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W. H. Hays George



MAPLE LEAF

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



JUNE.



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J. WALKER

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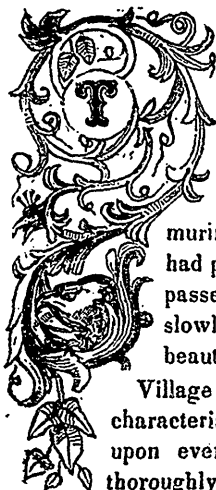
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[For the Maple Leaf.

MY OLD MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LEAF NO. 2.

(Continued from page 101.)



HERE I sat at the window enjoying the calm evening, until finding it yet early. I seized my hat, determined upon a stroll in the village. I passed down the steps of the hotel into a long, broad street. The village seemed to be mainly in this street, which stretched across the murmuring river, the music of whose mimic waves had proved so soothing to my weariness. As I passed on I saw groups of persons walking slowly along, evidently intent on enjoying the beauty of the scene.

Village life is every where possessed of similar characteristics. A necessity seems to be imposed upon every inhabitant of a small village, to be thoroughly acquainted with its history, personal and general; but village life in New England is somewhat peculiar. A fair proportion of intelligent mind is found there; the people are fond of books, and keep up an acquaintance with the current news. Added to their general intelligence is a quick perception of right, a strong love of justice, and a warm sympathy for the suffering. The charming union of country scenery with many of the luxuries of city life, the exemption from vices that grow rank amid the precocious influences of town, and the appreciation of every thing truly noble and patriotic, elevate the New England villages above places of the same class elsewhere.

I never saw a more lovely spot than C——. As far as the eye could reach, until in the distance the points of view met, I looked down the long street. Now and then a silvery laugh was wafted to me from the merry promenaders; and as I passed, a courteous bow was given by more than one party. Taking advantage of this, I ventured to make some inquiries in relation to the pretty stream which formed such a lovely feature in this twilight scene. A young man politely stepped

forward, and answered my questions ; at the same time offering to conduct me to a point where I could have a view of a cascade, which he said fell over some rocks just beyond the bridge. With native taste and good sense he described the objects of interest in and around the village ; and after summing up its natural beauties, he remarked with much feeling, that it was "the happiest little spot on the continent." Just at this moment we came in view of the waterfall, and my companion pointed out a seat where I could sit and take a more extended view. I was in a mood to be interested, and encouraged him to dilate on his favorite theme. "No doubt you enjoy much here," said I ; "kindness and affection are more valuable to the heart than outward splendor, and nature's beauties are far in advance of the adornments of art."

"Yes, we are happy ;" then checking himself he said, "we are by so means exempt from trials, and I ought not to color my description too highly. I think, sir, that our feelings make the place interesting ; the man dignifies and beautifies the spot, not the situation the man. We have just now a cause of sorrow in our circle that touches us deeply."

It was not yet late, and in answer to my inquiries he related the following incident.

"It is now some ten years since Squire B——, a wealthy man who lives here, went with Mrs. B—— to S—— to make some purchases. On their return they brought with them a beautiful little girl. Her dark, spiritual eyes, and finely-formed head and features, were at once admired ; while her tattered dress, and shoeless feet, showed her acquaintance with poverty. I remember the evening when she arrived. I was a strong, active boy, and had been honored with the duty of escorting our dear teacher home after her week's labors. It was early in spring ; the weather enlivened my spirits. I vented them in loud tones, as I gaily plied the lash, and drove up with a flourish just as Squire B—— and his lovely wife entered the village. They had proceeded about a mile on their return from ~~the~~, when they saw a little child, apparently about four years old, running along the road. The sight of the helpless little one touched Mrs. B.'s heart. She prevailed upon her husband to stop and take the poor little child into the carriage, and then drive back to the village, and restore her if

possible to her friends. After making many inquiries, they could find no clue to her history, so it was agreed that they should keep the little girl until something permanent could be decided upon. It was soon arranged that little Annie—for so they called her—should be adopted by her kind protectress, and considered as their own child. Squire B. was kind in his way, but not remarkable for delicacy of perception; he, however, treated the new comer well. It was to her adopted mother, that Annie looked for sympathy and love, and she repaid in full measure all the care that good woman bestowed upon her. Years went by, laden with good to Annie. She was sent to school, and received all the advantages that the village afforded. At last, when Annie was about thirteen years old, a distressing occurrence deprived her of her dear protectress. Mrs. B. was very ill, and her husband went at night to get some medicine: the apothecary carelessly put up poison. The poor lady only lived a short time after taking it. She was faithful to her adopted child to the last; and died commending her to her husband's continued care, who promised to be a father to the orphan. But a change was soon made in Annie's prospects. Hardly had her benefactress grown cold, before Squire B.'s mother—a bustling, harsh woman—gave her to understand, that in future she must work for her living; and ever since, she has treated the young girl with much severity. A change in the Squire's affairs perhaps soured his feelings; at any rate he has been very unkind to Annie, and last night he turned her out of his house. She is a lovely girl, and her friends hope she may soon be better situated."

This tale interested me very much. More than once during the recital I involuntarily thought of the conversation which I had overheard before leaving my room. As soon as possible I hastened back to the hotel, hoping to find my unknown neighbour of the next room to whom I intended to relate the story, judging from what I had accidentally heard, that Annie might be the sister so earnestly sought. What was my surprise, on entering the public parlor, to find a large group gathered round a gentleman and lady, whom I knew at once must be the persons I wished to see. The lady, whose beautiful face was pale with emotion, looked eagerly at the door as I entered, evidently expecting to see some one else. Her husband, almost as much interested as

she, watched her anxiously. The scene, the grouping, the air of expectation, the extreme beauty of the lady, and the sympathising expression of the gentleman, would have presented a fit subject for an artist's study.

The door opened and a young girl entered, looking around with wonder upon so many faces.

The lady gave her one searching look, stretched out her arms tenderly, and with a voice of deepest love exclaimed "My sister! O my sister," then sank back completely overcome with emotion.

Annie, for it was she, stood bewildered in the midst of the commotion caused by the lady's swoon, and did not know how to respond to the joyous greetings which her young companions showered upon her.

Leaving the sisters, for such they were, to gain composure, I will briefly relate their singular, but true story.

Their father and mother were natives of England, from which country they emigrated when Eveline the eldest, was very young. They came out to Canada strong in the hope of bettering their fortunes, but found, like many others, that difficulties environ the settler in a new country.

Mr. Sinclair had been liberally educated, and accustomed to the luxuries of life, but his business relations were not fortunate, his wealth gradually diminished, until at last gathering up what remained, he took his young wife and three children to America. Arrived in Quebec, he looked around for a suitable situation, but not succeeding, he proceeded to Montreal. There anxiety and fatigue brought on a malignant fever which suddenly terminated his life.

Mrs. Sinclair, thus left alone, resolved to go to the States and seek her friends there. She stopped some time in one of the lake towns of Vermont, until her courage began to fail in the prospect of poverty. She was very lovely in appearance, but possessed weak traits of character, that had not been developed while sheltered and sustained by a husband's tenderness. Now left to herself, she proved recreant to the noblest instincts of nature, in deserting her little children to follow the fortunes of a comparative stranger, who urged her to go south with him.

The most singular feature in this history was the fact that Eveline, her eldest child, who was not probably more than

eight years old, determined to follow her mother, and actually managed to beg her way along so as to keep in the same route.

She told her pitiful story, and got a ride, or procured lodging at night. At last, just as she was losing sight of the fugitives, she sat down wearied and sorrowful upon the steps of a fine mansion in a large town in Virginia. There, her helpless age and desolate appearance, interested the servants, who represented the fact to their master.

He sent for the child to his library, and questioned her name.

"Eveline Sinclair," said she, "and my mother's name is Eveline too."

She had not proceeded far, in her account, before she was warmly embraced by her auditor, who told her that he was her own uncle, her mother's brother. A chain of circumstances thus placed the little girl among her family friends, where she was educated with great care.

Mr. Stanley, her uncle, used every means to find his sister. He traced her as far as New Orleans, but there he lost sight of her entirely.

Little Eveline could not tell the name of the place where she left her little brother Stanley and her sister Rosa; but Mr. Stanley, her uncle, made many inquiries in the town of Vermont, nearest Canada, which he thought must be the part of the country where they stopped. Nothing could be learned there, and Eveline grew up to woman-hood without hearing from them. The desire to see them grew with her growth, until at last it became intense. After her marriage and settlement in a new and beautiful home, she thought more and more of her brother and sister. At last she became very ill. It was soon evident that sorrow or anxiety preying on her mind, had much to do with her illness. It was, therefore, agreed by her friends that Mr. Enfield (her husband) should arrange his business so that he could be absent a few months, and as soon as possible leave with Eveline for a journey in search of the dear relatives. To give ample opportunity to look for them, they traveled in their own carriage.

So strong was Mrs. Enfield's faith that she should find them, that she caused two rooms to be prepared for them, in her own pleasant home, and every arrangement to be made for their reception.

“Truth is often stranger than fiction.”

She found her brother at S. He had been in the poor house, and afterward was transferred to a store as errand boy, and we have seen that Annie was the same as the little Rosa whom she left so many years before. She recognised her from the strong resemblance Rosa bore to her mother, whose memory Eveline ever cherished with tender sorrow.

Reader, I have arrived nearly at the end of this leaf, I will just add a word or two of explanation, and you have it complete. I saw the home of the Enfield's in the “Old Dominion,” and became well acquainted with Mr. Stanley, whose staunch principles, and noble mind are appreciated by a fine circle of friends of true Virginia character.

Eveline, and Rosa, and Stanley, are very interesting persons. I speak from a knowledge that a near acquaintance of some years admits.

Montreal, May, 1854.



BAROMETERS.

[For the Maple Leaf.

BY ISIDOR.

The word barometer is of Greek extraction, being compounded of *Baros*, meaning weight, and *metron*, signifying measure. These words explain its meaning, as this instrument is used for the purpose of finding, or measuring the weight of the atmosphere—of foretelling the changes in the weather, and of telling the height of mountains. It consists of a glass tube, which, being hermetically sealed at one end, is then filled with mercury. The finger is then placed at one end against the mercury, so that the atmosphere shall have no admittance whatever. The tube is then inverted and plunged in a vessel containing mercury well freed from air. On removing the finger, the quicksilver in the tube will join that of the basin, and the mercury will then subside in a column of 29 or 30 inches. Its height entirely depends on the state of the atmosphere at the time.

This instrument is said to have been invented by Galileo, in the beginning of the last century; however, it was Torricelli who improved it considerably at a later period, and it was not until sometime after this, that it was used for the purpose of prognosticating the changes of the weather. After it had been agreed that

the falling of the mercury was owing to the weight of the atmosphere it obtained the name of weather glass, and by this name it is still sometimes known even at the present day.

The barometer of Torricelli is the one which is generally used, and, although since its invention we have had various improvements, some on a small and others on a large scale, still this one is the most accurate, as the natural simplicity of its construction must defy all improvement.

This instrument being now the most common, and the chief one in use, I shall try and explain it, taking for a guide the annexed wood-cut :—



A B represents a tube of glass $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, and 34 inches in length, hermetically sealed at the point A. The tube A B, being then filled with mercury, is inverted in the basin C D. The mercury then falls to G H, 28 inches, and the highest it reaches is 31 inches. From the surface of the quicksilver, C F, 28 inches must now be measured on the tube A B. This will reach to the point K, which is generally marked stormy. In like manner, the highest part of the scale of variation, I, is placed 31 inches above E F, and is marked very dry, and applies to the summer season, and on the other side to hard frost for the winter. The next half inch below is marked set. fair on one side, and set. frost on the other. At 30 inches from C F it is marked fair on one side, and frost on the other ; half an inch below this, the word changeable is marked, which answers for both summer and winter. At 29, rain on one side, and snow on the other ; $28\frac{1}{2}$, much rain, or much snow, and each division, for convenience sake, is subdivided into ten parts. I shall now give a few general principles in relation to prognosticating the weather by this useful instrument, and, in doing so, shall make use of Dr. Haller's rules :—

1. In calm weather, when it is inclined to rain, the mercury is certainly low.

2. In good weather, high.

3. In great winds it sinks very low ; in fact, the lowest of all, though there be no rain.

4. The greatest heights of the mercury are found with easterly winds.

5. In calm frosty weather, it is generally high.
6. After great storms of wind, when it has been low, it rises fast.
7. In northerly places, the barometer changes more frequently than in southerly.
8. Within the tropics, or near them the alteration is very slight.

Such are the general phenomena, as regards the rising and falling of the Barometer. This instrument is a most necessary one, and is as useful as it is necessary.

Thus, the human intellect, that vainly tries to foretell great things, can, by the simple means of mercury, foretell the state of the weather; whether sunshine is to light the earth with its joyous rays, causing the whole creation to feel animated by its enlivening presence; or whether dark days, and the foggy gloom of a chilling atmosphere, are to appear, imparting sadness to all, and causing discontented man to long for a change, and supplicate the return of the merry sunshine.

Hoping our desire for soft airs and flowery scenes may be gratified, I wish you, my dear readers, (if I have any,) a very delightful and sunny good day.

Montreal, 1854.



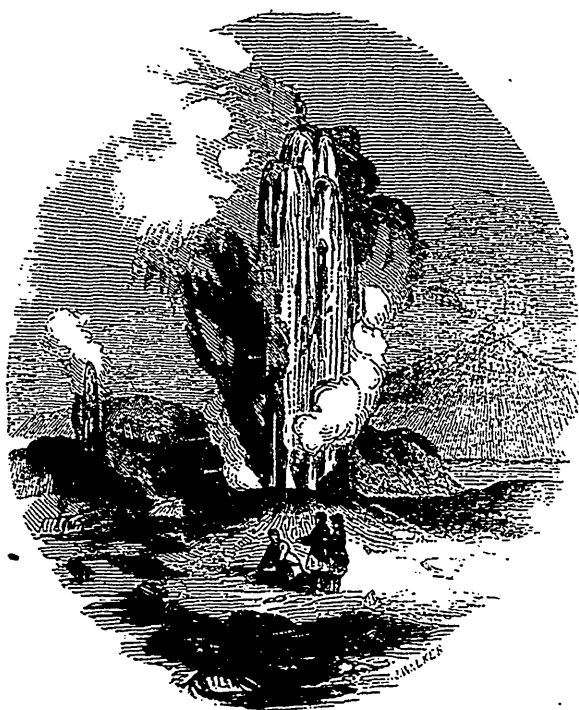
[Written for the Maple Leaf.

SONNET.

When I bethink me of the many years,
 That we in wedded love together spent,
 Then turn me to the present, the extent
 Of my bereavement strikingly appears.
 A lonely wanderer in a vale of tears;
 A weary, wasted, desolated thing,
 Without one stay to which my heart can cling;
 Without one voice to chide the woe that bears
 Me to my destiny,—yet reflection says,
 Be patient, for thy griefs shall shortly end;
 And thou and thy devoted earnest friend
 Shall be as ye have been in former days—
 One, in affection, love, fidelity;
 One, through the rolling periods of eternity.

T. H.

April 17, 1852.



THE GEYSERS.

In Iceland, some singular results of volcanic action are discoverable. There are vents, or aqueous craters, which discharge streams of boiling water, or columns of steam. The chief of these are at Haukadal, far behind Mount Hecla, the snow-clad summits of which are, however, within sight. Within a very limited space, a great number of these geysers, or hot-spouting springs, the name being derived from the Icelandic verb to rage, "to burst forth violently," are apparent, and the clouds of vapour they emit are visible at the distance of several miles.

One is called "the great geyser," a name to which, as the largest in Iceland, it is fully entitled. A large mound, formed of the various substances it has ejected during the lapse of ages, surrounds it. This mound is hollow, in fact, a basin, about one

hundred and fifty feet in circumference, commonly having in it about four feet of boiling water, which is beautifully clear. A pipe or funnel, about ten feet in diameter, but wider at top, descends perpendicularly in the middle of the basin to the depth of near eighty feet in the earth, and is the vent of the boiling stream. From the sides of the basin, two small channels open, and allow almost constant passage to some of the water, which, still hot, and strongly impregnated with mineral substance, flows, on leaving the mound, through a turfy kind of soil, and acting on the peat, mosses, and grass, gradually produces some of the most beautiful specimens of petrification. Leaves of the birch, and of other trees growing in that inhospitable clime, are also found incrustated, so as to appear a white stone, yet still preserving their minutest fibres unchanged.

The eruptions of this geyser occur at irregular intervals; the first signals of violence are low reports, and slight concussions of the earth. A few jets are now thrown up by the pipe, and after a pause a rumbling is heard beneath; louder reports succeed, with concussions strong enough to shake the whole mound, in the midst of which the water boils with increased violence, and overflows the edges of the basin. Other reports follow, louder and more rapid than the preceding, something like the discharge of artillery. With an astounding roar, and immense velocity, the water then rushes through the pipe, and rises in the air in irregular jets, surrounded and almost concealed by volumes of steam. Loftier and more defined jets succeed to the first, and there is generally a central jet, exhibiting a column of boiling water from nine to twelve feet in diameter, and on an average from fifty to seventy feet in height. These boiling fountains seldom play longer than six or seven minutes at a time; then the action of the central pipe ceases; dense steam covers for a while the basin; and when that moves off, nothing is seen but a sheet of clear hot water, and all is quiet, until after an interval of some hours a fresh eruption is announced by faint reports. We are indebted for our information on this subject to Dr. Henderson, who visited the great geyser some years ago. On his second visit, when he pitched his tent close to it for two days, its eruptions occurred pretty regularly every six hours, and some of the columns of water rose to the height of one hundred and fifty feet.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

(Sung by a Son over the Grave of his Mother.)

Oh ! mother, did I not forbid thee to depart ?—
 Did I not plead, and tell thee, that thou would'st soon
 Feel on thy faded face the balmy breath of June ;
 And that the summer's music soon would fill thy ear
 With those sweet melodies, thou loved'st much to hear ;
 'That soon our bird would build again its little nest
 Within the Lilac, where for years it buildeth 'erst' ?—
 Did I not bid thee wait, and tell thee even then
 Our burn had burst its bands, and babbled through the glen ;
 That winter's clouds were fled ? that spring was coming fast,
 And round thy wither'd form a robe of health would cast ?
 Then would we roam together, I would aid thy walk,
 Whilst thou would'st gladden me with a fond mother's talk—
 Would'st mark the violet's purple leaves meekly outspread.
 But oh ! they're blooming now upon thy earthy bed,
 For thou, alas ! art not, and I am here alone,
 A saddened, weeping boy. Too well I know thou'rt gone,
 For there is none to soothe the throbbings of my heart.

PERSOLVA.

April 17, 1854.



[For the Maple Leaf.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Morning broke, light golden clouds heralded the approach of the orb of day, glorious in his wakening. He came, bringing in his train his two ever present hand-maids—joy and sorrow. Among those who awaited with eager expectation his gladdening beams, were two hearts beating high with hope and love. That sun was about to shine for the first time to *them*, on the land of their adoption ; and, with the eager expectation of children, they gazed on the shore about to be irradiated with his rising beams.

The steamer, on the deck of which they stood, ploughed gallantly the noble waters of Lake Ontario. Ontario ! Name so expressive of thy loveliness. Involuntarily they uttered the literal meaning of that poetical word,—“ How beautiful,”—as the sun gradually emerged from the horizon, shedding a golden light over the land of promise. There they stood,—he the type of strong and vigorous manhood, his manly heart springing to grapple with, and surmount the first hard experience he felt

might await him ; if that heart for a moment faltered, it was for the gentle being alone beside him. Hitherto nurtured tenderly, fanned by the soft airs of the south wind, how will she endure the blasts of privation or sorrow, should they unhappily be her lot ? But that delicate form encased a heart strong in woman's love ; a love whose light diffuses its radiance in the darkest hour of adversity, burning on when less exalted feelings have been drowned in selfishness. It is thus that the spiritual of the woman, rises superior to the weakness of her physical nature. If she toils for her beloved one, that thought hallowes, as it were, the every day acts of life, shedding a halo of refinement over the most menial occupation. How often do we see those delicately nurtured standing pre-eminent, in the strict fulfilment of the new duties which, in the course of God's providence, have been assigned to them, making true that remark,—“Cultivated minds excel in the meanest things, and refined minds possess the most common sense.”

But let us return to the deck, where the young bride is still standing.

“Marguerite, does it not look bright and pleasant ? What ! no answer, and tears ! Nay, this must not be ;” and he raised the fair bowed head, parting tenderly the golden ringlets shadowing it.

No, not even that bright smile can altogether atone for tears preceding it.

“Now, rest here,” as he again drew her tenderly to him, “and tell me where those truant thoughts had winged their way ?” but, too rightly, conjecturing they were dwelling on a sunny home far away.

“O no, Walter ; do not ask me, all is bright now ; do let me stand up here, I want to see more of those distant hills,” and she sprang up on the seat beside him.

“Take care, Marguerite, you might fall over, and the air is too fresh for you ; I will run for a shawl,” and, lifting her down, he said, “now do not get up there again till I return ; don't let me lose my treasure after having brought it safely so far,” and he ran down to the cabin.

“What a pretty little creature she is,” said Capt. M. to a gentleman who paced the deck with him, unobserved spectators of the little scene above ; “I hope her path may not be a rough one.”

“ I think not, Captain ; I crossed the Atlantic with them, and believe she has a husband worthy of her, and fully sensible of her value. Did you see how carefully he lifted her down, and even then seemed to leave her reluctantly. But look, her bonnet is blown off,” and both gentlemen ran to regain it for her.

She sprang on the seat, catching at the falling bonnet, as her husband re-appeared. He darted forward, as overbalancing herself, with one wild, heart-piercing cry, she was precipitated into the foaming water. With a wild cry of frantic agony her unfortunate husband rushed to the side of the boat, and was only withheld by main force from springing overboard. Instantly the engines were stopped, and a boat lowered, while several brave fellows stripping off their coats plunged into the water. At that moment, at some little distance, appeared the beautiful form of the hapless girl ; like a golden veil, her hair floated on the surface of the waves, her arms were stretched imploringly towards the vessel, and, maddened at the sight, Walter burst from those who held him, and darted overboard. In vain, in vain, a few more stretches and the upheld hands will be reached. No ; for a moment they were raised to heaven, and the waters closed over the gentle and beautiful. She never rose again. The unhappy husband was with difficulty saved, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover for many weeks, when broken-hearted he left the country, whose waters had entombed all that earth held most dear to him.

* * * * *

“ Has the Coroner arrived ? ”

“ Yes, they are now viewing the body,” said the landlord of a small inn, near the borders of Lake Ontario.

“ Sad case, is it not ? ”

“ Yes ; a man must have a pretty hard heart to see such a sight as that unmoved ; you can follow me, if you would like to see her,” and proceeding softly down a passage, he opened a side door.

On a table within lay the lovely form of the young wife whose untimely end we have been narrating. Of the rough and motley group hurriedly assembled at the inquest, there was not one untouched at the quiet beauty of the early lost, so suddenly snatched away from life and love. Heavily the golden tresses hung round the fair face, which, but a few mornings since, was

lighted up with affection's smile, as those bright tresses were tenderly caressed by one on whom that smile would never beam again. One by one, as they left the apartment, they turned to take a last look at the still beautiful face, and the Coroner, with emotion he was unable to conceal, tenderly secured one of the golden ringlets, in the hope of some day restoring it to her unhappy husband.

“Papa, what makes you look so grave? why do you not kiss your little pet?” said Edith, as she vainly endeavored to attract her papa's attention, and, still unsuccessful, she shook her silken ringlets over his shoulder.

That action aroused him.

“Ah! little daughter of mine, I have seen a sad sight to-day,” and, with a deep sigh, he passed his hand lovingly over the flowing curls of his little daughter, so resembling that which he had taken from the young girl, on whom he had just held an inquest.

“Do you see this lock of hair, Edith,” and he opened a small packet revealing a bright golden tress of unusual length.

“O! how beautiful, Papa. May I have it?”

“No dearest, but I will tell you a sad tale connected with it,” and he placed his little Edith on his knee, and tears fell fast from the gentle child as she listened to that tale of sorrow.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, near Port Hope, 1854.



THE STRAWBERRY SEASON.

The supplying of a large city with apparently trivial luxuries is often a curious operation, and of great importance to a number of persons, to whom it affords employment and subsistence.—There are not many of the inhabitants of London, who do not every summer partake of the delicious strawberries with which it is so abundantly and so cheaply supplied. Yet few of them are aware that many hundreds of persons derive their livelihood, during the time they are in season, from the various operations which the supplying London with them occasions.

Most of the strawberries consumed in the metropolis are grown within ten miles of it, and by far the greater number of strawberry-gardens are on its western side. The chief places at

which they are situated are Isleworth, Brentford, Ealing, Hammersmith, Fulham, Deptford, Mortlake, Hackney and Camberwell. The extent of land cultivated for strawberries has been much increased within a few years, and has been estimated at more than a thousand acres for the supply of London alone. The greatest number of persons who derive employment in producing strawberries for the markets are females, with the exception of those who dress the ground on which they grow. In the season in which strawberries are ripe, which is usually the end of May, the women who gather the fruit, assemble in the strawberry-garden, in the morning, as soon as it is light, which at that time of year is between three and four o'clock, and commence plucking the fruit. The best fruit, which is gathered earliest in the morning, is taken to the packing room and carefully put in pottle-baskets; fifty or sixty of these are placed in a large basket, and before seven o'clock in the morning, a number of women are despatched to the metropolis, each with one of these large baskets, which she carries on her head, with only a small cushion to make the pressure of the weight equal. The weight of the baskets and fruit is from thirty to forty pounds, and sometimes more.

A party of these carriers then set off with their burdens, walking at a quick pace, and occasionally running, so that they generally accomplish five miles in an hour during their journey, managing with skill and address their head-loads (as they are called) and seldom having occasion to hold them with their hands. When men occasionally carry the fruit, they have a shoulder-knot, similar to those used by porters, so that part of the weight rests on the shoulder, and part on the head, but by this mode of conveyance the fruit is generally more injured than when carried by women.

The carriers arrive at the principal fruiterers in London early enough for their customers to be supplied with fruit gathered the same morning. The same women, sometimes, proceed with a second load to London, even when the strawberry ground is situated seven or eight miles from the fruiterers. The employment of females as carriers of fruit, is within the last three or four years greatly diminished, by some of the largest strawberry-growers having established light cars, hung on very pliable springs, and drawn by a quick paced horse; one of these cars carries about twenty baskets, each of which would be a load for

a woman. Though this mode is a considerable saving of expense, yet it does not convey the fruit in such perfection as when carried on the head.

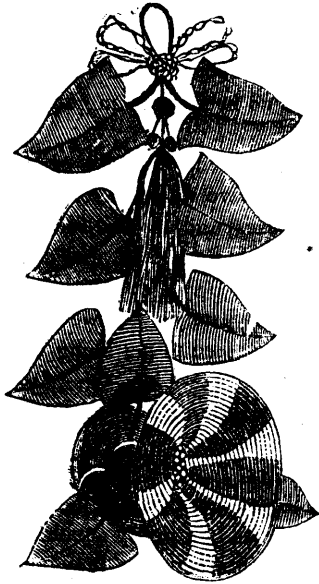
Connected with the supplying of strawberries to the metropolis, is the manufacture of pottle-baskets by women and children. The women prepare the wood by steeping it in water, and splitting it, according to the parts of the basket it is designed to form. Then the most skilful arrange the slips of wood, which form the upright supports of the basket, and fix them in their place by weaving the bottom part; the sides are woven by children with pliable strips of wood, and the top is bound over by the more accustomed workwomen. These baskets, therefore, pass through several hands in the making, and the wood has to be purchased and prepared, yet they are still supplied to the gardener at the rate of about six-pence the dozen. The baskets are formed of the wood of the fir or willow tree, the latter is the best. They are made by the poor at their own homes in the towns near the strawberry-gardens, particularly at Brentford.

The women employed in gathering and conveying strawberries to London cannot be estimated at less, during the season, than two thousand persons. Part of these are the inhabitants of the adjacent towns, but a great number of them are young women, who migrate annually from Worcestershire, Shropshire, and Wales, and after the strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries are passed, return to the country in time to assist at the harvest, having usually during their migration saved enough to buy a good stock of clothes, and to lay by some money towards their support during the following winter. They are, in general, very industrious, neat, and well conducted in their behaviour.—*Selected.*



A GOOD MAXIM.—The more quietly and peaceable we get on, the better for us; the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, conduct yourself so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

CONVOLVULUS WATCH-POCKET.



MATERIALS.—Two shades of green chenille, (3 skeins of each,) 1 skein brown ditto, 2 blue, 2 white, with a morsel of yellow; a pair of wire frames; a little green satin, wadding, and cardboard; also, cord and tassels.

We think our readers cannot fail to be pleased with a design so novel and so elegant; while there is so very little work in it, it cannot fail to be generally popular. The wire frame represents the skeleton of a convolvulus flower and leaves, with a loop at the extremity, which serves afterwards to suspend the article by. The pocket itself is behind the flower. At the back of the pocket a round of cardboard, wadded on one side and covered with green satin on both, is sewed—the wadded side being inwards, of course. The front of the pocket is filled in the same way, forming the base of the flower. The leaves are filled in with chenille, which is carried first to the point of the leaf, and then backwards and forwards from one edge to the other, entirely filling it up, as far as the base. The two shades of green are used for this purpose; the lightest leaves being those nearest the flower, and the three small ones immediately surrounding it. The brown chenille is used for covering the stems.

The sections of the flower are alternately white and blue; or white and violet, or white and pink may be used for this purpose. The sections of the flower are filled in the same way, and the edge covered, on each division, with the section that fills it. Two or three small loops of yellow chenille are placed in the heart of each flower, and a fancy cord and tassels finish it off. The chenille used is that termed *chenille a broder*.
—*Family Friend*.

TROUBLE WITH SERVANTS.

"O, dear Mrs. Graham," said my neighbor Mrs. Jones to me one day, "what shall I do for good servants? I am almost worried out of my senses. I wish somebody would invent a machine to cook, wash, scrub, and do housework in general. What a comfort it would be!"

"They are all poorly educated," I replied, "and we cannot expect much of them. Most of them have nearly everything to learn when they come into our houses, and are bad scholars into the bargain. But we must have patience. I find it my only resource."

"Patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, warily. "It would require more patience than Job ever possessed to get along with some of them."

"And yet," said I, "we accomplish little or nothing by impatience. At least such is my experience."

"I don't know, ma'am," replied Mrs. Jones. "If you go to being gentle and easy with them, if you don't follow them up at every point, you will soon have affairs in a pretty condition! They don't care for your comfort or interest—not they! In fact, more than half of them would, a thousand times, rather make things disagreeable for you than otherwise."

"I know they are a great trial sometimes," I answered, not feeling at liberty to say to my visitor all I thought. "But we must endeavor to bear it the best we can. That is my rule; and I find, in the long run, that I get on much better when I repress all exhibition of annoyance at their carelessness, shortcomings, neglect, or positive misdeeds, than I do when I let them see that I am annoyed, or exhibit the slightest angry feeling."

Not long after this, we accepted an invitation to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and I then had an opportunity of seeing how she conducted herself towards her domestics. I was in no way surprised, afterwards, that she found difficulty in getting along with servants.

Soon after my husband and myself went in, and while we were sitting in the parlor, Mrs. Jones had occasion to call a servant. I noticed that, when she rung the bell, she did so with a quick jerk; and I could perceive a tone of authority in

the ting-a-ling of the bell, the sound of which was distinctly heard. Nearly two minutes passed before the servant made her appearance, in which time the bell received a more vigorous jerk. At last she entered, looking flushed and hurried.

"What's the reason you did not come when I first rung?" inquired our lady hostess in a severe tone.

"I—I—came as quick as I could," replied the girl, with a look of mortification at being spoken to before strangers.

"No, you didn't! It's your custom to wait until I ring twice. Now, let this be the last time!"

And then, in a low voice, Mrs. Jones gave the direction for which she had summoned her.

"Such a set!" ejaculated the lady, as the girl left the room. Her words were intended to reach other ears besides ours; and so they did. "That girl," she continued, addressing me, "has a habit of making me ring twice. It really seems to give them pleasure, I believe, to annoy you. Ah, me! this trouble with servants is a never-ending one. It meets you at every turn."

And, for some time, she animadverted upon her favorite theme—for such it appeared to be—until her husband, who was evidently annoyed, managed to change the subject of discourse. Once or twice she came back to it before tea-time.

At last the tea-bell rung, and we ascended to the dining-room. We were but fairly seated, when a frown darkened suddenly on the brow of our hostess, and her hand applied itself nervously to the table-bell.

The girl who had set the table came up from the kitchen.

"There is no sugar in the bowl," said Mrs. Jones, sharply. "I wish you would learn to set the table while you are about it. I'm sure I have spoken to you often enough."

As the girl took the sugar-bowl to fill it, the frown left the face of our hostess, and she turned to me with a bland smile, and asked whether I used sugar and cream in my tea. I replied in the affirmative, but did not smile in return, for I could not. I knew the poor girl's feelings were hurt at being spoken to in such a way before strangers, and this made me extremely uncomfortable.

"Do you call this cream?" was the angry interrogation of Mrs. Jones, as the girl returned with the sugar, pushing towards

her the cream-jug, which she had lifted from the table as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am," was replied.

"Look at it, and see then."

"It's the cream," said the girl.

"If that's cream, I never want to see milk. Here! take it away and bring me the cream."

The girl looked confused and distressed. But she took the cream-jug and went down stairs with it.

"That's just the way they always do," said Mrs. Jones leaning back in her chair. "I really get out of all patience sometimes."

In a little while the girl returned.

"It's the cream, ma'am, as I said. Here's the milk." And she presented two vessels.

Mrs. Jones took both from her hands with an ill-natured jerk. Sure enough, it was as the girl had said.

"Such cream!" fell from the lips of our hostess, as she commenced pouring it into the cups already filled with tea.

The girl went down stairs to take back the milk she had brought up, but she was scarcely at the bottom of the stairs, when the bell was rung for her.

"Why don't you stay here? What are you running off about?" said Mrs. Jones, as she came in hurriedly. "You know I want you to wait on the table."

And so it was during the whole meal. The girl was not once spoken to except in a tone of anger or offensive authority.

I was no longer surprised that Mrs. Jones found it difficult to keep good domestics, for no one of feeling can long remain with a woman who speaks to them always in a tone of command, or who reproves them in the presence of visitors.

My husband was very severe upon Mrs. Jones after we returned home. "No lady," said he, "never spoke in anger or reproof to a domestic before a visitor or stranger. Nothing more surely evinces a vulgar and unfeeling mind."

I did not attempt to gainsay his remark, for he expressed but my own sentiment. So far from uttering a reproof in the presence of a visitor, I am careful not to speak to my domestics about any fault even in the presence of my husband. They have a certain respect for themselves, and a certain delicacy

of feeling, which we should rather encourage than break down. Nearly all domestics are careful to appear as well as possible in the eyes of the head of the family, and it hurts them exceedingly to be reprovèd, or angrily spoken to, before him. This every woman ought to know by instinct; and those who do not, are just so far deficient in the aggregate of qualities that go to make up the true lady.

I was by no means surprised to hear from Mrs. Jones, a few days afterwards, that the "good-for-nothing creature" who waited upon the table on the occasion of our taking tea at her house, had gone away and left her. I thought better of the girl for having the spirit to resent, in this way, the outrage committed upon her feelings. Domestics have rights and feelings; and if people were to regard these more, and treat them with greater kindness and consideration than they do, there would be fewer complaints than there are at present. This is my opinion, and I must be pardoned for expressing it.—*Selected.*



SEVASTOPOL.

From "Russian Shores of the Black Sea."

The Russians speak of Sevastopol with a kind of mysterious awe; and when, at a sudden turn of the road, we obtained an extensive view of the Crimea, it was startling to find that the most prominent feature in the landscape was Sevastopol itself, with its lofty white houses, and frowning batteries; and green-domed churches. Far inland, and long after the houses had ceased, the tapering masts of the ships were visible above the low hills: their sails, which had been hung out to dry, were hanging idly upon them; and as we approached still nearer, we could discern the large hulls of the line-of-battle-ships, floating, as it were, in the very streets of the town.

The population of Sevastopol, including military and marine, amounts to forty thousand. The town is in fact an immense garrison, and looks imposing because so many of the buildings are barracks or government offices. Still I was much struck with the substantial appearance of many of the private houses. The main street owed its extreme cleanliness to large gangs of military prisoners, who were employed in perpetually sweeping. New houses were springing up in every direction, government

works were still going forward vigorously, and Sevastopol bids fair to rank high among Russian cities. The magnificent arm of the sea upon which it is situate, is an object worthy the millions which have been lavished in rendering it a fitting receptacle for the Russian navy.

As I stood upon the handsome stairs that lead down to the water's edge, I counted thirteen sail of the line anchored in the principal harbor. The newest of these, a noble three-decker, was lying within pistol-shot of the quay. The average breadth of this inlet is one thousand yards; two creeks branch off from it, intersecting the town in a southerly direction, and containing steamers and smaller craft, besides a long row of hulks which have been converted into magazines or prison-ships.

The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbor. After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine-wood, never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and in some degree to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retchka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Inkerman, falls into the upper part of the main harbor.

Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. However well fortified may be the approaches to Sevastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet.

[For the Maple Leaf.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

The golden sun, down sinking,
 Minds me of death's deep sleep ;
 My heart is worn with thinking—
 To-night I would be drinking
 Oblivion's waters deep.

I fain would cease this sighing
 For joys I may not win—
 Would plume my wings for flying
 Where pain, and want, and dying
 Can never enter in.

My spirit would be soaring
 Beyond the bounds of time,
 Where God's own sunlight, pouring
 On angel bands adoring,
 Illumes a heav'nly clime.

Of that bright land I'm dreaming,
 As day speeds after day ;
 Oh ! glorious 'tis in seeming
 With holy radiance beaming,
 Lit by His smile away.

Oh ! earth, how frail and fleeting
 Are all the joys thou hast !
 Sunlight and shadow meeting—
 Our dearest hopes retreating
 Into the *tomblike past*.

We call them from their hiding,
 Their voices echo back—
 "Hope *here* hath no abiding,
 Where clouds, the day dividing,
 Loom darkly o'er the track.

From all your dreams awaking,
 Rise ! speed you on your way ;
 Th' eternal sunlight breaking—
 Earth shadows all forsaking—
 Betoken endless day."

EDLA.

Montreal, May 26, 1854.



WHAT a marvellous gospel is that which opens a free portal to friendship with God for every sinner who will ; and into which, if any sinner enter, he will find purification as well as peace.—*Chalmers*.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

NITIMUR SPE.

Subjected to almost continual vicissitudes, and wearied by endless toils, we should, were it not for the exalted and refreshing influences of hope, be sure to droop and falter on our way; but so wonderfully are we fashioned by the creative hands of Infinite wisdom, that what at first sight strikes us a weakness, becomes by a slight modification in itself the cause of power. Thus it is that grief when closely pent up within a swelling heart, almost crushes us with its oppression; but the cause of our suffering attaining its maturity, and when most overpowering, gives us relief in gushing floods of tears, the previous pain has but fitted us more fully to appreciate the subsequent relief; in such cases all our experience goes to establish the paradox, that even tears, those semblances of grief, are blessed things. . . . From the cradle to the grave, through all the changing scenes of this mortal life, does hope ever present a bright future, a glowing picture of happiness to come. This cheers us on through the deepest despondency; indeed, bereft of these light, sunny visions, our boasted human progress would become a miserable nothingness. Shakspeare says, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

“ Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.”

And again, in King Richard III., we find the following much more forcible couplet :—

“ True hope is swift, and flies with swallows’ wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

Hope is most peculiarly the property of the good, the “ Friend of the brave in peril’s darkest hour,” to which intrepid virtue looks for power. But why multiply quotations, for who has ever touched the shell, and failed to sing of joyous hope?

“ Hope on, hope ever,” is a very frequently uttered sentiment, and one comprehensive of wisdom; and when it becomes that confiding enduring hope, which “ hopeth all things,” it is no longer merely a shadow of sublunary wisdom, but is a real expositor of eternal truth. Bursting into a divine flame, it dissipates the gloom that shrouds the night of death, till even the starless grave shines gloriously; and then, and only then, does it escape the sweeping assertion of the preacher; for behold, it is no longer vanity.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, May 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

DROPS FROM A FULL HEART.

It was Sabbath evening. How precious are the associations of sacred time! How sweetly solemn the fading scenes of closing day! How in every hymn of praise, or reverential prayer, sent upward in the great congregation during the day, the heart has been consoled, and strengthened for the coming cares of active life! How, when listening to the story of redemption, has heaven been brought near to earth, so that we could almost hear the high praises of the upper temple, and perceive the green foliage of the tree of life, and fondly imagine we were near the beloved ones who have passed to the eternal mansions.

Sweet oasis of life! blessed garden of love!
 Blooming bright for the soul in the kingdom above;
 Moored safe from earth's storms in thy blissful retreat,
 May we meet those we love at Immanuel's feet.

The lingering twilight accorded well with the dim light in my chamber. All was still in the house, save the sweet tones of my darlings, who were gradually forgetting to call me. My little daughter ceased the lullaby, with which she was soothing her infant sister, and all was quiet around their pillows. I stepped gently to the little sleepers, to assure myself that all was right, then returning threw myself upon a couch to rest my weary head, and indulge in the luxury of thought. "The dear children," said I, and my mother's heart, like a deep fountain agitated by internal forces, swelled to overflowing with anxious love. There they were, safely sleeping, sheltered by the Good Shepherd. Would they always be lambs of His flock, guarded in their pilgrimage life, into "green pastures, and beside still waters"?

The shadows gathered into the room, and the faint light pictured strange shapes on the walls. Memory was busy at my heart.

Stealing like stray sunbeams,
 Falls the spell of day dreams,
 Round the longing heart.
 Struggling through life's arches,—
 In grand forced marches,
 Sweet memories dart.
 Onward move the phantoms in the misty light,
 Now from the shad'wy land beauty meets the sight.

The hour was propitious to mournful recollections,—the struggle of life seemed revealed to my prophetic vision. Surrounded by phantoms of the past, I shrank from the future. I felt all the trembling that appertains to the weakness of mortality. My poor tired frame seemed to anticipate the moment when it should sink into dust.

Where is the sensitive heart that has not had its sorrowful hours—its moments of deep disappointment at its own attainments? The prospect of death, at all times trying to nature, becomes much more so, when we feel that we have not been victors in the earthly race;—when we find that our lagging footsteps have not attained the goal of excellence.

In imagination I looked into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and walked along its confines. The lost and loved, had trodden its pathway. I would not recoil from its cypress shades, or funereal gloom. Still my failure to gain vantage ground from whence I could see the “land of Beulah,” caused me to pray for life. My little children called me back to every day concerns, and bade me wish to live. I resolved to take a fresh start in life’s struggle, to toil more hopefully amid the cares that beset me, and subdue more earnestly the weakness of a sinful nature.

Blessed Sabbath strains, were, just then, wafted to me from evening worshippers, and the elevating influence of sacred song, lifted me at once out of my self-repinings towards the heavenly altar. I heard no words of sweet encouragement,—but the music seemed to whisper in the inner courts of my heart,—

Heir of glory—child of heaven,
Lo! life’s pall of woe is riven,
Rolling back the gloom of sin—
Light and joy shall enter in.

From the heights of Calvary’s Mount—
Glorious scenes shalt thou recount,
Or from Pisgah’s favored stand,
View the beauteous promised land.



JUDGMENT, PENETRATION.—“Judgment is the child of close observation. Good rules cannot supply the place of good judgment; nor axioms and maxims the place of common sense. Knowledge is the treasure, judgment the treasurer, of a wise man. In active life, penetration and judgment are more valuable than large erudition.”

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

CONDIMENTS, OR SEASONING AGENTS.

The name of *condiment* is usually given to those substances which are taken with foods for the immediate purpose of improving their flavor. But most of them serve other and much more important purposes in the animal economy than that of gratifying the palate. Most of them are, in fact, alimentary substances—the use of which has become habitual to us.

But all the substances used as condiments are not necessary to our existence. This is the case with the aromatic and pungent condiments. The purpose which these substances serve in the animal economy is not very obvious; they probably act as stimulants, and, in some cases, they may answer to correct the injurious qualities of the food with which they are eaten.

Saline Condiments.—Common salt is considered by most persons as a mere luxury, as if its use were only to gratify the taste, although it is essential to health and life, and is as much an aliment of food as either bread or flesh. It is a constituent of most of our food and drinks, and nature has kindly furnished us with an appetite for it. In many cases of disordered stomach, a tea-spoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal pain, termed *colic*, a tea-spoonful of salt, dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will relieve a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remains to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense returns, when the salt will restore the patient from lethargy. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies have failed, it has been found that two tea-spoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

Bitter Almonds are more or less poisonous to all animals. Dogs, pigeons, &c., are readily destroyed by eating these nuts. When eaten in large quantities, bitter almonds have caused fatal consequences. The oil of bitter almonds is a very powerful poison, being four times as powerful as prussic acid. A single drop will kill a cat in a few minutes.—*Selected.*

MENTAL RECREATION.—*To find a number of which the half, fourth, and seventh, added to thrice, shall be equal to itself.*

This was a favorite problem among the ancient Grecian arithmeticians, who stated the question in the following manner:—"Tell, us illustrious Pythagoras, how many pupils frequent thy school?" "One half," replied the philosopher, "study mathematics, one-fourth natural philosophy, one-seventh observe silence, and there are three females besides."

The answer is, 28:— $14 + 7 + 4 + 3 = 28$.



EDITORIAL.

Our year's labor is completed. Many times have we held our silent interviews with the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, and at each quiet chat, we have had occasion to record, much that is hopeful and agreeable.

We trust that we have in a good degree fulfilled our promise in regard to the little work. Its numbers taken together, and bound into one volume, will form a fine collection of pleasing, and useful topics of thought. The articles are pure and elevating in their character, and almost always embody some important idea, or illustrate some principle of mind or matter.

The Magazine has been enriched by contributions from native writers, whose names are not unknown to fame. At the close of our Editorial year, we cannot refrain from thanking those who have so essentially contributed to the interests of the Magazine. We parted reluctantly with Mrs. Traill's dear little "Lady Mary," last January. We have been hoping that her little ladyship would return soon, and pursue her favorite study, Natural History, amid the noble forests of our beautiful Canada. Though we bade adieu to the sunny face of the "Governor's Daughter," we have often heard from Mrs. Traill, whose tales of Upper Canada life have been welcomed by the readers of the *Maple Leaf*. Mrs. Hayward's graceful pen has been kindly devoted to our pages from time to time during the year. Persolus has embellished them with his soul pencillings. A.T.C. has enlivened us with his bold strokes at description, and Edla's name has place among our constant contributors. We might mention others, whose articles have been well received, but must content ourselves with these for the present.

We fully expect that the *Maple Leaf* will continue to improve, and show in the forthcoming volume, higher evidences of intellectual effort, both in the Editorial department, and contributions. We wish to present more scientific matter next year, and shall be glad to secure correspondents interested in the sciences.

The *Maple Leaf* is a Canadian work. It has existed two years with increasingly good prospects; will not those who take it try to extend its circulation? We ought to send it into almost every reading family in the country. Something whispers to us "it needs pushing. It is all very well to write and talk, but the work will not circulate as it ought, without more agents to urge it into circulation." This is true we are sure; so we turn to our writing table, and add another line to our Editorial, in which we urge those who read our Magazine to form clubs, as the subscription price is so low, and send for the Magazine in larger packages. Any one could thus constitute himself an agent.

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 attention 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 one piece of Music each Month. 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 harmonise 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.

That the hands may be profitably employed, patterns of Crotchet, Knitting, Netting, and Ornamental Needle work, will be furnished, with full explanations. Mrs. Walton, No. 42½ Great St. James Street, who supplies materials for this kind of work, will superintend this department, and choose such patterns as are most approved. Ladies residing in the City who wish to subscribe to the "Maple Leaf," can give their names to Mrs. Walton.

In future the cover of the "Maple Leaf" will be occupied with suitable advertisements, and the Crotchet, Netting and ornamental Needlework, will be embodied in the work itself. A beautiful design for the first page of the cover is now in course of preparation, and no expense will be spared to make the work what it ought to be.

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,

32, Great St. James Street.

Monmouth June 1st, 1853.

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E. P. is also Agent for the *National Magazine*, published at \$2 per annum, by Carlton & Phillips, New York. Clubs of 4 will be supplied for \$7. Payment in advance.

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