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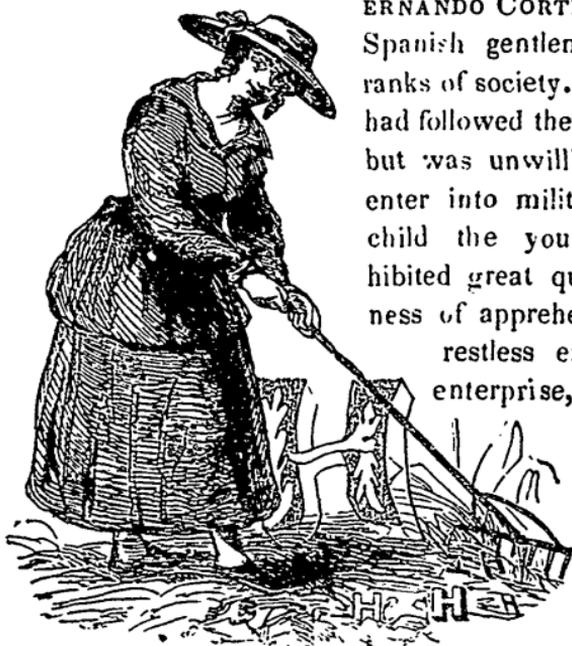
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Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(Continued.)



ERNANDO CORTES was the son of a Spanish gentleman in the middle ranks of society. The elder Cortés had followed the profession of arms, but was unwilling his son should enter into military life. From a child the young Hernando exhibited great quickness and readiness of apprehension, joined to a restless energy and love of enterprise, indomitable perseverance, and intrepid courage. The faults that usually accompany such a disposition, were not wanting in his

case. He was idle, averse to study, and impatient of control. He was originally intended for the law, but his erratic genius could not bend itself to the labor of a legal education; and at the age of seventeen, his parents reluctantly consented to his following the leading of his own enterprising mind. His first essay was to accompany a small squadron of vessels bound for the Indian Islands. On arriving at Hispanola, he settled down for a short time upon a grant of land which he obtained from the Governor. This quiet life did not, however, suit his ardent temperament. He took advantage of the first opportunity to engage in active service. Such an opening occurred in the conquest of Cuba under Velasquez, who subsequently became Governor of the island. The courage and activity displayed brought Cortés into great favor with Velasquez, who assisted him in various ways; but this favor was not of long continuance. Cortés, by his own imprudence, got into serious difficulties; was twice a prisoner, but each time managed to make his escape; and, finally, a reconciliation took place, though Cortés never again

was received into the same favor. From this period we may date that secret, but deeply rooted jealousy which Velasquez felt towards Cortés, which increased with the growing favor of the young adventurer, and caused him many an anxious hour. The new colonies of the West Indian Islands were from time to time greatly excited by accounts of recent discoveries along the coasts of the New World. Velasquez, who was not destitute of enterprise and energy, resolved to send forth an armament to prosecute these discoveries. After various delays, Cortés was appointed Captain General of the expedition, and sailed in command, November 18th, 1518. The force which Cortés led seemed very insufficient for any great danger; they amounted to one hundred and ten mariners, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, thirty-two cross-bowmen and thirteen arquebusiers, ten heavy guns and four lighter pieces. His cavalry consisted of sixteen horse. At this time Cortés little knew the great things he was destined to accomplish; it was only step by step the idea opened itself to his mind. Could he have seen at a glance all the difficulties he was about to encounter, all the dangers and hardships he must endure, even a courage inflexible as his own must have shrunk from the contest.

Cortés's mind was deeply imbued with the religious fervor of the day; and the conviction never left him that his mission was a sacred one,—that the abolition of the heathen worship of the Mexicans, and the establishment of Christianity, was an object to be attained at any expense. We are not at liberty to doubt the sincerity of Cortés any more than that of Paul, who once, in persecuting the people of God, verily thought he did God service. Cortés was ever ready to sacrifice a temporal advantage to ensure a religious one. He constantly placed before himself and his followers, that the great end of their undertaking was the demolition of the temples of idolatrous worship, and the planting of the sacred symbol of Christianity in their stead. In the prosecution of this object, Cortés owed much to Father Almedo, who united in a rare degree ardent zeal with wisdom and discretion. He ever opposed conversion by force, trusting more to the effect of example and the preaching of the gentle, peaceable doctrines of his faith,—too often, alas! opposed to the practice of his companions. Cortés also received much assistance from an

Indian girl, named Marina, who, at an early period, became attached to the expedition, and by her knowledge of the language, rendered most essential service to the Spaniards. She soon identified herself with their interests, and never swerved from her fidelity; rendering herself, by her amiable and gentle conduct, her ready sympathy with distress, her active and intelligent assistance in times of difficulty and danger, equally beloved and esteemed.

After coasting among the neighboring islands, Cortés landed on the spot where now stands the city of Vera Cruz, then a desolate beach, with a wide and level plain of sand in the background. By the aid of a few small trees, mats, and cotton carpets, the Spaniards formed a small encampment, where they were soon visited by many of the natives, who came to gaze on the wonderful strangers, bringing with them fruits, game, &c. Presently an embassy from Montezuma was announced, who presented the Spanish General with a magnificent present of the various fabrics of the country. Cortés seems at once to have formed the resolution of making his way to Mexico, allured as much by his desire of conquest as his love of gold, which was greatly excited by the splendid specimens of the gold and jewels sent by Montezuma. In place, however, of receiving an invitation to visit the Capital, he was met by an express prohibition. This did not, however, induce him to abandon the idea, but showed him the necessity of a wise and cautious policy. One of his earliest endeavors was to found a colony that would at once command a commodious harbor, form a depository for articles of commerce and barter, prove a city of refuge in case of adverse fortune, and a retreat for the wounded and disabled. The new city of Villa Rica was situated in a wide and open plain on the Gulf of Mexico, considerably north of the modern town of Vera Cruz. It was soon duly provided with a Civil Constitution. Magistrates were elected, and Cortés placed at the head of the colony as Governor and Director General.

The first Indian city of any note visited by the Spaniards was Cempoalla, which was said to contain from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Here they were received as friends by the Caciques, and were hospitably entertained. Here Cortés learnt the disaffection that existed between Montezuma and his

distant vassals, and resolved to profit by the intelligence. He was well aware that his single arm could do little against the legions of the Indian Monarch, and that his hope of success lay either in arming one half of the kingdom against the other, or in forming an alliance with its powerful enemies. The event proved the truth of his anticipations. But Cortés foresaw other difficulties that required more than ordinary caution and policy to deal with. Disaffection appeared in his little camp. A conspiracy was actually formed to seize one of the ships and return to Cuba, and report to Velasquez the proceedings of Cortés. Fortunately, this plan was defeated. One of the party betrayed the rest. Cortés immediately seized the ringleaders, and by the severity and promptness of their punishment, struck a salutary terror into the rest. In order to leave his followers no alternative but conquest or death, he resolved to destroy the shipping, and thus prevent the hope of return to their own country. This he did, casting over the transaction the veil of necessity, alleging the ships were not seaworthy. It needed all the consummate address and presence of mind that peculiarly characterized the Spanish General to enable him to appease the murmurings of the soldiers, and induce them to second his efforts; but his politic oratory finally prevailed, and the pent-up feelings of rage and despair with which they were met, found vent in enthusiastic shouts,—“To Mexico!” “To Mexico!”

The little band were now fairly embarked in the great enterprise. They turned their faces towards Mexico; and leaving their infant colony, traversed the wide plain that extends from the sea coast to the Valley of Mexico. At times their road lay through a country rich in all the treasures of agriculture, aided by a most genial climate,—“a land where fruits and flowers chase one another in an unbroken circle through the year, where the gales are loaded with perfumes, and the groves are filled with many-colored birds.” The journey did not continue long so agreeable. They soon experienced a change of climate; cold winds, with rain, sleet, and hail, drenched their clothes, and produced much sickness and suffering. But dangers of a sterner nature waited them ere long. They were about to encounter an enemy in the field justly held in the highest estimation as warriors, to whom belonged the exclusive glory of having suc-

cessfully resisted the innovations of Montezuma,—the Republic of Tlascalala. Xicolencatt at this time presided over it, an old man, and nearly blind, but full of fire and wise in counsel. To all Cortés's propositions of friendship, he replied by tokens of avowed hostilities.

Various skirmishes, and several hard fought battles ensued before Cortés entered the city of Tlascalala as its conqueror. His final triumph was one of the most important events in the history of the conquest;—without it, Cortés could never have met with the success he did. A long and deadly hatred existed between the Tlascalans and the Aztecs, and of this he availed himself to the utmost, and easily engaged the now humbled chiefs to enter into an alliance that had for its object the destruction of their greatest enemies. After remaining three weeks in Tlascalala, and receiving much kindness and hospitality from its inhabitants, Cortés, with a large body of Tlascalalan allies, once more set out for Mexico.

Six leagues from Tlascalala, is situated the Indian City of Cholula, a populous and wealthy city—one of the many dependencies of the Capital. The reception of the Spaniards by the inhabitants was apparently frank and hospitable;—their professions of friendship were relied on but too securely. Cortés had well nigh paid dearly for his temerity. The Spaniards had not been many days resident in the city before this show of kindness visibly decreased; and, through the active and intelligent observation of Marina, the young interpreter, a conspiracy was discovered, to surprise and cut off the whole Spanish force. It was intended to reserve some of the prisoners for sacrifice, and send the rest in chains to Montezuma. Cortés no sooner possessed himself of these facts, than he resolved to make such an example of the guilty parties as would strike terror into the whole nation, and manifest, at once, their own strength and resolution. He informed the Chief of the Council of his intention of leaving the city on the following morning—but, before his departure, requested the attendance of the principal citizens. When all were assembled in the large square where his troops were quartered, Cortés at once openly accused them of the treacherous plot just discovered. Astonished at the sudden accusation, the Cholulians could find

no way of escape. No denial or excuse would avail them now. Suddenly, a report was heard, and, at the given signal, every musket and cross-bow was levelled at the defenceless multitude, who, half-naked, and wholly unarmed, stood crowded together in the square, and were shot down like a herd of deer. What began in a massacre, ended in a general fight. The citizens, seizing whatever arms they could lay hold of, attacked the Spaniards on all sides, who, but for the succor of the Tlascalans, who came up at this juncture, might have easily been overpowered. As soon as Cortés perceived enough had been done to secure his own power, and humble his enemies, he put a stop to the slaughter, and then directed all his energies to restore tranquillity and order.

Having arranged the civil affairs of this city, where his residence was long remembered by the tragedy just related, he again set forward on his journey, leaving behind him a salutary terror, while the fame of his exploits spreading far and wide, prepared his way to future conquest. It was not long before the adventurers found themselves in the Valley of Mexico. Now, all their most sanguine expectations, their most brilliant imaginations were more than realized when they beheld the abundant fertility of this beautiful valley. They stood entranced at the loveliness of the scene, and exclaimed, "It is the promised land."

It was the 8th November, 1519, that Cortés entered Mexico, surrounded by his small body of horse, and followed by the Spanish infantry—the Tlascalan allies forming the rear-guard of the troops. Meantime, Montezuma, who was perfectly acquainted with every step of the Spaniard's progress, after much vacillation of purpose, made up his mind to receive the Spaniards as friends, and show them the hospitality due to guests and ambassadors of a foreign prince. When made aware of their near approach, attended by his nobles, he met them in all the pomp of a mighty Sovereign, welcomed them with apparent cordiality, and assigned them suitable quarters in the town. The residence appropriated to Cortés and his troops had been the Palace of Montezuma's father. The apartments were large, surrounding a court. The best were adorned with the gay cotton draperies and feather hangings of the nation ;

and white mats, and beds of palm leaves completed the simple furniture of the Mexican habitations. Here, then, the Spaniards settled themselves, and, for some time, were fully engaged in visiting all that was worthy of note in this remarkable city.

Montreal, June, 1853.

(To be Continued.)



MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.

I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers toward the path, a sensation, as of a flash of lightning, struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico.*

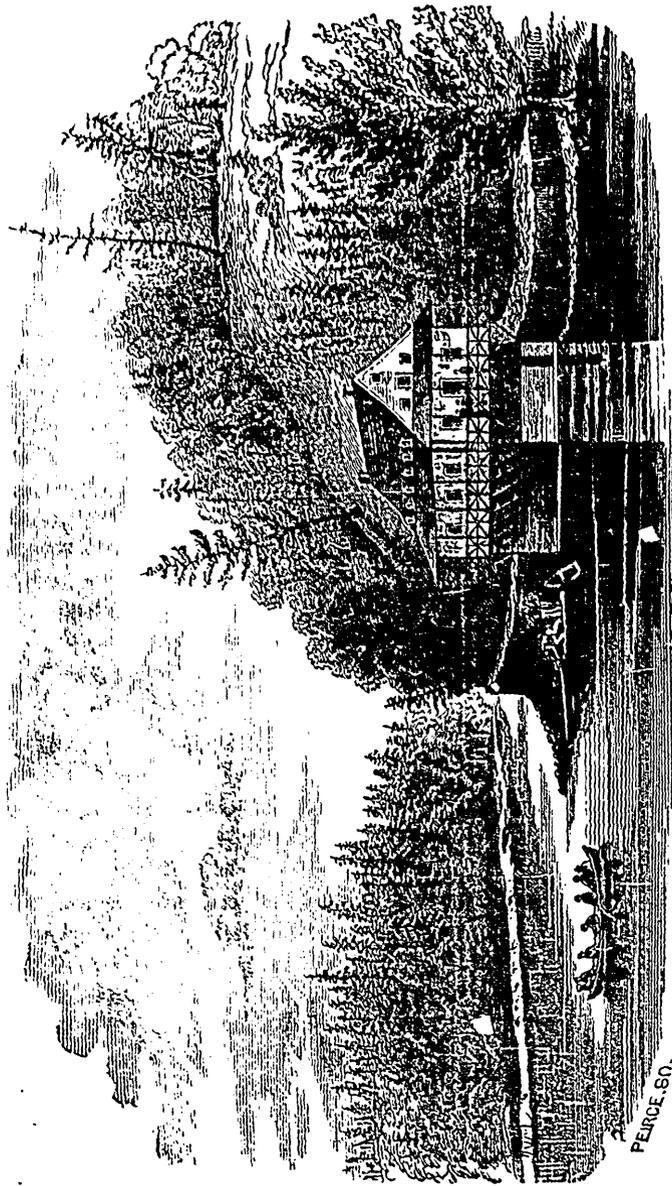


ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.

Every schoolboy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of his government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it: and on being told, he said, "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term Foolscap, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about 16 by 13 inches.



VIEW OF THE GEORGIAN SPRINGS, NEAR THE OTTAWA.

PENCE, 80.

THE OTTAWA RIVER AND ITS VALLEY.

We present our readers in this number an engraving which faithfully represents one of the many beautiful scenes on the Ottawa River. This mighty stream, with its many beautiful lakes, wooded islands, and great cascades, is beginning to attract the attention, not only of the lumberman, but also of the pleasure traveler, who loves to gaze upon the beautiful and sublime works of nature. Ottawa is an Indian word, and signifies *the ear*,—but why this noble river should be called the ear, we have no means of ascertaining. If our red brethren call it the ear of the St. Lawrence, it is, indeed, an exceedingly long ear, and takes in sounds from a wide extent of country. The word is accented on the second syllable by the Aborigines, and pronounced Ot-tâw-wah. This mighty river is nearly one thousand miles in length, and drains eighty thousand superficial miles of territory, one half of which is yet unexplored, and only occupied by wandering families of Indians and their wild game. But for the *voyageurs* to Hudson Bay, the foot-print of the white man would seldom be seen in this great wilderness. Here we have a country spread out before us, eight times as large as the State of Vermont, and capable of sustaining several millions of inhabitants, with a noble river coursing through it, resembling the Rhine in its length, and the Danube in its volume. In the spring, or the first of summer, the water passing in this river is equal to that flowing over Niagara Falls, and twice the common volume of the much celebrated Ganges.

Many of its tributaries, which scarcely have a place in a map, if they ran in other sections of our globe, would be celebrated in story and in song, and thousands of pilgrims would be wending their way to visit them. It is a curious fact, that three of the great rivers of Canada,—the Ottawa, St. Maurice, and Saguenay, take their rise not far apart in the unbroken forest of the North, and roll on to the glorious St. Lawrence, which bears them to the Atlantic Ocean. The time is not far distant when thousands upon thousands will ascend the Ottawa, for the purpose of viewing its beautiful lakes and picturesque islands, its grand rapids and sublime cascades, as they now descend the noble St. Lawrence to behold its glorious scenery.

The cut which we introduce to our readers is a correct picture of the Georgian Springs, whose mineral waters are beginning to attract the attention of the public. It is a beautiful cozy little spot, but a few rods from the banks of the Ottawa. In front of a bluff of blue limestone, at the base of which the waters bubble up, is a beautiful lakelet, nearly a mile long, and about half a mile wide, which, in a still moonlit night, looks like a large mirror set in a frame of wooded hills. A creek, navigable for small boats and canoes, issues from the centre of this beautiful sheet of water, opposite the Springs, and runs into the Ottawa. Flocks of deer once resorted to these Springs to slake their thirst in its saline waters, and crop the green herbs that grew upon the shores of this lakelet. Pontiac, that brave Indian warrior and high-minded man, who still lives in the memory of thousands, no doubt has followed the trail of many a deer to those Springs, and made them minister to his physical wants. He was a noble Indian, and the waters of the Ottawa have borne him and his canoe thousands of miles. What a thrilling spectacle to see him in his fragile birch descend the foaming rapids, and shoot into the still waters below! And yet his practiced arm and steady eye, assured him of safety. We love the red man, and would teach our children to respect his race, which once owned all the Ottawa, and its great watershed.

Before we close this brief article upon the Ottawa and its beautiful scenes, we would say a few words of the lumbermen. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, ~~and long retained in memory,~~ that these hardy and industrious men cheerfully engage in their laborious work, on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. This is creditable to both employer and employée. Once, large quantities of intoxicating beverages were used in the logging camps upon the Ottawa and its tributaries;—but now the cask or the jug is seldom seen in the timber-forests. They have become a Maine Law unto themselves, and the liquid-poison no longer fires their brains, weakens their arms, or renders the blow of the axe uncertain and unprofitable. Such an example among this hardy and laborious race of men, is worthy of all praise, and ought to be followed by those in the less toilsome and more fashionable walks of life.

TO THE MOTHER OF LITTLE ALICE.

“And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.”

Floating o'er the evening landscape
Come Æolian tones of love;
Grandly swelling, sweetly blending,
Softly now the strain is ending,
Dying in the vault above.

Hark! again the chorus rises;
Richest melody I hear;
Wafted in harmonious concert,
Circling vast, the wondrous descant
Falls upon the ravish'd ear.

Fitfully the music echoes;
Spirit voices hover near,
Singing notes in joyful measure,
Speaking oft of choicest treasure;
Safely kept from every fear.

Soar aloft on faith's light pinions,
Weeping mother—stricken one,
Thy beloved hath not perished,
Though to thee most dear and cherish'd,
Jesus gently called her home.

List! oh mother, voices heavenly
Mingle with seraphic joy.
Babes of earth in purest vesture,
Cleansed from all of sinful nature,
Chant His love without alloy.

There the infant spirits revel
O'er the fields of sacred light,
And with harp and crown of glory,
Rapt they listen to the story,
Glowing with the Saviour's might.

Lovingly the tender Shepherd
Guards and keeps His scattered fold,
Taking oft from earthly pastures
Lambs of fairest form and features,
To enjoy His bliss untold.

Hear the voice of Jesus saying,
“Suffer her to come to me,
Suffer me to call my chosen,
Look upon my glorious token
Stamping her among the free.”

Rising gladly, her sweet spirit
 Felt the throes of p in no more;
 Lightly did her swift feet follow,
 Soaring high o'er surge and billow,
 Till they reach'd the eternal shore.

Through the mist of tears and sadness,
 Mother lift thy sorrowing eye—
 Now thy heart is torn with anguish,
 And thy dearest hopes all languish,
 Wither'd like this tender tie.

But, around the tomb there cluster
 Hopes and joys of heavenly birth,—
 Flow'rets bloom, and springs are gushing,
 Soothing tones our griefs are hushing,
 While we linger yet on earth.

Here the master bids us labor
 Waiting our appointed hour,
 Till he send a loving message,
 Warning us with truest presage,
 We must bend to Death's stern power.

Then ascending, shall our footsteps,
 Trace the path our lov'd have trod,
 Till with them in blissful mansions—
 Freed from all our mortal passions—
 We shall praise the incarnate God.

Montreal, July 2, 1853.

E. H. L.



THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

NURSE TELLS LADY MARY ABOUT A LITTLE BOY THAT WAS EATEN BY A BEAR IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—OF A BABY THAT WAS CARRIED AWAY, BUT TAKEN ALIVE—A WALK IN THE GARDEN—HUMMING BIRDS—CANADIAN BALSAMS.

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "did you ever hear of any one being eaten by a wolf or a bear?"

"I have heard of such things happening, my dear, in this country; but only in lonely, unsettled parts of the country, near swamps and deep woods."

"Did you ever know of any little boy or girl that was carried off by a wolf or a bear?" asked the child.

“No, my lady, not in Canada, though such accidents may have happened; but, when I was a young girl, I went to New Brunswick; that you know, my lady, is one of the British Provinces on the other side of the St. Lawrence. It lies to the east of this, and is a cold and rather barren country. There are many minerals,—such as coal, limestone, and marble,—and vast forests of pine, with many small lakes and rivers. It resembles Lower Canada in many respects; but is not so pleasant as the Province of Upper Canada, neither is it so productive. Thirty years ago it was not so well cleared or cultivated as it is now, and the woods were full of wild beasts that dwelt among the swamps and wild rocky valleys. Bears, wolves, and catamounts abounded, with foxes of several kinds, and many of the fine furred and smaller species of animals, which were much sought for on account of their skins. Well, my dear, near the little village where my aunt and uncle were living, there were great tracts of unbroken swamps and forests, and, of course, many of the wild animals hidden in them. A sad accident happened a few days before we arrived, which caused much sorrow and no little fright in the place.

“An old man went out into the woods one morning with his little grandson to look for the oxen, which had strayed from the clearing. They had not gone many yards from the enclosure, when they heard a crackling and rustling of the underwood and dry timbers that strewed the ground. The old man, thinking it was the cattle that they were looking for, bade the little boy go forward and drive them on the track; but in a few minutes he heard a fearful cry from the child, and hurrying forward through the tangled brushwood, he saw the poor little boy in the deadly grasp of a huge black bear, who was making off at a heavy trot with his prey.

“The old man was unarmed, and too feeble to pursue the dreadful beast. He could only wring his hands and rend his grey hair in grief and terror; but his lamentations would not restore the child to life. A band of hunters and lumberers, armed with rifles and knives, turned out to beat the woods, and were not long in tracking the savage to his retreat in a neighboring cedar swamp. A few fragments of the child's dress were all that were found of him; but the villagers had the satisfaction of

killing the great she-bear with two half-grown cubs. The magistrates of the district gave them a large sum for killing these creatures, and the skins were sold and the money given to the parents of the little boy ; but no money could console them for the loss of their beloved child.

"The flesh of the bear is eaten both by Indians and hunters ; it is like coarse beef. The hams are cured and dried, and by many thought to be a great dainty."

"Mrs. Frazer, I would not eat a bit of the ham made from a wicked, cruel bear that eats little children," said lady Mary. "I wonder the hunters were not afraid of going into the swamps where those wild beasts lived. Are there as many bears and wolves now in those places?"

"No, my lady ; great changes have taken place since that time. As the country becomes more thickly settled, the woods disappear. The axe and the fire destroy the places that gave these wild beasts shelter, and they retreat further back, where the deer and other creatures on which they principally feed also abound."

"Nurse, that was a very sad story about the poor little boy," said lady Mary.

"I also heard of a little child, not more than two years old, that was with its mother in the harvest field ; she had spread a shawl on the ground near a tall tree, and laid the child upon it to sleep or play, when a bear came out of the wood and carried it off, leaping the fence with the little child in its arms ; but the mother ran screaming towards the beast, and the reapers pursued so closely with their pitchforks and reaping-hooks, that Bruin, who was only a half-grown bear, being hard pressed, made for a tree ; and as it was not easy to climb it with a babe in his arms, he quietly laid the little one down at the foot of the tree, and soon was among the thick branches out of the reach of the enemy. I dare say baby must have wondered what rough nurse had taken him up ; but he was unhurt, and is very likely alive now, and a strong fellow, able to hunt and kill bears or wolves himself."

"I am so glad, Nurse, the dear baby was not hugged to death by that horrid black bear, and I hope he was killed."

"I dare say, my lady, he was shot by some of the men ; for

they seldom worked near the forest without having a gun with them in case of seeing deer, or pigeons, or partridges."

"I should not like to live in that country, Mrs. Frazer; for a bear, or a wolf, or a catamount might eat me."

"I never heard of a Governor's daughter being eaten by a bear," said Mrs. Frazer, laughing as she noticed the earnest expression on the face of her little charge.

Unwilling to dwell long on any gloomy subject, which Mrs. Frazer knew was not good for young minds, she put on lady Mary's large straw hat and took her into the garden to look at the flower-beds, and watch the birds and butterflies; and soon the child was gaily running from flower to flower, or watching with childish interest the insects and birds that were flitting to and fro. At last she stopped, and holding up her finger to warn Mrs. Frazer not to come too near, stood in wonder and admiration gazing on some fluttering object that was hovering over the full-blown honey-suckles on a trellis near the green-house. Mrs. Frazer now approached with caution. "Nurse," whispered the child, "look at that curious moth with a long bill like a bird; see its beautiful shining colors. It has a red necklace like mamma's rubies. O what a curious creature! It must be a moth or a butterfly. What is it?"

"It is neither a moth nor a butterfly, my dear. It is a humming bird."

"O, Nurse, a humming bird! a real humming bird! Pretty creature!—but it is gone. O! Nurse, it darts through the air as swift as an arrow. What was it doing? Looking at the honey-suckles? I dare say it thought them very pretty; or was it smelling them? They are very sweet."

"My dear child, it might be doing so; I don't know. Perhaps the good God has given to these creatures the same senses for enjoying sweet scents and bright colors as we have; but it was for the honey that this little bird came to visit the open flowers. The long bill, so fine and slender, is the instrument that it inserts within the long tubes of the flowers for extracting the honey. Look at its ruby throat and green and gold feathers."

"What is the whirring noise made with, Nurse; just like the humming of a top?" asked the child.

"The little bird beats the air with its wings, and perhaps strikes its sides at the same time. This rapid motion is necessary to sustain its position in the air while sucking the flowers."

"I remember, lady Mary, when I was about your age walking in the garden. It was a bright September morning, and the rail-fences and every dry twig of the brush-wood was filled with the webs of the field-spider. Some, like thick white muslin, lay upon the grass, and others suspended like great wheels of the forest lace work, on the threads of which the dew-drops were threaded like strings of shining pearls. There were some flowers blooming near, and hovering round them were several ruby-throated humming birds. The whirring of their wings as they beat the air sounded like the humming of a big spinning-wheel, and I thought as I gazed upon them, and then upon the beautiful lace webs that hung among the bushes, that they must have been the work of these curious creatures, and that they had hung them up to catch flies, and had strung the bright dew-drops there to entice them, so little did I know of the nature of these birds; but my father told me a great deal about them, and read me some very pretty things about humming birds; and one day, lady Mary, I will shew you a stuffed one that a friend gave me, with its tiny nest and little eggs not bigger than peas."

Lady Mary was much delighted at the idea of seeing the little nest and eggs, and Mrs. Frazer said, "There is a wild flower* that is known to the Canadians by the name of the humming-flower, on account of the fondness which those birds evince for it.

"This plant grows on the moist banks of creeks. It is very beautiful, of a bright orange scarlet color. The stalks and stem of the plant are almost transparent; some call it 'speckled jewels,' for the bright blossoms are spotted with dark purple and some 'Touch-me-not.'"

"That is a droll name, Nurse," said lady Mary. Does it prick one's fingers like a thistle?"

"No, my lady, but when the seed-pods are nearly ripe, if you touch them, they spring open, and curl into little rings, and the seed drops out."

"Nurse, when you see any of these curious flowers, will you shew them to me?"

* Noh mi tongere—Canadian Balsam.

Mrs. Frazer said they would soon be in bloom, and she would bring her some, and afterwards shew her the singular way in which the pods burst. "But, my dear," said she, "the gardener will shew you the same thing in the green-house. As soon as the seed-pods of the balsams in the pots begin to harden, if touched, they will spring and curl, and drop the seeds like the wild plant, for they belong to the same family."

When lady Mary returned to the school-room, her governess read to her some interesting accounts of the habits of the humming-bird.

Possibly my young readers may not have heard or read much about the humming-bird, and as all must at times have seen this curious little creature, I think they will not be sorry to learn what lady Mary's governess read to her respecting the humming-bird.

"This lively little feathered gem—for in its hues it unites the brightness of the emerald, the richness of the ruby, and the lustre of the topaz—numbers more than one hundred species. It is the smallest, and at the same time the most brilliant of all the American birds. Its head-quarters may be said to be among the glowing flowers and luxurious fruits of the torrid zone and the tropics. But one species, the ruby-throated, is widely diffused, and is a summer visitor all over North America, even within the frozen circle, where, for a brief space of time, it revels in the ardent heat of the short-lived summer of the North. Like the cuckoo, she follows the summer wherever she flies.

The ruby-throated humming-bird, *Trochilus rubus*, is the only species that is known in Canada. With us it builds and breeds, and then returns to sunnier skies and warmer airs. The length of the humming-bird is only three inches and a half, and four and a quarter in extent, from one tip of the wing to the other. When on the wing, the bird has the form of a cross, the wings forming no curve, though the tail is depressed during the time that it is poised in the act of sucking the honey of the flower. The tongue is long and slender; the bill long and straight; the legs are very short, so that the feet are hardly visible when on the wing. They are seldom seen walking, but rest on the slender sprigs when tired. The flight is so rapid that it seems without effort. The humming-sound produced is by the wing

in the act of keeping itself balanced while feeding in this position. They resemble the hawkmoth, which also keeps up a constant vibratory motion with its wing. This little creature is of a temper as fierce and fiery as its plumes, often attacking birds of treble its size ; but it seems very little disturbed by the near approach of the human species, often entering open windows, hovering around the flowers in the flower-stand, and even has been bold enough to approach the vase on the table, and insert its bill among the flowers, quite fearless of those persons who sat in the room. Sometimes these beautiful creatures have suffered themselves to be captured by the hand. When caged, they soon become reconciled to confinement, taking honey and syrup from flowers, or a cup, when held in the hand.

“The nest of the ruby-throated humming-bird is usually built on a mossy branch. At first sight, it looks like a tuft of grey lichens, but, when closely examined, shows both care and skill in its construction, the outer wall being of fine bluish lichens cemented together, and the interior lined with the silken threads of the milk-weed, the velvety down of the tall mullien, or the brown hair-like filaments of the fern. These, or similar soft downy materials, form the bed of the tiny young ones. The eggs are white, two in number, and about the size of a pea, only oblong in shape. The parents hatch their eggs in about ten days, and, in a week, the little ones are able to fly, though the old birds continue to supply them with honey for some time longer.

“The Mexican Indians give the name of the *Sunbeam* to the humming-bird, either in reference to its bright plumage, or its love of sunshine.

“The young of the humming-bird does not attain its gay plumage till the second year. The male is the finest color—the ruby necklace being confined to the old male bird. The green and coppery lustre of the feathers are also finer in the male bird.”

Lady Mary was much pleased with all she heard about the humming-bird, and, as she only saw these birds on bright cloudless days, she said the Indians were right to give them the name of the “Sunbeam.”

(To be Continued.)

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER—A LESSON FOR WIVES.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having travelled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man, blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning toward her husband, she whispered to him:—

“I have lace in my portmanteau—take care to conceal it, that it may not be seized.”

“What! as a smuggler!” exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

“It is beautiful Malines lace, and worth a great deal,” replied the lady. “We are now quite near the custom-house; hasten and conceal it.”

“It is impossible; I cannot do it,” said the gentleman.

“On the contrary, it is very easy,” was the reply. “The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat.”

“But do you recollect,” rejoined the gentleman, “the position I occupy?”

“But recollect,” said the wife, “that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs.”

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travellers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position ; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head, when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage-veil.

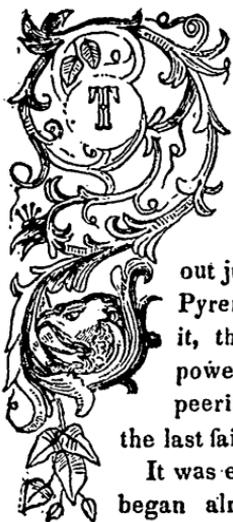
What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of his wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris ; and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.



A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough ; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard—could'nt you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.



HE mists of a dark evening settled over the village of Xarinos, and the mournful sound of the rising wind swayed the forest, and whistled through the crevices of the old Church belfry, mingling its shrill blast with the last tones of the vesper bell.

It was an antique little village spread out just at the foot of one of the passes of the Pyrenees. Stretching far above and beyond it, those lofty way-marks of the Creator's power stood, like so many stern warriors grimly peering into the thickening gloom, and soon the last faint rays of twilight subsided into darkness.

It was early in the autumn of 1497, but the blasts began already to make wild work in the dense forests, and hurry up the leaves, and light boughs into whirls, and gallopades down the steep precipices, for which those mountains are remarkable. Often, too, at this season of the year, sudden storms swept over the mountains, and spent a portion of their fury upon the little hamlets which hugged the warm sunny slopes at their base. At such time the rumbling hoarseness of the storm, or the rapid reverberations of the electric discharges announced its progress, and man and beast sought shelter and safety. Skilled to understand the variations of temperature, the simple inhabitants were natural barometers; the old, especially, seldom failed to predict the approach of a storm with certainty.

On this particular evening the villagers hastened to make all safe, while Baptiste, the inn-keeper, stood in the door of his house observing the weather previous to shutting up. He was about to fasten the door, when a person clad in a pilgrim's garb requested entertainment for the night. The landlord welcomed him with much cordiality, for there was something about the stranger, weather-beaten though he appeared, that was wonderfully interesting.

A pair of expressive eyes, irradiated a remarkably handsome countenance, and it was easy to perceive that the stranger, though

young, was accustomed to travelling, for after giving his orders in an easy decided tone, he settled himself before the cheerful fire which blazed merrily upon the hearth.

Every now and then, shadows of intense thought and ill-repressed anxiety overcast his countenance, and an observer might have remarked a mixture of tenderness struggling to find utterance, and giving a softness to his voice whenever he spoke to the landlord, who was busy directing the arrangements for the comfort of the new comer.

Suddenly the threatened storm came down upon the village, bending the trees, and rocking many a frail cottage in its fury.

The contention of the elements did not in the least move the stranger, who only drew his seat nearer his host, and commenced some inquiries into the state of the village and the number of its inhabitants.

Casting a glance of wonder upon his guest as if endeavouring to recall some thought from the dim past or striving to account for some impression that affected his mind, Baptiste hastened to answer, with the ready garrulity of one who had grown old in the important position of chief news-retailer to the whole village.

He had fully embarked in his favorite topic, and warming with his subject, was speaking of the beautiful situation of Xarinos, its pleasant streets shaded with trees, and its church one of the oldest in that part of the country, when Dame Catharina, his wife, entered, and taking out her netting, prepared to engage in the conversation. Her heart always warmed towards strangers, and she liked well to glean from them accounts of other countries.

The traveller rose, and involuntarily moved forward a step or two, while gracefully bowing, to give her a seat; but she did not observe the sudden flush that spread over his cheek, nor the moisture that suffused his dark eyes, when she thanked him, in a voice peculiarly pleasant, and politely accepted his offer.

"The wind rises high to-night; this is a fearful storm; it will uproot some trees I fancy," said Baptiste, going to the window.

"As I live there is the sound of wheels! who can be out in such a tempest? Quick, Catharina! light the lantern, while I put on my coat, I am sure a carriage approaches."

The loud bark of the trusty mastiff announced the approach of some one, and in a moment after the outer court was assailed by a succession of impatient knocks, and Baptiste summoning his servant, hurried out to assist the benighted travellers.

Some moments elapsed ere the landlord appeared at the door. He was considerably agitated, and called out to his wife to have the fire replenished, and some hot water made ready at once, "for the Senora Irene is out here," said he, "apparently dead, and I know not how we are to get her safely into the house."

At these words the stranger started up, and rushed without cap or mantle out into the darkness. Following Baptiste, he pushed into the group around the carriage, which had been placed under cover, and seeing a lady supported by an old gentleman, who was nearly frantic with grief, said, "why is this? the lady will die for want of care," and carefully and skilfully covering her with shawls, he lifted her, and gently bore her into the house. Placing her on a couch in the sitting room, he applied himself to restore her to consciousness, chafing her hands, while other means were in preparation. He watched her with an expression of the strongest interest, and parting back her splendid hair, which was unbound and fell upon her shoulders like the veil of night around the pale beauty of the moon, he bent over her to listen for her breath, and seemed to whisper something in her ear.

Leaving the agitated group in the sitting room of the inn, we will introduce the reader to the inhabitants of the village, and make him acquainted with some incidents that have a bearing upon our little narrative.

The poor but honest inhabitants of that region toiled daily in the spots of fertile soil found on the slopes of the mountain. In the lower activities the grape with its luscious clusters, and many other fruits and grains, rewarded their care; but among the higher mountain passes the soil was less fertile, and the peasantry who happily had few wants, were often pressed with care and overburdened with sorrow. Still, with native cheerfulness and love of music and dancing, they managed to while away the evening hours. The gay castanet, or the more soul-enchancing guitar, was touched by skilful hands, and drinking in the witchery of their national melodies, the Spanish villager felt too happy to borrow trouble for the morrow.

The inhabitants of Xarinos, like other people of their class and times, did not aspire to anything out of the ordinary course of things. Their fathers had tenanted the same little cots before them, worshipped in the same little chapel, and one after another had been laid asleep under the shade of the church-yard, to which spot the villagers often resorted to water the flowers, and train the vines they had planted around the humble abodes of their beloved dead.

These simple people had indeed heard the matter of the earth's revolution upon her axis, and her constant globular shape hinted, by a learned gentleman, who came to visit Father Miguel, the parish priest; but they laughed among themselves at such absurd notions as they called them. Circumstances, however, soon gave them a few new ideas.

About five years previous to this time, the son of the inn-keeper; Baptiste, became so infected with the enthusiastic notion of the western route to the Indies, whispers of which had reached this little hamlet, that he fairly turned his back upon his native hills, and hurried on to the capital to learn more of this project and see something of the world.

In vain did his sorrowful mother entreat him to be contented at home, and promise him her interest with the fair Margueretta: he only answered—"Let me go, I shall return rich and learned, and then you will be proud of your Henri, and rejoice in his prosperity."

Henri Baptiste was quite young to speak so sagely; but he was a thinker, and one of "Nature's noblemen." His frame was powerful, his manner expressive of the feelings of his heart, and his countenance was of that intellectual cast that carries with it a conviction of superiority. He was beloved and respected for his good qualities, and possessed many warm friends. More than one maiden had felt honored as his partner in the dance, or experienced a thrill of delight when his rich voice, blending with the guitar, sung the songs of the crusaders, or melted into the pathos of the sweet serenade.

More than one cheek grew pale, when it became known that he was about to leave; but most of all, nursed the lovely Irene in the recesses of her own heart, a pain and a sorrow that threatened from that very fact to tear her soul asunder.

She was the daughter of Senor Honorus, the proprietor of the lands surrounding the village, and was looked upon by the villagers as the impersonation of goodness, she was so gentle and beautiful, and withal so kind and friendly. The children knew her voice, and waited for her smile, as she went to and from the chapel, or assisted at the fêtes and rejoicings of her father's tenantry. The sick and the aged blessed her thoughtful attentions, and remembered her in their prayers.

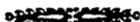
Her father had reared her with the utmost tenderness, and given her all the advantages that her station demanded; but a taste for knowledge led her to inquire with attention into many questions then considered too abstruse for women; and in listening to her father's conversation with friends or strangers, who occasionally stopped at the Chateau of Alcira, as the family mansion was called, she had gleaned much information on many of the leading topics then agitating the great world.

Often while listening to the glowing accounts of the wonders of the capital, she longed to leave her retirement and see for herself; but love to her widowed parent, who depended on her for company and comfort, effectually silenced all repinings, and hushed her emotions.

The quiet of her life was however varied by a journey to one of the seaport towns not far distant. Pressing business requiring her father's presence, he urged her to hasten her preparations and accompany him. It was during this visit that she became acquainted with Columbus, the Italian, who was just then endeavoring to obtain volunteers to man his small fleet which was destined to discover the New World.

Montreal, July 26, 1853.

(To be continued.)



[For the "Maple Leaf."]

MEMORY.

[ORIGINAL.]

How oft as mem'ry's page I turn,
 And trace her tints so fair,
 O'er bygone joys I fondly yearn;
 While bitter thoughts within me burn,
 And life seems full of care.

With magic speed, before my eye,
 Stands youth, in *far rarer*;
 The pulse with joy seems bounding high,
 Till, like a shadow passing by,
 It vanishes away.

Then comes a time of deeper thought,
 Twilight is hovering near,
 The soul its sad portent has caught,
 A thousand fancies quickly wrought,
 Mingle with hope and fear.

Hope, like the sun, with fitful gleam,
 Breaks through the clouds of fear;
 Now, like the murmuring of a dream,
 And now a rushing mighty stream,
 The voice of love I hear,

Its tones are soft, and yet with dread,
 They fall upon my ear,
 For ah! how quickly are they sped,
 How sadly mingle with the dead,
 The hopes to life most dear.

Youth, like the morn, glides swiftly past,
 And twilight's deeper hue,
 Bends with the night, gloomy and vast,
 With trailing shadows broad o'er-cast,
 Obscuring all the view.

But hark! a *matin song* I hear,
 A star beams forth on high,
 A gentle voice, my heart to cheer,
 Whispers, "poor soul dispel thy fear,
 A better day is nigh!"

A day of pure unclouded light,
 Whose sun will never wane,
 Where with new rapture and delight,
 Sing angels in their spotless white,
 Through Love's unending reign."

Now, mem'ry's page I cease to trace,
 And with new hopes begin,
 To run a higher—nobler race,
 Strong in my glorious leader's grace,
 Immortal joys to win.

EDLA.

Montreal, July 25th, 1853.

LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

I was sitting in my room one morning, feeling all "out of sorts" about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had living with me, came in with a broken tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her little lip quivered—

"See, Mrs. Graham! I went to take this tumbler from the dresser to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humour before the child came in, and her appearance, with the broken tumbler in her hand, did not tend to help me to a better state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart. But she had come to me in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I, severely, taking the fragments of glass from her trembling hands. "A very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you."

I said no more; but my countenance expressed even stronger rebuke than my words. The child lingered near me for a few moments, and then shrunk away from the room. I was sorry in a moment, that I had permitted myself to speak unkindly to the little girl; for there was no need of my doing so; and, moreover, she had taken my words, as I could see, deeply to heart. I had made her unhappy without a cause. The breaking of the tumbler was an accident likely to happen to any one, and the child evidently felt bad enough about what occurred, without having any displeasure added thereto.

If I was unhappy before Jane entered the room, I was still more unhappy after she retired. I blamed myself, and pitied the child; but this did not in the least mend the matter.

In about half an hour Jane came up very quietly, with Willie, my dear little, curly-haired, angel-faced boy in her arms. He had fallen asleep, and she had, with her utmost strength, carried him up stairs. She did not lift her eyes to mine as she entered, but went, with her burden, to the low bed that was in the room, where she laid him tenderly, and then sat down with her face turned partly away from me, and with a fan kept off the flies and cooled his moist skin.

Enough of Jane's countenance was visible to enable me to perceive that its expression was sad. And it was an unkind word from my lips that had brought this cloud over her young face!

"So much for permitting myself to fall into a fretful mood," said I, mentally. "In future I must be more watchful over my state of mind. I have no right to make others suffer from my own unhappy temper."

Jane continued to sit by Willie and fan him; and every now and then I could hear a very low sigh come up, as if involuntarily, from her bosom. Faint as the sound was, it smote upon my ear, and added to my uncomfortable frame of mind.

A friend called, and I went down into the parlour, and sat conversing there for an hour. But all the while there was a weight upon my feelings. I tried, but in vain, to be cheerful. I was too distinctly aware of the fact, that an individual—and that a motherless little girl—was unhappy through my unkindness; and the consciousness was like a heavy hand upon my bosom.

"This is all a weakness," I said to myself, after my friend had left, making an effort to throw off the uncomfortable feeling. But it was of no avail. Even if the new train of thought, awakened by conversation with my friend, had lifted me above the state of mind in which I was when she came, the sight of Jane's sober face, as she passed me on the stairs, would have depressed my feelings again.

In order both to relieve my own and the child's feelings, I thought I would refer to the broken tumbler, and tell her not to grieve herself about it, as its loss was of no consequence whatever. But this would have been to make an acknowledgment to her that I had been in the wrong, and an instinctive feeling of pride remonstrated against that.

"Ah, me!" I sighed. "Why did I permit myself to speak so unguardedly? How small are the causes that sometimes destroy our peace! How much of good or evil is there in a single word!"

Some who read this may think that I was very weak to let a hastily uttered censure against a careless child trouble me. What are a child's feelings?

I have been a child ; and, as a child, have been blamed severely by those whom I desired to please, and felt that unkind words fell heavier and more painfully sometimes than blows. I could, therefore, understand the nature of Jane's feelings, and sympathise with her to a certain extent.

All through the day, Jane moved about more quietly than usual. When I spoke to her about anything,—which I did in a kinder voice than I ordinarily used,—she would look into my face with an earnestness that rebuked me.

Towards evening I sent her down stairs for a pitcher of cool water. She went quickly, and soon returned with the pitcher of water, and a tumbler, on a waiter. She was coming towards me, evidently using more than ordinary caution, when her foot tripped against something, and she stumbled forward. It was in vain that she tried to save the pitcher. Its balance was lost, and it fell over and was broken to pieces at my feet, the water dashing upon the skirt of my dress.

The poor child became instantly as pale as ashes, and the frightened look she gave me I shall not soon forget. She tried to speak, and say that it was an accident, but her tongue was paralyzed for the moment, and she found no utterance.

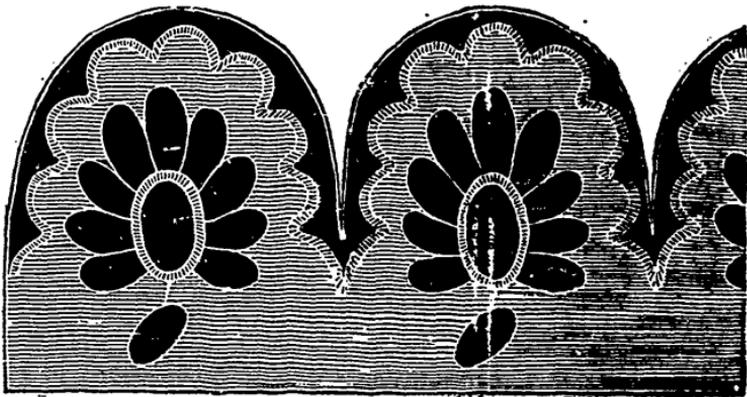
The lesson I had received in the morning, served me for purposes of self-control now, and I said, instantly, in a mild voice—

“ Never mind, Jane ; I know you could'nt help it. I must tack down that loose edge of the carpet. I came near tripping there myself to-day. Go and get a floor-cloth and wipe up the water as quickly as you can, while I gather up the broken pieces.”

The colour came back instantly to Jane's face. She gave me a grateful look, and then ran quickly away, to do as I had directed her. When she came back, she blamed herself for not having been more careful, expressed sorrow for the accident, and promised over and over again that she would be more guarded in future.

The contrast between both our feelings now and what they were in the morning, was very great. I felt happier for having acted justly and with due self-control ; and my little girl, though troubled on account of the accident, had not the extra burden of my displeasure to bear.

“Better, far better,” said I to myself, as I sat and reflected upon the incidents just related—“better, far better is it, in all our relations in life, to maintain a calm exterior, and on no account to speak harshly to those who are below us. Angry words make double wounds. They hurt those to whom they are addressed, while they leave a sting behind them. Above all, should we guard against a moody temper. Whenever we permit anything to fret our minds, we are not in a state to exercise due self-control, and if temptation comes, then we are sure to fall.”—*Selected.*



SCALLOP BORDER IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

Materials.—Thick French muslin, and W. Evans & Co.'s embroidery cotton, No 30.

This edging is very well adapted for trimming articles of dress for ladies and children. It has the further merit,—to amateurs,—of being very easily done. The full size being given, any length of pattern may be drawn from it. Tack it on a strip of *toile ciré*, and work the edge first, in close button-hole stitch; then the flower, beginning with the centre which must be cut out, and the row edges sewed over in overcast, before the other pieces are cut away.

All the black portions of the engraving are to be cut out.

When we have practiced good actions a while, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently, and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

TRUE PIETY is the touchstone of the heart. There is a magic in it that opens the sealed vaults of the soul,—that wakens convulsions in every ray of its holy light, and that calls forth life, and beauty, and harmony from even the marble heart that is shrunk in a miser's breast. Let him "who scoffs at piety and heaven," who ridicules the holy name of Jesus, and bows to the dark idol that his own imagination has created,—let such an one enter the tabernacle of the Almighty, where His worship is set up in the heart, and kindled by the rays of His everlasting love; where forms are forgotten, and fashion has no sway; where the souls of the worshippers become transparent, and he will feel a cord in his own soul thrilled by the magic touch; a chord that may have lain senseless, but not dead—that needs but a constant breath to yield undying melody:

Oh, if heaven be much fairer than the earth, how glorious indeed must it be! If we love better there than here, how tenderly indeed must we love! If its joys greatly surpass in richness the joys of earth, who on earth can estimate the happiness prepared for us there! It is blessed, indeed, to know that not only will every evil of the present life be excluded; but that every joy and beauty will be a thousand-fold more exquisite, and a thousand-fold augmented in heaven.

There is nothing purer than honesty,—nothing sweeter than charity,—nothing warmer than love,—nothing richer than wisdom,—nothing brighter than virtue,—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH is situated in a fine open country. Recent surveys made by the United States Government have resulted in bringing many interesting features to light in regard to that region. The lake is an object of great curiosity. The water is about one-third salt, yielding that amount on boiling. Its density is considerably greater than that of the Dead Sea. One can hardly get his whole body below the surface. In a sitting position, the head and shoulders will remain above the water, such is the strength of the brine, and in coming to the shore, the body is covered with an incrustation of salt in fine crystals. The most surprising thing about it, is the fact, that during the summer season the lake throws on shore abundance of salt, while in the winter season it throws up glauber salt in large quantities. The scientific must judge of the reason for this as well as tell what becomes of the enormous quantities of fresh water which are poured into it by three or four rivers, Jordan, Bear, and Wiber, as there is no risible outlet.

A domestic newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, of which the leg of one was much longer than the other. "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most, is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix!"

RECIPES.

ICED FRUIT.—Take five bunches of currants on the stalk, dip them in well beaten whites of eggs, lay them on a sieve, and sift white sugar over them, and set them in a warm place to dry.

CURRENT ICED WATER.—Press the juice from ripe currants, strain it, and put a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put it into bottles, cork and seal it, and keep it in a cool place. When wanted, mix it with ice water for a drink

SUPERIOR GINGER BEER.—Ten pounds of sugar. Nine ounces of lemon juice. Half pound of honey. Eleven ounces bruised ginger root. Nine gallons of water. Three pints of yeast. Boil the ginger half an hour in a gallon and a half of water, then add the rest of the water, and the other ingredients, and strain it when cold, add the white of one egg beaten, and half an ounce of essence of lemon. Let it stand four days, then bottle it, and it will keep good for many months.



EDITORIAL.

We have been looking into our Editor's drawer for sundry items that ought to have been deposited there in due order; and that reminds us to ask our kind contributors to send us some conundrums, or questions to puzzle the younger portion of our readers.

We like to keep our *drawer* pretty well supplied with original contributions, so that our poor editorial brain may not be too much tasked this warm weather.

We should be much pleased to hear from our valued correspondent R. A. P. of Cobourg, and also J. C. G. of Toronto, and trust that the pages of the *Maple Leaf* will show that the agreeable acquaintance already commenced still progresses. "The Governor's Daughter" increases in interest; we wonder how Mrs. Trail manages to weave so much useful information into her descriptions. We are assured that the young readers of our magazine are greatly delighted with her fascinating pictures of Canadian natural history.

We thank our unknown contributor for the sketch of the Ottawa, inserted in this number. We like it very much, and hope it may be the beginning of a series of articles upon Canadian scenery from the same source.

Our city is quite lively, notwithstanding the heat. Great numbers are constantly arriving from the States: the hotels are so full that many cannot be accommodated and are obliged to proceed directly to Quebec. The merchants too are kept very busy, for the strangers like to take back curiosities in that line from here. We are very willing to give the city up to them, while we steal away a few days to the country, to breathe an atmosphere less impregnated with dust, and hear other music than the rumbling sounds of carriage wheels!

Errata.—In July number, in lines headed "Twilight Musings," fourth line from bottom, for "toil for wrong," read "toil or wrong."