

such scraps of iron are so useful to an Esquimaux that they constitute the only thing needed to make him independent of white men's help altogether. For such things are used to tip his arrows, make the points of his harpoon more penetrating and deadly, and inestimably valuable for many purposes. Surely if an "honest man is the noblest work of God," these uncivilized and quaint savages are peculiarly near and dear to the Creator who has so endowed them with this rarest of human virtues. To the old and infirm among them, or to orphan children, these gentle savages are uniformly kind and attentive, such unfortunates being generally the best dressed and best fed members of their little communities.

(*To be Continued.*)

Beatrice Cameron,

Or, Poetry the Happy Medium.

A Story in Two Books.

(*For the Manitoban.*)

BY F. OSMAN MABER.

Book One.—Chapter 2.—The Proposal.

(*Continued.*)

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle.
To those thyself so fondly sought.
The tears that thou has forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

BYRON.

I CAN imagine your fair countenances, O gentle reader, as you throw aside this book in disgust; especially if your thoughts tend to the revelation of great and hitherto unpublished mysteries; wonders, the sovereign depth of which incline your blood to tingle and rise upon end with fright, and the hair upon the crown of your heads—pardon me for adding—"if you possess that essential covering of the wisdom box," freeze to the inmost recesses of your veins. I wield no mystic sceptre won by deeds

of valor, neither do I soar aloft though the boundless tracts of atmospheric splendour, that surround this our mortal coil, to lay at your feet the treasures of that Great and Awful Unknown, but relate with an upright and honest purposé, scenes and incidents true to Nature—real and imaginery—visible and invisible—partaking of the spirit of that Archangel of Virtue, Truth.

We often hear it said in this modern era by persons who consider themselves the possessors of wisdom, equal, if not superior to that of Solomon, that marriage in the majority of cases, is the outcome of either jealousy, hatred or revenge; hardly ever of love. Be this as it may, it might be as well as to keep their sage maxim before us for a brief period.

We left Beatrice deeply engrossed in the perusal of a few verses, rather sarcastic than otherwise, from the pen of Vane Helmore. What her feelings were on perusing them, can be better imagined than described. Widely throbbled her heart, and deeply ran her tears. Hatred, love, vexation, and mortification were struggling for the mastery. Throwing herself upon the bed, she lay there long and still, a prey to the bitterest emotions. Wicked thoughts, terrible designs entered her soul, as quickly chased away by those of purer mould. Good and bad were engaged in mortal combat. Which, oh which would conquer? As we well know, love possessed as yet no important fortress in her heart; it had yet to be won from the enemy.

At length she arose. Satan has triumphed. It was her intention to mortify Vane in every conceivable manner. But, look! why is she so pale? Why that hesitating shade upon her face? Is it, can it be, that love is now for the first time finding her? Perhaps.

At that instant a rap was heard upon the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Mr. Wallace is downstairs" replied