

Poetry.

The Hymns that Mother Sung. Through the changing scenes of life, The shadowed vale of smile and tears, Where all is lost within the mist That hides the bygone years.

We used to gather at the hearth When darkness overcame the day, And, dreamily, as children will, We'd watch the shadows play;

On many wintry snowy nights, When all without was cold and drear, We've clustered close around her chair, In happiness and cheer.

To them we owe our happy homes, Praise be to God who reigns above, For keeping ever bright and clear, The lessons learned in love.

"A storm? Whew! it's just what I've been wishing; we have had none yet."

THE LOSS OF THE HECTOR; Or, The Transformation.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

Onward, swiftly over the waters sailed the ship Hector, onward, and the waters foamed and dashed against her bows, then, leaping aside, hissed and foamed for a moment, till they were left behind.

The captain was upon the quarter-deck, sitting upon the railing, around which his hands were wound, to hold himself tightly. He patted the deck with his foot, and occasionally looked up at the sails which, spread out there, were filled with the rushing wind.

"Where is your aunt, Emma?" said the youth, looking mischievously at her. "She is sleeping. Is she not kind? You do not know, George, what a fancy she has taken to you."

"I am glad of it, then; she affords me the means of being with you all the more. But, Emma, I cannot help thinking how fortunate I was to come out in a ship instead of a steamboat."

"Why so?" "As if you don't know, little witch that you are; asking with such an artless air! Why so? Why, how could I have ever met with Emma?"

"Oh, when we arrive at Boston, you will think differently. It is all very well on board of a ship at sea."

"Think differently? Wait, then, till I wait upon a certain Mr. Randolph, merchant—to ask him for—for the hand—"

"Never mind what for," she replied, with a smile and a beautiful blush. "Let us talk of something else; the captain, there, may hear you. See, the sun is beginning to set yonder in the west, and oh, how glorious, how magnificent! Look at those clouds! While I gaze at them, I fancy I am looking at some other world; I fancy I am in heaven."

"As for me, I can truly say that I am," said George Pentonville, pressing her arm gently.

"Oh, don't," she replied, half laughing, with a bright glance of her eyes. "Do look."

"Now, Emma, speak reasonable. How do you expect me to admire it? Suppose one had a diamond in his hand, would you expect him to be in raptures about a crystal? Suppose—"

"Oh, nonsense!" "No, I am in earnest; but I will look with you at yonder glorious scene, though, believe me, I think of one object nearer and still more beautiful."

It was indeed a magnificent scene; it was a sunset on the Atlantic, where evening comes upon the sailor with the ushering of glories such as none can describe. It was a glorious scene, for mountains of dark clouds lay piled up in gigantic heaps upon the western horizon, half encircling it, and rising far into the sky. It seemed like the shore of some land of Titans, whose borders were wild and rugged, the

abode of inhospitable monsters; but far back, possessing heavenly loveliness. There small clouds lay like islands, while the distant blue sky seemed like lakes of water, and rivers, and countless bays. The rays of the sun tinged all with burning colors, illuminating them all, setting off the edges with glittering borders, and casting upon the midst of each cloud colors of the richest purple. The ocean which lay between, whose waves careered onward in their wild sport, and dashed tumultuously together, caught the declining rays, and seemed transformed to molten gold. The sky received the last gleams, and far over its mighty concave appeared the glow of countless colors, and the clouds which lay separately received the same effulgence.

The captain looked earnestly at the scene, and even the helmsman seemed at times to be attracted; but upon the master's countenance there dwelt no admiration, no appearance of any inward feeling, except deep anxiety. He rose from his seat, and went over to the other side, still gazing up.

"Ha, captain," said Pentonville, quickly, "you can admire that sunset. I should think it was a common sight to you, and therefore incapable of interesting you."

"Admire it? No, sir, I don't stand gazing that way to admire it. I am looking for a storm; for, by all that's sacred, there'll be one soon—a regular roarer."

"You will wish this one was over before long, I can tell you."

"But how do you know there will be one? Are you sure?" "Certain of it. I noticed a great change in the barometer two or three hours ago. I have been watching the weather ever since, and now there is no chance of its keeping off. Ha, there it is now—a regular old-fashioned nor'easter."

And a strong blast of wind came rushing heavily over the waters. The sails caught it, and the ship was jerked violently forward.

"All hands on deck!" yelled the captain, leaping forward. "Aloft! down with the royals and top-gallant sails! reef the topsails. Halloo, there, quick!"

Instantly there was excitement all over the ship. Up ran the sailors, climbing like cats, far up, and soon every one was busy. The upper sails were taken in, the topsails reefed. The wind came on, increasing more furiously, and blew in fierce gusts, which drove the waves with great force against the ship. Clouds which had hardly been noticed before were now seen hurrying along the sky, where they gathered together, all uniting in one thick, black canopy; but as yet the tempest was only beginning, and the wind which came on howled in dismal tones as it vibrated through the tightly strained ropes.

"What a glorious scene this is!" cried Pentonville to Emma. "See how the storm comes on. How dark the sky is! and the sea, with its black water, in part covered with boiling foam, how fearful!"

"Dreadful!" said Emma, clinging more closely to him for support. "The wind is mighty, and I feel as if I should be blown away if I stay here much longer."

"Not while I am with you. But are you afraid of the storm?"

"I care not for myself; I should enjoy it, but my poor aunt will be terrified almost out of her reason. She has been fearful all along that a storm would come on."

"Would you rather go below? But—what—why, it is going to rain. Then you must go, for it would not do for you to have the rain beating upon you." And Pentonville departed for the cabin with Emma.

It soon became dark, and Pentonville, after remaining below till about ten o'clock, went up again on deck, and Emma lay down. Lay down she did, but not to slumber, for the waves now beat in thunder against the ship, which trembled in every beam to the awful blows, and, without, the wind howled and moaned most terrifically.

"How is the wind now?" said Pentonville, gasping for breath, for the storm raged furiously.

"What?" said the captain. Pentonville shouted to him in his ear. "Fearful! I never saw such a storm in my life, and I have been twenty years at sea. It will get worse still."

"Worse! How can it be worse than this?" "You will see."

Pentonville looked around, and the scene was one which might well fill with dismay the most courageous. The sea was all lashed into foam by the enormous waves which rose and fell about the ship, now careering by, now striking her with the force of an earthquake.

"You will see," said the captain; and scarce had he spoken when a blinding flash of light burst from above all around. Before his eyes could recover from the dazzling effects, the ears of Pentonville were struck by a loud peal of thunder which came forth in long,

deafening rolls, booming and rumbling through the heavens. Then came down the fury of the tempest! It burst upon them all tumultuously! A loud crash and a wild fluttering told that the foresail had been torn to ribbons.

"All hands there take in sail! Take in every stitch!" roared the captain through his trumpet.

"We will have to run under bare poles."

"Mr. Pentonville, that is our danger. We are going straight toward Sable Island."

"Can't we avoid being driven there?" "The sails won't hold. Our great hope is that we may run by. I think we will."

The ship was driven wildly on. Wave after wave dashed across her, pouring along the decks, and carrying everything away. The smaller boats were swept overboard. Then came a mountain wave from out the gloom, and Pentonville for a moment felt dismay as it rolled on, directly to the ship. It struck, and every timber groaned. The decks were filled; the bulwarks were broken, and the huge long boat was borne away, as though it had been a straw, off into the waste of waters.

"Now, good heavens! another wave like that will finish us," cried the captain, as the ship, all staggering and trembling, righted herself.

There were two men at the wheel. "How does she head?" said the captain.

"South-west by west!" "Can't you put her south-west by south?" said the captain.

"No, sir." Still the wind blew, and the tempest raged. Above was the dark sky, over which the lightning flashed, and through which echoed the incessant peals of thunder. Beneath was the sea, dreadful, threatening, all lashed into foam and spray.

Pentonville stood and gazed. "What may happen," he muttered, "I know not. What I shudder to think of may meet us! Now is the time to prepare." He went below, and opened his trunk, where he found an India-rubber life-preserver. This he inflated, and left it there.

"Captain," said he, returning to the deck, "have you life-preservers on board?"

"I never believed in having them. I have none, but if I live through this, I will get as many as I can. What a terrible storm! You had better—"

A loud crash interrupted him. The foremast had swayed before at the blasts of wind, but now as one came rushing on it shook, and then, with a noise like thunder, it fell. The ship for a moment ceased its quick motion; the waves behind, driven on, broke in fury upon her stern.

"Cut away the rigging! clear the ship!" shouted the captain.

Soon the mast was cut free, and the ship went on as before. Hours had passed away. It was four o'clock in the morning. Through that long night Emma had not slept, and Pentonville had been watching, occasionally coming down to cheer her. Suddenly above the roar of the water around a deep sound arose, striking bodily upon the ear.

"The surf! the surf! we are lost," cried the captain. "Set the maintop-sail!"

It was spread. "Starboard the helm."

But nothing could withstand the fury of the tempest. The sail was torn to ribbons before ten minutes had passed.

"It's no use; we'll go ashore." The land could now be seen ahead, through the darkness, or rather the spot where the land lay; for it was low, and all that appeared was a large sheet of snow-white foam, formed by the waves which dashed against the shore.

"Captain, what will you do?" "Nothing. I can do nothing. We'll go ashore, and I will meet my fate."

"What kind of a shore is it?" "May not the ship be saved?" "All sandy."

"She cannot be; but some of us may escape. Look after the women Mr. Pentonville."

"Trust me," he replied, and went below.

Emma had risen, and was out in the cabin. She saw Pentonville's look of alarm. "Are we to be lost? Speak the worst. I have been expecting it every moment," said she, calmly.

"Brave girl. I fear all will soon be over. We must prepare—"

"For death?" "No, for seeking safety. Rely on me, for not till breath leaves me shall I forsake you, Emma. I will bind this around you," said he, taking the life-preserver.

"No, not on me, on yourself." "I will be near you, and you cannot swim, while I can. See, then, you must put it on"—and Pentonville fastened it around her.

"But, my aunt, my dear aunt, will you leave her? Hear her; she is groaning now with fear."

"No, I will also take care of her." Emma went and brought her out, telling her the danger which threat-

ened them. "Be calm, now, aunt; death is near, but try and meet it."

"Then suspense is over," she replied, with fortitude; and a smile came over her serene countenance.

"Come up on deck. You must prepare to leap with me into the water. Here are two oars; I have fastened them by a rope, so that they may not be carried too far from each other."

The ladies spoke not, but bravely kept up their spirits. The elder one stood pale yet steadfast, her noble countenance showing no fear, Pentonville fastened one oar to her by a loose rope. "We must commit ourselves," said he, "To these howling waves. Let us breathe a prayer to him who rules them, and they may show us kindness. It is our only hope. The shore yonder is sandy; we may be saved."

After a moment of prayer, they ascended on deck, and Pentonville stood between them, while Emma leaned against him, thinking mournfully that this was their last interview on earth. "Be ready, and when I prepare, do you also, so that we may fall together. This rope, Emma, holds you to my oar." "Farewell, dearest love," sobbed Emma. "Farewell, till we meet in another world."

"Farewell, my own Emma." With clasped hands they awaited their fate. The ship sped rapidly on. The sailors stood in a state of immobility, each clutching something near him; some lashed themselves to the mast. The captain stood near the helm, which was now forsaken, with a countenance like marble. The shore was now not more than five hundred yards away, and they saw the low land, and the fierce waves which beat upon it.

The ship was raised on the back of a tremendous wave; for an instant it hung in the air; and all held their breath awaiting some fearful catastrophe, and then down came the ship, striking with a terrific shock against some rocks beneath, among which she was rolled with a harsh noise, which sent a thrill through all who heard it.

To be concluded next week.

Grains of Gold.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of alms. Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

He who is devoted to everybody is devoted to nobody.

If you note all the details you have not seen the whole.

Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature.

Deliberation, too far prolonged, defeats its own ends.

Sands make the mountains—moments make the years.

Nothing is degrading which a high and grateful purpose ennobles.

Truth has never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not religion enough in the world to admit of the annihilation of religion.

The garden of modern poetry too often betrays a nearness to the drains of the cities.

For many natures it is as much a duty of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

Those things which engage us merely by their novelty do not attract us for any length of time.

Socialism is the fantastical younger brother of nearly spent despotism, whose inheritance he claims.

Man should command his flesh as a master his slave. The dominion of the enfranchised is the most imperious.

He that boasts himself to know everything is most ignorant; and he that presumes to know nothing, is most wise.

Old age is the night of life as night is the old age of day. Still, night is full of magnificence, and for many it is more brilliant than day.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

A Free and Easy Prison.

This is a queer story told of E. L. Harper, the wrecker of the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati. It is to the effect that he has been doing a profitable iron business to the tune of \$350,000 a year while serving his sentence in the Ohio penitentiary. Through the effort of his faithful wife, a joint stock company was formed, and, presumably through the collusion of some of the prison officials, Harper was allowed to direct the movements of this company by telegraph, thus enabling it to make money when other men in the iron business were actually running behind. It is a striking illustration of what a "smart" man with money can do even when he is dead in the eyes of the law. In the meanwhile the discovery of this little arrangement will be likely to arrest the effort to obtain a pardon for this distinguished criminal.

Crops in the southern part of Russia are in a bad condition owing to the hot weather.

While in England the Bishop of Ontario was offered the position of Superintendent of Chaplains of Northern Europe, with a cathedral in Paris, but he declined it, preferring to remain in Canada.

CASH SALE.

Come and see our great Bargains in

FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.

Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.

Our \$30 one for \$23.

Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days

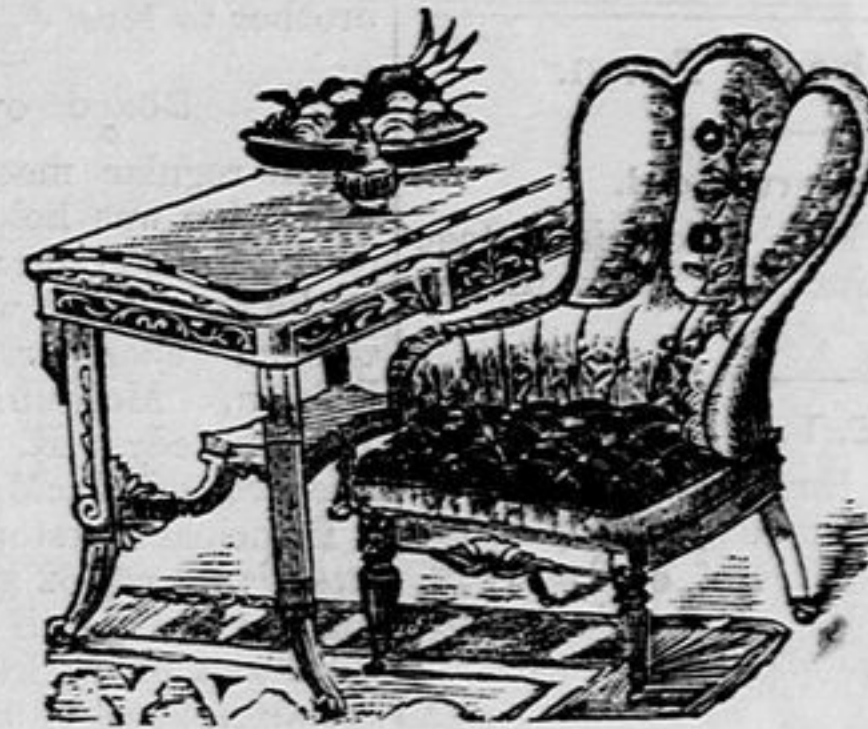
Come along and you will get a Bargain.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Kent St., Lindsay.

What a Correspondent says of The House of

OWEN McGARVEY & Son,

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced—A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals



That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisement all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad," but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:—

"Carrie, dear,"

sid her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

Household Furniture

from OWEN McGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, easels, statuette tables, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired bent furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exhibits workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable gentleman, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocade.

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain, To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

OWEN McGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.