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SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

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NO. 14

Poetry.

PALESTINE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where the blessings were heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad wanderer came—
These hills he trod over in grief are the same—
The fountains which drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow.

And thronged on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pain is the meek and lowly Jesus,
And the holy Shekinah—its dark where it shone.

But elsewhere this dream of the earthly abode,
Of humbly clothed in the brightness of God!
Were my spirit that turned from the outward and dim,
It would gaze even now on the presence of him.

Not in clouds and in terror, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gath's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden in prayer!

Yet, loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and gentle here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh! the outward had gone—but in glory and power
The Spirit survives in the brightness of God!
Unchanged, undecaying, its pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

Select Tale.

THE FELON BRIDEGROOM.

A FATHER'S STRATEGEM.

It was Christmas Eve in the little village of St. Marks. All had been busy and confusion during the day. Emma Monteith had run over to Mrs. Jones to learn how to make mince pies, and, in her turn Mrs. Jones had run over to Emma's, to get some good cider for her mince pies. The cider had been brought and praised, and Mrs. Jones had returned home in high spirits. Then Emma had seen the nice, large apples pared, the light brown doughnuts, the mince pies, the tarts, the fruit-cake etc., placed in the cupboard; the turkey and chickens prepared for roasting; the ham boiled; and the presents prepared for the children; but now she had sat idle for some time, and after glancing with a smile of satisfaction at her work, went into the sitting-room, where her father and her sister Amy were, arranging the Christmas tree with colored candles, and where her sister Julia had sat all day, sad and silent, taking no interest in what interested the others so much.

Julia, who was the oldest of a family of five, at the death of her mother, which had happened some two years before, had been left mistress of her father's house, but having a great distaste for household duties, her sprightly sister Emma had taken her place.

Julia was very beautiful—at least Emma thought as she stood in the doorway, gazing on her as she sat in her chair and gloomy, with her large, dark eyes bent on the sparkling fire, her rich black hair falling in shining masses on a neck all marble like in its whiteness, and the roses of nineteen summers blooming on her cheeks.

Emma and Amy were quite pretty, but nothing in comparison with their sister.

"Why, Julia, how little interest you take in our preparations," Emma said, a shadow flitting over her fair face. It was never thus before.

Julia did not reply; but a few moments later, when her sister ran over to Mrs. Jones' on some errand, she said to her father:

"You asked why I am so gloomy. Do you wish me to tell you that you have made me unhappy? You have driven from my presence the one I love. You have kept a vigilant watch on my every movement, for some time, and have allowed me no privileges such as belong to a girl of my age."

"Julia," he said seriously, "if I have as you say made you unhappy, it is because I cannot bear to see you the wife of a villain."

"Father, I will not listen if you speak thus," she interrupted, her dark eyes flashing with anger.

"Julia, you shall hear me though," he said with severity. "I say what I know to be true. You know Elsie White—that silly, romantic girl who spends the most of her time in reading novels—well, this Nero Hopkins has been in the habit of visiting her, ever since he came to the village, and to-day I learned from her brother, that they are to be married to-morrow night."

"I don't believe it," Julia said pettishly. "I could swear that he never spoke of love to her; yes, and to-morrow if we are parted here—I know that he will remain true to me while I live."

"Poor, misguided girl! I hope soon to see you differently."

He said no more, but taking his hat left the house for the while, leaving Julia to her own reflections. And as she sat there gazing into the sparkling fire, her thoughts wandered back to the time, when—a little blithesome child, she wandered with Fayette Lawson—the sunniest lad in the village—through the meadows, chasing butterflies, and hunting for flowers. She had seen him, yet after years, hearing manhood; and with a feeling of girlish pride, had watched his manly form, disappearing among the trees in front of her father's house, and on the day when she had promised to be his wife, when another summer's sun threw shadows in at her window. Yes, and she had loved him too until that city boy, Nero Hopkins, had turned her head, with his silly compliments. Julia was very romantic, and had Fayette Lawson written her love verses, and paid her compliments, as Nero Hopkins did her heart would never have wandered from him. But he was a quiet, matter-of-fact man, but little given to gossiping, and though he loved Julia with his whole heart, he never in words expressed his great admiration for her; but any one who looked into the depths of his clear, blue eyes could have read there the deep love he bore her. The reason that Julia was so gloomy was this: She was contemplating the taking of a wrong step. Her mind was wavering between right and wrong. Heart was the monitor on one side duty on the other and she knew not which to obey. That day Nero Hopkins had had a letter in the hollow oak by the spring—the lovers' trysting place, in which he had proposed an elopement on the following night. The note was full of silly absurd compliments, and had Julia not thought she loved the writer, she would have cast it into her dust. She sat for some time thinking matters over then hastily tracing a few lines on some paper, she sped quickly to the trysting place and hid it in the oak.

Her father, who was a good-natured old gentleman, and loved his child with a love that amounted almost to idolatry, had expected something like this, and had watched and followed her to the spring. When it was gone he went up to the tree, drew the letter from its hiding place and then returned quickly home, where he found Julia sitting in exactly the same place where he had left her.

That night, after the children had retired, Mr. Monteith drew the letter from his vest pocket and read the following:—

"DEAR NERO—I cannot break my promise to Fayette, and must not disobey my father, though I love you much. What shall I do?"

"JULIA!"

"She is wavering, and when a woman wavers she is lost," Mr. Monteith said to himself. She must not marry him, so I must watch her more closely than ever. He shall have this, however, and I will watch for the response."

He left the house quietly and placed the note where he found it.

Christmas morning came, cold and clear, as Christmas mornings generally do. Up rose the sun, throwing its rays on the white snow, and sending the frost sparkling, like myriads of pearls, through the air, and making it flash and glitter on the trees like diamonds. And up rose Nero Hopkins from his couch, and after spending an hour before his mirror, stole down to the spring, not far from Monteith's house to learn his fate. Mr. Monteith kept close watch of his movements, and when he deposited another letter in the place of the one he took, Julia was not the first to receive it.

"Ha! ha! what a fool the fellow is. Any one who writes such stuff as this!"

"Adorable, sublime, magnetic, Julie Monteith, I am wowed down to the earth, by the knowledge of knowing that you feel the magnitude of your own greatness. Thon hast asked me what you shall do in this great hour of distressing need. Thus I will answer. Fly to my arms, dearest, and rest thy weary head, of jolly hue, on my trusting, manly bosom. Let your love-lit eyes, tear-filled, gaze into mine magnificence and love. I will be at the spring at seven. Now or never, dearest, you must be mine. Methinks I hear the zephyrs, love laden with perfume, whisper you will come. Answer me at once, and farewell till then."

"The birds will be singing in splendor, The cowbells, and village banns; Cause they grow on my tomb 'Your adorable NERO.'"

"If Julia was not an heiress of a round ten thousand, in her own right, 'Adorable' Nero would not be so gallant. However, I will leave this where I found it, and see what reply Julia will make."

Thus spoke Mr. Monteith, as he turned his face homeward.

It was not long after he returned to the house before Julia slipped out, and when she returned she appeared quite perplexed. She went to her own room, where she remained some time, then she went out of the house, and left another note in the oak at the spring.

Soon after Mr. Monteith took it out, and read: "I will be waiting, love, waiting. When the twilight shadows fall. At the oak by the spring side. To answer to thy call."

"Poor, foolish girl," he muttered. "She must be bewitched, or she would think differently. Why Nero is not fit to wipe Fayette's shoes with. If she had him off, and Fayette shall never know she loved him."

Mr. Monteith could imagine Julia's writing perfectly, and he left a note in the place of hers, that read something as follows:

"DEAR NERO: I have concluded to go with you: but by my father says that you love me only for my money, and I will be doing a great wrong to Fayette Lawson, and have decided all my property to him, and come to you penniless, knowing that you will love me just as well as though I was the richest lady in the land so I will be waiting love waiting."

"There," said Mr. Monteith, after he had placed the letter in the oak; "if he come after this, he may have her in the end; well, I'll teach her a lesson, that's all."

"Well, I declare exclaims Nero Hopkins, stroking his black beard, 'if that poor girl hasn't devoted all her property over to that Lawson, and now declares her intention of coming to me penniless. But I can't take a poor wife. I'm too poor myself. Elsie White has two thousand, and that is better than nothing, though she isn't half as pretty as Julia. As I have promised to marry both to-night I'll send Julia a note, telling her that I cannot come to-night, but to be in readiness to-morrow night. She will think nothing of this, so to-night I will get me a new suit, take Elsie to the Squire's and get hitched, pocket her two thousand and leave on the midnight train. Poor Julia will wait in vain, but it can't be helped, so here it goes."

And snatching a pen, he dashed off a few lines that were not destined to reach Julia for her father consigned them to the flames ere she had time to get them.

That night after darkness had cast her mantle on the earth, Julia robed herself becomingly, went quietly from the house, and soon was at the place appointed. She waited long to wait, for soon a tall form issued from among the trees and approached her. A large cap partly concealed his features; but could she mistake that form—that glossy beard? O, no, and with a cry of joy she sprang forward and was pressed to his bosom.

"Julia, dear Julia, you have consented to go with me, have you not?"

"Yes, love. But could let us be married immediately, for father may miss me at any moment."

"It is but a step to the Squire's he replied, 'and he is in readiness.'"

Julia clung tightly to his arm and in a few moments they were at the door of the Squire's. The curtain at one of the windows was up, and Julia glanced in to see who was within, and saw a lady and gentleman standing before the Squire who were repeating the marriage ceremony.

"Why, there's Elsie White," she said, "and a gentleman, who looks so much like you, that were you not here, I should swear it was you. No wonder father was mistaken. Who is he?"

The light may have fallen on Nero, she cried, the thought darting across her mind, that she had been deceived. "You are not Nero! Who are you?"

"Very quickly came off the shawl cap, the cloak and the black whiskers and Nero stood before her, but her father."

"Father, father, what does this mean she cried, the color fading from her face, leaving her cold and white as marble."

But ere he had time to reply the merchant—Mr. Morton, and the sheriff, Mr. Grey, came hurriedly up to where they were standing, and glanced in at the window.

"Yes, Nero Hopkins is here," Mr. Morton said, "but we are too late. They are married."

"It can't be helped, was the reply and we will do our duty."

They were about to enter, when Julia caught Mr. Grey by the sleeve, and asked hoarsely, "For what do you arrest him?"

"For passing counterfeit money, in payment for the clothes he has on, he replied, and pushing rudely past her, he entered the house. A few moments later there was a loud scream and a fall. Julia glided into the house, and raising poor Elsie Hopkins—the felon's wife—from the floor helped to bear her from the room, while they dragged away her husband."

Very softly did Julia wind her arms around her father's neck, that night, and tears of joy rained from her beautiful eyes, as she thanked him for having saved her from being a felon's wife. And when the summer came and robed in satin, and orange flowers she stood beside Fayette Lawson, at the altar there was but one there beside herself, who knew her foolish intuition and her elopement with her father."

"Thank God, madam I have contracted no bad habits." "No, sir, you have expanded them."

Never waste anything—not even advice.

SIGNS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.—[Young ladies, here is some sound advice for you, from *Punch's Pocket-Book*.—"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the house, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing, sneezes, sneezes them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast or Sully Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next hot batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears gloves, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, but takes the coffee, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is disposed to let the fire burn, is sure to make the best husband. Parience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

"NO CARDS," an announcement we now frequently meet with at the end of marriage publications in the newspapers, may be interpreted as follows:—"Owing to the hard times and the high prices of stationery, the happy couple herein named have concluded to dispense with the custom of sending cards to their friends and acquaintances. The virtue of economy will be duly appreciated, when coal is \$9 a ton, and the other expenses of housekeeping are in proportion, and all going up. The happy couple hope that this explanation will prove satisfactory; but, should it cause the loss of any of their friends' sympathy, they will feel it a great affliction." Something to this effect was the original idea of that inventive and intrepid young couple who dared to break over a venerable conventionalism and put "No Cards" at the end of their advertised felicity.

CHILDREN AND SONG.—If you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. There is more merit in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smooths his wax-cans with a song will do as much work in a day as one given to ill nature and fretting would effect in a week. Songs are like sunshine; they run to cheerfulness, and the most quivering soul that troubles itself for the time being will feel filled with June air, or like a meadow of clover in bloom.

How holy is the sympathy of childhood for the sorrowing! The stout cheek laid mutely against your own; the timorous velvet hand on the throbbing temples; the playing eyes, from which the most quivering soul that troubles itself for the time being will feel filled with June air, or like a meadow of clover in bloom.

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fits of the fund he himself has been assisting to raise. There is a great difference between this and the buoys and beacons, which are local, and may properly be supported by the local charges; but this is a general fund, for general appropriation, to the sick and disabled seamen.

Hon. Mr. MITCHELL: What is the rate per ton paid in Moncton and Dorchester?

Hon. Mr. WARK: The question first to be decided is, whether the sick and disabled seamen's dues are of the same character as the other port and harbor dues. Hitherto a distinction has been made, and the fund now under consideration has been regarded as a provincial and general fund, and if so, then the provisions of the bill, as well as the amendments, are not correct, for there is no reason why ships to Miramichi should pay more than in other ports. If the fund is too low, then Government should take the matter up, and impose an additional duty on all the ports—the power might be left discretionary with the Government.

Hon. Mr. BORSFORD: The general law makes a distinction—in some ports the dues being double that of others. This certainly, all other things being equal, is wrong, and why such an act of gross injustice was perpetrated on those ports, I cannot conceive. A subsequent law was passed, reducing the charges in the port of Miramichi to 1d. Is the construction of the law to be, that a man who 20 years before may have made a trip to Boston and back, and has settled down as a farmer when he becomes infirm, has a just claim on the funds?

Hon. Mr. MITCHELL: Certainly not.

Hon. Mr. MITCHELL: Let us be the practical construction put on it.

The hon. gentleman read a letter from the Provincial Treasurer suggesting an amendment in the law, similar to that provided in the amendment. In the law, similar to that provided in the amendment. In the law, similar to that provided in the amendment.

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