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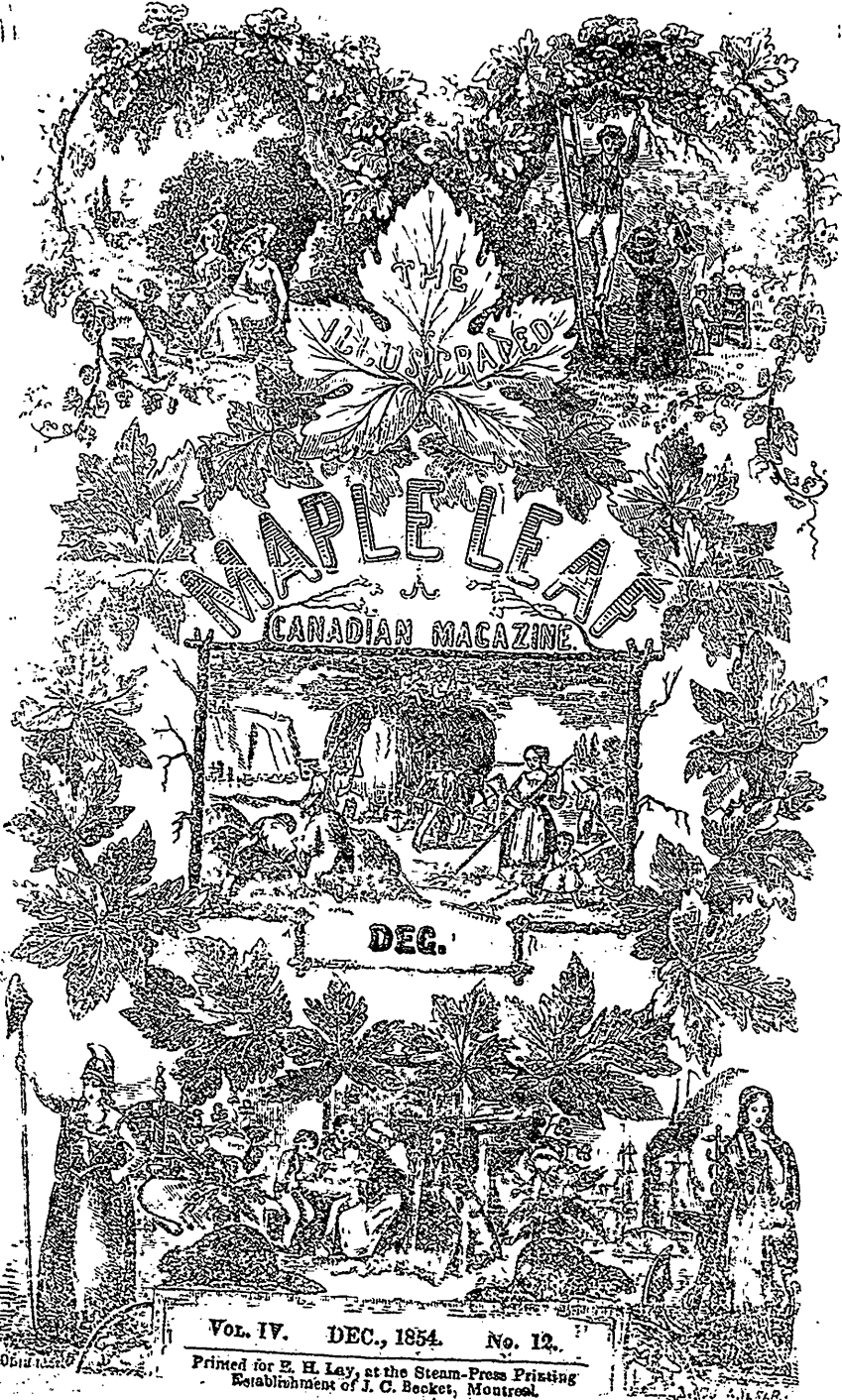
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE MARIE LEAF.—This is the name of a very neat and useful magazine, published in Montreal, at five shillings per annum, and intended more especially for the juvenile portion of the community. When a Canadian magazine such as the present can be had, it is folly to patronize similar, but inferior foreign publications.—*British Standard.*

MARIE LEAF.—The following interesting articles will be found in the September number of this useful little periodical:—The Study of Nature.—The Ships of the Lonely Isles.—Letters.—View of Upton.—Lazar Cottage.—Cleaning among the Graves.—Notes of a Six Years Residence in Madras.—The Gap of Dunloe.—A California Scene.—Poetry.—The Cheerful Day.—Sonnet: I Love God and Everybody.—Editorial. This juvenile magazine was established by the late Mr. Lay, so well known in Canada as a literary agent, and is now in its fourth volume. It should be in every house where there are children.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

THE MARIE LEAF.—The July number of this periodical (which we have only just now received) is one of the best we have seen. It has a great deal of variety in it, and several very useful and interesting articles. In the paper on Education there is much wholesome truth told, in a way not to offend. We are glad to find that our provincial literature is encouraged so much more than it used to be, and we hope we shall soon be entirely independent of our neighbors in this respect. The ordinary run of magazines and light periodicals in the States are not at all suited to improve our people in any respect, politically, socially, or morally. The best things they send us are the reprints of the British periodicals; with these, and with our own provincial *Anglo-American, Maple Leaf, &c.*, we may well dispense with *Harper, Godey, &c.*—*Toronto Echo.*

THE MARIE LEAF.—This truly Canadian magazine, published for some time by Mr. Lay, has since his death been published by his widow. It contains a large amount of reading matter, is decidedly moral in tone, and its articles are generally entertaining and instructive. It is published monthly at one dollar a year. It is well worth the money, and every family into which it may enter will find it a most agreeable visitor. Parties wishing to subscribe for it can do so by addressing Mrs. E. H. Lay, Montreal; or the publisher of the *Sun* will be happy to order it for them.—*The Sun, Cobourg.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

A NOBLE PROFESSION.

TEACHING is a profession for which comparatively few are really fitted. The most accomplished scholar has not always the tact requisite to command the attention of the youthful mind, and awaken an enthusiastic interest in acquiring knowledge. Peculiar skill is necessary to enchain the roving thoughts, and concentrate the scintillations of youthful fancy upon something real. The man of profound research, of mathematical acumen, and logical precision, may quickly arrive at the premises in any course of reasoning presented to him, or lay down a proposition, and from thence draw his own inferences with perfect accuracy; but his thoughts, accustomed to bold conclusions, to a kind of mental prescience, often disdain the trammels of exact order, and lose their strength if brought to the slow pace of ordinary thinkers. The teacher, however, ought not only to be a polished scholar, but to be able to recall his mental experiences, and detail the steps he takes to arrive at certain points. He should understand his subject thoroughly, and possess a gift of language, so that he can explain it, and carry along with him the rapt attention of his pupils. The person who does not love the young for themselves, who does not feel a kindling of heart, as he looks round upon a class of young persons, ought never to teach.

The bright eyes of affectionate scholars, like so many radiant points, seem to light up the school-room, and lend an ingredient of vivacity to the very atmosphere that pervades it. The exciting interest that animates the class-room is astonishing, when one who *loves to teach* attempts to unfold a subject. The mysteries of vulgar fractions are soon unravelled, the abstruse definitions of grammar assume a tangible shape, and as he urges the idea that history is not to be studied for its facts merely, but to be reasoned about, and made the index to point out the curiosities of human character in different ages of the world, the pages of the otherwise dull study become, to the scholar, luminous with undying thought, and the teacher can turn the glowing minds before him to noble aspirations after future excellence. Geography, as a study, becomes delightful, when taught with reference to its more extended bearings.

Mere definitions of latitude or longitude may give birth to many highly interesting thoughts. The adaptation of man to the zone which he inhabits may be improved by the skilful teacher to compare the habits and appearance of the Esquimaux, for instance, with those of some other nation, and while fixing the fact clearly upon their minds, he may arrest the train of thought in a class to advert to the wisdom of God in thus planning the wondrous machinery of the physical world, and fitting men and animals for the locality they occupy. What an opportunity has he of setting his impress upon the young hearts before him, and stamping upon their memories facts and associations that they will never forget!

We have said that but few, comparatively, are fitted for the employment of teaching, and we believe this is true. Teaching calls for great self-control, deep insight into human character, and ardent desire to do good on the part of the teacher. It demands untiring patience, sympathy in the trials and difficulties which beset the pupil, and decision to execute necessary rules for his benefit. It absolutely forbids self-indulgence, or self-satisfaction with present attainments, and urges upon the teacher to be "always and everywhere a learner," ever ready to treasure up a happy thought, or forcible expression for the benefit of his scholars, and ever on the alert to call out their talent, and show them their own strength. The person who lacks imagination, and possesses little enthusiasm of character, had better, if possible, leave the business of teaching to those whose warm hearts beat gladly when they enter the school-room, and whose encouraging tones urge the pupil to make great exertions to advance in knowledge. Young people are not Stoics. Their affections are ardent, their imaginations lively, their perceptions are keen, and they are ever ready to respond to just reasons, and sympathise in measures, which can be shown to be for their good. A school is a little community, a miniature government. The great secret of success in teaching, lies in bringing opinion in the little society to embrace sound principles. Rules are necessary, but let the teacher convert the influential members of a school to a belief in the doctrine of personal responsibility, and show them that he loves to instruct them, that he seeks their true welfare, and the work of governing will become comparatively easy. Viewing in his scholars

the future men and women of the country, the conscientious teacher feels that they will soon pass from the mild restraints, and pleasant associations of the class-room, into the bustle and earnest warfare of life, and he nerves himself day by day to make each lesson tell for their benefit, and each hour show some advance in the noble art of self-control.

Montreal, October, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A THIMBLE.

BY A. T. C.

No. II.

Not long after my arrival at my new home I was "brought into play,"—I can hardly call it work. My new mistress, revolving in the higher circles, of course never seriously worked; true, she did something now and then which she dignified with that name, but it never came up to what a needlewoman would understand by the term. She didn't require to make her own dresses, trim her own bonnets, nor darn her own stockings. She knew little about these homely things, and cared less. You know it is all very well for those who have plenty of time, or who are impelled by necessity, to undertake such vulgar work, but such *young ladies* as my mistress, have to attend to their music and dancing, and, of course, have an aversion to spoiling their hands and manners by hard work, or contact with vulgarities. So, while we elegantly employed our time with a little "fancy work," another more sturdy pair of hands, and a relation—a very distant relation—of my own were doing the little necessary manual exercises I have before mentioned, far away somewhere in the kitchen atmosphere. I was fast becoming a convert to my mistress's views, and began to sympathize with her in her aversion to being caught with a stocking in one hand and worsted in the other, and, in consequence of this antipathy, I think she favored Berlin more than any other of the wool variety.

I began, however, to feel my life rather monotonous. In the morning I had ample time for reflection and quiet meditation, while my mistress was either testing the reflecting powers of her glass, or meditating deeply upon "Evangelina." I was

sometimes required in the afternoon when my mistress was not going out, but dressed to receive visitors ; and on these occasions I gathered a vast store of useful and varied information, which may perhaps be of service when I come to undertake my great literary task of "a friend—behind his back." My mind at one moment became impressed with the great fact that Mrs. Dash had got such an ugly bonnet ; bulletins of the state of various gentlemen's moustache duly impressed me ; I dwelt upon the truth, gathered from so many sources, that "domestic treasures" are necessary evils ; and I drank in the stories of the evanescence of china when left within their magic influence. Of course I was well up with the latest fashions, the most approved shapes of the "wide awake" and "come and kiss me" bonnets, the newest puff comb, the proper size of the new heel to the boot, the most fashionable polka, and the last novel. It would take me a long time to name all the subjects I have heard discussed ; and, if I only had the necessary time to spare, I might let you behind some of the scenes, and describe, for instance, the little "at home" given by Mrs. Stunner, as detailed by that lady's very dear friend, Mrs. Bightbac ; upon which occasion the bed-room was turned into the supper-room,—to the dissatisfaction of quiet Mr. Stunner, who was sent to the garret for three or four nights, while Mrs. Stunner "put up" comfortably at a friend's house,—and also upon which occasion the little Stunners were banished to some penal colony, and when the kitchen became a domestic Balaklava—a grand basis of operations.

From what I have said it may be seen that I have had an opportunity, in one epoch of my life at least, to lay in a vast store of knowledge ; and that, in point of fact, I have actually done so, is apparent from the little scintillations I have just allowed to sparkle out.

Now, to me, brought into the world with the one grand idea of usefulness in my head, this life of mine appeared rather frivolous. I often asked myself what was the great object of our lives, and I think the answer suggested was, to be of use in the world ; and then I would moralize upon this fundamental principle, and try to prove that the life I led was a useful one. But we thimbles know very well when we are employed on a useful piece of work. Some of us are desperately utilitarian, as, for instance,

our brethren under the tailor's auspices ; but others of us, and amongst the number myself, enjoying life in the higher circles, are employed in the *fancy* rather than the *useful* line. One fact was that I never helped at a good vigorous "quilting bee," but for days and weeks fiddled away at a complicated collar, which, after a fortnight's toil, never looked half so nice as a shilling one worked by machinery.

And this brings me to an event which I hoped would change the current of my reflections a little, and make me feel myself at last a benefactor in an humble way. The fall of the year was approaching, when the ladies annually meet for the purpose of preparing something comfortable for the poor. I heard a meeting of the "Dorcas sewing circle" announced with great pleasure.

On the day appointed my young mistress took me, along with some "work," to the meeting. It was held in a room replete with every comfort, and made cozy by the presence of arm chairs, sofas, and a blazing fire. We were rather early, but soon after we entered several of the *segments* of the "circle" dropped in, with bundles of work ; and about an hour after the appointed time a very full meeting, because the first of the season, was hard at work. I will jot down a few of my observations.

The composition of the Society exhibited a great variety. There were a great many married ladies, probably with large families, whose establishments I thought would rather suffer by their absence ; a great many young ladies, who should have been reading and sewing under the direction of a school-mistress ; one or two old maiden ladies, Dorcas veterans ; and a few, very few, plain, unpretending hard workers, who talked little, but whose fingers went like spindles.

But if the composition of the circle was varied, much more so was the occupation and conversation of the ladies composing it. Mrs. Stunner was at a bonnet, a fragment bonnet, which no doubt she intended to be very becoming for the poor old lady to whose lot it should fall, but which elderly person in her simplicity would probably object to such a close adherence to the fashion, and might possibly prefer an article more fitted to cover her head, and freer of those external decorations which Mrs. Stunner thought proper to put upon it. One sentimental young lady was engaged upon a pair of fancy slippers, probably destined to adorn the feet of a pauper hodman, and, if not exactly suitable

for the purpose, at least well fitted to enable the possessor to obtain a quart of whiskey on the strength of them. Another lady, one of the hard workers, was shaping something warm from a great piece of flannel. Miss Lydia Languish was embroidering the hem of an elegant geranium-colored child's pelisse. Miss Lacy was crotcheting a Berlin wool waistcoat, while her friend next to her was engaged upon something which was probably destined to increase the attractions of a mendicant apple-woman. Your humble servant was occupied with a child's frock of crimson cashmere, neatly trimmed with white braid, destined to cover the back of a charwoman's young hope, whose happiest moments are spent in the dirt. And, by the bye, two or three hard workers were sewing away at a quilt, which, most likely, would be given in charity to one who had plenty of blankets.

A continual buzz of conversation went round the room, and it was rather curious to listen to the disjointed sentences that floated my length in the current of small talk.

Before all the members had assembled, the conversation was pretty general.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Stunner, "if Mrs. John Smith will appear with a great bundle of that odious red flannel?"

"You may be sure she will," rejoined Miss Young, "because you know it's the cheapest stuff to be got."

At that moment the identical Mrs. John Smith appeared with the predicted bundle of red flannel.

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith?" said Mrs. Stunner, "what a delightful piece of warm flannel you always bring us!"

Mrs. Smith immediately commenced upon a petticoat.

"What a lovely sermon that was last Sunday!" remarked Miss Stacey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dash, "but did you notice how shabby the Minister's gown is getting. I propose we make him a new one immediately."

"I would think it more charitable," Mrs. Smith rejoined, "if we got ready something for our poor. The season is very far advanced, and the cold will bring great suffering, I fear."

"Yes," whispered my mistress, "but that red petticoat of yours would make a whole regiment warm if only hung up to look at."

As more ladies dropped in, the conversation became divided among little knots, and the sentences, to a quiet listener, appeared confused and ludicrous enough.

"Hand me those scissors, please," was answered by, "Did you ever see such a fright of a shawl?" and my ears were tickled with the general buzz of conversation in such fragmentary portions as "No, I never went there. You know they're terribly vulgar." "Oh! I am sure he's no friend of mine." "Don't you think she has a very red nose?" "I don't know what size to make these slippers; I never noticed a laboring man's feet." "If I were you I would make them quietly for Frank —." "Never mind, put a tuck to it." "He is so handsome," "Have you been very gay lately?" "Yes. I have the gusset ready."

The red petticoat was proceeding to a full development of its glowing proportions; the bonnet was getting into shape; the slippers got the addition of a flower and part of a leaf; the waistcoat was increasing in size; and the numerous little infantile indescribables began to assume intelligible shapes, when the hour for dissolving arrived, and the Dorcas sewing circle adjourned to meet again next week.

(To be continued.)



CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.—When a crisis befalls you and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be hold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud, whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread, is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly; oppose equal forces to open difficulties; keep a stiff upper lip; and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

EARTH'S DWELLINGS.

“ Come, let us laugh, as we oft have laughed
 The live-long night away,
 And fill the cup with the ruddiest draught,
 And sing the merriest lay.
 Laugh, drink ! the rosy flowers are quaffing
 Full many a liquid gem,
 The moon and stars o'er earth are laughing ;
 Laugh, laugh, and drink with them !”
 And rose upon the silent night
 The shout of revelry,
 And the bright moon shed her silver light
 Upon the House of Glee.

“ Oh ! let us weep, the task is done,
 The toil of the weary day ;
 Let us mourn awhile for the kind hearts gone,
 For the fond hopes passed away.
 Heaven's silent tears the earth are steeping,
 Beneath the waving fir ;
 Sad night o'er all the world is weeping,
 And we will weep with her ;”
 And brake upon the silent night,
 A wailing voice and low,
 And the fair moon shed her gentle light
 Upon the House of Woo.

“ Ah ! let me die ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
 I'm sick of the world's hard strife,
 Of the maze of folly, and grief, and crime,
 That ye mock with the name of life.
 I go, the night-wind's idlo sighing
 My sweet, sole requiem ;
 The last pale stars in heaven are dying,
 And I will die with them ;”
 And burst upon the silent night
 One sobbing, struggling breath,
 And the wan moon shed her trembling light
 Upon the House of Death.

“ Come, let us pray, the hour is come,
 Night's shades are gathering dim,
 The peasant child, in his cottage home,
 Is singing his evening hymn ;
 Through the tall elms the breezes straying,
 The light leaves scarcely stir,
 All nature seemeth mutely praying,

And we will pray with her ;"
 And murmured through the silent night
 Deep tones upon the air,
 And the pure moon shed her holy light
 Upon the House of Prayer.

R. A. P.

Cobourg, November, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE STEP-SISTER.

A VILLAGE STORY OF REAL LIFE.

By Mrs. Trail, Author of the Backwoods of Canada, &c., &c.

"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short, but simple annals of the poor."

"It is not a story of faries or giants, or great lords or ladies I have been thinking of to tell you, my child," said Mrs. Harrison, a mild, gentle old lady with dove-like eyes and silver hair, pressing her hand kindly on the head of a little girl, who sat at her feet with upraised face and look of anxious expectation ; "it is only about a poor village girl, that I knew many, many years ago, when I was a little maid like you, dear Katie, and lived with my father and mother in a mud-walled cabin on the outskirts of Redesdale moor.

"Mary Elliot was the only child of poor parents ; her father tended sheep and cattle on the moor, or dug peat or turf from the bogs ; her mother earned a trifle by spinning and knitting, for there was much of that sort of work done when I was young. There was little or no other goods woven at that time, and such things as stocking-looms were never heard of. Many persons think the introduction of these things has been the ruin of the country, for much money was earned formerly by means of the spinning-wheel and knitting-needle, but you know nothing of these matters, Katie, so I will go on with my story. Only, I would say, that come to Miles Elliot's cottage when you would, Mary and her mother were never idle. The spindle and distaff were in the hands of the one, and knitting-needle or sewing work in those of the other. Or it might be of a fine spring or summer evening you would see Mary seated beneath the overshadowing woodbine and sweet briar roses that grew beside the cottage door, with the Bible on her knees, her round arms folded over her

waist, reading with studious care some favorite passage from that holy book. Or maybe she was singing in her sweet notes her evening hymn of prayer and praise, her meek blue eyes just glancing upwards from among the thick ringlets of pale flaxen hair that shaded her delicate cheek.

"It was pretty to see her frolicing on the heath among the lambs, or chasing the small blue butter-flies, or those with dark and crimson wings, which we call Bracken-clocks, that sported among the heather bells and daises that starred the dewy grass.

"I knew Mary well, for our cottage stood on the same bit of waste-land. The same green lane led to both our dwellings, and we were as twin sisters in affection. Our hearts and minds were as one, only Mary was better than I. She was one of the meek of the earth, and 'they are blessed.'

"Though an only child, Mary's mother did not spoil her by over-indulgence. She loved her child too well to suffer her faults to remain unchecked. When Mary was froward or disobedient she chid her. She early taught her to control her tongue, and to be humble in her own eyes, to bear with patience the crosses and vexations of life, and to do good to her fellow creatures, to those that were unkind, as well as to the gentle and affectionate.

"It is a good thing, my Katie, when children are blessed with parents able and willing to instruct them, and to lead them forward in the path of duty. Mary had but one good parent. Her father was a harsh man, who had not the fear of God before his eyes. He often treated Mary and her mother with great unkindness. He would repel his little girl's affectionate caresses with surly rudeness, and repulse her when she sought most to please and serve him, and these were sorrowful things to Mary, but her good mother checked all complaining on the part of her daughter by saying, 'Mary, he is your father, and, as such, it is your duty to be patient under reproof from him, and obedient in all things that do not interfere with your duty to God.'

"One day when Miles Elliot had been unusually cross to Mary, her mother took that opportunity to remind her of the necessity of bearing in mind the promise contained in the fifth commandment. Do you remember what that commandment is, my child?" The old lady paused and looked earnestly at little Katie.

"Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," replied the child.

“It is so, and Mary’s mother explained it all to her, and then she said, ‘Should I be taken from you, Mary, promise me you will be kind and dutiful to your father, even if he should be unkind to you. Never leave nor forsake him. He is your father.’”

“Mary, with tears in her eyes, promised to bear in mind her mother’s advice, but she did not then think how soon she should be called upon to act upon that promise, nor did her poor mother know how fast the time was drawing on that would see her Mary motherless. God keeps the book of life and death closed from mortal eyes, and surely it is in wisdom. Were it not so, our days would be spent in grieving for the coming woe, and in taking too much thought for the morrow.

“It happened early in the spring of that year the small-pox broke out in our village, and many persons died of it. Mary fell ill just as Spring flowers were beginning to make gay the fields and lane, and she had the disorder so badly that for many days she laid between life and death, and was quite blind; she could not so much as uncloset her eyes, and no one that saw her thought she would ever have opened them to meet the blessed light of the sun again.

“Her mother used to sit beside her bed and weep, and pray that God would restore unto her her child, her only child, and that if she lived her eye-sight might be spared. The mother’s earnest petition was not refused. Mary lived, and was not blind.

“I think I shall never forget the cry of joy that burst from her lips when, after several days darkness she opened her eyes and looked upon her mother who was kneeling by the bed-side holding her hands in hers.

“I had just recovered from this dreadful malady myself, and was able to come abroad, and as there was no danger of my taking any hurt, my mother suffered me to go to the cottage to see my sick friend.

“In my way to the cottage I had gathered a nosegay of hare bells and heather blossoms, and some favorite white flowers that grew in the lane. Mary and I always reckoned on the return of spring, because the banks of that green lane used to look so beautiful, covered with deep blue violets, and primroses, and daisies, and blue-bells, and those sweet silvery flowers that some call silver-locks. When Mary saw the flowers I had brought for

her to smell, she burst into tears and passionately kissed them. She told me that during the time she had been blind her thoughts had dwelt on those white blossoms. 'I thought, dear Annie,' she said, 'I should have looked upon these flowers no more, unless it had been in my dreams.'

"Well, Katie, Mary got well at last, but it was only to nurse her poor mother. She had taken the infection while tending on her sick child. Though very weak, and far from well, Mary scarcely left her mother's side, but tenderly kept watch beside her till she died, which was on the evening of the ninth day.

"I will not dwell on the grief of Mary for the loss of her beloved parent, she sorrowed, but not as one without hope, for she knew her mother had placed her trust in him who is the resurrection and the life of those that put their trust in his mercy.

"Mary soon found the necessity she was under of rousing herself from an indulgence in sorrow, that she might attend to those household duties which her mother had hitherto been accustomed to perform. She had often heard her mother say that true affection is not shown so much by unnecessary weeping and mourning for the dead, as by doing one's duty to those they have left behind them. She remembered the promise she had made to her dying mother to do all in her power to make her father's home happy and comfortable. So she strove as much as possible to appear cheerful before him, for she knew he would not like to see her crying continually.

"Miles Elliot's cot soon wore the same appearance of neatness and comfort as when his wife was living, for Mary was very notable, and had a clever way of managing her household. The spindle and distaff did not remain idle, they were but transferred from the hands of Mary's mother to those of her child, and in the quiet fulfilment of her duties Mary felt that peace of mind, which may be said to be the peculiar gift and blessing of God to those that humbly and faithfully walk in his ways, and do their duty in the sphere to which it hath pleased his wisdom to call them.

"That summer was the saddest season Mary had ever known, hitherto sorrow had been little more than a name, but this year it had come home to her dwelling, and there were times when the recollection of all she had lost by the death of her mother pressed very heavily upon her young heart.

"Many a time have I lifted the latch of the cottage door and

stepped in so silently that Mary had not noticed my approach, and have seen her with tearful eyes leaning her head mournfully on her hand while the unspun flax stood before unheeded, and I have wept with her just for company sake.

“If I were sad Mary would weep with me, if I were gay her sweet face would catch a smile from mine, even though it gleamed through her tears; it was like the dew drops glittering on the pale blossoms of the May flowers.

“And though I am now bowed down with years and infirmity, and the green turf has long been springing over the mould that covers the grave of my early friend, her memory is still as dear to me as when we roved among the heather on Redesdale moor, or paced the green lane, and wove garlands for each other's hair of Spring's sweet flowers.

“It happened one hot day in the middle of August that, as Mary sat at her cottage door spinning and singing with light heart, a neighbor came to the garden gate, with her lap full of gleaned corn, and asked Mary to give her a cup of cold water, for she was ready to faint with heat and thirst.

“Now, Mary knew it was a bad thing for any one to drink cold water when they were hot, so she bade the woman step into the cottage and sit down, while she shook down some ripe summer apples from the old tree that grew by the well.

“While the gleaner was eating the apples, she looked round and praised the neatness of Mary's cottage, which was in truth a picture to be seen.

“‘I doubt, Mary Elliot,’ said she, ‘your cot will not look thus when you have two little children running in and out at all times of the day. Well it's a pity people do not know when they are well off, I think.’

“Mary looked at the gleaner with a face full of wonder, for she could not think what she meant, and the woman seemed equally surprised that Mary should not know what every one in the village did, that Miles Elliot was to be married in a few days to a young widow with a family of two small children.

“Mary felt very uneasy on hearing the change that was about to take place in her quiet, happy home. The neighbor, who was a gossiping sort of woman, began to condole with Mary, and tell her what a bad thing it was to have a step-mother. When she had finished all she had to say, she thanked Mary for the apple^s

and went away, leaving the poor thing in great perplexity and tribulation of mind.

“My mother found Mary sitting on the green bank under the great oak tree in the lane crying bitterly, and when she learned the cause of her distress she gave her some good advice, and pointed out very clearly her duty as a child, and as a Christian.

“Well, Katie, not to tire your patience, I will say that a short time after this conversation took place, Miles Elliot married and brought home his wife and her two young children, the eldest of whom was only five years old.

“Mary felt very uncomfortable at first, for she had been her own mistress now for nearly two years, but she took great pains in shewing her the ways of the house, and telling her where everything was kept, and she strove to wear a cheerful countenance and to gain her step-mother’s good will by many little acts of kindness.

“Now, Miles Elliot’s wife was a very sickly person, and not being at all of an active turn of mind, she took no pains in keeping the house neat and clean, besides she suffered the children to run about with dirty feet, and to be very noisy and troublesome, so that Miles did not find his home so comfortable as formerly, and he grew cross and surly, and seldom came home after his day’s work was over till late of an evening, and so everything went wrong.

“Poor Mary found she had now nearly twice the work to do she had when she was alone. Mary would have gone to service, but her father refused to part with her, for he knew if she went away there would be an end of all comfort for him. Mary remembered the promise she had given to her dying mother, and she considered it was her bounden duty to remain at home, as her father wished her to do so.

“At the end of a year’s time Miles Elliot’s wife gave birth to an infant daughter and died at the end of a few days, leaving to Mary the charge of her young baby, and her two motherless boys. This was a sad trial for one so young.

“Mary’s kind heart was deeply grieved at the death of her step-mother, who had grown very fond of her, for she had had a long illness, during which time Mary had nursed her with as much care as though she had been her own mother, and had tended her night and day, and it was a great satisfaction to her that she had

done so, for in the midst of all her troubles, she was glad she had not to reproach herself with unkindness to her poor step-mother.

“The neighbors came to offer their services to Mary in this season of distress, and some of them advised Miles Elliot to get a house-keeper to take care of his family, but Miles, who was a selfish man, would hear nothing of the kind, and replied that he had never been so happy as when Mary kept his house, and he would not be troubled with a stranger; for he well knew there was no other person who would put up with his ill humour like his own meek Mary.

“Others advised him to send the two biggest children to his wife’s friends, but for once Miles displayed a kindly feeling, and said, ‘No, it never shall be said that as soon as their poor mother was laid in her grave, Miles Elliot sent her orphan babes out of the house.’ And Mary declared, as the children hung weeping round her, that they should never want a mother’s care while she lived. ‘And thou, motherless babe,’ she said, looking kindly on the helpless infant that was sleeping in the cradle at her feet, ‘hast early been deprived of thy mother, and will need a double portion of my care to nurse and tend thee.’

“Though only a step-sister, Mary fulfilled more than a sister’s part. In due time she began to reap the benefit of her care. Little Sally grew a healthy babe; while, under her judicious management, Tom and William became very quiet and orderly children. Besides the work of the house and the care of the young child, Mary devoted a portion of her time every day to the instruction of her step-brothers, and, by the aid of an old spelling book and primer, she taught them both to spell and read, and also to spin and knit, so that they were rather a comfort to her than otherwise.

“Though she was often much fatigued before the close of the day, she laid down to rest each night with the happy consciousness that she was contributing to the general comfort and welfare of several beings, whose very helplessness and dependence on her rendered them more dear than they would have been had they been more fortunately circumstanced.

(To be continued.)



THE IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man thus:—“He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles.”

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

LINES.

Tell me, O toll me, ye stars on high,
 As ye roll through the upper deep,
 Gaze ye not down on many an eye
 That waketh to watch and weep?
 Shine ye not oft on the splend'f'd dome,
 Where gilded misery dwells;
 Gleams not your light on the humbler home,
 Where the note of sorrow swells?

Say, as ye look on the homes of earth,
 With their sable tints of woe,
 Or list to their hollow sounds of mirth,
 As the life-tides ebb and flow;
 Veil ye not oft your light in the cloud,
 And feel ye no pangs of pain,
 As now ye shine on the long, white shroud,
 And now on the bridal train?

Methinks the dews of the early dawn,
 And the gentle showers of rain,
 Are tears ye weep for our lov'd ones gone,
 For hopes we've cherished in vain.
 Methinks that your long white rays of light,
 Like fingers so fair and thin,
 Beckon us up to your home so bright,
 And sweet voices say, "enter in."

And then from your walls of pearl I see,
 Far up in the realms of space,
 Fond arms reach lovingly down to me,
 And I feel their soft embrace—
 And I long to drop this robe of clay,
 And soar through the ether blue,
 And forget that sorrow here hath sway—
 That hearts are not always true.

Roll on, roll on ye orbs of the night
 In your circling cycles vast,
 And still your calm and silvery light
 On the earth-worn pilgrim cast—
 Roll on, roll on, and still as ye roll
 Shall your light a beacon be
 To cheer the weary and storm-toss'd soul
 Over life's uncertain sea!

EDLA.

Montreal, November, 1854.



SILK OF THE CHINESE.

One of the most famous manufactures of China is silk, in the production of which they excel all other nations. The Empress is the patroness of the manufacture; and once every year she goes with her maids to worship the god of silk, while she does everything she can to encourage the rearing of the worm and the weaving of the article amongst the women. In China the people wear silks in many ways. They are used as robes of state, as trousers, shoes, caps, boots, and in many other ways. In general they are plain silks, but of the most brilliant colours, and often beautifully embroidered. All, from the princes to the peasants, wear them more or less; and those who cannot afford to get much are delighted if they can only get a little.

To supply the large demand for silk, both at home and abroad they rear great numbers of the silk worm; and its proper feeding and management is quite a business amongst them. They have houses built on purpose in which to keep them, and people employed continually attending to them. Their common food is the mulberry leaf; and they have, therefore, large plantations of this tree. The houses for their rearing are in the centre of these

plantations, and great care is taken to keep them quiet, as they maintain that the worms will not thrive, but often die, if disturbed by noise. These houses are heated or cooled as the weather and season require, so as to bring out the young brood, just as the mulberry tree puts forth their supply of food. The principal provinces in which the silk worm is bred, are Che-keang, Keangnan, Hoo-pe, and Sze-chuen. Here too the mulberry is most cultivated. They are planted in a kind of orchard, at a convenient distance from each other, and every means tried to make them produce great quantities of leaves and little fruit. To effect this, the trees are not allowed to exceed a certain age and height; and when they grow too old, or show a tendency to produce fruit, they are uprooted and cast away. In gathering the leaves they use a sort of ladder, with a prop to support it, as the young trees could not bear the weight of a common ladder, and our engraving gives you a view of the process.

The Chinese loom in which the silks are woven seems to be a very simple kind of thing; and yet such is their ingenuity that they can imitate the most beautiful patterns from either France or England, and produce materials, that we, with all our finer machinery, can never imitate. Their flowered damasks and satins, their crape (*Canton crape*), and their washing silks (*Pongu*), which grow more beautiful and soft the oftener they are washed, have so far defied all attempts at imitation by us.—
Selected.



[For the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

BY MRS. C. HAYWARD.

CHAP. IV.

(Continued from page 343.)

About the time we write, Father Dolan was summoned on ecclesiastical business to a distant parish, and during his absence one of his flock became seriously ill, to the dismay of his family, and of the poor man himself, who was earnest in his prayers for the speedy return of his spiritual adviser. Word had reached Beranger Hall of his illness, but not contenting themselves with sending bodily comforts to the sufferer, they yearned with aching hearts to impart the comforts of the Gospel in all its purity and simplicity to one entering, in darkness, the dark vale of death.

"O, papa," said the young Emilie, that same afternoon, "do let me go and see poor Larry; Father Dolan is away, and who can tell him of the Saviour?"

"My child, my heart bleeds as I think of the ignorance under which he is resting, and yet I shrink from thus openly interfering among Father Dolan's parishioners, it might cause ill feeling between us which I should indeed regret."

"O no, papa, indeed I think not," pleaded Emilie, "he always looks so kindly upon me when we meet him in our walks, so differently from that gloomy, dark looking man we once met with him."

"He, my dear, is, I fear, of a very different spirit from Father Dolan; it is that spirit which has unhappily in other parts caused in some parishes such bitterness of feeling, and which falls as a curse upon this otherwise beautiful and highly favored island. I observe, too, since his brief visit here, a surliness of manner on the part of Larry's family, which I fear has sprung up from some remarks of his."

"But poor Larry himself, papa, I am sure he is grateful; he has never forgotten your kindness the time he was in such trouble; do let me go and ask for him."

"Well, my love, I suppose I must consent; God speed thee, sweet one, in thy mission of mercy," as he kissed the brow of his pleading daughter; "you will accompany her, Constance," and the sisters hurried off on their walk.

It was nearly dusk ere they reached the lowly cot where Larry lived, but sounds of sorrow fell on their ear, ere they reached it; and, at the same moment, his mother rushed to the door, wringing her hands, and praying to the Virgin for aid.

Emilie hastened on, "What is it, Mary? how is Larry?"

"O, lady, sure is not the boy of my heart passing away, and the priest not here to commend his parting soul. My boy! my poor Larry!"

"Let me go to him, Mary," exclaimed Emilie, and without waiting her reply, she entered the cabin. Larry was propped up in bed, wasted with fever; his hands were clasped, and his eager gaze rivetted upon a small wooden cross, held by his weeping sisters before him.

"There, look at it now, mavourneen," said the heart-broken mother; "it will help you."

Emilie sprang forward, "Let me speak to him, let me speak to him," and casting herself on her knees by the side of the dying boy, she bowed her head in silent prayer to heaven that she might be enabled to speak words of comfort to the passing spirit. For a few moments emotion checked her utterance, but soon, in accents of irresistible tenderness, she began to tell of the Saviour who on that cross had died. "Hear me, Larry, and I will tell you of one, the great High Priest, who came down from heaven, and bore death upon that cross, that *you*, and *all* who believe on Him, might be saved, and who has promised to hear your penitent cry. He has said, 'Look unto me,' not to man, but to Him; will you not look? he will see and hear you."

Larry groaned. "Let me tell my beads," said he faintly.

"O, Larry, listen to that precious Saviour," pleaded Emilie; "he says, 'Come without money, without price,' *only* believe, that is all he asks. He has taken your sins, and borne them upon that cross for you," and gently she repeated the words of that beautiful hymn:—

"Just as I am—without one plea—
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to thee,
O! Lamb of God I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of *one* dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O! Lamb of God I come.

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive—
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O! Lamb of God I come."

At that moment Father Dolan entered the cabin, and with him a dark, tall form, which Constance instantly recognized as the priest who had formerly visited the parish. She trembled as she perceived the dark scowl of ill concealed hatred which his face wore, as he perceived Emilie. Father Dolan advanced to Larry; but, unable to control his anger, the strange priest interrupted him, "Father Dolan, I pray you command the withdrawal of that heretic."

Father Dolan gazed on Emilie; her bonnet had fallen, her golden ringlets parted on the fine brow; the soft eyes filled with

tears. His own better nature prevailed, and removing from the grasp of the excited priest, he bent over Larry, whose eyes were rivetted on the earnest, speaking face of Emilie.

"Larry." He turned his eyes to Father Dolan, the mist of death sat on them, but his lips moved faintly.

"What is your hope, Larry?" said Emilie, regardless of aught save the dying boy.

For one moment the dim eyes lighted up with an almost unnatural brilliancy, and repeating in a clear voice the words, "Just as I am," his soul entered on its eternal rest.

Father Dolan spoke not; was it that light had, indeed, entered his own soul, or that the stifled convictions of years were at last too strong for him.

For a moment Emilie bowed her head in thanksgiving to the Saviour, on whom she had been leading poor Larry to rest his hope, and then rose to leave the cabin. As she did so, she first became aware that many others had entered it; she shrunk from some of the fierce looks she encountered, and advanced timidly to Father Dolan, who was standing by the threshold, and by him a tall commanding figure, enveloped in a military cloak. He withdrew as she spoke; "you will forgive me, good Father, will you not?"

The pleading voice, tearful eyes, and his own inward consciousness, perhaps, of the truth, all overcame him. He moved a few steps by her, watched with suspicious and threatening looks by the newly arrived priest.

"My child, God bless thee! May that plea become mine, which was poor Larry's." Then lowering his voice, as he witnessed her look of astonishment. "Hasten home, my child, the night is growing dark. Alas! I fear evil days are coming upon my poor country. Farewell."

(To be continued.)



TRUE LOVE.

"Love is not love, which uttereth when it utteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Ah! no; it is ever fixed mark,
Which looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark."—SONNETS SHAKESPEARE.

[For the Maple Leaf.

BESSIE CRAMPTON ;

OR, ONE CHAPTER IN A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

"Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed a little girl of some seven winters, as she bounded into the kitchen after her mother, who was overlooking some preparation for dinner. "Mamma, is there any little brook here with clear, sparkling water, and beautiful little white stones in the bottom?"

Mrs. Crampton, quite occupied in her own thoughts, answered half-abstractedly, "No—yes—no—I don't know."

"But which, please mamma, do you mean," asked Bessie, with a face really woeful at her mother's contradictory answer.

"Well, in truth, my dear," replied Mrs. C., now raising her head, "I do not know, but I think there is no brook here about which answers to your description. The one below the old saw-mill has a pebbly bottom, but the stones are anything but white, and the water at times, if not always, is dark and muddy, for above the mill there is a sand bottom. Why are you so anxious to know?"

As the answer was not quite as favorable as Bessie had hoped she did not at once reply, but stood revolving the subject in her mind, as if she might compass her object in some other way. Mrs. Crampton, therefore, resumed her work, while her thoughts reverted to their former channel. Bessie stood some moments apparently all absorbed in the progress of her mother's operations. When, as if hastily gathering up her courage, she asked quickly, "mamma, did you ever wade in a brook?"

This question was a key to the former one, and Mrs. Crampton replied, after a moments hesitation, "Not exactly, Bessie."

"What do you mean by *exactly*, mamma?"

"I ought, perhaps, to say that I did once, but it was probably so different from you ideas of 'wading,' as hardly to deserve the name."

"Was it in a beautiful, clean little brook, with white stones, mamma?"

"No; far from it. It might have been called *muddy brook* had it been of sufficient dignity to have received any name."

"Won't you tell me all about it, please?"

"Why yes, my dear, if the story will be of any service to

you, though it is not much of one after all. When a little girl, I, with six or eight other little girls, went to the village school, which was held about a quarter of a mile from us. We were all just about the same age, and in our plays out of school were always together, and always separate from the rest of the school. Not far from the school-house ran a little brook, which, when swollen by the melting snow of spring, or the autumnal rains, was of considerable importance. But in summer it moved very lazily, if it moved at all, and the bottom being mud, it took but a step or two to make it as dirty as the little pools you see in the roads after heavy rains. At this time, however, I am telling you of, there was considerable water in it, owing, perhaps, to a previous rain, though I don't quite remember about it. As we often carried our dinner-baskets we had nothing to do during the 'noon' but amuse ourselves the best way we could. So we wandered over all the hills, hunted all the pastures for berries, scoured all the woods for flowers, and drank water from all the many springs within any reasonable distance from our house. But we had done that again and again, till every rock, and bush, and tree was familiar to us. So one day we set off in a different direction, and pulling off stockings and shoes explored a marsh formed by this same little brook. Here we found 'Spearmint,' which we ate with our dinner, and flowers, which we carried to our teacher. But it was pretty tiresome work, and the next day we felt inclined to try something else. So after a general council it was proposed to try wading in the brook. We all jumped for joy at the thought, and wondered we had never thought of such a beautiful thing before. So sitting down on the green hill side we began our preparations. The stockings and shoes were deposited in one pile. Then we rolled up our panties, gathered up our dresses, and all started for the brook. Down we ran, hurry-scurry, like a flock of sheep, and into the water pell-mell, splash, dash. But our light calicoes told long stories to our mothers that night. For the water being stirred from the bottom was of the thickness of hasty pudding, and every splash left a spot, which only water and soap could take out. We very soon began to think that there was not much fun in this, and were talking of getting out, when a sudden, sharp disagreeable feeling in my leg, a little way above the ankle,

persuaded me to get on the grass as quickly as possible, and the rest followed suit. On looking down to see what was the trouble, I found a blackish thing, about as long as my finger, dangling down, having attached itself to the leg by a sort of a round mouth."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Bessie in a choking voice, "what was it? Did it hurt you?"

"None of us knew what it was. It looked, in some respects, like a little snake, and yet we were sure it wasn't. We pulled it off with considerable violence, for it stuck very tight, and when it was off the blood flowed very fast. We were all a little frightened; and, running to the school-house, washed it in some cold spring water which we found, and this soon checked the bleeding."

"But didn't you ever find out what it was, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, my mother told me that night that it was a leach, or blood-sucker. They are gathered, some in this country, and more from other countries, for the very purpose of drawing blood. They are used when there is great heat and inflammation. When your father was sick with scarlet fever he had six upon his throat at one time. And your little brother had three on his temples and that poor blind eye. They are very useful creatures, and the gathering of them is a regular trade."

"Don't they hurt, mamma?"

"I suppose not greatly, though they produce a disagreeable sensation when drawing. I will tell you more of them some other time. I was talking now, you know, of our adventure in the brook. Our experience cured us all. We never tried it again, and never wanted to. The little brook long since dried away. The green grass grows thickly over its bed; the marsh has become a beautiful fair field, and it is only when the heavy snows of spring are melting away that I can trace the old channel."

"But all brooks do not do so, mamma," said Bessie, after a few moments silence; "some live for ever, don't they? that is, I mean as long as the earth lives. That beautiful little brook you told us of when Clara and her sister used to play, don't you suppose it's there now?"

"Very likely," said Mrs. C., "it flows, and will flow on, sending down to the broad river and the mighty ocean its pure sweet

waters, when Emma shall have found her last rest by Clara's side, under the old elm tree. Yes, Bessie dear, many a dear brook that you and I have looked upon will run on, and sing on, when our bodies shall have long since mouldered in the grave."

Bessie stood a moment, sobered by her mother's last remark. But presently looking up she exclaimed, "I don't like your brook, mamma, but I do wish I could play in such a pretty brook as Clara's, don't you wish I could?"

"Well, dear, if it would really make you happy or better, I do. What do you think?"

"I think it would make me *happy*," answered she.

"Doubtless you would enjoy it as others do. But it is not *necessary* to your happiness, and as there are no means of gratifying your desire here, you may be *just* as happy without it, if *you choose*. For happiness is found in what we *are*, rather than in anything outside of us, however pleasant it may seem. You are happy when you have been kind and dutiful, though you may have been in no play; while the best play in the world *can't possibly* make you happy, if you have an unkind or dissatisfied spirit. But, Bessie dear, if you had the dearest little brook in all the world to play in, something which you now don't know of might come up to mar your satisfaction. Not in the same way that mine was marred, but yet just as completely. Pleasures seem a great deal brighter a good way off than when we have them really in our hand. So, my dear, learn a lesson from your mother's experience, and be satisfied and happy on dry land."

Mrs. Crampton now left the kitchen, and Bessie followed her convinced indeed, but not a whit the more satisfied, or less eager to paddle in a brook.

It was a beautiful sunny day in April, and the snow was melting away like a morning cloud under the sun's soft beams. Bessie stood a few minutes at the window, wearing a most dissatisfied expression upon her usually happy face. But catching a sight of her brother, she quickly snatched up her shawl and hood and ran into the end yard, where the men were busily engaged chopping. Robert was seated on a log 'scraping birch,' his cheeks stuffed out with the precious morsels, equal to a young squirrel's who had made a clear gain in his day's gleaning among the beech nuts. For he had so made his way into the good graces of the workmen as to persuade them to remove the outer

bark from the sticks, thereby making it an easy matter for him to get at the soft, sweet coat which envelopes the wood. Bessie was soon seated at his side, and commenced operations with as much zeal, and considerable more dexterity than himself.

The day passed quickly away, and Bessie's thoughts scarce reverted to the morning's conversation till her head was fairly on its pillow for the night, her mother's final kiss was given, and the last sound of her footsteps had died away. Then, instead of shutting her eyes in sleep as usual, all her thoughts and faculties seemed to waken into a new life, and concentrate themselves upon some scheme for the accomplishment of her desire. Bessie was a very romantic little being, and her head teemed with conceits and fancies as varied and droll as were ever dreamed of on a fairy's pillow. Her safety, however, lay in the fact that they were entertained only for the briefest time in the same form. They changed with every changing hour, though they might have developed from one idea, yet it would have taken a very wise head to have established their relationship, or traced their pedigree. But in the present instance she had actually held to the same notion for two whole days, and it was now further than ever from being given up. So she lay for two whole hours revolving in her head some possible plan for getting to a brook. But the brooks were all so far off, and so difficult of access, how could she get to them? At last from very weariness she fell asleep. Yet, with her mind so pre-occupied, her waking and sleeping dreams so interlaced, that it would not have been easy separating them.

Sometimes a fair brook ran like a silver thread through bright dreams, and she played on its flowering banks, or danced over its sparkling bed in a very extacy of delight; then suddenly the fair waters swelled and grew deep and dark, and she struggled vainly midst a mighty torrent which was sweeping her away from all she loved. Her deep distress now answered to her former joy, and O if she could only gain her mother's side again, the world would not tempt her away. Thus, during the live-long night, she tossed upon her little bed, as light and shade chased each other in rapid succession through her excited mind. But the morning came at last, and broke her uneasy slumbers. The sun, as if caught napping beyond his honest time, sprang with a bound from his "saffron couch," and climbing the steep ascent

of that long line of hills which engirdled the slumbering village, poured forth such a flood of rosy light as unscaled, in a twinkling, the lids of its many sleepers. Bessie was one of the first to greet the glad morning. And worth many a greeting it was, so bright and joyous in its early light. There is nothing like it even in the far off, dreamy south. Its glowing beauty and beautiful exhilaration are lavished only upon the dwellers in this northern clime. The stern, unbending winter has fairly yielded to the soft embrace of spring, and lies weak and faint in her arms. Soft airs and warm suns are breaking nature's long repose; a repose so like death that the awaking is as the re-kindling of dead fires, the revival of departed existence. A new life pervades her great heart, and the freshness of youth is mounting to her brow. There is not a spot in this vast domain, nor a life amid her countless myriads, from man, her highest form, down to the poorest insect that has slept on her bosom, that is not thrilled by this influence, and breathes not a newer and more vigorous existence. But none are more susceptible to these influences, more completely yield to them than children.

Bessie and Herbert had been chasing each other over the hard crisp snow, a full hour before the bell called them to breakfast. And now, reluctant to leave, they stood within the shadow of the 'old shop' with glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, their merry laugh ringing out full and clear on the morning air. But a new sound has caught their ear, and hushed their voices. It is the morning song of the newly-arrived robin, trilled forth from the top of the old poplar tree—his favorite home in summers gone.

"O, Bessie, doesn't he sing as if he was glad to be back?" said Herbert, at length breaking silence, "I believe he's trying to tell us how much pleasanter 'tis here than where he's been staying."

"Yes," said Bessie, "he's glad to get home I know, and if it is a bit colder here he doesn't mind it, it will be warm by and by. Maybe, too, he will sing to us morning and evening, just as he used to last summer."

A second bell started the children, and saying good morning to robin, they hurried in, for now they bethought themselves, their appetites were quite clamorous.

The hour for breakfast and prayers had hardly passed, ere the patting of feet and the sound of many voices was heard, and soon some half a dozen bright little faces appeared inquiring if the

children were ready for a "slide." Equipped in cloaks, mittens India-rubbers, and so on, the little party soon set forth. Mrs. Crampton, like a properly careful mother, bestowed sundry charges on the little troop, the last of which was to be at home before ten, so as to avoid the softening snow.

The hours flew quickly by. At home they were improved, as everybody knows the absences of children are, for the accomplishment of divers things which their active bodies, seeing eyes, meddlesome hands, and insatiable curiosity render exceedingly difficult. Mrs. C. was startled as the clock told the hour of ten, and hastening to a window looked out upon the hills whither the children had gone. She saw them in the distance, slowly dragging their sleds homeward. Some little time, however, elapsed ere their voices were heard from the yard, and the troop, weary from their excessive exercises, stopped at the door a moment before separating. But good-bye was said at last, and the two children entered the house. Bessie flung herself into the first rocking chair she found, exclaiming, "O dear, I'm so tired. I don't think there's so much fun in sliding."

"Then you have not enjoyed the morning," said her mother.

"Why yes, mamma, at first," replied Bessie, "but then the snow grew soft, and it was such hard work getting the sleds home."

"Well, my dear, supposing you had remembered mamma's advice and came home before ten, what then?"

Bessie was silent, and her mother thought better to leave her to her own reflections. But Herbert suddenly turning up his eye in a roguish manner to his mamma said, "and how much fun do you think it is to wade in the spring, Bessie?"

Bessie answered her little brother only by a look of supreme contempt.

"What does Herbert mean, Bessie," said her mother, choosing that she should make the explanation.

"Oh! just nothing at all, mamma, I only thought it seemed so bright and beautiful, and the water looked so clear that I'd just try it."

"In the spring," said her mother, "that ice-cold spring!" and the thought ran like a chill through her heart.

"Yes, mamma, there wasn't much ice in it, not near so much as there was two days ago."

“And what did you do?”

“I sat down on the rock and pulled off my stockings and shoes, and put my feet into the water. But I didn't get clear in, for it was so cold, and Henry Newcombe said there were poisonous things in the bottom, his mother told him so. He got one out one day. It was a sort of a brown creature, with little short legs and feet, and had a tail, and it looked some like a fish. Wasn't it a little like the one you saw?”

“No; he probably means a lizard, they are sometimes in the bottom of springs.”

“Are they really poisonous?”

“They are said to be; I don't know how much so. But how long did you stay in the water?”

“Oh! only a little. I pulled my feet right out when Harry told me that, besides it *was* too cold,” said she, looking up a little conscious.

“How did you dry and warm them?”

“Oh! I wiped them on my handkerchief, and then I dried it on the rock in the sun, and I am sure,” said she, pulling it out of her pocket, “it looks as well as though it was just ironed. Why, doesn't it!” she exclaimed, a little petulantly observing her mother smile.

“O yes, it looks quite smooth. But how did you warm them?”

“Oh! they warmed themselves, as warm as pussy, when they were out of the water.”

Well, Bessie, now you have fairly been in the water, I suppose you are a great deal happier than ever before, and will be happier all the rest of your life. How is it?”

“I don't feel very happy.”

“You ought to have some recompense for the risk you run. Smaller things have brought many children to their graves.”

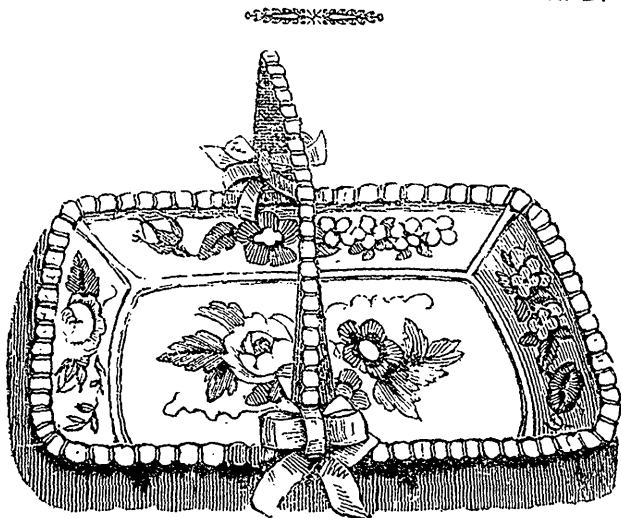
“But this wasn't like wading in a brook.”

“No, my dear, it was a very different thing. That might be pleasant and perfectly safe in a warm summer's day. But this was presumptuous and yielded you not the least satisfaction. Let this be a warning to you, my child, your life long. If a pleasure is reasonable, and within your reach, take it, and enjoy it, and it may add to your happiness. But if, for any reason, it is denied you, or lies beyond your grasp, be content without it. If you

rush head-long after it, determined to have it at any rate, it will certainly *disappoint* you in the *end*, if nothing more. But it will be likely to do more. It will be *very* likely to bring mortification and distress upon you, and may be your ruin for this world and for the next. So, Bessie dear, write it down in the little book of memory which God has given you, and it will serve as a 'guide-board' to you the rest of your life."

We will only add that Bessie has never mentioned the subject since.

A. R. D.



LADY'S WORK-BASKET IN BEAD WORK.

Materials.—Perforated card-board; a wire frame, 10 inches by 4, and about 2 deep; a little narrow satin ribbon, broader ditto, fringe, gold thread, and beads of various colors, all No. 2.

The dimensions we have given are for the bottom of the basket. The upper part must of course, be proportionately larger, as it is very open. A wire at each corner must connect the two parts of the frame. The handle is also formed of two wires, placed about an inch apart at the bottom, but close together along the upper part. The best way to form these baskets is to cut the various pieces the proper length, and a little over, and join the ends by binding them round with fine wire.

The perforated card-board, of which the basket is chiefly composed, is in five pieces, namely, for the bottom and four sides. All are embroidered in beads. For this purpose a Berlin pattern of pro-

per size may be used, and adopted to any beads that the worker may have by her. As there is not the same variety to be found in beads of the required size that we can obtain in wool, and this frequently prevents the adaptation of designs intended for the latter material.

The leading colors in beads are—blue, about four shades; orange about five; green, about seven; pink, not more than two; gray, three; lavender, three or four; white, four; bronze, three; ruby, one; coral, one; and black.

Suppose that, on an average, four shades enter into a single leaf, and you intend to work a group of three leaves in bronze. The lightest you will compose of the four lightest shades,—that is gold and the three lightest bronzes. For the leaf nearest to it—which therefore, you would like to make as great a contrast as possible—take black and the three darkest bronzes, and the third leaf may be worked in the bronze only. Other colors, whether for flowers or leaves, must be arranged with similar care.

In the list we have given four whites; these are chalk, alabaster, opal, and clear white. Steel beads are frequently mixed with these in white flowers, and grays and stone-colors are employed to deepen the shades.

With a little ingenuity, therefore, a great variety may be made, and almost any Berlin pattern or section of one, used. For roses, the two pinks, the coral, and ruby, and even black may be employed. All the dark shades for a dark rose; and pinks, fading into white, for light.

The perforated cardboard being worked, the frame must be entirely covered by winding round it satin ribbon of any predominant color. Light blue, pink, or crimson, will answer for this purpose. The handle must be covered in the same way. Then the pieces are sewed in at the back of the frame; the fringe is placed at the top, and a quilling of narrow ribbon, with a gold thread run along the centre, forms the heading of the fringe, and the cover of the handle. Bows and ends are placed on each side of the widest part of the latter.

The basket may be worked on silk canvass if preferred.



EDITORIAL.

The present number of the *Maple Leaf* abounds in original matter. Contributions from the United States, as well as from Canada, enrich its pages. "A. T. C." gives some true views of gossiping sewing societies. We would like to have him know, however, that his picture by no means applies to all who meet to sew for benevolent purposes. The beautiful little poem by "R. A. P." we insert with much pleasure.

We call attention to Mrs. Traill's new work, "The Female Emigrant's Guide, or Hints on Canadian Housekeeping." Her experience in regard to the subject on which she writes renders it very valuable. The publishers have already received large orders for it both in Canada and the United States. It is written in that easy, truthful style that characterizes her productions; and, while it abounds in valuable directions to the newly arrived settler, it is also

adapted to the general reader. We should like to hear that every family in the country had ordered it.

Our design for fancy work in this number has been cut from a new pattern, and will be much liked for its elegance. The principal topics of conversation here just now, are the price of markets and the progress of the war in the Crimea, among the older citizens, and the Christmas festivities and "examination" among young people and scholars "generally"—these last are anticipating grand times during the holidays; may they find the reality equal to their fond hopes.

We were thinking just now of our little magazine, and adopted nursling, how in proportion to the anxiety it has cost us, has been our pleasure at seeing it keep fresh and flourishing. Each monthly number finished and sent forth, strengthens the tie that binds our heart to the country already endeared to us by tender associations. We have felt that we were not really alone in the world when we could speak our thoughts to so many, and have hoped that in thus speaking, we may have stirred some mind to nobler resolutions and earnest activity. It is, therefore, with a kind of regretful tenderness towards the *Maple Leaf*, that we learn from our respected publisher that he feels unwilling to continue the work any longer, unless his appeal in the circular sent in this number is promptly responded to. We took the responsibility of the magazine at a time when touched with sorrow we turned instinctively to some friendly source for comfort. What we have said urging others to persevere in a course of self-conquest, has come warm from our own spirit; the fruit of our own desire to add a mite of influence on the side of right.

To see the little magazine die suddenly after living so long will be doubly trying, since it will add another name to the number of magazines that have failed in Canada for the want of proper support. We hope, however, that it will not be given up. Its contributors, for whom we entertain a grateful regard, will, we trust, long find a place for their names on its pages, and see the *Maple Leaf* outlive the blasts of winter, and, like the land of which it is a scion, remain green and flourishing many a day.

We feel that this life is not intended as a place of repose; these are not "the vales of heaven," that we need wish to slumber. The pilgrim road along which we journey is often beautifully diversified, but the traveller needs to be well fortified, and well instructed to walk safely and happily. Thus feeling, we look upon the young as the most interesting portion of the community. They need stirring up to know their own abilities and responsibilities. They ought to be taught to live less for show, less for public enjoyment and more for home comforts and intellectual pleasures. Let the present race of young people be well taught and well disciplined, thoroughly grounded in good principles, and the land will feel a new impulse. The next generation will see the broad acres of Canada teeming with plenty; and her cities and villages, under wise and just policy, ranking high among the places of the Western Continent.

Prospectus of the "Maple Leaf."

This publication has now become such a decided favorite with the public, and from its large circulation, that we deem it unnecessary to enter into a detailed character of the work in speaking of the forthcoming volume; but we wish 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 readers, but to awaken the sympathies and support of many more.

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

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.

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

J. C. BECKET,

22, Great St. James Street.

London, July 1st, 1854.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

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