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NOTICE TO READERS.

Contributions to the columns of the SNOWFLAKE may be addressed to "The Snowflake Club," Newcastle, or "The Snowflake Club," Chatham, or "The Snowflake Club," Douglstown. Original articles in prose or poetry gladly received from any of our readers.



NOTICE TO READERS.

Friends of this paper will please hand in their subscriptions, as soon as convenient, to the Treasurers -
 Rev. J. A. F. McBain, Chatham.
 Rev. James Anderson, Newcastle.
 William Russell, Jr., Douglstown.

No. 4.

MIRAMICHI, MARCH, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE :

MIRAMICHI, MARCH, 1879

THE BROOKLET.

[Written for the Snowflake.]

I am watching a little brooklet,
 How it merrily glides in the sun,
 Dimpling, gurgling, laughing,
 Trilling to every one.

O'er the stones how nimbly it dances,
 Seeming to sing as it sweeps -
 I am flowing away to the ocean
 To hide myself in its deeps.

What though the rocks try to stay me
 And fret my light wave on its way,
 I'll retort with a laugh at their efforts,
 And take all their malice in play.

Thus pleasantly journeyed the streamlet,
 With ever a smile for a flow,
 And its song was the merrier, sweeter,
 The more it was chafed in its flow.

And I thought that, ever contented,
 The brook had a lesson for me,
 For I too am travelling onward
 To lose myself in the sea.

The sea, the bright sea of His mercy,
 The unsearchable sea of His love,
 The fulness, the ocean of glory,
 His ineffable presence above.

The world it may vex me with sorrow,
 And roughen the road to my home,
 But I hear a voice in the distance,
 Beckoning, calling - come!

I am coming, my Lord, I am coming;
 Make me like the brooklet, I pray,
 To rejoice in the sun of Thy favour,
 Whatever the world may say.

Glengarry. MISSIE F.

WASTE.

There is an awful waste of time in social life, wasted in doing nothing, or worse than nothing, in dawdling and loitering and sky-gazing, in waiting for "something to turn up," in hearing what is not worth hearing, and reading what is not worth reading, and in innumerable other ways which are familiar to us all.

Men waste a great deal of their substance. They do it in high living, which may really be very low living, in giving to unworthy objects, in stock speculations and risky investments of all sorts, in not keeping their accounts straight, in relying too much upon the fidelity of others, in insuring in legus companies, in buying what they do not need, in holding on to their goods too long, in allowing their goods to deteriorate, in neglecting to keep things in proper repair, in foolish endorsing, and trying to help those who are too lazy or shiftless or stupid or ignorant to take care of themselves.

Men also waste their influence. They

do this by enlisting in foolish causes and absurd schemes, by coming to rash decisions and acting accordingly, or by coming to no decision and so not acting at all, by some infelicity of manner or temper, or by the want of a proper moral balance. Nothing weakens a man's hold upon society so much as a doubt of his integrity. How many splendid intellects have been wasted because of a weak or perverted conscience.

MODES OF RECKONING TIME.

The day among the Romans was either civil or natural. The civil day was from midnight to midnight, and the natural day was from the rising to the setting of the sun. The natural day of the Jews varied in length according to the seasons of the year: the longest day in Palestine is only fourteen hours and twelve minutes of our time; and the shortest day, nine hours and forty-eight minutes. This portion of the time the ancient Hebrews as well as the Greeks divided into three parts namely, morning, noon, and night, which are mentioned by David as the times of prayer. (Ps. iv. 17.) In the time of Nehemiah, however, the natural day seems to have been divided into four parts, (iv. 3.) It was afterwards divided into twelve hours, as appears from the following question in St. John's Gospel: "Are there not twelve hours in a day?" (xi. 9) Herodotus informs us that the Greeks learnt from the Babylonians, among other things, the method of dividing the day into twelve parts; but whether the Hebrews derived it from the Babylonians, or the Babylonians from the Hebrews, cannot now be ascertained. Among the contrivances for the measurement of time, the sun dial of Ahaz is especially mentioned. (2 Kings xx. 11.) It is probable that this sun-dial was introduced by Ahaz from Babylon, whence also Anaximenes, the Milesian, brought the first hour-watch into Greece. This instrument was of no use during the night, nor indeed during a cloudy day. In consequence of this defect the Clepsidra was invented, which was used in Persia in its simplest form, as late as the seventeenth century. Time was thus measured by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and probably by the Jews; but the Clepsidra had two defects, the latter in common with our modern hour glasses. One was, that the water ran out with greater or less velocity, according as the air was more or less heavy; and the other, that the water ran more rapidly at the beginning than at the end, from the additional weight of the column on that which was passing through the hole. Thus, if the

whole depth of the vessel, through which the surface of the water sinks in twelve hours, be divided into 144 parts, it will sink through 23 of these in the first hour, 21 in the second, 19 in the third, and so on, according to the series of the odd numbers. *Cheltenham Journal.*

SCRIPTURE PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

Here, too (Kedron), we had an opportunity of witnessing, more than once, incidents of a kind which forcibly reminded us of scenes in the Scripture history of David, by which readers, ignorant of the country in which they happened, may have been often not a little perplexed. When David was hiding in the wilderness of Ziph, an opportunity presented itself of slaying King Saul as he lay asleep in the night, unconscious of any danger being near. Too generous to avail himself of the advantage that had come so unexpectedly and so temptingly in his way, David nevertheless, resolved to show how completely his persecutor had been in his power. Stealing noiselessly into Saul's camp, accompanied by a single follower, and passing unobserved through the midst of the drowsy guards, David took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they got them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked; for they were all asleep." (1 Sam. xxvi. 12.) Having performed this daring exploit, he and his attendant, Abishai, "went over to the other side, and stood on the top of a hill afar off, a great space being between them." Having got to this safe distance from his relentless enemy David is represented in the sacred history as proceeding to address Abner, the leader of Saul's host, and to taunt him with his soldier-like want of vigilance in leaving his royal master exposed to the hazard of being slain in the very midst of his own camp. What is apt to appear strange in this narrative is the fact that these hostile parties should have been near enough to carry on the conversation which the narrative describes, and yet that all the while the one should have been entirely beyond the reach of the other. That all this, however, was both possible and easy was verified in our presence. As we were riding cautiously along the face of the hill our attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a shepherd, who was evidently calling to some one whom we could not see, but whose answer we distinctly heard. The dialogue went on. Another and another sentence was slowly and sonorously uttered by the shepherd near us, and as often the response was distinctly given. At length, guided by the sound, we des-

cerned, far up the confronting hill, the source of the second voice in the person of another shepherd; and learned from our Arab attendants that they were talking to each other about their flocks. Between these two men was the deep crevasse formed by the valley of the Kedron, walled in by lofty precipices, which no human foot could scale. It would probably have taken a full hour for one, even as fleet and as strong-winded as an Asahel, to pass from the standing place of one speaker to that of the other; and yet they were exchanging words with perfect ease. The mystery of the dramatic scene in the wilderness of Ziph was at an end, and we were reminded at the same time of an important truth, that in dealing with the sacred Scriptures, ignorance often make difficulties which a larger knowledge and a deeper intelligence would at once remove. As we moved along the hill-face dialogues of the same kind, once and again attracted our notice, showing plainly that these trans-valine colloquies are of common occurrence. The facility of hearing was no doubt, increased by the extreme stillness of the air, and by the voice being at once confined and thrown back by the steep sides of the hills. - *Notes of a Clerical Forlorn spent in the Holy Land. By Robert Buchanan, D. D.*

HABITS. - Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seeming unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by unperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. *Jeremy Bentham.*

PRACTISING FOR THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA. The other day, some gentlemen, cruising on a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat, containing two men and a woman, landed its passengers on the shore, and, after a short time, returned with them, inquired the cause of this daily excursion. "My man," said he, "what makes you come here every day? Is it that you like it?" "Oh, your honours, not at all," was the reply; "but faith, your honours, the wife an' me's gait' out soon to Australy, an' so we're jist practising, the saynickness, that we may be used to it when we start."

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMICHI, MARCH, 1879.

[Written for the Snowflake.]
PERSEVERANCE.

The power of perseverance can scarcely be overrated. It is the soul of success in every line of life. Many a man, from being destitute of this quality by which its possessor exacts continued activity in reference to his purposes and performances, has made shipwreck of the finest faculties; dreaming away existence amid airy speculations and impracticable designs. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his discourses on painting says: "you must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them, if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labour: nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers."

A man of perseverance will continue his efforts, though, to a certain extent, he may have been unsuccessful. "Perseverance overcomes difficulties," was a copy at School. Now want of success is one of those difficulties that perseverance overcomes. There are various other obstacles to perseverance besides this, but these as existing not in the agent, but as mere circumstances, are not so much to be dreaded as the antagonist mental qualities, indolence and carelessness. Perseverance cannot exist in alliance with either of these. Indolence is the negative of perseverance. A love for ease destroys continued activity. The lazy man whiles away precious time in doing nothing. Nor is indolence more opposed to perseverance than carelessness which is generally the characteristic of feeble minds. A careless man is one who does not attend to life's duties and responsibilities, because he does not think it worth his while, or who employs his faculties about trifles. The indolent and the careless, however, may by impulsive effort, exert much activity. There may be great intensity of application, without the faculty of perseverance and this very intensity of application, becoming overstrained, activity is itself an antagonistic force to perseverance, and thus may be a cause of inactivity and unsteadiness, terms which come near to the true opposites of what is implied in perseverance, and which are almost identical with indolence and carelessness. As the poet says:-

"We have not wings—we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

To attain to perseverance, indolence and carelessness must be especially guarded against, and the habits that induce them. In order to this there ought to be impressed on the mind the importance of the pursuits in reference to which perseverance is to be exercised, and also the necessity of perseverance as the right means by which

success is to be obtained. Perseverance, it ought to be borne in mind is the law of progress in the spiritual and the temporal. True it is that life spiritual and temporal is to many rather a fight than a peaceful journey. Be it then a fight; let there be neither irresolution nor want of exertion in waging it. Does not the inferior creation, living but soulless, teach man a striking lesson in regard to this quality? There are few who do not know the anecdote of King Robert Bruce and the spider. With what untiring perseverance, does the ant construct its heap, and the bee lay up its store, and the spider weave its web! How perseveringly does the bird build its nest and feed its young and warble its notes of melody! with what restless activity does the horse perform his work for man, till old age makes him cease his labours! Strange it is that man with noble faculties of understanding, conscience, will and heart, should too often be devoid of that quality which instinct teaches the beasts that perish! But in reference to what ought perseverance to be exercised?

1st. In reference to acquiring truth.

2nd. In reference to fulfilling duty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINGAL'S CAVE—STAFFA.

"We visited Staffa and Iona. The former is one of the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. It is a cathedral arch, scooped by the hand of nature, equal in dimensions and in regularity to the most magnificent aisle of a Gothic cathedral. The sea rolls up to the extremity in most tremendous majesty, and with a voice like ten thousand giants shouting at once. It exceeded, in my mind, every description I had heard of it; or rather, the appearance of the cavern, composed entirely of basaltic pillars as high as the roof of a cathedral, and running deep into the rock, eternally swept by a deep and swelling sea, and paved as it were with ruddy marble, baffles all description. You can walk along the broken pillars, with some difficulty, and in some places with a little danger, as far as the farthest extremity. Boats also can come in below when the sea is placid,—which is seldom the case. I had become a sort of favourite with the Hebridean boatman, I suppose from my anxiety about their old customs, and they were much pleased to see me get over the obstacles which stopped some of the party. So they took the whim of solemnly christening a great stone seat at the mouth of the cavern, Clachan-an-Bairbh, or the Poet's Stone. It was consecrated with a pibroch, which the echoes rendered tremendous, and a glass of whisky, not poured forth in the ancient mode of libation, but turned over the throats of the assistants. The head boatman, whose father had been himself a bard, made me a speech on the occasion, but as it was in Gaelic, I could only receive it as a silly beauty does a fine-spun compliment—bow, and say nothing.

"When this fun was over (in which, strange as it may seem, the men were quite serious), we went to Iona, where there are some ancient and curious

monuments. From this remote island the light of Christianity shone forth on Scotland and Ireland. The ruins, are of a rude architecture, but curious to the antiquary. Our return was less comfortable, we had to row twenty miles against an Atlantic tide and some wind, besides the pleasure of seeing occasional squalls gathering to windward. The ladies were sick, and none of the gentlemen escaped except Staffa and myself. The men, however, cheered by the pipes, and by their own interesting boat-songs, which were uncommonly wild and beautiful, one man leading and the others answering in chorus, kept pulling away without apparently the least sense of fatigue, and we reached Ulva at ten at night, tolerably wet, and well disposed for bed."—*Scott's letter to Joanna Baillie.*

MUCKLE-MOUD MEG.

Everybody is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had "lifted," as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the wayside, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be "lifted," the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression—

"By my soul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too."

A member of his family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory he went home and communicated his intention to his wife.

"Are you mad!" said her ladyship, "would you hang the young Laird of Harden, you that has six morn' unmarried daughters! Na, na, it'll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o' them."

The eloquence of the lady prevailed, and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected

gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance," that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected.

"Weel, weel, young man," said the Laird of Elibank, "ye's get till the morn's mornin' to think about it;" and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections.

In the morning Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was, in fact, one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and with all a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, and managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

CLARET AND PORT.

Home, the author of *Douglas*, was very partial to claret, and could not bear port. He was exceedingly indignant when the government laid a tax upon claret, having previously long commiserated its introduction into Scotland under very mitigated duties. He embodied his anger in the following epigram, which, by the way, was a favourite one of Sir Walter Scott's:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried;
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

VELOCITY v. RESISTANCE.

A remarkable result has recently been obtained at the works of Brown & Co., Sheffield. A revolving disc, made from a rail saw, with all its teeth cut off, was mounted on a spindle and driven at nearly 3,000 revolutions a minute; this was,—the disc being three feet in diameter,—a circumferential velocity of over five miles a minute. Steel rails forced against this disc, were most rapidly cut through, appearing to melt before the revolving disc, giving off an abundance of sparks, while after cutting five rails it was itself not sensibly warm.

THE GRAND PASSION.

Miss Amy Millefleur was voted by everybody (except by the other young ladies present) to be out of sight the most distinguished girl at the Flashers' carpet dance last Thursday. Her dress was a quite too awfully lovely arrangement in amber and black, 'er little black slippers had amber rosettes, and her little black gloves had amber what's-his-names up the back. Her hair was frizzled as artfully as a Zulu Caffre's, and the general effect was almost sufficient to make the average male intellect reel upon its throne.

And still she was not happy. Indeed, how could she be? Had she not been at five hundred such things before? And had she not the prospect, if the end of the world and consummation of all sublunary affairs did not arrive with unexpected rapidity, of being at five hundred other such things? The people she met were just as dreadful bores as ever; the things they said to her were, if anything, rather sillier.

There were the people who asked her if she had had lots of skating this winter; the people who asked if she admired the new polka; the people who asked if she had heard Halle's band; the people who asked if she was not awfully fond of dancing; the people who asked if she hadn't found this season very dull, and the people who asked what she thought about Whistler.

Did she not know the whole catechism of small-talk till she was heart-sick of it? Why will people insist on boring her by saying things?

Miss Amy's misery was not to be unchequered that evening.

On the principal that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, relief arrived while Miss Amy was waltzing with George Rackstraw. Everybody who knows George will be able to sympathize with Miss Amy. He was in splendid form that night, cannoning off every couple in the room, and bumping against the corner of the piano each time he came round; and during the pauses giving Miss Amy his opinion about Beethoven's symphonies or sonatas, or whatever they are called.

In the midst of this gymnastic performance Miss Amy caught sight of the very fellow she had seen at the Gallery the previous Saturday, leaning against the doorway now as she had leaned against the mantelpiece then, and pulling at his gloves and stroking his moustache with all the old air of ineffable superiority to everything around him.

Extricating herself from Rackstraw's clutches as soon as she decently could, she sat down, and in a few minutes Lottie Flasher brought over the fellow from the doorway and introduced Mr. Coldstream. They stood up for a "square" that was just then forming, and Miss Amy says she hasn't enjoyed anything so much for years. The way Coldstream has of sticking the tips of his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, the weary, pre-

occupied look in his eyes, and his graceful habit of doing everything in the quadrille half a minute too late, were all admirably calculated to excite Miss Amy's admiration. One remark, and one only, did he vouchsafe to make—"Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—evidently referring to the quadrille.—Miss Amy said she did and then silence reigned again. What a splendid fellow he was, to be sure!

Her cup of happiness was almost brimful when Coldstream took her in to supper. How different he was from the sort of man who perpetually wants you to take some more potatoes, or to pull crackers with him! He never paid her the least attention, and never spoke but once. Said he, "Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—meaning apparently the cold chicken then on his plate. Again Miss Amy's answer was affirmative.

Then they had a waltz. Coldstream's method is stately and almost elephantine—indeed profane friends call it the "mammoth walk-round"—and the result of half-a-dozen turns was that Miss Amy's voluminous train was tightly bandaged round his legs. But Coldstream is always equal to himself. "Don't you think this sort of thing is an awful bore?" said he, without moving a muscle, while Lottie Flasher unrolled him as tenderly as antiquarians do an Egyptian mummy.

In a word, Miss Amy feels she has met her fate. A thousand timid flutterings beset her erst-while self-possessed soul. The once calm, icy heart is now the battlefield of contending emotions. Can this indeed be love? she asks herself. Meanwhile, Coldstream is prosecuting a few inquiries about old Millefleur's financial position, and the issue of these will doubtless exercise an important influence on Miss Amy's destiny.

(Glasgow paper.)

WELDING.

In welding iron, as is well known, the pieces are heated to whiteness. When iron is to be welded to iron this plan answers well enough; but if iron is to be welded to steel the white heat often destroys the steel completely. To remedy this evil a patent has recently been taken out in America. The surface of the metal to be welded is moistened with water, and on the wet surface there is sprinkled a compound consisting of 1 lb. pulverised calcined borax, 1 lb. fine iron filings, and 4 oz. pulverised prussiate of potash intimately mixed. The two surfaces are then wired, or otherwise held together, and raised to a red heat, or about 600 deg. to 700 deg. Fah. When subsequently subjected to rolling or hammering the joint is completed, whilst the steel is not sufficiently raised in temperature to be at all injured by the operation.

SOLID EMERY WHEELS.

A Pye-Smith, at the Congress of the Iron and Steel Institute, said that by means of F. Ransome's silicate of lime, granular emery was consolidated into

wheels, to which the name of the Bessemer emery wheels was given. The advantage of making a grinding stone of a material approaching the diamond in hardness, was increased by the form of the angles of the grains composing it, which had been crushed in such a way as to leave all the corners sharp and cutting. A number of specimens were shown of chisels and other tools ground out of old tires, and solid bars of steel: one blade was cut out of a 3-inch thick file, with a bevel 3/4 inches long, and at the end as thin as paper, but with the temper undrawn. The debris collected under an emery wheel in a few moments and the iron separated by a magnet from the dust from the wheel showed it to be 92 3/4 per cent. of the whole debris.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ABERNETHY.

The world is a city full of streets,
And death's a market where every one meets;
But if life were a thing money could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich never die.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

A well-known Highland laird used to express himself with great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking, that it had actually killed people. "Na, na," he would say, "I never knew anybody killed wi' drinking. I hae kend some though that dec'd in the trammug."

"CRAPPIT HEADS."

A north country minister having died, his executors were examining his papers. On looking over a diary they found the following entry:—"Ate crappit-heads for supper last night, and was the waur o't. See when I'll do the like o' that again!" "Crappit-heads" is a dish peculiar to the north of Scotland; it consists of cod or haddock heads, stuffed with oatmeal, onions, suet and liver—a sort of piscatorial haggis.

LATIN AND LABOUR.—John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:—

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

IRISH EVIDENCE.—"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, "What did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, thin, please your worship," says Pat, "sure I sees Phelam on the top of a wall. Paddy, says he—what, says I—here, says he—where, says I—whist! says he—hush! says I;—and that is all I know about it please your worship." Paddy was dismissed.

ALMOST DAR NOW.—The following anecdote, illustrative of railroad facility, is very pointed:—A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point. "Dat pends on circumstances," replied the darkey. "If you gwine a foot, it'll take you about a day; if you gwine in de stage or de homneybus, you make it in half a day; but if you get in one ob dese smoke waggons, you be almos dar now."—Brother Jonathan.

A SILK NEWSPAPER.—In Peking, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago—somewhat earlier than the one under the patronage of "Good Queen Bess!" An anecdote is related to the effect that, in 1827, a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this newspaper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the papers are preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. They are each ten and a quarter yards long.—[1852]

THE FAST CLOCK.—George III. was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one. The late Lord H—k—e was the most punctual person who attended upon his Majesty. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at twelve o'clock. On passing through the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in his rage at being half a minute too late, raised his cane and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At the next audience, the King as he entered the room, exclaimed:—"H—k—e! how came you to strike the clock?" "The clock struck first, your Majesty." The king laughed heartily at the mock solemnity of the answer.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.—The cathedral (says Bayard Taylor) may rank as one of the grandest Gothic piles in Europe. The nave lacks but five feet of being as high as that of St. Peter's, while the length and breadth of the edifice are on a commensurate scale. The ninety-three windows of stained glass fill the interior with a soft and richly tinted light, mellow and more gentle than the sombre twilight of the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. The wealth lavished on the smaller chapels and shrines is prodigious, and the high altar, enclosed within a gilded railing fifty feet high, is, probably, the most enormous mass of wood-carving in existence. The cathedral, in fact, is encumbered with riches. While they bewilder you as monuments of human labour and patience, they detract from the grand simplicity of the building. The great nave, on each side of the transept, is quite blocked up, so that the choir and the magnificent royal chapel behind it have almost the effect of detached edifices.

HEB. 1-14.

(Written for the Snowflake.)

A fell disease has paled the cheeks
Of a sweet child,
And nightly rest it early seeks
Its parent mild,
Kissing; safely its soul to keep,
To Him is given,
Who died to save the lambs and sheep,
Who lives in Heaven.
A child of fortune, no dire woes
Of want it knew;
Like a well-tended budding rose
The darling grew;
And happily, it had tented been,
With too much care,
The flowers are strongest in the keen,
Cold, open air,
Not all the lavishment of wealth
The parents pay
No highest skill of art brings health
Drives death away,
The child of poverty,
The nameless and the friendless, bold,
The poorly clothed and poorly fed,
By want oppressed, by sin defiled,
Careless, has health to wander wild
And steal, or beg its daily bread,
The child of luxury,
Watched o'er so tenderly,
Breathes its last sigh,
They had not shed so many a tear,
If they had known the angel near,
Sent by the Lord on high
To bring to heaven salvation's heir,
The white rose-bud blossoms there,
The child of dust is cherub fair,
Where never loss nor death invades,
Where trace of sin nor sorrow shades,
The spirits sharing bliss divine,
The light ineffable who shine,
And strike the golden harps above,
And dwell in the eternal love.

(Written for the Snowflake.)

IMAGINATION.

The most princely of all the faculties in man is imagination. Look at some of its powers. Long past the point where memory fails, it carries us unfainting. We link ourselves back in an instant to ages that are fled, and pace through history with history's heroes. Far beyond the point, also, to which science has attained, imagination has projected itself; for it scales all worlds, and feasts its curiosity upon the unknown. By day it is present in the play of fancy and at night, creates a fairy-land of dreams. It is an indication to us of our dignity and greatness, since it brings the treasures of the universe in tribute to our wishes and whims; it is a hint to us of immortality, for it peers into the future and looks behind the veil, and it confirms our creation in the likeness of God, for us, too, it enables in our measure after God, to create, when in the domain of mind, we can say of any object of fancy, "let there be!" and there is.

I wish, however, to call the attention of readers of the SNOWFLAKE to the relation of imagination to our moral interests. Of all the faculties, it has the most potent influence upon the character. It creates, for an ideal world, an environment harmonized exactly with the bent and bias of our disposition. More really than we sometimes think, every man makes and inhabits his own world. Through the effects of imagination, as well as the favorite exercise of will-power, it comes to about that.

The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Very much of our time we all spend in the secret chambers of our imagery, but some breathe nothing but pollution there, and others inhale the sweet atmosphere of heaven.

I may compress what I have to say, under two heads:

1. Keep imagination well under the discipline of conscience.

Like all princely gifts, imagination is at the same time a very perilous one. It may never weal and it may never woe. The universe is open to it; and there are some things in the universe on which a man cannot dwell in thought with impunity. There are people of a phlegmatic nature, not easily moved, possessed of little imagination. On these, temptations of the sudden sensual kind have comparatively little power. Those are exposed to the greatest peril, who have been gifted with a vivid fancy; a fancy which can soar to angelic heights or sink to the grossest depths. Men like Rousseau, de Musset, Byron, Burns—these are the men whose powers are the keenest and who fall the most fatally. For ourselves, let us discipline vigorously our imagination, whether it be vivid or torpid. There is no fact more patent than that it is harmful to let the mind dwell on what is unholy. That which is immoral becomes, when dwelt upon in thought, demoralizing. Let us see to it then that our imagination does not run riot among scenes of license, but breathes an atmosphere of purity and peace. As the heirs of the ages, let us lay under contribution to our moral welfare all the choicer things of the age, let us live with the great and good; let us link ourselves to all that is high and noble in man and in history. Why should we fill the garden of our mind with baneful undergrowths and poison flowers? why should we defile our imaginations with images of death and shrouded ghosts that are worse than death because they will never die? A polluted fancy—weightier curse there is none in the world.

2. Make imagination contribute to your moral welfare. Imagination, like all the faculties, is given us as a means of self-improvement and growth. We may of course stunt our natures if we like; nevertheless it was designed that we should develop through the agency of our senses and faculties and powers. A pure imagination; there is nothing nobler or more prophetic of glorious destiny. Good men, as well as vile men, have dreams and vivid fancies. A man's efforts after purity you may measure by his aspirations. The best of the ancient Greeks used to long after what they called the Fair, the Perfect Good. These dreams, these hopes, were lost to a more sensual age. But, in all ages, there have been instances of sanctified imaginations, and they who possessed them, were the salt of the earth. Take up the Bible for instance. What of the glowing visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel and St. John? They were inspired no doubt, but do they not mark these men's own ardent longings and dreams? Unsanctified imaginations

could not have conceived them—could not, perhaps, have been made the vehicle of their communication. We, too, should cultivate a chaste fancy. We, too, might have our dreams—the dreams which all reformers, all philanthropists, all earnest souls, have ever had, and which one day will show themselves to be realities. Dwell with what is high and good, for thus high and noble thoughts and cravings are awakened in the breast. The sordid cares of daily life, the temptations and sins which throng and press us from these we may flee, if we will, into an ideal world of our own. The large hope and bright faith of a sanctified imagination—with these we can overcome the world, and learn from Sir Galahad to say:—

"I muse on joys that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, and turned to finest air.

KINDLINESS.

Kindness, never consisted or even lay to any great extent in "leeks and bows, and unweathered smiles" though real pleasantness is a great element in winning the favor of our fellows. Neither is it by any means engrossed or fully expressed by almshouses, though without question, it we do feel tenderly to our neighbor at all, we feel with peculiar tenderness to our neighbor in any suffering and wretchedness which we can comprehend. "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, I am nothing." This kindness is charity, liberality and generosity of spirit, fairness and impartiality of judgment, mildness and meekness of heart rather than of tone, kindly affectionateness in all ties and relations—tenderest in the nearest, mellow and sympathetic in the most removed. It is of the very essence of Christianity, and the neglect of it has inflicted more injury on the cause of Him who is love divine, has wounded him more sorely in the house of his friends than the absence of any other quality or faculty what-ever. I would urge it the more imperatively that it is (but certainly by no means to the same extent as formerly) overlooked, or understated, or in some respect blurred over in many lessons for young people. Kindness is only second to Godliness; kindness is thoroughly opposed to meanness, to malice, to mischief, of every description. It bids us have faith in one another; it bids us bear long with one another; it tells us to be obedient, respectful and tender to our elders; firm and yet indulgent to our juniors; reasonable and gracious to our equals, just, feeling, thoughtful and helpful to our inferiors. It negatives mere human ambition and selfish rivalry; it altogether forbids slander, talebearing and backbiting; it even cries, oh, lie, lie! against ridicule when ridicule verges on levity and cynicism.

SARAH TYLER.

HOW NOT TO BORE.

None of the books of etiquette that we have yet read give prescriptions which will cure the tendency which most of us have

to bore other people. The reason is that none of us suspects he is or can be a bore under any combination of circumstances. The supposition is so wild and absurd as to be discountenanced at once. And yet so often are we bored by other people that it would only be reasonable for us to conclude that we, too, might sometimes place ourselves in the same unenviable light. To know when to come and when to go, when to be silent and when to speak, what to say and how to say it, to be properly aware how to express those thousand little tones and acts which endear one, it is difficult to explain precisely how, is either a natural gift or an art obtainable after long years of training. Yet he who is not master of these things will run the risk some time or other of being considered a nuisance. We all ought to learn how not to bore. We owe it to our neighbors as well as to ourselves. It is a knowledge we exact from them. If they do not display it we feel personally aggrieved and are apt to consider them, for a time, our enemies.

One certain way of not boring is never to give people too much of our company. This is a rule difficult to observe. There are times when we are too ready to believe that our friends want us more than they really do. We take their protestations literally and when they say they could live with us forever and a day, we positively give them the day. This is a great mistake. Probably six hours of the day would have been quite sufficient. But we are unwilling to believe that our fascinations are so weak as not to stand a harder trial, and yielding to that weak prejudice in our own favor we become unmitigable bores. It would be well if we could hold the hand-glass up to our failings in this respect and see ourselves as we really are. —From *Canada Presbyterian*.

AN AWKWARD ANNOUNCEMENT. —When Lord Lyndhurst took leave of a legal friend of his who was going out to the East Indies to be a judge there, he gave him this advice. "I can trust you to make a decision, you are clear headed enough for that, and you are always right. But never my good fellow, be tempted to give a reason for it, for when so doing, you always bother yourself and confuse your hearers." This was wise counsel. It is dangerous also, in other matters, to be communicative, as we learn from the following story: Some fifty years since, sporting parsons were not such rarities as they happily are now. Black-coated Nimrods and Ramrods abounded in all directions. One of these was the keenest fox-hunter in a neighbouring county. On a certain occasion he said to his clerk in the vestry before church, "John, you must give notice that there will be no service next Sunday." Well would it have been had he added nothing more to Mr. Amen, but, in return to his inquisitive look, he imprudently continued. "I'm going quietly down to —, to be ready for the hounds on Monday morning." Presently, when the proper time came, a thundering voice made the church echo again as it proclaimed, "This is to give notice that there will be no service next Sunday, as the parson is going down to —, to be ready for the hounds on Monday morning." The congregation were, of course, electrified and horrified at being told "the reason why," and the unhappy parson himself almost extinguished.