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THE MOSS-GROWN BRIDGE. BY MRS. L. L. DEMING.

'Tis a wild, rude spot, yet just the place, Where poets love to dream In the deep, deep shade, on the moss-grown bridge That spans the mountain stream; On either side the craggy rocks

Like sentries stand abreast, While on the top of their twany brows The eagles build their nest.

'Tis a wild, wild spot, yet I love to stray Alone by the winding stream, And sitting down by the mossy bridge, Of other days to dream; There fancy weaves her fairy web On every shade and hue, While a golden thread of the buried past

Where evening weaves her mystic charms, To deck the twilight hour, With pleasant thoughts I hie me there, To the bridge in the shady bower, And there with happy heart, I sing-Of future bliss I dream-While laughing echoes from the cave

Like a sunbeam wanders through.

And oft, methinks, I hear a voice Among the bending trees; And the rustling of an angel's wing Borne on the evening breeze; And countless voices seem to rise Around me everywhere-While friends I loved, long, long ago, Come back to meet me there

Come daneing down the stream.

And this is why I love the spot, It ever brings to me The happy by-gones of my youth Enrobed in purity; And fancy weaves her fairy web. And thus I sit and dream, In the quiet shade on the moss-grown bridge That spans the mount in stream.

## Select Tale.

THE STEP UPON THE PATH.

I heard it first. We were sitting round the fire.

one clear cold autumn evening-Elsie Russell, my mother and I. Elsie was reading aloud to us from a quaint old book, full of dwarfs and giants, enchanted ladies and valient knights; and every now and then, as she paused to turn a leaf, or to make some merry comment, the murmur of the wind among the branches of the old elms around the house came faintly to our ears, and made the inner comfort more intense. I could not see the cheerful room, or the shining of the firelight, or the bright young face of Elsie Russell, or my mother's smooth white forehead, and clear, thoughtful eyes, although I could remember them well, Oh! how well, of old. might never hope to gaze on any of these things again. Yet I was happy with that clear voice falling on my ears, and that tiny hand resting on the table, so close that I could touch it with my hand as I did now and then, by accident. I was often then very miserable; but just then I could have said, had I been called upon to do so, that sight was nothing when compared with such a home and such a mother, and that it was better to be led about. and read to by Elsie Russell, than to be independent of aid, and unblest by such a sweet friend and comforter. In a word, I had forgotten past and future, and was living only in the present, when a step, one that I had never heard before, broke upon the quiet of the little room, dispersing it utterly-so it seemed to me at least. The others scarcely noti-

'There is a strange footstep upon the garden path,' I said, and I spoke suddenly, with an unquie fluttering of the heart, and an undefined prescience of sorrow, for which I could have given no reason or rather for which I was ashamed to give one myself. 'It is Tom, my dear; I sent him out upon a

message before dark,' said my mother kindly. - It is not Tom, mother. I have never heard that

step before" I persistal.

'It is Tom in new boots. What stranger would grope his way through the woods to this out of the Paul Blair, and listen to the story, as you value my approbation. The knight is about to deliver the enchanted lady from her t'sraldom. Attention!'

peal of the bell announced the fact, that the step of which we had been speaking, and to which I had been listening all the while, had ascended the porch; and in another moment Elsie read from a card which to hate it. the servant handed to her, the name and title of Doctor Claymore.

believed I mentioned him,' said Elsie, in a somewhat confused explanation. 'Show the gentleman

in, Dinah.' The strange step fell upon my car once more .- is a very fine man-is he not, Paul? Across the hall, up the stairs to the parlor door it came: thence, smothered by the velvet softness of very near me. I heard that alone of all the other and all were seated, could I bring myself to listen | Paul?' towards a small building spoken of rarely, and then fever upon me. It was late, and the first news I He laughed frankly. 'To tell you the truth, Mr.

'burnt summer house.'

rival. I was not blind then, and many a long holi- have, my dear, and it will cheer you up to talk it 'I believe I am,' I answered. day I spent in amusing and caressing the shy little over.'

vine branches.

and placed the key in my pocket before I started .- love!" I had not idled away half an hour when, casting my 'Master Paul, come to luncheon! Don't sit here What that last inexplicable sentence meant I did O, how happy we were that night, in the same blue wreath of smoke curling up into the air. As I beside me .. came from some burning building. Trembling with went on talking. apprehension, I flung away my rod, and made, with all speed I could muster, towards the spot, dreading

I scarcely knew what. How it ever happened, no one knew; but ere I reached the garden, the truth was too evident, the summer-house was in flames, and Elsie was fastened within the burning walls. I sought in my pocket step coming night and day—that has killed me; but during that time I had been thinking and reasoning grow to the height of fifty or eighty feet. The place large enough for a son, but how to prepare a for the key vainly. I had lost it. O, heaven! do not tell her, for he will be her husband then, and much with myself, and had grown very calm. It I leaves are small, narrow, and pointed, springing son to mile place with product to those from the knots. The trees wave in the wind, pre- him to it, and with credit to himself. what a feeling of despair came upon me as I realized she would grieve. Tell her how I loved her, though, had ever had any hope that Elsie could have been senting a very elegant feathery appearance. The An ancient and honored family name in this city the fact. The black woman stood near, wringing and how I would have cared for her, if I had been my own, it would have been harder; but I had pith of the young shoots, which is of a white color, has been ineffaceably tarnished lately, by using famher hands and screaming helplessly. The nearest like other men. She will not laugh then, for I always felt that I must some day lose her, and now, makes an excellent pickle, of as soft a consistence as like other men. She will not laugh then, for I always felt that I must some day lose her, and now. house was a mile or more away. There was no shall be under the sod, and we never laugh at the at least, I knew that the one she had chosen was mortal aid at my command. I prayed to God for dead! Hark! the step is coming! help, and he strengthened me. The building was Finally it came along the path; and as I, stretch- step on the morning of my journey, I listened to it of strong, well-seasoned wood, but I strove with all ing out my arms, seemed to spring from a black as the step of Elsie's betrothed husband, without always easy to be procured, and the structure is so been led in chains to a felon's cell, in a state of bomy strength against the door-how long I knew not; precipice into a gulf of deepest, profoundest dark- any thought of my helpless self and thanked God it seemed to me an age—but at last, just as the ness, where hearing and motion were buried in ob- that it was so firm and light—so fit a step to walk in one day. Our habitation, consisting of three blood over the sad misfortune of the child of her flames scorched my face and threatened to envelop livion, I heard her calling out : me in their red embrace, the door gave way, and, 'O! Massa Doctor! Massa Doctor! Massa Doctor! here's young A month had passed; I was in town still, but ready for our reception; fifty or sixty natives comstaggering in, I saw my darling lying upon the rude Massa Paul gone dead all along o' you, as I knowed was going home on the morrow. When I went, bench, and bore her forth unscathed, unhurt, from he would.'

my eyes; but I became unconscious, and when I re- stantly, unweariedly. With it there came also to me, now that sight was restored. heard through the darkness, which seemed deeper and tenderness equal to any I have ever known; into his handsome face; 'but for you I should still than any I had ever known, some one weeping soft- but I hated it and drove it away still. I knew that grope my miserable way through life. You have quickly spread in regular layers, and bound to the man. It is neither safe nor respectable nor wise to ly, close behind me. Enough; there is no need of my mother was there and Elsie; but that step des- given me the power to be a man. I can be my mother's roof by filaments of rattan. A floor of bamboo gra- bring any youth to manhood without a calling, withbut I had saved my darling. From that moment, lay so weak that an infant could have prevented me long. even as a woman loves the babe for whose birth she from making the slightest move, but, nevertheless, suffers, so I loved Elsie Russell, for whose sake I safe on the road to health again, did that step cease you love her 'said the young doctor, quietly. had lost the greatest blessing man possessess; and to haunt me. But that hour came at last, and for I started, and looked at him in astonishment. my life had been in her presence. Since the hour read to me, as in the old times, until that day came and it loves you.'

though it had been a sister's. years of one so fair as Elsie Russell would be wasted as I spoke. for your sake; that no strange eye would spy out shame at the conviction of my own heart, I almost for that we must have lost you.' and wept as I had not wept for years, for from the have grieved much, Elsie?" inmost core of my sad heart I worshipped Elsie

A low, trembling voice aroused me.

my hand within her arm, and thus went back into not long.' way place after nightfall?' laughed Elsie. 'Be quiet, the house. I had nerved myself to bear the sound 'Paul, Paul, you break my heart! It is I who of the strange footstep before I reached the parlor. am the cause, the innocent cause of your blindness I was right when I thought it would come between It is I who made you so wretched. Why did you us. Elsie was as kind as ever; but somehow, when- snatch me from the flames, Paul? My death would Ere she could resume her book, however, a loud ever she was singing to me, or reading to me, or not have been so terrible as this.' whenever we were walking in the parlor, I would She spoke with a suppressed agony in her voice hear the ring of that footstep upon the path, and it which I had never before heard from any human

pleasantly:

I answered in the affirmative, and she went on: sounds, words of welcome and introduction, which tions girls are so fond of, you know, and really Dr. a brother's for him or you. 

to the voice of its owner, and try to discover, in my What pain the best people will give unintention- step, Elsie. Go and meet it,' I said. own way, what he was like. A handsome, gentle- ally! It was a pang at my heart, not in my head, manly man, with thut peculiar, dashing frankness although I told my mother that it was, which made you think that at any new step could be so dear to of manner which captivates all women and men, me start, and abruptly close her speech. Only for me as the old ones I have loved so long? O, Paul!' and a voice clear and firm enough to match his step the present, however, I was doomed to hear of Dr. | 'It is right, it is natural, Elsie; do not blush to -this was what I made of him. That he was in Claymore's attentions, and Elsie's beauty, and the own it.' I said, for I had resolved to look my hard possession of intellect and refinement, and that he little signs by which my mother argued that the fate full in the face, and be unselfish at least for the could, at least, express excellent sentiments, was happy climax was approaching, until I could have future. I could say no more, for she was gone, and

others to charm Elsie Russell, I thought, and fol- All this was wearing out my soul and body; and step which I had first heard coming up the garden lowing this came a long train of other thoughts, my brain seemed to be on fire. I could not think path a year before. wrong and selfish beyond measure. I knew them collectedly, yet I grew only more silent and sad; 'You are looking better,' he said. to be so, and et I could not drive them off. My although my mother saw that something was amiss, I thank you, Dr. Claymore; I find I owe it to at her. She had altered very little since her child- Saxon king, Ethelred, every adult Christian was head ached and burned iutolerably beneath their she never guessed the truth. Her greatest pleasure your kind attention that I am thus far recovered,' I hood. Her solemn eyes and golden hair were just obliged, for three days prior to the festival of St. weight, and I lingered for my opportunity to slip was to make me lie upon the sofa, with a pillow answered. 'I fear I have proved a very trouble- the same. She was looking at me sadly. I arose, and to go to church and confessions barefoot. The out unperceived. At last I heard their voices re- underneath my head, and talk about Elsie and Dr. some and very ungrateful patient. Accept my and crossing over to the sofa, sat down beside her. priest and their flocks went in procession barefoot from the sofa, sat down beside her. cede to the cool open air. I knew the path by heart Claymore. She said she saw it did me good.' thanks and apologies; they are all the amends that 'Elsie Russel,' I said, 'I have something to say during the same period. Every well-to-do-person first lays. And the and feeling for the paling fence, turned my steps One day I awoke with a strange giddiness and remain for me to make.'

I will tell you a story about that burnt summer- And I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if he was You appeared to have considerable animosity to- adoration; and prayed for her's in return. How I house. It was a momentous one to me at least. going to propose to her. He looked rather agita- wards me, for some unexplained reason.' Elsie Russell was an orphan. In our richer and ted, and certainly had something on his mind,' said I felt myself color as he spoke, but could make ere I had ended, she was weeping on my bosom. happier days my mother had adopted her. I was my mother. 'Just let me go and get you a pillow no answer. He went on : many years older than the child, and she had been on the sofa, and I'll tell you what he said to her, as 'I did not come to speak of this,' he said. 'Are you must lead me about and care for me as I should arranged on the floor of a loft so as to form the my pet and plaything from the first hour of her ar- you have her interests almost as much at heart as I you strong enough to bear a little agitation?'

beauty. to whom kindness had been an unknown I could not bear it any longer. I said something his fingers upon my eyelids very softly. 'Pardon -you are sure, sure of that?' thing before she came among us. With my own about headache and the air, and managed to escape me,' he said, 'you must have been blind a long 'Paul, your misfortune makes you doubly dear initials. hands I had planted vines around the bare walls of out into the garden. There I wandered wearily up time?' 'Ten weary years,' I replied.

an ancient summer-house in the garden, and fitted ti and down, feeling delirium rapidly clouding my 'And have you never thought of regaining your know that it is no sacrifice to leve and be leved—it press delight; and here, on hot, midsummer days, clock struck twelve, I groped my way, faint and in a gentle tone, still keeping close beside me. she loved to read and sew, and sometimes would fall trembling, to the wreck of the burnt summer-house, 'Thought of it! often, often! Hoped for it--

Elsie had been sleeping when I rescued her from shall never see again.' One afternoon I had left her thus, and gone to the flames. I struggled no longer with my reason, 'I think you may; I am almost certain of it,'

'Why dont't you laugh, Dinah?'

'What at, young Massa?' asked the woman. 'At me-at a blind man in love.' 'O, Massa Paul, what ails yer?' sobbed Dinah;

' what has happened to yer?' 'Hush!' I whispered. 'You have heard the

I knew the sun would never rise again to me, her when, propped with pillows, I sat in my old chair | Still I stood motionless and wondering, little hand had led me tenderly and cheerfully, as in the parlor, close by the open window. My You were right, he continued. 'I did love Elmother had kissed me, and was singing over her sie Russell; as a-brother I love her still; but you a lady's lap dog. 'And now-now,' I murmured aloud, as I felt household duties for very pleasure. There was no Paul Blair, I have read your heart from the first-I The bamboo bears neither blossom nor fruit, but for the scorched relic of the bench-' now a stran- one in the room but Elsie Russell and myself. My know all that you have borne, for something of its my own voice, the cool air, the quiet, brought back to thank them for all their care and kindness-even your home, he went on. 'I saw that you loved to assume a beautiful appearance at night.' my reason. I weighed my own actions in the bal- the remembrance of the step I hated was no longer Elsie, and knew that I came there as a rival; but ance of my conscience, 'Paul Blair,' said I to my- terrible to me. Something of my first thoughts I what man ever considered another when he himself self, 'you have not dared to hope that the young tried to say, but Elsie placed her hand upon my arm was in love? I wooed Elsie Russell and hoped to This reed in its entire state is formed into stools,

the jewel which you, blind and helpless as you are, but you owe your life, so far as man is concerned, you were first taken ill?" could never hope to claim; that that love which to Dr. Claymore. We could have done nothing. Indeed I do,' I answered. 'Shall I ever for into laths, or beaten into fibers, it forms screens for made, of bringing these immortals here," and then comes sooner or later to every woman's soul, would He did everything. He never left you for a moment, get it. never come to her's? Paul Blair, you have not Paul, until you were out of danger. We can never 'That day,' continued the doctor, 'I had ridden dared to think thus?' And even as I bowed in forget, any of us, his kindness and devotion; but out with her upon the quiet bank; I told her of Macerated into a pulp, it is made into paper, and intelligence. But for such an office, it becomes a

prayed, 'not yet -not yet; let her be ours a little 'It would have been a loss to deplore,' I said, The knowledge was very hard to bear, Paul; but By simply tying together three or four of these of other men; has your son made the acquisition? longer!' and I laid down upon the rude bench, with something of the old bitterness. 'Would you when, in her innocent pity of my grief, she told me

little hand upon my arm again; 'O, Paul!' 'Paul,' it said, 'dear Paul, why do you stay in mole, useless to you and to himself—a sightless if needs must be; then, Paul Blair, I felt that this sad place alone? Come in, we miss you, my thing, to be led and tended and cared for, where he would give his life to guard and cherish instead

was all over for the day. By-and-by I almost grew being, and I involuntarily stretched out my arms

and wound them about her waist. One evening, when she had gone to walk with 'Forgive me, my more than sister,' I pleaded him, as she often did of late, my mother, pausing 'it is worth all to feel your sweet pity, to have you 'Whom I mot at the Irvings' last week. I-I in a cheerful click of her knitting needles, said thus near me. Let makeep you thus awhile, Elsie, as though I were in reality your brother; and be-'I shouldn't wonder my dear, if Dr. Clarmore lieve from my soul I shall forever bless you and any seriously admired our Elsie. I hope it is so, for he one who makes your life happy, be he who he may, I have seen it all along, Elsie, and if at first bitter thoughts would come, when I remembered that as 'I was afraid that living in this lonely house, he would gain, so we must lose you; believe me, the carpet, into the room itself, and there paused Elsie would lead a dull life as she grew older. It is my dear Elsie, they are over now, and I have no not as though you could pay her those little atten- thought that is not kindness, no feeling that is not

upon the path, and she started from me. 'The new

She turned and paused. 'Paul,' she said. 'do evident from his conversation. The man of all prayed to be deaf, as well as blind. he had come in her stead—he, the owner of that

in whispers, by the members of our family, as the heard was that Elsie had gone to ride with Dr. Blair,' he said, 'only your fever and delirium saves you from half a dozen challenges and as many duels:

up with cushioned seats and tiny tables to her ex- mind, and struggling wildly against it, until, as the sight? Have you never hoped to do so?' he asked.

asleep among the cushions, curtained by the floating and sat down once more upon the little bench where never! It is a blessing denied to me forever,—I still—you would be glad, Elsie!'

fish by the water's side, my mother being away upon but muttered wildly to myself, 'Here, here—yes interrupted the doctor, rapidly. 'While you were said. 'Look into my eyes, darling, what do you a visit. There was no one in the house but a stupid here, where she slept-I will die, and she shall ill, I examined your eyes carefully. My dear boy, read there?" black servant; and partly that she might not be never know that I died for her love. Ha! ha! ha! I think I may promise you that you shall see again, disturbed, I locked the door of the summer-house, how they would laugh at the idea of a blind man in and-well, never mind; the rest will follow of it-

eyes in the direction of our house, I saw a faint looking so wild-like,' said old Dinah, who was close not dare to think,—the promise of the first was too cheerful parlor where a year before, the strange step watched it, it grew denser, and I felt assured that it I knew the voice—I heard what she said; but I ly, however, and it was arranged that I was to keep that glad hour when I claimed her for my wife, in city, when I was strong enough, that he might have hated had brought it all. it in his power to perform an operation in which he religiously believed.

For my part I could not believe; I could only hope and pray.

beside her through the toilsome march ef life.

out the fiery furnace. But in coming out, I had to The first of my after memories that is reality, is look at last in Elsie Russell's eyes, and thank her site; not a nail is used in the whole edifice. Strong with ability and honor. That office is fit for any force my way through a sheet of lurid flames. I the sound of that very footstep which I so hated. for her kindness to the blind man, who almost remember that it seorched my forehead and dazzled It was very soft now, and it came and went con- seemed like some one else, so different did life appear

my head and eyes, upon a soft, cool pillow, and refreshing moistenings of parched lips and brow, I said, grasping his hand, and looking thankfully painful detail. It has been night to me ever since; troyed my pleasure in their presence. Not until I protector now, instead of the burden I have been so ting is next laid in the inside, elevated two or three out an occupation by which he could maintain him-

that moment she had repaid my sacrifice by care and three weeks I never heard its echo, and Elsie never . I understand, he said; 'I know what you have kindness the most devoted. The only pleasure of left me. As I grew stronger, she sat beside me and thought; but that pure heart is free. Paul Blair, storm of wind and rain, but no water penetrated—

'Paul,' she said, 'I have not spoken of it yet, your noble heart. You remember the day when

'And why should you?' I continued. 'A blind did, for whose sake she would remain single forever, coming there I had come between a pure and holy love-seldom seen or felt on earth-and I prayed to to Europe. The thick juice is a favorite medicine. It was my mother, I wiped away my tears, laid Why should you grieve for it, Elsie? You would God for pardon. When riding homeward by her side, I found you lying prostrate on the ground, and the first year, and in the second perfecting its timlearnt from your ravings, and the words of the old ber in hardness and durability.—Life Illustrated. servant, that my surmises were correct. Heaven knows that all the anger in my heart was for myself; for you I felt nothing but compassion. For Scriptures save in connection with strife and warthat strength which made me strive to bring my fare. The prophet Daniel records how Michael subrival back to health and happiness, which put it in my heart to pray for your restoration to sight, as The seer of Patmos tells how "there was war in though it had been my own. I thank the mother beaven: Michael and his angels fought against the who taught me to pray, and God who gave her to dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and king !-Hall's Journal of Health. heart, I would never tell you this; knowing that I the rebellious angels, till he chased Lucifer and his not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and would make you yet happier by giving you the adherents from heaven, and enclosed them in dark as in a watch, the hands that are seen are but the knowledge that my steps can never come between air till the judgment; not in the upper regions, or passive instruments of the spring, which is never heart, but only to claim it. Good-by. God bless they may see the joys they have lost, and Who suspects the benefit which a paper derives from I listened to his step as it faded away in the dis- mortals ascending to that heaven from which they of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much

you! Go home to Elsie, and make her joyful.' tance, and could have wept-how good and great

ed. As the carriage drew up at the gate, I looked out and saw a light form that I knew must be the celestial armies. Elsie's, tripping down the path. I stepped out and In ancient heraldic books Michael is described as But a cook of vegetables, meats, pastries, and infi-I shut my eyes.

have passed her,' she said, taking my hand in her's. Portugal. 'Then you are alone, Elsie!' I said:

'Yes, Paul.'

'I will go if you will lead me, Elsie.' She answered me by drawing her hand through my arm, and walking on. We sat down together in the little parlor, and I ventured to steal a glance to you; no fitter opportunity can come than this. Will you listen to and answer me?'

'Surely, Paul,' she said, 'why not?' told it, what words I uttered, I never knew; but

for you; that the world will call this a sacrifice, initials of the names of the damsels' various suitors. and blame a blind man for winning such a treasure. The initials which were found most perfect on Mi-The Doctor arose, and leaning over me, pressed You remember all this, darling, and will not repent chaelmas Day, were supposed to be those of the

to me, she said; 'do not speak of it again. You The British, however careless of keeping up old as the whet spell hewlds.'

is the greatest happiness men can know—the greatest earthly blessing.'

'O, Paul! if that could be! poor darling Paul!'

'Come to the window, and look at me, Elsie,' I

She gazed, trembled, gazed again, and reading there the truth, clasped her hands together, and youngsters, almost as enticing: fainted in my arms.

glorious to realize at once. We talked it over calm- first broke upon my ear. How happy were we in the whole a secret and to accompany him to the the little church near by-and the step that I had

## The Bamboo Tree.

The great reed called the Bamboo, shoots up a they take more pains to select places which will hoconsiderable number of canes from the same bottom | nor their sons, than to make their sons capable of I left home in a fortnight with Dr. Claymere; which are nearly the thickness of a man's thigh, and honoring places. The inquiry should be not for a leaves are small, narrow, and pointed, springing son to fill a place with profit to those who may call beet root. Williamson thus describes its important of very high trust and responsibility; an office for use to the natives of India in the construction of which he was so utterly incompetent, that its ac-

small rooms, in a little more than four hours was heart. oleted it in that time, and on an emergency could than what will fit him; the Presidency of the Reperform it in less. Bamboo grass for thatching, public is fit for him, but he may not be fit for it; it should see the old house, my mother's face; I should and the ground rattan, are all the materials requi- may receive him, but he may not be able to fill it bamboos, in a row of from eight to ten feet high, man, the greatest and the best, but your son might are fixed firm in the ground, which describe the out- not be fit for it; to occupy it and fill it, to discharge lines, and are the supporters of the building; smaller its duties with fidelity. You must seek a place adbamboos are then tied horizontally, by strips of the apted to your son's capabilities, for you may not covered, found myself lying, with bandages about cooling draughts, soothing change of heated pillows, adapt his capabilities to a place. Seek a place for composed of bamboo mats, are fastened to the sides him which he will honor by elevating it, and making with similar ligatures. Bamboo rafters are quickly the more influential; but do not seek to put him feet above the ground; this grating is supported on | self in case he should lose his fortune. In looking bamboos, and covered with mats and carpets. Thus around for such a calling, instead of making the in-'And, Paul Blair, you can tell Elsie Russell that ends the process, which is not more simple than it quiry what you would like him to become, seek ra-

sort is proof against any inclement weather. We our thatch escaped; and if the tempest should blow duce with unerring accuracy for forty years, before down the house, the inhabitants would run no risk of having their brains knocked out, or their bones broken—the fall of the whole fabric would not crush

s propagated by suckers. In windy, dry weather ger's step must come between us!' The sound of heart was very soft and warm that day. I longed sorrow I have felt myself. When I first came to take fire, occasioning the hills on which they grow their friction while waving often causes them to

> In the hands of the Chinese, it may almost be dewin her, feeling all the while that I was breaking chairs, tables, bedsteads, and many other articles of furniture. It supplies scaffolds for buildings, masts and yards for shipping, carts and wheelbarrows for along his vast battalions to the great white throne. ornaments, and ropes, cords, and twine for all purposes, from the rigging of a ship to the wick of a "Welcome, brother, Home!" No greater glory candle. Woven it becomes a sail cloth or a sacking. than this is there in earth or heaven for any created my heart's love, and found that it was hopeless. mixed up with lime, it serves to caulk their ships. man that he have a range of learning beyond that reeds, swimming jackets are constructed, capable of He must have an abiding feeling that he is less than supporting one or more persons. When young, it that she esteemed and liked me-that she had no affords a nutritive article of diet; when grown, it 'Paul! Paul!' she said, reproachfully, with her friend she valued more, but that there was one whom is a fence for their gardens and fields, a protecting she had always loved, who needed her more than I for their cottages, and an ornament for their palaces. It is the weapon of justice and the instrument of oppression, supporting equally the authority of

the mandarin and the arogance of the petty officials. The leaves are generally put round the tea sent There are about fifty varieties; and it is of the most rapid growth, rising from fifty to eighty feet

MICHAELMAS. - Saint Michael in the Mars of the Christian calendar. His name never occurs in the days successfully withstood a less mighty angel.prevailed not." Tradition says Michael bore the banner of the celestial host, and led them against THE MYSTERY OF EDITING .- The world at large do upon earth, but, like Mohamed's coffin, between seen, so in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of the two; so that when they looked upwards, its prosperity are often least observed or known .and when they cast their looks downwards, behold the enterprise, the vigilance and watchful fidelity ell, and to which they can never hope to return .- of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill At one time there was preserved in a castle in Nor- and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of mandy a red velvet buckler. declared to be the iden- printing if they exist, but seldom observe the ex-At home they knew nothing of what had happen- tical shield borne by the mighty archangel in that celliencies. fearful fight. In guerdon of his success, Michael s said to have succeeded revolted Lucifer as chief of

waited till she came up. As she drew close to me the head of the order of archahgels, and represented nite bon bons, has a paradisaical office in compariarmed with a dart, and carrying a banner banging from a cross. He has given his name to no less than Dear Paul, you are at home again. Your mother four orders of knighthood, The order of the Wing contents, to mark for other eyes the matters that has gone down to the village to meet you - you must of St. Michael was instituted in 1172 by Alfonso of require attention. His scissors are to be alert and

> the Grand Monazgue. Both these orders are now extinct: but there still exists a Bayarian order, instituted in 1693, and our own Maltese order of St. Michael and St. George, founded so lately as 1818. and ranking after the older order of the Bath. By the ecclesiastical law enacted in 1014 by the produced. By him are read the manuscripts that was to have his commons for the three days prepared (without flesh), as if for his own eating, and then as in higher places, is sometimes as important as give them to the poor. Every servant was to

itself. In the west of England maidens used to go But you remember that I am blind, Elsie; that up and down the hedges gathering crab-apples; arranged on the floor of a loft, so as to form the

eating and drinking are concerned. Lent salt fish has outlived fasting; people who despise confectionary like a hot-cross bun on Good-Friday; and roast-But, Elsie, if I could see, you would love me beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies will, we may be sure, survive as long as Christma dishes, even if the miseltoe and hollow follow the vulelog and Christmas mummers into oblivion. And so will Michaelmas be ever associated with goose, although how they came to be indissolubly united is a mystery it passes our skill to fathom. But yet Michaelmas, like Christmas, has its rhymes, and though not about the goose, we have one about that, especially to the At Michaelmas-time, or a little before,

customs in general, cling with tenacity any in which

Half an apple goes to the core; At Christmas-time, or a little after, A crab in the hedge or thanks to the grafter.

Our Boys. What shall we make of them? What will become of them? These are practical questions, and made every day with serious solicitude by intelligent and thoughtful parents. The rich and the poor have a like ambition to put their sons in good places;

counts have fallen into inextricable confusion, while 'The materials of which their houses are made is he himself, charged with a degrading crime, has simple that a specious, and by no means uncomfort- dily health which melts the hardest heart with pity.

ther to know what occupation is suited to his capa-When the workmen take pains, a house of this cities—what calling his abilities can fill. You might well like him to become an eminent lawyer, but has he that plodding and that tenacity of purpose, which will enable him to investigate and compare and dehe can be fairly able to commence practice? You might like for him to become a physician, but has he the self-denial to cut off the flesh from the dead men's bones, to live in the charnel-house for long years together; and then have the patience to wait for practice for other long years; and the self-sacrifice to go at every call, of prince or pauper, in the idnights of December, or the fierce suns of July, in rain or storm or sleet or snow? Will he do this until forty years of age for a bare subsistence, before he can make patients come to him instead of he go-

Perhaps your heart burns to make him a minister. of time, you see him like some tall archangel leading saying-" Here am I, the instrumentality Thou hast loud pæans come from seraphic legions in glad reply, the least of all who love the Master, and must have the capacity to become all things to all men. Has he these humilities, and these versatilities? He must he must bless; when sinned against he must forgive; has he the moral courage to meet these debasements. and yet above them all to stand and feel that he is from the court of the King of Kings? Has he the breadth of intellect to compass all learnings—the humility of heart to feel abidingly before his Master that he is but a worm, and yet the grandeur of soul in the light of the Lamb to feel, " I heir the uni-

verse by right of birth!' Instead then of determining what you would like your son to be, seek to ascertain what he is capable of being: what he is certainly competent for. In dued the Persian prince who had for one-and-twenty short, seek not for your child the post he can get. but the post he can fill; for it is better to be an honor to the hod than a disgrace to the crown-better be an accomplished mechanic than a contemptible

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. son with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their clip with incessant industry all the little items that Louis XI. of France founded, in 1469, the order together form so large an interest in the news deof St. Michael, which was revived and remodelled by partment. He passes in review each week, every section of his country, through the newspaper lens; he looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all over the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in, what two hours' research swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that restricts sentimental obituaries, that gives

And the power behind the thrones, in newspapers the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or excused for three days, or allowed to do only what regular, stand in awe at that silent power which And there and then I told her of my love, of my he chose, that he might better perform his fast on has the last chance at an article, and may send it the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before the forth in glory or in humility. And, in short, as the body depends upon good digestion, so the health Michaelmas boasted but few customs peculiar to of a paper depends upon the vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor-H. W.

> Dutchman .- Good morgen, Patrick, how you uz?' Irishman,- Good morning, till ye, Hans; think ye'll git rain the day!' Dutchman .- 'I guess not-ve never had much rain in a ferry dry dime!" most eligible swains, the strength of whose passions Trishman .- ' Faith, and ye're right there, Hans; were symbolized by the completeness of the tell-tale and thin, whenever it gets in the way o' rain'n, the divil a bit o' dhry weather will we get as long