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No. 3.

MIRAMICHI, FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMICHI, FEBRUARY, 1879

A CHARACTER.

Away from the home, and the scenes of his childhood,
 Away from the graves where his forefathers rest,
 Away from the friends of his youth in the wildwood
 A home he had found in the world of the west.
 The morn of his days, with deep sorrow, was clouded,
 Life's blossoms to which his heart fondly would cling,
 Ne'er fruited; his soul—its just meed—was enshrouded
 In gloom, from whose shadows no future could bring.
 But as fertile crops grow from decays of the forest—
 That have fallen in the autumns of ages ago,
 'Tis well when lost hopes, and life's trials the worst,
 From a soil where the virtues of heaven are sown.
 When faith, hope and love—love that fasteth forever
 Spring from faith in man broken, and hope in time, dead,
 And from love whose old fibres could never, oh never!
 Fill the heart, like the plant that is blooming instead.
 A home he had found o'er the far Western Ocean,
 A home nigh to which a vast river rolls by;
 Reflecting each phase of calm, or commotion,
 Of sunshine, or shade, that befeatures the sky.
 And that wooden cot in the heart of the wildwood,
 Away from the land of the mountain and flood,
 Away from the friends of the scenes of his childhood
 Was the home best befitting the taint of his blood.
 We could hear echoed voices that cunningly sounded,
 Their party appealing in church and in State,
 And with grand and wild glories of nature surrounded,
 He despised not the lovely nor envied the great.
 He could study the love of the world's mighty sages,
 Who to know and be wise their full powers piled,
 He could learn how men thought, schemed and lived in past ages,
 How unheeding most were—just as now—that men died.
 And though happiness here is but shaded and fleeting,
 A peace he had gained, he had ne'er gained before,
 And, oft times, his thoughts would be turned to the greeting,
 When friends shall friends meet to be parted no more.

Written for the Snowflake.
 New Brunswick, 1879.

CHARLES LAMB.

In the year 1866 there appeared a biography of Charles Lamb, poet and essayist, by his friend and admirer B. W. Proctor, better known to readers of English literature as Barry Cornwall. We at once say that this biography is a most charming and readable book, full of the kind of information about Charles Lamb, which a reader of his literary productions would desiderate. The charms of his writings always kindle a desire in his readers to know something of his personal character and history. This desire finds ample gratification in Barry Cornwall's book, who brings to its composition excellent literary abilities, inspired by sympathy and admiration for its subject. Without such an inspiration the biography, however much its style and arrangements might conform to the canons of literary art, would be wanting in that charm and interest which the vein of brotherly kindness and sympathy running through its every page, gives to it. Barry Cornwall has in this memoir, raised a monument to his friend Charles Lamb which should last, and for which he will receive the thanks of all future admirers of Lamb.

This memoir differs in form from that in which the story of the lives of eminent men has appeared during the past half dozen years. The pages of many recent biographies are over-crowded and needlessly multiplied by the letters of their subjects, which both in matter and manner are not a fair indication of their writers' mental calibre and character.

We are permitted to look at and criticise the weak side more frequently than the story of these eminent men. A Boswellian spirit animates the reading world. They are not satisfied to see an eminent man in his study, in his drawing room, or in the midst of his children, but they must stand at his elbow when he is shaving or adjusting his necktie. Biographers seem to think that they must gratify this prying, curious spirit, and hence their productions are filled *ad nauseam* with letters in whole or in part, extracts of speeches, bits of conversations, touches of humor and wit, chosen with neither judgment nor taste. Consequently such biographers instead of giving us a just, well-defined picture of their subject, simply throw a bottle of ink in our face. The sooner such purveyors of literary food know that the intelligent reading public will only tolerate one "Boswell's life of Johnson," just because the world of letters has thus far produced only one Johnson and one Boswell, the better.

The memoir under review is almost free

of this fault. Letters and sayings of Charles Lamb are only introduced into it, when they elucidate or give point to the narrative. Consequently it is an evenly woven web in which the colours harmoniously blend, and not a mere patchwork. It depicts in simple yet beautiful and touching lines the genial and noble character and true genius of Charles Lamb. The interesting story from the first sentence to the last never becomes insipid or dull.—It is the record of a life by no means eventful or romantic, yet ennobled by a loving purpose from beginning to end, and illuminated by the light of a rare intellect and heart.

Charles Lamb was of comparatively humble parentage. In a sonnet entitled "The Family Name," he speaks of his grandfather, but traces his ancestral line no farther back. This pleasant sonnet he concludes with a resolve:—

"No deed of mine shall shame the gentle hand."

which he kept religiously throughout his life. He was born in London in 1775 and when between seven and eight years of age he became a scholar in Christ's Hospital, where he remained until the 23rd November, 1789, being then between fourteen and fifteen years of age. At school he made the acquaintance of one who afterwards achieved a very extensive reputation, namely, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Between him and Coleridge there existed a life-long friendship. When Coleridge died, which occurred a few months before his own death, Lamb's sorrow was unceasing. He was frequently overheard saying to himself, "Coleridge is dead! Coleridge is dead!" Very soon after the death of his friend Lamb too passed away to join him where trial and trouble are unknown. But we are anticipating our sketch. After leaving school Charles Lamb entered the South Sea House where his brother John had a clerkship. From this office he at the age of seventeen years obtained an appointment as clerk in the Accountants' Office of the East India Company, where he served faithfully for 34 years, retiring in 1826 with a pension of £400 a year. Soon after he obtained this situation a terrible domestic calamity fell upon him. His sister Mary had for some time been subject to periodic fits of insanity. One day in the frenzy of one of these fits she stabbed her mother to death. From that sad hour Mary became the special charge of Charles. He devoted his whole life to her care. Without a murmur he sacrificed all thoughts of founding a home and gave all his care to his unfortunate sister. His life was spent in ministering to her, turning whenever this great charge permitted

him to the cultivation of literature. His love and fitness for literary work, with all the fascinations of authorship, were never allowed to interfere with his duty and devotion to his sister. Her safety and comfort were above everything. Noble brother!

Another attractive feature of the book before us is that it introduces us to many of Lamb's famous contemporaries, such as Coleridge, Hazlett, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Edward Dwing, &c. His life touches theirs at many interesting points. He was the friend and companion of them all. Thus we are permitted to look upon that galaxy of stars which were in England's literary world in the first part of the century. In that group of stars there are some of greater magnitude and brilliancy, yet Lamb is there moving in his own orbit and pouring a clear genial ray upon the field of letters.

Space will not permit us to speak of his originality, his humors, his pithy sayings. Suffice it to say that his humorous remarks, his wise saws, have enriched the pages of English literature. Charles Lamb's life and writings are worth studying.

NEWCASTLE.

Lines suggested by a Poem in Chamber's Journal entitled

"MY LOVE" WITH THE REFRAIN,
 "BUT AH! I HAVE NOT FOUND HER YET."

The image in my heart thou wear'st,
 Sweet poet of the graceful mean,
 For when thou life of love prepar'st
 When she shall come to take the throne,
 "The young, white rose," thou hast not found.

"Withm whose heart a blush is set,"
 And should'st thou search the world around,
 Thou canst not, Dreamer, find her yet.

Hast thou forgot that Love is blind?
 Hast thou forgot who is his guide?
 That the will, senseless boy you find,
 With Folly ever by his side,
 Who dealt the small god, it is said,
 A blinding blow, once when they met,
 Folly, henceforth, Love's guide was made.
 Thou canst not, Dreamer, find her yet.

To "win your heart a hundred ways,"
 And "lay a light hand on your arm,"
 And "show in all she does and says,"
 An artless, "deferential charm,"
 Thy Love whose sweet blue eyes with tears
 Of sorrowing tenderness are met,
 When of some mournful tale she hears—
 Thou canst not, Dreamer, find her yet.

Oh! no, this world was never meant
 To yield the heart its highest love.
 Give o'er the search, and be content
 To set thy fondest hopes above
 Where there is real and truer bliss
 Than in thy mind's ideal pet,
 Though found in all her loveliness,
 But oh! thou canst not find her yet

• See *Fables of La Fontaine*.
 Written for the Snowflake.

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMIC III, LIBRARY, 1879
A FEW HOURS IN BELGIUM

It was on a wet, misty, disagreeable day that the writer first caught sight of the dykes and meadows of the Netherlands from the deck of the steamer carrying the Belgian mails which runs between Dover and Ostend. The country at first sight certainly appears as flat and low as it can possibly be, the most striking feature to the stranger being the long rows of trees planted at regular intervals along the roads, and which, owing to the prevailing winds from one quarter have nearly all their branches on one side. They form a picture such, as a fellow-traveller remarked, would be seen in no other country, and they are noticed long before the steamer gets to the landing place. This quay, or wharf, is formed by two long wooden jetties which run straight out into the sea between which the steamers and fishing boats commence and end their voyages. As we steamed up this narrow entrance the fishing fleet was departing on its cruise, and it seems to be the custom for the wives and sweethearts of the fishermen to navigate the boats to the end of the jetties and then leave their, by no means, better halves to shift for themselves, as they leave the boats then and return in small punts, similar to those used by Norwegian ships.

As the steamer made her way past them she caused a temporary swell and roughness in the water, making the punts roll and jump in rather an uncomfortable manner, and drawing down upon our heads the somewhat noisy anger of the fishwives. The fishing population speak the Flemish dialect, evidently a mingling of English, French, and Dutch, and judging by the sound of it when spoken, these languages do not seem to blend well together.

Our steamer soon reaches the wharf, and now comes the tug of war. Gentlemen who have been boasting, during the voyage of their knowledge of foreign languages, soon find out that schoolboy French may do well enough amongst themselves, but that it won't do for the natives, and their efforts to make themselves understood are the cause of much amusement to every one but themselves. An incident of rather an amusing tendency illustrating the difficulties of foreign languages to many of the travelling English public, may be worth quoting. A gentleman was seeking some information from one of the gens d'armes (or policemen) stationed at a artisan museum, and was murdering the French language in a fearful manner, in endeavoring to make himself understood, when the official quickly turned to him and said, "I think, sir, you had better speak English." This was rather sharp of the Frenchman, and must have been awfully mortifying to the traveller.

Our luggage is soon passed by the obliging and polite custom-house officers who by the way are a pleasing contrast to their English brethren at Dover, in the way of good good-humored kindness to strangers, and we proceed at once to the railway station which adjoins the wharf. Here permit me to suggest to intending travellers on the continent, to take as little luggage with them as possible, and if they can manage, as the writer did, to take no more than they can carry, so much the better, as it will save them a vast amount of trouble. Ostend, which is a small, straggling town, used a good deal as a watering place in the summer time, is uninteresting to the general body of travellers,

and as a rule tourists at once proceed to the railway station and on immediately to Brussels, some however turning aside to view the quaint and busy old town of Antwerp. The railway ride to Brussels is through an almost unending succession of rye fields here and there interspersed with flourishing and sometimes smoky manufacturing towns. Passing along you notice that almost the whole of the outdoor work in the fields is done by the women, the men lounging about with their hands in their pockets smoking big pipes. This rather uneven distribution of labor does not exist so much in the towns, but still to a certain extent it may even be observed in them. Rather less than three hours bring us to Brussels, where there are several good hotels in which English is spoken; one of the most comfortable being the hotel *de l'Europe*, situated in the *Place Royal* almost in the centre of the town. It was in the square in front of this hotel that a good many of the English regiments mustered, on the morning of Waterloo, and from which they marched to the battle-field.

Brussels is both an ancient and a modern town, the lower part of the city being filled with old and quaint buildings, while the upper, built on a hill is a miniature Paris, and in the opinion of many, amongst them the writer, it exceeds in beauty and compactness its original.

The most interesting building in the old town is the cathedral, and if it were only to view the wonderfully carved oak pulpit representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden it is well worth a visit. The stained glass windows are very fine and the decorations of the various small chapels which branch off from the main building are costly and beautiful.

Another building in the old town which strikes a traveller at once by its stately and imposing appearance is the *Hotel de Ville* or Town Hall which possesses one of the finest spires on the continent. Another place of interest to English travellers is the room in which the great ball was held the night before the battle of Waterloo, which is certainly beautiful but seems smaller than one would expect. Then there are fine museums, the Houses of Assembly, Palaces and many other public buildings all worth a visit, and most of them containing splendid paintings of very large size by the celebrated old Dutch masters.

But of course the great attraction of Brussels to the English speaking tourist is the field of Waterloo, which is reached by a coach leaving the town every morning, driven by an Englishman. This vehicle proceeds for nearly the whole of the distance along the road which Napoleon I. had constructed between Paris and Brussels for the purpose of getting his heavy guns along; the whole of its centre being paved with large square stones which are in as good repair as the day they were laid down. It was rather a strange circumstance that after the battle he had to escape by this road, and by it the allied troops marched to Paris.

As you drive along through the country you see large tracts of rye growing with here and there a few spots of grass on which oxen are feeding. It is imperative here for these animals to be tethered by a long rope to a stake in the ground, to prevent them straying amongst the rye, a thing which would be likely to occur, owing to the absence of fences or hedges. These latter appear to the Belgian farmer to be only a waste of good ground, as he maintains you would lose a couple of feet of soil on each side of them, on which nothing

would grow. The only marks here dividing one man's field from another's are small white stones about six inches square, placed at each corner of the lots. Of course as the grain grows up it covers them and the country seems one unbroken fertile field.

There are few traces of the battle remaining. The old chateau *Hougomont* remains as it was, except where enterprising tourists have chipped off pieces from its walls as relics. Both at this place and the new inn which has been built the stranger may buy old bayonets, swords, muskets, etc., covered with rust and mould, said to have been dug from the field, but which most probably have been planted there a short time ago by the natives, a proceeding rather common in the neighborhood of battle fields on the continent.

In the small church in the village there are several monuments and tablets erected to the memory of officers and men who fell in the engagement. Here you obtain a guide who makes you tramp over all the places of vantage, occupied by the British troops on that memorable day, now in full cultivation, describing where the different regiments were stationed, and telling many quaint stories of visitors and survivors who many years ago had revisited the field, one officer taking his dinner off a table on which after the battle he had been placed and had his leg amputated. The Belgian government has raised a mountain on the field, surmounted by the figure of a lion; from the top of which you obtain a splendid view of the country, and even to those unacquainted with military matters the position occupied by Wellington seems almost impregnable. One feels inclined to linger round this beautiful spot on such a lovely day, but we are reminded that the time is going on and that we have a long drive before us, so we regain our coach and proceed towards Brussels, on the outskirts of the town passing through the *Bois de Cambre* which serves the same purpose to this city as the *Bois de Boulogne* serves to Paris, namely a place of recreation for the inhabitants.

The next morning we left Brussels for Cologne in Germany, stopping for a couple of hours on the way at one of the smaller Dutch towns, where you observe the same quiet, cool and easy-going manner of living, or putting in the time, which prevails to a great extent all over the Netherlands. After a walk through the quiet streets, and a glance at the cathedral, every continental town appearing to possess one, rich with statuary and decorations, we regain the station amongst a crowd of tall, broad shouldered handsome countrywomen, and smart little dapper men with wide trousers, short jackets, and prodigious pipes. We take our places in the train in an unmistakable odour of stale tobacco which it is impossible in continental travelling to avoid, and travel for a short time, through more beautiful and hilly scenery than we have yet seen. The train suddenly pulls up, the door is flung open, a tall German custom house official of rude manner and gruff voice enters the carriage and upsets our luggage, and we realize the fact that Belgium, its people and the pleasant sounding French language, is a thing of the past and are awake to the reality that we are in the "Faterland." Hoping dear reader that our few hours, short and enjoyable to us, have not been long to you, we remain your fellow countrymen,

HACMATAC.

January, 1879.

LOVE IN THE THREATENINGS.

A shepherd, foreseeing a snow-storm that will drift deep in the hollows of the hill, where the silly sheep seeking refuge would find a grave, prepares shelter in a safe spot, and opens its door. Then he sends his dog after the wandering flock to frighten them into the fold. The bark of the dog behind them is a terror to the timid sheep; but it is at once the sure means of their safety and the mark of the shepherd's care. Without it the prepared fold and the open entrance might have proved of no avail. The terror which the shepherd sent into the flock gave the finishing touch to his tender care, and effect to all that had gone before. Such precisely in design and effect are the terrible things of God's Word—not one of them indicates that He is unwilling to receive sinners. They are the overflowings of Divine compassion. They are sent by the Good Shepherd to surround triflers on the brink of perdition, and compel them to come into the provided refuge ere its door be shut. The terrors of the Lord are not the salvation of men; but they have driven many to the Saviour. No part of the Bible could be wanted; a man shall live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.—*Amos*.

NEW PICTURES OF TRAFALGAR.

An Italian painter, the Cavaliere E. de Martino, a Neapolitan ex-naval officer, has painted four pictures of the battle of Trafalgar, which are of such surprising merit as to command the universal approval of English critics as well as of naval men. The usual course with English painters of the action has been to take the *Victory* for their centre, and the death of Nelson for their incident. The Cavaliere Martino gives what may be called a progressive view of the battle. The time of the first picture is noon, when Collingwood with the *Royal Sovereign* broke the Spanish line, and its motto Nelson's excellent exclamation, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" The time of the second picture is between one and two o'clock, the *Victory* is ranged alongside the *Redoubtable*, the fatal shot from the Frenchman's rigging has laid Nelson low, and the motto is, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." In the third picture the time is between three and four, the incident the landing of the French 74 *Achille*, the motto the often repeated question of Nelson as he felt his life ebbing away, "Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?" The fourth and last of the series is a scene after sunset; the incident is the taking of the *Royal Sovereign* in tow by the *Argonaute*. Impending night glooms all the sea and begins to shroud the ships. The motto is Nelson's last distinct utterance, "Thank God, I've done my duty!" The London press agrees that nothing can be finer than the conception and execution of these pictures, which taken together give the strongest impression of the glorious and terrible fight. Time brings some strange revenges, and that Englishmen should be indebted to a Neapolitan naval officer for the greatest pictorial account of their greatest victory at sea could have been thought little likely by Murat as he watched Nelson shatter the Neapolitan squadron from the *Môle* to which he went to witness the Englishman's capture.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Sunday the 12th January, 1879 was an exceedingly fine day at Niagara Falls. In the morning a dense fog hung about the great Falls, and the sharp frost of the early hours covered everything with a thick hoar-frost. The glitter of the advancing sunlight among the snowy tinsel that hung on every bow and branch the changing forms, and the changing hues of the sturdy column of spray spreading over Niagara, and marking high up among the clouds, the place where the "father of waters" poured its incessant floods—the solemn roar of the great fall, and the wintery slumbering of all else besides the one great object of the stranger's admiration, made a picture of surpassing interest. As the day advanced crowds of visitors lined the banks of the river and filed the pathway leading to the ice bridge. Hundreds, and probably thousands, plodded their way across this natural, rugged thoroughfare before the day was ended. The bridge is reached from the Canada shore at the foot of the Ferry Road, in front of the Clifton House. The pathway across the ice is narrow and exceedingly crooked—winding about in all directions to avoid the breaks, and cracks, shelves and piles, and hollows that make up the surface of this icy structure. Teams drive to the foot of the Ferry Road on the Canada side, and to the top of the bank in Prospect Park on the American side. At the foot of the American Falls are the usual ice mounds, formed by the falling spray, while the irregular surface of the "bridge" itself is glazed over for hundreds of feet around. The path across the ice and the mounds about the fall were black on the twelfth with pleasure seekers all the afternoon, and far down in the evening many clambered to the top of the highest mound, but the ascent was accomplished with great difficulty, and in many cases after several slips and tumbles. The view from the top of this mound was well worth an effort to obtain. Facing southward, on the immediate left, high up was the American Fall, pouring its never-ending flood into an abyss filled and darkened with a cloud of spray. Further forward, and across the rushing, boiling, roaming green water, was the great Horse Shoe. Facing northward, on the left again, was first the laughing, shouting, pleasure-seeking crowd, then the ice-ledge, and then the rocky bank of the Canada shore. Further forward, and hanging away up in the air, was the frail and airy looking Suspension Bridge. On the right, at the top of the bank, was a row of human heads peering over the stone wall guarding the edge of the precipice for hundreds of feet at Prospect Point. Leaving the bridge, the visitor ascended the inclined roadway some five hundred feet, and found himself in comfortable quarters in Prospect Park. If he was making the trip with a conveyance, and had quitted his sleigh at the foot of the Ferry Road, the vehicle would meet him again at this point. The Park was thronged with people, and is well worth a visit at this season of the year. The ice scenery is very interesting. The archway leading down to the point, as well as the trunks of the trees, are drawn out, so to speak, on the side nearest the fall to two or three times their natural size. One

must see the place to understand its peculiarities and appreciate its beauties. Passing around Goat Island, the ice scenery is even grander than at any other point. The view at Luna Island is a wonder in itself. The little iron rod that marks the northern and western limit of the island is now no less than sixteen feet in circumference; the projecting icicles hang a hundred feet down towards the rocks below, while every bough and sprig supports a gigantic snowy form with proportions similar to its own. Near the Horse Shoe everything is crushed with the weight of ice. Huge trees are broken down, and only that the mass of ice in most cases helps to support its own weight, every shrub and tender growth would be utterly destroyed. Hundreds are visiting these wonder scenes, as well as the great bridge. With fair weather a most pleasant day can be put in about Niagara Falls just now, and there is every probability that the bridge and other icy structures will last for some weeks at least, and possibly months. The Prospect House on the Canada side, and the Spencer House on the American side, are doing a driving business.

AN UNSEEMLY HABIT.

We mean the habit of rushing hastily out of Church, which includes the donning of out-door wrappings during the closing hymn or prayer. Who has not noticed it? How few that have not been guilty of it? An American paper, as quoted by the *Presbyterian Witness*, refers to it thus: "While the minister is pronouncing the benediction there is a rustling of garments, an adjusting of shawls, umbrellas, &c. Then comes the "Amen rush for the door!" It is very uncomely and very needless. The odd thing is that it makes no difference whether the service is long or short. Let it be ever so brief, the "Amen rush" takes place. This behaviour, so unbecoming the house of God and the people of God, is a purely "American" institution. In Scotland there is a becoming pause in the pews after the blessing is pronounced. It is the same in England. It is the same in well-trained congregations in this country. We are sorry to say that the "American" system has a considerable hold on some of our congregations. They do take most enthusiastically to the "Amen rush" for the door. It is time it were stopped in all our churches. Ministers could do it, perhaps."

DESCRIPTION OF THE TALE-BEARER.

In the common form of a prying disposition, the tale-bearer incurs the penalty of no one trusting him with a secret, except for publication. In this case they use him for a live advertisement, like the bill carriers in the streets, with whom he only differs in the fact that they carry their bills openly and "above board," and he secretly, and like a spamel between his teeth. Every social circle has some such amateur gazette, who lives like a soldier's dog on the bits and scraps he picks up in the barracks, and whose office it is to fetch and carry for every man in the regiment.

Thus it is no such honorable pest, nor half so innocent as its animal prototype. The poor dog, at least, wags no man's tail but his own; but the biped tale-bearer is a mischievous wag with other people's. Whether his motive be gossiping or malevolence, it is equally annoying and destructive of peace and confidence. "The words of a tale-bearer," says Solomon, "are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts."—*J. R. Owen.*

An American contemporary says that female costume is perhaps the most expensive result of the fall. No sooner had Eve bitten the apple than she discovered she "wanted a dress;" and that want has been increasing in intensity and comprehensiveness among her daughters ever since that unfortunate hour.

STATUE OF PRINCESS ALICE.—The Queen has commanded Mr. Boehm to execute a monument of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, to be erected at Darmstadt. The design has been settled, the chief feature being a recumbent figure of her Royal Highness. The work is already commenced. Mr. Boehm is also executing a bust of the Grand Duchess for the Prince of Wales.

MONUMENT OF POCAHONTAS.—A correspondent writes with reference to the Princess Pocahontas: "Effective measures are being taken for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of this illustrious and heroic lady. She died at Gravesend, as certified by the following entry in the register: '1616, May 21, Rebecca Wolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wolfe, gent., a Virginia lady born, was buried in the chancel.' Up to the present time there is not even a tablet by the grave."

HEADS AND HAIR.—An Ottawa letter writer says nearly everybody in Canada wears a cap in the winter, and every fifth man who has reached his fortieth year is bald, and his head looks like a shoving billiard ball—only the head is the larger of the two balls, but may not be so hard. On the American side fewer caps are worn, yet the Yankees are more hot-headed. It is marvellous how their hair stays on.

A REASON AGAINST THE ORGAN.—The "kist fu' o' whistles," and the Devil's music box," were among the milder terms by which our covenanting forefathers were wont in their holy zeal and detestation to characterize the organ. The most sarcastic thing, however, against the introduction of this instrument into our churches in modern days was overheard from an old and withered "flower" of Etniek Forest the other day. "Gae wa' yer organs in kirks," said our forest Jenny Geddes: "for me' part, I'll never bring my mind to praise God by *music-tery.*"—*Border Advertiser.*

A NEW MARVEL.—The English scientific journal, *Nature*, announces an invention which, if proved to be successful, is likely to revolutionize telegraphy. It is a real telegraphic writing machine, and when the writer at one end of the

line moves his pen, another is simultaneously moved at the terminus of the wire, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. Experiments which have been made with the new invention have been entirely satisfactory, and its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. Mr. E. A. Cowper, a well-known mechanical engineer, is the inventor, and the apparatus is soon to be made public before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,275,075,845. These figures when divided by 3,095,000 (the number of square leagues of land on the globe) leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land on the globe, which being divided as before give 134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,699,000, which, being divided as before, will give 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery—1,283 human beings lie buried in each square rod, scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.

SAID A CUSTOMER to a Bookseller, "The book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression? What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket books," was the laconic reply.

AN OLD SALT sitting on the wharf the other day very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography.

THERE are two eventful periods in the life of a woman. One, when she wonders whom she will have; the other, when she wonders who will have her.

A LITTLE BOY who was near starved by a stingy uncle (his guardian) with whom he lived, meeting a lank greyhound in the street, was asked by the guardian what made the dog so thin. After reflecting the little fellow replied, "I suppose he lives with his uncle."

LOOK AT YOUR CARDS.—A Des Moines druggist sent his clerk out to drum for sale of oils. He carried the card of the Proprietor and the picture of his girl in his side pocket. He called upon a tradesman at Newton, and tossed a card upon the counter, saying that he represented that establishment. The tradesman picked it up, and gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed by the clerk that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he should be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken. He blushing guessed he was, as he returned his girl's picture to his pocket

THE EDITOR

The editor who wills to please
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hands that beat him;
Or, if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic hordes,
That used to live in novels.

No—no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of lumber, silk or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A riddle or a fiddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some—of worldly, carnal views—
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things;
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed— I only give the hint
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was
cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial wight
Has nought to do but what is right,
And let the grumbler grumble.

SOME AUTHENTIC AND HITHERTO
UNPUBLISHED FUNNIGRAMS.

Contributed to the Snowflake by Latta

Wanted—a parallel in meek delicacy—
by a young woman who, during the ex-
citing year of '73 abstained from reading
the papers, under a firm but mistaken idea
that the Pacific Scandal was a divorce
case!! (N. B.—Information respecting
that period of Canadian History thank-
fully received by said young woman who
is a resident of Ontario.)

The girl who ate oysters in 'Orgust' and
found that she did not like them, may

find a sympathiser in the person of our
'Help', meaning the young lady who does
the kitchen and fancy work, who, forming
an erroneous idea in regard to the origin
and orthography of "Sault Ste. Marie,"
wrongfully addressed a letter to her young
man resident in that romantic neighbor-
hood; Malkin MacCloud, Susan Mary,
Mishygun, Bost Offis.

On an occasion of public rejoicing in a
small town in the County of Bruce, Ont.,
an able-bodied and patriotic council man,
flushed with recent triumphs, in a mo-
ment of elation, bestowed upon himself
and his brother councillors the startling
appellation "this intelligent and privileged
corps-e!" Many are of opinion that he
meant *corps*, but the truth has never
been really ascertained, because no one
liked to inquire!

Comprehensive essay on the horse by a
small boy: "White, red, grey, sail, 4
feet, 1 tale, he can plough."

THE QUEBEC MAIL. When I speak of
the Quebec mail, you musn't run away
with the idea of a handsome, well hung
coach, with four spanking bays, and a
man on the box with ever so many capes
to his coat, and a guard behind with a
straight-brimmed hat, and a talent for
blowing the bugle. Imagine rather a
small sedan-chair, with the back painted
red and the royal arms depicted thereon,
drawn by two horses, tandem, in very in-
different harness, and driven by a Cana-
dian with a hooded grey coat, bound at
the waist with a red sash. The vehicle is
intended to hold four passengers, who sit
two and two, all facing the horses; the
driver stands on a foot-board in front.
Though Jenkin and myself are anything
but corpulent, and, indeed, would together
only make a respectable middle-aged man
if rolled into one, we found considerable
difficulty in wedging ourselves into the
back seat, and having done so, could not
move hand or foot except by mutual con-
sent. The reason for making these sleighs
so narrow and for driving them tandem is
that if wider they could not pass one an-
other on the track; and should you leave
this beaten track in the middle of the
road, your horse goes into the snow near-
ly up to his back. I have travelled many
doleful journeys as regards weather, roads,
and accomodation, but never one in which
the three combined in such a determined
manner to create the extreme of discomfort.
There was a snow-storm whistling through
the sleigh from end to end, so that the
front of each of our blanket-coats formed a
solid breast plate of ice, on which a tilter
might have splintered his lance; the road,
being much worn since the last fall of
snow, consisted of a succession of holes,
through which we floundered with such an
uneasy motion as very soon made me sick
as ever I was at sea in a gale. So we tra-
velled on, in a dozing state, unable to quite
wake up, but having a dreamy perception
that we were being snowed, and frozen,
and thumped, and shaken, till we stopped
to breakfast at an inn on the other side of
the Ottawa.—*Snow Pictures, in Fraser's
Magazine, 1859.*

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Concluded from last month

But if it is to be yours, sincerity will
commence at once. Your Christian char-
acter is yet to form; and it is wisdom's
part to begin to-day. The visionary may
lie upon the beach and lounge away the
summer, picturing his Atlantis,—his Ely-
sium rising from the deep; but the man
who is really on the way to wealth is the

man who is driving his stakes, and run-
ning out his rampart, and rescuing from
the muddy tide a few rods of the sub-
merged surface. Be you that man. Be
you the man who begins to-day. Be you
the man who confesses, "At this moment
there dwelleth no good in me. My better
character is all to form; and if it ever
come into existence, it must be as a re-
prisal from the howling deep of ungodli-
ness, the troubled sea of sin. But I can
do all things through Christ strengthening
me. To His service and honor I devote
myself, and in His strength and name I
would at once go forth against my beset-
ting sins. And if He will kindly strength-
en me, I may hope to gain some ground
even before this evening's setting sun." And armed with this mind, a few days of
prayerful watchfulness would do more
than years of barren speculation to cure
your faults, to confirm your faith, and to
improve your character.

It is to be feared that many persons forfeit
their opportunity, and fall short of everlast-
ing life, for want of these two things, pre-
cision and promptitude. Instead of doing
something definite, they are content with
vague generalities; and instead of doing
instantly what their hand finds to do, life
slips away in the daily intention to begin
to-morrow. To illustrate what we mean:
In his Second Epistle St. Peter says,
"Give diligence to make your calling and
election sure," or in one word, "Give dili-
gence to ensure salvation." And this
counsel is quite general; but in the paral-
lel context it is opened up into various
particulars, and the same Apostle, who in
the tenth verse says, "Give diligence to
make your calling and election sure," in
the fifth verse says, "Giving all diligence,
add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue,
knowledge; and to knowledge, temper-
ance; and to temperance, patience; and
to patience, godliness; and to godliness,
brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-
kindness, charity; for if ye do these
things, ye shall never fall; and so an en-
trance shall be ministered unto you abun-
dantly into the everlasting kingdom of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And
you can easily understand the value of
these particulars. It is as if a father were
in one case saying to his son, "Try to earn
a competence;" and in the other, "Try
to add to this house a field; and to this
field a thousand pounds of funded money;
for if you do that you won't fall into ab-
solute penury; you will have a provision for
sickness or old age." It is as if one man
wrote on the first page of his New Year's
Journal, "This year I shall give diligence
to improve my mind;" and another wrote,
"This year, by giving diligence, I hope to
add to my knowledge of French the rud-
iments of Greek; and to the Greek Gram-
mar I hope to add the study of the New
Testament in the original tongue; and to
the study of the Greek Testament I hope
to add the perusal of Neander's History;
and to Neander I hope to add D'Aubigne.
Is it not evident that by giving a definite
aim this precision would give heart to dili-
gence, and is it not a more hopeful promise
than vast and high-sounding resolutions?

So says the Apostle, not vaguely nor as
one beating the air, "Add to your faith
courage. You say that you believe in
Christ; confess him. And to courage add
knowledge, — a large acquaintance with
God's truth, a sound and enlightened
understanding. And to knowledge add
temperance, self mastery, superiority to
sensual delights, abstinence from evil.
And to temperance patience, — fortitude in
pain, forgiveness of injuries, meekness and
magnanimity. And to patience godliness,
— a devout and adoring spirit, — that frame
of mind to which God is the nearest Pres-
ence and a present God the chiefest joy.
And to godliness brotherly-kindness, —
that new affection to which the Church is
the adopted family and to which the
friends of Christ are dear as brothers.
And to brotherly-kindness add charity,
that benevolence which has a helping hand
for every need and a sympathy for every
sorrow."

Those who live on a peradventure are
too likely to perish. You fancy that you
have hold of a rope which can draw you a
thousand feet, even to the top of this

precipice; but let us see if you have such
a hold as can lift you to the lowest ledge,
as can even raise you from the ground.
You hope that you have faith; that is,
you hope that you have such a grasp of
the Gospel as can draw you up to Heaven;
But let us see if you have such a grasp as
can lift you above one besetting sin, — as
can elevate you to the lowest platform of
Christian holiness. Test your faith in
Christ and evince your own sincerity by
keeping one of His commandments.

And brought to this simple test, is the
Lord Jesus to you so really living and so
present, — so dear and so divine that from
knowing the grief which the sins of others
gave Him and the delight which goodness
always yields Him, it is at least your oc-
casional effort to do such things as He
Himself and His loved disciples did, — at
least your frequent effort to resist and
vanquish evil? Are you giving such dili-
gence to make your calling and election
sure, as to be giving diligence to cultivate
any single attribute of the Christian char-
acter? the patience or the brotherly kind-
ness, the godliness or the charity? Or
with the red-cross ensign at the head of
the mast and the helm in the hand of pre-
sumption, are you yielding to the course
of this world and floating securely through
the fog, as if the course of this world would
not end in the engulfing eddy and drown
you in perdition, a manner of Christ but
no departer from iniquity, a sayer of
"Lord! Lord!" but no doer of the things
which the Saviour commands you?

And if there is danger in vague gener-
alities — if, in the concerns of the soul,
there is need for the same closeness of in-
quiry and minuteness of inspection which
we devote to the perishing interests of
time, and without which our most flatter-
ing hopes would only prove illusion and
disaster — there is wisdom in promptitude.
If, then, the misgiving crosses any mind,
"Mine is the Christian creed rather than
the Christian character," you have need of
instant diligence, lest, after all your pro-
fession, you fall at last, and miss in the
end an entrance into the kingdom of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Tempta-
tions await you. Even whilst you are
reading this paper these temptations stand
round you; and as soon as you have laid
it down some of them will be sure to ac-
cost you, — temptations to anger, to dupli-
city, to dissipation, to indolence, to self-
display. But still nearer than these tempta-
tions is your omnipresent Lord and
Master. Before going farther would it
not be well to kneel down and cast your
self on His gracious protection; and, ad-
vancing in His name and strong in His re-
collected presence, you may find y-
ourself more than conqueror. Should He thus
perfect His strength in your weakness,
betwixt the actual work overtaken, and
the happiness diffused by courteous words,
kind looks, and friendly offices. He may
give you the comfort of a well-spent day,
and so inspire with fresh hope the prayers
and efforts of the morrow.

Or, should you tall short — should you
fail of your desire and endeavor, the very
disappointment may do you good, if it
leads you to add more devotion to your
diligence. There is an undevout diligence
which makes a man pert and self-conceit-
ed, and which gives him a laudible com-
placency, "I am rich, and increased in
goods," whilst the Saviour, who knows his
works, declares, "Thou art wretched, and
poor, and miserable;" and there is an or-
thodox indolence which, by high pitched
profession, tries to make up for defective
practice — a Sarban's self-deception which
has a name to live and is dead, and to
which the Saviour says, "Be watchful,
and strengthen the things which remain
that are ready to die; for I have not
found thy works perfect before God." But
that is the truly Christian tempera-
ment where the devotion is diligent and
the diligence is devout where, like
Symna, the man knows his poverty, but
where knowledge of that poverty sends
him to the Saviour, and that Saviour in
the very act of strengthening him says,
"I know thy poverty; but thou art rich."
The prayer which is the root and pre-
lude of action — the action which is the
Amen to prayer.