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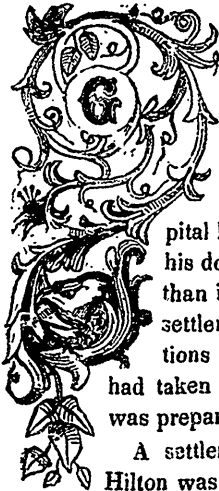
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[For the Maple Leaf.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION.



GEORGE HILTON was one of the smartest back woodsmen in our district ; he could turn his hand to anything, and was strong, active, good tempered, and energetic. Before he was three and twenty years of age he had cleared a hundred acres of his farm, brought fifty into cultivation, and built a capital log-house upon his estate. The interior of his domicile was fitted up with with more taste than is usually seen in the dwelling of a bush settler ; all the carvings, mouldings, and decorations were the work of his own hands, and he had taken the greater pains with them, because he was preparing for his bride.

A settler is nothing without a wife ; and George Hilton was considered an enviable man, when it was known that he had persuaded Agnes Denham, the eldest daughter of an emigrant lieutenant from the mother country to share his fortunes ; for Agnes was not only one of the prettiest girls in the Township, but the most amiable and well conducted. Accomplishments are not particularly requisite for the daughters of large families in the bush, and Agnes Denham had acquired quite as many of the superficial graces of life as were necessary. She was well read, wrote a clear, distinct hand, danced with spirit, sang pleasingly without any acquired affectations, and could accompany herself on the guitar. Her stock of useful knowledge was far more extensive ; she could make bread, cakes, pickles, and preserves, candles, soap, and maple sugar, and was a proficient in needle work of the domestic kind. She was, in short, the very girl to make a sensible man happy, never having had any time for folly or foolish dissipation. Her parents knew not how to spare her, for she was the sunshine and comfort of their home ; but when they were assured of her affection for George Hilton, they raised no objections. The course of true love for once flowed smooth as a summer stream, and it was

agreed that the bridal should take place on the day when she should complete her eighteenth year.

Agnes's cheerful temper and affectionate disposition, had made her a general favorite in the neighborhood where she lived; and her female friends took the present opportunity of evincing the lively interest they took in her approaching happiness, by rendering her every assistance in their power in preparing her wedding dresses, and the thousand and one little essentials for so important a change, as that about to take place.

Agnes was anxious to save her parents as much expense as she possibly could in her outfit, and resolved that there should not be any milliners' bills to pay on account of her marriage,—so it was unanimously agreed by her young friends that they should give Agnes all the help they were able in completing her wedding toilette, and many a pleasant day was passed by the little bride elect, and the chosen few who were admitted into her counsels, in cutting out and contriving, fitting and trimming, and admiring the bridal finery, as each article was completed and consigned to the packing cases that were destined to receive the treasures.

And many were the little offerings of affection that were presented by loving, generous hearts—which, if they lacked something in costliness of material, were rendered charming in the eyes of the little bride, by the kind manner in which they had been wrought and given.

There was the bridal handkerchief, delicately embroidered and edged with the finest lace that gentle and ingenious hands could fabricate; the pretty manchettes and collars, berthes and reticules, were all the work of kind fingers eager to contribute something to please and enrich her little wardrobe,—and not the least admired were the sprigs of myrtle and white rose-buds, fastefully made by George's youngest sister, and which, though from the hands of an amateur artiste in this species of fancy-work, looked almost as natural among the shining ringlets of Agnes and her bride-maidens, as if they had been plucked from the garden and green-house.

But the best of the fun was making the bride-cake. There was a regular 'Bee' for the occasion, conducted, however, with a secrecy and mystery quite befitting so delicate a matter. What will my youthful readers, meet to be made bride's themselves, say to such

an innovation of all rules of orthodoxy in wedding preparations? A home-made bride-cake, and the bride one of the compounders thereof! Whoever heard or even dreamt of such a thing? True for you—as the Irish say,—but remember, ye fair and fastidious critics! Agnes Denham's was a "bush wedding." The grand difficulty was in rising the cake. It was quite amusing for a looker on to watch the curious anxious, faces peeping over one another's shoulders into the various cooking books, English and American, that had been privily borrowed from the most accomplished house-wives in the neighborhood.

The gentlemen were of course excluded from these mysterious conferences, the only piece of broadcloth admitted into the secret consultations was little Harry—Agnes's youngest brother—who, after having listened with breathless interest to some discussion going on among the fair bevy of confectioners respecting the difficulty of finding some suitable instrument for laying on the icing, hastily retreated to the work-shop and soon returned with a triumphant air, bearing in his hand a sort of flat trowel, which he had fashioned out of a clean shingle,—declaring he was confident it would answer the purpose admirably.

Harry's expedient was highly applauded by all present, and adopted forthwith. Then there was such anxiety about the baking of the precious compound, and the turning it out of the bake kettle, when done, so as not to injure its fair proportions. All the females of the house, from mamma to Betty Fagan, the Irish maid, were in a fever till this important affair was concluded. The cake exceeded all expectations; it was neither broken nor burned, and the ice looked almost like snow itself,—the house was filled with the odour, the cake was indeed rich and rare to sight and sense. In short, it was a splendid achievement in the way of a home-made bride-cake; and as the boys all declared, looked gloriously when decorated with the wreath of white roses which Caroline Hill placed upon it.

It was arranged that the ceremony was to be performed at five o'clock, and arrangements were made for a dance after tea. After supper, the young couple were to go quietly home to their own house, which was scarcely a mile off.

Never did Agnes look more lovely than when she entered the little parlour, leaning on her fond father's arm, dressed in white muslin, white ribbons, and the simple white rose-buds among her

dark and shining locks; these were her only ornaments. Some delay had been caused in the marriage by the unusual absence of Edward, Agnes's eldest brother, who had been dispatched, in the early part of the day, on some errand to the town, having promised to return by dinner-time, and long before the ceremony was to take place; but hour after hour had passed, and at last his place as groomsman was given to his cousin, Frederick Lacy. A vague misgiving that some untoward accident had caused the delay, had at times glanced over the minds of more than one of the party, though no one gave utterance to their fears, lest they should cast a gloom over the minds of the young couple; and the solemn service commenced. Just as the ring was being placed on the fingers of the bride, a sudden bustle was heard in the entrance, and Edward Denham hurried into the room, his cloak and cap covered with snow, for it had been snowing heavily for some time. The clergyman raised his finger as he entered, to enjoin silence, and with more than usual gravity, pronounced the last prayer and benediction. It was over, and then came a buzz and whispering murmur, with sudden exclamations of dismay and terror from the females, of excitement from the men, as they gathered about Edward to hear the news he had to communicate.

Agnes had been so naturally engrossed by her own feelings, and the peculiarity of her situation, that she had hardly noticed her brother's return, till she suddenly found herself deserted by all her companions, and became conscious that she stood alone in the centre of the room; even George had left her side. And now she perceived that looks of sadness and interest were directed towards her by several of the group, and a sense of some dreadful calamity, in which she or some one dearer to her than herself, was somehow involved, came over her.

"What can it be? Oh do tell me what has happened!" she exclaimed at last, casting her eyes imploringly upon her father's face.

"Only, my child, that George must leave you this very night, this very hour, were it possible."

She clung speechless with terror to her father's arm.

"Listen to your brother, Agnes; that paper will explain all. It is the Governor's proclamation."

"But George! O how can he be concerned in it?" gasped out the trembling bride.

"We are all, every one, concerned in it my child; not your husband only. Rebellion has broken out in the province. Toronto is threatened with fire and sword; and every man, be his station what it may, is called upon to arm himself and obey the mandate of the Governor, to enrol himself under the banner of his Sovereign, and march to the defence of the capital, or be marked as a coward or traitor. Your brother is the bearer of of this declaration."

Silence was now commanded, and standing forth in the midst of the ring that formed around him, Edward, with loud and distinct voice, read the proclamation of the Governor. Very different was the effect produced on the mind of his audience; for while some of the young ladies wept and turned pale, the servants who occupied the open doorway cried, and almost screamed aloud. The old men and fathers looked grave and stern; while among the young men all was excitement and energy; even the newly-made bridegroom, forgetful of his agonised partner, partook of the general enthusiasm, and stood with flashing eye and animated tone, eloquently declaring his readiness to join the gallant band of loyal volunteers. It was not till he caught the pleading glance of his pale bride's dark eyes fixed so mournfully upon his face, that a sense of her desolation of heart struck him, and, as if to atone for his seeming forgetfulness of her whom, but a few minutes before, he had so solemnly vowed to cherish, in joy or sorrow, he hurried to her side, and tenderly drawing her arm through his, led her to the sofa, and placing himself at her side, strove with all a lover's fondness to soothe and comfort her; but it was a hard trial for them both, and the very suddenness of the shock and the vague notion of the perils that threatened her husband, added to the anguish of the parting.

This was not a time indeed to talk of marrying and giving in marriage. All was now hurry and excitement. Every bosom responded to the loyal appeal—every hand was warmly linked in one bond of loyal brotherhood; young and old, the weak with the strong, swore to fight bravely in defence of their hearths, their altars, their adopted country, and their youthful sovereign.

"Come, my friend," said Capt. Denham, Agnes's uncle, an old veteran N. E. Loyalist, the most collected person in the room, "let us drink health and happiness to our little bride and

her husband, and give three cheers for Queen Victoria, and then for business, for there is much to do."

The toast was given, and enthusiastically drunk by every one present ; even the women caught the spirit of loyal feeling, and forgot their fears and griefs, while the rafters of the old log-house rang with the auspicious name of their beloved Queen.

" Now, girls," said the old veteran, " no more tears, no more doleful looks. Come quick, bestir yourselves, and get us a good cup of tea, and then look to your brothers' knapsacks. And you, my little bride, come hither, and stand by your old uncle. Remember that you are now a soldier's bride, as well as an old soldier's niece, and you must overcome all childish regrets, and be my own brave girl ; you are not the first young couple that has thus rudely and suddenly been separated by the mischances of war ; let me see, that you are not unworthy of the high character that you have so long held in your uncle's opinion ; and hark you, Agnes, when George comes back we'll have a good frolic, and you shall dance the First Set with uncle Fred."

The clear full tones of this dear old relative, whom Agnes loved almost as a father, did more to cheer and quiet her disturbed spirits than even the tender soothings of her young husband, and Agnes soon busied herself in the requisite preparations for the evening repast, and tried to forget the singularity of her position ; and well and bravely did she battle with the choking sighs and tears.

The evening meal was hastily concluded ; and now so changed was the scene that you would have supposed there were preparations making for a seige rather than a bridal. Guns, pistols, old rusty firelocks that had hung for years unheeded upon the rafters, more for ornament than use,—every weapon of offence or defence,—was handed forth ; rifles that had only been employed against the wild animals and feathered game of the woods, were now to be employed in more deadly warfare, and it was astonishing with what coolness and determination these things were examined and discussed by the young people.

As to the females, they were deeply occupied in selecting such changes of linen and other matters as could be collected at so short a warning ; and uncle Frederick's advice and opin-

ion were continually in requisition to decide upon the necessary articles to be packed up. Nor was Agnes idle. She sat down to fix the thongs to a pair of moccasins for George, and assisted him in adjusting the wrappings for his feet, as familiarly as if she had been a wife of years' standing; and a pretty picture she would have made, as she sat on the ground at George's feet, binding the strings round his ankles, while her bridegroom bent down with admiring fondness on her slight form, set off as it was by the full, flowing muslin dress, her pale cheek shaded by the clustering ringlets of her dark glossy hair, among which, half hidden, peeped forth the simple emblem of her bridal state—the pure white rose.

The morning broke through heavy snow-drifts, and piercing winds; a day as melancholy as the hearts of the mothers, wives, sisters and friends, who were then about to part with those so near and dear to them, perhaps never to meet again. It was not till the last waving hands could be no longer distinguished through the blinding snow-shower, and dim gray twilight, that the anxious household felt how really terrible the separation was under such circumstances as the present. Their very ignorance of the state of affairs in the country increased the feeling of uneasiness that prevailed. All was horrible uncertainty and fearful conjecture.

And how fared it with our poor Agnes at this trying moment? She had borne up courageously, beyond even her old uncle's most sanguine hopes, till the last; but when the object of her affections was no longer visible to her aching eyes, she flung herself into her mother's arms and wept, till worn out with excess of grief, the more violent from having been so long repressed, she at last sobbed herself to sleep upon her mother's breast, like an overweaned infant. Her young companions laid her upon the sofa, and sorrowfully went to their task of restoring all things to their former state, and assumed once more their every-day garments, laying aside the bridal finery for some more auspicious day.

And now it was that the family, like hundreds similarly situated at this period, began to feel the helplessness of their condition. A second peremptory summons hastened the departure of all the men servants. Nor did Mr. Denham and uncle Frederick hesitate to obey the call; they were neither too old, nor too

infirm to carry arms, and leaving the family to the care of female servants, and old Michael Regan to tend the cattle, and be their hewer of wood and drawer of water, they also departed.

But, unfortunately, old Michael was seized with a very inconvenient fit of military ardour, and hurried off to join the volunteers at H——, seeing afar off visions of plunder and visions of glory; his departure was a signal for the two faithless damsels, Biddy and Catherine, to depart also; declaring that they dared not stay for their lives, now all the men folks were gone, for they were sure the rebels and Yankees would be up as soon as they heard the master and all the men were away—so off they went and returned no more.

In this dilemma it was in vain to look for help from neighbors or friends; all that could be done was to rely on their own unassisted efforts. Harry now found himself a person of no small importance; on this little fellow devolved the heavy tasks of supplying the house with wood and water, feeding the cattle and many other things; and in these matters he was often obliged, though reluctantly, to accept the help of his sisters and the other brides-maids, who had remained from the day of the wedding, not deeming it safe to return to their more distant homes. There were other girls in the neighborhood whose unprotected state had moved the maternal compassion of Mrs. Denham to offer them an asylum, till they should be enabled to return to their lonely and desolate homes; and but for the tormenting state of anxiety that was endured as to the fate of those who had left them, so large a party must have been merry and cheerful. As it was, they alternately helped to comfort or alarm each other, as rumors of the distant rebellion reached them through some of the poor distressed women, who ventured to the town, from time to time, to gather news of their absent husbands and sons.

Three days of agonizing suspense had followed the report of Col. Moodie's death, and the expectation that the rebels were about to enter the capital, when Agnes noticed a dark figure moving slowly along through the deep snow-drifts that blocked the untracked road across the clearing. Who could it be, was a matter of conjecture, not unmixed with interest to those to whom every stranger was now, in some shape or other, connected with the fate of their country and absent friends.

It was evidently a female from the dress and faltering move-

ments, and Harry was dispatched to offer what help he could to the weary traveller, and hear the news. In a few minutes the good natured boy ran in, bearing in his arms a bundle which he put into Agnes's hands, while with a face radiant with joy he exclaimed,

"Agnes dear, joy! joy!—the war is over, the rebels flying. George will be back soon. Hurrah! hurrah! for Sir Francis Head and the gallant volunteers! But take care of the poor baby while I run out for the mother;" and away flew Harry, leaving a half-frozen babe in his astonished sister's lap, while, with a gallantry and feeling hardly to be expected in a little fellow of ten years old, he hastened to lend his arm to the young mother, who, defying the dreadful state of the weather and snow-blocked roads, had left her house, which was some miles higher up the road, had taken her young infant in her arms and travelled to the distant town to inquire for her husband. She had none with whom to leave her child,—no person to assist her in her almost perilous undertaking,—but what will not woman do?—what will not woman bear for the man she loves, the husband of her heart, the father of her child? She said joy, for the good news she brought had kept up her strength and spirits for many miles of her journey, but her clothes had become so heavy with the accumulating of ice and snow that she could not go further, and was fearful lest, as the day grew colder, the baby might be frozen in her arms.

How was the poor half-frozen traveller cherished, admired, and applauded by the whole household? What an angel of female heroism and self-devotion did she appear in the eyes of the delighted Agnes!

What a revolution from doubt and dread to joy and rapturous delight had been effected by a few brief words: "The rebels are dispersed and flying in all directions; the gallant band of loyal volunteers will be home directly." Agnes repeated these welcome words over a thousand times, and laughed and wept by turns; but now her tears, like those of the wives, sisters and friends of our brave Canadian volunteers, were tears of joy. Every hour now brought up fresh news of victory and return.

It was late in the evening of the following day, when just as the family were gathered round the fire, previous to retiring to

rest, a quick step was heard on the crisp snow, on the foot-path beneath the window.

"Hark! some one is coming with news for us," exclaimed Harry, starting up, and hastening to unbar the door.

"It is papa!" cried Ellen.

"It is my own George—my husband!" burst from the lips of Agnes—

"For lovers' ears are sharp to hear."

The next moment the arms of George were clasped about the neck of his bride.

We will not describe their greeting.

The next morning brought home all the volunteers of our district, and the long delayed nuptial *fête* of George Hilton and his bride took place on a day of public rejoicing for the return of our brave defenders.

The wedding cake which had remained whole while the Canadas were in some danger of falling to pieces, was getting somewhat stale by that time, I guess; but it had been carefully stored by the thrifty mother of the bride, and when it was placed in the centre of the supper table it looked better than at its first appearance, for it was garlanded with victory laurels and ribbons of the loyal color, which looked very lively among the white roses and orange blossoms, its original decorations. It was cut up with three cheers—one for the bride, one for the bridegroom, and the third for the colony and its brave volunteers.

C. P. T.

Rice Lake, April, 1854.



"An extent of territory comprising one half of what is now called Russia in Europe, has been annexed to Russia within the last sixty years, and, consequently, more than half the European inhabitants of the empire having been recently subjugated, are more or less disaffected; of these, sixteen millions, or about one fourth of the entire population of Russia, *do not profess the Greek faith*. The Mohammedan subjects alone number two millions and a half. The protection of the Greek religion has been proclaimed as the ground upon which the present anti-Mohammedan Crusade was commenced."

[For the Maple Leaf.

TO THE MONTH.

“Then came fair May,——
Deck'd with all dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around.”—SPENSER.

Welcome May ;
With thy springing buds, and thy opening flowers,
With thy shady groves, and thy fragrant bowers.
Oh I welcome thee, May.

G'adsome May,
With thy clear blue skies,—thy light sitting clouds,
Which dreamily float in the azure that shrouds,
And deep curtains thee, May.

P'asant May.
Sweet little brooklets, let forth to their play,
Murmur glad music, and joy on their way,—
They rejoice in thee May.

Joyous May
Around me is breathing ; a southern wind
Blows thro' my garden so gentle and kind,
And tells me of thee, May.

Hopeful May.
The cold and damp earth is warmed by thy heat ;
Death springs into life, when touched by thy feet,—
Thou great prophetess, May.

My own May
Truly tells of a new second birth ;
When we shall be free'd from the winters of earth,
And live always in May.

PERSOLUS.

May, 1854.

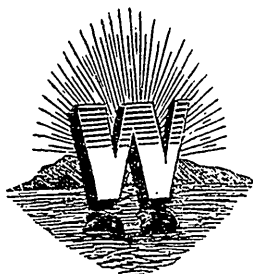


CHEMICAL EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Wet a piece of paper, in a weak solution of salt and water ; dry, and then wash it with a strong solution of nitrate of silver ; dry it in the dark, and when dry, expose it to the sun's light ; though colorless before, it will now soon become black. A picture may be made by placing a dried plant, bit of lace, &c., upon the paper, previous to its exposure to light.

[For the Maple Leaf.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

NO. I.



HENEVER a grey hair has been discovered in a person's head, he is presumed to have collected a vast amount of wisdom and experience, and obtained a prescriptive right to give opinions upon things in general, and his "recollections of his young days," in the style of an oracle, and to command the reverence and attention of his younger friends ; and justly so. But unfortunately that phenomenon has not yet made its appearance in my head, and, in consequence, I cannot now speak under such favorable *prestige* of my school-day recollections, as I may perhaps do some score of years hence, when, of course, I may look for grey hairs ; so that I shall have to give my thoughts just now under one advantage, and one disadvantage—the advantage of being "just off the irons"—the disadvantage of not having gray hairs. Yes, and with the natural dogmatism of youth, I will not allow that my class ought not to command a certain degree of respect and attention when they talk of bye-gone days, when "we lived and played together." I will grant that they have not as much wisdom and experience as, it is to be hoped, they will have some time hence ; but, then, what wisdom or experience does it require to recall the happy days of our youth ?

As we all have been either school-girls or school-boys, we have all recollections of that epoch. Some of us have sunnier souvenirs of our school-days than others ; and, with many of us, the sunshine has burst out only in memory's landscape—yet this is very natural. How often have we been sorely troubled with vexations and difficulties ; but when we have surmounted these, and arrived at the slippered ease of repose, we have looked back lightly upon what was, at the time, such a source of trouble and annoyance. And so, if we have passed through one trouble, only to enter a greater, we would gladly exchange the greater for the less, esteeming the first not so bad, after all. So, when amidst the turmoil of active life we allow our

memory to wander back to school, we naturally paint it in brighter hues than, at the time, we would have been disposed to do.

But the reader must not suppose that my recollections of school-days are melancholy ones. On the contrary, to me school appears now the most delightful theatre of enjoyment,—a continued feast of knowledge and flow of animal spirits. I revel in the thoughts of the good old school games, and the excitements of the scholastic struggles, and forget the “sorrows of the poor little boy,” in his hard lessons, thrashings, and short play hours. In forming an estimate of the pleasures of school-days, a great deal depends upon the character of the person himself, as well as of those whose discipline he has been subjected to. If he has been a smart fellow—a boy that could pick up his lessons in half the time that ordinary boys took to pore over theirs—he can take a very agreeable retrospect. If the character of his master has been mild, just, and very un-cut-you-to-pieces, his recollections will be free from that tinge of the cane which sometimes affects others’ estimates of the blessedness of school-life. Now, as I look back with unmingled delight to my school-days, and sigh for their repetition, you will of course come to the conclusion that I possessed these two happy qualifications! As regards the first, of course I am silent; but if a kind friend should say *yea*, assuredly I shall not be the first to say *nay*.

There are two eras in a school-boy’s life, to each of which he attaches great importance; for during the one he scrambles through the several little primers, especially designed for youthful capacities; and in the other he is promoted to a rank among the big boys, and commences his mathematical and classical education. And no wonder little fellows like to become one of the big boys of the school; for, apart from the new pleasures which progress in knowledge and the opening up of wider fields ought to afford, there are certain privileges and immunities which they enjoy over the others. The little fellows find out—and they are sharp enough—that more indulgence is shown to them; that they often have separate and longer play hours, and that the discipline relaxes towards them not a little of its rigor. This last, of course, is attributed to the physical capabilities of the seniors, and the idea influences the little fellows with a strong desire of growing, and, by the addition of a few inches alone, cow the master’s spirit, and frighten him into burying the cane of discipline.

But the grandest day of a boy's life is the day he leaves school; the first stick-up collar is nothing to it. He leaves school with high hopes; he would like to see the master, of course, calling him by a nickname, or thrash him now, and with a determined shutting of the fists he is surprised how he could have put up with him so long.

He doesn't care much if his education is only half finished, or perhaps just begun. His ideas run madly on the prospect of becoming a man; and, for a little, he fancies that it is very pleasant to get rid of the hard lessons, discipline, and title of school-boy. But after he has stalked about for a few days, he begins to find that idleness is the hardest lesson he can be inflicted with, and he would give a good deal for a certain prescription for "killing time"—something very poisonous. He then goes into business; but when he is in business, he finds it a very different sort of recreation from what his school-boy imagination had fancied it. Indeed, he finds out that he has to commence school again, and to commence as a little boy, and undergo the same struggles again to become a big one. And I suspect he will think before long that the office is a much harder and stricter place than the school, and I would not wonder if he often longed for the play hour and the holidays. But his play hour must now be compressed into his dinner-hour, and his holidays are easily counted—Christmas and New Year's Day. But he is in business, and he must forget his former associations; he will soon have to bear his part in the real drama of life, and while he does so, he will look back with a sigh, and wonder much how he ever could have longed to become a man.

Do you not envy the school-boy, as he goes merrily past you, after his day's work is over, laughing and joking with his classmates, spinning his top, playing marbles, or snow-bailing, as he goes along? Well, if you don't, I do; and, in recollection, I am at it again, splitting my dear friend's top with an intense relish, winning his *alleys* with a remorseless zeal, and pegging him with as hard snow-balls as willing hands can persuade snow to assume.

And how one's recollection will run back to the school-room, and its thousand incidents; its long rows of desks and benches, as Dickens describes it, with paper fly-traps scattered about, and and the whole redolent of mildewed corduroys and rotten apples.

And then, at the sound of the bell, how full of life these benches become, as the perspiring youths, suddenly called from "prisoners' bar," rush pell-mell to their seats to become prisoners in earnest. Immediately the buzz begins—the noise of many lips, whose owners, not quite confident of their lessons, are wisely revising them. Then class after class called up, and perhaps turned down again. And one can't help calling to his recollection the ingenious devices which his young mind fell upon to aid his truant memory in its difficult task, even though it be "telling tales out of school."—How one boy kept an old grammar for the sole purpose of tearing out the leaf containing the day's lesson and laying it conveniently on the back of his real grammar; how another cultivated luxuriant nails, so that they might be better adapted to receive concise notes of the lessons; how a third contrived to get a peep into the master's Key, if he hadn't one of his own to consult; and how each was morally bound, under pain of being called a *mean sneak*, to prompt his neighbor, when his neighbor was unable to prompt himself.

Examination day, too, is a great day for the school-boy, chiefly because it is the day before the holidays, and will be a pleasing object on which to look back. Can there be a happier moment in our young lives than when we retire from school with an armful of prizes and a month's holidays? How vivid the scene of examination day appears! the boys in their *best*, and the Master so pleasant, in his smiles and clean clothes. The cane has suddenly disappeared, and the strangers, gathered together to witness the internal economy of the school, are delighted with the urbanity which the Masters display to their pupils, and the cheerfulness which the boys exhibit, attributing it all to the delightful effects of a mild *moral suasion*. Mamma and sisters come to hear their Henry or Edward shout "My name is Norval," or "Brutus and Cassius," which favorite pieces they have heard before about a score of times; and all is so merry and joyous that the school-boy, proverbially thoughtless, forgets his previous sorrows in the intoxication of his present joy, and rushes out with a wild shout on his lips, and his books on his back.

I think I hear the cheer now, though the sound be a little deadened by distance—the distance of a few years.

A. T. C.

Montreal, April 10th, 1854.

THE MOTHERLESS.

What is it to be Motherless ?—
 To feel that we shall never press
 Our lips, in love, upon that brow,
 Which rests in dreamless silence now.

What is it to be motherless ?—
 To know that voice no more may bless
 Our ears with its soft, melting tone,
 Breathing in love for us alone.

What is it to be motherless ?—
 To catch no more, in tenderness,
 The love-light of that gentle eye
 That nerv'd to deeds of duty high.

What is it to be motherless ?—
 To see each soft and waving tress
 From our rapt gaze forever hid,
 Deep, deep beneath the coffin lid.

What is it to be motherless ?—
 To drink the cup of bitterness,
 And feel that all of joy, and light,
 Is quench'd in sorrow's deep'ning night.

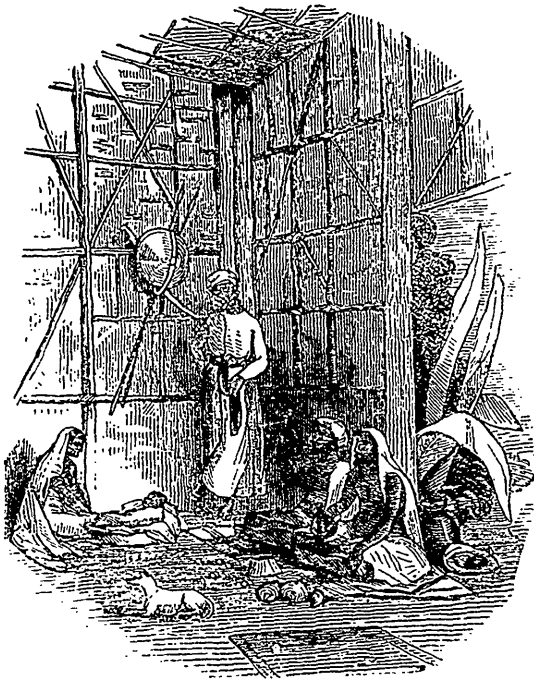
All *this* 'tis to be motherless—
 And yet amid this deep distress,
 Above the cold and silent tomb
 The flow'rs of hope *immortal* bloom.

No mother *here*—but far away,
 Where clouds no more obscure the day,
 Undim'd by aught of sin or care,
 That brow a victor's crown doth wear.

No mother *here*—but now above
 That voice, with swelling tones of love,
 Pours forth amid the ransom'd throng,
 The music of the angel-song.

No mother *here*—the mournful thought
 Is with a life-long sorrow fraught ;
 Yet when, by faith, we look to heav'n,
 Where ties of love no more are riven,—

Where, link by link, the sever'd chain
 By God's own hand is join'd again,
 We bow in meekness to his will ;
 In *heav'n* we have a *mother still*.



EAST INDIA COTTAGE.

Nature has wonderfully maintained the compensating principle in the midst of all her apparent inequalities and partialities. The inhabitants of a frozen zone are fitted by constitution and range of mind for their home; blest with contentment, they admire the snowy wastes, luxuriate in feasts of "fat things," and wrapped in rein-deer robes defy the keenest blasts of an arctic latitude. There the stars, those night lamps with which the Creator has emblazoned the sky, shine with burnished splendor, ice fields glisten like silver, and mountains of snow radiate ten thousand minor lights to beautify the vast solitudes, where the Greenlander and white bear divide the right of possession. It is possible that the hardy sons of the North feel as keen interest in

managing their kajaks, amid the cold billows of the Arctic Ocean, as the expert Indians of the South Pacific experience, while darting towards the shore of some reef-bound island, on the bosom of a returning wave. The principle of adaptation secures happiness to both classes.

When the scanty gleanings of an Icelandic harvest are gathered, and stores of moss, dried flesh, and other necessaries are arranged by thrifty Icelandic housekeepers, the bustle of their short summer's labors is suspended. The cold is soon too intense to admit of much stirring about. A lamp hanging from the centre of a large room burns continually, and there those simple and honest people convene, passing the long winter cheerfully, blessing a kind Providence for casting their lot in "the best land the sun ever shone on."

From the hut of the Esquimaux, cemented with ice, to the light and elegant proportions of an East Indian cottage, man has displayed his taste and skill in the construction of his habitations, and adapted them to the variations in climate and natural features in different parts of the world.

Far away from the rugged shores of the frigid zone, fanned by a gentle wind, the tufted palm, the graceful cane, and broad-leaved banana, wave their wide-spread verdure round Oriental homes. Here nature has atoned for ardent heat, by the abundant growth of every thing beautiful and enchanting in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Green jalousies adorn the houses, and in the day time exclude the sun, while in the evening, the air softly sways delicate muslin curtains that fall down before the open windows, and every breath comes freighted with spice odors, or balmy with perfume of rose gardens. The East Indian, reclining on a luxurious divan, sipping his miniature cup of coffee, or regaling himself with cooling fruits, dreamily revolves some mystic doctrine of faith. Filled with grand and over-wrought conceptions, he calls out to his attendants to rehearse to him some legend of the past, some wonderful tale of the early ages of the world, when, according to his sacred books, Earth was yet pure, and mankind progressed from one stage of excellence to another.

The story teller is an important personage in the establishment of a wealthy Oriental. His office is privileged, half ser-

vant, half companion ; at one moment, with a profound salaam, he offers the well filled hookah to his master, and in another perpetrates some witticism, or relates some unheard-of prodigy, to beguile the time.

The inhabitant of India loves to adorn his dwelling with a fanciful style of furnishing—shading fairy pictures in folds of costly drapery, dazzling the beholder with bunches of variegated feathers, which glisten in emerald, and gold, and silver hues, or arresting the attention by a beautiful cabinet inlaid with pearl—the *toute ensemble* is elegant in the extreme. Just, however, as the eye grows weary of the luxurious divans, the cashmere shawls that lie in graceful display, and the dusky-browed attendants plying huge fans, and turns from them all, beautiful and *recherché* as they are, he spies through a glass door a fountain throwing its pure streams upon a plantation of Bengalee roses that peep out to view.

Like the natural productions of that country, graceful and stately, yet gorgeous, beautiful, and growing rapidly, the Oriental mind, vivacious and expansive, takes deep root upon grand foundations, and throws out conceptions which are at once fostered, and forced to maturity. We who live in a medium latitude possess a great fund of enjoyment in appreciating the beauties of both extremes of temperature. The glowing imagery that enfolds Oriental subjects, the magnificent scale upon which nature has laid out the vast plains of Asia, or upreared the lofty mountains of the torrid zone,—the almost miraculous growth of vegetation,—and above all, the untold myriads, each a germ of immortality, that inhabit that part of the world, furnish us with most interesting themes of reflection,—themes, without which, our range of thought, enriched as it might be with grand and beautiful topics derived from nature's wonders in the arctic regions, and in our own zone, would be comparatively poor.

Montreal, April, 1854.



Before the invention of paper, the surfaces employed for writing upon, were numerous. Surfaces of lead, or other metal, tables covered with wax, skins of animals, (parcament, in fact,)—all were used ; but no one of these was ever so extensively employed as the Egyptian papyrus, whenever the latter material could be obtained.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

(Continued from page 111.)

While our hero is quietly pursuing his studies, we will return to our friend Ellen, at Newburg. Four or five years of her wedded life passed happily away; two sweet children brightened her home, and in the love of her husband, and the friendship of his parishioners, she found the claims of her heart fully answered.

But gradually her husband's health began to fail; and month after month wore away, bringing no encouragement or relief. At length he was obliged to suspend his pastoral duties, and give himself up to the cares of the nurse and the physician. His disease was a lingering pulmonary affection, which devoured him, as it were, by inches. Ellen thought a southern climate might benefit him, and prevailed upon him, after many entreaties, to remove to Florida. A year passed on, and although no change of a permanent nature appeared in the disease of the invalid, the climate seemed to retard its ravages, and afford some relief to his sufferings.

But poor Ellen was harassed by other anxieties than those which grew out of her husband's illness. Their pecuniary resources were nearly exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for aid. It came, however, from a source whence she did not expect it.

She was sitting by her husband's couch, one day, towards the last of the month of April. The weather was exceedingly warm, and both her children lay sleeping on a pillow at her feet. The invalid, also, had fallen into a light slumber, and Ellen, having no one to mark her tears, suffered them to flow freely.

She was employed in mending an old dress for her little boy, for she had no means of buying new ones. They were already much in debt, and there was no prospect of any favorable change in their circumstances. Had she desired to return to her friends at the North, she was without money to defray the expenses of the voyage, and could not bear the idea of applying for relief to those who had already assisted her more than they could well afford.

“They must not know how I suffer,” thought she; “least of all must Otis know it; his heart would break if he could not relieve me.”

A domestic now appeared at the door, holding up a letter. Ellen sprang forward, and eagerly grasped it. “From home!” she murmured, pressing it to her lips. A glance of the post-mark, however, told her it was not from home, but from Otis Wendell. It was long since she had heard from him, and a thrill of joy shot through her frame, at the idea of receiving some tidings of her beloved friend. The letter enclosed a five hundred dollar bank-note, and only these few lines:—

“DEAR ELLEN:—God has prospered me, and I may never cease to bless him for enabling me to make this small acknowledgment of my great debt to you. I am practising law in New York, and with considerable success, which I know will give you pleasure. I hope your health and cheerful spirits are spared to you through your long and sorrowful trials, and that your watchings and prayers may not all be in vain. I had thought of going to Florida, expressly to see that you have the attention and comforts you need; but important law business unavoidably detains me. Write to me, Ellen, a faithful account of your situation, and if anything is wanting to your happiness that human aid can supply, remember you have a devoted brother in

OTIS WENDELL.”

If Ellen had wept tears of sorrow before, those which succeeded the perusal of this letter were tears of the purest joy. Such unexpected relief might well gladden her heart, and coming from one so dear to her, one she had loved from her very infancy, and assisted from a low and miserable condition to a station of usefulness and honor, it had a threefold power to make her happy.

Her husband noticed the change in her countenance when he awoke, and when she communicated to him the cause of her joy, she saw his own eye brighten with glad emotions, and a faint flush steal over his cheek, that had been colorless for many long weeks. She had told him but little of her trials, but he was not so ignorant of them as she supposed; and the

anxiety and distress he had secretly endured for her had done more than disease to waste the decaying energies of his life.

From this hour a favorable change seemed wrought in his system, and Ellen began to hope for his recovery once more. Through the summer he was able to walk out a short distance every day, and sit at her side with cheering words to lighten her constant toil. November had hardly commenced, however, when he was again brought low by a sudden and alarming renewal of his old complaints. In a short time he was more reduced than he had ever been before, but lingered along through the winter, and early months of spring; and then a new cup of affliction was given poor Ellen in the sickness of her children. They were attacked by scarletina, and only two days elapsed before little Ellen, the baby, preceded her father by a few hours to the world of spirits.

It was the first of May, that a gentleman made inquiries at the public houses of St. Mary, Florida, for the residence of Mr. Elliot, an invalid from New England. He was at length informed of his death, and of the sickness of his wife, who now lay in the most dangerous stages of the yellow fever, which had just begun to infect that city. The gentleman hastened immediately to her dwelling. He opened the door, and proceeded from room to room, finding each one deserted. His heart began to sink, when a low moan attracted him to a little apartment in the rear. Here he found Ellen, alone, helpless, and suffering all the horrors of that frightful pestilence. He went up to her couch, and bent over her pillow. She opened her eyes, and gazed at him vacantly, for a while. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell upon her fevered brow.

"O, Ellen!" he passionately exclaimed, pressing her burning hand in his. She uttered a feeble cry, and murmured the name of Otis; then closing her eyes, the tears gushed rapidly from beneath the lids. They seemed to relieve her brain, for she gazed up at him more brightly than before, and earnestly entreated him to leave her, and escape from the dangers of the pestilence.

"Leave you, Ellen? Never! till you are restored to health

and friends. Never, Ellen, will I leave you to suffer alone, while my life and reason remain !”

Otis was true to his word. He procured every comfort and assistance that was needed, and watched over her with the tenderness of a mother. He looked after the welfare of her little boy, who had been early removed from the contagion, and carried daily tidings to the couch of the anxious invalid.

We need not prolong the details. Ellen recovered at last, though very slow and imperfectly. It was with many sad forebodings that Otis assisted her to embark for a northern climate. Her frail body seemed almost ruined by the ravages of sorrow and disease. Still, he hoped much from old influences, and the careful nursing of her friends. He hoped much from the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and the original strength of her constitution. He rejoiced to see her eyes light up with joy when they drew near the shores of New England. He watched her with the intensest interest, when she sat sometimes upon deck, with her little boy in her arms, to see the deep delight she experienced in the intelligence and sweetness of his childish talk. The boy was very beautiful, and loved his mother with a depth of reverence rarely observed in one so young. This trait in his character did more than all else to wean Ellen from thoughts of the past—this, and her confidence in heaven.

The first step Otis took, on his arrival at Newburg, was to purchase the dwelling Ellen had formerly occupied, and fit it up comfortably for her residence. He restored as much of the old family furniture as could be obtained, and, in every arrangement, delicately consulted her preferences. She knew him too well to distress his noble nature by manifesting any reluctance in accepting his generous aid ; and as soon as he saw her pleasantly reinstated in her old possessions, he returned to his business at New York.

Otis had conquered much of his early morbid sensitiveness, and now moved among men as one conscious of abilities to do them good. He had steadily refused political preferment, but in any civil capacity, was ready at all times to exercise his talents for the public benefit. He soon rose, as all truly great

and good men must rise, into honor and popularity. A circle of warm friends and admirers gathered around him, ready to use every possible influence and exertion to promote him to any station they could prevail on him to fill. He was too well satisfied with his success in doing good as a private individual, to court more elevated honors. It was not applause that he desired, though when men praised his eloquence and learning, he was happy to feel that his soul had risen superior to its early weakness, and that the life his young heart foreboded would be one of misery, had been already one of activity and happiness.

He was universally regarded as the friend of the friendless, the guardian of the weak and tempted, the benefactor of the suffering poor. When, at length, at a mature period of his life, he rose from the bar to the bench, and sustained the character of an upright and impartial judge, there was no man regarded with more universal respect and individual admiration than the poor little deformed boy, who, thirty years before, had sat at Ellen's side, and deplored, with tears, his lone and miserable condition.

Among the beneficent acts of his life, none is more worthy of record than his kindness to Ellen's son. Not content with placing the mother in circumstances almost affluent, he took young Otis under his own guardianship, educated him at college, and received him into his law office with all the advantages he would give to an only son.

Ellen, who had no happiness apart from her child, also removed to New York, and was introduced by Judge Wendell into the highest circles of society as the benefactress of his early life, and, from infancy upward, his best beloved friend. She had now passed the meridian of life, but preserved the same cheerful sweetness of temper and kindness of heart that characterized her early years. Though she never quite recovered from the effects of her sickness and affliction in Florida, she manifested none of the langour and depression of an invalid. Always interesting herself in some scheme of benevolence, she forgot her own weakness in the real sufferings of the multitude that surrounded her.

Otis Elliot distinguished himself in his profession, though he

never attained to the greatness, that marked the riper years of Otis Wendell. He married a lady of great wealth and accomplishments, who opened her splendid establishment to her husband's most revered friends, his mother, and Judge Wendell, and bade them welcome to an abiding home. They accepted the offer with sincere pleasure. They gathered around one fireside—Ellen, the senior of the group, with her snow-white hair parted smoothly from her calm forehead, and her slender frame bowed with weakness and age; Otis Wendell, the irreproachable judge, the man of countless charities, with his fine countenance marked with the first furrows of time, and bearing a look of serene dignity that was doubly impressive from its contrast with the physical diminutiveness and deformity he had borne about with him from the hour of his birth; Otis Elliot, the handsome and idolizing son of an equally idolizing mother, with his beaming eye glancing from his young bride to his aged mother, and thence to his beloved guardian, to rest with equal tenderness upon each; and, lastly, the young bride herself, the link that had drawn these dear beings into one happy household circle, to be separated no more in life, with her beautiful face turned ever fondly upon her husband's—these all gathered daily around one board and one hearthstone, and presented one of the loveliest examples ever seen, of the faithful and deep-rooted friendship, which increases with every added year of life, and passes out of this state of being to that which is more perfect, to receive an eternal confirmation in the immediate presence of Deity.—*Selected.*



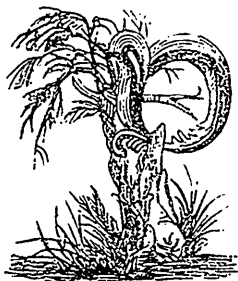
READING EUCLID HIMSELF.—There are some books which require peculiar attention in reading, in order to understand them. A spruce macaroni was boasting, one day, that he had the most happy genius in the world. "Every thing," said he, "is easy to me. People call Euclid's Elements a hard book; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and supper." "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon? How was that possible?" "Upon my honor I did, and never read smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the problems as you went?" "Demonstrations and problems. I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's, and l's, and 2's, and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, no; I skipped all them. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read, and in one piece of the afternoon, too." Alas! how many such readers there are! Such get as much knowledge of the subject they read as this young man did of geometry.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

SPRING.

“The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”



ERHAPS one of the most remarkable features in a Canadian spring, is the sudden transition from cold to heat, from gloom to sunshine; and except to an eye-witness, the rapid awakening from the cold and torpor of the long winter, or from the still more cheerless aspect of what should be spring, when, the snow gone, the sterile ground and leafless trees give an added gloom to the scene, is incredible. And from the un-springlike aspect of the present season, we may expect another of those wonderful leaps into the fullness of summer verdure. It recalls to my mind that of '49, when in two days we found ourselves, from bleak sterility, in the full enjoyment of summer. So rapid was the growth of vegetation, one might literally see things grow, and those who read of it only, may well be sceptical of that which made the beholder almost doubt the evidence of his own senses; and where could spring bring with it so many concentrated beauties as amidst the loveliness of Rice Lake? O! the joy experienced when on awakening some morning, expecting to find it ushered in with the same cheerless aspect, the voice of singing birds is heard, and the warm sun has at length burst forth, herald, how joyous a one, of the bright day's dawning. A balminess in the air has succeeded to the deceitful wind of yesterday, and the mind, which has been dwelling with painful vividness and yearning over sunny banks and sequestered sheltered nooks in England's beloved valleys, where long since have bloomed the starlike anemone, the pale primrose, and the air is laden with the sweet breath of violets; now takes a tone of gladness and hope in the prospect of shortly culling the wild hepaticæ, the first spring flower here, rapidly succeeded by a host of floral beauties, which, if not equaling in scent, surpass in brilliancy of hue, their fair sisters in Britain. The radiance of a Canadian spring cannot be imagined,

but by those who have witnessed it, and its beauty is still more striking from the sealed face of nature during the winter months. Beautiful type of the resurrection! Thou speakest of hope to the bereaved, as flowers in their renewed loveliness spring from their winding sheet of snow. At times the combination of sweet scents, sights, and sounds has been overpowering in its life-giving happiness during these early spring days. The absence, too, of evergreens in the winter here, such as our noble laurel, laurustinus, holly, &c., makes the re-appearance of verdure still more enjoyable. How often have I rejoiced that the dear old familiar shrub, the lilac, braves the rigor of a Canadian winter, and is always ready to gladden us with its perfume, when spring has fully set in. How many a sigh have I breathed over that well-known tree, as bending over its blossoms, unfolding their small delicately tinted buds, my own early home stood revealed as in a magic glass before me—the old sunny garden, the murmur of the bees, the flower-bed I called my own, the pear tree laden with its beautiful white blossoms. Again, in fancy, I sprang over the turf with laughing brothers and sisters. Again I saw the calm sweet river skirting the foot of that sunny garden, over which hung the weeping willow, the drooping gold laburnum, the lovely forget-me-not, reflected in its depths; and from that shadowy land of childhood I would start up refreshed and strengthened for the more arduous duties of life. O what an ever-living source of strength is nature to the mind of man!

Then the birds—I think we are apt to detract too much from the melody of the Canadian songsters. The robin, familiar as our own dear household pet “at home,” but larger and more independent, the song sparrow, various fly birds, the melodious notes of the brown thrush, the grosbeak, the Canadian canary, which, both in brilliancy of plumage and variety of notes, may vie with his namesake in the Atlantic Isle; the little cat-bird, deriving its name from the peculiar cry with which it winds up its song—these are a few varieties; and those not famed for song seem to compensate for it by the gratification they afford to our eyesight, by the exceeding brilliancy of their plumage. Then we have the blue bird, like Heaven’s own sky, the ariel, the war bird, with its showy uniform; and the last, and in this case the least—but, O, how beautiful—the humming birds. Little fairy creatures, ever quivering from flower to flower, magical in beauty and in

swiftness of motion. Now through the air in the warm evenings we see numberless species of the insect tribe, with that humming, drowsy sound, so redolent of summer days, the night-hawk, sweeping round in the twilight in large circles, darting at them with eager voracity. The bull-frog sends forth its sonorous notes, and the whip-poor-will joins, with its peculiar wild cry, the chorus of joy.

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, near Port Hope.



[For the Maple Leaf.

WISDOM.

*Translated and Arranged from the French of Lamartine
by E. H. L.*

Ye, who, like moving-shadows,
Pass through this vale of tears,
Where sombre tinting harrows
The soul with doubts and fears ;
Brothers, in toil and sorrow,
Hark to a voice sublime ;
The harps, of Solime, borrow
A sound from Thabor's clime.

What saith the voice of wisdom ?
God gives the power of thought—
Man vainly strives for freedom,
Whose mind is still untaught.
Live, then, and die in silence—
The tide of life flows by,
Old ocean's waves, in cadence,
Upon the white beach lie.

God sets life's stream in motion,
And gives the waves their might—
Mirrors the eky in Ocean,
Or veils from day the light.
He knows why golden sunbeams
Their evening glory glance,
On hearts, no coming day-gleams
May wako from death's deep trance.

He knows why joy, and sighing,
In quick succession move—
Why manly hopes, oft dying,
Bequeath no gift, but love.
Then, since with God are hidden,
The secret springs of life—
Since storms, by us unbidden,
Dash o'er us in their strife,—

'Tis Wisdom's sweet injunction,
 Drink well of earthly bliss,
 With hope, and high emotion,
 Steal from each joy a kiss.
 If, like a gentle lily
 Drench'd in the passing storm,
 'The hand of God hath bow'd thee,
 Weep thou, in prostrate form.

One tear of mortal anguish
 Shed humbly at His feet—
 One sigh, from hearts, that languish,
 The Holy One to meet—
 Enshrin'd 'mid rays of glory
 He bears around his heart ;
 More dear to Him the story,
 Than loftiest themes of Art.

• • • • •
 Mortals, life's cares forsaking,
 Rest now beside your sires,
 Ere long the notes of waking
 Shall sound from Angel lyres ;—
 Bright as Aurora's beauty
 Celestial light shall shine,
 And Death, released from duty,
 His sceptre shall resign.

Montreal, April, 1854.



[For the Maple Leaf.

ANSWER THE CABMAN.

Politeness is a word of whose meaning thousands assume comprehension, while they cannot give it a clear definition ;— too many think that their affected ' Please Sir,' and ' Allow me Madame,' is the very pink of courtesy. In my opinion, they are much mistaken. Politeness is not the use of precise terms, of chosen words, and euphonious sentences. It is rather a feeling, a genuine emotion, a practical exemplification of that great law " Which we had from the beginning, that we love one another," and as such will assuredly cull for itself the most appropriate language. How few are truly polite, and of these few, how fewer still are they, who have spent two shillings on a manual of etiquette, much less studied the more-elaborate pages of Lord Chesterfield, or the silly twaddle published under the most gracious patronage of Count d'Orsay.

These thoughts were suggested by a trivial little circumstance which occurred a few evenings ago. Walking leisurely along in company with a friend, we observed, slightly in advance of us, a couple of gentlemen, arm in arm, turning from Notre Dame up M'Gill Street. They were accosted by a cabman,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?” The gentlemen did not want a cab, neither did they deign to reply. Passing on in silence, and coming immediately upon the scene of action, we heard from the lips of the disappointed Jehu, a sarcastic exclamation, certainly neither dignified, polite, nor pious. Our turn came next, and I must say not in a pleasant or agreeable tone of voice, was the solicitation extended to us,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?” My friend replied,—“No thank you, not to night,” and thus all further discussion or colloquy ceased. A few yards further on, we were again greeted with the same almost interminable interrogatory,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? won't you take a drive?” and again did my friend *trouble* himself to reply. Here then was the exercise, the demonstration of true politeness. The deportment of a great majority of our cabmen is certainly not quite *au fait* or *debonair*, yet even the most uncivil are subject to the influence of courtesy, and when properly treated, lose much of that rudeness, which they otherwise indulge in so frequently; and if we would glide smoothly adown the rapid stream of life, we must learn to live—

“Respecting, in each other's ease,
The gifts of nature and of grace.”

Remember my caption, then, and try in the little, as well as the great things of life, to cultivate and exercise the spirit which prompted my friend to reply to the cabman, and my word for it, you will thereby pass beyond the reach of either odium or insult, and most assuredly will you escape unpleasant public reflections. Except to the criminally vile, common courtesy is a duty we owe to all; and a duty faithfully discharged is ever productive of satisfaction. With—

“Gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.”

Would you add to that beauty, deriving therefrom the sure reward of pleasure, then, *answer the cabman!*

PERSOLUS.

April, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Oh ! I would conjure up for thee
 A thousand years of overflowing bliss ;
 Such, that when the ruthless atropos
 Should cut the silken tie that binds
 The spirit to its earthly tenement,
 Thou might'st yet breathe, in recollection,
 The balmy atmosphere of tasted joys ;
 And gladdened by the perfumed zephyrs,
 Sigh for more years,—and get them.
 May thy gladness be the bright spring bird's,
 Without a care, save that of love.
 Thy path, the gentle stream that shines,
 As silver thread, from out the dark
 And rugged landscape. Like the faithful flower
 That blooms in prairie wilderness,
 Oasis like, in trackless wastes,
 To show the weary pilgrim's path,
 By pointing with its modest leaflet
 Ever to the North. So may joy
 And gladness ever turn to thee !
 And as time runs on its ceaseless course,
 And throws its sunshine 'mid its shade
 In indiscriminate profusion round,
 Its very densest flood be poured
 Upon thy pleasant path, and its sun
 Never be obscured by darkening clouds.

Montreal, March, 1854.

HEBE.



DIRECTIONS FOR MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.—“ M. Cazenave, physician to the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, in his treatise, translated by Dr. Burgess, gives the following general directions for the management of the hair :—

“ ‘ Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling ; separate the hairs frequently and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes ; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp, and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called, turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilette, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it : the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.’ ”

ANSWER TO DISTICH.

DEAR EDITOR.—I beg to submit the following solution to the famous distich of our good *Queen Bess* :—

The word of denial—No.

The letter of fifty—L. No é L.

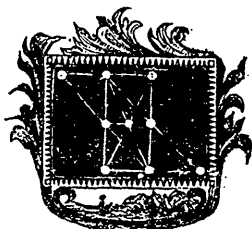
If Mr. Oscar wants to puzzle the juveniles, he will have to get harder questions, for I am sure our Lizzie could guess them if they were twice as hard. She found out this one just as soon as she read it.

Yours,

Gulderose Cot.

HARRY H.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.



A plan for Isidor's Gardener, by

G. W. C.

EDITORIAL

This is the season of change with us. Almost every important alteration in housekeeping has been referred to this grand renovating cra for accomplishment. Now, too, many a youth first engages in business—many an old established custom is thrown by, and many a situation dear, because long held, is changed. Yet, notwithstanding the sadness of sundering ties, the opening glories of the season, the heart-inspiring breath of balmy May days, the joy-diffusing effect of Spring sunshine will cheer us on to duty, and nerve us to meet trial with fortitude.

The world listens to the distant boom from the war ships, and shudders at the thought of the horrors of battle. May the smoke from the cannon's mouth soon be dispersed, and war speedily become to the civilized world as a figment of the dark ages—a remnant of barbarous times.

Works descriptive of Turkey and Russia are much sought just now. We were interested in a book on Russia, written by Oliphant; it contains important information.

We are pleased to find that A. T. C. retains such cheerful memories of his early days, and trust there are many who look back on their school days as upon charming scenes, whose warm colors, softened by time, still show many rich and beautiful shades.

The page usually devoted to "Varieties," was filled before we were aware, and an interesting little article on Barometers was completely pushed out.

We are indebted to G. W. C. for engraving the pretty letter at the commencement of the article on Spring, also for the solution of Isidor's question in relation to the gardener's dilemma.