

NOTICE TO READERS.

Contributions to the columns of the SNOWFLAKE may be addressed to—

The Snowflake Club, Newcastle.

or

"The Snowflake Club," Chatham.

or

"The Snowflake Club," Douglastown.

Original articles in prose or poetry gladly received from any of our readers.



NOTICE TO READERS.

Friends of this paper will please hand in their subscriptions, as soon as convenient, to the Treasurers—

Rev. J. A. F. McBain, Chatham.

Rev. James Anderson, Newcastle.

William Russell, Jr., Douglastown.

No. 2.

MIRAMICHI, JANUARY, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMICHI, JANUARY, 1879.

"LITTLE CHILDREN COME TO JESUS."

(Lines selected by a little girl for the SNOWFLAKE.)
 Little children come to Jesus;
 Hear Him saying "Come to Me."
 Bless Jesus, who to save us,
 Shed His blood on Calvary
 Little souls were made to serve Him
 All His Holy Law fulfil.
 Little hearts were made to love Him,
 Little hands to do His will.
 Little eyes to read the Bible.
 Given from the Heavens above:
 Little ears to hear the story
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
 Little tongues to sing His praises;
 Little feet to walk His ways,
 Little bodies to be temples,
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.—
 Amen.

(Written for the Snowflake.)
 A GHOST STORY.

BY LOTTA.

There are few subjects at once so entertaining and of such momentous import which have received so scanty attention and so uncautious a hearing as that connected with the following tale, and already made known in my title. As the sea serpent may be said to stand (or swim) alone, outside of all recognized science, a philosophy by himself, so the ghost may be viewed as an exercise of Theology or Natural History, the savans of neither system being willing to assign him a seat, and even so apprehensive of his establishing a claim to recognition that they refuse even so much as to see him. With a natural love of justice I combine a talent for research, and have for many years pursued inquiries relative to what I keenly felt to be a neglected branch of truth. I may, as many aver, and I may not, have also a *penchant* for the marvellous and a love of the mysterious. If I have, I would merely say that such a juxtaposition of mental endowments points most conclusively to me as the man intended to pursue the researches which have absorbed my attention, and most forcibly confirms my opinion of the suitability of my procedures. It is thus with a well established confidence in the rectitude and propriety of my demand that I ask the public to sit in judgment on facts which I am about to lay before them, and which I affirm, without hesitating to be the most startling and awful manifesta-

tion of spectral existence yet come to our notice.

With all the actors in this remarkable drama, with the one exception of the spectre, I am well acquainted, and have unbounded reliance upon their veracity as well as a perfect knowledge of their healthy mental state during the autumn of '72 when these events occurred in a small town in Ontario. The earliest period at which the public can be expected to regard with interest its quiet inhabitants, is the last Sunday of the month of October in that year, when a small congregation was gathered and had been gathered for some time in a church in the outskirts of the town. The church was situated on a hill. The night was cold, with a prophetic of November in its north-west wind, which occasionally concentrating its blustering force, swept round the edifice with a shrill whistle—the only sound which shared with the officiating clergyman the task of breaking the stillness. The latter was a short, thick set man of rotund outline of form and great gravity of demeanour, whose personal appearance was the reverse of striking and whose chief mental peculiarity was what a devotee called in my hearing "a head for detail." In other words, a tendency to become absorbed in the original elements of a subject, to the complete exclusion of the subject as a whole, which tendency often obscured his vision when circumstances rendered it desirable for him to see plainly a connection between cause and effect. In this gentleman I found subsequently a congenial fellow worker, and whilst overlooking the drawbacks of his method of working, I profited by his mental nearness of vision, and almost unreasoning energy. I say *unreasoning* of vision advisedly, for logical or astute the Rev. Mr. Alexander never was.

The congregation was in the various attitudes of inattention. On the right of the pulpit sat alone a young lady about the age of eighteen who formed a contrast to those around, in that she was wide awake and in the full use of her mental faculties, which were employed in making a systematic inventory of the number and appearance of her fellow-worshippers, considering the causes which might account for the absence of many, and deciding to what extent these possible hindrances might lessen their culpability, to her great

benefit moral and intellectual. The pew occupied by this young lady, whom I will call Miss Janie Lyle, faced the pulpit, being the first of a series of seats which filled a small transept and also nearly faced the front pews in the middle of the church, in one of which sat a young man also alone—a young man of means, neither handsome nor decidedly plain. A young man without grave faults, and with the unflinching trait of an English gentleman—absolutely, simply truthful. My young friend Mr. Dyer was in many other respects essentially an Englishman. During a sojourn of many years in Canada he had utterly failed to assimilate himself to the manners of his adopted country, and was still liable to manifest the extreme surprise of a foreigner at the frequently recurring instances of our pursuing a course of conduct not similar to that followed for ages in the mother country. My young friend was not considered to be an intellectual giant, but after some observation I feel bound to say that those who held him to be beneath the average ability most certainly did him wrong. He gave me more the impression of a sleeping intelligence, an intellect in its infancy, than of hopeless lack of mental power. One of his most striking social characteristics was his preference for ladies' society, and George was right, for he certainly appeared to the best advantage in his favorite surroundings.

Whilst the Rev. Mr. Alexander slowly and laboriously considered the utterly unimportant and therefore too often rejected secondary thoughts suggested by his text, Mr. Dyer sat facing Miss Lyle, an attitude which proclaimed the fact that he felt impelled to see her safely home, and also forwarded her to make her exit from church in a manner fatal to his plan, for I regret to say that Mr. Dyer, in his regard for young ladies, was not usually met in a spirit of reciprocity. Miss Lyle, who was small and pale but bright looking, and possessed of an indomitable spirit, had just concluded, after a rapid survey of the scanty congregation, that no substitute for Mr. Dyer would appear, and formed the determination to seek the shelter and sympathy of an adjoining house in which she was intimate, when the vestry door opened, and disclosed the form of a man, tall, pale, and possessed of a gravity be-

side which the most solemn expression of Mr. Alexander must seem hilarious.

The stranger seemed quite uncommon in place and time of entrance, conscious of the effect produced by his Whilst his pose and figure were to the last degree striking, calm and self-assured, his face was so utterly devoid of expression as to suggest the thought that he might be blind. And deaf, too, for the change in the clergyman's voice as, following the gaze of his suddenly awakened hearers, he caught sight of the still figure in the shadow of the door, produced no change in the stranger's air as he calmly walked forward to the front seat occupied by Mr. Dyer, and seating himself fixed his expressionless gaze upon Miss Lyle.

Now, Miss Lyle was by nature more rapid than cautious in her method of grouping the facts from which she interred theories frequently more flattering than justifiable. Among German philosophers Miss Lyle would have been more admired for the wide range of her imagination than for the accuracy of her indications. In the present instance she confesses that she hastily decided that the stranger was a relative of Mr. Dyer, recently arrived from England, that he was a nobleman of high rank (it being well known that Mr. Dyer was nearly related to a baronet), and also that his object in presenting himself at church at a singularly inappropriate hour was to gain an introduction to herself, the result probably of complimentary remarks made by the slighted George.

No sooner had Miss Lyle's mind arrived at these conclusions than with the quickness of purpose which characterized her, she changed her intention of eluding Mr. Dyer's pursuit, and, as the congregation arose for the closing act of the service, she also arose with a smiling complacency that betokened pleasing anticipation. During the usual change of position the stranger sat still and unmoved. As the people slowly filed out many glances were directed at him while he, looking neither to the right nor left passed down the aisle with a directness which left Miss Lyle and Mrs. Dyer far behind.

When the crowd followed no sign of the stranger was visible. Miss Lyle's eager questioning only confronted a curiosity as great as her own. Mr. Dyer knew nothing of his

companion in the front pew, but thought that he must have been an "impudent scoundrel to stare in that manner at a lady."

On the two following Sunday evenings the mysterious unknown appeared again, but sat alone, for Mr. Dyer left him a wide berth and himself sat six pews behind. It is on record that the sermons of Mr. Alexander, which had never been rated at their just value, rose in favor, and the quiet little church presented on each successive Sunday evening an animated appearance most gratifying to my friend. Miss Lyle, however, having never identified her interests with those of the congregation, continued to observe the stranger with an interest strictly personal and not altogether unselfish, and therefore did not view her pastor's increasing popularity with a sympathetic feeling of pleasure. On the contrary she owns that the spectacle of bovies of young ladies, whose usual places of worship were in a different part of the town, sailing up the aisles of this particular church Sunday after Sunday, goaded her to madness, having as she declares a perfect knowledge of their notices, which enabled her to treat with derision all charitable constructions put upon their tactics by pastor or deacon. These feelings prompted a line of conduct which Miss Lyle earnestly affirms was quite repugnant to her tastes, and which we might pass over without censure in consideration of the severe punishment which attended the fulfillment of a plan formed whilst she was thus unfortunately in an unhappy frame of spirit.

I may here make a digression to comment upon the apparent singularity of sentiments which have met me whilst pursuing my researches, and which I understand are common in the world although new and striking to me—a recluse. I allude to the remarks, prevalent at the time of which I write, expressive of the general conviction that the tendency of the evident commotion amongst the young ladies would be to raise an inordinate vanity in the breast of the stranger. I am not a man of the world, I am a man of science. I look calmly at the facts, and am, I confess, surprised at the conclusion. I have been roused to interest in the question, a philosophical interest induced by what seems to me an irrelevance of thought, and my observations have convinced me of the truth of the statement that the young of my own sex are afflicted with that overweening self-esteem which is always a blot on a fine character. But this appears to me to be not so much the inevitable result of the attitude of the young ladies as the fruit of their own misconception of premises. With what astonishment, bordering even on scorn, would we not view the merchant, who, having in his establishment a vacant post, should plume himself and openly boast of the number of applicants who daily presented themselves before him, ignoring the fact that the salaried situation and not his fascinations, was the attraction which gathered to him these importunate young men. I am not prepared to approve of this mode of action on the part of the young ladies as it appears to me, to say the least, illogical, inasmuch as it is so likely to fail of its object, but I would be glad to see them freed from the heavy charge of having wilfully and selfishly defamed the male soul.

After this long digression I make haste to lay before my readers the tale of Miss Lyle's delinquency.

Forecasting, as she fancied, that one

of the intruders would sooner or later entangle the stray lamb whom she regarded as her legitimate prey, she resolved by a bold coup d'etat to accomplish the feat of an introduction, or rather, I fear, to dispense with one. For this purpose she left her pew instantly on the close of the benediction, and by mingled rapidity of motion and persistence of purpose succeeded in passing the cold vacant-looking figure which emerged from a seat close beside her. Miss Lyle dropped her handkerchief and slackened her pace.

When half way to the door she slightly turned her head, to meet the cold eye of the stranger fixed upon her with a stony stare. The young lady shivered involuntarily. A cold tremor seized her frame. She paused. He passed on with steady pace and again left the church in advance of the crowd to vanish in the darkness.

Miss Lyle walked home with shaken nerves, and reflections which might have checked her reckless career, had it not been for the taunt of a careless friend during the walk, a taunt which stimulated afresh her energies and sent her to church on the following Sunday evening with pale cheeks, but lips compressed with the determination to win the notice of this singular man, regardless of consequences. So, again adroitly timing her movements to admit of reaching the vestibule side by side with the stranger, Miss Lyle carefully avoided raising her eyes to encounter a gaze like the former, but executed a manoeuvre which must inevitably result in his treading upon the train of her dress. To her surprise no such contretemps followed; and as she paused at the outer door she cautiously glanced to see the reason of the failure of a scheme so neatly arranged. As she did so the figure bent, and the straight thin lips articulated the words "Are you desirous of accompanying me?"

Miss Lyle's indignation and intense astonishment at this amazing effrontery held her speechless gazing into the adamantine face. The next instant a sense of her position and its singularity to those behind, caused her to pass quietly out, merely making reply by the irrelevant remark, "Good evening." As she gained the street the stranger was by her side. Miss Lyle with beating heart but outward calmness looked at him. His attitude was what is often called star-gazing. His arms were closely folded upon his heart. The night was cloudy; and Miss Lyle, puzzled by the even gliding motion of her companion could not distinguish the peculiar step which suggested the smooth grace of the fawn.

Feeling silence oppressive, and brimming over with curiosity, she addressed her companion, but with hesitancy—

"How dark the night is."

No reply.

After a pause of a few moments she again essayed, but in tremulous tones, "Don't you think it is dark?"

Not by word or sign did the silent form reply. Miss Lyle, heartily wishing herself any where else, turned her head to see if any one had yet overtaken her rapid steps.

In doing so her foot slipped forward and to save herself from a fall, she hastily put out her hand towards her companion, and in doing so touched his arm. In an instant all apathy vanished. Throwing his arms above his head with horror expressed in every line, he uttered in hissing tones, the word "Arant!"

Miss Lyle was not a reader of poetry and did not fully know what was implied in this command, but the aversion

to render her the slightest assistance was too distinctly visible, and the brutality of the action filled her eyes with tears of anger and distress.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, timorously, "I wish you would go away."

"You have sought me," returned her companion, with arms still extended and upward gaze, "You have desired my companionship."

Miss Lyle tried to stammer a denial but no heed was taken.

"Do you indeed wish to aid me in my melancholy search?"

"I didn't know," sobbed Miss Lyle, "that you were looking for anything, and I never thought of helping you, you are very rude, I am afraid of you, I never saw anyone the least like you."

Miss Lyle's last remark produced an extraordinary change on her companion. In what seemed a frenzy of despair he groaned, "Not one like me!" Then again waving his arms he gave vent to what she describes as a *howl*, a term which Mr. Dyer who came up at the moment declares to be the most fitting description of the harsh noise with which Miss Lyle's escort appeared to be about to take leave of her.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dyer did not make better use of the opportunity in his power, but George's was not a rashly venturesome nature. I will not be too ready to call him timid. I am willing to believe that in certain circumstances approved of by proper authorities, and affording room for the following of a legitimate precedent, my young friend might possibly display a British courage. In the present instance George hurled at the shrieking phantom several opprobrious epithets in a timid and faltering voice.

The figure approached him and laid its hand upon his arm. I have already alluded to the fact of Mr. Dyer's veracity, I beg to remind the reader that I have affirmed him to be incapable of uttering a falsehood. Let this give weight to his statement, taken down by me word for word as he uttered it, that "through the sleeve of a fur overcoat and the thickness of cloth beneath the touch seemed like red hot iron."

Hear also my solemn assertion that after several minutes of close examination of his arm five weeks after the occurrence, I detected a redness in the skin which I think might be accounted for by a reference to the adventures of that eventful night.

Having done this the apparition vanished round a corner as Miss Lyle fell fainting to the ground.

Leaving Miss Lyle's narrative now, I beg your attention while I recount what took place a few minutes later. A boy was walking lightly along an adjoining street at this very time, merrily whistling as he went; a boy well known in the neighborhood, and whose character stood well the searching investigation which I instituted before pronouncing his communication to be worthy of credence. Such peccadilloes as came to light betrayed more an impulsive and unreasoning habit than a tendency to romantic flights of imagination. A boy with as little soul and as much muscle as most of his species. My subsequent knowledge of this boy's lack of reflective powers forbids me to say that the scream, which startled Miss Lyle and Mr. Dyer, interrupted his thoughts. I will say rather that the discordant sound disturbed the even tenor of his whistling. He at once abandoned the strain, and darting forward almost came into collision with a quickly gliding figure going in the opposite direction.

"Hillo, Mister," said the boy, "Do you know what that noise was?"

"Mortal, that sigh was mine."

"Sigh!" responded this remarkable boy, "You'd better call that a sigh, I'd like to see me getting off for a yell by telling them 'twas a sigh. Was you hurt?"

"Mortal, my pain is lasting, my wound is incurable."

"Are you wounded? Was you a soldier? What battle was it at? By jimminy! if it isn't the chap what's been going to church up there!"

"Mortal, call me not a chap. I am not flesh. I am—"

Here the creature interrupted itself to wave its long arms and give vent to another shout.

"Say you," remonstrated the boy, "You'd better shut up. You'll be took up the first thing and have me in the scrape too."

A silence ensued, which was broken by the boy quietly hinting to his companion to resume the thread of his discourse.

"You was saying you wasn't flesh."

Meeting no response the boy indulged in a quiet laugh which he explained by a reference to the ancient witticism appertaining to fish, flesh, and good red herring.

"Muck me not," began the strange creature in solemn tones.

"I ain't a mocking you," retorted the boy. "A feller that goes round nights telling the people he ain't flesh, and yelling and getting mad if a feller laughs at something else. Say," he he added, looking upwards into the pale face, "If you ain't flesh what are you?"

"Mortal," responded the phantom, "You shall not leave this spot until you know what I am and what you may be. Know then that when a man dies, before his soul can enter the spirit world it must be proved by a mystical process to be of admissible bulk. The lower instincts, whose object and tendency are merely the preservation of our earthly existence are in that after state of no avail, when leaving the house of flesh which here imprisons you. You will also be separated from those qualities whose mission was to minister to the wants of the body. Well will it be for you if when that perishable robe and its mortal appurtenances are cast from you, enough be left to constitute an admissible soul. It was my lot to be born with but little beyond the shrewdness and selfishness which men too often admire, but which are of the perishing instincts whose end is of this world. I loved praise, and to gain the more I mixed among those who from ignorance or thoughtlessness saw not my lack. I acted my life drama before an audience yet less than myself and feasted upon the praise which rewarded each petty trick or successful and selfish scheme. The slender talents which I might have cultivated and enlarged, yearly became more starved and cramped until on my decease my weak reason stiff from long disease made no sign of existence, and a mourning memory followed by the phantom of a palsied conscience, advanced to the mysterious test. I was found wanting. I have returned to earth in hopes to meet a nuage soul whose undecaying fragments will unite with mine, that together we may amount to a bulk which shall merit the name of soul." With these words the apparition fled and has not, to my knowledge, been heard of since.

I feel that my readers will support me in my assertion that this occurrence merits the terms astounding, appalling,

and unique. To my mind it solves a difficulty which has frequently been pointed out to me in connection with ghost stories. I allude to the fact that specters are more often seen by persons of weak intelligence than by those of hardy mind. Perchance these unhappy spirits sought congenial mates with whom to cast in their fortunes that together they might meet a stern requirement.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

SELECTED.

Most nations inhabit countries ready-made. They land on an island, or they press onwards into some unappropriated wilderness, and there they sow fields and plant vineyards. But the nation of Europe, by far the thriftiest and most frugal, has in a great measure created its own country. By running out into the shallow sea dykes and embankments, and then pumping off the brine, the Hollanders have reclaimed a vast surface from the watery waste; and now on spots where fishes used to be caught, and where ships rode at anchor, cattle graze, gardens blossom, and people go out and in among the thriving villages.

To the people of the Netherlands their territory has been an excellent teacher. Says the shore gently shelving, "Take pains, and I will repay you. Drive a few piles, and wattle and puddle them, and at once you have an estate—a little croft of your own on which you may grow roots and herbs, or pasture kine. And if you take the produce to the nearest market, you will get money; and with that money you may hire labor and take in more land from this shallow ocean, or this oozy marsh; and thus, adding field to field, you may at last bequeath a goodly freehold to your grateful children." Which is just the philosophy of Industry. Every one of us is born on the edge of an ocean, not very deep at the margin; and under that ocean there lies a boundless expanse of wealth, knowledge, moral worth, ascendancy over others: but every man has to conquer his own acquisition for himself. Many lazy or sanguine spirits are content to lie half slumbering on the shore. They hope that, some happy morning, fame, or a fortune, or a fine estate, may rise to the surface and come floating to their feet; and, whilst they drowse and dream, life wastes away, and they die inglorious and poor. But others begin the battle of existence like those brave old Batavians. They say, "I have a goodly heritage; but it is still under water. It is still a matter of faith; for it is a thing not seen as yet: but I must raise it from the deep; I must bring it to the light. I must redeem a little portion to begin withal; and when I have made sure of that first instalment, it will be a little capital on the strength of which I may proceed to conquer more."

Such, we repeat, is the philosophy of Industry. Solomon expressed it when he said, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." The Saviour expressed it when He said, "To him that hath shall be given." It is by a process of steady industry and cheerful perseverance that the most learned man has reclaimed his information from the abyss of ignorance; and it is by a growth in goodness,—by line upon line and by improvement upon improvement that the holiest man, with God's help and blessing, has gained for himself his present excellence and well-earned reputation. And it is of great moment to be noted and grounded in this first principle—this universal law of individual progress. The principle is, that however poor, ignorant, or prone to evil, we are born, God gives to each of us a glorious opportunity. If true to Him, and if rightly alive to our great advantages, we may make our fortune. We may become rich intellectually, morally, spiritually.

At the Roman Propaganda there are always in process of training, with a view to their becoming missionaries, young men

from all the ends of the earth; and representing nearly all the races of mankind; and on the day which concludes the yearly session, it is curious to hear essays read and orations delivered in Italian, French, and English; Russ and Polish; Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic; Chinese and Hindostance; Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish. And had you been present ten years ago, you might have heard an old man conversing fluently in every one of these, and if needful, speaking fifty languages "almost as correctly as a native." And you could not but have wondered at the prodigy; and, probably, the only explanation would have been, "Mezzofanti has been born a linguist." But Mezzofanti was born just such a linguist as the rest of us,—linguists who, for the first year or two, cannot speak our mother-tongue, and it was by diligently attending that, after learning his mother-tongue he learned first Greek, and then other languages, till his one talent had gained fifty talents more.

So extended has the domain of science latterly become, that no man now has universal learning; but two hundred years ago there were such men. And it was an august and impressive thing to look upon Bacon, or Grotius, or Selden, and think, "There is a living encyclopaedia. There is a man who knows all that is knowable,—a man who has taken a survey of all nature, and who has read the story of the world." And yet there was a day when that paragon of erudition knew nothing: there was a day when every page of that living encyclopaedia was still blank paper; and it was by steady perseverance, stumbling over many difficulties, and denying himself many youthful indulgences—it was by bracing up the spirit, and bringing the body under—that at last he came in the pantathlete, the victor of all fights, and the winner of every prize.

And so, youthful reader, you who are still at school or college, or who having quitted them have not yet lost the learning faculty, God invites you to a splendid heritage. You have your choice. As the subject of your study, you may select the glories overhead or the wonders underfoot,—the architecture of the starry canopy or the structure of the solid globe. You may try to investigate those mechanic or mimetic arts in which the hand of man multiplies its force in overwhelming machinery, or evokes and expresses the indwelling spirit in its painted or sculptured creations. You may prefer the treasures of beautiful thought and exquisite diction which have descended to us in the cold but pellucid page of classic authorship, like Alpine relics entombed in their crystal catacombs; or you may devote yourself to glean the wisdom and the momentous lessons for the future which come hurtling down the noisy stream of modern history. But whatever topic you select, be sure that it is worthy, then cling to it and work it well. The hour of study which the dishonest scholar spends in shamming, in gazing at a task which he is not learning, or in copying a theme which he has not composed,—do you bestow in earnest industry; and the evening hour which idle companions spend in mischief, in sport, or in needless slumber, do you employ in mastering the solid book, in writing out your abstract, or in revising former acquisitions. And thus, although you should not become a first-rate scholar or a famous sage, you will amass a fund of information which will enrich all your future years, and which, whilst embellishing every sphere you fill, and adding to your mental stature, will unspeakably enhance your power to serve your generation.

And what is true of mental acquirements is true of moral conquests.

In surveying any finished specimen of Christian excellence, we are apt to fall into one of two mistakes. We are apt to imagine that goodness so pre-eminent is the result of some peculiar natural felicity; or we excuse ourselves for our own shortcoming by ascribing it entirely to some arbitrary operation of God's Spirit, who has been kinder to that man than He is disposed to be to us.

Now, it is very true, that some have

natural exemptions from faults by which others are beset; and it is equally true, that there is no genuine goodness in the soul of man of which the source must not be sought in the Spirit of God. And yet it is just as true, that with or without natural felicities, all the noblest characters in the annals of true piety are characters which have grown by degrees, and which have got on by instalments. It is just as true that the men who have "grown in grace" are the men who have "given diligence;" and that the men whom the Spirit of God has really "worked in" are the men who have "worked out" their own salvation.

Let us then turn to those who have been brought to choose the better part and the holier life, and who in Christ Jesus have found the motive to a new and holy ambition, as well as the model of all excellence. And to such we do not scruple to say, that to their moral and spiritual attainments there need be no limits of humanity. Looking, then, into the "law of liberty,"—that standard of excellence which insists on attainments so high, yet leaves scope so ample for free and individual development,—are you struck with the beauty of holiness? Do the lives of its worthies fill you with emulous admiration, and do the beatitudes of the Master strike you with a humbling despair? Would you give the world for the boldness of Elijah or the meekness of Moses,—for Joseph's purity or Daniel's devotion? And when you think how bright was the career of John and Paul, and the Apostle-like men who have followed,—as you kiss their beautiful footsteps and weep over their tears of envy,—does the wonder ever cross you, whether, indeed, it be possible still thus to burn and shine on the way to everlasting blessedness? And would it be more to you than a kingdom or a crown if you could hope to follow those who along a path so heavenly have passed away to a world so holy and a society so sublime?

Then, such distinction may indeed be yours. Setting your eye on the Great Example,—surrendering to the guidance of God's Word and Spirit,—you may not be a second John, or a second Enoch, or a second Paul; but, what is far better, you may become the disciple needed in the present day,—the epistle of Jesus Christ as adapted to the present age, as were these others to their living time. But into that full-grown and finished piety, no magic will transform you,—no momentary aspiration, nor passing effort will uplift you. It will be the result of patient and persistent years,—the return to many and importunate prayers,—the reward of a protracted struggle,—the achievement of a perseverance which, if vouchsafed at all, you will be the first and faintest to confess is the gift and doing of God's good Spirit.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

SCRAPS.

If you cannot frame your circumstances in accordance with your wishes, frame your will into harmony with your circumstances.

Never look at the spot where a fellow-creature has stumbled or gone down, leave that to the fallen, "one thing at a time," and that's the first thing, our fallen nature does.—*Skating Rink Rule.*

A magistrate once gave Dr. Johnson a long, tedious account of the exercise of his criminal jurisdiction, the result of which was his having sentenced four convicts to transportation. The Doctor, in an agony of impatience to get rid of so tiresome a companion, exclaimed: "I wish, sir, I were a fifth!"

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct, one would suppose

that they were born with two tongues and but one eye; for those talk most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything who have seen into nothing.

The regard one shows for economy is like that we show an old aunt, who is to leave us something at last. Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity. Economy is half the battle of life; it is not half so hard to earn money as to spend it well. We have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But this is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense for it is not English, and is bad Greek. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means—the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first, *applying* your labor rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully and lastly *distributing* its produce carefully.

(The above remarks on economy are the sentiments of Shenstone, Zimmerman, Spurgeon and Ruskin, and the Editor's opinion is given with humility, that it is good economy to subscribe to the SNOWFLAKE, a careful application, preservation, and distribution of 25 cts.)

TEMPUS FUGIT.

I.

In the days of youth and light,
In the time when life is bright;
Sadly falls
The tale that happiest days and years,
And all their train of hopes and fears,
Pass away.

II.

But when the sky is overcast,
And youth and hope and joy are past,
Eagerly
We hail the news that years so fraught
With grief—whose treacherous joys are
naught—
Soon will end.

III.

But some have lived to whom the cry—
'All flesh is grass and men must die.'
Came suddenly
When life was sweet and hope was strong,
In midst of happiness and song,
And high emprise.

IV.

Who calmly heard the mournful knell,
And, bidding earthly wreaths farewell,
Went stedfastly
To wear the crowns that cannot fade,
But, changed, triumphant brows shall shade
Eternally.

V.

Will time and all its pleasures fair
With glorious joys like these compare,
That feeble hearts
Should cower at the message high—
That time will end and heaven is nigh,
And weep to go!

LOTTE.

?

Your request is for "Something Original," (Society frowns at a pun)

In compliance, familiar words Scriptural, ("There's nothing new under the sun!")

Are naught, that the SNOWFLAKE may gain o'n a fractional

Of travel, adventure, or clutch at tragedy, pathos, or fun.

If you've fully considered the danger (Ere the attempt is fairly begun),

Of disproving the sweeping disclaimer, Then, surely, my labors are done;

But, if determined to be a free ranger, In tracking deep errors in Solomon,

Remember, -ho spake of the sun as a stranger,

For—not half of it's course had been run.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT OF 1878.

In the history of the Dominion of Canada, the year which is about to close will be distinguished for three now events: a new Governor-General, a new Government, and a new Temperance Act. The passing of this Act indicates progress on a subject intimately connected with the temporal well-being, and moral improvement of the people. It is decidedly preferable to any other Temperance law that has been passed, not only in its structure, but inasmuch as it gives the sanction of the supreme legislative authority to the Prohibition principle, and will prevent the litigations and obstructive elements that were frequently found to neutralise the good effects of previous Temperance Acts.

Before Confederation, the Parliament of Canada passed the Temperance Act of 1861, better known as the Dunkin Act, which refers to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec only.

In Nova Scotia there is a License Law providing that licenses shall be granted only by the Bench of Magistrates, on the recommendation of the Grand Jury and a petition of two thirds of the ratepayers in the district in which the tavern is proposed to be established.

The New Brunswick Law provides that no license shall be granted when the majority of the rate payers resident in a parish or municipality shall petition the Municipal Council against issuing any license. This law, though in the statute-book, has been declared *ultra vires* by the Court of New Brunswick.

We shall notice one or two features of the Dominion Temperance Act, which were prepared in behalf of the Government by the Hon. Mr. Scott.

1st. It applies to counties and cities - The Dunkin Act was applicable to townships, to small municipalities - to every municipality, whether it was a village, town, or city. It has been found of little use to pass the Dunkin Act in a small township when all the townships around were without the operation of the law. But when the Act is made applicable to a larger area, it can all the more easily be enforced.

2nd. The Act is brought in force through the Governor-General, and not through Municipal Councils, and, thus, many difficulties formerly experienced are removed.

3rd. Where the Act is desired, the signature of, at least, one fourth of the electors to a petition in favor of it, is necessary, this petition to be forwarded to the Governor-General, through the Secretary of State. On receipt of this petition, His Excellency issues a proclamation naming the date on which the vote will be taken, by ballot, throughout the city or county, in one day. A majority of the electors decides whether the law shall be adopted, and the decision is unalterable, for three years.

4th. The Act prohibits the common sale of intoxicating liquors, but affords opportunities for obtaining wine for sacramental use, and liquors for medicinal or manufacturing purposes. A person who sells or keeps for sale liquor is liable to a fine of \$50 for the first offence, \$100 for the second, and two months imprisonment for the third.

It should be gratifying to New Brunswickers that the first great battle for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act was fought and won in Fredericton, N.B., on Thursday, Oct. 31st. The Act was carried by a majority of 2 to 1. The good example of Fredericton, we trust, will soon be followed by other localities.

"Come, arise to the rescue 'ye sons of the North With your banner of war and of peace streaming forth: Of war 'gainst the Drink-King too long who has thrall'd, And peace to the captives his strong chains have gall'd; What 'our hands find to do, done with might let a be, That the despot be bound and his slaves be set free!"
December, 1878.

NOTHING.

Written expressly for the SNOWFLAKE, and submitted to public criticism without an apology.

To write, or not to write? That is the question. I go on writing, thus answering the question. Secondly, What to write about? Ah, that's the poser. I would fain be unlike the novels "which belie their name and offer nothing new," but alas, there is nothing new under the sun.

Byron says "a book's a book though there's nothing in it," and may I not apply the same idea to a literary effort for the SNOWFLAKE; the poet just quoted also says that "Thy pleasant sure to see one's name in print," therefore I shall proceed (if for nothing else) in order that I may have the bliss of seeing my eulphonic cognomen at the end of my dissertation on everything in general and nothing in particular. I once heard a story of a shoemaker who was looked upon by his fellow villagers as a great literary star, a person of much knowledge, a modern Cicero, Demosthenes, "a rose blushing unseen," and I know not what else; at one period of his useful career (a career which left many *lasting* remembrances) he was waited upon by some of his friends and invited to lecture. He readily acquiesced, and on the evening appointed for the delivery of the oration, Mr. Pidgeon (as I shall call him, rest to his bones) appeared on the platform of the village Athenaeum behind a little table on which, of course, stood a pitcher of water. After several preliminary tumbler of this cooling and refreshing beverage, interspersed with sundry hums and haws which I am told are common to orators, Mr. Pidgeon, amid a buzz of satisfaction from the expectant audience, opened a large book and proceeded without proface (wise man) to read—selections from

Shakespeare—while his horror-struck listeners sat spell bound—too much astonished at their friend's audacity in reading to them from a wicked play book to be able to take action and depart from the polluted walls of the aforesaid Athenaeum. When the finale was reached, they turned and shook off the dust as it were of their brother's deception and loft, doubtless feeling "sadder if not wiser."

One old man alone remained; he walked to the platform and with great solemnity proceeded to remonstrate with his friend, the deceptive Pidgeon, upon his reckless behaviour, winding up with "Noo brither Pidgeon, we can'te hear ye lecter an' no tae listen tae yon wicked play stories an'm astonished at ye."

"Weel, weel, Mr. Samson, all I can say's jist this, if ye're no pleased wi' Shakspeare an'm vera sure ye'd no be pleased wi me."

This was unanswerable. The remonstrating brother knew enough of Shakespeare to understand that though indeed he wrote "yon wicked play stories," yet after all very likely he was something cleverer than Zedekiah Pidgeon, who had thus inveigled his friends into listening to another man's mind when they had met to listen to his own original eloquence.

What I wish to deduce from the above anecdote is, that if my readers are not pleased with me, they will not be pleased with a lesser light! My position, truth to tell, is somewhat embarrassing, a sort of sermonizing without a text, but being similar in nature to the boy who stood on the burning deck, I am determined not to desert my post till the end come, writing upon nothing, sure to hit or miss. "I look back into the mist of years" but the past aids me not. I question the present and search "the dusty way of common life." The present is silent, "the lusty way" offers no new subject for discourse. The telephone, microphone, electric light, and kindred spirits have been done to death. In vain I try to interview the future. "Beyond, is all abyss," the far away to come is veiled and none may dare to say what lies behind. What then shall be my theme? Reader, 'tis nothing! Worcester announces to inquiring minds that nothing is—nonentity—a thing of no importance—a trifle—but I myself am inclined to think that everything (even nothing) is of importance. How often we hear the word nothing so misapplied as to make us wonder at the faculty of man (and woman) and we tear our hair (figuratively of course) as we ponder upon the depravity of human nature generally. For instance ask the meditative daffy-down-dilly youth who wandereth silently into your conservatory what he is about, and he will probably answer "Nothing." Next morning you will find, to your heart's sorrow that your best camelia is plucked, and when your adorable Mrs. Poppett calls to have a chat and interfere materially with your morning plans, she accidentally mentions that Miss Tompkins was at the opera last night with a beautiful camelia in her hair. From previous knowledge of your young friend's predilection for Miss Tompkins, you are forced to own to your enquiring heart, that her adornment must have been the veritable camelia which "came up as a flower" near your drawing-room window yesterday. And you wring your hands and sorrowfully meditate upon "Nothing." In the above, my reader, you have one proof that nothing is not always a trifle.

Secondly, and again, an instance.

Ask the golden-haired juvenile, who is apparently absorbed in some great deed so enveloped is she in silence, ask I say, what doth the busy bee, etc., and an angel's silver voice will stir the air and the aforesaid juvenile will answer "nothing," whereas, if you be of an unbelieving nature, and haste to see for yourself, you will probably find the playful babe seated in the coal scuttle, sipping sweetness unlimited from a jam pot or sugar bowl, and desparingly you question and re-echo "Nothing!"

* * * * *
"The meanest plant that grows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And yet many, in the overweening conceit of humanity at large, plume themselves on being superior to observation of such trifles, forgetting that "trifles make up the sum of life." Feeling with our friend Mr. Pidgeon, that originality is not always best, permit me to lay before you something which struck me in recent reading, and which I am sure you will agree with me is a very grand and philosophic view of the unimportance of little things which many of us pass by coldly esteeming them mere "nothings." I quote as follows. "To learn how to see and delight in little things as well as large, is, in fact, to make no slight progress both in true intelligence and in aptitude for genuine pleasure. Many laugh at the idea of being pleased with little things. 'Little things,' they say, 'please little minds.' They should remember that the great mass of the population of our planet consists of the merest pigmies, diminutive birds and fishes, tiny insects, animalcules only visible with a microscope; so that to turn away from little things is to be indifferent to almost everything the world contains. Besides, with Uranus eighty times greater than the whole earth, Neptune a hundred and fifty times greater, Saturn more than seven hundred times, and Jupiter more than fourteen hundred, it is rather inconsistent to talk about *littleness* in the objects of a world itself so puny."

Take heart "Little Minds," it is no common eye which sees "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," and, indeed, the so-called great minds, after all, search but a very little way into the mysteries of the unknown.

"A little way, a very little way, (Life is so short), they dig into the mud, And they are very sorry, so they say— Sorry for what they had."

Therefore, deeming nothing in the world too mean for our attention let me beg of you, who have patiently followed me thus far—to garner up the fragments, giving heed to much of that you have hitherto held to be nothing; remembering the whole, that our lives all through are precious, and if we despise altogether the trifles, we shall not be likely to use aright the great opportunities and gifts granted us by Him who giveth all. Richter expresses an opinion that "a variety of mere nothings gave more pleasure than uniformity of something," and Mrs. Balfour reminds us that "many of the most deep-rooted habits and customs originate in nothing and some of the most magnificent schemes of man have ended in nothing." Being only second to Crial Heap, in the virtue of unobtrusiveness, I shall no longer trespass on my readers' attention and hoping I have not already made too "much ado about nothing." I draw this defective article to a close and remain in great trepidation at appearing in public, humbly, the public's servant.

JEREMIAH GIOVANNI JUDKINS.