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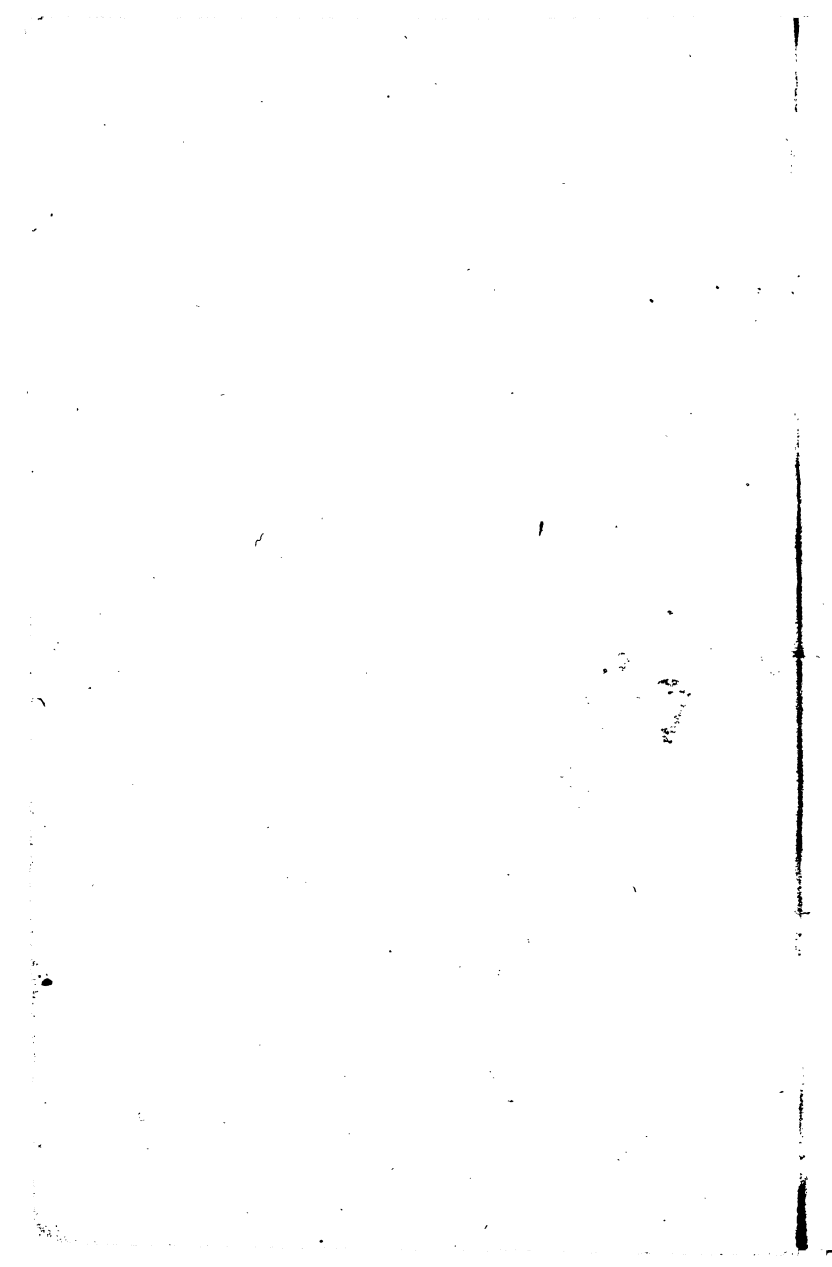
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STORIES AND SKETCHES

BY

H. S. CASWELL,

AUTHOR OF ERNEST HARWOOD, CLARA ROSCOM, OR THE
PATH OF DUTY & C.

Montreal:

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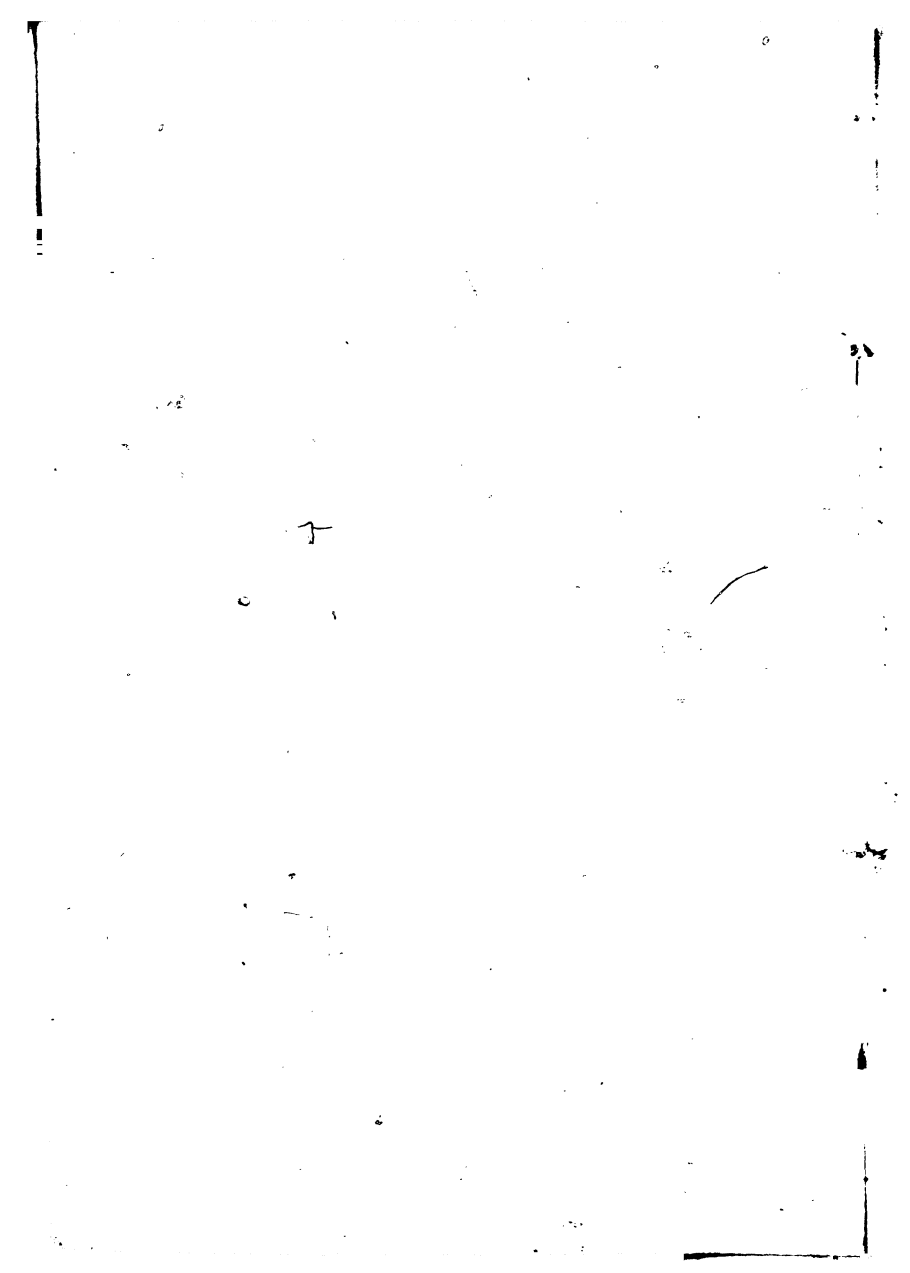
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TERRY DOLAN.

SOME years since circumstances caused me to spend the summer months in a farming district, a few miles from the village of E., and it was there I met with Terry Dolan. He had a short time previous come over from Ireland, and was engaged as a sort of chore boy by Mr. L., in whose family I resided during my stay in the neighborhood. This Terry was the oddest being with whom I ever chanced to meet. Would that I could describe him!—but most of us, I believe, occasionally meet with people, whom we find to be indescribable, and Terry was one of those. He called himself sixteen years of age; but, excepting that he was low of stature, you would about as soon have taken him for sixty as sixteen. His countenance looked anything but youthful, and there was altogether a sort of queer, ancient look about him which caused him to appear very remarkable. When he first came to reside with Mr. L. the boys in the neighborhood nicknamed him “The Little Old Man,” but they soon learned by experience that their wisest plan was to place a safe distance between Terry and

themselves before applying that name to him, for the implied taunt regarding his peculiar appearance enraged him beyond measure. Whenever he entered the room, specially if he ventured a remark—and no matter how serious you might have been a moment before—the laugh would come, do your best to repress it. When I first became an inmate with the family, I was too often inclined to laugh at the oddities of Terry—and I believe a much graver person than I was at that time would have done the same—but after a time, when I learned something of his past life, I regarded him with a feeling of pity, although to avoid laughing at him, at times, were next to impossible.

One evening in midsummer I found him seated alone upon the piazza, with a most dejected countenance. Taking a seat by his side I enquired why he looked so sad;—his eyes filled with tears as he replied—“its of ould Ireland I’m thinkin’ to-night, sure.” I had never before seen Terry look sober, and I felt a deep sympathy for the homesick boy. I asked him how it happened that he left all his friends in Ireland and came to this country alone. From his reply I learned that his mother died when he was only ten years old, and, also, that his father soon after married a second wife, who, to use Terry’s own words, “bate him unmarcifully.” “It’s a wonder,” said he, “that iver I lived to grow up, at all, at all, wid all the batins I got from that cruel woman, and all the times she sint

me to bed widout iver a bite uv supper, bad luck to her and the like uv her!" He did live, however, but he certainly did not grow up to be very tall. "Times grew worse an' worse for me at home," continued he, "and a quare time I had of it till I was fourteen years of age, when one day says I to mesilf, 'flesh and blood can bear it no longer,' and I ran away to the city uv Dublin where an aunt by me mother's side lived. Me aunt was a poor woman, but she gave a warm welcim to her sister's motherless boy; she trated me kindly and allowed me to share her home, although she could ill afford it, till I got a place as sarvant in a gintleman's family. As for my father, he niver throubled his head about me any more; indade I think he was glad to be rid uv me, an' all by manes of that wicked woman. It was near two years afther I lift home that I took the notion of going to Ameriky; me aunt advised me against going, but, whin she saw that me mind was set on it, she consinted, and did her best, poor woman, to sind me away lookin' dacent and respectable. I niver saw me father or me stepmother agin. I had no wish to see her; but, although I knew me father no longer loved me, I had still some natral-like feelin's for him; but, as I had run away from home, I durst not go back, an' so I lift Ireland widout a sight uv him. But I *could* not lave it foriver, as it might be, widout one more sight uv me mother's grave. I rached the small village where me father lived about nightfall, and

lodged in the house uv a kind neighbor who befriended me, an' he promised, at my earnest wish, to say nothing to any one uv my visit. Early in the morning, before any one was astir in the village, I stole away to the churchyard where they buried me mother. I knelt down, I did, an' kissed the sods which covered her grave, an' prayed that the blessin' which she pronounced before she died, wid her hand restin' on me head, might follow me wheriver I might go." The boy took from his pocket a small parcel, carefully inclosed in a paper, which he handed to me, saying : " I gathered these shamrocks from off me mother's grave, before I lift it forever."

My own eyes grew moist as I gazed upon the now withered shamrock leaves which the poor boy prized so highly. Would that they had proved as a talisman to guard him from evil ! I listened with much interest to Terry's story till our conversation was suddenly interrupted by Mr. — calling him, in no very gentle tones, to go and drive home the cows from the far pasture. To reach this pasture he must needs pass through about a quarter of a mile of thick woods. He had a great dread of walking alone in the woods, which his imagination filled with wild animals. When he returned that evening he seemed very much terrified, and, when questioned as to the cause, he replied that he " had met a wild baste in the woods, and was kilt entirely wid the fright uv it."

We endeavoured to gain from him a description of the animal he had seen, but for some time were unable. "What color was the animal?" enquired Mrs. —, "Indade Ma'am an' its jist the color uv a dog he was," answered Terry. This reply was greeted with a burst of laughter from all present, at which he was highly offended. In order to pacify him I said, "we would not laugh at you, Terry, only that dogs are of so many different colors that we are as much in the dark as ever regarding the color of the animal you saw." "Well thin," replied he, "if you must know, he was a dirty brown, the varmint, that he was." From what we could learn from him we were led to suppose that he had met with one of those harmless little creatures, called the "Woodchuck," which his nervous terror, aided by the deepening twilight, had magnified into a formidable wild beast.

A few evenings after, two or three friends of the family chanced to call; and in course of conversation some one mentioned an encampment of Indians, who had recently located themselves in our vicinity, for the purpose of gathering material for the manufacture of baskets, and other works of Indian handicraft. Terry had never seen an Indian, and curiosity, not unmixed with fear, was excited in his mind, when he learned that a number of those dark people were within three miles of us. He asked many questions regarding their personal appearance, habits, &c. It

was evident that he entertained some very comical ideas upon the subject. After sitting for a time silent, he suddenly enquired, "Do they ate pratees like other people?" A lady, present, in order to impose upon his credulity, replied, "Indeed Terry they not only eat potatoes, but they sometimes eat people." His countenance expressed much alarm, as he replied, "Faix thin, but I'll kape out o'their way." After a short time he began to suspect they were making game of him, and applied to me for information, saying, "Tell me, sir, if what Mrs—— says is true?" "Do not be alarmed, Terry," I replied, "for if you live till the Indians eat you, you will look even older than you now do."

This allusion to his ancient appearance was very mischievous on my part, and I regretted it a moment after; but he was so much pleased to learn that he had nothing to fear from the Indians that he readily forgave me for alluding to a subject upon which he was usually very sensitive. I remember taking a walk one afternoon during the haymaking season to the field where Terry was at work. Mr.—— had driven to the village with the farm horses, leaving Terry to draw in hay with a rheumatic old animal that was well nigh unfit for use. But as the hay was in good condition for getting in, and the sky betokened rain, he told Terry, upon leaving home, to accomplish as much as possible during his absence, and he would, if

the rain kept off, draw in the remainder upon his return. As I drew nigh I spied Terry perched upon the top of a load of hay holding the reins, and urging forward the horse, in the ascent of a very steep hill. First, he tried coaxing, and as that proved of little avail, he next tried the effect of a few vigorous strokes with a long switch which he carried in his hand. When the poor old horse had dragged the heavy load about half way up the hill, he seemed incapable of further exertion, and horse, cart, Terry and all began a rapid backward descent down the hill.

Here the boy's patience gave way entirely. "Musha thin, bad luck to ye for one harse," said he as he applied the switch with renewed energy. Just then I arrived within speaking distance and said, "Do you think, Terry, you would be any better off if you had two of them." "Not if they were both like this one," answered he. I advised Terry to come down from his elevated position, and not add his weight to the load drawn by the overburdened animal. He followed my advice, and when with some difficulty we had checked the descending motion of the cart-wheels, we took a fair start, and the summit of the hill was finally gained.

"Its often," said Terry, "that I've seen a horse draw a cart, but I niver before saw a cart drawing a horse." There was one trait in the character of the boy which pleased me much; he was very grateful for

any little act of kindness. He often got into difficulties with the family, owing to his rashness and want of consideration, and I often succeeded in smoothing down for him many rough places in his daily path; and when he observed that I interested myself in his behalf, his gratitude knew no bounds. I believe he would have made almost any sacrifice to please me. He surprised me one day by saying suddenly, "Don't I wish you'd only bé tuck sick." "Why, Terry," replied I, "I am surprised indeed, that you should wish evil to me." "Indade thin," answered he, "its not for evil that I wish it, but for your good, jist to let ye see how tinderly I would take care uv ye." I thanked him for his kind intentions, saying that I was very willing to take the will for the deed in this case, and had no wish to test his kindness by a fit of sickness.

He came in one evening fatigued with a hard day's work, and retired early to bed. His sleeping apartment adjoined the sitting-room. I had several letters to write which occupied me till a late hour; the family had all retired. I finished writing just as the clock struck twelve. At that moment, I was almost startled by Terry's voice singing in a very high key. My first thought was that he had gone suddenly crazy. With a light in my hand I stepped softly into the room, to find Terry sitting up in bed and singing at the top of his voice, a song in the "Native Irish Tongue." By

this time he had roused every one in the house; and others of the family entered the room. By the pauses which he made, we knew when he reached the end of each verse. He sang several verses; at the time I knew how many, but am unable now to recall the exact number. He must surely have been a sound sleeper, or the loud laughter which filled the room would have waked him, for the scene was ludicrous in the extreme: Terry sitting up in bed, sound asleep, at the hour of midnight, and singing, with a loud voice and very earnest manner, to an audience who were unable to understand one word of the song. At the close of the last verse he lay quietly down, all unconscious of the Musical Entertainment he had given. The next morning some of the family began teasing him about the song he had sung in his sleep. He was loth to believe them, and as usual, enquired of me if they were telling him the truth. "I'll believe whatever you say," said he, "for its you that niver toul't me a lie yet." "You may believe them this time," said I, "for you certainly did sing a song. The air was very fine, and I have no doubt the words were equally so, if we could only have understood them."

"Well thin," replied he, "but I niver heard more than that; and if I raaly did sing, I may as well tell yee's how it happint. I dramed, ye see, that I was at a ball in Ireland, an' I thought that about twelve o'clock we got tired wid dancin and sated ourselves

on the benches which were ranged round the walls of the room, and each one was to sing a song in their turn, and it was I that thought my turn had come for sure." "Well Terry," said I, "you hit upon the time exact at any rate, for it was just twelve o'clock when you favoured us with the song."

Soon after this time I left the neighborhood, and removed to some distance. Terry remained for a considerable time with the same family; after a time I learned that he had obtained employment in a distant village. The next tidings I heard of him was that he had been implicated in a petty robbery, and had run away. His impulsive disposition rendered him very easy of persuasion, for either good or evil; and he seldom paused to consider the consequences of any act. From what I could learn of the matter it seemed he had been enticed into the affair by some designing fellows, who judged that, owing to his simplicity, he would be well adapted to carry out their wicked plans; and, when suspicion was excited, they managed in some way to throw all the blame upon Terry, who, fearing an arrest, fled no one knew whither. Many years have passed since I saw or heard of Terry Dolan, but often, as memory recalls past scenes and those who participated in them, I think of him, and wonder if he is yet among the living, and, if so, in what quarter of the world he has fixed his abode.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

By the Author of "The Faithful Wife."



It is a mild and beautiful evening in the early autumn. Mrs. Harland is alone in her home; she is seated by a table upon which burns a shaded lamp, and is busily occupied with her needle. She has been five years a wife; her countenance is still youthful, and might be termed beautiful, but for the look of care and anxiety so plainly depicted thereon. She had once been happy, but with her now happiness is but a memory of the past. When quite young she had been united in marriage to William Harland, and with him removed to the City of R., where they have since resided. He was employed as bookkeeper in a large mercantile house, and his salary was sufficient to afford them a comfortable support,—whence then the change that has thus blighted their bright prospects, and clouded the brow of that fair young wife with care? It is an unpleasant truth, but it must be told. Her husband has become addicted to the use of strong drink, not an occasional tippler, but a confirmed and habitual drunkard. His natural disposition was gay and social, and he began

by taking an occasional glass with his friends—more for sociability than for any love of the beverage. His wife often admonished him of the danger of tampering with the deadly vice of intemperance, but he only laughed at what he termed her idle fears. Well had it been for them both had the fears of his wife proved groundless! It is needless for me to follow him in his downward path, till we find him reduced to the level of the common drunkard. Some three months previous to the time when our story opens his employers were forced to dismiss him, as they could no longer employ him with any degree of safety to their business. It was [fortunate for Mrs. Harland that the dwelling they occupied belonged to her in her own right—it had been given her by her father at the period of her marriage—so that notwithstanding the dissipated habits of the husband and father they still possessed a home, although many of the comforts of former days had disappeared before the blighting influence of the demon of intemperance. After being dismissed by his employers Mr. Harland seemed to lose all respect for himself, as well as for his wife and children, and, but for the unceasing toil of the patient mother, his children might have often asked for bread in vain.

So low had he now fallen that almost every evening found him in some low haunt of drunkenness and dissipation; and often upon returning to his home he would assail his gentle wife with harsh and unfeeling language.

Many there were who advised Mrs. Harland to return with her children to her parents, who were in affluent circumstances, but she still cherished the hope that he would yet reform. "I pray daily for my erring husband," she would often say, "and I feel an assurance that, sooner or later, my prayers will be answered; and I cannot feel it my duty to forsake him." But on this evening, as she sits thus alone, her mind is filled with thoughts of the past, which she cannot help contrasting with the miserable present, till her reverie is interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, which she soon recognizes as those of her husband: she is much surprised—for it is long, very long, since he has returned to his home at so early an hour—and, as he enters the room, her surprise increases when she perceives that he is perfectly sober. As he met her wondering gaze a kind expression rested upon his countenance, and he addressed her saying: "I do not wonder at your astonishment, dear Mary, when I call to mind my past misconduct. I have been a fiend in human shape thus to ill-treat and neglect the best of wives; but I have made a resolve, 'God helping' me, that it shall be so no longer." Seating himself by her side, he continued: "If you will listen to me, Mary, I will tell you what caused me to form this resolution. When I went out this evening I at once made my way to the public house, where I have spent so much of my time and money. Money, I had

none, and, worse than this, was owing the landlord a heavy bill. Of late he had assailed me with dans every time I entered the house; but so craving was the appetite for drink that each returning evening still found me among the loungers in the bar-room, trusting to my chance of meeting with some companion who would call for a treat. It so happened that to-night none of my cronies were present. When the landlord found that I was still unable to settle the 'old score,' as he termed it, he abused me in no measured terms; but I still lingered in sight of the coveted beverage; and knowing my inability to obtain it my appetite increased in proportion. At length I approached the bar, and begged him to trust me for one more glass of brandy. I will not wound your ears by repeating his reply; and he concluded by ordering me from the house, telling me also never to enter it again till I was able to settle the long score already against me. The fact that I had been turned from the door, together with his taunting language, stung me almost to madness. I strolled along, scarce knowing or caring whither, till I found myself beyond the limits of the city; and seating myself by the roadside I gazed in silent abstraction over the moonlit landscape; and as I sat thus I fell into a deep reverie. Memory carried me back to my youthful days, when everything was bright with joyous hope and youthful ambition. I recalled the time when

I wooed you from your pleasant country home, and led you to the altar, a fair young bride, and there pledged myself before God and man to love, honour and cherish you, till death should us part. Suddenly, as if uttered by an audible voice, I seemed to hear the words 'William Harland, how have you kept your vows?' At that moment I seemed to suddenly awake to a full sense of my fallen and degraded position. What madness, thought I, has possessed me all this time, thus to ruin myself and those dear to me? And for what? for the mere indulgence of a debasing appetite. I rose to my feet, and my step grew light with my new-formed resolution, that I *would* break the slavish fetters that had so long held me captive; and now, my dear wife, if you can forgive the past and aid me in my resolutions for amendment there is hope for me yet." Mrs. Harland was only too happy to forgive her ~~errand~~ but now truly penitent husband; but she trembled for the future, knowing how often he had formerly made like resolutions, but to break them. She endeavoured, however, to be hopeful, and to encourage him by every means which affection could devise.

Through the influence of friends, his former employers were induced to give him another trial. He had many severe struggles with himself ere he could refrain from again joining his dissipated companions; but his watchful wife would almost every evening form some little plan of her own for his amusement, that he

might learn to love his home. In a short time their prospects for the future grew brighter, his wife began to smile again; and his children, instead of fleeing from his approach as they had formerly done, now met him upon his return home with loving caresses and lively prattle. Some six months after this happy change, Mrs. Harland one evening noticed that her husband seemed very much downcast and dejected. After tea, she tried vainly to interest him in conversation.

He had a certain nervous restlessness in his manner, which always troubled her, knowing, as she did, that it was caused by the cravings of that appetite for strong drink, which at times still returned with almost overwhelming force. About eight o'clock he took down his hat preparatory to going out. She questioned him as to where he was going, but could obtain no satisfactory reply; her heart sank within her; but she was aware that remonstrance would be useless. She remained for a few moments, after he left the house, in deep thought, then suddenly rising she exclaimed aloud, "I will at least make one effort to save him." She well knew that should he take but one glass, all his former resolves would be as nothing. As she gained the street she observed her husband a short distance in advance of her, and walking hastily she soon overtook him, being careful to keep on the opposite side of the street, that she might be unobserved

by him. She had formed no definite purpose in her mind ; she only felt that she must endeavor to save him by some means. As they drew nigh the turn of the street she saw two or three of his former associates join him, and one of them addressed him, saying, " Come on, Harland ; I thought you would get enough of the cold water system. Come on, and I'll stand treat to welcome you back among your old friends." For a moment he paused as if irresolute ; then his wife grew sick at heart, as she saw him follow his companions into a drinking saloon near at hand. Mrs. Harland was by nature a delicate and retiring woman ; for a moment she paused ; dare she go further ? Her irresolution was but momentary, for the momentous consequences at stake gave her a fictitious courage. She quickly approached the door, which at that moment some one in the act of leaving the house threw wide open, and she gained a view of her husband in the act of raising a glass to his lips ; but ere he had tasted its fiery contents it was dashed from his hand, and the shattered fragments scattered upon the floor. Mr. Harland, supposing it the act of one of his half-drunken companions, turned with an angry exclamation upon his lips ; but the expression of anger upon his countenance suddenly gave place to one of shame and humiliation when he saw his wife standing before him, pale but resolute. In a subdued voice he addressed her, saying, " Mary, how came you here ?" " Do

not blame me, William," she replied; "for I could not see you again go astray without, at least, making an effort to save you. And now will you not return with me to your home?" The other occupants of the room had thus far remained silent since the entrance of Mrs. Harland; but when they saw that Mr. Harland was about to leave the house by her request, they began taunting him with his want of spirit in being thus ruled by a woman. One of them, who was already half drunk, staggered toward him, saying, "I'd just like to see my old woman follerin' me round in this way. I'll be bound I'd teach her a lesson she would'nt forget in a hurry." Many similar remarks were made by one and another present. The peculiar circumstances in which Mrs. Harland found herself placed gave her a degree of fortitude, of which upon ordinary occasions she would have found herself incapable. Raising her hand with an imperative gesture she said in a firm voice: "Back tempters, hinder not my husband from following the dictates of his better nature." For a few moments there was silence in the room, till one of the company, more drunken and insolent than the others, exclaimed in a loud, derisive voice: "Zounds, madam, but you would make a capital actress, specially on the tragedy parts; you should seek an engagement upon the stage." Mr. Harland's eyes flashed angrily as he listened to the insulting words addressed to his wife,

and, turning to the man who had spoken, he addressed him, saying, in a decided tone of voice : " I wish to have no harsh language in this room while my wife is present, but I warn each one of you to address no more insulting language to her." The manner in which Mr. Harland addressed them, together with the gentle and lady-like appearance of his wife had the effect to shame them into silence. His voice was very tender as he again addressed his wife, saying, " Come Mary I will accompany you home—this is no place for you." When they gained the street the unnatural courage which had sustained Mrs. Harland gave way, and she would have fallen to the earth, but for the supporting arm of her husband. For a few moments they walked on in silence, when Mr. Harland said, in a voice choked with emotion, " you have been my good angel, Mary, for your hand it was which saved me from violating a solemn oath ; but I now feel an assurance that I have broken the tempter's chains forever. I am happy to add that from this hour he gained a complete victory over the evil habit which well-nigh had proved his ruin ; and in after years, when peace and prosperity again smiled upon them, he often called to mind the evening when his affectionate and devoted wife, by her watchful love, saved him from ruin, and perchance from the drunkard's grave.

9

EMMA ASHTON.

IT was a sad day for Emma Ashton, when, with her widowed mother, she turned from her father's new-made grave, and again entered their desolate home. None but those who have experienced a like sorrow can fully understand their grief as they entered their now lonely home, where a short time since they had been so happy. But the ways of Providence are, to our feeble vision, often dark and incomprehensible, and the only way by which we can reconcile ourselves to many trials which we are called to endure is by remembering that there is a "need be" for every sorrow which falls to our lot, in the journey of life. Emma was an only child and had been the idol of her father's heart, and no marvel if the world, to her, looked dark and dreary when he was removed by death. Added to the grief occasioned by their bereavement, the mother and daughter had yet another cause for anxiety and disquietude, for the home where they had dwelt for so many years in the enjoyment of uninterrupted happiness was now no longer theirs. Since quite a young man, Mr. Ashton

had held the position of overseer, in a large manufactory in the village of W. Owing to his sober and industrious habits he had saved money sufficient to enable him, at the period of his marriage, to purchase a neat and tasteful home, to which he removed with his young wife. He still continued his industry, and began in a small way to accumulate money, when, unfortunately, he was persuaded by one whom he thought a friend to sign bank-notes with him to a large amount; but, ere the notes became due, the man he had obliged left the country, and he was unable to gain any trace of him, and was soon called upon to meet the claim. Bank-notes must be paid, and to raise money to meet the claim he was forced to mortgage his house for nearly its full value. His health failed; and for two years previous to his death he was unable to attend to his business. The term of the mortgage was five years, which time expired soon after his death. During the few last weeks of his life his mind was very much disturbed regarding the destitute condition in which he must leave his beloved wife and daughter; for he was too well acquainted with the man who held the claim to expect any lenity to his family when it should become due, and he was sensible that the hour of his own death was fast approaching. His wife tried to cheer him by hopeful words, saying: "Should it please our Heavenly Father to remove you, fear not that He will fail to care for the fatherless and

widow." A short time before his death a sweet peace and hopeful trust settled over his spirit, and the religion he had sought in health afforded him a firm support in the hour of death. When all was over, and the mother and daughter found themselves left alone, their fortitude well-nigh forsook them, and they felt almost like yielding to a hopeless sorrow. Emma was at this time but fifteen years of age, possessed of much personal beauty, and also a very amiable and affectionate disposition. Since the age of six years she had attended school, and made rapid progress in her various studies till the sad period of her father's death. As Mr. Ashton had foreseen, Mr. Tompkins, the man who held the mortgage, soon called upon the widow, informing her that the time had already expired, and, unless she found herself able to meet the claim, her dwelling was legally his property ; but, as a great favor, he granted her permission to occupy the house till she could make some arrangement concerning the future, giving her, however, distinctly to understand, that he wished to take possession as soon as she could find another home. Mrs. Ashton thanked him for the consideration he had shown her, little as it was, telling him she would as soon as possible seek another home, however humble it might be ; and Mr. Tompkins departed with a polite bow and a bland smile upon his countenance, well pleased that he had got the matter settled with so little difficulty. I presume he never

once paused to think of the grief-stricken widow and her fatherless daughter, whom he was about to render homeless. Money had so long been his idol that tender and benevolent emotions were well-nigh extinguished in his world-hardened heart. For a long time after Mr. Tompkins left the house Mrs. Ashton remained in deep thought. There are, dear reader, dark periods in the lives of most of us, when, turn which way we will, we find ourselves surrounded, as by a thick hedge, with difficulties and troubles from which we see no escape.

At such periods it is good for us to call to mind the fact, that the darkest cloud often has a silver lining, and that if we discharged, to the best of our ability, our duties for the time being, the cloud, sooner or later, will be reversed, and display its bright side to our troubled view. The time had now arrived, when Mrs. Ashton must come to some decision regarding the future. She had no friends to whom she could turn for aid or counsel in this season of trial. When quite young she had emigrated from England with her parents and one sister, and settled in Eastern Canada. About the time of her marriage and removal to W. her parents, with her sister, removed to one of the Western States ; and it may be the knowledge that she must rely solely upon herself enabled her to meet her trials with more fortitude than might have been expected. Some fifty miles from W. was the large and thriving village of Rockford, and thither Mrs. Ashton

at length decided to remove. One reason for this decision was the excellent institution for the education of young ladies, which was there located. She was very anxious that her daughter should obtain a good education, but was sorely puzzled as to raising the money needful for defraying her expenses. There were a few debts due her husband at the time of his death; these she collected with little difficulty. Their dwelling had been handsomely furnished, and she decided to sell the furniture, as she could easily, upon their arrival at Rockford, purchase what articles were necessary for furnishing their new home, which must, of necessity, be humble. One article she felt they must retain if possible, and that was the piano given her by her father at the period of her marriage. She did at first entertain the idea of parting with it, thinking how far the money it would bring would go in defraying the expenses attendant upon Emma's education, but upon second consideration, she resolved that they would not part with her father's parting-gift to her, unless compelled to do so by actual want; and so when their old home was broken up the piano was carefully packed and forwarded to Rockford. The home where they had resided so long was very dear to them, and it would have grieved them to leave it at any time; but to leave at the glad season of spring, when the trees which shaded their dwelling were beginning to put forth their leaves, and the flowers which adorned

their garden were bursting into bloom, seemed to them doubly sad. But their preparations for removal were finally completed, and they left their home followed by the good wishes of many who had long known and loved them. Upon their arrival at Rockford, Mrs. Ashton hired a cheap tenement in a respectable locality, which she furnished in a plain but decent manner. When they became settled in their new home they had still in hand money sufficient to secure them from immediate want, but as Mrs. Ashton wished Emma to enter at once upon her studies, she was very anxious to devise some means of earning money to meet necessary expenses. There was one family residing in Rockford with whom Mrs. Ashton had several years before been intimately acquainted: their name was Lebaron, and they had at one time resided in the same village with the Ashtons. Mr. Lebaron had opened a store upon removing to Rockford; the world had smiled upon him, and he was now considered one of the most wealthy and influential men in the village.

It has been often said that "prosperity hardens the heart of man," but if such is the case in general, Mr. Lebaron proved an exception to the general rule. He had heard with much sorrow of the death of Mr. Ashton, and also of the other misfortunes which had overtaken the family; and no sooner did he learn of the arrival of the widow and daughter in Rockford, than, accompanied by his wife, he hastened to call

upon them, to renew their former acquaintance, and in a delicate and considerate manner to enquire if he could assist them in any way? Mrs. Ashton thanked them for their kindness, saying that although in no immediate need of assistance, yet she would be very thankful if they would assist her in obtaining employment. "If such is the case," replied Mrs. Lebaron, "I can easily secure you employment, as I am acquainted with many ladies who give out work, and will gladly use my influence in your favor." "You will confer a favour upon me by so doing," replied Mrs. Ashton, for I must rely upon my labor for a support for the future." Through the influence of these kind friends Mrs. Ashton soon obtained an abundant supply of work; and, when she became somewhat acquainted with the people of Rockford, her gentle and unobtrusive manner gained her many warm friends. Agreeable to her mother's wishes, Emma soon became a pupil in the seminary for young ladies, which was at that time under the direction of Miss Hinton, a lady who possessed uncommon abilities as a teacher, and was also aided by several competent assistants. Mrs. Lebaron had two daughters attending the institution at the time, and this circumstance, in a great measure, relieved Emma from the feeling of diffidence she might have experienced in entering a large school a stranger to both teachers and pupils; but her modest and unassuming manners, added to

her diligence in study, soon caused her to become a general favorite with her teachers. In schools, as well as other places, we often meet with those who are inclined to be jealous of merit superior to their own, and the seminary at Rockford was no exception in this matter. Her teachers were guilty of no unjust partiality; true, they oftener commended her than some other members of her class, but not oftener than her punctual attendance, perfect recitations, and correct deportment generally, justified them in doing. But it soon became evident that, if Emma was a favourite with her teachers, she was far from being such with many members of her class. At the time she entered school Miss Hinton found, after examining her in her various studies, that her attainments were already superior to those of several young ladies who had been for some time members of the school. Among the pupils who at the time attended the institution was a Miss Carlton, from the distant city of H. She was the petted and only child of wealthy parents; and, as is often the case, her disposition, which, under proper training, might have been amiable, had been spoiled by unwise indulgence on the part of her parents. Her capacity for learning was not good; she was also sadly wanting in application, and, at the time Emma entered the school, although Miss Carlton had attended for more than a year, her progress in study was far from being satisfactory to her teachers. She

was at much pains to inform her classmates of her wealth and position, seeming to entertain the idea that this would cover every defect. Owing to Emma's superior attainments, compared with her own, she soon learned to regard her with a feeling of absolute dislike, which she took little pains to conceal; and many were the petty annoyances she endured from the vain and haughty Julia Carlton. She soon learned that Emma was poor; and that her mother toiled early and late to defray the expenses of her education; and more than once she threw out hints regarding this fact, among the other pupils, even in hearing of Emma; and, as often as opportunity offered, she slighted the unoffending girl, and treated her with all the rudeness of which she was capable. "Let those who wish associate with Miss Ashton," she would often say to her companions; "but I am thankful that I have been better taught at home than to make a companion of a girl whose mother is obliged to take in sewing to pay her school bills." These and other remarks equally malicious were daily made by Miss Carlton; and I am sorry that she soon found others in the school who were weak enough to be influenced by her also to treat Emma with coldness and contempt. Emma could not long fail to notice the many slights, both direct and indirect, which she endured from many members of the school, and she taxed her memory to recal any act by which she

might have given offence ; but, finding herself unable to recollect any thing on her part which could have offended any member of the school, she was not a little puzzled to account for the rudeness with which she was treated. It happened one day that during recess she remained at her desk in the school-room to complete an unfinished French exercise. Several of her companions soon after entered the adjoining recitation room, and, as they were not aware of her proximity, she became an unwilling listener to a conversation which pained her deeply. As Sarah Lebaron entered the room one of the girls addressed her, saying : —“ When you first introduced Miss Ashton among us, I supposed her to be at least a companionable girl, but I have lately been informed that she resides in a cheap tenement, and, further, that her mother takes in sewing, and, if such is the case, I wish to cultivate no further acquaintance with her.” “ But then,” added another girl, “ Miss Hinton thinks her almost a saint, and sets her up as a model for us all ; if there’s any thing I do detest, it’s these model girls, and I don’t believe she’s half as fond of study as she pretends ; and, in my opinion, its only to hear the commendations of the teachers that she applies herself with such diligence ; but Miss Hinton is so taken with her meek face and lady-like manners that she places her above us all, and, I suppose, we must submit, for as the old song says :

‘ What can’t be cured must be endured.’

“ Well, I for one shall try some method of cure, before I put up with much more of her impudence and assumption,” chimed in the amiable Miss Carlton ; “ pay attention now, girls,” continued she, “ while I take my place in the class like Emma Ashton ;” and separating herself from her companions, she crossed the room to one of the class-seats, with such a ludicrous air of meekness and decorum, that the girls were almost convulsed with laughter. Starting up and tossing her book from her hand she exclaimed, “ It is so disgusting to see a girl in *her* position put on such airs. Miss Lebaron had not before spoken, but, when at length there was silence, she addressed her companions, saying, “ if no other young lady present has any further remarks to make, I will myself say a few words if you will listen to me. I must say, I am surprised at the unkindness, even rudeness, which many of you have exhibited towards Miss Ashton. If she is poor it is death, and other misfortunes, which have caused her to become so ; and this circumstance should excite your sympathy, but surely not your contempt and ridicule. Poor as she is, she is my friend, and I am proud to claim her as such. As to her being companionable that is a matter of taste ; I shall continue to follow mine, and each young lady present is at liberty to do the same ; but be assured that unless you can furnish some more satisfactory reason for your disparaging remarks than you have yet done, they will bear no

weight with me." With much irony in her voice Miss Carlton replied, "Really, Miss Lebaron, I am unable to reply to your very able defence of your charming friend, and will only say that I shall avail myself of the liberty you have kindly granted us, for each to follow her own taste in the choice of associates, and avoid Miss Ashton as much as possible." "As you please," replied Miss Lebaron, "it is a matter of perfect indifference to me;" and just then the school bell put an end to further conversation. As may be easily supposed, the delicate and sensitive spirit of Emma was deeply wounded by the above conversation; and it was with much difficulty that she maintained her composure for the remaining portion of the day. For once her lessons were imperfect; and with a heavy heart she returned to her home. That evening she, for the first time, mentioned to her mother the daily annoyances she suffered from her companions at school; and concluded by relating the conversation she had that day chanced to overhear. Mrs. Ashton could not feel otherwise than grieved; but as much as possible she concealed the feeling from her daughter. "My dear Emma," she replied, "their unkind words can do you no real harm; although they may render you unhappy for the time being. But keep the even tenor of your way; and they will, probably, after a time become ashamed of their folly. Should they make any further remarks regarding my laboring to

give you an education, you may tell them that I esteem it as one of my chief blessings that I have health granted me so to do." Time passed on; and the invariable kindness with which Emma treated her classmates finally gained her several warm friends; and some of them even apologized for their past unkindness. Miss Carlton still regarded her with a feeling of enmity and dislike; but as Emma seemed not to notice the many annoyances she experienced she was at length forced to desist, although the same resentful feeling remained in her heart. When Emma left the seminary, after attending it for four years, her departure was deeply regretted by both teachers and pupils. As she had pursued her studies in a very systematic manner, she had acquired, before leaving school, a thoroughly good education, which she intended turning to account by teaching. Miss Carlton also left school at the same time to return to her elegant home in the city of H. It was fortunate for her that she was not obliged, as was Emma, to teach as a means of support; for, notwithstanding the unwearied pains of her teachers, her education, when she left school, was very superficial. Emma soon obtained a situation as teacher in a small village some twenty miles from Rockford, where she remained for two years. During her absence, her mother, to avoid being left alone, received as boarders two or three young ladies who attended school in the

village. Emma's success as a teacher become so well known that she was at length offered a high salary to accept of the position of assistant teacher in an academy in the city of H., the same city where Miss Carlton resided. As the salary offered was very liberal, she decided to accept of the position, and as the situation was likely to prove a permanent one she was very anxious that her mother should accompany her; and after some deliberation upon the subject, Mrs. Ashton consented, thinking they would both be much happier together than otherwise. Emma proved quite as successful in this her second situation as in the first; and owing to her position as teacher she soon formed acquaintance with several families of cultivated tastes and high respectability. She often received invitations to parties; but her tastes were quiet, and she usually preferred spending her evenings with her mother in the quiet of their own home, to mingling in scenes of mirth and gaiety; and it was only upon a few occasions that she attended parties, that her friends might not think her unsocial. At one of these parties she chanced to meet her former school-mate, Miss Carlton, whose only sign of recognition was a very formal bow. This gave her no uneasiness; she cherished no malice towards Miss Carlton; but her ideas and tastes so widely differed from her own that she did not covet her friendship, even had she been inclined to grant it her. Meanwhile, with the

widow and her daughter, time passed happily away. Emma's salary was more than sufficient for their support, and they were happy in the society of each other. There was one family, by the name of Milford, who had treated them with much kindness since their residence in the city. Mrs. Milford at first placed two little girls under Emma's instruction, and thus began an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimate friendship; for, although occupying a position of wealth and influence, Mrs. Milford was one of the few who place "mind above matter," and respected true worth wherever she met with it. Her eldest daughter, having finished her education at a distant boarding school, returned home about the same time her two sisters were placed in charge of Emma; and the little girls were so eloquent in their praises of their teacher, that their elder sister became interested, and decided to call upon her at her home; and the lady-like appearance of both mother and daughter, together with the appearance of good taste which their home exhibited, strongly interested her in their favor.

Some six months previous to the period of which I am writing a young physician from the Upper Province located himself in the city of H. for the practice of his profession. According to common report, he was wealthy, and the study of a profession had with him been a matter not of necessity but of choice. Owing to his pleasing manners, as well as his reputed wealth, he

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soon become an object of much interest to many of the match-making mammas and marriageable young ladies of the city of H. He was soon favored with numerous invitations to attend parties, where he formed acquaintance with most of the young people in the fashionable circles of the city; and he soon became a general favorite in society. Among others, he attended a large party given by the Carltons, and by this means became acquainted with the family. He had called occasionally, and during one of those calls Mrs. Carlton very feelingly lamented that her daughter was often obliged to forego the pleasure of attending concerts, lectures and other places of public amusement for want of a suitable escort; and courtesy to the family would of course allow him to do no less than offer to become her attendant upon such occasions. Mrs. Carlton, however, put a very different construction upon these slight attentions, and already looked upon him as her future son-in-law. When Dr. Winthrop had resided for about a year in the city, the Milfords also gave a large party, and Miss Ashton was included among their guests. The party was a brilliant affair, for the Milfords were a family of wealth and high social position. The young physician was among their guests; and Miss Carlton managed some way or other to claim his attention most of the evening. There was the usual amount of small talk, common to such occasions; about the usual number of

young ladies were invited to sing and play, and, as usual, they were either out of practice or were afflicted with "bad colds." But it so happened that several young ladies who at the first begged to be excused, after much persuasion allowed themselves to be conducted to the piano, and played till it was evident from the manner of many that the music had become an infliction instead of a pleasure. When after a time Miss Ashton was invited to play, she took the vacant seat at the piano without any of the usual apologies; and began playing the prelude to a much admired song of the day; and before she reached the close of the first verse there was a hush through the room, and the countenance of each evinced the pleasure with which they listened to her performance. As she rose from the instrument Dr. Winthrop addressed Miss Carlton, saying: "Can you inform me who is that young lady? I never met her before; but she has favored us with the first real music I have listened to this evening." The young physician was not wanting in politeness, and he certainly must have forgotten that Miss Carlton occupied the seat at the piano a short time before. That young lady colored with anger as she replied: "Her name is Miss Ashton, and I understand she is engaged as an assistant teacher in one of the Academies in the city." "It is singular," replied Dr. Winthrop, "that I have never before met her at any of the numerous parties I have attended during

the past year." "There is nothing very singular in that," replied Miss Carlton, for I presume she is not often invited to fashionable parties, and I suppose it is owing to Mrs. Milford's two little girls being her pupils that we find her among their guests; but as you seem so much interested, I will tell you all I know of the *person* in question. When I attended school in Rockford, Miss Ashton was a pupil in the same institution; but, when I learned that her mother, who is a widow, took in sewing, to pay her school bills, I did not care to cultivate her acquaintance. She left school about the same time with myself, and I heard no more of her till she obtained a situation in this city."

"Pardon me," replied the young physician; "but I see nothing in what you have stated that is in the least disparaging to the young lady; and I should be much pleased to make her acquaintance." "Our ideas slightly vary, in these matters," replied Miss Carlton, with a haughty toss of her head; "but I will not detain you from seeking the introduction for which you seem so anxious. I am sorry I cannot oblige you by introducing you myself; but as I did not associate with her when at school, I am still less inclined to do so at the present time; I hope, however, you may find her an agreeable acquaintance;" and with a haughty manner she swept from his side in quest of companions whose tastes were more congenial. Dr. Winthrop obtained the desired introduction; and if Miss Carlton

indulged the hope that he would find Miss Ashton an agreeable acquaintance, there was soon a fair prospect that her wishes would be realized ; for the marked attention which Dr. Winthrop paid the lovely and engaging Miss Ashton soon formed the chief topic of conversation among the circle of their acquaintances. For once, public rumor was correct. Dr. Winthrop was very wealthy ; but when a mere youth he had a decided taste for the study of medicine ; and his parents allowed him to follow the bent of his own inclinations, in fitting himself for a profession for which he entertained so strong a liking. He had an uncle residing in a distant city, who was also a physician of high reputation, and, after passing through the necessary course of study, he had practiced his profession for two years under the direction of his uncle, before removing to the city of H. Up to the time when we introduced him to the reader matrimony was a subject to which he had never given a serious thought, and until he met with Miss Ashton he had never felt any personal interest in the matter. From what I have already said the reader will not be surprised to learn that the acquaintance begun at Mrs. Milford's party terminated in a matrimonial engagement ; with the free consent of all who had a right to a voice in the matter. When the matter became known it caused quite a sensation in the circles in which Dr. Winthrop had moved since his residence in the city ; but, happily

for him, he was possessed of too independent a spirit to suffer any annoyance from any malicious remarks which chanced to reach his ears. When Miss Carlton first learned of the engagement, she indulged in a long fit of spiteful tears, to the imminent risk of appearing with red eyes at the forthcoming evening party. In due time the marriage took place; and the young physician and his lovely bride set out on their wedding tour amid the congratulations and good wishes of many true friends. After their departure Mrs. Carlton remarked to several of her 'dear friends' "that she had long since discovered that Dr. Winthrop was not possessed of refined tastes; and for her part she thought Miss Ashton much better suited to be his wife than many others which she could name." Had the doctor been present to express his sentiments regarding this matter, they would in all probability have exactly agreed with those already expressed by Mrs. Carlton. During their wedding tour, which occupied several weeks, they visited many places of note, both in Canada and the United States. Upon their return to the city Dr. Winthrop purchased an elegant house in a central location, which he furnished in a style justified by his abundant means; and with his wife and her mother removed thither.

In conclusion, we will again bestow a passing glance upon this happy family after the lapse of some twenty years. We find Dr. Winthrop now past the meridian of

life, surrounded by an interesting family of sons and daughters, whom he is endeavoring to train for spheres of usefulness in this life, as well as for happiness in the "life to come." His graceful and dignified wife still gladdens his heart and home. Time has dealt very gently with her; she is quite as good and almost as beautiful as when we last saw her twenty years ago. The two eldest of their family are boys, and this is their last year in College. Mrs. Winthrop has thus far attended herself to the education of her two daughters. Along with many other useful lessons, she often seeks to impress upon their minds the sin and folly of treating with contempt and scorn those who may be less favored than themselves in a worldly point of view; and to impress the lesson more strongly upon their young minds, she has more than once spoken to them of her own early history, and of the trials to which she was subject in her youthful days. But what of Mrs. Ashton? She still lives; although her once active form is beginning to bow beneath the weight of years, and her hair has grown silvery white. This year Dr. Winthrop has completed his preparations for leaving the city after more than twenty years close application to his profession. He resolved to remove with his family to some quiet country village, which would afford sufficient practice to prevent time from hanging heavily upon his hands; but he now felt quite willing to resign his fatiguing and extensive

practice in the city. When he first formed the idea of seeking a country home, he enquired of his wife, if she had any choice regarding a location. "If it meets your wishes," replied she, "no other place would please me so well as the village of W, the home of my childhood and youth, and where my dear father is buried. He soon after made a journey to W, and was so much pleased with the thriving appearance of the village, and the industry and sobriety of the inhabitants, that he decided to seek there a home. Before he left his home, his wife requested him, should he decide upon removing to W, if possible to re-purchase their old home, knowing how much this would please her now aged mother. The purchase was soon completed, and ere he left the village the old house was in the hands of workmen, with his instructions as to improvements and repairs. Mrs. Ashton was very happy when she learned that they were to return to W. "I have been happy here," said she, "but I shall be still happier there." In a short time they removed from the city to take possession of the "dear old home" in W, now enlarged and adorned in various ways; but the same clear brook still flowed at the foot of the garden, and the same trees, only that they were older, and their branches had grown more wide spreading, shaded the dwelling. As they passed beneath the shade of those well-remembered trees, Mrs. Winthrop addressed her mother, saying, "Do you remem-

ber, mamma, how sad we felt the morning we left our home so many years ago, and we little thought it would ever again be ours." Mrs. Ashton gazed fondly upon her daughter and the blooming children at her side, as she replied in the language of the Psalmist, "I have been young and now am old ; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

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THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN.



AGAIN has the season of Autumn arrived. The stated changes of the seasons serve as monitors to remind us of the flight of time ; and upon such occasions the most unthinking can hardly avoid pausing to reflect upon the past, the present, and the probable future. Autumn has been properly styled the "Sabbath of the year." Its scenes are adapted to awaken sober and profitable reflection ; and the voice with which it appeals to our reflective powers is deserving of regard. This season is suggestive of thoughts and feelings which are not called forth by any other ; standing, as it were, a pause between life and death ; holding in its lap the consummate fruits of the earth, which are culled by the hand of prudence and judgment, some to be garnered in the treasury of useful things, while others are allowed to return to their primitive elements. When spring comes smiling o'er the earth, she breathes on the ice-bound waters, and they flow anew. Frost and snow retreat before her advancing footsteps. The earth is clothed with verdure ; and the trees put forth their

leaves. Again, a few short months, and where has all this beauty fled? The trees stand firm as before; but, with every passing breeze, a portion of their once green leaves now fall to the ground. We behold the bright flowers, which beautify the earth, open their rich petals, shed their fragrance on the breeze, and then droop and perish. Sad emblem of the perishing nature of all things earthly. May we not behold in the fading vegetation, and the falling leaves of autumn, a true type of human life? Truly "we all do fade as a leaf." Life at the best is but a shadow that passes quickly away. Why then this love of gain, this thirst for fame and distinction? Let us approach yonder church-yard and there seek for distinction. There we may behold marble tablets cold as the clay which rests beneath them: their varied inscriptions of youth, beauty, age, ambition, pride and vanity, are all here brought to one common level, like the leaves which in autumn fall to the earth, not one pre-eminent over another. The inspired writers exhibit the frailty of man by comparing him to the grass and the flowers withering and dying under the progress and vicissitudes of the year; and with the return of autumn we may behold in the external appearance of nature the changes to which the sacred penman refers, when he says, "So is man. His days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof

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shall know it no more." Autumn too, is the season of storms. Let this remind us of the storms of life. Scattered around us, are the wrecks of the tempests which have beaten upon others, and we cannot expect always ourselves to be exempt. Autumn is also the season of preparation for winter. Let us remember that the winter of death is at hand, and let us be impressed with the importance of making preparation for its approach. Let us then, as we look upon the changed face of nature, take home the lesson which it teaches; and, while we consider the perishable nature of all things pertaining to this life, may we learn to prepare for another and a happier state of being.

WANDERING DAVY.

IT was while I was spending a few days in the dwelling of Mr. C., a Scottish immigrant, that he received a long letter from his friends in Scotland. After perusing the letter he addressed his wife, saying : " So auld Davy's gone at last." " Puir man," replied Mrs. C. " If he's dead let us hope that he has found that rest and peace which has been so long denied him in this life." " And who was old Davy ? may I enquire," said I, addressing Mr. C. " Ay, man," he replied, " tis a sad story ; but when my work is by for the night, I'll tell ye a' that I ken o' the life o' Davy Stuart." I was then young and very imaginative ; and a story of any kind possessed much interest for me ; and the thought that the story of Old Davy was to be a true one, rendered it doubly interesting ; so I almost counted the hours of the remaining portion of the day ; and when evening came I was not slow to remind Mr. C. of his promise. Accordingly he related to me the following particulars of the life of David Stuart ; which I give, as nearly as possible, in his own words ; for it seems to me that the story would looe half its interest were I to render it otherwise.

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“ Davy Stuart was an aul’ man when I was a wee boy at the school. I had aye been used wi’ him ; for he often bided wi’ us for days thegither ; and while a boy I gave little heed to his odd ways an’ wanderin’ mode o’ life ; for he was very kind to mysel’ an’ a younger brither, an’ we thought muckle o’ him ; but when we had grown up to manhood my father tell’d us what had changed Davy Stuart from a usefu’ an’ active man to the pair demented body he then was. He was born in a small parish in the south of Scotland, o’ respectable honest parents, who spared nae pains as he grew up to instruct him in his duty to baith God an’ man. At quite an early age he was sent to the parish school ; where he remained maist o’ the time till he reached the age o’ fourteen years. At that time he was apprenticed to learn the trade o’ a shoemaker, in a distant town. It wad seem that he served his time faithfully, an’ gained a thorough knowledge o’ his trade. Upon leaving his master, after paying a short visit to his native parish, he gie’d awa’ to the City o’ Glasgow, to begin the warld for himself. He continued steady and industrious, and was prospered accordingly ; and at the age o’ twenty-five he had saved considerable money. It was about this time, that he was married to a worthy young woman, to whom he had been long deeply attached. They had but one bairn, a fine boy, who was the delight o’ his father’s heart, and I hae heard it said by they who kenn’d them

at the time, that a bonnier or mair winsome boy couldna hae been found in the city, than wee Geordie Stuart. Time gied on till Geordie was near twelve year aul', when it began to be talked o' among Mr. Stuart's friends that he was becoming owre fond o' drink. How the habit was first formed naebody could tell; but certain it was, that during the past year he had been often seen the war o' drink. His wife, puir body, admonished an' entreated him to break awa' frae the sinfu' habit, and he often, when moved by her tears, made resolutions o' amendment, which were broken maist as soon as made; an' it was during a longer season o' sobriety than was usual wi' him, that his wife thinkin' if he was once awa' frae the great city he would be less in the way o' temptation, persuaded him to leave Glasgow an' remove to the sma' village o' Mill-Burn, a little way frae the farm which my father rented.

I well mind, said my father, o' the time when they first cam' among us, an' how kin' was a' the neebors, to his pale sad-lookin' wife and the bonny light-hearted Geordie, who was owre young at the time, to realize to its fu' extent the sad habit into which his father had fa'n. When Mr. Stuart first came to our village he again took up his aul' habits o' industry, an' for a long time wouldna taste drink ava; but when the excitement o' the sudden change had worn off, his aul' likin' for strong drink cam' back wi' fu' force, an' he,

puir weak man, had'na the strength o' mind to withstand it. He soon became even war than before; his money was a' gane, he did'na work, so what was there but poverty for his wife an' child. But it is useless for me to linger o'er the sad story. When they had lived at Mill-Burn a little better than a twelve month; his wife died, the neebors said o' a broken heart. A wee while afore her death she ca'd Davy to her bedside, an' once mair talked lang an' earnestly to him o' the evil habit which had gotten sic [a hold o' him, an' begged him for the sake o' their dear Geordie, who; she reminded him, would soon be left without a mither to care for him, to make still anither effort to free himself frae the deadly habit. I believe Davy was sincere when he promised the dyin' woman that he wad gie up drink. Wi' a' his faults, he had tenderly loved his wife, an' I hae nae doubt fully intended keepin' the promise he made her. For a lang time after her death, he was ne'er seen to enter a public house ava', an' again he applied himsel' to his wark wi' much industry. After the death o' Mrs. Stuart Geordie an' his father bided a' their lane. Their house was on the ither side o' the burn which crossed the high-road, a wee bit out o' the village. Time gie'd on for some time wi' them in this way. Davy continued sober and industrious, an' the neebors began to hae hopes that he had gotten the better o' his evil habit; he had ne'er been kenned to taste strong

drink o' ony kin' sin' the death o' his wife. One evening after he an' Geordie had ta'en their suppers, he made himsel' ready to gang out, saying to Geordie that he was gaun' doon to the village for a wee while, and that he was to bide i' the house an' he would'na be lang awa'. The hours wore awa' till ten o'clock, an' he had'na cam' hame. It was aye supposed that the boy, becoming uneasy at his father's lang stay, had set out to look for him, when by some mishap, it will ne'er be kenned what way, he lost his footin', an' fell frae the end o' the narrow brig which crossed the burn. The burn was'na large, but a heavy rain had lately fa'n, an' there was aye a deep bit at one end o' the brig. He had fa'n head first into the water in sic a way that he could'na possibly won 'oot. It was a clear moonlight night, an' when Davy reached the brig, the first thing he saw was his ain son lyin i' the water. I hae often been told that a sudden shock o' ony kind will sober a drunken man. It was sae wi' Davy; for the first neebor who, hearin' his cries for assistance, ran to the spot, found him standin i' the middle o' the brig, perfectly sober, wi' the drooned boy in his arms; although it was weel kenned that he was quite drunk when he left the village. Every means was used for the recovery o' the boy, but it was a' useless, he was quite deed an' caul'. "Ah," said Davy, when tell'd by the doctor that the boy was indeed dead, "my punishment is greater than I can bear." Geordie had

aye been as "the apple o' his een"; never had he been kenned to ill use the boy, even when under the influence o' drink; and the shock was too much for his reason. Many wondered at his calmness a' the while the body lay i' the house afore the burial; but it was the calmness o' despair; he just seemed like ane turned to stane. The first thing that roused him was the sound o' the first earth that fell on puir Geordie's coffin. He gie'd ae bitter groan, an' wad' hae fa'n to the earth had'na a kind neebor supported him. His mind wandered frae that hour; he was aye harmless, but the light o' reason never cam' back to his tortured mind. Sometimes he wad sit for hours by Geordie's grave, an' fancy that he talked wi' him. On these occasions nothing wad induce him to leave the grave till some ither fancy attracted his mind. As I hae before said he was never outrageous, but seemed most o' the time, when silent, to be in deep thought; but his reason was quite gone, and the doctors allowed that his case was beyond cure. Many questioned them as to whether it were safe to allow him his liberty, lest he might do some deed o' violence; but they gave it as their opinion that his disease was'na at a' likely to tak' that turn wi' him, an' so he was left to wander on. He never bided verra lang in a place, but wandered frae house to house through a' the country-side: and every one treated him wi' kindness. The sight o' a bonny fair-haired boy aye gave him muckle pleasure, an' he

wad whiles hae the idea that Geordie had cam' back to him. From the day o' Geordie's death to that o' his ain', which took place a month sine, he was ne'er kened to taste strong drink ; he could'na bear even the sight o' it. He lived to a verra great age, an' for many years they who did'na ken the story o' his early life ha'e ca'd him Wanderin' Davy. " I hae noo tell'd you his story," said Mr. C. addressing me ; " an' I hope it may prove a warnin' to you an' ithers o' the awfu' evils o' intemperance ; an' I think it's high time my story was finished, for I see by the clock that it's growin' unco late." When the evening psalm had been sung, Mr. C. read a portion of the Scriptures and offered the usual nightly prayer, and soon after we all sought repose ; but it was long ere I slept. The story I had listened to still floated through my mind, and when sleep at length closed my eyes it was to dream of " Wandering Davy," and the poor drowned boy.

LOOKING ON THE DARK SIDE.

IT is an old but true saying, that "troubles come soon enough without meeting them half way." But I think my friend Mrs. Talbot had never chanced to hear this saying, old as it is; for she was extremely prone at all times to look only upon the dark side, and this habit was a source of much trouble to herself as well as her family. Mr. Talbot might properly have been called a well-to-do farmer. They were surrounded by an intelligent and interesting family; and a stranger, in taking a passing view of their home and its surroundings, would have been strongly inclined to think that happiness and contentment might be found beneath their roof; but a short sojourn in the dwelling alluded to would certainly have dispelled the illusion. This Mrs. Talbot was possessed of a most unhappy disposition. She seemed to entertain the idea that the whole world was in league to render her miserable. It has often struck me with surprise, that a person surrounded with so much to render life happy should indulge in so discontented and repining a temper as did Mrs. Talbot. She

was famous for dwelling at length upon her trials, as often as she could obtain a listener; and when I first became acquainted with her I really regarded her with a feeling of pity; but after a time I mentally decided that the greater part of her grievances existed only in her own imagination. She spent a large portion of her time in deploring the sins of the whole world in general, and of her own family and immediate neighbors in particular; while she looked upon herself as having almost, if not quite, attained to perfection.


I recollect calling one day upon Mr. Talbot; he was of a very social disposition, and we engaged for a short time in a lively conversation. Mrs. Talbot was present, and, strange to tell, once actually laughed at some amusing remark made by her husband. He soon after left the room, and her countenance resumed its usual doleful expression as she addressed me, saying, "I wish I could have any hopes of Mr. Talbot; but I am afraid the last state of that man will be worse than the first." I questioned her as to her meaning; and she went on to tell me that her husband had once made a profession of religion; but she feared he was then in a "backslidden state," as she termed it. I know not how this matter might have been; but during my acquaintance with Mr. Talbot I never observed any thing in his conduct which to me seemed inconsistent with a profession of religion. He certainly excelled his wife in one thing, and that was christian charity;

for he was seldom if ever heard to speak of the shortcomings of others. It is quite possible that he thought his wife said enough upon the subject to suffice for both. Mrs. Talbot made a point of visiting her neighbors, if she chanced to hear of their meeting with any trouble or misfortune. The reason she gave for so doing was that she might sympathize with them; and if sickness invaded a household Mrs. Talbot was sure to be there; but I used often to think that her friends must look upon her as one of "Job's comforters," for no sickness was so severe, no misfortune so great, that she did not prophesy something worse still. According to her own ideas she was often favored with warnings of sickness and misfortune both to her own family and others. She was also a famous believer in dreams; and often entertained her friends at the breakfast table by relating her dreams of the previous night. I remember meeting with her upon one occasion, when it struck me that her countenance wore a look of unusual solemnity, even for her, so much so, that I enquired the cause. "Ah!" said she, "we are to have sickness, perhaps death, in our family very soon; for only last night I dreamed I saw a white horse coming toward our house upon the full gallop; and to dream of a white horse is a sure sign of sickness, and the faster the horse seems in our dream to be approaching us the sooner the sickness will come." Her husband often remonstrated with her upon the

folly of indulging in these idle fancies. I remember a reply he once made to some of her gloomy forebodings: "I think the best way is for each one to discharge their duty in the different relations of life; and leave the future in the hands of an All-wise Providence." "That is always the way with you," was her reply. "You have grown heedless and careless with your love of the world; but you will perhaps think of my warnings when too late." Before meeting with Mrs. Talbot I had often heard the remark that none were so cheerful as the true christian; but I soon saw that her views must be widely different. A hearty laugh she seemed to regard as almost a crime. A cheerful laugh upon any occasion would cause her to shake her head in a rueful manner, and denounce it as untimely mirth. Upon one occasion she went to hear a preacher that had lately arrived in the neighboring village. This same preacher was remarkable for drawing dismal pictures, and was very severe in his denunciations, while he quite forgot to offer a word of encouragement to the humble seeker after good. Upon the Sabbath in question Mrs. Talbot returned from church, and seated herself at the dinner table with a countenance of most woeful solemnity. Her husband at length enquired, how she had enjoyed the sermon. "O!" replied she, "he is a preacher after my own heart, and his sermon explained all my views clearly." "Indeed," replied Mr. Talbot, "he must have a won-

derful flow of language to have handled so extensive a subject, in the usual time allotted to a sermon." His answer displeased her very much. Among her other gloomy forebodings she always seemed sure of the fact that Mr. Talbot would survive her; and she replied: "That is always the way. You make light of every thing I say; and I only hope you wont have all these things to repent of when I shall be no more." Mr. Talbot seemed sorry he had wounded her feelings, and replied: "We shall both live our appointed time, and it is not for us to decide which of us will be first removed." The last time I saw Mrs. Talbot she was indulging in her anticipation of some coming calamity. I have learned from various sources, that since I last saw her she has met *real* afflictions of a very trying nature, even to the most hopeful; and it may be that the presence of real troubles have put to flight many which were only imaginary; and she may by this time have learned to be thankful for whatever of blessings may yet be left her in her path through life.

EDWARD BARTON.

Y schoolmate Edward Barton, or 'Ned,' as he was usually called by the boys, was such an odd character in his way, that I trust my readers will pardon me for introducing him to their notice. His father was a physician in a distant village, and was justly esteemed among the residents of the place. He had an extensive practice both in the village and surrounding country, and his time was very much occupied ; and as Ned grew up he proved a source of constant anxiety to his father, who, being unable to keep him under his own eye, at length decided to send him to reside with some relatives in a farming district some twenty miles from his home. Ned's disposition was a singular compound of good and evil, and his conduct depended, in a great measure, upon the companions he associated with. He was easily persuaded, and often during his father's frequent and lengthened absences from home he played truant from school, and associated with the worst boys in the village. I well remember the morning he first entered our school. He was then about twelve years of age ;

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but owing to his carelessness and inattention, he had made but slight progress in study. I learned afterward that he had so long borne the names of "dunce" and "blockhead" in the school he attended in his own village that he supposed himself to be really such, and made up his mind that it was useless for him to try to be anything else: and I think when our teacher first called him up for examination he was inclined to be of the same opinion. The teacher first addressed him by saying, "How far have you advanced in reading, my boy?" "Don't know, sir, never thought any thing about how far I've been." "Well, at least," replied the master, "you can tell me the names of the books you have studied, in reading and spelling." "Oh, yes," replied the boy. "I've been clean through 'Webster's Elementary and the Progressive Reader.'" "Can you tell me the subject of any of your lessons?" "I can just remember one story, about a dog that was crossing a river on a plank with a piece of meat in his mouth, and when he saw his shadow in the water, made a spring at it, and dropped the meat which he held in his mouth, and it was at once carried away by the current." "Well," said the teacher, "as you remember the story so well, you can perhaps tell me what lesson we can learn from this fable." "I thought," replied the boy, "when I read the story, that the best way is to hold on to what we are sure of, and not grab after a shadow and lose the whole." "Your idea is certainly

a correct one," said the master, "and now we will turn to some other branch of study; can you cipher?" "Don't know, I never tried," replied the boy, with the greatest coolness imaginable. "Well," replied the teacher, "we will, after a time, see how you succeed, when you *do* try. Can you tell me what the study of Geography teaches us?" "O," said the boy, "geography tells all about the world, the folks who live in it, and 'most everything else." The master then asked him some questions regarding the divisions of land and water, and for a short time he answered with some degree of correctness. At length, while referring to the divisions of water, the master said, "Can you tell me what is a strait?" This question seemed a "puzzler" to him, and for some moments he looked downward as if studying the matter; when the question was repeated in rather a sharp tone, it seemed he thought it wiser to give an answer of some kind than none at all, and he replied: "When a river runs in a straight course, we call it straight, and when it twists and winds about, we call it crooked." "A river is not a strait," replied the teacher with the manner of one who prayed for patience. "Well! at any rate," said the boy, "straight is straight, and crooked is crooked, and that is all I know about it." It was evident from the teacher's manner that he was half inclined to think the boy was endeavoring to impose upon him by feigning ignorance; and he dismissed

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to his seat for the time being, thinking, no doubt, that he had met with a case out of the common order of school experience. It seems that the boy had never before attended school with punctuality, and it required a long time, to teach him to observe anything like system, either in his conduct or studies. Our teacher, though very firm, was mild and judicious in his government; and, thinking that possibly Ned's disposition had been injured by former harshness at school, resolved to avoid inflicting corporal punishment as long as possible; and try upon him the effect of kindness and mild persuasion. He had one very annoying habit, and that was he would very seldom give a satisfactory answer if suddenly asked a direct question, and often his reply would be very absurd, sometimes bordering on downright impudence. The master noticed one afternoon, after calling the boys from their play at recess, that Ned had not entered the school-room with the others. Stepping to the door, he found him seated very composedly in the yard, working busily upon a toy he was fashioning with a knife from a piece of wood. "Why do you remain outside, Edward, after the other boys are called in?" said the master. "Cos I did'nt come in, sir," replied Ned, without looking up, or even pausing in his employment. This was too much for the patience of any one; and seizing him by the arm the master drew him into a small room which adjoined the school-

room; and bestowed upon him, what Ned afterward confidentially informed us, was "a regular old-fashioned thrashing." I was not aware till then that the style of using the rod was liable to change, but it would seem that Ned thought otherwise; and if his screams upon this occasion were taken as proof in the matter, I should be inclined to think the old-fashioned method very effective. The whipping which Ned received created quite a sensation among us boys, for it was not often that Mr. S. used the rod; We began to have our fears that as he had got his "hand in," more of us might share the fate of poor Ned. In a very serious conversation which we held upon the matter, on our way home that evening, some of us asked Ned why he screamed so loud. "I thought," said he, if I hollered pretty well, he would think he'd licked me enough and stop; but I don't see what great harm I did any way. He asked why I stayed out; and I said, cos I did't go in, and I am sure I could'nt give a better reason than that." Time passed on, and by degrees Ned dropped many of his odd ways; and began to make tolerable progress in study; but still much patience and forbearance was necessary on the part of the teacher. He had the same habit of frequently giving absurd answers in his class, as well as upon other occasions; but after a time his stupid answers were much less frequent, and Mr. S. began to indulge the hope that he would soon overcome the

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habit entirely. When he had attended school for about six months, as was the custom two or three times a year, we passed under what to the school boys was an "awful review" in presence of those awe-inspiring personages, termed in those days the school-trustees, and any other friends of the school, who might chance to be present. We all, even to the teacher, had our fears lest Ned (who had not yet entirely discontinued the practice) should give some of his comical answers when questioned by our visitors; but the day came, and with it the school-trustees and a number of other friends. The classes were first examined in reading and spelling; and Ned acquitted himself much better than we had dared to hope; and we began to think he might pass the afternoon without making any serious blunder. After the reading and spelling lessons, the class was summoned for examination in Geography. Elated by his success in reading and spelling, Ned took his place with a pompous consequential manner, as if expecting to win countless laurels for his proficiency. He got along very well till some one put the question, "What may the Island of Australia properly be called on account of its vast size?" "One of the Pyramids," answered Ned, in a loud confident voice. The gentleman who was questioning us looked astounded, and there fell an awkward silence, which only was broken by the half-smothered laughter of the others in the class. The teacher,

wishing to get over the matter in some way, at length said, "I am surprised, Edward, that you should give so senseless an answer to so simple a question." Now, one very striking peculiarity in Ned's character was his unwillingness to acknowledge himself in the wrong, however ridiculous his answer might be; and he was disposed to argue his point upon this occasion. "Any way," said he, "the Pyramids are large, and so is Australia; and I thought it might sometimes be called a pyramid for convenience of description." The idea of Ned entering into an argument with the trustees of the school struck the rest of the boys as so extremely ludicrous, that our long pent-up mirth found vent in a burst of laughter through the whole class, and no one present had the heart to chide us; for it was with intense difficulty that the elderly gentlemen maintained their own gravity. The teacher was obliged to exercise his authority before Ned could be silenced; and the remaining part of the examination proved rather a failure. I know not how it happened, but from that day there was a marked improvement in Edward Barton, in every respect. He attended the school for two years; and when he left us it was to accompany his parents to one of the far Western States. His father had relatives residing in the west, and had received from them such glowing accounts of the country, that he decided upon removing thither. Any one who saw Ned when he left us would almost

have failed to recognize him as the same boy who entered the school two years previous. Mr. S. was his friend as well as his teacher; and during the second year of his stay took a deep interest in him; he had thoroughly studied his disposition, and learned to bear with his faults, and under his judicious management Ned began really to make good progress in study. We had all become attached to him, and were all sorry when he left us. He was much elated with the prospect of his journey to the West; and talked much of the wonders he expected to behold on his way thither. He came one day at the noon-hour to collect his books and bid us good-bye, his father having come to take him home for a short time before setting out on their journey. The boys were all on the play-ground when he entered the school-room to bid his teacher good-bye. When he came out he looked very sober, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes which very much resembled tears. Instead of the usual noisy mirth on the play-ground there was almost complete silence, while Ned shook hands with us one by one, saying, "he would tell us all the wonders of the Western World when he came back." Years have rolled by with their various changes since that day; he has never yet returned; and I have only heard from him two or three times during the time. My last tidings were, that he was married and settled down to a life of industry upon a fine farm, in his

western home ; but I sometimes, when I think of him, even yet wonder, if he has learned the difference between the " Pyramids of Egypt " and the " Island Continent of Australia."

THE WEARY AT REST.



HE weary at rest. This idea was very strongly impressed upon my mind by a funeral which I once attended in the distant village of C. It was that of a very aged woman, whom I had often heard mentioned as one who had been subjected for many years to bodily suffering in no ordinary degree. I had never seen her, but was acquainted with many who visited her frequently ; and I became interested from hearing her so often spoken of as a bright example of patience and resignation under affliction ; and I was accustomed to enquire for her as often as I had opportunity. Owing to a rheumatic affection of her limbs, she had, as I was informed, been unable, for several years, to rise from her bed without assistance, and much of the time experienced severe pain. I was informed by her friends that through her protracted period of suffering she was never heard to utter a complaining or repining word, but was found daily in a calm, even cheerful frame of mind. After a time I left the village and returned to my home. Returning thither to visit some relatives after the lapse of a few months, I met

with a friend, soon after my arrival, who informed me of the death of old Mrs. H., which had taken place the day previous. Two days later I joined the large numbers who assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to one of the oldest residents of their village. As is usual upon funeral occasions, the coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, and a large number occupied the front pews which were appropriated to the friends of the deceased. In those pews were seated men in whose hair the silver threads were beginning to mingle, and women who were themselves mothers of families, who all met around the coffin of their aged mother. Childhood, youth and middle age was all represented in that company of mourners. Their pastor, Mr. M., delivered a very appropriate discourse from the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." In the course of his sermon he took occasion to remark, that a funeral discourse should apply to the living—not the dead. I had before listened to different sermons from this same text; but I never listened to a more searching application of the words than upon this occasion.

Near the close of his sermon, he said: "I presume many of you are aware that I deem it unnecessary as well as unwise, on occasions of this kind, for a minister to dwell at length, upon the life and character of the deceased, for, as I have before said, our duty is with the living; but upon the present occasion, I think I may with propriety say, that we see before us the

lifeless remains of one who has 'died in the Lord.' I have been for many years acquainted with our aged sister now departed, and have ever regarded her as an humble and earnest christian. I have frequently visited her during her lengthened period of suffering; and have felt deeply humbled for my own want of resignation to the ills of life, when I observed the exemplary manner with which this aged woman bore her sufferings, which at times were very severe; and more than this, I stood by her dying bed, which I can truly say presented a foretaste of heavenly triumph."

At the close of the service permission was given for any one who was desirous of so doing to look upon the "corpse," and with many others I drew nigh the coffin. I had been told that the habitual expression of her countenance was one of pain, and I was surprised by the calm and peaceful expression which rested upon the face of the dead. There was no sign of past suffering visible; and the idea of perfect rest was conveyed to my mind, as I gazed upon her now lifeless features. When the strangers had all retired the relatives and near friends drew nigh to take their last sad look of the aged one who in life had been so dear to them. It seemed that her age and utter helplessness had all the more endeared her to her children and other friends; and many of them wept audibly as they retired from the coffin. As the coffin was borne from the church, the choir sung in subdued

tones, accompanied by the solemn notes of the organ, the beautiful hymn commencing with the lines.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.”

When the long procession reached the church yard, the coffin was lowered to its final resting place, and the Burial Service was read by their pastor, and most of the company departed to their homes. I know not how it was, but, although a stranger to the deceased, I was among the few who lingered till the grave was filled up. That funeral impressed me deeply; and has often since recurred to my mind, amid the cares and turmoil of after-life.

THE RAINY AFTERNOON.

IT'S too bad," exclaimed Harry Knights, as he turned from the window, where for the last ten minutes he had been silently watching the heavy drops of rain as they pattered against the glass. "It's too bad," repeated he, "we can have no out-of-door play this afternoon;" and as he spoke his face wore a most rueful expression. I was one among a number of Harry's school-mates who had gone to spend the day at the farm of Mr. Knights, Harry's father. The eldest of our number was not more than fourteen; and for a long time we had looked forward to this day with many bright anticipations of fun and enjoyment. The important day at length arrived, and so early did we set out upon our excursion that we reached Harry's home before eight o'clock in the morning. We spent the forenoon in rambling over the farm, searching out every nook and corner which possessed any interest to our boyish minds. Accompanied by Harry we visited all his favourite haunts—which included a fine stream of water, where there was an abundance of fish; also a

ledge of rocks which contained a curious sort of cave, formed by a wide aperture in the rocks; and, last, though "not least," a pond of water which, owing to its extreme beauty of appearance, Harry had named the "Enchanted Pond." He had said so much to us regarding the uncommon beauty of this spot that some of the boys, myself among the number, had often been inclined to ridicule him; but when we came within view of it, I for one ceased to wonder at his admiration; for, before nor since, I never looked upon so lovely a scene. The pond was situated upon the back portion of the farm, in a clearing which had been made by a settler who had occupied the land for some years before it was purchased by Mr. Knights. The form of the pond was entirely circular, and it was surrounded by a green field, in which had been left standing, here and there, some fine old trees to add to the effect. I remember when I first gained a view of the spot, it reminded me of a surface of polished silver, bordered with emeralds. As we drew nigh we could see that its smooth waters were thickly dotted with the pure blossoms of the pond-lily. I have never since visited the spot, but the view I obtained of it that day, now so long ago, is still vividly present to my mind. By the time we again reached the farmhouse the dinner-hour had arrived; and our long continued exercise in the open air had so much improved our appetites that we did ample justice to the good

things set before us. Dinner being over we observed, what had before escaped our notice, that the sky was becoming overcast with dark clouds, and soon a heavy rain began to fall, which put an end to all our plans of out-of-door enjoyment for the afternoon. As I mentioned at the beginning, Harry was very much disappointed, for outside sports were his especial delight; and for a time his face looked almost as dark and forbidding as the sky itself. We tried to cheer him up, saying we would have some quiet games in the large dining-room, and we did succeed in getting him to join us; but somehow or other our games afforded us no enjoyment, and the question, "what shall we do with ourselves?" began to pass from one to the other among the group of eager, restless boys. "Would you like me to tell you a story, boys?" enquired Harry's mother, after observing for a time our vain attempts at enjoyment. Mrs. Knight was a lady of high culture, and possessed the happy faculty of rendering herself an agreeable companion to either the young or old; and more than one pair of eyes grew bright with pleased anticipation, when she proposed telling us a story; and, of course, we all eagerly assented to her proposal. Seating herself in our midst, she took up a piece of needlework, saying, "I can always talk best, when my hands are employed," and began as follows:

"I suppose none of you, perhaps not even my own

Harry, is aware that my home has not always been in Canada ; but I will now inform you that the days of my childhood and youth were passed in a pretty town near the base of the Alleghany Mountains in the State of Virginia. I will not pause at present to give you any further particulars regarding my own early years, as the story I am about to relate is concerning one of my schoolmates who was a few years older than myself. The Pastor of the Church in the small village where my parents resided had but one son ; and, when quite a little girl, I remember him as one of the elder pupils in the school I attended. I was too young at that time to pay much attention to passing events, but I afterward learned that, even then, his conduct was a source of much anxiety and sorrow to his parents, his ready talent, great vivacity, and love of amusement continually led him into mischief and caused him to be disliked by many of their neighbors. It was in vain that the villages complained, in vain that his father admonished and his mother wept ; still the orchards were robbed, the turkeys chased into the woods, and the logs of wood in the fireplaces often burst into fragments by concealed powder. Time passed on, till he reached the age of sixteen years, when, spurning the restraints of home, the erring boy left his father's house and became a wanderer, no one knew whither ; but it was rumored that reaching a sea-port town he had entered a merchant vessel bound upon a whaling voyage for three

years. During the last year of his stay at home his conduct had been very rebellious, and his father almost looked upon him as given over to a reprobate mind. After his departure, his father was seldom heard to mention his name, but his friends observed that his hair fast grew white, and upon his brow rested an expression of constant grief and anxiety. He was a man that seldom spoke of his own troubles to any one, but it was plain to be seen that his erring boy was never absent from his thoughts, and there was a feeling and pathos in his voice when he addressed his congregation, especially the younger portion of it, which had never been noticed before. It was his custom upon the first sabbath evening in each month to deliver an address to the youth of his flock and it was noticed that his appeals had never been so earnest before, as after the departure of his son; but he seldom, if ever, mentioned his name, not even to his grief-stricken wife. Our pastor was not what could be properly styled an old man, but it was thought that his grief, like a canker-worm, sapped the fountains of life, his bodily health became impaired, his vigor of mind departed, and, ere he had seen sixty years, death removed him from earth, to a home of happiness in Heaven. The widow was now bereft of both husband and child. She was comforted concerning her departed husband, knowing that it was well with him; but she sorrowed continually for her absent boy; and often, during the lonely hours of

night, as the moaning of the winds fell upon her ear, she would start from her sleepless pillow and utter a prayer for her poor boy who might even then be tossing on the restless ocean, or perhaps wrecked upon a dangerous coast. She was a woman of good education, and much power of thought, and she at length found a partial relief from her sorrow by writing small works for publication. But how is it all this time with the wandering "Prodigal?" Nine years have passed away since he left his home, when an agent for the sale of books for a large publishing house was spending a few days in one of the large cities of the west. During his stay in the place, his business as agent often led him into public places; and on several occasions he noticed a young man that attracted his attention. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance; on the contrary he bore the marks of dissipation in his countenance; his clothing was old and soiled, and once or twice he saw him when partially intoxicated. The agent was a middle-aged man, and was a close observer of those with whom he came in contact, and somehow or other he felt a strange interest in this young man for which he could not account; and meeting him so frequently, he determined to speak to him. As a pretext for accosting him he offered to sell him some books, although he had no hopes of success. The young man regarded him with visible surprise, when he enquired if he would not like to purchase a book,'

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"I have no money to spend for books," replied the man, yet as if unable to resist the impulse, he leaned over the table, on which the agent had placed several books, and began looking them over; and finally selecting one, enquired the price, and paid for it. They soon after parted, and the agent thought they should probably meet no more, as he expected soon to leave the city. He returned to the hotel where he boarded, and after tea seated himself on the piazza, to enjoy the cool evening air; when the same young man suddenly approached him, and grasping his hand said in a voice choked with emotion: "Tell me, Sir, where, O! where did you get that book?" This young man was the erring but still loved son of the Virginian widow, who for these long dreary years had roamed over the earth, unfriended and unaided, vainly imagining his own arm sufficient toward the ills of life. He had wandered here from the coasts of the Pacific, where he had been wrecked; his money was nearly gone, and his health had become impaired by hardship and exposure as well as his dissipated course of life. As he afterwards said, he had no intention of reading the book when he purchased it, merely out of civility to the stranger who accosted him so kindly, but after the agent left him he opened the book, and a cold dew broke out upon his forehead, for on the title-page he read the name of his *mother* as the author. Her thoughts were continually upon her lost son, and in her

mind's eye she often traced his downward career. She imagined him worn and weary, his days spent in unsatisfying folly ; and his moments of reflection embittered by remorse ; unconsciously, in writing this little book she had drawn from her own feelings and addressed one in this situation. She pointed to him the falseness of the world, and bade him judge of the fidelity of the picture by his own experience ; and she taught him the way of return to the paths of peace. And thus it was that the little book which the wretched young man had selected — some would say so accidentally, others, so Providence — proved the means of his return from the paths of sin and folly to those of sobriety and usefulness. He soon told his story to his attentive listener, and informed him of the relationship he bore to the author of the book he had purchased. As he concluded, he said " Oh, my mother, why did I leave you to become the hopeless being I am ? " " Not hopeless," replied his companion in gentle tones, " you have youth on your side and may yet be a useful and happy man. I now understand the unaccountable interest which I felt in you when meeting you on several occasions before I spoke to you, and I feel that Providence directed me in the matter." The agent stayed two days longer in the city, and then departed ; the young man with him, for with the promptitude of his nature, to resolve was to act. He directed his course toward Virginia, the star of hope leading him on, and finally

approached his native village. No words are adequate to describe the meeting between the lonely widow and her long lost, but now returning and penitent son. When informed that his father had been for some years dead, the shock to him was great, overpowering, but he uttered no repining word." "I could not" said he, expect the happiness of meeting both my parents again after causing them so much sorrow, and let me be humbly thankful that it is allowed me to cheer the declining years of my aged mother." "I well remember," said Mrs. Knights, "the return of the young man to his home, it was but a short time before I left Virginia, but I have been informed by friends, still residing there, that he was for several years the staff and support of his mother, of whom it might be said, "her last days were her best days." After the death of his mother, as he had no living tie to bind him to the spot, he removed to another section of country, where he married and is now a useful and respected member of society. "And now boys," said Mrs. Knights, "allow me in conclusion to say to you all as one, as you value your own well-being in time and eternity, be sure that you honour and obey your parents, think of what the end of this young man might have been, and shun his example. But I see that the hour for tea is near at hand; and for a time I will leave you to amuse yourselves, while I assist in preparing your tea; and if you have been interested in my story, I may tell you

another when you next pass a rainy afternoon at our house. We all thanked the kind lady for the interesting story, and I for one very much hoped that the next day we chanced to pass at Mrs. Knights' farm, would prove to be rainy in the afternoon.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

ARTHUR WILTON had been for several years a student; but he was one of the plodding sort, who make but slow progress. The principal barrier to his improvement arose from one defect in his character; and that was the habit in which he constantly indulged, of deploring the past, without making any very strong efforts toward amendment in the future. He was one evening seated in his room; a ponderous volume lay open, on his study-table; and for a time he vainly tried to fix his attention thereon, till finally he closed the book; and leaning back in his chair, his brows contracted, and the lines about his mouth grew tense, as if his thoughts were anything but pleasing. As usual he was bemoaning his misspent hours.


“ Ah,” said he, speaking in soliloquy, “ they are gone never more to return. The careless happy days of childhood, the sunny period of youth, and the aspiring dreams of mature manhood. I once indulged in many ambitious dreams of fame, and those dreams have never been realized. Many with whom I set out

on equal ground have outstripped me in the race of life, and here am I alone. Many who were once my inferiors have nearly overtaken me, and doubtless they too will soon pass me by. What I very much prize is a true friend, and yet no friend approaches with a word of sympathy or encouragement; would that some would counsel me, as to how I may better my condition." Thus far had Arthur Wilton proceeded in his soliloquy, when his eyelids were weighed down by drowsiness, and he soon sank into a deep slumber. In his dream an aged man, with a most mild and venerable countenance stood before him, who, addressing him by name, said: "Thy heart is full of sorrow; but if you will listen to, and profit by my words, your sorrow shall be turned into joy. You have been grieving over the hours which have been run to waste, without pausing to reflect, that while you have been occupied with these unavailing regrets, another hour has glided away past your recal forever; and will be added to your already lengthened list of opportunities misimproved. You grieve that your name is not placed on the lists of fame. Cease from thy fruitless longings. Discharge faithfully your present duties, and if you merit fame it will certainly be awarded you. You also complain that no friend is near you. Have you ever truly sought a friend, by the unwearied exercise of those affections, and in the performance of those numberless offices of kindness by which alone friendship is secured and perpetuated?

‘ All like the *purchase, few the price will pay* ’ ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

Hast thou hoped for the society of the wise and good ? Then with diligence and untiring zeal you should seek to fit yourself for such companionship. Have your early companions got before you in the race of life ; and yet you remain at ease, dreaming over the past. Awake, young man, ere yet your day is done ; and address yourself to your work with renewed energy, look forward to your future instead of brooding over the past, and be assured you will acquire wisdom, friends and every other needful blessing.” With these words the aged man disappeared and the student awoke. His fire had gone out and his lamp burned but dimly. He rose, replenished his fire, trimmed his lamp, and resumed his studies with ardour. This dream was not lost upon Arthur Wilton. Instead of now wasting his time in regrets for the past, he looked forward with a steady purpose of improvement, and from that period no harder student was to be found in the college ; and he finally graduated with high honours. In after years he often related this dream to those of his acquaintances whom he thought in danger of falling into the same habit to which he himself had been so prone in his youthful days.

UNCLE EPHRAIM.

 OR some years, when a child, I used daily to pass the dwelling of Uncle Ephraim, on my way to and from school. He was not my uncle ; indeed he bore no relationship whatever to me, but Uncle Ephraim was the familiar appellation by which he was known by all the school-boys in the vicinity. He was among the oldest residents in that section, and although a very eccentric person, was much respected by all his neighbours. How plainly do I yet remember him, after the lapse of so many years. His tall figure, shoulders that slightly stooped, his florid complexion, clear blue eyes, and hair bleached by the frosts of time to snowy whiteness. The farm on which he resided had improved under the hand of industry, till since my earliest recollection, it was in a state of high cultivation. His dwelling was an old-fashioned structure, placed a little back from the main road, and almost hidden from view by thick trees. In an open space, a little to one side, was the draw-well with its long pole and sweep ; and I have often thought that I

have never since tasted such water as we used to draw from that well, as we used often to linger for a few moments in Uncle Ephraim's yard on our return from school during the hot summer afternoons. He must have been fond of children; for he was a great favourite among the boys; and he often gave us permission to gather fruit from the trees in the garden, provided we broke none of his prescribed rules. But the unlucky urchin who transgressed against a command, forfeited his good opinion from henceforth; and durst no more be seen upon his premises. I happened to be among the fortunate number who retained his approbation and good-will during all our acquaintance.

It was from Uncle Ephraim I received the first money I could call my own. In those days school-boys were not supplied very liberally with pocket-money, and when on one occasion I rendered him some slight service, for which he bestowed upon me a piece of money, I felt myself rich indeed, and the possession of as many hundreds now would fail to afford me the same pleasure as did the few cents which made up the value of the coin.

Like all others, he had his failings and weak points; but he had also many very estimable traits of character. Among his failings very strong prejudices were most noticeable, and if for any reason he became prejudiced against one, he could never after see any good what-

ever in them. He also possessed rather an unforgiving temper when injured by any one. But on the other hand he was a friend to the poor; and seldom sent the beggar empty-handed from his door. He also gave largely to the support of the gospel, as well as to benevolent institutions. One very noticeable and oftentimes laughable peculiarity was his proneness to charge every thing that went wrong to the state of the weather. I think it was more from a habit of speech than from any wish to be unreasonable. I remember one day passing a field when he was trying to catch a horse that to all appearance had no idea of being captured. He tried various methods of coaxing him into the halter, and several times nearly succeeded, but just when he thought himself sure of him, the animal would gallop off in another direction. Out of all patience, he at length exclaimed. "What does possess that critter to act so to-day?" then glancing at the sky, which at the time happened to be overcast by dull murky clouds, he said: "It must be the weather." I chanced one day to be present when Uncle Ephraim was busily occupied in making some arithmetical calculations regarding his farm-products. The result not proving satisfactory he handed his slate to a friend for inspection, and it was soon discovered that he had made a very considerable error in his calculation. When the error was pointed out to him, he looked up with a perplexed countenance,

saying; "It is the weather: nothing else would have caused me to make such a blunder." His son happened to marry against his wishes; so much so, that he had the ceremony performed without his father's knowledge; who afterwards, making a virtue of necessity, wisely made the best of the matter. On learning that his son was actually married without his knowledge the only remark he made was this: "What could have induced Ben to cut up such a caper as to go and get married without my leave; it must have been the weather, nothing else," and as if he had settled the question to his own satisfaction he was never heard to allude to the matter again. Years passed away, till one day the tidings reached us that Uncle Ephraim was dangerously ill. He grew rapidly worse, and it was soon evident that his days on earth would soon be numbered. I have a very distinct recollection of stealing quietly in, to look upon him as he lay on his dying bed; of the tears I shed when I gazed upon his fearfully changed features. He was even then past speaking or recognizing one from another; and before another sun rose he had passed from among the living. I obtained permission to go in once more and look upon him as he lay shrouded for the grave. I was then a child of ten years, but even at that early age I had not that morbid terror of looking upon death, so common among children. With my own hands, I folded back the napkin which covered

his face, and gazed upon his aged, but now serene countenance. There was nothing in his appearance to inspire terror, and for a moment I placed my hand on his cold brow. He had ever been very kind to me, and I regarded him with much affection, and the tears coursed freely down my cheeks when I looked my last upon his familiar countenance now lifeless and sealed in death. I have forgotten his exact age, but I know it exceeded seventy years. It so happened that I did not attend his funeral; but he was followed to the grave by a large number of friends and neighbours, many of whom still live to cherish his memory.

* STORY OF A LOG CABIN.

T was a dreary day in autumn. Like the fate which attends us all, the foliage had assumed the paleness of death; and the winds, cold and damp, were sighing among the branches of the trees; and causing every other feeling rather than that of comfort. Four others and myself had been out hunting during the day, and we returned at nightfall tired and hungry to our camp. The shades of night were fast gathering around us; but being protected by our camp with a blazing fire in front, we soon succeeded in cooking some of the game we had shot during the day; and as we ate, the old hunters who were my companions grew garrulous, and in turn related their numerous adventures. "You have lived in Dayton for some time," said an old hunter, addressing one of his companions. "Have you ever seen during your rambles the remains of a log cabin about two miles down the Miami Canal?" I recollect it well, but there is a mystery attached to those ruins which no one living

* I lately came across this sketch in an old Magazine, bearing the date of 1842, and thinking others might be as much interested by it as I was myself, I transcribe it in an abridged form to the pages of this volume.

can solve. The oldest settlers found that cabin there ; and it *then* appeared in such a dilapidated state as to justify the belief that it had been built many years previous." " Do you know any thing about it ?" I eagerly asked. " I know all about it," replied the old hunter ; " for I assisted in building it, and occupied it for several years, during the trapping season. That cabin," he continued, as a shade passed over his features, " has been the scene of carnage and bloodshed. But why wake up old feelings— let them sleep, let them sleep ;" and the veteran drew his brawny hand over his eyes. All the curiosity of my nature was roused ; and the old men seated by his side gazed upon him enquiringly, and put themselves in a listening attitude. The speaker observing this, sat silent for a few moments, as if collecting his thoughts ; and then related the following tale :

" There has come a mighty change over the face of this country since the time when I first emigrated here. The spot where now stand your prettiest towns and villages, was then a howling wilderness. Instead of the tinkling of the cow-bells and the merry whistle of the farmer-boy as he calls his herd to the fold, might he heard the wild cry of the panther, the howl of the wolf ; and the equally appalling yell of the aborigines. These were " times to try men's souls ; and it was then the heart of oak and the sinews of iron which commanded respect. Let me describe to

you some scenes in which such men were the actors ; scenes which called forth all the energy of man's nature ; and in the depths of this western wilderness, many hundreds of Alexanders and Cæsars, who have never been heard of. At the time I emigrated to Ohio the deadly hatred of the red men toward the whites had reached its acme. The rifle, the tomahawk and the scalping knife were daily at work ; and men, women and children daily fell victims to this sanguinary spirit. In this state I found things when I reached the small village opposite the mouth of Licking river, and now the great city of Cincinnati. Here in this great temple of nature man has taken up his abode, and all that he could wish responds to his touch. The fields and meadows yield their produce, and unmolested by the red man whom he has usurped, he enjoys the bounties of a beneficent Creator. And where is the red man ? Where is he ! Like wax before the flame he has melted away from before the white man, leaving him no legacy save that courageous daring which will live in song long after their last remnant shall have passed away. At the time when I first stepped upon these grounds the red man still grasped the sceptre which has since been wrenched from his hand. They saw the throne of their fathers beginning to totter. Their realm had attracted the cupidity of a race of strangers, and with maddening despair, they grasped their falling power ; and daily

grew more desperate as they became more endangered. I among the rest had now a view of this exuberant west, this great valley of the Hesperides; and I determined to assist in extirpating the red man, and to usurp the land of his fathers. Among the men who were at the village, I found one who for magnanimity and undaunted courage merits a wreath which should hang high in the temple of fame, and yet like hundreds of others he has passed away unhonored, unsung. His name was Ralph Watts, a sturdy Virginian, with a heart surpassing all which has been said of Virginia's sons, in those qualities which ennoble the man; and possessing a courage indomitable, and a frame calculated in every way to fulfil whatever his daring spirit suggested. Such was Ralph Watts. I had only been in the town a few days, when Ralph and I contracted an intimacy which ended only with his death. I was passing the small inn of the town, when a tall man, with a hunting shirt and leggins on stepped out and laying his hand on my shoulder said: "Stranger, they say you have just come among us, and that you are poor; come along. I have got just five dollars, no man shall ever say that Ralph Watts passed a moneyless man, without sharing with him the contents of his pocket—come along." Ralph and I soon became inseparable friends. His joys as well as his sorrows were mine; in a word, we shared each others sympathies; and this leads me to the scene of

the log cabin. We often hunted together, and while on our last expedition, took an oath of friendship which should end only with death—and how soon was it to end. We left the infant Cincinnati one summer morning at the rising of the sun, and with our guns on our shoulders, and our pouches well supplied with ammunition, we struck into the deep wilderness, trusting to our own stout hearts, and woodcraft for our food and safety. We journeyed merrily along, whiling away the hours in recounting to each other those trivial incidents of our lives which might be interesting, or in singing snatches of song and listening to its solemn echo as it reverberated among the tall trees of the forest. Towards evening we reached our first camping ground—a spot near where the town of Sharon now stands. Here we pitched our tent, built our fire, cooked our suppers, and prepared to pass away the evening as comfortably as two hunters possibly could. All at once the deep stillness which reigned around us was broken by a low cry similar to that of a panther. We both ceased speaking and listened attentively, when the cry was repeated still nearer, as if the arrival was rapidly advancing upon us; and thus the cry was repeated, again and again, till its shrillness seemed not more than a hundred yards distant, when the voice changed to that of a yell, whose tones were so familiar to the ear of my companion as to exert quite a visible effect upon his actions. We both

sprang to our feet and seizing our guns, stood ready to fire at a moment's warning. "Halloo!" cried a deep voice, just outside our camp, but instead of answering it we nerved ourselves for a desperate encounter, feeling assured that several Indians were lurking outside our tent. "Halloo! white brudder, come out," cried the same voice in broken English. We consulted for a moment and finally decided to trust, for once, to Indian faith. Ralph first stepped forth and demanded in no very amiable voice; "what was wanting." "Come out white brudder," was the answer. After assuring ourselves that there was but one person near we walked forward and found a large Indian sitting by the fire, both hands spread before the flame to protect his eyes from the light, that his keen gaze might rest unmolested upon us. As soon as he saw us a writhing grin spread over his painted features, and rising he offered us each his hand in a very friendly manner. The Indian drew from his belt a large pipe, gaudily painted, and from which depended a profusion of wampum, beads, and eagles' feathers. He lighted the pipe, and after taking a whiff, passed it to Ralph, who following his example passed it to me. After taking a puff I handed it to the Indian, who replaced it in his belt. This very important ceremony being finished, the Indian made known his business. After bestowing a thousand anathemas upon his red brethren, he informed us that he had left the red man forever,

and was willing to join his white brothers, and to wage anexterminating warfare against his own kindred. We strove to extort from him the cause of this ebullition of passion, but he only shook his head in reply to our questions, and uttered a guttural "ough." We at first suspected him of some treacherous plot ; but there was such an air of candor and earnestness in the communication he now made, that we threw aside all suspicion and confided in him. He stated that there was a large party of Indians in our rear, who had been tracking us for several hours ; and that it was their intention early in the morning to surround us, and take us prisoners for victims at the stake, " but," said he, " if my white brudder will follow his red brudder he will lead him safe." We instantly signified our willingness to trust ourselves to his guidance, and shouldering our blankets and guns, we left our camp, and followed our guide due north at a rapid gait. For several miles we strode through the thick woods, every moment scratching our faces and tearing our clothing, with the thick tangled brush through which we had to pass, but considering this of minor importance we hurried on in silence, save when we intruded too near the nest of the nocturnal king of the forest, when a wild hoot made us start and involuntarily grasp our rifles. " Sit on this log and eat," said our red guide. Finding our appetites sharpened by vigorous exercise, we sat on the log and commenced our

repast, when our guide suddenly sprang from his seat, and with a hideous yell bolted into the forest and was soon lost to our sight. This conduct instantly roused our fear ; and with one accord we sprang to our feet. We gazed around. Turn which way we would, the grim visage of a painted warrior met our terrified gaze, with his tomakawk in one hand, and his rifle in the other. " Perfidious villain," exclaimed Ralph, " and this is an Indian's faith." An Indian of gigantic size, dressed in all the gaudy trappings of a chief, now strode towards us. Ralph raised his gun, and closed his eye as the sight of the weapon sought the warrior's breast. " Don't shoot, and you will be treated friendly," cried the savage in good English. " So long as I live," said Ralph, " I'll never put faith again in an Indian's word." The gun went off, and the savage, with an unearthly cry, bounded high in the air, and fell upon his face a corpse. A scream as if ten thousand furies had been suddenly turned loose upon the earth, rang around us ; and ere we could start ten steps on our flight, we were seized by our savage foes, and like the light barque when borne on the surface of the angry waves, were we borne equally endangered upon the shoulders of these maddened men. We were thrown upon the earth, our hands and feet were bound till the cords were almost hidden in the flesh ; and then with the fury of madmen they commenced beating us with clubs, when another chief, who appeared to be of higher

standing than the one who had just lost his life, rushed into the crowd, hurling the excited warriors to the right and left in his progress, and mounting upon a log he harangued them for a few moments with a loud voice. They at once desisted, perhaps reconciled by the prospect of soon seeing us burnt at the stake. We were carried to their encampment, where we were still left bound, with two sentinels stationed to guard us. In this painful state we remained all day, when towards evening another company of warriors arrived, and then vigorous preparations were made for burning us. A stake was planted in the ground, and painted a variety of fantastic colors; the brush was piled around it at a proper distance; and every other necessary arrangement made; while we sat looking on, subject to the continual epithets of an old squaw, whose most consoling remarks were: "How will white man like to eat fire," and then she would break out into a screeching laugh, which sounded perfectly hideous. A cold chill pervaded my frame as I gazed upon these ominous signs of death; but how often is our misery but the prelude of joy. At the moment that these horrid preparations were finished, a bright flash of lightning shattered a tall hickory, near by; and then the earth was deluged with rain. The Indians sought the shelter, but left us beneath the fury of the storm, where we remained for several hours; but seeing that it increased rather than diminished,

they forced us into a small log hut and leaving a man to guard us, bolted the door firmly and left us for the night. What were our reflections when left alone? Your imagination must supply an answer. But we did not entirely gave way to despondency. We were young and robust, and our spirits were not easily subdued. Instead of becoming disheartened our approaching fate emboldened us, and by looks, whose expression made known our minds to each other, we resolved to effect our escape or be slain in striving for it. Anything was preferable to the fiery torture which awaited us. Our guard proved just the man we wanted, for, having during the evening indulged rather freely in drinking whiskey, he soon sank into a profound slumber. Long and anxiously had we watched the man, and now our wishes were consummated. I contrived with much exertion to draw my knife from my pocket, and commenced sawing at the tough thong which confined my wrist. My heart beat high with joy, and already we felt that we were free, when the guard sneezed, opened his eyes, rolled them round the room, and discovered that he had been asleep. I slipped the knife into my pocket without his notice, and he discovered nothing to rouse his suspicions, although he regarded us closely for a long time. He finally sat down, lit his pipe and commenced smoking. After puffing away for half an hour, which seemed to drag by with the tediousness of a

week, he laid his tomahawk (which contains the pipe) by his side, and after nodding for some time he again stretched himself upon the rough floor, and soon his deep snoring fell upon our ears. O! what music was that sound to us. I again drew the knife from my pocket, and with desperation freed my hands, and in one minute more Ralph stood like myself a free man. With the stealthy tread of a cat we reached the door, softly slid back the bolt, and once more we stood in the open air. The rain had ceased, the clouds had swept by, and the full moon pale and high in the heavens threw her light upon the tree tops, bathing them in liquid silver. Silently but rapidly we bounded through the forest, our fears of pursuit urging us onward; and by daylight were within twelve miles of the log cabin whose history I am telling. At that time there dwelt in that cabin, with his family, a trapper by the name of Daniel Roe. When we reached there we found Roe at home, to whom we recounted our adventure. He only laughed at our fears that the Indians might track us thus far, and we finally listened to his laughing remarks and concluded to rest in his cabin for several days. We heaped folly upon folly; for instead of putting the house in a state of defence, and preserving as much silence as possible we commenced trying our skill by shooting at a mark. We continued this exercise through the afternoon, partook of a hearty supper, chatted till bed-time, and

then retired. Ralph soon fell sound asleep, but I could not; I felt a presentiment of approaching danger; still there were no visible signs of it, yet I could not shake off a peculiar nervousness which agitated me. I lay still for some time listening to the deep and regular breathing of Ralph, and ever and anon as an owl screamed I would start, despite the familiarity of the cry. Just as I turned in my bed, and was trying to compose myself for sleep, I heard a cry very similar to the hoot of an owl; still there was something about the sound which did not sound right. My heart commenced beating rapidly and a sweat started from my brow. I rose softly and looked through the chinks of the logs, but there was nothing to be seen. I listened attentively for at least an hour; but heard no sound to confirm my fears; and finally ashamed of my own nervousness, I could not call it *cowardice*, I slipped into bed, determined to sleep if possible. But soon I heard that same sound on the still air. I rose, dressed myself, but still I could see no form like that of an Indian. Just as I was on the point of abandoning my fears as idle and childish, I cast my eyes through an aperture between the logs; and saw the dusky forms of several Indians moving about the yard. I sprang to the bedside and awoke Ralph, and in a few moments more, Roe, Ralph and myself, stood with ready guns, waiting for a chance to shoot. A shot passing through one of the savages, told the rest they

were discovered ; and now a regular firing began. The Indians simultaneously uttered a fiendish shout, such as no person can imagine who has not heard the Indian war-scream ; and then brandishing their tomahawks rushed upon the house and began hewing at the door. In a moment we were all down stairs, and our fire became so fatal they were forced to retire several times ; but with desperate courage they returned to the attack. I never experienced the feeling of utter despair but once in my life ; and that was then. Roe came running down stairs (whither he had gone for more ammunition) and with a face white from terror, informed us that the ammunition was expended. Here we were, surrounded by a host of savages, fastened in a small house, with nothing to defend ourselves, and the helpless women and children under the roof. " Let us open the door, and decide the contest hand to hand," said Ralph Watts. ' O ! my family, my wife and children,' groaned Daniel Roe, ' let us defend the house to the last.' And with nerves strung like iron, and hearts swelled to desperation, we waited in silence for the savages to hew their way through the door. The work was soon over, the savages uttered one deafening yell as the door gave way ; and clubbing our guns we wielded them with giant energy. The dark forms of the savages crowded the door-way, their eyes glared madly at us, and their painted features working into a hundred malignant and

fiendish expressions, which, together with their horrid yells, and the more heart-rending cries of women and children, all formed a scene of the most harrowing description. The battle was soon over. By some mishap I was hurled head foremost out of the door; but so intent were the savages upon the battle within, that they did not once notice me, as they rushed forward to the scene of action. Seeing that all was lost, and that to remain would only be throwing away my life uselessly, I sprang to my feet and slipping around the corner of the house I made my way over the old fortification (*) and soon left the noise far behind me. Much has been written and said of grief, but how little do we know of its poignant nature, till we suffer the loss of some dear friend. 'Tis when we behold an object of deep affection lying passive and dead—but a thing of clay unconscious of the pain it gives, that we feel *that* sorrow, which language is too feeble to express. I found it so, when upon returning to the cabin a few hours afterward, I found the dead bodies of all my friends mutilated and weltering in their blood. Around the body of poor Ralph lay six Indians, with their skulls beat in; his gun furnishing evidence, by its mutilated state, of the force with which he had used it. My story is soon

(*) Near the spot where the cabin stands are the remains of immense works, but by whom and when built will forever remain hidden.

finished. As the tears streamed from my eyes, I dug a grave where I deposited the remains of my friends, and after placing a large stone above their resting-place, I departed, wishing never to return to the spot again, and I never have."

HAZEL-BROOK FARM.

ROBERT AINSLIE, with his family, emigrated from Scotland about the year of 1843, and settled upon a new farm in the backwoods, in the township of R. in Eastern Canada. I can say but little regarding his early life, but have been informed that he was the eldest of quite a large family of sons and daughters; and also that he was a dutiful son as well as a kind and affectionate brother. It seems that he married quite early in life, and at that period he tended a small farm adjoining the one occupied by his father. The utmost harmony existed between the two families, and they lived in the daily interchange of those little offices of love and kindness which render friends so dear to each other. Several years glided by in this happy manner, but reverses at length came; and Robert formed the plan of emigrating to America. But when he saw how much his parents were grieved by the thought of his seeking a home on the other side of the Atlantic, he forbore to talk further of the matter, and decided to remain at home for another year at least. That year however

proved a very unfortunate one ; his crops were scanty ; and toward the spring he met with some severe losses, by a distemper which broke out among his farm stock. As the season advanced, he became so disheartened by his gloomy prospects, that he decided to carry out his former plan of emigrating to Canada ; where he hoped by persevering industry to secure a comfortable home for himself, and those dear to him. He had little difficulty in persuading his wife to accompany him, as her parents, with her two brothers and one sister, had emigrated some two years previous. It was more difficult however for him to persuade his father and mother that his decision was a wise one. " If ye maun leave us," said his mother, " can ye no seek anither hame nearer han', an' no gang awa across the water to yon' wild place they ca' Canada?" " We maun try to be reasonable, woman," said his father, " but I canna deny that the thought o' our first born son gaun sae far awa gie's me a sair heart." It was equally hard for the son to bid farewell to the land of his birth, and of a thousand endearing ties ; but prudence whispered that now was his time to go, while he had youth and health, to meet the hardships that often fall to the lot of the emigrant. When his parents saw how much his mind was set upon it they ceased to oppose his wishes, and with his wife and children, he soon joined the large numbers who, at that period, were leaving the British, for the Canadian shores,

As may be readily supposed, the parting between the two families was a very sad one ; but the last adieus were finally exchanged, and the poor emigrants were borne away on the billows of the Atlantic. During the first few days of their voyage they all, with the exception of their youngest child, suffered much from sea-sickness. This child was a little girl about three years old ; and it seemed singular to them, that she should escape the sickness, from which nearly all the passengers suffered, more or less. They soon recovered ; the weather was fine, and many of their fellow passengers were very agreeable companions, and they began really to enjoy the voyage. But this happy state of things was but of short duration. Their little girl, wee Susie, as they called her, was seized with illness. They felt but little anxiety at the first, thinking it but as light indisposition from which she would soon recover ; but when day after day passed away with no visible change for the better they became alarmed, and summoned the physician, who pronounced her disease a kind of slow fever, which he said often attacked those who escaped the sea-sickness. He told the anxious parents not to be alarmed, as he hoped soon to succeed in checking the disease. But with all the physician's skill, aided by the unceasing attention of her fond parents, the sad truth that wee Susie was to die soon became evident. When the sorrowing parents became sensible that their child must die, they

prayed earnestly that her life might be prolonged till they should reach the land. But for some wise reason their prayer was not granted ; and when their voyage was but little more than half accomplished she died, and they were forced to consign her loved form to a watery grave. The lovely prattling child had been a general favourite with all on board, and her sudden death cast a gloom over the minds of all. Words would fail me to describe the grief of the parents and the two affectionate little brothers when they realized that "wee Susie" was indeed gone, and that they could never enjoy even the melancholy satisfaction of beholding her resting-place. Mr. Ainslie's domestic affections were very strong, and to him the blow was terrible. He now deeply regretted removing his family from their Scottish home, entertaining the idea, that had they not undertaken this journey their child might have been spared ; and he wrote bitter things against himself for the step he had taken. Deep as was the mother's grief, she was forced to place a restraint upon it that she might comfort her almost heart broken husband. Upon one occasion, in reply to some of his self upbraidings, she said, "I think, Robert, you're owre hard on yoursel' now, when ye tak the blame o' puir Susie's death ; ye surely canna think itherwise than the dear bairn's time had come ; an' had we bided at hame it would ha' been a' the same ; for we dinna leeve an' dee by chance, and the

bounds o' our lives are set by Him who kens a' things." These consoling words from his sympathizing wife tended to lighten, in some measure, the burden of sorrow which oppressed his heart. The weather during the latter part of their voyage was stormy and uncomfortable, and they were truly glad when they at length reached the Canadian port. At the city of Montreal they parted with all those who had been their fellow passengers, as all except themselves were bound for the Upper Province, while they intended joining their friends in Lower Canada.

In the days of which I am speaking the emigrants' journey from the city of Montreal to the townships was toilsome in the extreme; and the same journey, which is now accomplished in a few hours by railway, was then the work of several days; and the only mode of conveyance for themselves and their luggage, were the horse-carts hired for the occasion. But their fatiguing journey was at length terminated; and they arrived safely at the bush settlement in R., where the friends of Mrs. Ainslie resided. That now thriving and prosperous settlement was then in its infancy, and possessed but few external attractions to the new comer; for at the period when Mrs. Ainslie's parents settled there it was an unbroken wilderness. It is needless for me to add that the wayworn travellers met with a joyous welcome from the friends who had been long anxiously looking for their arrival. Mr. and

Mrs. Miller were overjoyed to meet again their daughter, from whom they had been so long separated by the deep roll of the ocean ; and almost their first enquiry was for the " wee lassie," who when they left Scotland was less than a twelve month old. Mr. Ainslie was unable to reply, and looked toward his wife as if beseeching her to answer to their enquiry. She understood the mute appeal, and composing herself by a strong effort said : " My dear father an' mither, a great grief has o'erta'en us sin' we left hame', an' our hearts are wellnigh broken ; we buried wee Susie in the caul waters o' the ocean." She endeavoured to relate to them the particulars of the child's death ; but her feelings overcame her, and for some moments they could only weep together. When Mr. Miller was able to command his voice he said, " God is good, my children, an' overrules a' things for our good, let us bow before him in prayer ;" and when they rose from their knees, they felt calmed and comforted, by the soothing influence of prayer. With the two boys, Geordie and Willie, fatigue soon got the better of their joy at meeting with their friends, and they were soon enjoying the sound sleep of healthful childhood ; but with the elder members of the family, so much was there to hear and to tell that the hour was very late when they separated to seek repose. Mr. Ainslie decided upon purchasing a lot of land, lying some two miles north of the farm occupied by Mr. Miller.

Although it was covered with a dense forest, its location pleased him, and the soil was excellent, and he looked forward to the time when he might there provide a pleasant home. They arrived at R. on the first of July. There were beside Mr. Miller but three other families in the settlement ; but they were all very kind to the newly arrived strangers, and they assisted Mr. Ainslie in various ways while he effected a small clearing upon his newly purchased farm. They also lent him a willing hand in the erection of a small log house, to which he removed his family in the fall ; Mrs. Ainslie and the children having remained with her parents during the summer ; and kind as their friends had been, they were truly glad when they found themselves again settled in a home of their own, however humble. They were people of devoted piety, and they did not neglect to erect the family altar the first night they rested beneath the lowly roof of their forest home. I could not, were I desirous of so doing, give a detailed account of the trials and hardships they endured during the first few years of their residence in the bush ; but they doubtless experienced their share of the privations and discouragements which fall to the lot of the first settlers of a new section of country. The first winter they passed in their new home was one of unusual severity for even the rigorous climate of Eastern Canada, and poor Mrs. Ainslie often during that winter regretted the willingness with

which she bade adieu to her early home, to take up her abode in the dreary wilderness. They found the winter season very trying indeed, living as they did two miles from any neighbour ; and the only road to the dwelling of a neighbour was a foot-track through the blazed trees, and the road such as it was, was too seldom trodden during the deep snows of winter, to render the footmarks discernible for any length of time. Their stores had all to be purchased at the nearest village, which was distant some seven miles, and Mr. Ainslie often found it very difficult to make his way through the deep snows which blocked up the roads, and to endure the biting frost and piercing winds on his journeys to and from the village. In after years when they had learned to feel a deep interest in the growth of the settlement, they often looked back with a smile to the "homesickness" which oppressed their hearts, while struggling with the first hardships of life in the bush. Mr. Ainslie and his family, notwithstanding their many privations, enjoyed uninterrupted health through the winter, and before the arrival of spring they already felt a growing interest in their new home. Mrs. Ainslie regarded the labours of the workmen with much attention during the winter, while they felled the trees which had covered nearly ten acres of their farm. As each tree fell to the ground it opened a wider space in the forest and afforded a broader view of the blue sky. A stream of

water, which in many places would have been termed a river, but which there only bore the name of Hazel-Brook, flowed near their dwelling, and as the spring advanced, the belt of forest which concealed it from view having been felled, she gained a view of its sparkling waters when the warm showers and genial rays of the sun loosened them from their icy fetters ; and she often afterward remarked that the view of those clear waters was the first thing which tended to reconcile her to a home in the forest. With the coming of spring their " life in the woods," began in earnest. When the earth was relieved of its snowy mantle, the fallen trunks of the trees, with piles of brush-wood were scattered in every direction about their dwelling. But the fallow was burned as soon as it was considered sufficiently dry, the blackened logs were piled in heaps, and the ground was prepared for its first crop of grain. The green blades soon sprang up and covered the ground, where a short time before was only to be seen the unsightly fallow or the remains of the partially consumed logs.

It was a long time before Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie became reconciled to the change in their circumstances, when they exchanged the comforts and conveniences of their home beyond the sea, for the log cabin in the wilderness. Cut off as they were from the privileges of society to which they had been accustomed from childhood, they felt keenly the want of

a place of worship, with each returning Sabbath ; and next to this, the want of a school for their two boys ; for taken as a people the Scotch are intelligent ; and we rarely meet with a Scotchman, even among the poorer classes, who has not obtained a tolerable education. And the careful parents felt much anxiety when they beheld their children debarred from the advantages of education ; but to remedy the want as much as lay in their power, they devoted the greater part of what little leisure time they could command to the instruction of their boys. They had been regular attendants at their own parish church in the old country ; and very sensibly they felt the want, as Sabbath after Sabbath, passed away, with no service to mark it from other days. " It just seems," said Mr. Ainslie, " that sin' we cam' to America we ha'e nae Sabbath ava." In order to meet the want in some measure, he proposed to the few neighbours which there formed the settlement, that they should assemble at one house, on each Sabbath afternoon, and listen to the reading of a sermon by some one present. " I think it our duty," said he, " to show our respect to the Sabbath-day by assembling ourselves together, and uniting in worship to the best o' our ability." I ha'e among my books a collection o' sermons by different divines, an' I am verra willin' to tak' my turn in the readin' o' ane, an' I'm sure you should a' be agreeable to do the same." His proposal met with the hearty

approval of all his neighbours, and for some years each Sabbath afternoon saw most of the neighbours collected together for the best mode of worship within their reach. The bush settlements at this period were much infected by bears, and they often proved very destructive to the crop of the early settler, and also a cause of no little fear. I believe the instances have been rare when a bear has been known to attack a person, although it has happened in some cases; but the immigrant has so often listened to exaggerated accounts regarding the wild animals of America, that those who settle in a new section of country find it difficult to get rid of their fears. On one occasion when the Sabbath meeting met at Mr. Ainslie's house, Mrs. Ainslie urged her mother to remain and partake of some refreshment before setting out on her walk homeward. "Na, na'" replied the old lady, "I maun e'en gang while I ha'e company, I dinna expec' to leeve muckle longer at ony rate, but wouldna' like to be eaten by the bears;" and for several years the one who ventured alone to the house of a neighbour after dark was looked upon as possessing more courage than prudence. But although the settlers often came across these animals, on the bush-road, I never heard of one being attacked by them. An old man upon one occasion returning in the evening from the house of a friend, and carrying in his hand a torch-light composed of bark from the cedar tree, suddenly

met a large bear in the thick woods. Being asked if he was not frightened, he replied, "Deed I think the bear was 'maist frightened o' the twa', for he just stood up on his twa hind legs, and glowered at me for a wee while till I waved the torch light toward him, when he gi' an awfu' snort, and ran into the woods as fast's ever he was able, an' I cam awa' hame no a bit the war, an' I think I'll never be sae' muckle feared about bears again." But these early settlers certainly found these animals very troublesome from their frequent depredations upon their fields of grain, and they often spent a large portion of the night watching for them, prepared to give them battle, but it was not often they saw one on these occasions, for these animals are very cunning, and seem at once to know when they are watched. It sometimes also happened that during the early period of this settlement people lost their way in the bush while going from one house to another. A woman once set out to go to the house of a neighbour who lived about a mile distant. Supposing herself on the right path she walked onward, till thinking the way rather long she stopped and gazed earnestly around her, and became terrified as she noticed that the trees and rocks, and every other surrounding object had a strange unfamiliar look; and she knew at once that she had taken a wrong path.

Becoming much alarmed she endeavoured to retrace

her steps, but after walking a long time would often return to the spot from which she set out. She left home about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and her friends, alarmed at her long stay, called together some of their neighbours and set out to look for her, knowing that she must have lost her way in the forest. They continued their search through the afternoon, sounding horns, hallooing, and calling her name, as they hurried through the tangled underbrush, and other obstructions, and at sunset they returned to procure torches with which to continue their search through the night; her friends were almost beside themselves with terror, and all the stories they had heard or read of people being devoured by wild animals rushed across their minds. But just when they had collected nearly every settler in the vicinity, and were preparing their torches to continue the search, the woman arrived safely at home, with no further injury than being thoroughly frightened, and very much fatigued. She stated that she had walked constantly, from the time when she became aware she was lost, and that she was so much bewildered that she at the first did not know their own clearing, till some familiar object attracted her attention. As the neighbours were going to their homes, after the woman's return, they were, naturally enough, talking of the matter, regarding it as a cause of deep thankfulness that no harm had befallen her. Mr. G., one of the number, although a

very kind hearted man, had an odd dry manner of speaking which often provoked a laugh. It so happened that the woman who was lost was very small, her stature being much below the medium height. Laughter was far enough from the mind of any one, till old Mr. G., who had not before made a remark, suddenly said, "sic a wee body as you should never attemp' to gang awa' her lane through the bush without a bell hanged aboot her neck to let people ken where to find her in case she should gang off the richt road." This was too much for the gravity of any one; and the stillness of the summer night was broken by a burst of hearty laughter from the whole company; and the old man made the matter little better, when the laugh had subsided, by saying in a very grave manner, "well, after a' I think it would be a verra wise-like precaution wi' sic a wee bit body as her." Time passed on; other settlers located themselves in the vicinity, and the settlement soon began to wear a prosperous appearance. As soon as circumstances allowed, a school-house was erected, which, if rude in structure, answered the purpose very well. For some time the school was only kept open during the summer and autumn, as the long distance and deep snows forbade the attendance of young children during the winter season. They had as yet no public worship, except the Sabbath meetings before mentioned, which were now held in the schoolhouse for the

greater convenience of the settlers. Mr. Ainslie was a man of much industry ; and although his home was for some years two miles from any neighbour, it soon wore a pleasing appearance. The most pleasing feature in the scene was the beautiful stream of water which ran near his dwelling, and after which he named his farm. In five years from the time when he first settled in the bush, he exchanged his rude log house for a comfortable and convenient framed dwelling, with a well-kept garden in front, and near his house were left standing some fine shade-trees which added much to the beauty of the place. In process of time, the excellent quality of the soil in that range of lots attracted others to locate themselves in the vicinity ; and Hazel-Brook farm soon formed the centre of a fast growing neighbourhood. Two sons and another daughter had been added to Mr. Ainslie's family during this time ; and the birth of the little girl was an occasion of much joy to all the family. They had never forgotten " wee Susie," and all the love which they bore to her memory was lavished upon this second daughter in the family. The elder brothers were anxious to bestow the name of their lost favourite, upon their infant sister, but the parents objected, having rather a dislike to the practice, so common, of bestowing upon a child a name that had belonged to the dead ; and so the little girl was named Jennette, after her grandmother, Mrs. Miller. About this time

old Mr. Miller died. He was an old man, "full of days," having seen nearly eighty years of life. He had ever been a man of strong constitution and robust health, and his last illness was very short; and from the first he was confident that he should never recover. When he first addressed his family upon the subject they were overwhelmed with grief. "Dinna greet for me," said he in a calm and hopeful voice, "I ha'e already leaved ayont the period allotted to the life o' man. I ha'e striven in my ain imperfect way to do my duty in this life, an' I am thankfu' that I am able to say that I dinna fear death; and I feel that when I dee I shall gang hame to the house o' a mercifu' Father." So peaceful was his departure, that although surrounded by his mourning friends, they were unable to tell the exact moment of his death. Like a wearied child that sleeps, he quietly passed away. They had no burial ground in the settlement, and he was laid to rest several miles from his home. His family, with the exception of one son, had all married and removed to homes of their own some time previous to his death; and to this son was assigned the happy task of watching over the declining years of his widowed mother. Mr. Miller, as a dying injunction, charged this son never to neglect his mother in her old age, and most sacredly did he observe the dying wishes of his father. Mrs. Miller was also of advanced age. For three years longer she lingered, and was then laid to rest beside her departed husband.

Twenty years have passed-away since we introduced Robert Ainsley with his family to the reader. Let us pay a parting visit to Hazel-Brook farm and note the changes which these twenty-years have effected. The forest has melted away before the hand of steady industry, and we pass by cultivated fields on our way to the farm of Mr. Ainslie. The clearings have extended till very few trees obstruct our view as we gaze over the farms of the numerous settlers, which are now separated by fences instead of forest trees. But the loveliest spot of all is Hazel-Brook farm. The farmhouse of Robert Ainslie, enlarged and remodelled according to his increased means, is painted a pure white, and very pleasant it looks to the eye, through the branches of the shade-trees which nearly surround it. The clear waters of Hazel-Brook are as bright and sparkling as ever. The banks near the dwelling are still fringed with trees and various kinds of shrubs ; but farther up the stream all obstructions have been cleared away, and the sound of a saw-mill falls upon the ear. Let us enter the dwelling. Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, although now no longer young, evince by their cheerful countenance that they yet retain both mental and bodily vigor. As yet their children all remain at home, as the boys find ample employment upon the farm, and at the mill ; while Jennette assists her mother in the labours of the household. For many years the setting sun has rested upon the gleaming spire of

the neat and substantial church erected by the settlers ; and now upon the Sabbath day, instead of listening to a sermon read by a neighbour, they listen to the regular preaching of the gospel, and each one according to his means contributes to the support of their minister. It was Mr. Ainslie who first incited the settlers to exert themselves in the erection of a suitable place for worship. Some of his neighbours at the first were not inclined to favour the idea, thinking the neighbourhood too poor for the undertaking. But he did not suffer himself to become discouraged, and after considerable delay the frame of the building was erected. When the building was once begun, they all seemed to work with a will, and to the utmost of their ability. Those who were unable to give money brought contributions of lumber, boards, shingles, &c., besides giving their own labour freely to the work ; and in a short time the work had so far advanced that they were able to occupy the building as a place of worship, although in an unfinished state. But the contributions were continued year after year, till at length they were privileged to worship in a church which they could call their own. Mr. Ainslie was a man of talents and education, superior to most of the early settlers in that section, and it was his counsel, administered in a spirit of friendship and brotherly kindness, which worked many improvements and effected many changes for the better as the years rolled by. As we turn

away with a parting glance at the pleasing scene, we cannot help mentally saying,—surely the residents in this vicinity owe much to Robert Ainslie for the interest he has ever taken in the prosperity and improvements of the place, and long may both he and they live to enjoy the fruit of their united labours.

OLD RUFUS.



THE memory of Old Rufus is so closely connected with the days of my childhood that I cannot refrain from indulging in a few recollections of him. The name of Old Rufus was not applied to him from any want of respect; but it was owing to his advanced age, and long residence in our vicinity, that he received this appellation. His name was Rufus Dudley. I remember him as an old man when I was a very young child; and his residence in the neighbourhood dated back to a period many years previous to the time of which I speak. He was born in the state of New York, where he resided during the early portion of his life, and where he married. His wife died before his removal to Canada. When he first came to the Province he located himself in a town a few miles from the village of C., where he married a second time. When first he removed to R., he was for some years employed in a saw-mill and earned a comfortable support for his family. My knowledge of his early residence in R. is indefinite, as he had lived there for many years previous to my recol-

lection, and all I know concerning the matter is what I have heard spoken of at different times by my parents and other old residents of the place. It would seem however that his second marriage was, for him, very unfortunate, for to use his own words, "he never afterward had any peace of his life." I have been informed that his wife was possessed of a pleasing person and manners, but added to this she also possessed a most dreadful temper; which when roused sometimes rendered her insane for the time being; and finally some trouble arose between them which ended in a separation for life. They had two grown-up daughters at the time of their separation, who accompanied their mother to a town at considerable distance from their former home. In a short time the daughters married and removed to homes of their own. Their mother removed to one of the Eastern States. She survived her husband for several years, but she is now also dead. Soon after he became separated from his family Old Rufus gave up the saw-mill and removed to a small log house, upon a piece of land to which he possessed some kind of claim, and from that time till his death, lived entirely alone. He managed to cultivate a small portion of the land, which supplied him with provisions, and he at times followed the trade of a cooper, to eke out his slender means. His family troubles had broken his spirits, and destroyed his ambition, and for years he lived a lonely

dispirited man. He was possessed of sound common sense and had also received a tolerable education, to which was added a large stock of what might be properly termed general information ; and I have often since wondered how he could have reconciled himself to the seemingly aimless and useless life which he led for so many years. But in our intercourse with men, we often meet with characters who are a sore puzzle to us ; and old Rufus was one of those. When quite young I have often laughed at a circumstance I have heard related regarding the violent temper of his wife ; but indeed it was no laughing matter. It seems that in some instances she gave vent to her anger by something more weighty than words. Old Rufus one day entered the house of a neighbor with marks of blows on his face, and was asked the cause. He never spoke of his wife's faults if he could avoid it ; but on this occasion he sat for a moment as though considering what reply to make, and finally said : " O ! there is not much the matter with my face any way, only Polly and I had a little brush this morning." I know not how serious the matter was, but Old Rufus certainly came off second in the encounter. This aged man is so deeply connected with the early scenes of my home life that I yet cherish a tender regard for his memory ; although the flowers of many summers have scattered their blossoms, and the snows of many winters have descended upon his grave. He was on familiar terms

with almost every family in the neighbourhood, and every one made him welcome to a place at their table, or a night's lodging as the case might be ; and I well remember the attention with which I used to listen to his conversation during the long winter evenings, when, as was often the case, he passed a night in our dwelling. I recollect one time when the sight of Old Rufus was very welcome to me. When about nine years of age, I accompanied my brothers to the Sugar bush one afternoon in spring ; and during a long continued run of the sap from the maple trees it was often necessary to keep the sugar kettles boiling through the night to prevent waste. On the afternoon in question, my brothers intended remaining over night in the bush, and I obtained permission to stay with them, thinking it would be something funny to sleep in a shanty in the woods. The sugar-bush was about two miles from our dwelling, and I was much elated by the prospect of being allowed to assist in the labors of sugar-making. My brothers laughingly remarked that I would probably have enough of the woods, and be willing to return home when night came, but I thought otherwise. During the afternoon I assisted in tending the huge fires, and the singing of the birds, and the chippering of the squirrels as they hopped in the branches of the tall trees, delighted me, and the hours passed swiftly by, till the sun went down behind the trees and the shades of evening began to gather about us. As the

darkness increased, I began to think the sugar-bush not the most desirable place in the world, in which to pass the night, and all the stories I had ever heard of bears, wolves, and other wild animals rushed across my mind, and filled me with terror. I would have given the world, had it been at my disposal, to have been safely at home; and it was only the dread of being laughed at, which prevented me from begging my brothers to take me there. And when darkness had entirely settled over the earth, and the night-owls set up their discordant screams, my fears reached a climax. I had never before listened to their hideous noise, and had not the slightest idea of what it was. I had often heard old hunters speak of a wild animal, called the catamount, which they allowed had been seen in the Canadian forests during the early settlement of the country. I had heard this animal described as being of large size, and possessing such strength and agility, as enabled them to spring from the boughs of one tree to those of another without touching the ground, and at such times their savage cries were such as to fill the heart of the boldest hunter with terror. I shall never forget the laugh which my grown-up brothers enjoyed at my expense, when trembling with terror, I enquired if they thought a catamount was not approaching among the tree-tops. "Do not be alarmed," said they, "for the noises which frighten you so much proceeds from nothing more formidable than

owls." Their answer, however, did not satisfy me, and I kept a sharp look-out among the branches of the surrounding trees lest the dreaded monster should descend upon us unawares. Old Rufus was boiling sap, half a mile from us, and it was a joyful moment to me, when he suddenly approached us, out of the darkness, saying, "Well, boys, don't you want company? I have got my sap all boiled in, and as I felt kinder lonesome, I thought I would come across, and sleep by your shanty fire." The old man enquired why I seemed so much terrified, and my brothers told him that I would persist in calling a screech-owl, a catamount. Old Rufus did not often laugh, but he laughed heartily on this occasion, and truly it was no wonder, and when he corroborated what my brothers had already told me, I decided that what he said must be true. His presence at once gave me a feeling of protection and security, and creeping close to his side on the cedar boughs which formed our bed, while the immense fire blazed in front of our tent, I soon forgot my childish fears, in a sound sleep which remained unbroken till the morning sun was shining brightly above the trees. But it was long before I heard the last of the night I spent in the bush; and as often as my brothers wished to tease me, they would enquire if I had lately heard the cries of a catamount? Time passed on till I grew up, and leaving the paternal home went forth to make my own way in the world.

Old Rufus still resided in R. When a child I used to fancy that he would never seem older than he had appeared since my earliest recollection of him ; but about the time I left home there was a very observable change in his appearance. I noticed that his walk was slow and feeble, and his form was bending beneath the weight of years, and his hair was becoming white by the frosts of time. I occasionally visited my parents, and during these visits I frequently met with my old friend ; and it was evident that he was fast failing, and was fast losing his hold of life. He still resided alone, much against the wishes of his neighbours, but his old habits still clung to him. I removed to a longer distance and visited my early home less frequently. Returning to R., after a longer absence than usual, I learned that the health of Old Rufus had so much failed, that the neighbours, deeming it unsafe for him to remain longer alone, at length persuaded him to remove to the house of a neighbour, where each one contributed toward his support. His mind had become weak as well as his body ; indeed he had become almost a child again, and it was but a short time that he required the kind attentions which all his old neighbours bestowed upon him. I remained at home for several weeks, and ere I left, I followed the remains of Old Rufus to the grave. I have stood by many a grave of both kindred and stranger ; never before or since have I seen one

laid in the grave without the presence of some relative; but no one stood by his grave who bore to him the least relationship. It was on a mild Sabbath afternoon in midsummer that we laid him to rest in the burial ground of R.; and if none of his kindred stood by to shed the tear of natural affection, there was many a cheek wet with the tear of sensibility when the coffin was lowered to its silent abode. I am unable to state his exact age, but I am certain that it considerably exceeded eighty years; and from what I can recollect of his life, I have a strong hope, that death opened to him a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

THE DIAMOND RING.

AND has it indeed come to this," said Mrs. Harris, addressing her daughter Ellen, "must I part with my mother's last gift to obtain bread?" Mrs. Harris, as she spoke, held in her hand a costly diamond ring, and the tears gathered in her eyes, as the rays of light falling upon the brilliants caused them to glow like liquid fire. This costly ornament would have struck the beholder as strangely out of place in the possession of this poor widow, in that scantily furnished room; but a few words regarding the past history of Mrs. Harris and her daughter will explain their present circumstances. Mrs. Harris was born and educated in England, and when quite young was employed as governess in a gentleman's family. Circumstances at length caused the family with whom she resided to cross the Atlantic and take up their abode in the ancient city of Quebec. The young governess had no remaining ties to bind her to England. Her parents had been dead for many years; she had no sisters, and her only brother, soon after the death of their parents, went to seek his fortune in

the gold regions of California. Some years had passed since she heard any tidings from him, and she feared he was no longer among the living, and when the family with whom she had so long resided left England for America, they persuaded her to accompany them. In process of time she was married to a wealthy merchant, and removed to Western Canada. Their union was a very happy one, and for some years, they lived in the enjoyment of worldly prosperity and happiness. But it often happens that sad and unlooked-for reverses succeed a season of long continued prosperity; and it was so in this case. I am not aware that Mr. Harris's failure in business was brought about through any imprudence on his part; but was owing to severe and unexpected losses. He had entered into various speculations, which bid fair to prove profitable, but which proved a complete failure, and one stroke of ill fortune followed another in rapid succession, till the day of utter ruin came. He gave up every thing; even his house and furniture was sacrificed to meet the clamorous demands of his hard-hearted creditors; and his family was thus suddenly reduced from a state of ease and affluence to absolute poverty. Mr. Harris possessed a very proud spirit, and his nature was sensitive, and he could not endure the humiliation of remaining where they had formerly been so happy. He knew the world sufficiently well to be aware that they would now meet with coldness and neglect even

from those who had formerly been proud of their notice, and shrank from the trial, and with the small amount he had been able to secure out of the general wreck, he removed to the city of Toronto, some three hundred miles from their former home. They had but little money remaining when they reached the city, and Mr. Harris felt the necessity of at once seeking some employment, for a stranger destitute of money in a large city is in no enviable position. For some time he was unsuccessful in every application he made for employment, and he was glad at length to accept the situation of copyist in a Lawyer's Office, till something better might offer. His salary barely sufficed for their support, yet they were thankful even for that. His constitution had never been robust, and the anxiety of mind under which he labored told severely upon his health. He exerted himself to the utmost, but his health failed rapidly; he was soon obliged to give up work, and in a little more than a year from the time of their removal to Toronto, he died, leaving his wife and daughter friendless and destitute. Their situation was extremely sad, when thus left alone; they had made no acquaintances during the year they had resided in the city, and had no friend to whom they could apply for aid; after paying her husband's funeral expenses, Mrs. Harris found herself well-nigh destitute of money, and she felt the urgent necessity of exerting herself to obtain employment by which

they at least might earn a subsistence. The widow and her daughter found much difficulty at first in obtaining employment. Some to whom they applied had no work ; others did not give out work to strangers ; and for several days Mrs. Harris returned weary and desponding to her home, after spending a large portion of the day in the disagreeable task of seeking employment from strangers ; but after a time she succeeded in obtaining employment, and as their work proved satisfactory they had soon an ample supply ; but just when their prospects were beginning to brighten Mrs. Harris was visited by a severe illness. They had been able to lay by a small sum previous to her illness, and it was well they had done so, for during her sickness she required almost the constant attention of her daughter, which deprived them of any means of support ; but after several weeks of severe illness she began slowly to recover, and this brings us to the time where our story opens. The ring which Mrs. Harris held in her hand, had been for many, many years an heir-loom in the English family to which she belonged. To her it was the dying gift of her mother, and the thoughts of parting with it cost her a bitter pang. But she had no friends to whom she might apply for aid ; and to a refined and sensitive nature, almost anything else is preferable to seeking charity from strangers. The ring was the only article of value which she retained, and sore as was the trial,

she saw no other way of meeting their present wants, than by disposing of this her only relic of former affluence and happiness; and she trusted, that by the time the money which the sale of the ring would bring should be expended, they would be again able to resume their employment. With a heavy heart Ellen Harris set out to dispose of this cherished memento. She remembered an extensive jewelry shop, which she had often passed, as she carried home parcels of work, and thither she made her way. The shop-keeper was an elderly man with daughters of his own, and he had so often noticed this pale sad-looking young girl as she passed his window, that he recognized her countenance the moment she entered the shop; and when in a low timid voice she enquired if he would purchase the ring, he was satisfied that he was correct in his former conjecture, that she belonged to a family of former wealth and respectability. But young as she was there was a certain reserve and dignity in her manner, which forbade any questions on his part. The man had for many years carried on a lucrative business in his line, and he was now wealthy; and knowing that he could afford to wait till the ring should find a purchaser he had no fears of losing money on so valuable an article; and, as is not often the case in such transactions, he paid her a fair price for the ring, although less than its real value. Ellen returned, much elated by her success; the money she had received for the

ring seemed to them in their present circumstances a small fortune. "Little did once I think" said the widow, as she carefully counted the bank-notes, "that a few paltry pounds would ever seem of so much value to me; but perhaps it is well that we should sometimes experience the want of money, that we may learn how to make a proper use of it, and be more helpful to those less favoured than ourselves." The money they obtained more than sufficed for their support, till Mrs. Harris so far recovered, as to allow them again to resume their employment. They now had no difficulty in obtaining work, and although obliged to toil early and late, they became cheerful and contented; although they could not but feel the change in their circumstances, and often contrast the happy past, with their present lot of labor and toil.

The shopkeeper burnished up the setting of the diamonds and placed the ring among many others in the show-case upon his counter. But so expensive an ornament as this does not always find a ready purchaser, and for some months it remained unsold. One afternoon a gentleman entered the shop to make some trifling purchase, and, as the shopkeeper happened to be engaged with a customer, he remained standing at the counter, till he should be at leisure, and his eye wandered carelessly over the articles in the show-case. Suddenly he started, changed countenance, and when the shopkeeper came forward to attend to him he

said in a voice of suppressed eagerness, "will you allow me to examine that ring," pointing as he spoke to the diamond ring sold by Ellen Harris. "Certainly Sir, certainly," said the obliging shop-keeper, who, hoping that the ring had at last found a purchaser, immediately placed it in his hand for inspection. The gentleman turned the ring in his hand, and carefully examined the sparkling diamonds as well as the antique setting; and when he observed the initials, engraved upon the inside, he grew pale as marble, and hurriedly addressed the astonished shopkeeper saying, "In the name of pity, tell me where you obtained this ring?" "I am very willing to inform you," said the man how this ring came into my possession. Several months ago a young girl, of very delicate and lady-like appearance, brought this ring here and desired me to purchase it. She seemed very anxious to dispose of the ornament, and, thinking I could easily sell it again, I paid her a fair price and took the ring, and that is all I can tell you about the matter." "You do not know the lady's name?" said the gentleman anxiously. "I do not," replied the man, but I have frequently seen her pass in the street. "The circumstance of her selling me this valuable ring caused me to notice her particularly, and I recognized her countenance ever after." "Name your price for the ring," said the gentleman,— "I must purchase it at any price; and the next thing, I must, if possible, find the lady who brought it here,


I have seen this ring before, and that is all I wish to say of the matter at present; but is there no way in which you can assist me in obtaining an interview with this young lady?" "I have no knowledge of her name or residence; but if you were in my shop when she chanced to pass here I could easily point her out to you in the street." "You may think my conduct somewhat strange," said the gentleman, but believe me my reasons for seeking an interview with this young lady are most important, and if you can point her out to me in the street I will endeavour to learn her residence, as that will be something gained." Before the gentleman left the shop he paid for the ring, and placed it in his pocket. For several days, he frequented the shop of the jeweller with the hope of gaining a view of the lady. At length one morning the shop-keeper suddenly directed his attention to a lady passing in the street, saying, "there, Sir, is the young lady from whom I purchased the ring." He waited to hear no more, but, stepping hastily into the street, followed the lady at a respectful distance; but never losing sight of her for a moment till she entered her home two streets distant from the shop of the jeweller. He approached the door and rang the bell; The door was opened by the same young lady, whose manner exhibited not a little embarrassment, when she beheld a total stranger; and he began to feel himself in an awkward position. He was at a loss how

to address her till, recollecting that he must explain his visit in some way, he said : " Pardon the intrusion of a stranger ; but, by your permission, I would like to enter the house, and have a word of conversation with you. The young girl regarded the man earnestly for a moment ; but his manner was so gentlemanly and deferential that she could do no less than invite him to enter the little sitting-room where her mother was at work, and ask him to be seated. He bowed to Mrs. Harris on entering the room, then seating himself he addressed the young lady saying. " The peculiar circumstances in which I am placed must serve as my apology for asking you a question which you may consider impertinent." Are you the young lady who, some months since, sold a diamond ring to a jeweller on Grafton street ?" Mrs. Harris raised her eyes to the stranger's face ; and the proud English blood which flowed in her veins mantled her cheek as she replied, " Before I permit my daughter to answer the questions of a stranger, you will be so kind as explain your right to question." The stranger sprang from his seat at the sound of her voice, and exclaimed in a voice tremulous from emotion, " don't you know me Eliza, I am your long lost brother George." The reader will, doubtless, be better able to imagine the scene which followed than I am to describe it. Everything was soon explained, many letters had been sent which never reached their destination ; he knew not

that his sister had left England, and after writing again and again and receiving no reply, he ceased altogether from writing. During the first years of his sojourn in California, he was unfortunate, and was several times brought to the brink of the grave by sickness. After a time fortune smiled upon his efforts, till he at length grew immensely rich, and finally left the burning skies of California to return to England. He landed at New York and intended, after visiting the Canadas, to sail for England. The brother and sister had parted in their early youth, and it is no wonder that they failed to recognise each other when each had passed middle age. The brother was most changed of the two. His complexion had grown very dark, and he had such a foreign look that, when convinced of the fact, Mrs. Harris could hardly believe him to be one and the same with the stripling brother from whom she parted in England so many years ago. He was, of course, not aware of his sister's marriage, and he listened with sorrow to the story of her bereavement and other misfortune. "You must now place a double value upon our family ring," said he, as he replaced the lost treasure upon his sister's hand; for it is this diamond ring which has restored to each other the brother and sister which otherwise might never have met again on earth. And now both you and your daughter must prepare for a voyage to dear old England. You need have no anxiety for the

future ; I have enough for us all and you shall want no more. Before leaving the City, accompanied by her brother, Mrs. Harris visited the grave of her husband ; and the generous brother attended to the erection of a suitable tomb-stone, as the widow had before been unable to meet the expenses of it. Passing through the Upper Province they reached Montreal, whence they sailed for England. After a prosperous voyage they found themselves amid the familiar scenes of their childhood, where they still live in the enjoyment of as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of mortals.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

N a sultry afternoon in midsummer I was walking on a lonely, unfrequented road in the Township of S. My mind was busily occupied, and I paid little attention to surrounding objects till a hollow, unnatural voice addressed me saying: "Look up my friend, and behold the unfortunate man." I raised my eyes suddenly, and, verily, the appearance of the being before me justified his self-bestowed appellation—the unfortunate man. I will do my best to describe him, although I am satisfied that my description will fall far short of the reality. He was uncommonly tall, and one thing which added much to the oddity of his appearance was the inequality of length in his legs, one being shorter by several inches than the other, and, to make up for the deficiency, he wore on the short leg a boot with a very high heel. He seemed to be past middle age, his complexion was sallow and unhealthy, he was squint-eyed, and his hair, which had once been of a reddish hue, was then a grizzly gray. Taken all together he was a strange looking object, and I soon perceived that his mind wander-

ed. At first I felt inclined to hurry onward as quickly as possible, but, as he seemed harmless and inclined to talk to me, I lingered for a few moments to listen to him. "I do not wonder," said he, "that you look upon me with pity, for it is a sad thing for one to be crazy." Surprised to find him so sensible of his own situation, I said: As you seem so well aware that you are crazy, perhaps you can inform me what caused you to become so. "Oh yes," replied he, "I can soon tell you that: first my father died, then my mother, and soon after my only sister hung herself to the limb of a tree with a skein of worsted yarn; and last, and worst of all, my wife, Dorcas Jane, drowned herself in Otter Creek." Wondering if there was any truth in this horrible story, or if it was only the creation of his own diseased mind, I said, merely to see what he would say next, "What caused your wife to drown herself; was she crazy too?" "Oh, no," replied he, "she was not crazy, but she was worse than that; for she was jealous of me, although I am sure she had no cause." The idea of any one being jealous of the being before me was so ridiculous that it was with the utmost difficulty that I refrained from laughter; but, fearing to offend the crazy man, I maintained my gravity by a strong effort. When he had finished the story of his misfortunes, he came close to me and said, in slow measured tones: "And now do you think it any wonder that I went raving distracted crazy?" "Indeed I do

not," said I; "many a one has gone crazy for less cause." Thinking he might be hungry, I told him I would direct him to a farm-house, where he would be sure to obtain his supper. "No," replied he, "this is not one of my hungry days; I find so many who will give me nothing to eat that when I get the offer of a meal I always eat whether I am hungry or not, and I have been in luck to-day, for I have eaten five meals since morning; and now I must lose no more time, for I have important business with the Governor of Canada and must reach Quebec to-morrow." I regarded the poor crazy being with a feeling of pity, as he walked wearily onward, and even the high-heeled boot did not conceal a painful limp in his gait. But I had not seen the last of him yet. Some six months after, as I was visiting a friend who lived several miles distant, who should walk in, about eight o'clock in the evening, but the "unfortunate man." There had been a slight shower of rain, but not enough to account for the drenched state of his clothing. "How did you get so wet?" enquired Mr.—"O," replied he, "I was crossing a brook upon a log, and I slipped off into the water; and it rained on me at the same time, and between the two, I got a pretty smart ducking." They brought him some dry clothing, and dried his wet garments by the kitchen fire, and kindly allowed him to remain for the night. For several years, this man passed through S. as often as two or three times during each year. He became so well

known in the vicinity, that any one freely gave him a meal, or a night's lodging as often as he sought it. Every time he came along his mind was occupied by some new fancy, which seemed to him to be of the utmost importance, and to require prompt attention. He arrived in S. one bitter cold night in the depth of winter, and remained for the night with a family who had ever treated him kindly, and with whom he had often lodged before. He set out early the next morning to proceed (as he said) on his way to Nova Scotia. Years have passed away, but the "unfortunate man" has never since been seen in the vicinity. It was feared by some that he had perished in the snow; as there were some very severe storms soon after he left S; but nothing was ever learned to confirm the suspicion. According to his own statement he belonged to the state of Vermont, but, from his speech, he was evidently not an American. Several years have passed away since his last visit to S. and it is more than probable that he is no longer among the living.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

I lately visited the timeworn building where for a lengthened period, during my early years, I studied the rudiments of education ; and what a host of almost forgotten memories of the past came thronging back upon my mind, as I stood alone—in that well remembered room. I seemed again to hear the hum of youthful voices as they chanted or recited their daily tasks, and, as memory recalled the years that had passed since we used there to assemble, I could not avoid saying mentally : “ My schoolmates, where are they ? ” Even that thought called to mind an amusing story related by a much loved companion who for a time formed one of our number.

He was older than most of the other boys, and was a general favourite with all. He was famous for relating funny stories, of which he had a never-failing supply ; and when the day was too stormy to allow of out-of-door sports, during the noon hour, we used to gather around the large stove which stood in the centre of the room and coax H. M. to tell us stories. The story which recurred to my mind was of


a poor Irishman, who, in describing a visit which he paid to the home of his childhood after a long absence, said: "At the sober hour of twilight, I entered the lonely and deserted home of my forefathers, and as I gazed about the silent walls, I said, 'my fathers, where are they?' and did not echo answer, 'Is that you Patrick O'Flannigan, sure?'"

I was in no mood for laughter, and yet I could not repress a smile, as memory recalled the comical voice and inimitable gestures with which young H. M. related the story. He was beloved by us all, and when he left school we parted from him with real sorrow. As I walked around, and looked upon the worn and defaced desks, I observed the initials of many once familiar names, which many years before had been formed with a knife, which were not so much obliterated but I could easily decipher the well known letters. That desk in the corner was occupied by two brothers who when they grew up removed to one of the Eastern States, where they enlisted as soldiers in the war between the North and South. One of the brothers received his death-wound on the battlefield. In a foreign hospital he lingered in much suffering for a brief period, when he died and was buried, far from his home and kindred. The younger brother was naturally of a tender constitution and was unable to endure the hardships and privations of a soldier's life. His health failed him, and he returned

to his friends, who had left their Canadian home, and removed to the State of Massachusetts ; but all that the most skilful physicians could do, aided by the most watchful care of his tender mother, failed to check the ravages of disease. Consumption had marked him for its prey, and he died a few months after leaving the army ; and, as his friends wept over his grave, they could see with their mind's eye another nameless grave in a far-away Southern State, where slept the other son and brother. The desk on my left hand was occupied by a youth, who has been for many years toiling for gold in California ; and I have learned that he has grown very rich. I often wonder if, in his eager pursuit after riches, in that far-off clime, he ever thinks of the little brown school-house by the butternut trees, and of the smiling eager group who used daily to meet there. One large family of brothers and sisters, who attended this school for several years, afterward removed, with their parents, to one of the Western States, and years have passed away since I heard of them ; but along with many others they were recalled to mind by my visit to the old School-House.

On the opposite side of the room is the range of desks which were occupied by the girls, and I could almost fancy that I again saw the same lively, restless group who filled those desks in the days of long-ago. Again I saw the bright smile which was often hidden

from the searching eye of our teacher, behind the covers of the well-worn spelling-book, again I saw the mischievous glances, and heard the smothered laughter when the attention of the teacher was required in some other part of the room. But these happy, careless days of childhood are gone never to return. Were I inclined, I could trace the after-history of most of the companions whom I used daily to meet in this school-room. With many of them "life's history" is done, and they sleep peacefully in the grave. Others have gone forth to the duties of life; some far distant, others near their paternal homes. Many of the number have been successful in life, and prospered in their undertakings, while others have met with disappointment and misfortune. It seemed somewhat singular to me that, as I stood alone in that room (after the lapse of so many years), I could recollect, by name, each companion I used to meet there; yet so it was, and it seemed but as yesterday since we used daily to assemble there; and when I reflected for a moment on the many changes to which I have been subjected since that period I could hardly realize that I was one and the same. I lingered long at the old School-House, for I expected never to behold it again, having been informed that it was shortly to give place to a building of a larger size, and of more modern structure.



ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

FOR several hours we had endured the jolting of the lumbering stage-coach over a rough hilly road which led through a portion of the State of New Hampshire ; and, as the darkness of night gathered around us, I, as well as my fellow-travellers, began to manifest impatience to arrive at our stopping-place for the night ; and we felt strongly inclined to find fault with the slow motion of the tired horses, which drew the heavily-loaded vehicle. Thinking it as well to know the worst at once, I asked the driver " what time we might expect to reach our destination for the night ? " " It will be midnight at the least, perhaps later, " replied he. This news was not very cheering to the weary travellers who filled the coach ; and I almost regretted having asked the question. The roughness of the roads, together with the crowded state of the vehicle, made it impossible for any one to sleep, and it became an important question how we should pass away the tedious hours. A proposition was at length made, that some one of the passengers should relate a story for the entertainment of the others. This proposal met with the hearty approval of

all, as a means of making our toilsome journey seem shorter ; and the question of who should relate the story was very soon agitated. There was among the passengers one old gentleman of a very pleasant and venerable appearance, and judging from his countenance that he possessed intelligence, as well as experience, we respectfully invited him to relate a story for our entertainment. " I am not at all skilled in story-telling," replied the old gentleman, but, as a means of passing away the tedious hours of the uncomfortable ride, I will relate some circumstances which took place many years since, and which also have a connection with my present journey, although the narrative may not possess much interest for uninterested strangers." We all placed ourselves in a listening attitude, and the old man began as follows : " I was born in the town of Littleton in this state, and when a boy, I had one school-mate, whom I could have loved no better had he been a brother. His name was Arthur Sinclair. And the affectionate intimacy which existed between us for many years, is yet, to me, a green spot in the waste of memory. I was about twelve years of age, when Arthur's parents came to reside in Littleton. That now large and thriving village then contained but a few houses, and when the Sinclairs became our neighbours, we soon formed a very pleasing acquaintance. I was an only child, and had never been much given to making companions of the neighbouring boys of my

own age ; but from the first, I felt strongly attracted toward Arthur Sinclair. He was two years younger than myself. At the time when I first met him, he was the most perfect specimen of childish beauty I ever saw, and added to this he possessed a most winning and affectionate disposition, and in a short time we became almost inseparable companions. My nature was distant and reserved, but if once I made a friend, my affection for him was deep and abiding. We occupied the same desk in the village school, and often conned our daily lessons from the same book, and out of school hours, shared the same sports ; and I remember once hearing our teacher laughingly remark to my parents, that he believed, should he find it necessary to correct one of us, the other would beg to share the punishment. Notwithstanding the strong friendship between us, our dispositions were very unlike. From a child I was prone to fits of depression, while Arthur on the other hand possessed such a never failing flow of animal spirits, as rendered him at all times a very agreeable companion ; and it may be that the dissimilarity of our natures attracted us all the more strongly to each other ; be that as it may the same close intimacy subsisted between us till we reached the years of early manhood. The only fault I could ever see in Arthur was that of being too easily persuaded by others, without pausing to think for himself ; and being the elder of the two, and of a

reflective cast of mind, as we grew up, I often had misgivings for him when he should go forth from his home, and mingle with the world at large. The intimacy between us allowed me to speak freely to him, and I after reminded him of the necessity of watchfulness and consideration, when he should go forth alone to make his way in a selfish and unfeeling world.

He used to make light of what he termed my "croaking" and say I need have no fears for him; and I believe he spoke from the sincerity of his good intentions; he thought all others as sincere and open-hearted as himself, and happy had it been for him if he had found them so. Arthur received a very good business education, and when he reached the age of twenty-one, obtained the situation of book-keeper in an extensive mercantile house in the city of Boston. There was a young girl in our village to whom Arthur had been fondly attached since the days of his boyhood, and I need scarcely say the attachment was reciprocal, and that before he left home he placed the engagement ring upon her finger, naming no very distant period when he hoped to replace it by the wedding ring. Belinda Merrill was worthy in every way of his affection, and loved him with all the sincerity of a pure and guileless heart. I almost wonder that the shadows which were even then gathering in what to them had ever been a summer sky, did not

cast a chill over her heart. In due time Arthur went to the city. I could not help my fears, lest his pleasing manners and love of company should attract to him those who would lead him into evil ; but I strove to banish them, and hope for the best. Our pastor, an old man, who had known Arthur from his childhood, called upon him, previous to his departure from home, and without wearying him with a long list of rules and regulations regarding his future conduct, spoke to him as 'friend speaks to friend, and in a judicious manner administered some very good advice to the youth, who was almost as dear to him as his own son. The young man listened attentively to the words of his faithful friend and sincerely thanked him for the advice which he well knew was prompted by affection. During the first year of his residence in the city, we wrote very frequently to each other, and the tone of his letters indicated the same pure principles which had ever governed his actions. Time passed on, and by-and-bye, I could not fail to notice the change in the style of his letters. He spoke much of the many agreeable acquaintances he had formed, and of the amusements of the city, and was warm in his commendations of the Theatre. My heart often misgave me as I perused his letters, and I mentally wondered where all this was to end? After a two years' absence, he returned to spend a few weeks at home in Littleton, but he seemed so unlike my former

friend, that I could hardly feel at ease in his society. He never once alluded to any incidents of our school days, as he used formerly so frequently to do, and objects of former interest possessed none for him now. He called Littleton a "terribly stupid place," and seemed anxiously to look forward to his return to Boston. "Surely," said I to him one evening as we were engaged in conversation, "Littleton must still contain one attraction for you yet." He appeared not to comprehend my meaning, but I well knew his ignorance was only feigned. But when he saw that I was not to be put off in that way, he said with a tone of assumed indifference, "O! if it is Belinda Merrill you are talking about, I have to say that she is no longer an object of interest to me." "Is it possible, Arthur," said I, "that you mean what you say; surely an absence of two years has not caused you to forget the love you have borne Miss Merrill from childhood. I am very much surprised to hear you speak in this manner." A flush of anger, at my plain reply, rose to his cheek, and he answered in a tone of displeasure: "I may as well tell you first as last, my ideas have undergone a change. I did once think I loved Belinda Merrill, but that was before I had seen the world, and now the idea to me is absurd of introducing this awkward country girl as my wife among my acquaintances in the city of Boston. I once had a sort of liking for the girl, but I care no longer for her, and the sooner I

break with her the better, and I guess she won't break her heart about me." "I hope not indeed," I replied, "but I must be allowed to say that I consider your conduct unmanly and dishonourable, and I would advise you, before proceeding further, to pause and reflect whether it is really your heart which dictates your actions, or only a foolish fancy." Knowing how deeply Miss Merrill was attached to Arthur, I hoped he would reconsider the matter, and I said as much to him; but all I could say was of no avail, and that very evening he called and, requesting an interview with his betrothed, informed her that, as his sentiments toward her had changed, he presumed she would be willing to release him from their former engagement. Instantly Miss Merrill drew from her finger the ring he had placed there two years before, and said, as she placed it in his hand, "I have long been sensible of the change in your sentiments, and am truly glad that you have at last spoken plainly. From this hour you may consider yourself entirely free, and you have my best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity," and, bidding him a kind good-evening, the young lady left the apartment. Her spirit was deeply wounded, but she possessed too much good sense to be utterly cast down for the wrong-doing of another. Whatever were Arthur's feelings after he had taken this step, he spoke of them to no one. I never again mentioned the subject to him, but, knowing

him as I did, I could see that he was far from being satisfied with his own conduct, and he departed for the city some weeks sooner than he had at first intended. Owing to the friendly feeling I had ever cherished for him, I could not help a feeling of anxiety after his departure, for I feared that all was not right with him. He did not entirely cease from writing to me; but his letters were not frequent, and they were very brief and formal—very unlike the former brotherly communications which used to pass between us. A year passed away. I obtained a situation nearly a hundred miles from home. I had heard nothing from Arthur for a long time, and, amid my own cares, he recurred to my mind with less frequency than formerly; yet often after the business of the day was over, and my mind was at leisure, memory would recall Arthur Sinclair to my mind with a pained sort of interest. About six months after I left home I was surprised by receiving from Mr. Sinclair a hastily written letter, requesting me, if possible, to lose no time in hastening to Littleton, stating also that he was obliged to take a journey to Boston on business which vitally concerned Arthur, and he wished me to accompany him. He closed by requesting me to mention the letter I had received from him to no one, saying that he knew me and my regard for Arthur sufficiently well to trust me in the matter. My fears were instantly alive for Arthur, and I feared that some misfortune to him was

hidden behind this veil of secrecy; and I soon found that my fears were well founded. I set out at once for Littleton, and upon arriving there, I proceeded directly to the residence of Mr. Sinclair. When he met me at the door I was struck by the change in his countenance; he appeared as if ten years had been added to his age since I last saw him, six months ago. He waited not for me to make any inquiries, but, motioning me into a private apartment, he closed the door, and, seating himself by my side, said in a hoarse voice: "I may as well tell you the worst at once: my son, and also your once dear friend, Arthur, is a thief, and, but for the lenity and consideration of his employer, before this time would have been lodged within the walls of a prison." I made no reply, but gazed upon him in silent astonishment and horror. When he became more composed, he informed me that he had lately received a letter from Mr. Worthing (Arthur's employer) informing him that he had detected Arthur in the crime of stealing money from the safe, to quite a large amount. In giving the particulars of the unfortunate circumstance, he further stated, for some time past he had missed different sums of money, but was unable to attach suspicion to any one; "and, although," said he, "I have been for some time fearful that your son was associating with evil companions, I never once dreamed that he would be guilty of the crime of stealing, till I lately missed bank-notes from

the safe, to quite a large amount, having upon them some peculiar marks which rendered them easy to be identified. For some time the disappearance of those notes was a mystery, and I was beginning to despair of detecting the guilty one, when I obtained proof positive that your unfortunate son parted with those identical notes in a noted gambling saloon in the city ; and, as I have also learned that he has spent money freely of late, I have no longer any doubt that it is he who has stolen the other sums I have lost. Out of regard to you and your family I have kept the matter perfectly quiet ; indeed, I never informed the parties who told me of his losing the notes at the gaming-table that there was anything wrong about it. I have not mentioned the matter to your son, and shall not do so till I see or hear from you. I presume you will be willing to make good to me the money I have lost. Of course I cannot much longer retain your son in my employ, but he *must* not be utterly ruined by this affair being made public. I would advise you to come at once to Boston, and we will arrange matters in the best possible manner, and no one but ourselves need know anything of the sad affair ; let him return with you for a time to his home, and I trust the lesson will not be lost upon him. When he first came to the city, I am positive that he was an honourable and pure-minded young man, but evil companions have led him astray, and we must try and save him from ruin."

I had never seen Mr. Worthing, but I at once felt much respect for him, for the lenity and discretion he had shown in the matter. To no one but his own family and myself did Mr. Sinclair reveal the contents of that letter; but the very evening after my arrival in Littleton we set out on our journey to Boston, and, upon arriving there, we proceeded at once to the residence of Mr. Worthing, where we learned all the particulars of Arthur's guilt. Mr. Worthing stated that he had ever entertained a very high opinion of Arthur, and, when he missed various sums of money in a most unaccountable manner, he never thought of fixing suspicion upon him, till circumstances came to his knowledge which left no room for doubt; but, owing to the high regard he entertained for his parents, with whom he had (years since) been intimately acquainted, he said nothing to the young man of the proofs of his dishonesty, which had come to his knowledge, and still retained him in his employ till he could communicate with his father, that they together might devise some means of preventing the affair from becoming public. After Mr. Sinclair had listened to the plain statement of the affair by Mr. Worthing, he requested him as nearly as possible to give him an estimate of the amount of money he had lost. He did so, and Mr. Sinclair immediately placed an equivalent sum in his hands, saying: "I am glad to be able so far to undo the wrong of which my son has been guilty."

All this time Arthur knew nothing of our arrival in the city; but when his father dispatched a message, requesting him to meet him at the house of his employer, he was very soon in our presence. I hope I may never again witness another meeting like that one, between the father and son. When charged with the crime, Arthur at first made a feeble attempt at denial, till finding the strong proofs against him, he owned all with shame and humiliation of countenance. The stern grief of Mr. Sinclair was something fearful to witness. "How *could* you," said he, addressing Arthur, "commit so base a deed? Tell me, my son, in what duty I have failed in your early training? I endeavored to instil into your mind principles of honor and integrity, and to enforce the same by setting before you a good example. If I have failed in any duty to you, it was through ignorance, and may God forgive me if I have been guilty of any neglect in your education."

Trembling with suppressed emotion Arthur replied: "You are blameless, my father; on me alone must rest my sin, for had I obeyed your kind counsels, and those of my dearest friend, (pointing to me) I should never have been the guilty wretch I am to-day." Turning to me, he said: "Many a time within the last few months have I called to mind the lightness with which I laughed away your fears for my safety, when I left home for the city. O! that I had listened

to your friendly warning, and followed the path which you pointed out for me. When I first came to the great city, I was charmed with the novelty of its never ceasing scenes of amusement and pleasure. I began by mingling with company, and participating in amusements, which, to say the least of them, were questionable; and I soon found my salary inadequate to meet my fast increasing wants for money; and, as many an unfortunate youth has done before, I began the vice of gambling with the hope of being one of the lucky ones. My tempters, no doubt, understood their business, and at first allowed me to win from them considerable sums of money; till, elated with my success, I began playing for higher stakes, and when I lost them, I grew desperate, and it was then that I began adding the sin of theft to the no less heinous one of gambling. But it is no use now to talk of the past; my character is blasted, and all I wish is to die and hide my guilt in the grave, and yet I am ill prepared to die." He became so much excited, that we endeavored to soothe him by kind and encouraging words. His father bade him amend his conduct for the future, and he would freely forgive and forget the past. In my pity for my early friend, I almost forgot the wrong he had done, and thought only of the loved companion of my boyhood and youth. I cannot describe my feelings, as I gazed upon the shame-stricken young man, whom I had so often caressed in the days

of our boyish affection and confidence. Little did I then think I should ever behold him thus. The utmost secrecy was observed by all parties; and it was decided that we would remain for the night with Mr. Worthing, and, accompanied by Arthur, set out early the next morning on our homeward journey. But it was ordered otherwise. The next morning Arthur was raving in the delirium of brain fever, brought on doubtless by the mental torture he had endured. Mr. Sinclair dispatched a message, informing his wife of Arthur's illness, and three days later she stood by the bed-side of her son. For several days the fever raged. We allowed no strangers to watch by him, for in his delirium his mind dwelt continually upon the past, and no one but ourselves must listen to his words. Mr. Worthing was very kind, and shared the care of the poor young man with his parents and myself. At length came the crisis of his disorder. "Now," said the physician, "for a few hours, his life will hang, as it were, upon a thread. If the powers of life are not too far exhausted by the disease he may rally, but I have many fears, for he is brought very low. All the encouragement I dare offer is, that while there is life there is hope." He sunk into a deep slumber, and I took my place to watch by him during the night. Mr. Worthing persuaded his parents to seek a few hours rest, as they were worn out with fatigue and anxiety; and exacting from me a promise that I would

summon them if the least change for the worse should take place, they retired, and I was left to watch alone by my friend. All I could do, was to watch and wait, as the hours passed wearily on. A little before midnight the physician softly entered, and stood with me at his bed-side; soon after he languidly opened his eyes, and in a whisper he pronounced my name. As I leaned over him, and eagerly scanned his countenance, I perceived that the delirium of fever was gone. The physician, fearing the effect upon him of the least excitement, made a motion to me enjoining silence, and mixing a quieting cordial, held it to his lips. He eagerly quaffed the cooling draught, and again fell into a quiet slumber. "Now," said the physician, "I have a faint hope that he may recover, but he is so weak that any excitement would prove fatal; all depends upon keeping him perfectly quiet for the next few hours." The doctor departed and again I was left alone to watch over his slumber. Before morning, anxiety brought Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair to the room, to learn if there had been any change. In a whisper I informed them of the favorable symptoms he had evinced upon waking, and persuaded them again to retire from the apartment. When Arthur again awoke, the favorable symptoms still continued, and the physician entertained strong hopes of his recovery. By degrees he was allowed to converse for a few moments at a time. It seemed to him, he said, as though he had awakened

from a frightful dream ; and he begged to know how long he had been ill, and what had happened during the time. We were all very cautious to say nothing to excite him ; and by degrees as his mind grew stronger, everything came back clearly to his mind, his father's visit, and the circumstances which had brought him to the city. It is needless for me to dwell upon the long period, while he lay helpless as an infant, watched over by his fond mother, who felt that he had almost been given back from the dead. But he continued slowly to recover, and being unable to remain longer, I left his parents with him, and returned to my home in Littleton, and soon after went back to my employer. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair remained with Arthur till he was able to bear the journey to Littleton, and it was to them a happy day, when they arrived safely at their home, accompanied by their son, who seemed to them almost as one restored from the dead. The unfortunate circumstances connected with Arthur's illness, were a secret locked in the bosoms of the few faithful friends to whom it was known. Arthur arose from that bed of sickness a changed man, and it was ever after to him a matter of wonder how he could have been so far led astray, and he felt the most unbounded gratitude to Mr. Worthing, for the kindness and consideration he had shown him. His father did quite an extensive business as a merchant in Littleton, and as Arthur became stronger he

assisted in the store ; and after a time his father gave him a partnership in the business, which rendered his again leaving home unnecessary. A correspondence, varied occasionally by friendly visits, was kept up between the Sinclairs and the family of Mr. Worthing ; for Arthur never could forget the debt of gratitude he owed his former employer. I have little more to tell, and I will bring my long and I fear somewhat tedious story to a close, by relating one more event in the life of my friend. I resided at quite a long distance from Littleton, and some two years after Arthur's return home, I was surprised by receiving an invitation from him to act as groomsman at his wedding, and the bride was to be Miss Merrill. I know not exactly how the reconciliation took place. But I understood that Arthur first sought an interview with the young lady, and humbly acknowledged the wrong of which he had been guilty, saying, what was indeed true, that he had ever loved her, and he knew not what infatuation influenced him in his former conduct. Many censured Miss Merrill for her want of spirit, as they termed it, in again receiving his addresses, but I was too well pleased by this happy termination of the affair to censure any one connected with it. The wedding-day was a happy one to those most deeply concerned, and such being the case, the opinion of others was of little consequence ; and the clouds which had for a time darkened their sky, left no shadow upon the sunshine

of their wedded life. Arthur and his father were prospered in their business, and for many years they all lived happily together. In process of time his parents died, and Arthur soon after sold out his share in the business to a younger brother, as he had received a tempting offer to remove to Boston, and enter into partnership with Mr. Worthing's son, as the old gentleman had some time before resigned any active share in the business. When Arthur learned their wishes he was very anxious to return to them; "For", said he, "it is to Mr. Worthing I owe my salvation from disgrace and ruin." For many years he has carried on a lucrative business with the son of his former employer and friend. An interesting family of sons and daughters have grown up around him, and I may with truth call them a happy family. Old Mr. Worthing has been for some years dead; and his earthly remains quietly repose amid the peaceful shades of Mount Auburn. My own life has been a busy one, and twenty years have passed away since I met with Arthur Sinclair; but the object of this journey is to visit my early friend, who as well as myself is now an old man." As the old gentleman finished the story, to which we had all listened with much interest, we arrived at our stopping-place for the night, and fatigued with the day's journey, we were soon conducted to our several apartments. The next morning we parted with the kind old man, as his onward route

lay in another direction, but I could not help following him in thought, and picturing the joyous meeting between himself and his early friend Arthur Sinclair.

THE SNOW STORM.



THE event I am about to relate, happened many years ago ; but I have often heard it mentioned by those to whom all the circumstances were well known ; and when listening to this story, I have often thought that there is enough of interest attached to many events which took place during the period of the early settlement of that portion of Eastern Canada which borders on the River St. Francis, to fill volumes, were they recorded.

The morning had been clear and pleasant, but early in the afternoon the sky became overcast with dark clouds, and for several hours the snow fell unceasingly, and now the darkness of night was added to the gloomy scene. As the night set in, the snow continued to fall in a thick shower, and a strong easterly wind arose, which filled the air with one blinding cloud of drifting snow ; and the lights in the scattered habitations, in the then primitive settlement of D. could scarcely be distinguished amid the thick darkness. It was a fearful night to be abroad upon that lonely and almost impassible road ; and Mrs. W. fully realized the peril to which her husband was

exposed on that inclement night. He had set out that morning, on foot, to visit a friend, who resided at a distance of several miles, intending to return to his home at an early hour in the evening. It was a lonely road over which he had to pass; the habitations were few and far between, and as the storm increased with the approach of night, Mrs. W. strongly hoped that her husband had been persuaded to pass the night with his friend; for she feared that, had he been overtaken by the darkness of night, he would perish in the storm; and the poor woman was in a state of painful anxiety and suspense. The supper-table was spread, but Mrs. W. was unable to taste food; and, giving the children their suppers, she awaited with intense anxiety the return of her husband. The storm increased till it was evident that it was one of unusual severity, even for the rigorous climate of Canada, and, as the wind shook the windows of their dwelling, the children often exclaimed in tones of terror: "O! what will become of poor father if he is out in this storm." Bye-and-bye the tired children fell asleep, and Mrs. W. was left alone by her fireside. She endeavoured to quiet her fears by thinking him safe in the house of his friend, but she could not drive away the thought that he had set out upon his return home, and she feared, if such was the case, he had met his death in that pitiless storm: She was two miles from any neighbour, surrounded by her family

of young children ; so all she could do was to wait and watch as the hours wore on. Sleep was out of the question, and the dawn of day found her still keeping her lonely vigil. As the sun rose the wind calmed, but the thick drifts of snow rendered it impossible for her to leave the house, and she watched anxiously if any one might chance to pass, to whom she could apply for assistance in gaining tidings of her husband. Alas ! her fears of the previous night were but too well founded. He *had* perished in the storm. His friend tried his utmost to persuade him to remain for the night when the storm began, but he was anxious to return to his home, fearing the anxiety of his family : and he left his friend's house about four o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was intensely cold, as well as stormy, and, owing to the depth of snow which had already fallen, he could make but slow progress, and, when overtaken by darkness and the increasing tempest, benumbed with cold, and blinded by the whirling drifts of snow, he sank down by the road side to die, and the suspense of his wife was at length relieved by the painful certainty of his fate.

About noon on the day succeeding the storm, as Dr S. was slowly urging his horse onward, in order to visit a patient who resided in the vicinity, he observed some object lying almost concealed in the snow. Stopping his horse, he left his sleigh to examine it, and was horrorstruck to find it the body of a man.

Thinking that, possibly, life was not extinct, he took the body into his sleigh, and made all possible haste to the nearest dwelling, where every means was used for the recovery of Mr. W. ; but all was of no avail, he was frozen to death. It was the kind physician himself who first bore the sad tidings to Mrs. W. When the lifeless body of the husband and father was borne to his own dwelling, I have heard the scene described by those who witnessed it, as most heart-rending. On the day of his burial the settlers in the vicinity came from a long distance to pay their last tribute of respect to one who had been much esteemed as a friend and neighbour. The widow of Mr. W. is still living, but she now is of a very advanced age. His children grew up and settled in various places, and the elder ones among them retained a distinct recollection of the sad death of their father.

THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has just glided away, and it seems but as yesterday that we stood at its threshold, and looked forward over its then seemingly lengthened way, and fancy was busy with many plans and projects for future happiness and delight. We looked forward through the whole border of its months, weeks, days, and hours, and life grew bright with pleased anticipation. The year has now passed away, and how few, very few, of all our bright hopes have been realized. With how many of us have unexpected and unwished for events taken the place of those to which we looked forward with so much delight.

As the hours and moments of the past year have slowly glided into the ocean of the past, they have borne with them the treasures of many a fond heart. The sun shines as brightly as ever, the moon and stars still look placidly down upon the sleeping earth, and life is the same as it has ever been; but for these their work is over, and they have done with time. As I sat watching the fast gathering shadows over the last night of the old year, I fell into a sort of waking

dream, and I seemed to hear the slow measured tread of one wearily approaching. Turning my eyes in the direction of the approaching footsteps, I beheld the form of a very aged man; his countenance appeared somewhat familiar, yet it was furrowed by many wrinkles, and on his once high and beautiful forehead were the deep lines of corroding care and anxiety. His step was slow and heavy, and he leaned for support on his now well-nigh failing staff. He bore the marks of extreme feebleness, and gazed forward with a manner of timidity and uncertainty, and on his changeful countenance was expressed all the multitudinous emotions of the human breast. His garments had once been white and shining, but they were now stained and darkened by travel, and portions of them trailed in the dust. As he drew nigh I observed that he carried in his hand a closely written scroll, on which was recorded the events of the past year. As I gazed upon the record, I read of life begun, and of death in every circumstance and condition of mortal being, of happiness and misery, of love and hate, of good and evil,—all mingling their different results in that graphic record; and I trembled as my own name met my view, with the long list of opportunities for good unimproved, together with the many sins, both of omission and commission, of which I had been guilty during the past year; but there was nothing left out,—the events in the life of every individual mem-

ber of the human family were there all recorded in legible characters. As the midnight hour struck, the aged, man who typified the old year faded from my view, and, almost before I was aware of the change, youth and beauty stood smiling before me. The old year gone, the new year had begun. His robes were white and glistening, his voice was mirthful, and his step buoyant; health and vigor braced his limbs. He too, bore in his hand a scroll, but white as the unsullied snow; not a line was yet traced upon its pure surface except the title, Record of 1872. I gazed on its fresh and gladsome visage with mingled emotions of sorrow and joy, and I breathed my prayer for forgiveness, for the follies and sins of the departed year.