

her that "brambles do not get pruned," but vines are sometimes mercilessly cut. Ah, sweet soul! why so slow to learn?

John had made his arrangements to go into the far West in answer to an urgent appeal, and Hattie was quietly making her preparations. Marion seemed a fixture in the household on the avenue, as she could not be induced to enter upon the privations of her brother's home, and Mrs. Hammond greatly desired to keep her to fill the empty places of her own daughters.

"I shall hardly have anything to keep the house open for, John," said she, in answer to his objections; "she will be really invaluable to us; besides, it will be greatly better for her to enjoy the advantages about us for a few years than to go with you."

"Yes," laughed Marion, "auntie will need me to keep her from growing old and poky, and the house from gathering mildew and rust; besides, Flea needs some one to clip her wings when they grow too fast, and to remind her that she is still in a vale of tears; don't you, darling?"

"She won't need any of your help to remind her of that, Marion," said John, with grave sweetness.

"Now, dear old fellow, don't you get poky and solemn. Come, since you can't spirit me away to that horrid western country, can't you be generous enough to admit that I am a decided acquisition to this family?"

Marion was sure to provoke a laugh, which was precisely the thing she intended.

"If you could only have been reasonable, John, and contented to take one of these city churches that invite you, we might all have lived together and been supremely blest. What a help this little reprobate sister of yours might have been, John, in such a case! Don't you see?" and Marion pulled his long beard, looking into his eyes with a provoking mixture of honest earnestness and saucy humor.

"Oh, Marion, child, do not use those words, 'what might have been,' so lightly. What is it that we have to do with. Would you have us all go to heaven on flowery beds of ease?"

"Yes, indeed, brother, if we can."

John turned away, half hurt at the childish folly which refused to reason on anything, and pacing up and down the long room, asked Hattie:

"What are those lines you were repeating yesterday?"

"What might have been I know is not; what must be, must be borne; but ah! what hath been will not be forgot, Never! oh, never! in the years to follow!"

"Ugh!" shivered Marion; "how dreadful!"

"They are very sad, but beautiful," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Here is an extract perhaps you will like better," smiled Flea from her couch, drawing a book from under her pillow.

"Not many lives, but only one, have we! How sacred should that one life ever be! Day after day filled up with blessed toil, Hour after hour bringing in new spoil!"

"There it is! work, work again," laughed Marion. "You never will make me believe that this is the design of existence. The bees and the birds play, and God careth for them."

"That is grand, little sister," said John, turning away from an argument with Marion. "No sentimental grieving over lost hopes there, but the ring of the true metal every time. Give me the book, please," taking out his notebook and leaning over the sofa.

"Here is another, just below, John," said Flea, "that we might take for a daily motto. Shall we?"

John read aloud, with glistening eyes: "Make this forenoon sublime, This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won!"

"Not I, for one," said Marion, with a little low ripple of a laugh. "I wish we could all live as free as the birds, and not bother about duty, obligation, and all that sort of thing. Why can't we, now? I can tell you some lines that suit me a world better. Hear!"

"My purse is light, but what of that? My heart is light to match it; And if I tear my only dress, I'll laugh the while I patch it."

"Come, now, good people! isn't that real philosophy? But dear me, Auntie Hammond! my nerves are completely

upset by all this serious talk! Do order 'Lightfoot' for me, that I may recover my equilibrium 'neath the charms of nature."

"Marion, Marion!" cried John as she sailed out of the room; "I believe you are quite incorrigible."

"Leave her to mother, John," whispered Hattie; "she will come out all right, never fear."

"The child is true as steel and sound at the core," said Mrs. Hammond. "Let her laugh and play and live the life of the birds she loves so well. I think God made some to bear burdens and some to sing songs in this world; and we burden-bearers need the cheer of their song."

John still looked grave and troubled till Flea called him, and down on his knees beside her couch, received his lesson.

"John, you believe God answers prayer?"

"Yes, Flea, always."

"Then

"Why do we do ourselves this wrong, Or others, that we are not always strong? That we are overborne with care? That we should ever weak or heartless be, Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer?"

"Thanks, Flea, dear Mentor," said John, the cloud gone now. "Marion is the only person whom I fail to manage, and I think it would be better to leave her with God."

"I would, John," said Flea, softly. "He knows just how to manage her. Trust him!"

If a word spoken in time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

Correspondence.

Loyal Orange Association.

At a public meeting, held in the Orange Hall, Richmond, Halifax, on the evening of Thursday, 6th March, the following formed part of an address delivered by Bro. W. McNally, Chaplain L.O.L., No. 69:—

"In my last address, I endeavoured to bring before you a few facts in the history of our country which gave rise and prominence to the Loyal Association with which we are proudly connected. I need not repeat to-night what I said on that occasion, but will start on the ground that our order is nothing more nor less than an alliance of Protestants, banded together for the support and maintenance of the Protestant religion and those principles upon which the Throne of Britain is founded, and which form the very basis upon which it securely stands. It is often said that the Protestant faith requires no such array of strength and combination to support it; that it stands on a sterner and better foundation than this, one that can never be moved, even on the 'Rock of Ages.' I grant all this and rejoice in such a fact, but it is not to the security of our religion alone I am referring. What of the host of Rome without? that 'bug-bear' which is seeking and striving by all means to overthrow our Protestant Institutions and bring us once more under the sway of Papal bondage. Do we need any proof that such is the case? Does not every keen observer notice that the same foul spirit which 'drank herself red with the blood of martyr'd saints,' is to-day as bloodthirsty and venomous as ever. Need we call up witnesses to prove this? Surely not. The fact is plain enough to be seen when we are willing to open our eyes and see it.

The Church of Rome claims to be *semper edem* (always the same), holding the same principles, teaching the same doctrines, and maintaining with undeviating consistency the identical same ecclesiastical policy. This claim is an inevitable result of her pretensions to infallibility.

The reasoning proceeds this way: Rome is infallible to-day; she was infallible when she murdered the Huguenots of France, the Protestants of Ireland, and mercilessly slaughtered the Waldenses; she was infallible when she burnt the heretics in England, or crushed them in the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition; in fact, according to her own theory, there never was a time since the days of the Apostles when she was or could be anything but what she professes to be to-day. The conclusion

is inevitable: if it was lawful and right to perpetrate such horrid deeds 300 years ago, (and the church *did* give her decree in favour of such massacres,) it is lawful to do so to-day. If Romanists were then under no obligations of loyalty to a Protestant State, it is the merest moonshine to say they are under such obligations now.

If we believe in their loyalty we are driven to the alternative of supposing that they look upon infallibility as "a sham," and that *semper edem* is an unmeaning term employed by their theological writers. But, as a practical test of this, are there ten honest Roman Catholics in the whole of Canada who are prepared to adopt the latter alternative. I answer emphatically, No! This, then, is the ground we take in regard to the Church of Rome, and every candid man must admit that it is perfectly unassailable.

We look upon the same spirit of Popery as a barrier to all civil and religious liberty; it exercises a baneful and pernicious influence, even down to the most minute details of every-day life. Go to Ireland and contrast the State of Protestant Ulster as compared with Popish Connaught, or come nearer home and contrast Ontario with Popish Quebec, and exactly the same state of things is observable; in fact, wherever and whenever you find a people slavishly devoted to the interests of the Papacy, there and then you will find superstition, ignorance, intolerance and an absence of that active and industrious energy which is one of the most characteristic features of a Protestant community. We declare ourselves arrayed against the predominance of such a party, and, so long as the Church of Rome lasts, to exercise any of these principles, just so long will we fly the Orange flag and cry, "No Popery," and "No surrender."

I am almost ashamed of many who, calling themselves Protestants, are found pandering with such an idolatrous system. I love my Roman Catholic brethren, but I abhor and detest, and will ever contend against, the Jesuitical encroachments of the Popish Church. One is almost grieved to find so large a number of intelligent Protestants who seem to know little or nothing of the Revolution of 1688-90. They enjoy "Civil and religious liberty." Yes, but how did it come down to them. Ah! they don't know. They have Protestant churches and open Bibles, and Sabbath Schools, and all the rest; but where would these have been had it not been for the same Revolution, when our glorious deliverer, William III., Prince of Orange, and his noble army, were the means under God of striking Popery such a blow that it has not yet, and never will, recover from. Thus delivering our church and nation from a bondage as bad, if not worse, than that of the Israelites in the land of Egypt, and giving us the free right of worshipping our God and Father according to the dictates of our conscience, none daring to make us afraid; and these have been handed down by our noble ancestors to us, who to-day are living in the full enjoyment of them. We must not look upon the Battle of the Boyne as a mere military event; if we do, we will be rather surprised to learn that it was, comparatively speaking, of much less importance than many other battles that have since been fought. At best there could not have been more than 2,500 men killed out of the combined armies; but, like many other events its importance is not estimated by ordinary standards, and so we come to discover that "The Boyne" was, from its ultimate effects on the doctrines of Europe, one of the most remarkable contests in the history of the world, inasmuch as it was the crisis in which Protestantism was freed from the thralldom of Rome. And in relation to this point we may notice the charges brought against the "July celebrations." Many contend that it is bad taste and uncharitable to keep alive such memories. Now, let me say that such annual displays which take place under the auspices of the Orange Association are neither intended as an insult to Roman Catholics personally, nor yet to the religion they profess. The victory of the Boyne is not celebrated as a mere feat of arms; if it were, I don't think many intelligent men would hesitate to say that its perpetuation was unadvisable. When Orangemen speak of the victories that were achieved at

"Derry," "Enniskillen," "Aughrin," and the "Boyne," they emphatically re-assert the principles which have rendered the Revolution of 1688-90 forever memorable, and we will become the unworthy sons of noble sires when we cease to celebrate them.

These are only a few, very, very few, of the incidents that might and could be recorded in connection with our Loyal Order. We trust the Protestants of Canada will ere long become more and more enlightened on the subject in hand and rally round the Orange and Protestant banner which floated victoriously at Derry, Aughrin and the Boyne.

There is nothing inconsistent with our Christian profession in any of our laws, rules or usages. If it were so, as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, I would not, could not identify myself with the Order. Our duties, like our principles are summed up in the two words, Protestantism and Loyalty. Let us seek to be good Protestants—not mere haters of Popery, but true Christians, believers in Christ, walking by faith, walking in love, rejoicing in hope, adorning the Gospel. Let us be zealous against Popery, but let us also in all things be zealous Christians. Let us show that we esteem, prize, and are thankful to God for, the civil and religious liberty secured to us by the British Constitution—that admirable Constitution which was established, let us hope, for all coming time at the glorious Revolution.

W. McNALLY.

Letter from Germany.

(From our correspondent.)

THE OPENING CEREMONIES AT THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT—THE EMPEROR TO THE FRONT SURROUNDED BY DUKES AND PRINCES—THE PLAQUE—ROYAL FANCIES.

BERLIN, Feb. 18, 1879.

On Wednesday the second session of the present German Reichstag was opened in person by the Emperor in a speech from the throne in the White Hall of the old Palace. The first session of the present Imperial Parliament, elected under the influence of those excited feelings caused by the recent crimes of Hödel and Nobiling, met on 9th of September last, when, both the Emperor and Prince Bismarck being absent from the capital, the inaugural address was read by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, lately appointed Vice-Chancellor. This, then, being the first official occasion since the fateful events of last summer on which the Emperor has appeared before the representatives of his people, the day was awaited with intense interest by every one. All tickets of admission to the opening ceremony were quickly absorbed, and it is remarked that the Press of other countries has shown unwonted eagerness to witness the first scene of a drama which may be big with fate for Germany, if not for Europe. By 2 o'clock the White Hall, acting as a kind of throne-room, was thronged; but the Imperial Deputies, many being still detained by provincial parliaments, were almost lost to view among the stalwart array of many-uniformed, sword-bearing men, ominous sign of legislation overshadowed by force, or the appearance of force. All being assembled, Prince Bismarck, erect and pillar-like in his white cuirassier uniform, but treading warily on the treacherous floor, entered at the head of the Federal Council, who took their stand on the left of the throne. The Prince bowed lowly twice over to the assembled throng, and, again retiring, soon returned to herald the approach of his Imperial master, who was followed by all the Princes of his House, the latter ranking up on the right of His Majesty, with the Crown Prince on the steps of the throne. The Emperor having taken his place beneath the canopy, the stately hall rang with three cheers to the German Kaiser and King of Prussia. His Majesty wore no ceremonial robes, no Imperial crown, being simply clad in the uniform of a general. The Emperor having donned his plumed helmet, the Chancellor advanced, and, bowing very low, handed His Majesty the opening address. Then, amid deep silence, the aged Monarch, whose hand visibly quivered, and, in a voice at first tremulous with emotion and from which the primal vigour had departed, read the address, of which the following is the last sentence. "To further those

peaceful relations of foreign countries with Germany and with each other, which have been consolidated by the Berlin Treaty, must still be and remain our task, in the service of which I will employ the great power gained by the unification of Germany as long as it is in my hands. If God grants me the fulfillment of this task, then will I look back on the bitter experiences of the past year with a feeling of thankfulness that may reign has hitherto been richly blessed." The Emperor ended in profound silence. Prince Bismarck now again advanced to relieve His Majesty of the address, and, turning to the Deputies, declared the Imperial Parliament opened. The Bavarian representative then stepped forward, and, in the name of the allied Governments, called for three cheers for the German Emperor, a summons which was lustily responded to.

The Russian cattle plague annually finding its way across the German frontier, it is natural that measures should be taken against the spread of the more dangerous pestilence that affects man. But, however intelligible the motives actuating the German Government in their late stringent decrees, the Russian journals are filled with insinuations as to other and extraneous objects sought to be attained by the quarantine. Germany, I am told, is endeavoring to exact a reduction of the Russian tariff. Germany, it is held, is wilfully impeding Russian trade to create commercial opportunities for herself. Germany, it is likewise insinuated, though professedly a friend, is preparing to close the Russian frontiers with a view to cripple the finances and obstruct the political action of her neighbor. Without entering upon the political significance of those suppositions, suffice it to say that the action of the German authorities is evidently governed by three several considerations. They are aware that they are ignorant of the present state of the plague; they foresee an increase of the disease, unless stamped out before the advent of warm weather; and they are too well acquainted with the sanitary, or rather unsanitary, condition of Russian towns not to dread its spreading as something very terrible. The like apprehensions being entertained by the Russians themselves, it is not necessary to look far for evidence to prove that they are only too well founded.

It is well known, throughout Germany at least, that the blue cornflower is the Emperor William's favorite flower and color, and it is the practice to decorate his room with it on his birthday, the 22nd of March. If its cultivation has failed, Italy or France, or some other country must furnish the favorite cornflower, which in its sense has become the rival of the Napoleonic violet; and these two flowers are unfortunately not exactly friendly rivals. The blue cornflower had always been a favorite with the late Queen Louisa of Prussia, the mother of the present Emperor of Germany, and it was during the sad period that immediately followed the disastrous defeat by the French in 1806 that the incident occurred to which I have referred. Living in comparative retirement at Königsberg, the Queen was one day in the garden with her children, the present Emperor and the Princess Charlotte, afterwards Empress of Russia, when she was accosted by a poor child who begged her to purchase a large wreath of fresh cornflowers. Animated by sympathy for the poor child whose sick mother was unable to earn anything to provide them with food, and by love for the flowers, the Queen took the flowers in exchange for a handsome sum of money. She then called her children towards her, and, presenting the wreath to the Princess, addressed them in words of advice and hope. This, in a few words, is the history of the favorite flower of the Prussian royal family. After the late dastardly attack on the Emperor's life, the cornflower became the emblem of loyalty and devotion of the Prussian people. Ladies wore cornflowers in their hats, gentlemen in their button-holes; medals bearing the Emperor's effigy on one side and a wreath of cornflowers on the other, were worn in bracelets and necklets; note-paper was decorated with the favorite flower; in short, it was employed in every conceivable way to testify the loyalty of the people.

Louis