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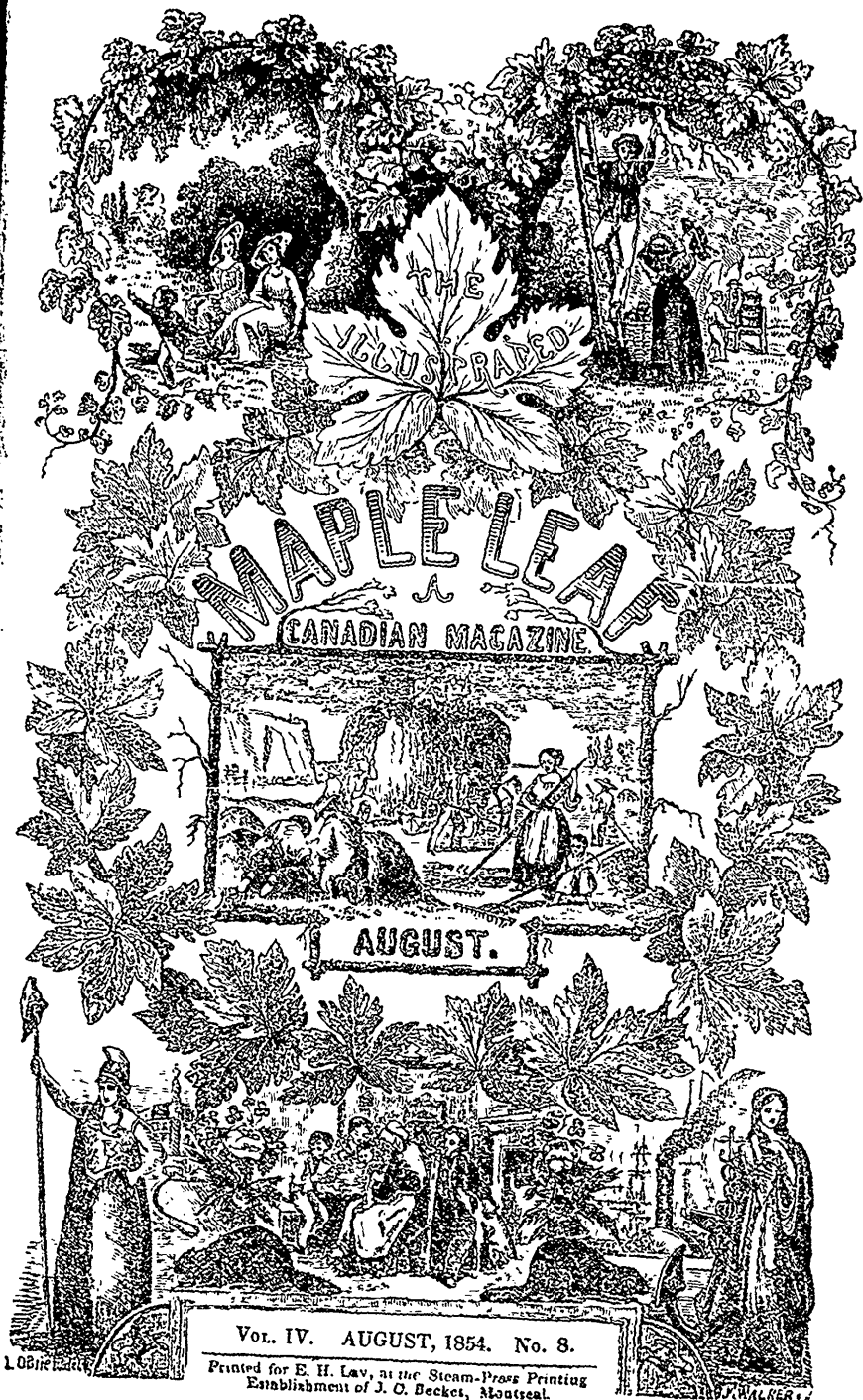
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[Written for the *Maple Leaf*.

THE SILENT AND INVISIBLE ARCHITECTS.

BY S. E. H.



HE world is so accustomed to noise and display, that the power of an unseen, silent cause, is seldom appreciated. We find it very difficult to realize, or even to comprehend the power of a silent, though steady working in any of the departments of nature. It is far easier for us to understand the destruction produced by an earthquake or a volcano, than to realize the mighty changes going on around us by the constant operation of any powerful, though silent cause. The effects in the latter case are evident to our senses, but as they are brought about little by little, we fail to be impressed with them, and still more fail to refer them to the working of a powerful agency. Yet, it is by the silent operation of natural laws that all mighty changes are effected, whether they be sudden or gradual. It is so in the operation of the laws of attraction, of light, and in fact of all physical laws. The sun in his daily round, sounds no trumpet before him, yet his rays penetrate the coldest clime, imparting life and warmth to the most inclement region.

And as a general rule, we may say, that the most effective working is also the most silent.

As an illustration of what may be accomplished by unremitting toil, we may point to the quiet builders in Torrid seas—the coral architects, whose labors, in a few short years, have wonderfully changed the face of the globe, increasing its habitable parts, and obstructing the safe navigation of tropical waters. When looking at the results of their labors, we should expect that the builders of structures so vast, would themselves be large and mighty. But if we attempt an examination of them, we shall find each builder to be a minute insect, having little definite form, seeming so frail as to be utterly unable to support its own life, much less to fashion the abode of so superior a being as man.

But navigators of those tropic seas, tell us of hundreds of miles of coral reef, which have been constructed by these minute insects. The coral insect belongs to one of the lowest orders of

animal life. It is classed by naturalists among the Polypi, a race of animals (if animals they can be called) whose structure is very simple, and whose faculties are exceedingly limited. They seem to form the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and receive the designation of *Zoophites*, or *animal plants*. All the species, with perhaps a single exception, fasten themselves to the solid rock, being destitute of the power of locomotion. This animalcule can hardly be said to possess any form. It is a minute bag of matter, with no organs save a few tentacles around the mouth. With these it secretes calcareous matter from its food, found in the waters, and, by an internal process, transforms it into a substance which constitutes its abode. This at first is semi-transparent, and of extreme delicacy, but it becomes hardened, and has the appearance of bone. This is the substance which we term coral. It is of several varieties, and contains cells, which formed the abode of the insect. This animalcule has the power of sending forth germs, which continually repeat the same action, and thus in process of time, by the combined action of myriads of insects, are groups of islands formed in the midst of the restless waters of the mighty ocean.

An interesting writer relates the particulars of a visit to the museum of the celebrated Agassiz, who has succeeded in preserving alive some coral insects. She (Lady Wortley) thus speaks of them. "They were kept in water, carefully and frequently changed, and various precautions were indispensably necessary to be taken in order to guard their exquisitely delicate demi-semi-existence. As to me, I hardly dared breathe while looking at them, for fear I should blow their lives away, or some catastrophe should happen while we were there, and we should be suspected of *coralicide*. However, the sight was most interesting. We watched them as they flung about what seemed their fire-like white arms, like microscopic opera dancers, or windmills; but these apparent arms are, I believe, all they possess of bodies."

Animals of this kind, when favorably situated, multiply to such an extent as to form reefs, and sub-marine banks, often extending a thousand miles, or more. As soon as they reach low-water mark they cease to exist, but their solid covering or house remains, and, with the remains of their decayed bodies, constitutes a soil. But a new series of changes now takes place. Exposed to the action of the atmosphere, this mass of calcareous matter,

becomes the depository of various kinds of seeds, which are conveyed thither by the winds and waves. These, in their turn, germinate—produce plants, which, after answering the purpose of reproduction, decay and increase the richness of the soil. Thus, the surfaces of these coral masses are gradually covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and the graves of microscopic insects are converted into habitable islands. Very many of these islands are found in the South Pacific, where they are generally based on the craters of extinct sub-marine volcanoes.

In considering these constructions, we are impressed with the vastness of the result, and the insignificance of the workers. The structure is before us, but where is the architect? He is a mason, not only using stones for his building, but producing them. He knows nothing of cement or mortar—we hear no sound of hammer or chisel, see no plain or trowel, yet is the building firm as the flinty rocks. The architect has neither feet nor hands; he has no ear, tongue, nor eye, yet he builds on, and the result is before us. Truly he is an *invisible, silent architect*.

But we must not forget in looking at this subject, to acknowledge the agency of a Superior Power. We cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the greatness and power of Him, who accomplishes such stupendous designs, and works through such feeble, insignificant instrumentalities. Truly they are a little race, but they do the bidding of a Mighty King, and show forth His wisdom, goodness, and power.

I cannot better conclude this little article than by inserting the following lines, by Mrs. Sigourney, on the Coral Insect. They may be familiar to all your readers, yet they are so fine that none will object to seeing them here.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,
 Who build on the tossing and treacherous main ;
 Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
 With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock ;
 Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
 And your arches spring up thro' the crested wave ;
 Ye're a puny race thus boldly to rear,
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,

Like the terrac'd pride of Assyria's king ;
 The turf 'ooks green where the breakers rolled,
 O'er the whirpool ripens the rind of gold,
 The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
 And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do you plant 'neath the billows dark
 The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
 There are snares enough on the tented field ;
 'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield,
 There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up ;
 There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;
 There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
 And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

“ With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
 From the ice clad pole to the tropics bright ;
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold ;
 And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
 The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee :
 Hath earth no graves ? that ye thus must spread
 The boundless sea with thronging dead ?

“ Ye build ! ye build ! but ye enter not in ;
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
 From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
 As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
 Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
 Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.”



“ Erroneous views have, it seems, been entertained heretofore with regard to the velocity of the Amazon. A large number of people think of it only as pouring down with the fierce flow of a torrent, but the truth is, that its average flow is about three and a half miles an hour, and its fleetest, not more than five or six miles. This opinion of its rapidity rose probably from the fact, that it carries its fresh waters far out to sea, discoloring the ocean to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles ; yet it would appear that the rush is never sufficiently strong to impede navigation, even by sail, and much less by steam. But though the velocity of the Amazon is not so great as is commonly supposed, the first sight of it produces an impression of awful grandeur and force.”—*The Pioneer*.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

OLD SONGS.

BY PERSOLUS.

"Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer."—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

To the many interested, what a fascinating title; would that the pen of Persolus were, what too evidently it is not, the exponent of heart-thoughts burnished into beauty, for then would he, in fitting and appropriate terms, discuss the value and merits of his subject. Oh, there is a rich joy in an old song, an undefinable power, that moves men's hearts as quietly and irresistibly as doth pale Cynthia move the billows of the sea. How exquisite the agitation, how impassioned the feeling, excited by its simplest strain! Who is, or rather let me ask, who can be insensible to its magic power? There may be a few such; I am glad they are but few, for I must endorse the philosophy of our great poet, vide the "Merchant of Venice."—Lorenzo to Jessica:—

"The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted."

Here is an inadvertent hint to the ———, but 'tis dangerous, so I say, *to the public*.

A modern political essayist of considerable celebrity observes, "That a country without a national poetry, proves its hopeless dullness or its utter provincialism." The sentiment is just and incontrovertible. What breast, catching the spirit of "The Pibroch of Donnìl Dhu," would not beat with a higher impulse, or come and go feverishly, awakened by "Savourna Deelish," or "Will ye gang to the ewe buchts, Marion." Think how much the simplest little song contributes to the comfort and enjoyments of the household hearth, and then know that patriotism grows much deeper and more luxuriantly in a happy home than elsewhere. Is it not to the happy homes, smiling beneath her Christian sway, that our good Victoria is indebted for the stalwart arms and willing hearts who bear her meteor flag triumphantly over land and sea? Oh yes, old songs are valuable—in our experience blending harmoniously the ideal with the practical. Rude may be their language and common-place

their thoughts ; they may want the refinement of a classic fraternity, or to us fantastic moderns present themselves in the most wretched doggerel, and yet how soon do we submit to the influence of their long-neglected but now well-remembered burthens ; and even bad rythm and dissonant metre ceases to grate harshly on our sensitive ears, and we regard them not, for we have found a *soul*, and this hides the most obvious deformities—a soul of whose former knowledge we have a faint remembrance, and whose beauty is the more celestial, because that on the freshly plumed pinions of youthful fancy it comes to us winging its way from out the storied past. Our old Irish and Scotch songs do I love the best, for I find in them a fervor of emotion, coupled with simplicity of thought, a most invaluable consideration, for which I seek fruitlessly in the Arias and Ariosos of our present fashionable and heartless music.

I would like to have indulged in numerous quotations, but refrain, knowing how unjust it is to excite desire and fail to gratify ; and it would but mar the beauty of such songs as “Peggy Bhan,” or “Lassie wi’ the lint white locks,” to separate their closely wedded lines, nor could I choose, by reason of the very amplitude of my material, I cannot, and how useless to dissertate on “Aileen Aroon,” or “Nannie wilt thou gang wi’ me ?” These are but a feeble index to the many crowding on my attention, an attention which I cannot now give ; but ere I drop my pen, hear the spiritual Wordsworth ; ’tis a fitting finale—

“ Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.”

July 5, 1854.

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“The art of ventilating rooms and buildings is chiefly dependent on the currents produced in the air by changes of temperature. As the heated air and effluvia of crowded edifices pass upwards, apertures are usually left in or near the ceiling for their escape ; such an opening, however, though it allows the foul air to escape from its specific lightness, is also apt to admit a counter current of denser and colder air pouring down into the building, and producing great inconvenience. But if the tube or flue, through which the foul air escapes, be heated in any convenient way, this effect is prevented. A current, constantly rising, is thus established ; and whenever cold air attempts to descend, the heat of the flue rarifies and drives it upwards.”

[For the Maple Leaf.

LOVE'S LAST VIGIL.

From her open lattice gazing,
 On the calm, and starry sky,
 Stands a mother wildly weeping,
 For her darling who must die !

Yes, the fiat has been spoken,
 And the fearful truth too told,
 In her heart she knows the token,
 On that loved one's brow doth dwell !

She has stolen to the chamber,
 Where that heart's fond treasure lies,
 And has marked in untold anguish,
 That her home is in the skies !

Human aid is unavailing,
 Soon her early course is run,
 Back those fearful thoughts,—O Saviour
 Spare, Oh spare my *only* one !

As on earth thy tender pity,
 To her sorrowing parents gave,
 Their belov'd, and *only* daughter,
 Save our darling from the grave !

Wildly as she prayed to Heaven,
 Sleep stole o'er her wearied frame,
 And in dreams of soothing sweetness
 To her soul an answer came.

“ Child of earth, thy prayer is heard,
 He who died, her soul to save ;
 He will to His own safe keeping
 Take the treasure that He gave .

“ If on earth I now were dwelling,
 And those words were told to thee,
 Words to Mother's hearts so tender,
 Bring thy little ones to me.

“ Wouldst thou not with love untiring,
 Storms and roughest roads defy,
 That within her Saviour's bosom,
 That most precious one might lie ?

“ Safe within the Heavenly fold,
 I will bear her on my breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“ Wouldst thou back to Earth recall,
Her, for whom thy earnest prayer
Was that through her Saviour's mercy
She might dwell for ever there ?

“ Wouldst thou bring her back to know
All the grief thou sufferest now ?
Spurn the selfish thought ; behold her,
With a crown upon her brow ! ”

From her sudden trance awaking
Roused that mother, and she flew
To the bedside of her darling,
There to find her dream was true.

Softly fall the golden tresses,
Like a halo round her brow,
Where is seen the seal of Heaven,
Angels come to take her now !

Brighter, brighter, joy triumphant,
Played around her as she took
Loving hands within her own,
Pointing upwards, murmuring look !

Vainly look they, hovering angels
Come that spirit to convey,
In their mission pitying linger,
Ere they take the loved away.

One more smile of passing brightness,
On Earth's sorrowing ones she shed,
Then with Heaven's own radiance shining,
Meekly bowed her gentle head.

Gone the Angel child,—and sorrowing
We must tread this earth below.
May thy pure and gentle spirit
Rest upon us in our woe.

Leading us through fiery trial,
To thy brighter home above,
And while here in meek submission
Humbly bow, for *God is Love!*

C. HAYWARD.



A SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(Selected for our Young Readers.)

South Africa has long been a favorite field for missionary labour. Above a hundred years ago, the good Moravians sent their missionary George Schmidt, who tried to teach and save the, till then, wholly ignorant, and entirely neglected Hottentots. Some laughed at "his folly," as they thought it; others persecuted him, and tried to hinder his work; and the Dutch government at last ordered him to leave the land. Some souls were saved, however, by Schmidt, and so a good beginning made; and though he never went back to carry on his work, but died on his knees praying for South Africa, others have followed in his train, and now several great societies are seeking to convert its degraded tribes. You have all heard of the travels of John Campbell, the labors of Dr. Venderkemp, and the successes of Robert Moffat, with many more.

So far, however, the labours of these good men have been confined to a very small portion of the land. At first, the missionaries labored wholly within the parts where white men had planted their stations, or over which the English government had good power to defend their lives. But by degrees they got farther and farther north, till at last Mr. Moffat fixed

his dwelling at the river Kuruman, and there formed a missionary station. By and by, Mr. Livingston went two hundred miles still further north, and was enabled to form the station of Kolobeng, where he has now laboured for sometime.

Further than this it was thought no missionaries could well go, at least till more travellers had examined the country. A few miles to the north from this place, a great desert crossed the land, and though reports were often brought of rivers and lakes, beautiful country, and many tribes beyond that desert, few could venture to try to cross it, and of those that did, all came back unable to gain their end. What lay beyond that desert, who the people were, and what state they were in, was all involved in mystery. Last year (1849), however, Mr. Livingston resolved to try to reach the unknown country, and two gentlemen, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, offering to bear the greater portion of the expense and to go with him, he set off from Kolobeng on the first of last June. The party consisted of these two gentlemen, Mr. Livingston, some native converts, and a number of Bakwains as guides. They travelled in the true South African fashion, in large clumsy waggons drawn by oxen, and laid in a store of such provisions as they thought they might require, especially water which they knew they should need in the parched up desert. Nothing particular occurred at the first part of the journey, they pushed on as fast as they could over wide spread plains of desert land for about 300 miles, when on July 4th they reached the banks of a magnificent river, the windings of which they resolved to follow. The country now became extremely beautiful, and the abundance of water enabled them to travel with greater comfort than they had expected. Day after day they thus journeyed on for about 220 miles, when finding it very difficult to travel with all their waggons, they betook themselves to Mr. Oswell's alone, and left the others till they should return to them. The river was still their guide, and keeping it in sight, they journeyed on for another 180 miles, when they reached the shore of a large and noble lake, a sort of inland sea. Of this sea reports had often reached them before, but no European had ever seen it; and till they stood upon its shore, much doubt was felt as to its size and character. This lake is called Nami, meaning "The great water," and it is said to be about 70

miles long, and perhaps 15 wide ; but the travellers did not get round it, and so had to depend on what the natives told them. The river they had followed is called the Zonga, and the people said a similar river flowed in at the other end ; they also saw the mouth of the Tamunakle, a large river flowing from the north, and entering the Zonga near the lake. The scenery of both these rivers seemed to them more beautiful than any they had ever seen excepting some parts of the Clyde. The banks were covered with gigantic trees, and the Boabob and palm-trees gave quite an Indian appearance to the country. They measured two of the Boabob trees, and they found them 70 and 76 feet in circumference. The river Zonga was clear as crystal, and they were told that it rose and fell twice every year, at the beginning and middle of the dry season. The travellers were there in the dry season, and during their stay it rose three feet. The natives could give no good reason for this, but the travellers thought it probably might be found in the melting of the snows on the mountains where it took its rise. The natives foolishly believe that a great chief living far to the north, kills a man every year, and throwing him into the river, makes it overflow. Whatever is the cause, it is a great blessing to the people, as great shoals of fish are brought down by the flood, which they catch, and on which they live a long time.

The travellers found the natives tolerably friendly on the whole, though in some things they shewed themselves opposed to their views. They are of a darker complexion than the Bechuanas, and call themselves Bayeiye (men), while the Bechuanas call them Bakoba (slaves). They speak quite a different language from the Bechuana, and support themselves mostly by fishing in the lake and river, and by hunting the hippopotamus which lives along their shores. Their canoes are made of the trunks of single trees hollowed out, and their nets of a weed that grows in abundance on the banks. They kill the hippopotami by harpoons attached to ropes, and show great cleverness both in taking it and the various kinds of fish they catch. Several of them spoke the Sitchuana language very well, so that the missionary could converse with them, and they showed great kindness in paddling the party to the little villages amongst the reeds along the banks, and giving a good deal of information. A chief living some ten days

journey still farther north had already expressed a wish for teachers. The missionary sent him a present, but could not reach him; and after spending sometime amongst the natives, the whole party turned again towards home, and reached Kolobeng on October 10th.

By these new discoveries, fresh fields have been opened up for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, as well as some good information gained of an hitherto unknown land. May God raise up some faithful laborers to go in and claim the land for Christ!

The engraving at the commencement of this article is not a view of the river Zonga, but intended to give you an idea of the beautiful kind of scenery to be found about the rivers of South Africa, and is a view on the Kowee River, Cape of Good Hope.



[For the Maple Leaf.

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

“It is a fearful thing, dear mother, to be the inhabitant of a besieged city, and that, too, a foreign one,” observed Frederick Eversfield, turning from the scene of confusion which one of the principal streets of Antwerp presented to his view. Fugitives of all ranks, ages, and countries mingled in one mass, all hastening to quit the city before it became the scene of slaughter and pillage.

The hitherto quiet streets now rang with sounds of discord and alarm. The trampling of horses, rushing of wheeled carriages, tolling of bells, and shrill tone of trumpets, and other warlike instruments that accompanied the troops destined for the defence of the city, were sadly mingled with the voice of woe, and lamentation, and mourning, from those who feared to go, yet dared not stay to witness the destruction of everything that was dear to them.

Mrs. Eversfield was one of those whom necessity had constrained to find a home in a foreign land. She was the widow of a half-pay officer, with four children, the eldest of whom was a youth of fifteen, the three others under eight years of age. After having with great difficulty escaped from Paris, Brussels, and Bruges, she now found herself again exposed to the horrors that threaten a besieged city.

"My children! my dear, dear children, what will become of you!" exclaimed the distressed mother, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, upon the helpless family that hung round her with countenances filled with alarm, though scarcely of an age to comprehend the full extent of the peril that threatened them.

"Mother, do not weep," said Frederick, affectionately taking her hand, "we can die but once. There is no bitterness in death to such as love and fear God. I fear God, and I do not fear man; for God is greater than man, and he is above all. Did He not preserve us in our flight from Paris, when the streets we were obliged to pass through were thronged with armed men, and the dead and dying strewed our path? Were we not protected from danger at Brussels and at Bruges? and shall we not here also escape, though in the midst of strangers and enemies? If we could but secure a passage in one of those vessels that lie in the river, we should soon see dear England's white cliffs, and be safe from the horrors of civil war."

"But whom have we here, my child, to secure a passage for us? We are strangers in this great city; and the few friends we know are too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow a thought on us. At such a time of general distress and anxiety, I cannot expect to meet with sympathy or assistance. You, my boy, are the only person to whom your family can look for support. And you, Frederick, have been indeed a great comfort to your widowed mother, beyond what she could have expected from one of your tender years."

"Thank you, dear, dear mother for those words," exclaimed the grateful Frederick, while a glow of heartfelt satisfaction brightened his fine face. "I am proud, dearest mother, of the confidence you have placed in me ever since the death of my father, and am truly happy to find that my conduct has been such as to merit your approbation."

"It has indeed, my son, and I hope and trust that it will meet with its reward."

Tears of joy filled the eyes of the dutiful Frederick, as throwing himself into the open arms of his affectionate mother, he softly whispered, "What reward can be sweeter to a child than a mother's love?"

The well-merited praise bestowed upon Frederick served as

fresh incitement for exertion ; and he hastened to secure, if possible, a passage for his mother and sister in one of the packet-boats then preparing to sail for England ; but to effect this was no easy matter, owing to the numerous applications that were made to the owners by English families desirous of quitting Antwerp before it became the theatre of rapine and bloodshed.

Frederick was not of a temper to be daunted by difficulties. Though but a child in years, he possessed a mind of unusual strength. Native energies had not been suffered to slumber ; he had been called upon very early in life to exert them, and he now found himself capable of acting with firmness and decision in cases of danger and difficulty, which would have daunted many a man twice his age.

“ I will shew those who have forsaken us in our adversity what a boy can do who has a widowed mother and orphan sisters dependent on his exertions,” was the proud determination of young Eversfield, when he found himself compelled to act in affairs of great moment, without the assistance of any friend on whom he could rely for advice ; but he looked up to a higher power for help, and was strengthened in the hour of trial.

On reaching the side of the river where the English vessels lay, he learned, to his great mortification, that such as were ready to leave Antwerp were already filled with refugees from all parts of the country. “ My mother will die with apprehension if she remain in the city during its bombardment. What will become, too, of the young children !” he added, turning away with tearful eyes from the captain of the last vessel to which he had made application. “ As for myself, I do not care ; but I cannot bear to think of my poor mother. Oh, sir,” he added, taking the hand of Captain Stoddart, “ do not refuse to take us on board.” The captain was moved by the earnestness of the boy ; he hesitated, then turned to the long list of passengers before him.

“ I fear, I much fear the thing is impracticable. I have already undertaken more than I shall be able to perform. There might perhaps be room.” He paused, and again cast his eyes on the paper before him. “ I might manage for two, but you ask for four. My dear sir, it is impossible ; more than two I cannot take.”

“ What is the question, Stoddart ?” asked a plain but gentle-

manlike man, advancing from a desk in the little counting-house, where he had been looking over a bundle of papers.

"A family of refugees, sir, want berths in the *Speedy Return*, for England," replied the captain bluntly; "and this lad wants to persuade me I can take four persons, when the vessel is stowed like an African slave ship, as full of live cargo as she can be. I might manage the mother and one child, or may be two; but as for the four, it cannot be done."

The stranger fixed his eyes on Frederick's agitated countenance, while he modestly, but earnestly related his mother's widowed state, and the tender ages of her little family. The gentleman listened to him with deep attention. A child pleading in behalf of a parent, who could behold without a feeling of interest?

"Stoddart, you will greatly oblige me by taking this family on board; it is a case of great urgency."

"You are very good, Sir Henry. I will do all in my power to oblige you; but I dare not promise for them all. I wish I could."

"And so do I, from my heart; for which of her children can a fond mother abandon in a foreign land? Surely not this brave lad," added Sir Henry, laying his hand on the shoulder of Frederick Eversfield.

"Not willingly, indeed, dear sir; for my mother tenderly loves me: but if one must be left, it shall be I. My mother cannot, and shall not be exposed to the terrors that threaten a besieged city."

"Well, my lad, there is no time to be spared; the *Speedy Return* drops down the Scheldt this night with the tide, and you-mother must be on board by eight, or nine at farthest. Remember, I cannot promise to take you all; but, as you are a good son, I will endeavor to befriend you if possible."

"Well, if *I am* left in a foreign land, it cannot be helped; many boys as young as myself have been left to struggle with misfortunes among strangers. I must take my chance, and say nothing to my mother till the last minute. It will be time enough for her to know it when she and the little ones are safely on board," thought Frederick, as he retraced his steps back to his mother's lodgings; and in active exertion preparing for the voyage, he endeavored to drown the painful thought of his prob-

able separation from his beloved family, which at times weighed heavily upon his young mind.

The rising moon was shedding her soft light over the calm waters of the Scheldt, when the deeply-laden boats left the shores for the English brig then under sail, with a full tide and favorable breeze, for England ; and many anxious hearts that boat contained, but none who felt as Frederick did. So many fresh candidates had applied for berths, and some of these, persons of no mean rank and influence, that small hope appeared of his being permitted to remain as a passenger. Yet a pang of keen disappointment shot through his frame when, on stepping on the deck of the vessel, the person appointed to receive the passengers' refused to admit his claims, alledging he had no such name on the list. Frederick turned very pale. "Every vacant place has been filled up ; it is doubly full. I may say," was the brief reply of the mate to the passionate expostulations of the distracted mother on being told that she must be parted from her son.

"I told the lad how it was, madam," said Captain Stoddart ; "and it was only as a great favor, and at the instigation of a gentleman who kindly interested himself in the business, that I consented to take yourself and the young things on board. I promised to do all I could, but I could do no more than I have done. I dare say you have friends in the city who will take care of your son." Mrs. Eversfield could answer only with tears.

"I am very sorry for you, madam, and if I could have served you, I would ; but you see how I am situated."

"Are you the mother of this youth, madam ?" inquired a gentleman, advancing from the further side of the packet, and extending his hand as he spoke.

"I am, sir," was the brief reply of the agitated parent.

"Then, madam, you have cause to consider yourself as the most fortunate of parents."

"Say rather, sir, as the most unfortunate, in being forced to abandon so beloved a son in a foreign land," answered Mrs. Eversfield. "No," she added, "since we cannot all return together in safety, we will go back again to the city."

"No, dearest mother, that must not be," interrupted Frederick ; "when I paid down the passage money for you and my

sisters, I was aware that I must remain behind. Fear not, God will protect your son."

"Captain Stoddart, where is your list of passengers?" asked Sir Henry; for it was he. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he crossed out a name from the list. "Let this blank be filled up with the name of Frederick Eversfield," he said. "Captain, he takes my place as a passenger for England. Let himself, his mother and sisters be shewn every attention, and I will make you amends myself for any extra comfort they may need on the voyage."

"God bless you, sir," was all that Frederick's mother could say; but the eloquence of tears spoke the feelings of her full heart more than words. Sir Henry knew all she would have said, and his generous spirit was fully repaid for the personal sacrifice of his own safety when he beheld the joy of the mother and her son as they wept upon each other's necks.

It was a proud moment to Frederick; he would not have exchanged it for worlds. He will never forget the city of Antwerp, nor the kindness of Sir Henry Grovenor.

C. P. TRAILL.

Rice Lake, July, 1854.



THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

There was sunshine gleaming through the hazel copse, and upon the little brook which divided it from an ample garden. There was sunshine lighting up the latticed porch and trellis-work of the pretty, cheerful rectory of Dahlwell, which seemed set in the midst of a garland of summer flowers. And there was sunshine creeping between the clustering roses and vine-leaves which curtained the long, low window of its little sitting-room; and this light, so soft and flickering, reflected the trembling foliage, and lay in rich golden tracery upon the Indian matting that covered the floor—as if there were enough of brightness diffused throughout that cheerful room, and this bold sunshine was willing to lie still, and form a rich mosaic beneath the small feet which stepped from an old-fashioned damask couch placed at the side of the window, towards the casement: and then the gold tracery rested tenderly upon the rich brown curls which fell in silken masses over the shoulders of a young girl,

as, leaning her arms upon the window-sill, she bent her drooping head lower and lower, till the bright waving hair swept the lattice-frame, and mingled with the sweet flowers and green leaves which cluster thickly round.

A few moments, and another light foot-step crossed that stream of sunshine ; a loving arm was thrown around the young girl, who raised her head, and turned a sweet hopeful smile upon the pale face which was now bent upon her own with all the earnestness of a sister's love. There was sunshine in every expression of the girl's face—the richest, brightest sunshine of life, even that which comes from the hopeful spirit and strong heart within. It was this *inner* light which fell so cheerily upon the path that no *outer* radiance could cheer and lighten. The girl knew this, alas ! too well, while closer sank the long fringes over her eyes, as though it were a mockery to raise them ever so little. The eyes of the blind girl looked within, and there, in her own true spirit, she found the light which to all outer sense was lost for ever.

“ How kind dear Agnes, to hurry back so quickly ! Do you know that I have been indulging in such happy dreams during your absence, that I almost forgot that my darling sister was not by my side.” And while she spoke the blind girl pressed yet closer to the side of that loving sister, and suffered her to draw her gently back to the couch, when Agnes answered in a cheerful tone—

“ I only stopped to see poor widow Brown, my sweet May, and to tell her that we would call together on Monday ; but were the dreams happy, dear one ? I feared that I had done wrong by leaving you to your own thoughts to-day.”

“ Never fear, my sister, to leave me to my own thoughts, when they do but make me stronger and happier.”

Agnes and Marion were the orphan children of an artillery officer ; their mother dying when they were very young, they were placed under the care of their maternal grandfather, an earnest, single-minded old clergyman, who held a small living in one of the prettiest villages in Yorkshire. He had been several years a widower, when the two motherless children of his only daughter were given to shed new light and happiness round his desolate hearth. They were the unceasing delight of the good old man's heart, and never were children's lives

more truly what they ought to be, than those which the rector's grandchildren led. Even as they grew up to girlhood, and the death of their surviving parent left them entirely under the guardianship of their grandfather, they seemed to lose none of their innocent happiness; it was only merged in new delights, won from the rich stores of knowledge which the powerful mind of their beloved guardian unfolded for their instruction. It was in truth a sweet sight to look upon, when, in the cheerful long library of Dahlwell Rectory, the old man sat between the two fair creatures, who nestled close beside him, and read them rare lessons from his choice heavy tomes—not the less precious that they were in part made clearer and lighter to the young minds of his grand-children, by his own plain alterations and explanations; and a sweeter sight still to watch the sunny faces, and bright eyes of the girls, as they rised them intently to the mild, earnest countenance of their reverend teacher, whose white hair fell in thick masses even upon his shoulders. Rare and precious hours were those passed in the quiet study, both for the taught and the teacher; for the young learned, how holy and sacred is the experience of wise old age—and the old man felt his spirit refreshed by the glad hopefulness of youth.

For several years of this happy time of learning, the young girls had another companion in the old study, as well as in their woodland rambles, and pleasant wanderings among the glens and bosky hills which surrounded their home.

The only brother of the squire of Dahlwell came for a stated time each afternoon, to receive more good help in his studies from his kind old master. And though Frank Leonard was full ten years the senior of little May Leslie, and was, moreover, so good a specimen of the true student, in all calm abstraction, and quiet earnestness, there never was a gentler friend, or one readier to help on, and join in the childish pleasures of the young maiden, than this same grave, loving student. In truth, any stranger who might have invaded the sanctity of the tutor's study during the hours when it was only used for its legitimate purpose, would have seen at once that the young man who appeared to be so devoutly poring over his Euclid, showed almost as much devotion to the pretty, graceful little learner, who drew her seat beside him, and, perhaps, took rather more

brotherly interest in her studies than there was occasion for, seeing that her grandfather was as close to her, on the other side.

So passed these well-spent years peacefully away, until the girls grew up into graceful women. Few sorrows had as yet been theirs, except the sorrow of saying good-bye to Frank Leonard, when he left his native country home, and pleasant studies, for a lucrative appointment in India. His departure had caused a sad blank in the little circle at the Rectory. The good old man missed the intellectual companionship of his young pupil; Agnes missed his ready help in all her serious studies; and May missed those words of encouragement, and the kind smile which, after her grandfather's approval, were the rewards she prized the most.

Still years sped rapidly on, and found and left the Rectory at Dahlwell the same abode of peace it had ever been.

The long accounts which Frank regularly forwarded of his success in his new sphere, were an unfailing source of pleasure to the old man, and scarcely less welcome to his granddaughters, for they always found a portion of his letters devoted to them and the remembrance of old happiness.

Marion had reached her eighteenth year, when a fever broke out in the village; from the dwellings of the poor to the houses of the wealthy, it passed with fearful rapidity. The squire of Dahlwell was one of its first victims; and from offering the last consolations of religion to his dying pupil, the rector returned to find his youngest grandchild in the wild delirium of the disease.

After a severe struggle, the youth and excellent constitution of May Leslie prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Slowly, very slowly, did the returning strength of their darling reward the fond sister and grandfather for their anxious watchings round her sick-bed; but more slowly still did the strength and brightness which had always beamed in her clear, beautiful eyes, seem to return. All the weakness yet lingering after her severe illness, appeared to have concentrated itself, and fixed upon this most precious gift—sight. For many weeks Agnes and the old man kept constant watch within a darkened room, and round a darkened couch. The most eminent practitioners from the neighbouring cities were summoned; but skill and patience were equally unavailing. In an agony of grief, the loving friends

learned that their sweet May—the bright-eyed, happy girl of a few months back—was irretrievably, hopelessly blind.

It was in the season of bitter sorrow which followed the announcement of this sad truth, that the true courage and nobleness of May Leslie's spirit was shown; once convinced that all hope of regaining her sight was over, she rose from the darkened couch in all the trust and patience of her pure womanly nature. She felt it her turn to soothe and cheer now; and it was indeed marvellous to see that brave young creature so strong-hearted and cheerful, with the same bright smile, and the same clear, ringing tones of mirth ever on her lips, tempered a little by what she would call her "wholesome sorrow." It was wonderful, too, to see how readily she moved along the old passages, and reached her favourite books from their familiar places on the study shelves; and then, taking her accustomed place between her grandfather's arm-chair and the vacant seat, which was still called Frank Leonard's, with upturned face (that her dear friends might see the smile was safe,) she sat, and listened to the holy teaching of that rare old scholar, Jeremy Taylor, whose works were such choice favourites with the good rector. Or Agnes would read to them from that treasury of golden thoughts and sayings, and of sweetest melodies of divine poesy, laid up for us by our Shakspeare. Or, oftener still than these, the old man would open his large Bible, and turn to that blessed history of Him whose whole life was one long harmony of love, and mercy, and charity: and so he read on, in his deep and sonorous voice, of the Saviour's love and pity, and ever-present help for those who seek it; of strength given to the weak, health to the sick in body, and sweet forgiveness to the troubled soul: and read, too, with a voice perhaps less strong and clear than was his wont, how the touch of that blessed One had given sight to the closed eyes, which opened at his word, and "gave glory to God."

May knew so well the thoughts which were on one of these occasions busy in the loving heart of her grandfather—for they were almost the echoes of what had once been her own—that she clasped the hand she held within both hers more fondly, and with a smile said gently: "You would hardly grieve for me, dear grandpapa, if you knew how truly in spirit that prayer of the blind man has been answered to your blind girl.

Thus strengthened and held up by Faith and Hope, her darkened life passed happily along; she listened, if she could not read, and her voice was cheerful as ever; her step as true and light as in other days; and often in the twilight she would sing the sweet old melodies which her grandfather loved to hear, till the old man wept for very joy, and blessed her in his heart for the true brave spirit she really was.

The sisters still sat in their own quiet sitting-room, where we first introduced them to our readers, when the good rector entered, his face beaming with pleasure, as he placed an open letter in Agnes's hand, and seating himself on the other side of the blind girl, said, while he kissed the fair cheek which was upturned to him: "Good news, my sweet child! we shall have our old friend, Frank Leonard, here in two days at farthest. He writes me from London, saying how anxious he is to be among us all again, and sends more remembrances than I can deliver to his 'dear little sisters' as he calls you. Agnes will read his letter, for I promised to go to the Hall and see Harris about some little preparations he wishes to make in honour of his new master's arrival; and the ringers have been to ask if they may give the Squire a peal of welcome. The whole village is rejoicing at Frank's return."

Long after the old man left them, the sisters bent over Frank Leonard's letter. Agnes hailed his coming to the house of his fathers with the same feelings with which she would have welcomed the return of a dear brother; but with the usual tact of womanly observation, she saw that in this feeling of hers May had no sympathy. Nobly as she had conquered all vain repinings for the blessings she had lost, the struggle must begin anew now. Frank Leonard would be at Dahlwell in a day or two—but *she* would not see him. He would perhaps often, as in old times, share her grandfather's hours of study, and give his ready help to Agnes in hers—while *she* must only sit and listen—not even look upon that bright smile which had been so dear to her from her very childhood, and which was even now so fondly cherished among other sweet, sad remembrances of light and beauty—lost to her for ever.

* * * * *

A year had fled past since Frank Leonard's return, and again the light of a summer's sun shone brilliantly through the

deep glades and stately woods which surrounded his home, and lit up its many windows with a broad stream of radiance, until it looked more like some golden palace of fairy-land, than the grey old English hall it really was; and, through the stained diamond panes of a deep mullioned window, which opened upon a blooming rosery, this stream of sunshine fell upon the interior of a small chamber, known for long years, at Dahlwell, as the "Lady's Room." There, before an antique ebony book-case and cabinet, stood Agnes Leslie, completing the arrangement of a row of dark old volumes, which contrasted strangely with the handsomely bound, modern looking books on the shelves above them. This done, she closed an old-fashioned piano, which nearly filled one side of the room, and giving one finishing touch to the roses, which had been newly placed in some vases upon the tables, and another to the cushions of a low couch, which stood beside the window, with a smile of satisfaction lighting up her thoughtful face, Agnes left the room, and in a few minutes was standing among the galaxy of blossoms which surrounded her peaceful home.

For a moment her shadow darkened the little vine-wreathed casement of the sitting-room; that moment was sufficient to satisfy Agnes that May was not awaiting her return with her usual impatience; so, entering the house, she passed quietly along the passages, and up the broad oaken stair-case to her own chamber, where a young woman sat sewing busily, in the midst of such a suspicious confusion of white silk and lace, white ribbon and roses, that one would have declared, but for the silence of those village authorities who are always the first to hear and talk of such events, that there was to be a wedding at Dahlwell Rectory before many more suns had shone upon its blossoming flowers, and fair young mistresses.

While Agnes took up a piece of the white ribbon, and began to twist it into sundry bows and knots, till it assumed the appearance of that familiar bridal appendage—a *favour*, the shadows of the quivering leaves lay on the Indian matting before the couch down stairs, where, scarcely a year before, May Leslie wept to think of Frank Leonard's return; but where she now sat looking so serenely happy that one would have thought no tear had ever fallen on those fair cheeks, where the long lashes lay in such soft repose. It was a womanly instinct which made her drop those

dark fringes yet closer over her eyes ; she *felt* that the deep, earnest gaze of her companion was rivetted upon her, and this was, perhaps, the reason why the blushes came and went so rapidly with the smiles which dimpled her sweet face. Not that it was anything new for Frank to take Agnes' place by the side of her sister.

"The evening is very lovely Frank, is it not ? I remember what glorious sunsets we used to enjoy together before you went to India, and to my dreamy fancy they are clear and bright as ever. I shall scarcely be able to realize these scenes when I leave this dear old home for another."

"We shall, I trust, spend many such rare sunsets together, my own May ; and you will soon learn to realize them as fully in the "Lady's Room," at Dahlwell Park, as in this more familiar one. I left Agnes busy among the books and flowers, and everything is arranged so exactly after the model of this room, that my sweet wife will scarcely know that she *has* left her old home for another."

So these lovers spoke on, till the golden sunset faded to a rosic tint, the harbinger of its eastern splendour. And this red evening light promised no more for the morrow than was richly fulfilled. There was never a brighter morning known in Dahlwell, than that which made May Leslie the wife of Frank Leonard ; and often in after years, when her husband sat and watched the unchanged sweetness of her smile, or listened to the clear, joyous tones of her loving voice, he would draw her yet closer to his heart, and bless the memory of that day when he won this true wife ; to be, in all her hopeful strength of will and action, the best and brightest sunshine of his life.—*Selected.*



Hope is the most beneficial of all the affections ; and doth much to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated ; but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good ; therefore they which fix, and propound to themselves some end as the mark and scope of their life, and continually, and by degrees go forward in the same, are for the most part long-lived : insomuch, that when they are come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, they commonly droop, and live not long after. So that hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extent, like gold.—*Lord Bacon.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

T O O P H E L I A .

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance ;
 Pray you, love, remember.
 And there's Pansies,—that's for thought,—*Shak. Trag. of Hamlet.*

Oh my dear maid, I thank thee for thy gift ;
 'Tis sad, yet fair, indeed 'tis very fair,
 'Tis like, alas ! 'tis too much like thyself ;
 As it is purely fair, even so is it
 Most weak, and sadly frail, though it be bruised
 And sorely broken, still is it lavish
 Of its fragrance, and full of gentleness ;
 Rudely pluck'd from its stem, nay, not, rudely ;
 Was it not gathered by thy gentle hand ?
 Thou like these flowers, now drooping with decay,
 Dost meekly woo my fondest sympathy.
 Will not this sprig of Rosemary recall
 The sweetest memories of vanished joys ;
 Thy simple Pansies, too, will furnish me
 With drifting clouds of tender, silent, thought ;
 Thoughts which will closely bind the golden past,
 The phantom future, and this sad present,
 Into a single moment,—that moment,
 My existence, and that wholly thine ;—
 Oh ! poor Ophelia, like these flowers art thou,
 Both fair, and frail, and fond, and broken.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, June, 1854.



[For the Maple Leaf.

C H I L D R E N .

Reader are you fond of children ? Do their young and joyous faces charm your fancy, and awaken in your mind memories of the past—sweet recollections of early joys, and happy hopes ? Do the kindlings of thought in their speaking eyes, and the shadows that flit across their sunny brows, call to your mind the time when light-hearted, and happy, you lived in your little world of blithe-some cares, and innocent pastimes, and looked to the future with earnest faith in the excellence of all created good ? Those were times when you were petted and loved,—when tender hands ministered to your wants, and soft voices instructed you,—when, stretching sublimely before you, the universe glowing in bright

imagery, fascinated your gaze, and life seemed near ending in its far away shadowy windings.

I love to look upon a group of happy children.—Even a plain looking little child is lovely to me, if I see the dawns of intellect in his features. The merry laugh which rings out clear, and hearty from playful childhood finds an answering chord in my heart. Their glee is contagious, and often as a gush of cheerful music from such little voices is borne upon me, I bless the darlings for teaching me that human nature is loveable.—How different their beauty. One little one with clustering curls of finest hair, and a complexion of dazzling purity, has light blue eyes, over whose depths come and go expressions of evanescent feeling, light joys, and disjointed visions and hopes. It is easy to see that this little spirit is happy and tender while joining in every childish pastime with gentle voice, and graceful gesture. What a prophecy could we unfold for the dark-eyed little child, that steps so firmly; he has a warm heart; high resolve already lends fire to his eyes, he will not be unjust even in play. The mimic battles in which he engages inflict no wounds, and the war of life is all unknown to his happy spirit.

Bright children, carol away—enjoy the spring time of your existence; bird like float along the current of years. Time will soon write other lines upon your fair smooth brows, and touch with sadness the merry tones of your sweet voices. May we learn lessons of tenderness while looking upon you, and our hearts become softened and purified in your society and love.

ISIDOR.

Montreal, July 17th, 1854.



FRANKFORT.

“Frankfort has much to interest for a day or two. It is surrounded by a fine fertile country. It is famous as a free city, and for its love of republicanism, when that form of government was at a great discount in Europe. The new part of the city is fine, the houses of many of the rich bankers are really palaces.

We went to the Jew’s quarters, where for many years they were shut up after a certain hour in the evening, and feared for

a time that we were lost beyond hope,—but finally got out of the narrow labyrinth, and got back in safety to our hotel. The sons of Abraham wearing that mark on their visage, which designates equally under tropical suns, and polar snows, were there in hundreds. It was in these narrow alleys the father of the Rothschilds laid the foundation of their great fortune. Nor would his widow desert her humble abode among old clothes, and the poor of her people, for the splendid palaces of her sons; preferring an abode among her own down-trodden and despised people, to all the trappings and attentions which their more than regal wealth could purchase. A fitting mother for such sons. All honor upon such unwavering affection, even when fastidious and ill-directed.

The history of this wonderful family has its lessons. Mayer Anselm was born in this city, in 1743, and died in 1812. Left an orphan at 12 years, he was educated for a teacher. Not liking this employment he commenced business in a small way. He was subsequently employed in a banking-house in Hanover. By industry and frugality he saved some money, and returned to Frankfort, where he established a banking-house of his own, which is still in existence. Before he was 50 years of age, he loaned the Danish Government \$4,000,000. After the manner of his people, he called his sons around his dying bed, and his last words to them were respecting honesty, frugality, punctuality, and industry. And in 12 years these sons raised for different governments in Europe five hundred millions of dollars, proving them to be the most wealthy and extended banking firm in the world. Their great success they attribute to two causes—to adopt no project until examined and sanctioned by them all, and then unitedly to execute it; and to aim less at great profits than at an entire security. Simple in their plans, reasonable in their terms, true to their contracts, and punctual to every engagement, they enjoy the entire confidence of the civilized world as bankers. Their letters of credit will carry a traveller, without question, round the globe. And their manners are as simple as their credit is extended. Are not principles involved, and lessons taught by this brief narrative, worthy the attention of all men of business? Is not 'honesty the best policy?'—*Selected.*

WRITTEN ON REVISITING OLD SCENES.

Years have pass'd since last I saw thee,
 Quaint and quiet little place,
 Nestled down so calm and lovely
 'Neath the blue ethereal space,
 As I gaze upon thy hill-tops—
 Or into thy valley's fair,
 Olden memories steal o'er me,
 Wafted on the summer air.

Here, when life was young and buoyant,
 And my heart was light and free,
 Wander'd I with lov'd ones—dearer
 Than than the light of life to me.
 Ev'ry tree has some old mem'ry—
 Ev'ry hill and ev'ry dell,
 And the path across the meadow,
 Where the dew so gently fell.

All, all fair and glowing pictures;
 Deep, deep down within my heart,
 Are engrav'd on living tablets,
 And can never more depart.
 Once I saw them, bright and joyful,
 So I cannot see them now,
 For long years have since pass'd o'er me,
 Leaving shadows on my brow.

Hopes have sparkled in their noontide,
 Love has shed his wild'ring ray;
 But the night, with darkness, ever
 Hovers on the verge of day—
 So the hopes, that cheer'd my spirit,
 Gleam'd, and died out, one by one,
 Leaving twilight deep and holy,
 Where before had shone the sun.

Hills and vales are green as ever,
 And the sunlight is as fair;
 But the friends, so lov'd and cherish'd,
 They, alas, are scatter'd—where?
 As I question echo answers—
 Slowly—sadly—"Where, O where?"
 And with mournful swelling cadence
 Dies away upon the air.

Time has chang'd them—some are absent,
 Some are in the home above,

On their graves the grass is waving,
 In my heart abides their love.
 Yet a few belov'd ones linger,
 Chang'd in naught, save weight of years,
 And I clasp their warm hands fondly—
 Chiding back, sad mem'ry's tears.

Years of absence soon must part us,
 Quaint and quiet little place,
 For, with purpose and endeavor,
 I must strive in life's great race—
 But thy hill-tops bath'd in sunlight,
 And thy valleys, green and fair,
 Vision-like shall pass before me,
 Veiling ev'ry trace of care.

EDLA.

Monkton, Vt., July 20th, 1854.



NOTES OF A SIX YEARS RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA,

BY A SCOTCH LADY AT PRESENT RESIDING IN MONTREAL.

Sept. 1847, I sailed from Greenock in a vessel called the Dalhousie, Captain Wilkie, and after a very pleasant passage of 15 days we came in sight of this fair Island of the sea. We had a few passengers on board, and as usual the Custom-House people came off to prevent any smuggling, as the Custom-House regulations are very strict here. The island is very rocky and mountainous, and presents a beautifully verdant aspect, as seen from the bay. Friends came for me and the other ladies who were on board, and kindly conducted us on shore. The landing is effected in Island boats as the beach is dangerous to those not acquainted with the place.

The beach itself is steep and composed of immense round stones, which are ever being rolled down from the beds of the many rivers which intersect the Island. It seems curious on landing to find the boat yoked to two large oxen, hung with bells, to drag it high, and dry on the beach, ere you are permitted to land. Then the Custom-House must be passed, and all luggage left there save a carpet bag, (containing immediate necessaries for the toilet,) which is examined, and handed to you. Then comes a palanquin, where comfortably seated on cushions, with a curtain to shade you from the sun, you are borne along by means of a long and strong pole at the top, on the shoulders of two

men, and thus was I conveyed to the house of a kind relative. The houses there have no far-off resemblance to those in the suburbs of Montreal, though in number they are very deficient; the population of the town is not above 30,000. The houses are built of whinstone, for which purpose the rocks in the vicinity require to be blasted with gunpowder, as the chisel is useless where the stone is so hard. Then the houses are plastered up with lime, and painted white, red, or yellow as each one may think good, while the green Venetians, and the many gardens and trees interspersed, convey an idea of coolness that is infinitely refreshing. For my part the first view I had of the place reminded me of an Eastern story. Corridors and trellis-work hung with vines, with the beautiful fruit in full perfection. Tulip trees, magnolias, bananas, drooping with a weight of fruit, and gracefully waving its slender branches, the beautiful Dahlia bending under its load of snowy flowers. There the days and nights are nearly of equal length, and I must say I enjoyed the social gathering to tea by the lamp light, (for there are neither coals nor gas,) and the cheerful evening spent together in Music, Chess, or work and talk. Moonlight walks in the garden, or along the levada, the water courses which cover the hills in all directions are so named, were at times a pleasant variety, where some lively friends joined us in our walk.

The climate in winter is cool and pleasant; at times too cold for houses where there are neither fireplace, nor fires except an apparatus of the rudest kind in the kitchen for cooking. It is composed of large hollow stones with a hole at the top, on each hole rests a pap, and the stones rest on a hearth both high and large. The oven is likewise a hole in the stone wall, heated by means of brushwood thrown inside, which is taken out ere the meat is enclosed, and a lid covers it to keep in the heat. Wood and broom are used to put under the pots, when cooking, at other times the fire is put out.

Montreal, 24th July, 1854.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.—(*Mus messorius*.)

The Harvest-Mouse is the smallest of the British quadrupeds; so small is it, that a full-grown one weighs no more than sixty-five grains. It is a lively, active, playful little creature; its eyes are dark; its general color is a delicate reddish fawn; but the under

parts are white ; the ears are short and rounded ; the tail is rather shorter than the body. The length of the head and body is two inches six lines. The nest of the Harvest-Mouse is a very singular construction ; it is usually suspended on some growing vegetable, a thistle, a beanstalk, or some adjoining stems of wheat, with which it rocks and waves in the wind ; but, to prevent the young from being dislodged by any violent agitation of the plant, the parent closes up the entrance so uniformly with the whole fabric, that the real opening is with difficulty found. The nest is most artificially platted, and composed of blades of wheat nearly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball ; it is so compact and well closed, that it can be rolled across a table without being injured.

The Rev. W. Bingley, in his *Memoirs of British Quadrupeds*, has the following very interesting remarks, illustrating the habits of an individual for some time kept alive in his possession. "About the middle of September, 1804, I had a female harvest-mouse given to me. When there was no noise, she would venture to come out of her hiding place at the extremity of the cage, and climb about among the wires of the open part before me. In doing this, I remarked that her tail was prehensile, and that, to render her hold the more secure, she generally coiled the extremity of it round one of the wires. The toes of all the feet were particularly long and flexible, and she could grasp the wires very firmly with any of them. She frequently rested on her hind feet, somewhat in the manner of the jerboa, for the purpose of looking about her, and in this attitude could extend her body at such an angle as at first greatly surprised me. She was a beautiful little animal, and her various attitudes in cleaning her face, head, and body, with her paws, were peculiarly graceful and elegant.

One evening, as I was sitting at my writing-desk, and the animal was playing about in the open part of its cage, a large blue fly happened to buzz against the wires ; the little creature, although at twice or thrice the distance of her own length from it, sprang along the wires with the greatest agility, and would certainly have seized it, had the space betwixt the wires been sufficiently wide to have admitted her teeth or paws to reach it. I was surprised at this occurrence, as I had been led to believe that the harvest-mouse was merely a granivorous animal. I caught the fly, and made it buzz in my fingers against the wires. The mouse, though usually shy and timid, immediately came out of her hiding-place, and, running to the spot, seized and devoured it. From this time I fed her with insects whenever I could get them ; and she always preferred them to every other kind of food that I offered her. When this mouse was first put into her cage, a piece of fine flannel was folded up into the dark part of it as a bed, and I put some grass and bran into the large open part. In the course of a few days all the grass was

removed; and, on examining the cage, I found it very neatly arranged between the folds of the flannel, and rendered more soft by being mixed with the knap of the flannel, which the animal had torn off in considerable quantity for the purpose. The chief part of this operation must have taken place in the night; for although the mouse was generally awake and active during the daytime, yet I never once observed it employed in removing the grass. On opening its nest about the latter end of October, 1804, I remarked that there were among the grass and wood at the bottom about forty grains of maize. These appeared to have been arranged with some care and regularity, and every grain had the corcule, or growing part, eaten out, the lobes only being left. This seemed so much like an operation induced by the instinctive propensity that some quadrupeds are endowed with for storing up food for support during the winter months, that I soon afterwards put into the cage about a hundred additional grains of maize. These were all in a short time carried away, and on a second examination I found them stored up in the manner of the former. But though the animal was well supplied with other food, and particularly with bread, which it seemed very fond of, and although it continued perfectly active through the whole winter, on examining its nest a third time, about the end of November, I observed that the food in its repository was all consumed except about half a dozen grains.—*Chronicles of the Seasons.*

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EDITORIAL.

The July number of the "Maple Leaf" was issued later than usual. The extreme heat, together with the prevailing sickness in the city, affected business, and prevented the necessary despatch. Our publisher found it difficult, for a while, to retain men enough to keep the press in motion. Such being the case, we trust our subscribers will overlook the tardiness.

Notwithstanding the heat, we have received a good number of original articles for this issue. Mrs. Traill's pretty little narrative will be liked. The charm of her writings is their truthful simplicity of style. She is, we believe, about to send forth a work of practical character, which will be very useful to settlers in Canada. We are expecting to receive a specimen number, when we shall notice it more particularly.

We have to thank "Persolus" for his continued interest in the "Maple Leaf." His articles exhibit a cultivated taste, not only, but most of them seizing on some passing incident, or sentiment, bring out fine thoughts, and convey elevating moral lessons.

We welcome the communication from "A lady residing in Montreal," and hope she will favor our readers with more of her interesting notes.

"Edla" has sent us a sweet little poem, inspired by the pure influences of Green Mountain scenery. "S. E. H." and "Isidor" have also our thanks, and we are glad to find that Mrs. Hayward does not forget us, though the first chapter of a promised tale from her facile pen has not reached us. We hope to lay it before our readers in the next number.

Prospectus of the "Maple Leaf."

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

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

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

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

J. C. BECKET,

29, Great St. James Street.

London, July 1st, 1854.

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