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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,
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No. 5.

MIRAMICHI, APRIL, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE :

MIRAMICHI, APRIL, 1879.

Lines written by a niece of the Rev. John Robertson of Black River.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Blow, blow, and winds through all the lonely land;
 Oh! join with many hearts that sigh and moan;
 Oh! wail, ye wintry winds, the woe world o'er;
 Mourn with the breaking hearts around the throne.

Oh, weep the Princess fallen in her prime?
 Oh, weep the royal daughter of our Queen?
 Mourn for the Prince in his far German home,
 Now crushed to earth in desolation keen.

His funeral crown hath lost its fairest gem,
 Whose lively radiance gleamed as if to show
 The real nobility, come right from God—
 A noble soul, whether in high or low.

A noble soul was thine, oh, Princess true?
 Pure was thy heart; as fragrant was thy life,
 Breathing sweet love; and rich in tenderness,
 As daughter, sister, mother, and as wife.

Thy little ones, God heal their tender hearts!
 Ah! thou no more canst soothe them as of yore;
 God lead them gently in the path of life,
 Until they come to heaven's shining door!

Was it a presage of thy opening doom,
 That in this sad and strangered of the years,
 That ship went down, that bore thy honored name,
 Engulfing hundreds—making many tears?

Thou livest still, such virtues cannot die—
 They are immortal while the stars endure;
 Showing to court and cot example bright,
 Of all that is most noble, good, and pure.

As when on some proud rock we see enthroned
 The lordly eagle, that, while we admire,
 Beats his great wings, and mounts into the air,
 Clearing a pathway, till we see no higher;

Or as the dove that from her chirping nest,
 Speaks her white plumes one moment full in view,
 Then with a gentle motion soars aloft,
 Till lost to sight within the heavenly blue;

Even so thy royal spirit hath gone up,
 No thy most dove-like soul hath soared away,
 God's angel, death, lent thee his golden wings,
 Not for thy best beloved sought at thou stay

Farewell, sweet Princess; from thy home of light,
 If thou mayst come to cheer thy dear ones' way
 Glad welcome wait thee, as they know that thou
 Wilt welcome them to realms of cloudless day.

They keep this Christmas day in saddened homes,
 Yet are their hearts made warm by love unsworn,
 And we, with kindly wish for ours and thine,
 Hast thou, this Christmas morn, art with the Christ.

H. G. L., Xmas, 1879.

[Written for the Snowflake.]

THE MOABITE STONE.

Our readers have, no doubt, heard of the discovery of what is called the "Moabite Stone." There are strange things in the age we live in, and not the least are its antiquarian curiosities.

The country of Moab lies on the eastern side of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, a wild assemblage of blue mountains. It was, long ago, a region of very great beauty, abounding in cities, industry and wealth; it is now a wilderness peopled by roving Arabs. The stone was found by a missionary, a Mr. Klein, at a place called *Dhiban*, in a field of ruins. The attempt to remove it was not well

planned. It was a series of mishaps. In an evil hour Mr. Klein let out the secret of its value. It at once became an object of superstition with the Arabs, and to avert the calamity which, as they fancied, must fall upon them, if they would let it be taken out of the country by the sacerdotal cupidity of strangers, they lit a fire upon it, made it red hot, and then with cold water splintered the magnificent relic into fragments. What a debt the world owes to ignorance and blind zeal! It is on acts like these, that fanaticism plumes itself! Well, what of the stone, the mutilated stone, now an illustration of the explosive energy of steam! With no little pains and, in a manner, by stealth, two large fragments of it were recovered; afterwards some of the smaller ones, and now as the fruit of laborious ingenuity and perseverance, the stone is again itself, almost entire, built up again into its original form, only woefully disfigured by the rough treatment it received.

It is a piece of basalt, black, but with a tint of blue, very hard and compact, and of great weight, three and a half feet in length and two and a half in breadth and thickness, and rounded off for ornament at the top in the style, as tradition tells, of Sinaitic tables. Not a big thing to look at, but, I think I can safely aver, that if the Arabs had been less fanatical, and had stood upon their rights, and known more of science than they do, and more of the zeal of scientific men, they could have made a bargain over the "Moabite Stone," that would have driven them mad with exultation and pride.

Now, what is it that gives so singular an interest to that mass of black basalt? What is the riddle of its preciousness? A block of stone picked out of an unsightly heap of rubbish! How many a straggler had heedlessly gazed on it, how many a footstep had idly trod upon it, a neglected, worthless thing, a wreck among wrecks, a ruin for reptiles to creep on, or foxes to frisk about it, or crows to perch on it, and yet, when the infidels of Europe were casting doubt on the authenticity of the historical records of the Bible, and employing all their powers of criticism to prove them to be only oriental fictions, there, in the meantime, lay the stone of Moab, a silent witness to the fidelity of these very re-

ports; yea, a witness whose voice must carry all before it, a witness contemporary with those very Kings, a witness come down to us from the living scenes of the history itself; come down in stern and unchallengeable veracity on a marble of three thousand years, to confound those critics and prove to the world that the Bible has nothing to fear from the merciless rigour of criticism, the facts of science, or the scorn of infidelity.

There is an inscription on the stone. It was set up by a King of Moab, whose name was *Mesha*, to perpetuate the glories of his reign. Now, we find in the Bible the names of only three kings of Moab, and curiously enough, *Mesha* is one of one them. He was a contemporary of *Ahab*, and *Ahab* is also on the stone; and so is *Omri*, the father of *Ahab*. The inscription says that *Mesha* had wars with those Israelitish kings, very long and sanguinary wars; and that he and they were implacable enemies.

The names of forts or strongholds are on the stone, and of shrines of idolatry. Not a few of them are old acquaintances of readers of the Bible. We recognize them at first sight. But how strange to see them there, like antique fossils, relics of the historical past, *Dibon, Madihat, Balthaton, Bazar, Kiriothaim*, etc. *Mesha* tells how he built this one, decorated that, and laid another in blood and ashes. He was a merciless and dashing warrior.

The inscription contains one thousand letters. But, owing to the injury of fire and breakage, only seven hundred or thereabouts, are in existence. The gaps in broken sentences, can pretty well be filled up; in the case, however, of proper names, conjecture avails but little.

The letters in which the inscription is written are of the old Phœnician type, and similar to the capitals of our own alphabet, only that they are turned backwards or in reverse. The language is Hebrew, but not just the Hebrew of the Scriptures. The difference is one of dialect, and it has also an Arabic complexion, a very interesting fact for Philologists. The territory of Moab was so situated as to have a purely Hebrew-speaking people on the one side and a race of Arabian origin on the other.

"The date of the stone is about 900

B. C. It was engraved, according to the opinion in the second year of the reign of *Ahaz*, King of Israel. It is older than *Homer*, and is in all likelihood written in the same characters as those used by *Darid* in the Psalms, and by *Salomon* in his correspondence with *Hiram*, King of *Tyre*. From every point of view the stone is of the deepest interest and importance. "It is like another chapter added to the Bible." It throws light on historical portions of the Bible that were greatly obscured by the mists of antiquity. It is a confirmation of the truth of Scriptural History. Not that the Bible needs to lean on evidence like that. It is its own witness. It carries its divine credentials in its bosom. It speaks to the heart of man as no other book ever did. It is omniscient. Its voice is the voice of God. A Christian does not need such evidence as antiquarians dig out of ruins, or drag out of the crypts of mouldering sepulchres, to prove that the Bible is divine. He knows on what he builds his hope, and if there were no monuments of any kind, no strong register of forgotten cities, nor slabs from the uncovered palaces of Chaldean plains, nor hieroglyphics from the Nile, his hope would still rest there. How do I know that a plant is a work of creative intelligence, and not a thing of chance or circumstance? Is it not by the marks of wisdom and of purpose which I can trace upon it? Itself tells the story of its origin. In the veins of every leaf and in the hue of every petal it unfolds the wonderful skill of the hand that fashioned it and gave it all its grace and loveliness. And, so, there is a character, a self-witnessing power in the Bible that proclaims it to be the conception not of man, but of God. A Christian does not need such evidence for his faith as that of the stone of Moab, but it can be used to stop the arrogance of a sceptic.

A few notes, now, about the land of *Moab*. It does not figure much in history. But when the Romans held it, it was celebrated for its riches and power. All that, however, has passed away. Under the rule of the *Turks*, *Moab* has shrunk into a desert. The standard of *Mahomet* was a crescent, a thing that gives the idea of a splendour that waxes or expands, but by what fatality is it that the crescent of the *Moslems*, wherever it has moved has been the baleful

[Continued on fourth page.]

FROM "THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENIUM."

(BY J. R.) NO. VI.

Hidden laws, the powers of nature
Ope to man's research; and lo!
O'er the world, in rapid journeys,
Men are hastening to and fro.

Art and science,
As the seer foretelleth, grow.*

Shall the earth have vast upheavings?
Ancient landmarks be overturned?
Institutions time-worn, sacred,
From the angry people spurned?

Wars and rumours—
Shall men mourn, as ne'er they mourned?

Moslem's moon, once crescent, waneth,
Soon the thin, red streak shall die,
For the morning star is shining,
And the purple dawn is nigh
Other glories.

All but Christ's, must leave the sky.

The mystery of iniquity,
Of dire hate, deceit and might,
He, with signs, and lying wonders,
Who, in willing nation's sight—
Wrought with Satan,
That the truth's ennobling light
Radiate not the deep, strange darkness
Of the lie they loved so well.
Who, the blessed Gospel hating,
Bound their souls, in magic spell
To that wicked,
Cursed of God, and chosen of hell.

Perish shall the God-despising,
In the glorious coming day,
With the Lord's majestic brightness,
And His wind, consumed away.

Nought opposing
Can before the Lord's face stay.†
* Daniel XII. 4
† 2 Thess. II. 8 &c

[WRITTEN FOR THE SNOWFLAKE]
COLOUR.

(HEREBY HANGS A "TAIL."

The following circumstance is an instance of the rashness and folly of allowing the mind to brood too intently and too constantly upon one theme. A dear and admired friend of the writer wrote upon request the following graceful lines;

Not many books I often view,
In which the colour is so blue,
But, then, some other books are white,
May you like them be fair and bright.

The success and applause which greeted this elegant impromptu led my friend to make a second attempt which was, if possible, received with yet greater favour.

The book in which I write is pink,
A shade which often makes me think,
About the rose's lovely hue,
That thought applies, fair maid, to you.

My young friend began now to attribute his unprecedented popularity as a verse maker to his choice of a subject, which, you may observe, was the same in both efforts, and again essaying, presented an eager young lady with the following stanza for her Album;

A most angelic book I view
So blue
It's owner is as fair I think
But pink!

Praise now became less vociferous and it was gently hinted to my friend to try the inspiration of some other theme.

But in vain. He had become, as one might say, a man of colour and it only remains for me to relate the unfortunate results which ensued. In rapid succession he produced the three following verses, which were transferred to the pages of three Albums, and my friend was overpowered with the delighted gratitude of the fair creatures whose thoughts were all of filling their Albums by playing upon the weakness of this unfortunate man.

The book in which I write is gray,
And that alas will make me say,
I like it less than pink or blue,
Because it won't apply to you.

What charming tint is this I see
Within the book upon my knee?
'Tis green and blue and white and red
I see within it fair outspread.

Your book is red and blue,
A little streaked with yellor,
I hope my dear that you
Can get a worthy feller.

The evident decline of poetic power in the last production, together with the vulgarity of diction alarmed me so much that after an hour spent in fruitless remonstrances, I urged my friend to begin at once a perusal of the English poets, recommending especially those of a more remote date in the hope that their polished and stately measures might, at least, prevent a recurrence of the absurdities with which his once eloquent muse had degenerated. My dismay may be imagined when the only effect produced by this remedy was the following verses in which I could only too well detect an echo of Herbert, Pope, &c.

Sweet book so green, so red, so gray,
The union of the leaves and lid
The moon will weep aloud and say
Oh! let my face be hid.

Ye nymphs of M—a begin the song,
To Siran's book all rainbow tints belong,
Dark blue and green and all the medium shades.

To suit a maid whose beauty never fades.
My friend's popularity was now entirely gone. No more solicitations harassed him. A fickle public had wearied of this surfeit of colouring. They looked coldly on the unfortunate victim of their caprice. But, alas, too late! Debarred from the pages of the gayly tinted Albums which had been to him such a fatal allurements he found an encouragement to proceed in his checkered career, in the ready welcome accorded to his verses by the editor of a local paper, and, no longer trammelled by conventionalities became so offensive to his readers that I very soon apprehended the fate which awaited him. After several weeks of such verses as the following,

Oh yellow books, and books of green,
If I a maiden e'er had seen,
So gayly streaked in Black and Tan,
Methinks I'd been a different man—

and other doggerel lines, too numerous to mention, an incensed female headed a band who presented themselves before him and addressed him in the following words;

Oh if we had a hold of you,
We'd pound one poet black and blue,
We'd make him wish he had been dead,
Before he'd e'er admired red,
Or that he'd left before he'd seen,
A single shade or tint of green.

My appalled friend was then present-

ed with a large album bound and embellished in the Stuart tartan, which my readers well know is one of the most striking and intricate patterns, comprehending nearly all the colours of nature. He seized the volume, gloated, brooded over it, seized a pen and seemed entirely unconscious of the departure of his visitors, who left him literally rolling in agony as he tried in vain to obtain a rhyme for the simple gastic description of the binding, *Leth-gheal-ghorm-phreac*, it having occurred to the wretched man to interlard the stanzas of the tartan album with suitable gaelic epithets. Need I say that next morning my friend was found dead. The verdict was *death by strangulation*.

A neat tartan slab marks the spot where lie the remains of this victim of the fatal habit of giving up the whole powers of the soul to one theme.

LOTTA.

PERSEVERANCE.

[Continued from SNOWFLAKE for March.]

(2nd part.)

The term, "truth" is employed sometimes, objectively, that is, to denote the objects of knowledge; it is also used in a subjective sense, to denote the moral qualities of sincerity, and fidelity. The objects of knowledge are God, and nature and man. There is theological, physical, mathematical, scientific, moral, historical and other kinds of truth. Human life is so brief, and human faculties are so limited, that it is but a small part of the infinite field of truth which any can investigate, and with which they can become acquainted, however high may be the powers, and persevering the exertions. Sir Isaac Newton compared himself to one, of a number of children gathering pebbles, on the sea-shore, who had found a few more than the others.

We should be, especially, diligent in acquiring the knowledge of truth most beneficial for us to know, the tendency of which is to improve and elevate our natures. "The enquiry of truth" says Bacon, "which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth which is the presence of it and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." Of the various sources from which a knowledge of truth is derived, viz: the phenomena of the material universe, and man's mental operations, and the Bible, the last—like the common blessings, which are the best blessings of life, are the best and most important. Whilst undervaluing no department of useful knowledge, we should never forget that "the first, great condition of true knowledge is the Bible" "without this," says the author of "Theory of human progression" "man knows nothing, he neither knows what he is, now, what is his destiny; and though he may guess at some of the important truths in which the race is involved, he gropes in obscurity as to the most essential. Without the Bible, supersti-

tion and infidelity reign universally. But God never made man to be either superstitious or an infidel; and as soon as either of these forms is stamped upon a nation, every kind of error is let loose, and the erroneous credence, in the matter of religion extends to the temporal affairs of the state. There is but one truth; and if men go wrong in the most important item, we cannot wonder that they should err as to the moral principles by which they should be guided in their actions towards each other. If they know not their duties to their Creator, how can it be expected that they should fulfil these duties to their fellows? None are exempted from the obligation to seek for the knowledge that the word of God bestows, "as for silver, and to search for it as for hid treasures." But we ought, also, to perseveringly fulfil life's duties and responsibilities. Each one should be conscientious and unremitting in performing his duty in the business of life allotted to him. The condition of mind possessed by that man who is ready to betake himself to any employment that might seem to better his interests, as it is opposed to contentment and true enjoyment, generally fails to attain the success secured by those who are persevering in their calling of life, and who do not regard success to consist exclusively in the amount of worldly gain that may be obtained.

We should be unceasingly influenced in the different relations of life, personal, social and civil, by the law of God. However changeable we may be in our ideas of duty, the law of God which is the transcript of the Divine Will, and has come from Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, remains the unalterable rule of duty. The enjoyment of peace may be taken, in one sense, as the reflex light that the fulfilment of duty sheds upon the soul. "Great peace have they who love thy law." For the exercise of perseverance in all that is good, we have the example and the promised grace of Him who left Heaven's glories, and whose life on earth was one of toil and continued activity—the highest, noblest perseverance even unto death, in behalf of those whom He came to save.

Be in earnest! God who found thee,
And with might, and honor armed thee,
Ne'er designed that thou should'st squander
Life in vanity, or wander,
Childlike, after bursting bubbles
Made to buffet stormy troubles—
Made to breast the whelming bilow,
Made to rest on sleepless pillow,
Made to battle ill's the sternest,
Be in earnest!

Be in earnest! What thou doest,
What thou plannest, or pursuest,
Plan, pursue, and do with spirit,
Never care though thou inherit
Glory dimmer than thy brother's,
Power weaker than another's,
Use thy power, use it rightly
And in faith, nor prize it lightly
And where'er thy power be turned,
Be in earnest!"

April 1879.

A GENERAL NEARLY CAUGHT.

It is not generally known how near the Zulus came, after the disaster at Isandula to bagging Lord Chelmsford and his entire staff. The General would have ridden quietly into camp, which was in the possession of his savage foes, and was already within rifle-shot of it, when he met an officer, who had escaped, and who warned him of the true condition of affairs. The Zulus, after their victory, dressed themselves in the uniforms of their victims and prepared an ambush which would almost certainly have succeeded, had not one of them impudently fired his rifle at Lord Chelmsford's informant instead of quietly "assessing" him in true African fashion. The bullet missed its mark, and the officer galloped off just in time to save his commander.

THE CAULDRON LINN.

[near Devou near Dollar, Scotland.]

Down a shady walk, the music of the river sounding from below us as it hurries over its rocky bed. The previous day's rain has revived and refreshed the summer's green of the trees and bushes, and sight and the senses are filled with a bewildering amount of beauty and pleasure, as the eye, at every step, is met with fresh visions of loveliest verdure, and the myriads of wild flowers load the air with sweetest fragrance—And now, we reach the bank of the river and follow the course of its fast-flowing water, till, as we go, the confusion of sound which pervades the quiet air is gradually being dominated by one which grows more and more distinct and separate, till, at a quick bend of the river, we stand on the brink of the precipice over which it takes its leap into the pool below; and, now, clear and resonant, drowning all other sounds, the crash of the falling water rises high in the air. A narrow rocky gorge—the rocks carved by the ceaseless rush of the waters into curious and fantastic shapes—through which it turns, and curves, and twists, like a thing of life being tried and tortured beyond endurance, till it plunges madly downward, a clean leap of forty feet. Down a narrow path we scramble and over a confused and picturesque mass of fallen rocks and, now, within the circle of spray we stand in front of the fall and look inwards and upwards at the wondrously beautiful picture before us. A rock-encircled pool—deep, black, and still—the rocks rising in fantastic beauty high above us, crowned with a wealth of leafy foliage which creeps far down their sides, till the leaves bathe themselves in the spray which rises from the fall, and forms a halo over the pool as though it were the crown of the presiding genius.

But, what is this that dazzles our eyes, and sends the wild birds flitting overhead with shriller and more joyous notes! Behind us the sun has burst through a bank of clouds and his slanting beams have reached the crown of spray, and straight a glory rests upon

the scene: the quivering mass of vapour has become a brilliant cloud of color, the ever-varying hues of which glow and intermingle in an exquisite and wondrous beauty. Set off, as it is, by the grim shadows of the rocks, relieved by the vivid green of the spray-drenched ferns and the whole framed by the living profusion of tree and bush in their emerald covering—till, as we gaze, heart and soul are stirred within us to sweetest song.

To Thee our God, we too our song would raise,
And, joined with all created nature, hymn thy praise,
As gifts to man, Thou hast Thine earth adorned,
With scenes like this, in radiant beauty formed,
Emblems of loving kindness, constant care,
A love so great, so wondrous, and so rare,
Thus, whilst Thy works such willing service give,
May we thy children to thy glory live.

PENSEES.

The balmy southern breeze now softly blows,
And with the blush of spring all nature glows;
The lily shows its beauty in the vale
And buds, fresh bursting, scent the passing gale.
The trees aloft trim out their leafy boughs
On mountain side, or where the torrent flows,
While all the warblers of the woods on high,
In echoing notes proclaim the wakened joy;
Mysterious life with silent power anew
Unfolds the perfect form and various hue,
And shows, in all that's grand, and fair, abroad
An impress most divine, the mind of God,
Great nature! loud thy thousand voices raise,
The Lord of vast creation keen to praise

O Thou the great I Am the first the last!
To thee alike the present and the past,
The God who all things out of nothing brought,
When worlds on worlds rose glorious from Thy thought;

Earth hears Thy voice and joyously again
Spreads all her loveliness o'er hill and plain.
If thus, the earth and sky, Thy glories show,
Shall one on whom Thou didst a mind bestow
In pride, and auctory, and folly cry—
Thou art not God till he believes the lie?
Believe! what did I say—ah! he would deem
Himself in happiness, could he but dream
He had a single truth on which to rest
His notions dark, to soothe his troubled breast;
For still the shadow of an unseen hand
Sweeps o'er his soul, and whisperings of the land
Where life has found its last mysterious goal
Startling with chill despair his loding soul.

The Intidel! shall I describe him?—lost!
For him no God—reason his only boast,
A mind adrift upon a shoreless sea,
Beneath a starless sky—no guide hath he.
Is there some hazy coast in that above
Some shadowy phantom land, where dreams are
hiss?

His fancy forms a being less divine
Than Athens worshipped at an empty shrine
His life a lie— I may not further go.
For who can tell the vastness of the void,
The anguish, and the dark despair
Of those who spurn a gracious Father's care!
As death to us no eternal night
A chasm dire and deep, a pelting light,
O! vain to wish that fearful night were done,
Dread night of doom that hath no rising sun.

Hark! to the mournful voice of Him who wept
Beside yon Judah's walls while sinners slept
If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy

The peace that hovers near, no blessed ray
Of hope shall ever pierce thy darkened sight.
Thy day of grace has set in endless night,
And, yet, how lovingly I fain would bring
All, all beneath the shelter of my wing.

I from the sower turn; I may not stay
A nobler theme invites me thence a way
In yonder vale, o'ercast by shady trees
That wave their foliage in the evening breeze,
Where hid by mossy banks, the brooklet flows,
And setting day its last sweet radiance throws,
Behold a christian in this calm retreat;
He learns his Father's will at Jesus' feet.
What blessed thoughts inspire him, that invest
With charms unseen all nature to his breast.
True child of God, how blest no tongue can tell!
What holy raptures in thy bosom swell
Whilst looking round on all things fair below
Thou drinkest joys the world can ne'er bestow;
"Father in heaven these are Thy works divine,
And I am Thine, and Thou by grace art mine"
While thus with rapt desire his heart above
To heaven is raised in meek, confiding love,
Earth's fascinations round his home may twine
And all its glories on his dwelling shine
But to the heart renewed all things are pure
And lift the soul to joys that shall endure.

What is the spring of all that pure delight—
That faith sublime, and that supernal light,
Transforming all that's temporal and seen,
Till things of earth assume a heavenly mien?
Can it be, from an empty name proceeds
That quenchless hope; a hope that ever leads
The principle within that cannot die
To soar with strong desire beyond the sky?
It may not, cannot be; how many here
The christian's name without his hope or fear.
C. C. A. F.

ANIMALS SENSITIVE TO RIDICULE.

Mr. Sidney Buxton, in one of his amusing papers on animals in the *Animal World* for February, says that dogs and horses are, as far as he knows, the only animals sensitive to ridicule, while cats and birds are wholly unaware that they are being laughed at. He tells of a pony of his own which gets very cross when disparaging remarks are made upon him, and "becomes furious, and stamps about his stall, putting back his ears and attempting to bite," if he is openly laughed at, while praise greatly pleases him. The truth is, that it is only those creatures which can feel sympathy with man which can also appreciate ridicule. The horse sympathizes evidently with many of his rider's feelings and amusements, while the dog can enter into no small proportion of his feelings.

But birds and cats, though often exceedingly affectionate, and full of attachment to individuals, hardly ever attempt to enter into human feelings—as Cowper's dog "beau," for instance, entered into the poet's desire to possess himself of the water-lily. The hatred of ridicule always accompanies a capacity for sympathy. Certainly dogs, and probably horses, know the difference between being laughed at in derision, as we laugh at a fool, and being laughed at in admiration, as we laugh at a good comic actor, and enjoy the latter as much as they resent the former. It is questionable, however, whether some parrots do not understand and en-

joy the practice of making fun of their human acquaintances—do not appreciate the art of duping, and take pleasure in it.—*Spectator*

INQUISITIVENESS.

The man who wants to know about things. We have all seen him. Have all "been there," as they say in the beautiful West. A dear son of New England having plied a new comer in the mining region of Nevada with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region, his hopes, means, prospects, etc, finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes Sir," was the reply "I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

Then, there was a brief silence, after which the bore commenced: "Was you ever blind, Sir?"

"No Sir."

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No Sir."

Another pause.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Fact."

"How can that be?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them" was born after I left!"—*Harpers Magazine*.

THE EPIDEMIC OF DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness has been, by many, believed to be on the increase, at any rate in higher circles. It is curious to note that just 150 years ago an epidemic of drunkenness seemed to break out in England. The passion for gin-drinking had got hold of the masses, and the result was, in London at least, that increase in the population was almost wholly checked. Before gin became popular the consumption of beer was enormous. Almost a third of the arable land in the country was devoted to barley. In 1688, with a population of 5,000,000, very nearly 12,500,000 barrels of beer were brewed. Up to this time our distilleries were very insignificant, and brandies were far too dear for the masses. But hatred to the French led to the encouragement of home distilling; the trade was thrown open, and in 1649 the importation of foreign spirits was absolutely prohibited. Then gin-drinking began, and in 1735 the British distilleries manufactured nearly 5,500,000 gallons. Gin cellars, where men could get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have straw for nothing" abounded. Hogarth's "Beer Street" is bad enough, but his "Gin-lane" is so horrible that, but for contemporary descriptions, we should deem it an exaggeration.—Legislation endeavored to check the evil, but laying on a heavy duty merely produced a great deal of illicit distilling. The consumption rose to more than 11,000,000 gallons, and Fielding prophesied that, "if the drinking of this poison is continued at its present height for the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it."—*London Quarterly Review*.

Continued from first page.

star of only misery, ignorance and blight!

There are scenes of singular interest in Moab, but what makes them objects of attraction is not any living or modern beauty they possess, so much as that they tell of a magnificence that is long ago extinct.

Memorials of art are everywhere—archways, pillars, massive gates, roads, inscriptions, and other tokens of an ancient civilization. The roads which the Romans constructed ages ago can still be traced winding along the valleys, piercing the rocks, or straggling up the steep slopes of the mountains—grand solid highways, such as any nation might be proud of. They had also a system of irrigation, and their tanks or reservoirs for the collection and distribution of water are met with all over the country and in a state of singularly good preservation. The whole landscape of Moab, now so ruinous and wild, waved and bloomed like the luxuriance of a garden, at the beginning of the Christian era. At a place called Mashita are the remains of a palace, a grand monument of oriental taste and magnificence, standing in lone majesty on the desert. It rivals the Alhambra, that fairy-like palace of the Spanish moors, in the richness and exquisite style of its ornamentations. Who built it, or when it was built is not known.

But travelling in this region is not a very safe thing. All may go very well till you cross the fords of the Jordan or get round the southern reaches of the Dead Sea, a dreary and tiresome excursion. You then encamp for the night at a spring of water. Nowhere is water so delicious, as beside a river, in the shade of flowering oleanders. What a night! The sky never looked so beautiful, and that moon—how fair she seems, an unscathed globe of silver! and the heavens overhead—what a host of quivering stars! You feel like being in a new world. Night never wore such majesty.—A soft sleep relieves the weariness of the day before. You wake with the early dawn, and as the sun rises over the mountains, the woods begin to echo with melody and life. Charming odours breathe all around. The tents are hurriedly struck, the baggage piled on your beasts, all is ready for a start. You are buoyant with expectation, thinking of the novelties and the wonders that you are yet to see. But suddenly there is a commotion in the camp. Everyone seems as if he were petrified, faces pale with fear and perplexity are turned upwards to yonder height, where grim figures are seen against the sky looking down on the encampment. They are Bedouins, armed to the teeth, sitting on their horses, and they have come for blackmail. So you must either give them what they demand or go with them as their prisoners. And if you can purchase your liberty to-day, you may find yourself in such another trap to-morrow.

J. F.

(Written for the Snowflake.)

CLIPS FROM A SCRAP-BOOK.

Those who heard a lecture a short time ago, delivered by Rev. Canon Brigstock, on the subject 'Words,' must have been favorably impressed with the title and his mode of treating it, so much so that many went away with a fund of information not easily dispossessed, whilst others, satisfied that the subject matter was not a novelty, must admit that anything pertaining to derivation of words and origin of articulate language is highly interesting.

Of many excellent works that have been written on these subjects I may mention one full of rich gems, one that afforded me so much pleasure in its perusal that I took occasion, before the book was returned to its owner, of stealing some of its precious contents. The book alluded to was 'Our British Ancestors,' by Rev. — Lyons. Speaking of churches he says: 'Form of a ship was the first form adopted for temples in most countries. It is said that the Apostles themselves gave orders that the body of churches should be built long, after the figure of a ship, in which the Bishop should sit as pilot, the deacons as marines. The name is retained in that part of our churches which is called the nave. 'Naos,' 'Navis,' 'a ship.' Christian temples are built in three parts; first there is 'Pro-naos,' the foreship, then 'Naos,' or ship, then 'Bema,' or chancel, name derived from 'Bamah,' a high place.

Of the Gauls, 'Gal' meant anything round; 'Gal' means the moon in Irish; 'Gwawl' is British for Julia; Julia is from 'Jul' or 'yul' or 'Gal,' which is the moon, the 'Gillain' of our ballads, and 'Jill' of fairy-land. The description 'Jill' or 'Gull.' The moonlight is perpetuated in the words 'to Gull,' 'to Jilt.' The Gauls (Galli, Gad, Hate, by syncope, Celtic or Celts,) were upon every discovery made moon worshippers or mound makers to the moon. Worship of the moon involved everything circular; circular temples, circular dances, circular processions. The temples of Vesta, another name for the moon or moonlight, at Rome, Trivoli, and elsewhere, were all round. The Gaulo-British temples at Avebury and Stonehenge were circular. 'Breeches,' Gaulish origin. Gallia Braciata or Breeched Gaul. British tribe Brigantes received their name from same source. 'Breech' in Hebrew means to kneel, from word signifying breeches, garments reaching to the knees. 'Cota' a coat; British word from 'Qued' or 'Cued,' to cut. 'Sop' means to clean, 'Sopey,' to shave with a razor, is Celtic from Chaldee. Various names for the sun were 'Win,' 'Bar,' 'Thor,' 'Cal,' 'On,' 'An,' 'I el,' 'Dhu,' 'Wel,' 'Win.' The eye, fountain of light. 'Wine,' sparkling to the eyes. 'Hebe,' heat, fire-burning. Our health, plant 'heath' or 'heather,' from its growing on the heath and sandy, hot soils. 'Brith-Au,' worshippers of Baal-Berith, the sun. God the purifier, faithful witness in heaven. Nothing irreconcilable in

the British formula was called after 'Baal,' 'Berith,' or 'Brith.' Wildford, in his Asiatic researches, mentions that the old Indians were well acquainted with the British Islands, which their books describe as the Sacred Islands of the West, calling one of them 'Britishlan,' or Seat of Religious duty. British-Tan, (Stau from 'St,' to settle, to place, hence English word, to sit, a seat. Afghanistan is the seat of the Afghans, Turkistan, Beloochistan and British-tan. Stead, termination of English words a settlement,) means 'place of burning sacrifices on fire.

'Mone,' or money, a name or attribute under which the idolatrous nations of the East worshipped the native heavens and sun as a distributor and dispenser of food and fertility. 'Beth-Meon,' was the temple of 'Meon-Mon' or 'Mone,' (Jeremiah 48 23) 'Baal-Meon' or Mon was worshipped by the Moabites. Temples, altars, were erected to 'Mone,' and libations poured out to him. Before the time of Mahomet, Arabs worshipped 'Mone,' in order to obtain seasonable showers; and 'Salentines,' a people of Italy (of Celtic descent) threw a horse alive into the fire in honor of 'Jupiter-Mone.' 'Mone' has been identified with Bacchus, and he again with 'Noah.' 'Wimbleton' (Win-bal-don) three attributes of Win-Bal and Don.

'Sacred' Haleh, Holly. 'Lan,' to abide, to dwell, to lodge, same radical source as 'lan,' an oak, first lodging of man. 'Lun,' to dwell under oaks, in groves, their hovels, huts, tents, lodges, inns, temples, churches. 'Llan' or church. Name of 'Albion' from 'Albium,' the groves, a cognate if not the parent race of the Britons. Oak groves were both the houses and the temples of primitive peoples. When Britain became christianized, they were ever loath to give up their religious meetings in woods. Druids held nothing more sacred than the mistletoe; and that which grew upon the oak was the most sacred, being the most rare. The mistletoe being of a different nature from the oak in which it grew, seemed mystical, representation of the expected Saviour, taking the human nature into the divine. The oak was emblematic of God himself, while the branch which grows as it were out of it, is the figure of Him who was the healer of all nations.

However few the illustrations given from this volume, I hope I have, so far, shown that not only the derivation of the word, but the examples and elucidation of them that makes the work so pleasing; and if the reader's attention has been drawn to them for a few moments, I will feel amply repaid for the labor of an amanuensis.

Another portion of the book was devoted to descriptions of the origin of 'throwing the shoe at weddings,' 'April Fool's Day,' 'The Wassail Bowl,' 'May Pole,' Decking the churches and houses on Christmas, and others. But I will conclude by quoting the first two on the list, more

especially as one is applicable to the season we are about to enter upon. 'The custom of throwing the shoe after a bride when she leaves the parental roof after the marriage ceremony, which still prevails in Britain, seems to have derived in the Book of Ruth, 4-7. 'How this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning, redeeming, and concerning, changing for to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony in Israel.' It was a resignation of interest in the property. Targum instead of shoe says right hand glove, and this may be the reason why parents of the bride usually furnish the gloves worn on the occasion of weddings. The giving of gloves in medieval times was a ceremony of investiture to lands; and a pair of gloves was a common tender of suit and service or quit rents for lands. It is mentioned that the Emperor of Abyssinians used the casting of the shoe as the sign of dominion. Psalm ix. 8. 'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe,' that is 'I will part with her, give her up, abandon her.' 'The parental summons over the bride is thus abandoned to her husband.' Hence it is the last ceremony on her quitting the parental mansion. 'April Fools.' The sun entering into the sign of the ancient year. 'Aries,' on the 1st of April, the season of delight and frolic commenced, being observed in Druidical Britain as a high and general festival. Of the remarks of this none is more remarkable than that of making April 1st fools on the 1st day of the month. It is not a little singular that this custom remains in all countries where sun worship has prevailed as in Persia and India. Col. Peerce shows it to have been an immemorial custom among the Hindoos at the same time of year. 'During the Huli (Ful-Fools) when mirth and activity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions which are to end in disappointment and raise a laugh at the person sent.' 'In India, high and low join in it, and the late 'Lauaja Dooloh' was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank.'

LINES FOR A SCRAP BOOK.

Scraps of humour, wit and fun,
In poetry, and prose,
Laugh evoking, mirth provoking,
All may read who choose.
And as you turn the pages o'er
Con their contents well.
For maxims you will find at times
Pithy truths which tell,
Gleanings too from great men's words,
Mixed with lighter sayings;
Those of life's high purpose tell,
These, its mirthful doings.
Interspersed among the leaves
You may also find
Visions which are framed to please
Both the eye and mind.
Thus in varied semblance given,
Varied tastes to please,
Various scraps are here combined,
With which to suit each various mind.