-day;
And around it linger mem'ries ever glorious
and sublime,
That shall live through all the ages, never
perishing with time.

Mem'ries speaking every hour, and in
tenderness and love,
Of that hero, dear to French hearts, Chome-
dey de Maisonneuve;
While, in return, his brave companions
lovingly they each recall,
Who, with him for guide and leader, gave
the Northland Montreal.
GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

ONE USE OF BIRTHDAYS.

You know that birthdays are the days that our friends remember, and tell us they do by sending us presents. Now, these presents should always mean this: "I send you this, to tell you how glad I am that you were born. You have made me happier because you live in this world." I wonder if we are all trying to make our friends feel this.

There is a blue-eyed girl living not a thousand miles from New York who calls her birthdays "worth days." She is so sweet and lovable that every day she lives is a "worth day" to those about her. We can all make our days "worth days" to our friends, each day richer and more happy because we live here, if we try.

There are different ways of celebrating our birthdays, but these that are most to be desired are thanksgiving birthdays. Last winter there was such a pretty birthday celebration not far from Boston that I know you will enjoy hearing about it.

The little girl was twelve years old. She had been receiving presents and birthday letters all day. When night

came and the family were all at dinner—a dinner prepared especially to suit this little girl—she came into the dining-room carrying a tray, on which were a number of paper parcels, neatly tied. Each parcel had on it a white card, with the name of some member of the family and contained a gift. These she gave to each one, to remember her birthday by, she said, and had been purchased by saving her own pocket money. That certainly was a pretty way of keeping a birthday. Giving, you will find, makes you just as happy as receiving, and sometimes more happy. In a small Sunday-school room in New York State there is a pretty money jug standing on the desk. On the Sunday after each teacher's and scholar's birthday they put into the jug a penny for each year they have lived. Johnny, who was five years old, brings five pennies; Johnny's father, who is thirty-eight years old, brings thirty-eight pennies—one for each year.

This money goes to the missionary society of the church.

These pennies must be thank offerings. You might try it in your family. Have a money jug on the dining-room mantel, and use the pennies to buy Christmas presents for some one who would not have any Christmas if you did not remember him. Call the jug, "The birthday jug."

PLAYING SALOON.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* vouches for the truth of the following touching story:

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men, who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon last Friday night. "Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:

"It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the backyard; and there, under an apple-tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over, and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys

were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

"My God, boys, you must not drink that," he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back, she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night, and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them to his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first: "What did you do when you saw your brother drown-
ing?"

"I rushed in after him and brought him out."

"You did well; here is your reward."

"And what did you do?" turning to the second.

"I helped to carry him home."

"That was right; here is your reward."

"And what did you do, when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old.

"I prayed, papa."

"You did your part, too, and well; here is a book for you, too."

A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl whose father is a minister had been sorely tempted to play at the water-pail, which stood upon a low bench within her reach. It was thought best not to remove it, but to make it "a tree of the knowledge of good and evil." More than once her chubby fingers had been "snapped" by way of correction. At two years old she went with grandma to church, where her deportment was very serious. On returning, some one said, "Well, so you've been to church?" "Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?" "Yes." "And what did he say?" (Thoughtfully) "O—he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—not play in 'e water-pail." The conscientious baby is now a mature Christian, teaching a great many other children "not to play in the water-pail." —*Watchman.*