

Family Miscellany.

Fair Notes.

Young and courageous, toiling
Tolling for a precious store,
Wisdom's richest golden treasures—
Faint thou not, but labor more.
Though 'tis vicissitudes of the future,
She doth lead and comfort me,
Faint not then, but working ever,
Reach the goal and win the prize.

Eager, bold aspirant, nobly
Tracing out the road to fame,
Others see not, but I see the same,
What wouldst thou do at the same?

Aged pilgrim, weakly tolling
Down the thorny path of life—
Unknown gazing, were the visage,
Faint ye not for shore the strife.

Weary wanderer, with affliction
Sorely burdened lie ye are,
Faint ye not, thou art well nigh,
Truth for every erring soul yearns.

Our Own.

I had known in the morning,
How weary all the day
That word unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you need to care,
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never speak back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it will be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!

How many a time have I said,
With love come home at night,
And where have broken forth words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smile for the sometimes guest;
But oft for one who has no tone,
Thoughts live our own the best.

At home with wife impatient
Ah! know with the shade of scorn
Were a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

The Value of Forest Trees.

There is folly in this haste to be rich. A keen axe, in a stout woodman's hand, will destroy in an hour what it has taken a century to produce, and what a century cannot replace.

A few cords of wood represent a snug sum, but what are the dollars in comparison to a perpetual fountain!

A few acres added to a farm are dearly purchased by cursing the land for generations with drought and barrenness.

It is gratifying to find that the good common sense of our people has led them to some extent to see the evil that is done, and to repair the injury.

In many parts of Canada, as well as in the United States, large plantations are beginning to grow up, which, there is reason to hope, will soon add to our supply of wood, and prevent the distressing droughts of our summers.

The history of the Isthmus of Suez has taught us recently a striking lesson in this respect.

A few years ago the whole region through which M. de Léssps' famous canal now passes

hundreds of richly laden vessels, was a sterile desert—the rainfalls often

amounting to less than an inch during the year.

There were no trees to be seen far or near.

When the energetic Frenchman began his gigantic enterprise, he at once directed

thousands of trees to be planted in proper localities; they grew up, thanks

to careful irrigation, and now the

astonished eye of the traveller beholds blooming pastures and stately forests, where once all was waste

and wild desert. But a still greater

change has come over the climate,

rain falls now frequently and abundantly, the soil produces richly;

and if that man is to be counted a benefactor who can make a blade of grass to grow where none could be raised before, true glory belongs to him who

thus created, as it were, a fertile land, capable of maintaining thousands of industrious and happy people

THE BILLS OF MORTALITY.—A singular circumstance marks the Protestant death-rate of the city for last week. During that time the mortality amongst males was nearly five times as numerous as that amongst females! This is an extraordinary disproportion, and may be looked upon as an intimation of one of those freaks of what is called chance into the domain of death, whose average statistics, with all their apparent variability, are yet, when taken on a grand scale, amongst the steadiness of phenomena. Another noteworthy fact is, that the comparative exemption from death by small-pox amongst the Protestant community more than continues, there being not one death amongst them from that cause. It would be, perhaps, a fair statement of the case to say that their comparative exemption from this scourge is a proof of the value of vaccination. The Irish largely escape; but our French-Canadian friends have too commonly neglected this safe guard, and it is chiefly amongst them that the small-pox mortality occurs. Facts are stubborn things, and these mortality returns should convince the most obstinately prejudiced of the danger of neglecting the only protection against small-pox yet known. Argument may go unheeded, but here is demonstration forced upon the attention, in the bereavement of many a household, and a weekly presentation of the "bill of mortality" which may well make us quail. Is the lesson being duly heeded by parents, too many of whom cannot, it is feared, be held quite guiltless in this matter.—Montreal Daily Witness.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affections flow from a pure fountain, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

Classifying Maple Sugar.

Every labouring man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here, and a little there, will, in due time, produce you a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp. Remember that fifty dollars a year, saved in rent, will in a very few years pay for your home, and the money it costs you to move round, without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five hundred dollar against your property, until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way—why do you not risk it? If you fail, you are no worse off—if you succeed, as any careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many another's, which will start you in business.

A MOTHER'S WORK.—Many a disengaged mother finds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home; which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? O, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

THE GRAND ESSENTIAL OF HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE IS SOMETHING TO HOPE FOR, AND SOMETHING TO LOVE.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—A Texas merchant writes to an editor to ask the following question:—"Suppose that with unfeigned reputation it has taken me six years to make an honest living, while in that time I have seen thirty-two scamps go through

the door of insolvency into an improvement of their estate, how long will it be before I will lay by something for old age?" The editor answers:—"A man who has lived an active, unsculped life in the midst of such temptations for six years, has already laid by something for the future; and there is One who will keep what he has committed to Him, so that he has 'a good foundation against the time to come.' A credit on that book is a sure provision for old age."

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.—One of the missionaries in the West Indies had united in the holy bonds of matrimony a couple of slaves, employed on one of the plantations to which he was attached in his clerical capacity. At the expiry of three days Quashee appeared once more before the clergyman, with his espouse, praying him to cancel the former obligation. "Pray, what is the matter with her?" demanded the missionary; "What fault have you discovered in her?" "Why massa, she no good at all. She dance, sing, she go to meeting, and tends all the merry-makings, where she eats—oh, how she does eat!" "Well, there is no harm in all that—it is an excellent sign of good health." "Oh, but de Book says she must obey me. Ah! she do no such thing. She no wash clothes—she no mend trousers—she no do what I want her to do—no, nothing at all." "Well, even the n^r replied the missionary, 'doesn't the Book also say that you solemnly promised to take her for better or for worse?'" "No doubt, massa," answered Quashee, eying his unblushing better half furiously, while displaying his ivories from ear to ear; "but she all worse and no better. She hab too much worse, and no better at all!"

THE GARB FOR THE SANCTUARY.—There was a time when good taste demanded the use of the plainest clothes in the sanctuary, when the wealthiest were distinguished for their conspicuous absence of personal adornment, and satorial display was a mark of vulgarity, at such times and places. But now-a-days, in the congregation, on the Sabbath, rich and poor alike seem on a desperate strain, the one to make some faint approximation to the other, the other to demonstrate to the one the utter hopelessness of the attempt. It would almost appear as if, whatever might be thought of the propriety of a modest garb in other places, the proper costume for the house of God, where, theoretically, we all go to be reminded of our common origin and destiny, were an agglomeration of all the jewelry, and all the chignons, and all the panniers, and all the feathers and furbelows in one's wardrobe. The wearer is to carry all this piled agony to the sanctuary as to a fair—as if her errand were not so much to praise as to be appraised—and there employ the sacred time in envious comparison of her own mountains of millinery with the Himalaya triumphs of her neighbour. Shall we ever get back to the standards of good taste and unobtrusive piety in this? Will not all good Christian people—especially those whose wealth and refinement make them the proper and only efficient leaders in such a reformatory—will not the pulpit of every church, and of every sect, unite in the effort to effect it?

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