YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR COOKING OLUB.

I am an only dog, a pure-blood d S Bernard, and I belong to an only girl; besides us two onlies there's an only boy, Jim, an only horse, and an only spiteful cat; yes, there's an only mother and a father, and an only cook; and we all live in the only house on our road; and because there was so much "only" about it, the mother said it was too lonely for Marjorie, so she let her get up the first and only "cooking cluo" in our place.

That is how the miserable thing got started; and the other day I heard the only father say that he "hoped all little girls would have cooking clubs, it was such a good idea." But, you see, he doesn't belong to it ; Jim doesn't either, and he's mad because he's kept out. That made him the more willing to write this for me-" from dictation," he says.

I do the dictation, and he does the other part; and it must hurt him, for he makes awful faces, and keeps his tongue rolling around outside his mouth fearful, and his fingers are blacker than mud. It's the ink, I suppose, and I'm thankful Marjorie didn't teach me to write. She has nearly everything else, from "dying dead" to carrying her books to school.

There are four in the club besides me. I'm an "honorary," and "don't count," Harriet says; but I've decided that is a mistake-since our last meeting, at Dr. Pepsin's.

The Doctor was away that day, and there isn't any mother at his house, and the kitchen woman didn't approve of the "club, so she took an "afternoon out," and left the girls to "clean up their own messes."

The rule is to make four new things at every meeting, one for each girl. Marjorie read off the list : breaded cutlets, stewed potatoes, asparagus on toast, and "popovers" for dessert. They're always as happy as birds, but this time they were happier. There wasn't a soul in the house to bother them, and they meant to have such a nice supper ready when the Doctor came home. Marjorie had the cutlets to prepare, Helen Gray the asparagus, Laura Reed the potatoes, and Harries the "pop-

Marjorie prepared her cutlets " exactly like directions," but they didn't act like Bridget's; they stuck to the pan, and burnt and smoked horridly. Laura shought there should have been some grease in the pan one yet." first to fry them with, but the mother at our house had cautioned them not to get things too rich, so they didn't use any.

Well, they fussed and puckered around, and the more they worked the more the things went crooked, till they were all frizzled and scorched, and Harriet said they might as well give that dish up, for she knew her father never would touch it, he was so

careful about his food. Marjorie called, "Dan! Dan!" and crawled from under the great table and followed her out-of-doors. She put the hot pan down on the grass, and after it had cooled somewhat I ate the stuff. It was hard work, much as I love meat; but then I had to help them out.

im calls me a "travelling waste barrel," and says I'm only admitted to the club for | for dinner." practical purposes.

Laura ran out to see me eat, and then we had a tumble on the grass; I knew she ought to be in the kitchen, but I was glad, all the same, to romp with her, she's such a jolly one, and tells me so often that I'm a splendid fellow! We were having a good time, when the other cooks began shricking. "Laura! Laura! come quick your pota-

We just flew back to that kitchen, and, sure enough, the milk had run out of the pan upon the stove, and the contents had "stuck" worse than the cutlets did.

"Oh, what shall I do! they are so bitter and spoiled ! it won't be any kind of a supper without them ! I'm so sorry !" She smoking dish and carried it out, then asked the stove. That girl always goes about as quietely as a mouse, and I've heard the others say, "Hurry up, Helen; don't be and is generally ready to help them.

"Oh, foolish Laura girl, crying for potatoes !" she said, in the drollest way. We | itself. all laughed, and Harriet joined in making her happy again.

"It doesn't matter a bit, now the cutlets are gone. Who'd want potatoes alone? There's plenty of bread and butter downstairs, and I'll open a box of sardines. With the asparagus and lovely 'pop-overs,' we shall do nicely."

up her asparagus, which was one thing "just right," they declared; and after it | was put in the tin oven to keep warm, they all went out for some fun while the dessert was baking.

By-and by Harriet's father came to the kitchen door and found me, and I suppose must have looked as forlorn as I felt. He sat down on the step and talked to me. "Poor fellow! have they set you to swallow that dose? Well, you needn't."

He took up the pan, and saw the two round places which had been burned in his "Whew!' said he; "I must teach those

midgets better than that. Now run to the children, Dan, and I'll take care of this stuff. I was glad enough to go. Soon we went in to set the table, and, it

all looked very nice. The dessert had been taken out of the oven, and seemed a success; but "the proof of the pudding is in the eat ing," Jim says. It was that time, I know.

The little round yellow things looked very fat at first; but by the time the folks were ready to eat them they had all solemned down to "look pretty glum," the Dector remarked. He wasn't going to take any, till in it made him say, "Yes," but, luckily for him, just at that minute he was called, and had to leave the table.

I noticed a good many queer faces were made when the girls had helped themselves. and they didn't sit much longer at the table; me a dishful of their "pop overs."

as I could, but she wouldn't understand. "Eat it, good dog," she commanded, andhave been told.

a wretched way of staying in my mouth, very frequently added, with the upper porand sticking to my teeth, and feeling queer in | tion of the sleeve, like the gown and the cuff around, and my tongue as Jim does when yoke material.

he writes, I got through at last, and joine

the club on the lawn. We were having a lovely game of tag, when all at once I felt something strange in my inside. Sometimes I have swallowed bones without cracking, but it wasn't that kind of a feel; it was heavier, and gummy like, and more aching; and it made me lie down quick. I rolled over, and the more I tried to get away from the queerness, the deeper in me it went, till I finally ran off up the village street ; but I didn't get clear of it even there. By and by my head began to whiz around just like Jim's top, and it sounded as if a dozen "sting bees" were inside my ears.

I lay down by the church steps. but couldn't endure keeping still; so I got up and turned to meet the children, who were coming after me. By that time the trouble had gone down into my legs too, and they wobbled around so that I couldn't do any thing with them.

A lot of men and boys near the Postoffice began to laugh at me, and one cried out, " Mad dog !" Then somebody else said Run for your lives !- mad dog ! mad dog ! I didn't see any such animal about, but 'didn't want to meet him any more than they, so I tried to run too, but I scarcely could, on account of my feet acting so oddly, and my head grew worse and worse.

After a while I found it was I they were shouting about, and that some men were chasing me with stones. Chasing me, Dan Doggins, who cost seven hundred dollars when I was bought for Marjorie! They made such a noise it scared me nearly to death, and when I tried to get to the rest of the club they were frightened too, and scampered away from me as fast as they could. The four little white caps bobbed up and down, rushing ahead, and I staggered on, growing more blind every step; but I finally reached the lawn, and dropped down on the grass.

The people kept hallooing as if they were crazy, but I was too sick to pay any heed till I heard a man say, "Here's a gun shoot him quick before he bites somebody. I tried to get up and show them I was all right, but I couldn't, and I thought I should be killed.

into the yard, and Dr. Pepsin jumped out. "What does all this mean?" he asked.

"Why that dog of the Judge's has gone going to shoot him. He hasn't hurt any driven to return to the hut. The arrange-

"No, nor ever will. He's not half as mad as you are. Clear out the lot of you!' while the Doctor came and stood over me. "Poor fellow, what has happened to

I opened my eyes and looked at him gratefully; it was all I had strength to do. Then he stood up and told the people to

"The noble fellow is sick, but I'll answer for it he is not dangerous. He is my patient

now. Harriet? Marjorie! come here." As soon as they heard his voice they knew they were sate, and came out of the house. "Now I want to know what you've given this poor creature? Quick."

"Why, nothing, papa, only what we had "Did you eat that concoction you had for

desert? and did you give it to him?" " We tried, and I suppose-" "It was only pop-overs."

your generosity, if he doesn't die its lucky." Poor little mistress was down on the ground by that time, crying over me and toes have boiled over and are all burning | begging my pardon, but her grief was cut | last his strength gave out and he sat down

> "No time for nonsense now! The Doctor put her away, and poured some nasty stuff down my throat, and for a while I thought he had finished me, after all. It was horrible. Afterward I got better, and I was so thankful to him!

When I could drag myself a few steps began to cry; but Helen just lifted the he made a bed for me in the carriage-house, and told Marjorie I was to stay there till I Harriet for a cloth and basin to wash off was well. I was worth saving, which he couldn't say of all his patients.

"And now," said he, when I had tried to act a little natural, and show the club I bore so slow !" but she never spoils anything, | no ill will, "there is one thing you must remember. His voice was stern, and not a bit like

"Don't you ever eat a thing manufactured in this society until some woman has seen and pronounced it good; and don'tunless you want to lose him-ever again treat your 'honorary' member so dishonorably as to use him for a waste-barrel. It is a marvel to science that he has gone through a winter's campaign with you and come out So they stood about to watch Helen dish alive; but it was a narrow shave, so let there be no more of it."

> There never has been. Note by the Doctor - Jim "gave out" on the first page of this MS., but for the benefit of other clubs I have completed his task.

Books About America.

Of the making of books about America in general and the United States in particular, the London Spectator says, there is no end. "A narrative of travel in America is always read, no matter how many predecessors it has had; the subject seems to have a fascination as strong and lasting as that of the history of Napoleon. The English reading world is always curious about the United States-perhaps from some odd motive, like that which makes married people who have separated by mutual consent invariably ined by the idea of meeting somebody who has recently seen either party to the compact of dissociation; perhaps simply from the queer mixture of similarity and contrast between ourselves and the citizens of the he glanced at his child's face, and something Great Republic, and the ease with which we realize all that is told us respecting people who speak our own language.

Yokes and yoke effects are multiplying on and when they cleared away, they brought young ladies' fall costumes, and take on all sorts of shapes-square, rounded, or cut in I looked at my little mistress as pitifully points that extend nearly to the waist in front and terminate at the middle of the back. Upon new dresses these yokes, which I did! If I had not, this tale would never are invariably of a different fabric and colour from the rest of the gown, are substitut-I quite liked the taste of the mixture, for ed in many cases for vests and plastrons, a it was sweet, and I love sugar; but it had girdle of the same fabric as the yoke being my throat; but by using my paws to poke it or Medici puff below the elbow, made of the

A Narrow Escape, From Theodore Roosevelt's illustrated paper on "Frontier Types," in the October Century, we quote the following description of one of his trappers, a French Canadian : "Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basic, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log-cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow-storms- Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had felt the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein: they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow-drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they stayed. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing. Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke I to time, until its present dimensions are 138 no words to each other, though cooped in | feet in length and 20 feet in width. The the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was wakened by the animal crying cut; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start Just then a horse and gig came tearing off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was; and if he tried to follow the first, he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate mad. We've cornered him here, and are was to be the portion of the wanderer if ment was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle-shot of each other. But they muttered and hung around, For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snowdrifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immed iately he followed his own trail back a little and lay in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of a wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a "Well, it's nearly popped him over for | few hours of dull misery between him and good; what between that man's gun and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber-wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue; and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after. At to die; but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog bay ing in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbress, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer that he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new asailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and man and dog tore the raw deer flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they

The Duchess of Rutland on Total Abstin-

recovered strength."

Physicians assure us that a very large proportion of cases of ill-health are caused by ury. over-indulgence in strong drink. Sir William Gull, who, as we all remember, was instrumental in saving the life of the Prince of Wales when he was at death's door, writes :- "In cases of feeble digestion alcohol is sometimes given to stimulate digestion. should not be prepared to go so far ; I should be prepared to advise the use of alcohol on certain occasions when a person was ill, but to say that persons should drink habitually-day by day-I should not be prepared to recommend. All alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nervous tissues pro tempore, if not altogether. You may quicken the operations, but you do not improve them. And, even in a moderate measure, they injure the nervous tissues and are deleterious to health. Alcohol acts upon the brain, and causes the blood to flow more rapidly in the capillary vessels. I should like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. If a patient came before me as a drunkard, and not as a sick man, I would say, get rid of the alcohol at once. In the case of an habitual drunkard, to whom drinking had become a second nature, I would, when he left it off, recommend nothing beyond good food. It would quisitive about each other, restlessly attract- not at first supply the craving, but it would ultimately overcome it." Perhaps I ought to apologize for making so long a quotation, but testimoney from Sir William Gull is indeed valuable. He concludes with this sentence : "I should say from my experience that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country." In another paper he says, "The public ought to know of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of foods there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest torm."

He was Conscientions.

Editor-" You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously ?" Would-be contributor-" Yes; I don't want any name to it."

"Then I can't publish it."

" Why not ?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. 1 don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innecent person."

Remarkable Vines.

Lovers of grape lore may be interested in a brief account of some of the most remarkable vines which are now in existence in England, and producing tons of grapes of the finest quality annually Amongst these, varieties of the Black Hamburg, which may be considered as the national grape and the gardener's friend, are the most numerous. The vine at Hampton Court, although not the oldest, is perhaps the best known to the general public, and on that account is worthy of the first place in this record. It was planted in 1769, and was raised from a cutting taken from a large vine at Valentine House, Essex. Its girth is now 42 inches, and it fills a house 66 feet long and 30 feet wide. For the past hundred years it has been an object of great interest to grapegrowers and the public, who marvel at this fine spec men of extension training. still in excellent health, and produces from 1.200 to 1,800 small bunches annually. In 1822 the girth of the stem was 13 inches, and the produce in one year amounted to 2,200 bunches of 1 lb. each. William Cob bett, in his description of it fifty years ago, says: "There is a vine in the King's garden which has for half a century produced annually nearly a ton of grapes." George III must have been a good judge of their quality, as he enjoyed the fruit for fifty years. The vine at Cumberland Lodge, which is now about seventy-five years old, much larger than the Hamburg at Hampton Court. It was originally planted in a small pit, which it soon filled; then a house was erected over it, and enlarged from time circumference of the stem is 3 feet 6 inches where it branches into two rods. Each of these again breaks into two stems, which extend the whole length of the house, and cover every part of the trellis with branches. These branches are pruned on the close spur system, the space, 2 500 feet of trellis for extension having long since been filled. Some seven years ago it was my privilege to be present when the first box of grapes of the season was cut, to be forwarded to the Queen, then in Scotland, Many of the bunches, as well as the berries, were remark ably fine, and appeared to be the counterpart of the produce of the vine at Eastnor : but they were slightly deficient in colour. I have since learned that this produce exceeded 1,200 lb. The houses in which these two veterans are grown are heated by flues but the vines are allowed to come on with the increasing warmth of the season, cousequently little fire-heat is used. A worthy descendant of the Hamburg at Cumberland Lodge, may be seen at Sillwood Park, near Ascot. It is upwards of fifty years old, and and fills a house 120 feet in length, with a rafter of 12 feet. The vine, planted in the centre, is about three feet in circumference, and throws out eight lateral branches, which are trained horizontally the whole length of the house. These rods furnish the bearing wood, which covers 1,500 feet of trellis, and produces about 1,800 bunches of grapes an-

Third-Class Travelling.

There is a saying abroad that only Americans and princes ride "first-class" on foreign railways. A few statistics show how large is the proportion of the unprincely and non-

Americans among English travellers: The ascendency of the third-class passenger every year becomes more marked. According to the statement of the chairman of the Great Northern Railway, in the June halt of 1887 the percentages of their passenger traffic, as to numbers, were as tollows: First class, 31 per cent.; sesond class, 53 per cent., and third class, 91 per cent.; ters. There was one in particular which muswhereas for the half year under review the ed him very much as he recalled it. percentages had been, respectively, 3, 51, and 911 per cent. in 1887 the receipts from the first class were 14 per cent., and now they were 13 per cent.; the second class gave them 71 per cent. in 1887, and now only per cent.; and from the third class they sure something was wrong with the ship. derived 781 per cent. of their receipts in | He related his fears to me, and to allay them 1887, as against 79!, per cent. last half year. The average of the fares during the half year has been 3s. 4d. in the first class, 1134. in the second, and 8d. in the third.

This tendency is likely to increase. When railways carry all classes at the same speed. and the third-class carriage is clean and comfortable, the purchase of a first-class ticket is seldom any thing but wanton lux-

A Slight Mistake.

The Dean of Durham (Dr. Lake) is very quick to seize an occasion. A large meeting of temperance reformers was held in Darham the other day. At the conclusion of Evensong in the cathedral, the Dean, seeing a larger congregation than usual, went to the lectern, and there in a hospitable speech welcomed the visitors to his cathedral. He commended their work and compared it favourably with that of the Crusaders of old. The evident amusement with which the Dean's remarks was received may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the temperance folk had taken their departure from Durham some hours before, and the Dean's hearers consisted of a host of "cheap trippers," who had availed themselves of the licensed victualler's excursion to the Durham flower show.

A Considerate Busband.

"There ain't any blemishes about this animal?" asked the would be purchaser of

" No, she is all right; but I must tell when she is being milked," replied the own- together. One of the men had found the er of the cow. "That's all right. milkin'."

Mr. Sampson's Cigar.

They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara ?" he asked. "Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she re-

plied. And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above.

"Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."

The Chinese weddings. As usual, the Chines are a-

The Undiscovered County. A truth which is worth ramembering

this pushing age of invention, is that the ninteenth century has not pulled the even ever so little, the curtain that hide from us the invisible world. In all med attempts it is just as much baffled as we the darkest and most stupid century of the Middle Ages. We have never pushed "gates ajar," except in a novel, and only a novelist who has attempted by beyond the gates," or "the gat tween," or to fling the gate of the future wide open." "Spiritualism is a final and a vulgar fraud as that, Every second some one enters the world of shadows, but since the stone was rolled away from Joseph's new tomb, no one has come back to from the world of shadows. Ingersoll car see no further into the twilight than Cie ero; both are hopeless and helpless at the graves of their lived ones. No Edison even in these busy, inventive days, he found a telephone which can stretch its vin across a grave. No Ericsson has built, monitor which can push its way into the unknown seas of eternity Why is the fature so jualously guarded? Why are not the prying eyes of to-day allowed to per into to-morrow? Perhaps, to keep may humble and reverent, waiting and watch. ing, expectant and hopeful, but unsatished with the present. For these reasons we can understand in part, at least, why, in God's infinite wisdom, "it doth not ye

The Old Man's Appreciation of His Spurky Boy.

Father-"So, my son, you are been fight. ing again, ch?

Bob-"Yes, father, I had short set-to with Jim Billings this morning."

appear what we shall be

Father-"Well, you remember our la conversation on this subject, co you not!" Pob-"Yes, father, you said that you would whale me till I couldn't move."

Father-"Ab, your memory, I see, is still good. Go get therawhide. Thanks. Nor before I begin toisdisagreeablethsk I should like to have your story, and also know how many times you struck the Billings bo for if I remember aright I promised you two cuts of the rawhide for every time that you hit a companion."

Bob-"Well, it was this way. You see Jim Billings is a Republican and I, like you am a Democrat. We got to arguing alittle bit, and finally Jim said that a Democrat was no good on earth."

Father-"James said that, did he?" Bob-"Yes, he said they were all bon thieves, and that he could lick any son of Democrat that ever lived." Father-"And then did you fight?"

Bob-"Well, not quite then. I told him I was the son of a Democrat, and was proud of it, and he could not lick one side of me. Then he said he could lick me if I was an octagon and had eight sides, and that my father wasn't a respectable thief anyhow, but a common veranda climer. Then we

Father-"How-er-many times, my son did you strike James?" Bob-"I counted up as far as forty or

fifty, and then he began to gouge my eye, and I lost track of the rest, but I am sure it was close on to a hundred. Father-" My boy, go throw this rawhide into the fire and then come back and hug

Strange Cause for Thanks.

An old sea captain sat in the lobby of the custom-house yesterday afternoon. He was in a talkative mood, and related a number of funny experiences he had had with minis-

"Once, when we left London," he began, "to make a trip to Baltimore, among the passergers on hoard was a preacher. We had hardly got out of the river before the good man became awfully sick, and he felt I took him to the fore part of the vessel, where a number of sailors were at work. " Do you hear those men swear! I asked.

What will become of them? "Well, I don't know,' I answered, 'but it must be plain they are not worried about the condition of the ship.' The reverend gentleman saw the point and felt much

"'Yes,' he replied. "Isn't it shocking!

"The next day a terrible storm arose. The vessel plunged in the trough of the waves, and the passengers were greatly frightened.

"I not ced the preacher going to the same part of the ship, and I followed him. Saddenly he stopped and listened attentively. Then he exclaimed: 'Thank heaven, they are still swearing.' I need not add that the boat didn't go down."

Carried Off by an Eagle.

The baby of Farmer William Beattie, who lives on the Cimmarron River, Kan., was car ried off by an eagle on Saturday. Beattle went to work in the morning, leaying in his digout his two children, one five years old and a baby aged two months. About 1000 Beattie returned home, and found his girlin. tears. She said she had taken the baby into the yard, and left it while she went into the house. In a few minutes she heard a cry, and in looking out saw the baby "flying away, " as she expressed it.

The father knew at once that an eagle hadvisited his home, and summoned his neighbors to the wooded banks of the river, 107 which the eagle had made. In about an hour you, candidly, that sometimes she kicks the sound of a shot summoned the searched eagle, and was engaged in a deadly conflict My wife does the with it. He had emptied his gun at the big bird and broken a wing, and was using his gun as a club when reinforcements arrived. The eagle fluttered into the bush, and there the father saw the infant dead, the body horribly lacerated and part of it gone.

If the extracts published from the late Emperor Frederick's diary are not apocty. phal, they must have the effect of consider ably modifying the world's opinion of Bismarck. It had always been supposed that to the German Chancellor belonged credit of promoting the idea of the unification of the Empire, whereas it appears according to the late Emperor's diary that he was reluctantly forced into giving up his hostility to the proposed change. It is no wonder that so much fuss was made by the German party in power about the posses at their sion of the diary, as they had no doubt shrewd suspicion as to the nature of its contents.

CHAPTER XI. THE CHARIVARI.

Our fate is seal'd! 'Tis now in For home, or friends, or cou Come, dry those tears, and lift

To the high heaven of hope Wisdom and time will justify The eye will cease to weep,

Love's thrilling sympathies, aff All that endear'd and hallow

Shall on a broad foundation, fi Establish peace; the wilders Dear as the distant land you to Or dearer visions that in memo The moan of the wind tells

rain that it bears upon its win stillness of the woods, and th shadows they cast upon the st but surely foresha low the bu thunder-cloud; and who that any time upou the coast, ca language of the waves—that of surging that ushers in the t So it is with the human hea mysterious warnings, its fits o shade, of storm and calm, now anticipations of joy, now depr presentiments of ill. All who have ever trodde possessed of the powers of th

flection, of tracing effects causes, have listened to these soul, and secretly acknowledge but few, very few, have had to declare their belief in the and the best have given cred and the experience of every da truth; yea, the proverbs of pa with allusions to the same though the worldly may sneen man repudiate the belief in he considers dangerous, yet the he appears led by an irresist enter into some fortunate, unthought of, speculation; when he devoutly exclaims met him in prayer, unconsci ledges the same spiritual ag own part, I have no doubts ject, and have found many different periods of my life, in the soul speaks truly; stricter heed to its mysteriou should be saved much after s

Well do I remember ho solemnly this inward monito approaching ill, the last n home; how it strove to dr from a fearful abyas, beseed leave England and emigrate how gladly would I have obe tion had it still been in my bowed to a superior mandat of duty, for my husband's sa of the infant, whose little against my swelling heart, to bid adieu forever to my and it seemed both useless

draw back. Yet, by what stern nec driven forth to seek a n the western wilds? We we to emigrate. Bound to Eng sand holy and endearing ties a circle of chosen friends, an other's love, we possessed a can bestow of good-but we pay of a subaltern officer, n most rigid economy, is too the wants of a family; ar family, not enough to main standing in society. True, children bread, it may clot ently, but it leaves nothing pensible requirements of e painful contingencies of s fortune. In such a case, it right to emigrate; Nature the only safe remedy for th

of an over-dense population

is always founded upon jus

Up to the period of wai we had not experienced int from our very limited me were few, and we enjoyed forts and even some of the and all had gone on smoot with us until the birth of o was then that prudence father, "You are happy at but this cannot always 1 that child, whom you have much rapture as though s inherit a noble estate, is to ning of care. Your family your wants will increase i of what fund can you satis Some provision must be m and made quickly, while enable you to combat suc ills of life. When you m tion, you knew that emig result of such an act of in populated England. Up you still possess the mea yourself to a land where never lack bread, and chance that wealth and reward virtuous toil.

Alas! that truth shoul unpleasant realities to th the poet, the author, the of books, of refined tas habits. Yet he took the bestir himself with the characteristic of the gl whence he sprung.

"The sacrifice," he sa and the sooner the bette feel confident that you call of duty ; and handin-heart we will go forth and, by the help of God Dear husband! I tak

that my purpose was les lingered so far behind ing for this great that, like Lot's wife, looked back, and c strength to the la It was not the har grant's life I dreaded. physical privations phi it was the loss of the s meved, the want of con made me so reluctant t

band's call. I was the youngest i for their literary atta yet a child, I had see