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THE ILLUSTRATED  
**MAPLE LEAF**  
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WALLEN

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[For the Maple Leaf.]

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

‘O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. the earth is full of thy riches.’

There is no branch of earthly study which is so worthy the attention, not only of the scholar, but of every intelligent mind, as the study of nature. The diligent perusal of this *First Book*, written by the hand of the Almighty, will infix in the soul, beautiful and enduring lessons of the wisdom and skill of its great Author. Its teachings will enlarge the mental vision, elevate and purify the sensibilities, and furnish ample scope for the greatest activities of those faculties of the mind, which otherwise, would either lie dormant, or be employed in a manner worse than useless. It is certainly true, that by occupying our minds in studying the works of nature, we take the surest course to free ourselves from the thralldom of those narrow and contracted views, which a constant attention to our own physical wants is calculated to produce. And whatever has the tendency to draw away our minds, even for a brief season, from our every-day wants, and personal concerns, is elevating to the soul.

We have called this an *earthly study*, and so it is; for by the study of nature, we mean researches and inquiries concerning the globe upon which we dwell, and its myriads of inhabitants, from man, at the summit of the scale, down to the lowest form of animal life, and we would by no means exclude the vegetable kingdom from the field of our inquiry; yet, though it be an earthly study, it must lead the thoughtful mind upward from earth to the Great Being, who is the Creator and Upholder of this vast assemblage of animate and inanimate matter. We have here a vast field for research; so vast, that the longest term of years allotted to human existence will in no wise exhaust its resources. The more one learns here, as elsewhere, the more he may learn of the skill and wisdom everywhere displayed in the works of God. And no study can be more fascinating than this. Those who give themselves up wholly to it, as a pursuit, become so charmed with it, as to regard other branches of knowledge with disrelish. While it is, doubtless, both wrong and unwise to devote our energies exclusively to any one study, to the neglect of others, or of our ordinary duties, yet it seems strange that an in-

telligent, inquiring mind can live in this "beautiful world of ours," surrounded by objects of such deep interest, and give no heed to the countless examples of contrivance and skill, which examples are, one, and all, so many illustrations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of their Maker. But very many do this. Very many see no beauty in the blue sky over their heads, with its hosts of glittering stars, and its moon with placid face; to their ears, the green earth, with such a vast variety of animal life, and teeming with its luxuriant vegetation, speaks no language, or at least one they do not care to understand. True, the sun, in his glory, shines upon them, but they deem him but the herald, summoning them to another day's toil, or another day's pleasure. As he issues from "his fair chambers in the east," he speaks not to their hearts of One, mightier and more glorious far, and beautiful than the sun. The dim old forests, decked in their summer apparel, or stripped of their foilage by the rude blasts of autumn, have no voice for them. The babbling brook, the placid lake, the majestic river, waken no response of joy in their bosoms. The grey peak of the distant mountain, shrouded in mist, may rise to kiss the clouds, they heed it not. The flower, blooming by the wayside, or in the poor man's garden, or mid the desert sands, tells to them no tale of the loving care of God, the merciful All-Father. They crush the "wee daisy" under their feet, all unmindful of the beauty of its delicate cup, and slender stem. The songs of the birds, those minstrels of nature, carolled forth in joy and gladness, are unheard, or if not unheard, are unheeded by them.

The grass may grow, the flower bloom, the sun shine, the rain-drops fall, the streams rush on to the mighty deep, they seem to care not, so their chase after wealth is not checked, so they are not hindered in their hot pursuit of worldly fame. True, to many the question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is the *great* question; and to a vast majority of our race, it is so of necessity. But still, though such cannot, and ought not, to devote themselves to the study of nature, as a pursuit, they can, and ought, to avail themselves of the cordial of peace and joy, which even an occasional interview with her will yield. If the leisure moments of the man of toil, now too often spent in the haunts of dissipation and vice, or worse than wasted, in imbibing the moral and intellectual poison, con-

tained in what is termed "light reading," if these moments were employed in gaining some knowledge of those works of nature immediately around him, we can scarcely estimate the result. Happily there are some noble examples of men, who have devoted their hours of relaxation from severe manual labor to the acquisition of natural science, and, in many cases, their attainments would do honor to the closest student. In this way, many valuable collections have been gathered, in the various departments of natural science, as Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany; and many a cabinet of dried insects and stuffed animals in the poor man's home, attests the practicability of prosecuting these studies, under similar circumstances.

It is, however, generally true, that unless there be a strong natural bias in that direction, the uneducated working-man will not voluntarily seek his recreation here. He must be encouraged to do so. The man of cultivated mind and refined feelings walks forth under the canopy of the starry sky and moonlit firmament. As he looks up to the shining vault, his heart thrills with emotions of sublimity. On the same evening, perhaps in the same neighborhood, a weary laborer returning from his daily toil looks up to the same sky, but no emotion of sublimity or beauty swells in his bosom. If he thinks of the moon and stars at all, it is only as lighting him home from his toil. Why this difference? We must ascribe much, perhaps most of it, to their different circumstances in life. In the one, the original tendency of the mind to admire what is beautiful and wonderful in nature has been strengthened; in the other, repressed. But there are thousands above the reach of want, who are under no necessity of working for their daily bread, who can see nothing to admire in nature. They cannot understand the zest with which the naturalist pursues his favorite study. They call it the merest folly to spend so much time in examining "bits of rocks," or in studying the structure and habits of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. To their obtuse minds, it seems as child's play to be so charmed with the delicate organization and brilliant hue of a simple flower, blossoming on the highway, which the first careless foot may crush. *They* are more *nobly* engaged in collecting heaps of shining dust, which too soon the "rust will corrupt." They are bending all the energies of their immortal minds to gain a treasure, which, even if gained, will perish with the using. So fully have

they succeeded in enslaving their higher powers to the service of their lower nature, that now they can find no delight in beholding the works of the inimitable Artisan. To such I speak not—they would not hear me; but to the young—to those whose tastes are yet uncorrupted by the gaudy tinsel of the world of fashion and pride—to them I would address a word of advice. If you would possess a source of unfailing pleasure—if you would know of a fount of perpetual freshness—seek acquaintance and familiarity with the handiwork of the Creator, as seen everywhere in this beautiful world. It is a study that one never tires of; it is ever opening fresh springs of wonder and delight to the humble student.

If to any one branch of study, and to any one text-book, I am indebted more than to another, it is to this—the study of God in his works, and to Paley's work on Natural Theology, as opening up the subject to my mind, in all its freshness and beauty. I love to recall the hours spent in the study of that work, under the instruction of one, whose mind and heart were fully imbued with its spirit. Every recitation was a new pleasure; and the profit derived from those lessons I trust I bear with me yet.

But, while I have said so much in favor of studying the book of nature, I would not be understood as advocating the neglect of that younger, but more *precious* book, THE BIBLE. By no means; for I truly believe, that till one is imbued with the spirit God's word, he is not capable of reaping the largest benefit from the study of nature. Rather let these, like sisters, go hand in hand—the younger ever leading the way—inasmuch as Nature, being here blind herself, can in no possible way show to us the "*way of life*." But with Revelation for a guide, she will point to us many beautiful illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Being who is the Father of both. Let us seek to know more of Him in his works here; and hereafter, if we are his children, we shall be taken to see Him in that bright and glorious world, of which the poet says:—

"The stars are but the shining dust  
Of his divine abode."

S. E. H.

Montreal, August, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

“THE SHIPS, HE CRIED, THE SHIPS OF THE LONELY ISLES,”

BY PERSOLUS.

I have had a pleasant ramble, and enjoyment prompts my wanton pen. What a difference between the sultry sluggish air of the counting-house, and the cooling grateful breeze from our bright river! Often have I fancied that I met it, like a strange and bewildered wanderer, struggling to find its way through the close dusty streets. I would feel a refreshing puff upon my face, but ere I had time to catch a single inspiration, 'twould be gone, completely lost in the choking pent-up atmosphere, that rots within our city and its suburbs.

I am very fond of ships. In days not very far “Lang Syne,” one of my most valued playthings, was a miniature ship, ingeniously constructed with a leaden keel. Often did I wade through mud-puddles, after my little boat; which, though but a toy, and perhaps sailing in a wash-tub, I looked upon as

“A glittering ship that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain;”

and on board of which I had hair-breadth escapes innumerable, from long low polacres, and rakish privateers; but I was not always the “chase” for the glory of our country, and the honor of that country’s meteor flag. I had the satisfaction of soundly drubbing, in many exciting engagements, and finally capturing, a certain “Paul Jones,” who much troubled my budding patriotism; inasmuch as he had (vide the appendix to an American edition of Walker’s Dictionary) frequently, with half the weight of metal, half the men, and despite the most adverse winds, and all other such considerations, succeeded in hauling down our proud flag, even on its own imperial seas. We had martial law in those days; and be sure, I never saw as much grace and elegance in the varying motion of the yard arm of my little ship, as I did when my hated enemy depended therefrom. But I must close the gates, or the stream of memory will overwhelm me in its rushing flow.

Broad rivers have abrupt turnings, just like little rills; so also, doth the strange metaphysical faculty of thought, whether in a small or great mind, abruptly change its tour. Thus justified, I

am again in the present, and strolling along our wharves. I amuse myself by comparing the build and rigging of the different vessels in front ; and although a mere land lubber, unable to see either as a seaman or shipbuilder, I cannot fail to notice a giant form and strength in their blackened hulls. And when my eye follows the graceful, airy cordage, from the staunch bulwarks to the summits of the towering masts, a clear sense of Hogarth's line of beauty fills my mind. No matter how much begrimed with tar, or how funereal its color, a beautiful thing is a ship. And every one that lies along the dock, the trim brig from the Indies, as well as the dignified three-mast vessel hailing from some noted port far across the sea, all are rich in pleasant and stirring associations. How many sunny seas have they sailed through ; and again, how often has their canvass been torn to shreds, and their stately masts made to bend, like wands, before the storm king's power. Here is one very much shattered, her figure-head carried away, doubtless in some fierce conflict with the treacherous deep, now safely moored in a peaceful haven ; she is gently bobbing up and down, as if in sympathy with the full pulsations of the noble stream on which she rests. The little waves ripple laughingly along those sturdy sides, where once the mountain billow dashed itself to foam ; the masts are bare and naked, as when she lay rocked

" In the cradle of the rude imperious surge ;"

Or when,

" In the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by their tops,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,"

she sped before the driving gale, her groaning timbers throbbing with energetic life.

But there is a ship in motion ; a pretty name too, the "Sunrise," with her bow turned eastward, (how fitting !) she is clearing the port. There is danger on the sea, but no evidence of fear with her ; the gay pennon that flutters from her mast, appears the very personification of that daring hope, which is so repeatedly successful. I hold no Bills of Lading from her captain, yet am I interested. Whither away, thou ship ? 'Tis a startling question. Ask whither away !

July 18, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## L E T T E R S .

They are the harbingers of joy, the bright picturings of home scenes and endeared associations; they come to us in the artless style and pathos of expression suited to the flow of affectionate feeling; they enclose gems of thought, dashes of wit, and glow with fanciful delineations. Divested of formality, yet tenderly alive to the nicer courtesies of feeling, bringing to light many a forgotten pleasure, burnishing many a long-gone joy till its memory is radiant, speaking of present hopes and pleasures, present anxieties and sorrows, a well-written letter, coming from the home of our love, receives our warmest welcome, and bespeaks from us a tenderness which we cannot express in words.

Letters—we mean neatly, well-filled sheets—plainly directed, how pure and beautiful they look! bringing the absent friend before us. We enter into his feelings, sympathise in his hopes, our hearts beat with pleasure as he recounts his plans, and gain strength as we read of his victories over self, his noble endeavors to live usefully and worthily. Often when we are discouraged, sick of our own thoughts, pained at our own imperfections, ready to say “Who will show us any good,” we receive a letter, and forget ourselves as the well-known writing meets our view. Encouragement and sympathy blend in every line, and pervade the whole. O what a treasure is that well-timed letter! What a soother of our morbid heart! what aspirations take the place of our former gloom, and how strong grows the link that binds us to that absent friend.

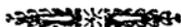
A letter from home,—the husband and father eagerly opens it. He sees the same peculiar chirography that charmed his eye long syne, when a ray of beauty first rested upon his life,—perhaps not quite so firm now as then, for household cares have blunted the pen's free course, and the expressions are tempered, for experience has added a shade of prudent thought to the still fair brow of the writer. Every line is filled with tender devotion to his happiness, and every affectionate mention of his absence, every right sentiment expressed by his children, she weaves in as flowers into her sentences, the burden of which is, their deprivation at his absence, and their ardent desire for his speedy return. If that husband's heart had grown indifferent, or too

much occupied with other things to realize the charming ministrations of loving ones, the cheerful letter, coming to him fresh from the domestic circle, will draw him towards it irresistibly, and warm into new life, holy sympathies in its joys and occupations.

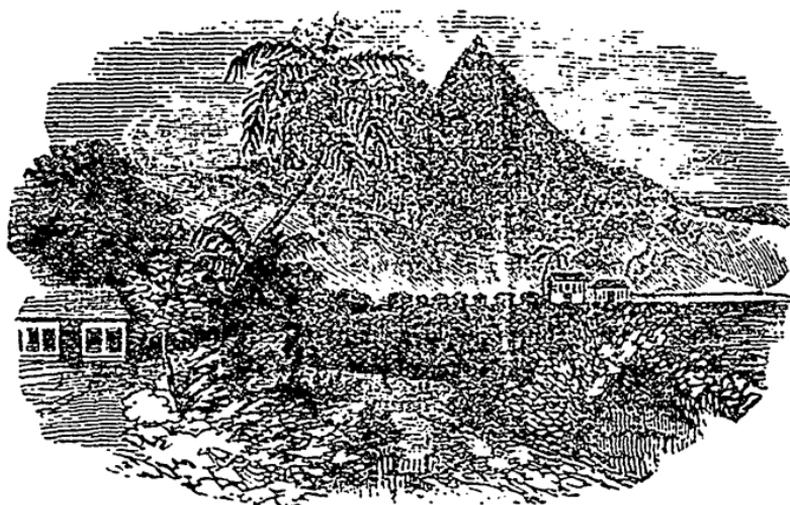
We have seen a mother whose heart was bound to an absent son, a youth of promise, who left her to better their fortune. From a distant land, written amid the hurry of business, at intervals that others would have consumed in idle conversation, his letters come regularly, cheering her widowed heart, and raising hopes of future happiness with the son of her love. He gives her graphic descriptions of the country, its scenery and inhabitants; and endeavors to make her acquainted with the characters who most interest him. He knows that the fire of imagination has not died out of that warm spirit, and that the pleasures of his youthful heart will be appreciated by the mother who, while she taught him to regulate his desires by the standard of right, set an example of cheerful interest in all his joys.

Tupper has said, beautifully said, "A letter timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection." We ought, then, to prize letters, and never let them lie neglected. It is a good habit to answer them at once, at the earliest leisure,—not in careless style, as if we thought anything in the shape of a letter would do to send our friends, but carefully, cultivating a refinement of expression and a natural flow of sentences that shall commend us to others; for letters are transcripts of our minds, and indexes of our hearts.

August 10, 1854.



A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him;" or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, say to her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the costliest monument of marble.

*View of Upolu.*

## GEMS OF THE OCEAN.

Give wings to your imagination, young reader. Soar away over land and sea to the far off and wide-spreading Ocean denominated the Pacific, and there poising your wing, look down upon the innumerable islands that lie scattered over the vast extent of water. There they stand, earth's loveliest spots, all beautiful by reason of their natural scenery, their glowing verdure, their pleasant climate, and their brilliant sky. I call these islands 'Ocean Gems,' and so they are. Gems in the sight of the naturalist, because here some of nature's rarest works are found; gems in the estimation of the philanthropist, because here he has found a fine field producing laurels for his brow; and gems in the view of saints and God and angels, because from these islands of the Southern Sea, bright souls have gone up to glory; there the cross has triumphed; and often from their shores, there mingle with angel-songs and voices, the sweet offerings of holy prayer and praise to heaven.

Over these Ocean Gems I want you for a little time to pause and look about you, while I present to you some brief descriptions of their character. More than one sort of island meets the view. There are the beautiful volcanic islands, some of which have towering mountains rising to the height of from 10,000 to 15,000

fect. These are the most beautiful of all the islands. The immense mountains rise directly from the sea, and tower away, till their lofty peaks are lost amidst the clouds above. The most fantastic shapes are assumed by these mountains. Here, one stands out like a vast pyramid; there, another like a tall spire; and there, a number together, giving you the idea of the rugged towers and strong walls of some gigantic castle. Running in between these noble mountains, are deep valleys abounding with scenes of exquisite beauty and grandeur. There grow the stately palms, the noble bread fruit, the elegant cocoa-nut, the great banana, the Brazilian plum, besides many other vegetable productions of tropical climes. Trees of gigantic size, and splendid with foliage, always green. Here, beauty, wildness and grandeur, all mix together, and produce scenes of loveliness unequalled upon earth.

There is no doubt that these mountainous islands are of volcanic origin, and that, at some very remote period, they were pushed up from great depths in the sea by the action of volcanoes. There is evidence that, at some time or other, they have all been under water; for on the tops of the highest mountains yet reached, corals, shells and other marine substances, are found. You may think what a heaving there must have been below to raise up these hills; what earthquakes to rend them asunder; and then, perhaps, what burning and boiling on the island for ages, till the volcanoes had cooled down, or burned out their fire, and left the place fit for man to live on. Then, following the volcanic in order of beauty, are the crystalure islands. These are thought to have been at one time coral, but being upheaved by some great convulsion to from 100 to 500 feet as they now stand above the level of the sea, and thus exposed to the action of air, and light, and sea, for many ages, the rocks have become hard and bright, and are now crystalized carbonate of lime. These islands are not so magnificent as these above named, but extremely beautiful, and though less rugged, are even more clothed with a fine and luxuriant vegetation than those with loftier and more broken hills.

Still lower than these, only a few feet above the level of the sea, are the far-famed coral islands. These are often small, and always flat and low. The soil on them is very thin, and the vegetation in general less luxuriant, though some of them are very

fertile and beautiful. These islands are universally believed to be the work of the little coral insects, which beginning their labours far down in the sea, have toiled on with constant perseverance, adding particle to particle of the lime they gathered from the surrounding sea, till they had piled up a wall of many hundred feet in height, and reached the surface of the ocean. There their work has ceased, and the rolling waves have done the rest to finish the island for the residence of man. Sand, rubbish, trees, sea-weed, and other matters, have gradually been washed upon the island, so forming a sort of soil on its surface in which trees and plants might grow. Seeds have been dropped by birds, or brought by the sea, and by and by the island has been covered with lovely shrubs and trees.

Such are the gems of the ocean. Fancy yourself as placed like a bird in the air, high up above the lofty hills of the island of Upolu; and now look far and wide upon the sea, spreading out on every hand. Just below you is the Samoan group, with Savai, Upolu, Tuituila, and others of the volcanic class. Some hundreds of miles to the south-east are seen the Hervey islands, one of the largest of which is Aitutaki. Far to the east of these again are the Society islands, the chief of which is the ill-used but ever deeply interesting island of Tahiti, and beside it the lovely little Eimeo. East of these you see the Dangerous Archipelego, studded with little islands; and on, far to the north of these, the Marquesas group. Looking due north—far as the eye can reach—you catch a glimpse of the Sandwich islands, where Hawaii, the largest, is still burning and boiling away. On to the west and north-west, innumerable islands are to be seen; and coming nearer, and close at hand, are the New Hebrides, the Figii, the Friendly, and other groups. All these islands are more or less filled with people. Many of them are yet covered with pagan darkness, but about 200 have now been claimed for Christ; and from their lovely groves, sweet songs and holy prayers go up daily to His throne, the delightful earnest of *all* being some day converted by his love.—*Selected.*



Men will have the same veneration for a person who suffers adversity without dejection, as for demolished temples, the very ruins whereof are revered and adored.

[For the *Maple Leaf*.

## L I L A C C O T T A G E ,

August 16, 1854.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is several weeks since I left your city for a season of relaxation among the hills and valleys of New England. I need not tell you that, as I left its glittering spires and noble mountain in the distance, a thousand strong affections clasped their invisible links around Montreal, and earnest prayers ascended to heaven, and fell like a benediction over the place.

Could I have directed, how quickly would I have transferred the busy, careworn brains and languid frames of many of its denizens to the quiet retirement I myself was seeking, but this might not be, and I satisfied myself with the hope that for them too a day of rest would dawn.

I am passing my time in one of the most quiet and rural little nooks to be found among the Green Mountains. The village consists of about twenty houses, among which may be numbered a neat little church and school-house.

The place is humble; it boasts no attractions save those which nature has lavished on it, and these, to the eye accustomed to the sameness of brick walls, and the smoky atmosphere of the crowded city, are sufficient of themselves.

There is an old saying—"God made the country; man made the town"—which is perhaps the best comment on the difference between the two. This charming little place is not new to me, though years have sped since I last visited it. Its hills and valleys, its rocks and trees, are all dear to me,—dear, because over them brood sweet memories; around them cluster pleasant associations, which glimmer like evening stars over the landscape of the past.

But, as I write, I forget that of all the readers of the "*Maple Leaf*," none will be interested in "*Lilac Cottage*,"—none will care for its quiet retirement; to none, save myself, will it matter that within its walls loved voices have echoed; that dear forms have sat with me in the deepening twilight; that gentle hands have clasped mine, and links of friendship, stronger than death, have been cemented. Oh! no, this will not interest strangers; they cannot look down into the heart, and

Behold engraved on its living pages the glowing pictures of *by-gone time*. For them I must speak of the present, and gladly would I describe the beauty which seems to hover like a guardian spirit over this romantic section of country.

We are environed by the Green Mountains, and as far as the eye can reach on the distant horizon, are defined the wood-crowned summits of the Adirondack. Here and there, between the hills, glimpses of the lake, which forms the western boundary of Vermont, greet the eye; while over all, like a halo, rests the pure, warm sunlight. The road, passing the door of the cottage, winds its way down a hill, and is lost in the woods beyond. The houses—good, substantial farm-houses—stand on either side of the road, short distances apart, and, at the farther end of the village, stands the *burying ground*,—a place of such deep interest to the living, that it may not pass unnoticed.

A few evenings since, I strolled down to this hallowed place; I had not been in it for many years, and memory called up, very vividly, the time when I had stood there, and beheld a beloved brother consigned to his last resting place. I was then very young, and, as I saw the coffin lowered into the earth, and heard the mournful echo of the clods as they fell on it, I felt that there could be no balm for such a sorrow, but *now*, as I stood by the green mound which had so long covered all that was perishable of my beloved J—, I no longer thought of the frail, but beautiful tenement, over which had been pronounced the solemn words, “Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,” but of the radiant spirit for awhile a dweller among the mists and shadows here.—now an inhabitant of the glorious spirit-land. The voice, which swelled so musically as it poured forth the song of the redeemed on earth, now accompanies an angel-lyre amid the jubilant hosts of heaven;—the smile, which rested like a halo over the face of the dying boy, has been replaced by the beauty which *immortals* wear.

“Made perfect through suffering,” he now revels in the scenes he longed for here; even though his pilgrimage was short. *He* has gone *home*, but often at the twilight hour, when the great heart of Nature beats with gentler pulsations, and thought involuntarily reaches out over the broad universe, he seems once more present with us,—suggesting high aims and

holy purposes,—leading us, with invisible hands, from earth to heaven. And so of *all* the loved and lost,—“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.” This idea seems to many, who accept nothing which they cannot understand, too visionary for belief; and yet, if we were to base all our belief on what we *know*, how limited would be our intellectual and moral vision.

How little, for instance, do we *know* of the process by which animal and vegetable life are produced or sustained, and yet, who doubts that the earth is clothed in her beautiful garments, or that *we* live?

If, then, we cannot explain what we *see*, shall we refuse to believe what we cannot see, simply because it is mysterious? The book of Nature and of Revelation alike forbid it. Let us beware, then, how we set down, as visionary, the belief in which so many find comfort,—viz., that the spirits of the departed minister to us here.

But I have been led on to say more than I intended on this disputed point, and refrain, feeling quite incompetent to touch a subject which has puzzled so many wiser heads than mine, and on which so much has been said and written. And now to return to the little grave-yard. The tombstones are nearly all white, though some have grown gray with the lapse of years. These stones are monuments of severed ties, telling tales whose sequels are written on high; records are they of heart-rending separations, only to be compensated by the endless re-unions of heaven. Thus much for the resting place of the dead, though memory loves to linger over the scene, and imagination to picture the glory of the waking at the resurrection.

There is little of note in M—— to interest strangers. In one part of the town there is a cave, which tradition says the red man once occupied as a rendezvous. The mouth of the cave is reached by a succession of what may be called natural stairs descending in a defile of rocks. Near the entrance is a small cavity in the side of the rocks resembling a fire-place, and said to have been used for that purpose. The burned and blackened appearance of the back seems to warrant the fact.

Though this cave is not to be compared to many of the

wonders of nature in other places, yet the wild rugged scenery by which it is surrounded, will well repay a visit. The cave is about forty-two feet in depth and ten in width, and is divided into two apartments. At a little distance from the cave, on the side of the hill, is an immense rock called the *Natural Oven*. In shape it resembles the old-fashioned brick ovens, which we sometimes see in the country. The roads in this vicinity are rough and hilly, and riding over them may be supposed to be anything but monotonous.

On the whole, there is about everything here, a sort of freedom and independence one cannot help liking.

I shall soon turn my steps northward, but I shall not go back with indifference. Since I have been here, *Friendship* has strengthened her stakes, and though she must lengthen her cords to follow the wanderer, she is powerful to do so. The strong bands of affection will reach back from my heart to encircle the friends who have made me so happy. Still young and joyous, the loved of other years are to me unchanged, and though some are united in stronger bonds than those of friendship, that fact has not weakened old ties. But I trespass on your patience, and must bid you adieu.

EDLA.



[For the Maple Leaf.

## EVENING AMONG THE GRAVES.

The other evening I wandered into a burying-ground at that holy hour when "even the very leaves seem stirred with prayer," and the spirit of contemplation flings its mantle over the soul. It was one of those lovely evenings when the great king of the firmament sinks to repose in more than regal splendour; when we can almost imagine that the angels of heaven have gathered around the great luminary in his western palace and doffed their garments to make a couch for him. At such moments as these, the beauty and harmony of the natural world, which God has made, contrast strangely with the endless jarrings and twisted deformity of the artificial world, which man has made. The time and place were peculiarly fitted to foster such reflections, and dreaming and pondering in this strain, I loitered among the dead until the sun completely disappeared, and the cold night-breeze

was creeping among the graves. "Melancholy past-time, cheerless recreation," some will say. Melancholy, it is, but not altogether cheerless, and certainly neither uninstrucive nor unprofitable. Perhaps it is a singular habit, but from my earliest days the churchyard has been a favourite haunt of mine. "Lang syne" I was wont to indulge this propensity by scrambling over the close-laid stones in the High Church cemetery of Glasgow, my native city. I have since loitered in the grave-yards of England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain and America; wherever my wayward fate has led me, I have visited the homes of the dead. I have strolled amongst them when the snow crisped under my feet, and nature, like the sleepers beneath, was hushed in the embrace of death; and I have mused over them when the fresh green grass was glancing in the sunbeams and the "gowans" were springing thick among it, and all nature was bursting into glorious life, as we believe the dead who "die in the Lord" will one day do. In all seasons, and in all places, a visit to a "field of the dead" inspires holy feelings and pleasingly melancholy thoughts. Whether we stand over the bed of some one whose gaudy monument tells that the sleeper below was rich in this world's goods; or over the unmarked hillock which tells that its peaceful tenant was one of the many children of poverty who in death, as in life, remain undistinguished; one cannot spend an hour in such meditation without being better and wiser for it, at least for the moment; and we would be permanently so, were it not that the first brush we receive from the world brushes the calm holy breathings from the soul, as the first touch of the fingers takes the down from the wing of the butterfly. While we are thus engaged, the great world of humanity, with all its harassing cares and petty vexations, is for the time shut out; we can hear its din, but for the moment we have no sympathy with it, but feel a kind of pity for it, and involuntarily quote the words of inspiration—"we spend our days as a tale that is told;" for all that is near us at that moment, conspires to impress the mind with the fleeting nature of man's earthly career, and the very evening air among the grass whispers in the listening ear "Prepare to meet thy God!"

ADA.

Montreal, August, 1854.

(For the Maple Leaf.

## NOTES OF A SIX YEARS RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA.

## NO. II.

One of the Madeira peculiarities which annoyed me much on my first landing was, that every poor peasant thinks it only politeness to speak to you in passing. "Com s'ta?" "Sta haa." "Passon bein o' noite?" "How are you?" "Quite well." "How did you pass the night?" This is the unvarying salutation, and seeing I knew nothing of the language, or of the meaning of what was said, I did not feel quite at ease to be stopped at all times in my rambling expeditions. The Portuguese gentlemen again think it their duty to take off their hats to every lady, if she will only give them the opportunity by raising her eyes in passing them, a circumstance which sometimes prevented my recognizing my own English friends, so afraid was I of countenancing these impertinent Signors, who are always to be found in clusters at corners of streets, or in the (Prasas) public walks, ready to pervert any poor silly servant girl who, being newly come out, is foolish enough to permit their attentions. The Portuguese manner of disposing of property has something to do with the idle and useless life the Morgado or nobleman leads. When the proprietor of an estate dies, the property is equally divided amongst the heirs, and though there is but a bare subsistence, still he must not soil his hands by trade. Their custom is to make a bargain with a wine merchant for the proceeds of their estates, which are all cultivated with a view to the Madeira wines, so famed in all countries. The wine merchant consents to divide the sum agreed upon into twelve portions, and the Morgado calls every month to receive his stipulated payment. The estate itself is farmed out to some industrious man, the invariable arrangement being, that after the church has received a tenth, the landlord and tenant divide the profits, while the tenant at the same time has to bear all the expense for trellis-work, out-houses, or anything required. The Portuguese are very affectionate in their greetings to one another; and it certainly is somewhat startling to see great black-bearded men rush into each other's arms, and hug and kiss each other from ear to ear. The Portuguese are all Roman Catholics, and even some of the English residents have been led astray. Of course there are numberless holidays which the English resi-

dents engaged in business at other times, very frequently devote to country excursions. In this way, my kind friends shewed me the Corrals, Cape Geram, Mount Church, and many other interesting points of scenery. Higher up, amongst the hills, the scenery reminded me of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Everything is on the grand and majestic scale,—high rocks, deep ravines, wooded valleys, path-ways but a few feet in width, where one false step of your horse, sends you rolling down what seems a fathomless abyss. These real dangers, and the fatigue resulting from bad roads, right up or down hill, deprived me of much of the pleasure which the beautiful scenery would otherwise have afforded me. The horses, too, are very uncertain, unless one keeps their own pony,—a course which is not advisable, unless you can make up your mind to ride several hours a day, for if not ridden regularly they are quite unmanageable. The general custom is to apply at the stables, which are kept in town, where both horses and bouragucéras, or grooms, are provided. Whether you are to have a good horse or not depends much upon the manner in which you see your groom. The groom himself is a curiosity: as soon as the horse begins to trot he takes hold of it by the tail, and its wildest gallop can seldom induce him to let go his hold.

Montreal, August, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

## THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

In an apartment furnished not only with every luxury of modern days, but also embellished with exquisite gems of rare and ancient art, the walls adorned with paintings by the best masters, the very atmosphere around breathing the abode of a refined and intellectual mind, sat a man apparently in the prime of life. Among the dark rich locks shading his finely developed head and brow, were, however, scattered lines of grey, and over his handsome features was spread a shade of gloom, as he sat gazing intently on the cheerful light of the wood fire before him. Suddenly, his eye flashed with an almost supernatural brilliancy, the proud and finely chiselled lip curled with scorn, he sprang up from the reverie in which he had been indulging.

“Why should I have allowed the idle remarks of a thoughtless

mortal thus to move me? But it is past, and it will not again be within his power to annoy me. 'Happy old Bachelor;' too often used, but how misapplied an expression. How would those who laughingly address that stale vulgar jest to me, start with horror could they see the wearied worn heart concealed by a seemingly calm exterior? Happy," and the long sigh which followed this soliloquy, as he again sunk down on the couch from which he had arisen; told, indeed, of a heart but ill at ease. And how often do we hear that expression thoughtlessly spoken by those who see not beneath the surface.

Many a wounded and noble heart lies buried under that apparently joyous, but to many the truly joyless portion of a bachelor.

One perhaps, with warm enthusiastic feelings, woven with every honorable emotion of which the human soul is capable, has been wrecked for ever by the false heart of her to whom his early faith was plighted. In some, perhaps, the shock, so sudden, so overwhelming, has in time yielded to the deep love of a true woman. A mother, or loving sisters have bound up the scattered links of faith and hope, and by their untiring devotion, he has again ventured to seek for, and win a love worthy his own. But it may be, he had no other ties to bind him to earth, and his soul, tempest-tossed and reckless, from the one bitter and abiding pang, has never sought to sun itself again in the light of womanly affection.

In another, death may have snatched from his fond clasp the being so formed to bless him, and her tomb has become his living grave. In another, some feeling of wounded pride, some misunderstanding, which could, by the slightest concession on either part have been fully explained; some imagined want of confidence, or it may be

" A look unkind, or wrongly taken,  
A love, that tempest never shook,  
A word, a breath like this hath shaken."

For my own part I never see a man whose heart is unshared by woman's love, treading alone the rugged pathway of life, but I feel there has at some time or other in his career, been an epoch, which would stir the deep founts of womanly sympathy. And should even the pang have been self-inflicted by his own reckless or proud self-will, yet the punishment has been more

than an atonement for his folly. But we ask pardon for this digression, and will once more introduce our readers to that luxurious apartment, and its solitary tenant, Col. Fortescue.

A few moments before our opening scene, the door had closed on a man apparently some years younger, than he who sat there. They had for some time been conversing on various subjects, when, emboldened by Col. Fortescue's cordiality of manner, and his long intimacy with him, he, in an unlucky moment, had, to gratify his own curiosity, and to fulfill a wager he had laid with a friend, ventured to touch on (he well knew) a forbidden subject.

"Col. Fortescue, do now gratify me by informing me of the real cause of separation between you and the beautiful Emilie de Béranger."

The next moment, but little aware of the smothered wrath and agony those few words had aroused, he would, how gladly, have recalled them. A deadly paleness overspread the features of Col. Fortescue. He essayed to speak, to move, but the past agony of a life prevented him.

Mr. Seymour sprang to him, entreating him to be calm, and imploring pardon for the pain he had unwittingly given him.

He haughtily moved him aside, and in a few minutes rising, his commanding figure, drawn to its full height, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon him, he spoke, though in a hollow and sepulchral tone.

"Mr. Seymour, we have for many years been intimate friends ; but I never expected to see the day when you would encroach on that intimacy to touch a sacred and forbidden subject. Henceforward we are strangers." "Leave me Sir," as Mr. Seymour again attempted to excuse himself ; "leave me, and know there are human hearts whose hidden founts of joy or of sorrow must be let alone, save by Him to whom all hearts are open."

From that hour they never met, and in a few days Mr. Seymour found himself in possession of a valuable appointment in the Presidency of Madras. He but too well knew to whom he was indebted for it, to one, whose heart, though scorched by the bitter fire of unavailing regret, yet overflowed with noble and generous emotions.

Perhaps our readers will be anxious to hear to which class of

bachelors Col. Fortescue belonged, but before they ascertain that fact, they must be content to retrace some five and twenty years of his life, which, however, we will reserve for another chapter.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, Port Hope.

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## A CALIFORNIA SCENE.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY J. M.

The valley of the Sacramento I should judge to be about four hundred miles long, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles in width. Leaving the city of Sacramento and travelling about one point south of east, thirty-fivemiles, or thereabouts, over a slightly undulating country, we come to the Macosumnes river. About one mile and-a-half before we reach its waters, is a somewhat abrupt descent from the table-land into the flat or bottom-land which forms the valley of the river. The shelf-like eminence which overhangs the flat is nearly one hundred and fifty feet above. Taking my stand on this spot I obtained one of the most remarkable views that ever met my eye. It was in early Spring, when Nature was dressed in her most lovely attire. The scene was better suited to a painter than a feeble pen; but I could not help reflecting, how inferior are the works of art when compared to the majesty of God's handiwork. The grand, sublime and beautiful, on the most magnificent scale, were bleaded into one and the same view. I was filled with awe and wonder when for the first time I stood on Table Rock and gazed upon the Falls of Niagara; but no such peculiar sensation came over me, as on this occasion. That was a unity; this a combination of many elements in exact harmony.

On the west was the Sacramento Valley, stretching out as far as the eye could reach in almost every direction, spotted here and there with clumps of trees, which mark the winding course of the American river until its placid waters combine with those of the Sacramento, and flow still onward to the ocean. A little farther to the right, was the Coast Range, presenting a long line of craggy cliffs, piled one upon the other in so confused a mass as to give one the idea that the refuse of creation had been "tipped up" there, hurly-burly, without any particular regard to arrangement;

opening its massive walls to the right and left, as if in proud submission, to permit the waters of the majestic Sacramento to pass on. Still farther north, rising majestically above the other peaks, and looking down upon them as if in scornful derision, the Buttes stand out, a kind of guardian sentinel over the inferior portion of the mountain family, a huge guidepost to direct the traveler along his way. This is what Benton proposed as the everlasting monument of Washington and of the glory of America. What an idea! Only think of a sign-board extending across that huge pile, the glittering letters carved out two miles apart which the emigrant as he passes over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada at the distance of one hundred miles, reads plainly, making out the words—WASHINGTON and AMERICA. Apparently but a short distance to the south, the Table Mountain modestly raises its form, and looks very much as though it had been beheaded. Trees are visible on its rugged sides; but the top is flat, giving it the appearance of the base of a cone, or a table, from which it received its name. Still further to the south, and almost buried in the distance is Mount Diabolo, which overlooks the Bay of San Francisco. The Mexicans have long had a superstitious belief that evil spirits had their abode there. Turning to the east, the grandest spectacle is here beheld. Below, the gentle waters of the Macosumnes wind slowly through the valley; flowers of every hue meet the eye; at least a hundred varieties fill the air with their delicious odors; grass of luxuriant growth waves in the breeze; while above, commencing apparently but a few miles distant, and extending to the utmost limit of view on either side, the Sierra Nevada are covered with deep snows. Not like distant clouds as seen in the west on a summer evening, piled up like bags of cotton, but one continuous line of deep, deep snow. These snows continue till late in the summer, wasting gradually away when the heat becomes so intense that they yield to its warm embrace; all except here and there a spot on the more elevated peaks. Between, among the hills which rise gradually, one after another, and along the upper part of the Macosumnes as you ascend into the mountains, are thousands of miners busily delving, like so many moles, from morning till night, day after day, washing in the cold water which flows from the everlasting snows above them.

But a short distance from this locality, where the hills begin to

present an abrupt form, and the traveler begins to grow weary from the prospect before him, is a spring of perennial flow, from whose waters many a tired pilgrim has slaked his thirst. I sat down by its side, thinking more of the journey before me than of quenching my thirst. Near by I observed a grave; standing at each end was a roughly hewn pine slab, partially decayed, upon one of which, had been carved with a knife, "C. Mason," the name of him who slept beneath. It was a miner's grave. On inquiry I learned that it was my old friend and acquaintance, Charles Mason, of Connecticut. He was the only son of a widowed mother, a noble fellow—frank, generous, open, who by his own exertions had obtained a fair education; of poor, but respectable parentage, and moderately ambitious. In '49, when the gold-fever raged so generally throughout the country, he became its early victim. He left all the endearments of home, impressed the parting kiss upon his mother and sisters, and with buoyant hopes of speedily obtaining a competency for their support, sought the far-off land of California. He swung the pick and shovel in these deep gorges; his merry laugh rang through the hills; the sound of his voice echoed along the peaks, and his counsel was listened to by his companions. Time passed smoothly on, till relentless disease seized him as his victim, and prostrated his manly form. His malady commenced with a diarrhœa, but terminated in a fever. Confined to the rough couch of his narrow tent, he passed day after day in lonely meditation, as he felt his strength fast wasting away. "O, that I could see my mother!" would he often exclaim, on suddenly awaking from a feverish dream. But no mother stood by him to smooth his burning brow, and with guardian-angel care, ease his rough passage from life; no sister bent over him as he contended with the fell destroyer; but a few cold, unfeeling strangers only were there, as the icy bands of death closed around him, and his manly spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle. He died. No friend shrouded his remains, and prepared him for the coffin; no parents shed tears of affection over his clayey form; no sobbing wife or sisters bent over his coffin-lid to catch the last lingering look; no throng of mourners followed him to the tomb; no church-bell tolled at his departure; no venerable clergyman uttered a prayer at the funeral, and administered heavenly consolation to the weeping. Wrapt in his own blanket, a few neighbor-

ing miners bear him a few paces back of his tent, and deposit him in the ground. Hurriedly, the coarse gravel is thrown in upon the uncoffined corpse. He is buried. There, by the side of that cool spring, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, sleep the remains of Charles Mason. No marble monument marks the spot; no lettered tomb-stone stands at the head of the grave; no rose-bush or weeping-willow grows there, planted by the hand of affection; that dear mother cannot pay her weekly visits there, and shed burning tears over the grave of her only son. But there the mournful howl of the coyote is heard; the wild birds scream in the mountains, and the hoarse winds whistle through the branches of the tall pines. As the widowed mother gathers her little family around the domestic altar, and lifts her feeble voice to heaven in prayer on every returning eve, one seat is vacant; one seat is vacant around the fire-side of the family circle; one vacant seat at the table; one in the old church pew.

More than two years elapsed before that sorrow-stricken family could hear anything of the fate of Charles, and then not till accident enabled me to forward them the melancholy intelligence.

How many have thus found their graves among these mountain ranges, who left home with strong hopes and stout hearts--visions of gold dancing through their minds. How many sleep thus lonely on the plains; how many on the Isthmus; and over how many have the curling waters closed, as their lifeless remains were cast unceremoniously over the railing of the steamboat and the unseaworthy sail-vessel. Many an unrecorded tale of sorrow, suffering and death has followed in the train of California gold-hunting.

Call it weakness if you please, but when the life-giving spirit shall quit this mass of flesh and bones, my prayer to Heaven is that this lifeless form may find a lodgment in the old family church-yard by the side of my mother.

“ Let my death-slumber be where a mother's prayer,  
 And a sister's tear shall mingle there;  
 For 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,  
 To know, when its fountains shall gush no more,  
 'Those I so fondly have yearned for will come  
 To plant the first wild-flower of spring on my tomb.”

—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

T O ———

Am I not thine—thy truest friend ?  
 Thine by a deathless tie—  
 A friendship which will never end,  
 A love that may not die ?

Yes, I *am* thine—around thy heart  
 My mem'ry still doth twine,  
 And of my inmost life, a part  
 Is thine, *forever* thine.

I linger o'er the vanish'd hours,  
 Sacred to love, and thee,  
 And on their graves I scatter flow'rs,  
 Sweet flow'rs of memory.

I *know* that often on thy way,  
 In sorrow, or in glee,  
 Thy heart will turn to life's young day,  
 And kindly think of me.

And yet our paths are sunder'd wide,—  
 Between us, billows roar—  
 My bark is *tossing* on the tide—  
 Thine moor'd by home's green shore.

Over thy calm, unbroken life,  
 May no dark clouds descend,  
 Oh ! may no notes with discord rife  
 With thy heart's music blend.

But may the strongest, *purest* ties  
 Of hearth, and home be thine,—  
 A type on earth of Paradise—  
 Affection's holy shrine.

Perchance, on earth, we ne'er may meet,  
 But on the evening air,  
 Wafted to heav'n with incense sweet,  
 I'll breathe thy name in pray'r—

And, though thy lips move not in words,  
 Thy *heart* will pray for me,  
 And o'er the tuneful spirit-chords  
 Will sweep the melody.

Thus—thus on *earth*—and then, in *heaven*,  
 When life's short dream is o'er,—  
 Where friendship's ties are never torn—  
 We'll meet to *part no more*.

EDLA.

## THE CHEERFUL BOY.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

This morning, it was raining very fast, as it had been doing, almost without intermission, for the past three days, when I put on a thick dress and overshoes, wrapped myself in a large shawl, and, taking an umbrella, started out. I soon had reason to regret having carried the last named article, for the wind blew so hard that I found it impossible to keep it raised; so I put it down, and walked on, without any shelter from the driving, pattering rain.

“What! walked out when it was raining so?” I hear you ask.

Yes, for I wanted to go to the post office. I was away from home, and I *knew* that a mail had arrived during the night, and *hoped* it had brought something for me. Though I thought the weather might clear up during the day, I did not feel like waiting in suspense; so, as there was no one to send, I went in the rain to see if there were any letters. It was very cold and disagreeable out, and the streets looked deserted. People were glad to stay by the warm fire, and read or talk, so as to forget the cheerless state of things out of doors.

As the cold winds chilled me, I drew the folds of my shawl closer and hurried on, thinking of the letters I hoped to get from home; and when I reached the post office, there they were, sure enough! just the ones I wanted! My heart told me they were for me, as soon as I espied them in the box, and before I was near enough to see a word of the direction on them. Yet other persons' letters besides mine are placed in that box. As I went back, with those letters in my hand, I cared nothing for the cold, nor for the rain, which was still falling, for I was thinking what a treat I should have in reading them. I turned them over and over as I walked rapidly forward, and had just pulled one open far enough to see the words, “All well, and send love to you,” when my attention was arrested by hearing a child singing, in clear tones, “at the top of its voice.” I looked around, and saw a little boy coming, with a heavy load of something that looked like a bag of meal. His thin clothes were already drenched by the rain, and the sight of his bare feet, on that wet, cold ground, made me shudder. The wind blew him about so that he could scarcely walk, and once I stopped, thinking “there, he is going

to fall now!" but no, he regained his footing, and his hat, too, which had been blown off, though he was bent nearly double by the load he carried. As he came nearer, I saw that he was "all in a shiver" from the cold, yet still, he sung as merrily as before. "That little fellow has a brave heart," I thought to myself; and I slackened my pace, that I might observe him more closely. Encouraged by my smile, he nodded, and said, "Aint it cold to-day, lady?"

"Indeed, it *is* cold," I answered, "and you ought not to be barefoot in such weather as this; have you no shoes?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have a pair, but mother won't let me wear them in the rain; she says the wet will make them go just as fast again, and that poor folks must be careful not to abuse their things."

"Why did you come out, then?"

"Oh, I *had* to; there was no meal in the house for breakfast; and though my brother *and* me could do with potatoes, mother couldn't; so I had to *fetch* some."

"Didn't I hear you singing, just now?"

"Oh yes; I was singing to keep the cold off."

"Does that keep it off?"

"Well, it keeps me from thinking how cold I am, and that is just the same," he said, pleasantly. "I always sing when I am cold or hungry, and that makes me forget it. When I get tired a working, too, I begin to sing, and then I can work along without knowing it."

"Who taught you to sing?"

"Oh, nobody *learnt* me; I just picked it up of myself, though I've *heered* more tunes since I went to Sunday School than ever I'd a thought of."

"You attend Sunday School, then?"

"Yes, I wouldn't miss it for *nothin'*—it's so pretty to hear them all singin'—I go this way," he added, as we came to a cross road.

"How far do you live from here?"

"About a half-a-mile, I reckon."

"A half a mile further to go in this rain, and you so cold and wet, now?"

"Oh, I'll soon be there," he said, as he trudged on, and in a moment I heard him singing, as cheerily as if he were warm and dry, sitting by a bright fire.

“That is right,” I said to myself. “Sing away, and forget how uncomfortable you are. Though poor and uneducated, you are a true philosopher. You don’t sit down and grieve over hardships; when things don’t go right with you, instead of fretting about it, you raise your voice and drive away the vexation, by singing. Even hunger and fatigue cause you little annoyance so long as you can sing! That’s wise! sing on—sing cheerily on through life! Sing away all the sharp corners and rough edges which would otherwise wound you.”

And then I thought what a good thing it would be if all boys and girls had his courage; but I know some who have not. I have seen boys, older than he, who thought it a great hardship to be required to get up of a morning in time to breakfast with the family. They have a pleasant room to sleep in, are awakened by a kind voice, and find comfortable clothes all laid ready for them to put on; they know that a nice breakfast is prepared for them, and yet they are so cross that they seem much more disposed to scold than to “sing.” Suppose they had to trudge off, in a soaking rain, with no shoes, for the materials to make breakfast of, would they be able to sing as they toiled on with their heavy load? Others feel cross because they are required to go to school, and spend their time in gaining knowledge. I have seen some of them sauntering along, with their books in their hands, looking as miserable as if some great hardship was demanded of them; when, if they appreciated their privileges as they ought to, they would go singing for very joy, to think the opportunity was thus afforded them of gaining an education,

Some little girls think it very hard that their mothers require them to mend their own clothes; and when they sit down with their needles and thimbles, they pout out their lips, and say to themselves, in a fretful way, “Oh dear, how tiresome this work is! Mother need not make me do it!”

My young friends, does the task seem any easier by fretting thus? If not, just try singing at your work, and see if you do not get on faster with it.

Take care, all of you, or that poorly-clad illiterate boy I saw this morning, will accomplish more in life than you do, because he makes his duties and troubles seem lighter, by singing over them, while you make yours heavier, by fretting and pouting.—*Cin. Herald.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

## SONNET.

JUDITH

"The beautiful Widow of Manasseh."

O thou brave woman's heart, that beats so high  
 With inborn nobleness, a giant stay,  
 Whose aid thy feebler warriors well might pray;  
 Though they were Titan's sons, whose arms outvie  
 The mythic gods of Saturn's warlike sky.  
 Bold as the Persians, dauntless as the Medes,  
 Yet weak as infants, when thou doff'd thy weeds,  
 And dared the hosts of Assur's chivalry.  
 Thou valiant one, who on Bethelid's plains  
 Turned firmly to thy God, and sought that He  
 Would move thy woman arm to clear the chains,  
 And let its kindred, the oppressed go free,  
 Hector himself would quail beneath thine eye—  
 And memory loves thy name, fair Merari.

PERGOLUS.

July, 1854.



[Written for the "Maple Leaf,"

"I LOVE GOD, AND EVERYBODY, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOD HAS MADE."

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

An aged man lay on his death-bed. For many wearisome days and months that bed had been his home. Through the long days of the sultry Summer he was there—unable to rise and go forth in the glad sunshine, and to the green forests that he loved so well. True, loving hands cooled his fevered brow, and moistened his parched lips. The gentle tones of affection greeted his ear, and sought to cheer the weariness of the sick chamber. The youngest and loveliest of his household band, forgot not to bring to her father's pillow the wild flowers which, in health, he had with so much delight made his study; but it was not, after all, like gathering them in their forest home, with his own hand. As the curtains at evening were drawn aside to admit the fresh breeze to the couch of suffering, how often had he longed to go forth again—once more to walk erect in health and strength—again to visit his loved haunts, and, more than all, to engage again in his much

loved work of breaking the "Bread of Life" to a cherished flock, who were now without an under-shepherd to go in and out before them. The beautiful, but sad days of Autumn had also found him there. Only in imagination, aided by memory, had he seen the changes going on in nature, in which the fresh greenness of Spring and Summer were exchanged for the varied tints of Autumnal colors. He had not, as formerly, seen the ripe fruits and golden corn gathered by the husbandman. True, many gifts of delicious fruits came to his bed-side, but though he thanked the givers, deep in his heart was the desire again himself to go forth, to pluck the fruit and flower. He had lingered through the long dreary Winter. He had listened with sadness to the wild raving of the Storm-King, and had seen from his window the snow-wreaths, covering field and hill. Latterly, his thoughts had made frequent visits to the burial place, where, it seemed too probable, a snowy bed would be made for him before another Spring should again gladden the earth. By degrees he had come to look forward with calmness to this last resting-place. The inner struggle and conflict had not been slight, as he thought of bidding a final farewell to the beautiful world, which all his life long he had loved so to behold in its various phases of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. He had passed through the trial of giving up his beloved people, with whom, for nearly a third of a century he had labored in the Gospel. At first, he would gladly have toiled on longer in his Master's vineyard, for he knew that though the "harvest was great, the laborers were few." Then, too, he had suffered the anguish of giving up his precious family. It cost many days and nights of agony when he anticipated leaving these loved ones, unprotected, to the mercies of the world. But now the conflict is all over. His faith and hope burn brightly, and with undimmed eye he can look upon the faces of those he so soon shall see no more. As he thinks of those of his fire-side circle who are safely gathered into the fold above, he longs to be there also; and he can cheerfully trust the lambs he is shortly to leave behind, to the loving care of the "Good Shepherd," knowing that he will gather them also, in his own good time, into the heavenly fold.

But one longing desire yet lingers in the breast of the dying

man : 'tis to look again upon the earth in its Spring-tide beauty. He would again hear the voice of singing birds—again inhale the odor of the early Spring flowers before he goes hence, to be here no more. He knows that he is going to a world where it will be *Spring-time always*; yet his heart longs to look once more upon the scenes he has loved all his life-time. His wish is granted. The bright glad Spring has come again. Through the open window comes the fragrance of leaf and blossom; the youngest daughter has been to the woody dell, where bloom the earliest violets, and brought hence not violets only, but others of her father's favorites. The birds are singing in peace and gladness their evening song. Around the death-couch are gathered the sorrowing children of the dying Christian, with many who knew and loved him for his Master's sake. His three daughters—the youngest just in the freshness of early womanhood—have received their father's dying counsel—they have, as they believe, heard his last words. For some time he has been unconscious, and the lethargy of death is fast stealing o'er him. Suddenly he arouses; he speaks in a voice scarcely audible, asking them to sing his favorite hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." With faltering tones they begin, but when they come to the stanza beginning, "There everlasting Spring abides," the dying father joins the strain, and in a firm voice sings through the verse. The effect is startling. A solemn silence of several moments ensues. Again he speaks—"I love God, and everybody, and everything that God has made." It is the language of his heart—a heart ever overflowing with love. He repeats it in a louder, plainer tone—"I love God, and everybody, and everything which God has made." And these are his last words. He speaks not again. A few more feeble breathings, and that loving heart is at rest. He has gone to behold the *God he loves*, and to drink in more fully the deep beauty there is in the works of God.

S.



All is order, all is harmony in the universe, because the whole universe is a thought of God; and it appears as a combination of organisms, each of which is only an integral part of one still more sublime. God alone contains them all, without making a part of any.—*Guyot*.

## EDITORIAL.

The Summer, so sultry and oppressive, is over now, according to the calendar, though she often encroaches upon Autumn, giving us July heat in September. All will welcome the cooler days, which this month usually brings; and we hope that the change in the weather will restore to our city, numbers, who, a few short weeks since, fled with their household treasures from the first breath of the pestilence. Happy will it be for them if, when gathering again round the social board, in their own homes, they find no vacant seats at their table, no missing faces in their family circle. To many of those who have remained here through the season, the coming of Autumn will but deepen the remembrance of the sad scenes of suffering and death which they have witnessed, it may be in which they have participated. How many desolate homes and hearts does the coming of September find in this city, and in other places, which have suffered from the ravages of the Cholera. The Death-Angel has looked in upon many a happy household, and suddenly "changed the countenance" of one—perhaps of more than one—of those who were the joy or reliance of the family. Many orphaned hearts are proving the bitterness of the cup which has been pressed to their lips—they know what it is to be fatherless or motherless; and in some instances entire families have together gone down to the grave. It seems as if it were almost a merciful stroke which cuts down a whole family at once, if they are but prepared to go; for then there are no breaking hearts left behind to mourn over their dead. Now that the dark cloud is lifted, and we can breathe freely, the past seems like a troubled dream; but, alas, there is too much painful reality in it: many hearts, yet bleeding with agony, will carry to their graves the remembrance of the Summer of 1854 in this Cholera-smitten city. But with earnest gratitude we would acknowledge the mercy which has rebuked the pestilence, and given us again health and prosperity. Surely we ought to be a wiser and a better people after so fearful a lesson.

We wish to anticipate, and at the same time to disarm all criticism with regard to this month's issue of the "Maple Leaf," by saying that it has been prepared for the press in the absence of the Editor, who left the city as soon as the sickness abated, so that she could do so. A number of letters have been received from her, in all of which she makes grateful mention of the cordial hospitality she has received in Upper Canada. We trust that she will derive the highest benefit from her journey, in renewed health and invigorated spirits, and that no future number of the magazine will suffer from her absence. With this explanation, we resign the editorial chair, to which we are all unused, and commit our labors to the clemency of the reader.

The little piece, "A Cheerful Boy," being from the pen of a very dear friend, we were glad to insert, though not written for this Magazine.

To the regular contributors of the "Maple Leaf" we return thanks, for their promptness in sending their communications. A number of other articles have been received, which are carefully laid aside, awaiting the return of the Editor.

## Prospectus of the "Maple Leaf."

The above publication has now become such a decided favorite with the public, as evidenced from its large circulation, that we deem it unnecessary to enter into the character of the work in speaking of the forthcoming volume; but simply to announce that it will be under the same able management as heretofore, and every effort made to merit not only the continued support of its present patrons, but to awaken the sympathies and support of many more.

The Periodical will contain 32 octavo pages Monthly, at Five Shillings per annum in advance, or four shillings each when taken by a Club of Five. It will be printed on paper of superior quality, and contain appropriate illustrations; and it will be the continued aim of the Subscriber, as it was of the Projector of this Magazine, to elevate and improve the faculties of the mind, and soften and harmonize the affections of the heart. Familiar expositions of Botany, Gardening, Architecture, and valuable Domestic Receipts will give variety to its pages, and assist in cultivating a taste for the beautiful and useful.

In future the cover of the "Maple Leaf" will be adorned with suitable engravings, and the Crochet, Netting and ornamental Needlework, will be embodied in the work itself.

The undersigned has been authorized to receive all debts due to the "Maple Leaf" and grant receipts for the same; and in future all communications and remittances should be addressed to.

J. C. BECKET,

22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July 1st, 1854.

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Montreal, July, 1853.

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