

ed peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted—walls were erected to support the earth which appeared ready to give way—mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them, and the thing was done. The bridge still bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests that covered the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Dapp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty-four thousand pine trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the slide of Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground, or deep places, where it had to be sustained by huge scaffolding; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every difficulty, and the thing was done. The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were about one hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles in about six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work, says "that such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow."

Say not hastily, then, "It is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week, or by thoughtlessness, carelessness and indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy and perseverance, is to ensure success.—"Time and patience," says a Spanish author "make the mulberry leaf, satin;" and another remarks, "that care and industry do everything."

ADVICE TO A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine contains a useful paper, entitled "The Working Man's Way in the World," from which we extract the following excellent letter, purporting to be the counsel of a father to his newly-married son and daughter.—"My dear Son and Daughter,—I cannot refrain from following you with the expression of my wishes for your welfare, and some counsels which my anxiety on your account will not suffer me to suppress. They shall be few and short, as the more likely to be remembered. You are neither of you aware, so much as you will be some years hence, that each of you is more dependant on the other than upon all the rest of the world put together for the daily and hourly comforts and the peace of a heart habitually at ease; this is mainly promoted by the little nameless amenities without which the ripples of life will become waves of trouble. It is therefore desirable that each should bear it always in mind that your temporal destinies are indissolubly linked together, and a little unkindness is a great wrong in either of you. After a few months, I trust both your minds will settle down into that incomprehensible consciousness of oneness which, while it is the most mysterious, is also the sweetest, purest, and loveliest of all human affections. But the exquisite delights of such a relation can only be preserved by each maintaining a course insuring the utmost confidence and respect of the other. A cross look, an unseemly word, negligent inattention to known wishes—will scatter the complacent comfortable-ness as a harsh handling destroys the bloom of a fine piece of fruit. I wish both of you may be able to avoid every thing of the kind; it is better to be a little painstaking to suppress the first rising of such sort of things than to destroy in one moment the complacency which no after care can ever restore. I am glad to learn that my son is joined to a companion whose departure from home is matter of regret to all who knew her, and most so to those who knew her best. If I mistake not, her capabilities and aptitude to create domestic comfort are far beyond a sack-full of gold; and I trust his good sense, as well as his affection, will afford them fair play. On the other hand, I beg to remind my new daughter that the husband has a thousand elements of disturbance in his daily avocations to which the wife is an utter stranger; and it will be her privilege, and her title to the respect of all whose respect is worth having to make his own fireside the most attractive place in the universe for the calm repose of a wearied body or excited mind. The minor comforts, which are the most valuable because the most constantly in requisition, will depend more upon her looks, her manner, and the evidences of her forethought, than upon all the other occurrences of life. A long and diversified experience of the ways of men compels me to the ungracious counsel: Put no unnecessary confidence in any man, and be particularly cautious in dealing with a company of men, be their individual worth whatever it may. Reduce to black and white whatever is of the slightest importance to 'good understanding,' and expect nothing that is not so explicitly detailed and insured. My best wishes and trembling prayers go with you. Your affectionate Father."

A good book is an excellent companion.

New Works.

From the London Literary Gazette.
LIFE IN CANADA.

BY MRS MOODIE.

If there be one of life's affairs in which woman has a peculiar right to have her wishes considered and her veto respected, it is that of emigration. For in the arduous task of establishing a new home in a half settled country, let man do what he will to alleviate, on her fall the burthen and heat of the day. Hers are the menial toils, the frequent anxieties, the lingering home-sickness, the craving after dear friends' faces and a beloved native land. Hers, too, the self imposed duty and unselfish effort to hide regret under cheerful smiles, when the weary brother or husband returns at evening from toil in field and forest. Blessed and beautiful are the smiles of the sad-hearted, worn to wile away another's cares!

Love in a cottage has long been jeered at, and depicted as flying out of the window. It seems miraculous to behold the capricious little deity steadfastly braving for many a long year, the chilly atmosphere of a log hut in an American forest. In the year 1832, Mrs Moodie (here better remembered as Miss Susanna Strickland, sister of the well known historian of the English and Scottish Queens) accompanied her husband, a half pay subaltern, to the back woods of Canada. Many were her misgivings, and they did not prove unfounded. Long and cruel was the probation she underwent, before finding comparative comfort and prosperity in the rugged land where at first she found so much to embitter her existence. Nobly did she bear up under countless difficulties and sufferings, supported by an energy rare in woman, and by her devoted attachment to the husband of her choice. For some years her troubles were not occasional, but continual and increasing. Her first installation in a forest home could hardly have been more discouraging and melancholy than it was:

"The place we first occupied was purchased of Mr C—, a merchant, who took it in payment of sundry large debts, which the owner, a New England loyalist, had been unable to settle. Old Joe H—, the present occupant, had promised to quit it with his family, at the commencement of sleighing; and as the bargain was concluded in the month of September, and we were anxious to plough for fall wheat, it was necessary to be upon the spot. No house was to be found in the immediate neighborhood save a small dilapidated log tenement, on an adjoining farm (which was scarcely reclaimed from the bush), that had been some months without an owner. The merchant assured us that this could be made very comfortable until such time as it suited H— to remove."

With singular want of caution, Mr and Mrs Moodie neglected to visit this "log tenement" before signing an agreement to rent it. On a rainy September day they proceeded to take possession:

"The carriage turned into a narrow, steep path, overhung with lofty woods, and after laboring up it with considerable difficulty, and at the risk of breaking our necks, it brought us at length to a rocky upland clearing partially covered with a second growth of timber, and surrounded on all sides by the dark forest."

"I guess," quoth our Yankee driver, "that at the bottom of this 'ere swell, you'll find yourself to hum;" and plunging into a short path cut through the wood, he pointed to a miserable hut, at the bottom of a steep descent, and cracking his whip, exclaimed, "It's a smart location that. I wish you Britishers may enjoy it."

I gazed upon the place in perfect dismay, for I had never seen such a shed called a house before. "You must be mistaken; that is not a house but a cattle shed or pigsty."

The man turned his knowing keen eye upon me, and smiled, half humorously, half maliciously, as he said, "You were raised in the old country, I guess; you have much to learn, and more perhaps than you'll like to know, before the winter is over."

The prophet of evil spoke truly. It was a winter of painful instruction for the inexperienced young woman, and her not very prudent husband. We might fill columns with a bare list of their vexations and disasters—Amongst the former, not the least arose from the borrowing propensities of their neighbors. They had located in a bad neighborhood, in the vicinity of a number of low Yankee squatters, "ignorant as savages, without their courtesy and kindness." These people walked unceremoniously at all hours into their wretched dwelling, to criticise their proceedings, make impertinent remarks, and to borrow—or rather to beg or steal, for what they borrowed they rarely returned. The most extraordinary loans were daily solicited or demanded; and Mrs Moodie, strange and timid in her new home, and amongst these semi-barbarians—her husband, too, being much away at the farm—for some time dared not refuse to acquiesce in their impudent extortions. Here is a specimen of the style of those mis-called "borrowings." On the first day of their arrival, whilst they were yet toiling to exclude wind and rain from the crazy hovel, which their baggage and goods filled nearly to the roof, a young Yankee "lady" squeezed herself into the crowded room: "Imagine a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp, knowing looking features, a forward impudent carriage, and a pert flippant voice, standing upon one of the trunks, and surveying all our proceedings in the most impertinent manner. The creature

was dressed in a ragged, dirty, purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, with an old red cotton handkerchief tied over her head; her uncombed, tangled locks falling over her thin, inquisitive face in a state of perfect nature. Her legs and feet were bare, and in her coarse, dirty, red hands she swung to and fro an empty glass decanter."

The mission of this squalid nymph was not to borrow but to lend. She 'guessed the strangers were fixin' there,' and that they'd want a glass decanter to hold their whisky, so she had brought one over. "But mind—don't break it said she; 'tis the only one we have to hum, and father says it's so mean to drink out of green glass"—a sentiment worthy of a colonel of hussars. Although quite pleased by such disinterested kindness and attention, Mrs Moodie declined the decanter on the double ground of having some of her own, and of not drinking whisky. The refusal was unavailing. The lady in ragged purple set down the bottle on a trunk, as firmly as if she meant to plant it there, and took herself off. The next morning cleared up the mystery of her perseverance.

"Have you done with that 'ere decanter I brought across yesterday?" said the 'cute damsel presenting herself before Mrs Moodie with her bare red knees peeping through her ragged petticoats, and with face and hands innocent of soap. The English lady returned the bottle with the remark that she had never needed it.

"I guess you won't return it empty," quoth the obliging neighbor; "that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whisky."

The hearty laugh which this solution of the riddle provoked from the inmates of the log house offended the female Yankee, who tossed the decanter from hand to hand and glared savagely about her. But the ridicule was insufficient to deter her from the whisky hunt. When assured there was none in the place, she demanded rum, and pointed to a keg in which she said she smelt it. Her keen olfactory had not deceived her. The rum, she was told was for the workmen:

"Calculate," was the reply, when 'you've been here a few months, you'll be too knowing to give rum to helps. But old country folks are all fools, and that's the reason they get so easily sucked in, and be so soon wound up. Cum, fill the bottle and don't be stingy. In this country we all live by borrowing. If you want anything, why just send and borrow from us."

When the decanter was filled and delivered to this saucy mendicant, Mrs Moodie ventured to petition for a little milk for her infant, but impudence in purple laughed in her face and named an exorbitant price at which she would sell it her, for cash on delivery. It seems incredible that after this ingratitude, Mrs Moodie continued her 'lendings' to the family of which her new acquaintance was a distinguished ornament.

"The very day our new plough came home, the father of this bright damsel, who went by the familiar name of Old Satan, came over to borrow it (though we afterwards found out that he had a good one of his own). The land had never been broken up, and was full of rocks and stumps, and he was anxious to save his own from injury; the consequence was that the borrowed implement came home unfit for use, just at the very time we wanted to plough for fall wheat. The same happened to a spade and trowel, bought in order to plaster the house. Satan asked the loan of them for one hour, for the same purpose, and we never saw them again."

The other neighbors were no better. One Yankee dame used to send over her son, a hopeful youth, Philander by name, almost every morning to borrow the bake kettle, in which hot cakes were cooked for breakfast. One day, when Mrs Moodie was later than usual in rising, she heard from her bedroom the kitchen latch lifted. It was Philander, come for the kettle.

"I (through the partition): 'You can't have it this morning. We cannot get our breakfast without it.'"

Philander: "No more can the old woman to hum, and snatching up the kettle, which had been left to warm on the hearth, he rushed out of the house, singing at the top of his voice: 'Hurrah for the Yankee boys!' When James (the servant) came home to his breakfast, I sent him across to demand the kettle, and the dame very coolly told him that when she was done with it I might have it; but she defied him to take it out of the house with her bread in it."

(To be continued.)

From "Comparative Psychology and Universal Analogy"

THE LILIES AND THEIR LESSONS.

This flower, emblem of purity and rectitude, has two whimsical properties: it is treacherous, and it lives in banishment. First, it is perfidious in bedaubing with a yellow powder whomsoever, seduced by its perfume, approaches too near it. The soiling, which draws laughter upon its victim, represents the fate of those who familiarise themselves with truth.

Let a man, docile to the lessons of our moralists, and resolved to practice the august truth, which is, they tell us, the best friend of the human race, go into a saloon to tell the free and full truth about what the company present have done or are doing—the extortions of business men, and the secret intrigues of the ladies; he shall be treated as a philosophic barbarian, a churl, inadmissible to good company. Every one, by an invitation to the door, will prove to him that august truth is by no means the best friend of mortals, and can only conduct its too earnest devotee to disgrace.

Nature writes us this lesson in the pollen with which she covers the stamens of the lily. It would seem that she would say to him whom this flower attracts—beware thou of truth; do not rub thyself against it.

This is the meaning of the smear that she draws over those imprudent noses which rub themselves carelessly against the lily flower, and get pointed at presently by the children, as we get ourselves pointed at by the fathers, when we dare to speak to them the august truth.

Second, *The Banishment of the Lily.*—Truth is beautiful; yes, but beautiful to be seen at a distance; and such is the opinion of the great world, since it cannot admit the flower of truth.

We shall hardly present a bouquet of Lilies to a lady of fashion; we shall see no lily in the parlor of a Cræsus. All lovely as this flower is, its form, its perfume, its translucent white, befit not the class of Sybarites. They like the lily and truth only at a distance. They banish it to the corners of the flower beds.

In bouquet, it only suits the people who have no fear of weighty truth. Thus may we see the lily displayed at public festivals, or at the door of the humble cot, where truth presides. It charms children, who fear not the truth.

In Catholic countries it is used to adorn the statues and pictures of Saints on the feast days; and they do well to place the symbol of truth in the hands of the inhabitants of heaven, for if it is in fashion in the other world, it is by no means so in this.

Other emblems of truth are varied in the species of this flower; the orange colored lily represent another class of the lovers of truth; those atrabilious misanthropes who practise it rudely, and know not how to make it amiable; so has this lily the character of austerity. It has no perfume (charm). Its color is that of severe enthusiasm, the deep orange,—dull shade—black spots.

A SINGLE SENTENCE.

On the eight of February last there died in Edinburgh a venerable Baptist pastor, Mr James Alexander Haldane, in his eighty fourth year. In his early life he commanded the man-of-war Melville Castle. While engaged in an action one day, the decks of his ship were cleared by the broadsides of the enemy. Captain Haldane ordered a fresh set of hands to be 'piped up,' to take the place of the slain. The men, on seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades scattered over the deck, instinctively drew back; at which their commander had poured forth a volley of oaths, and wished them all in h—ll. One of the seamen who had been religiously educated, shortly afterwards said to the Captain, in a respectful and serious manner, 'If God had heard your prayer just now, where should we have been?' The engagement terminated; but a greater victory had been achieved over Captain Haldane than by him. The old sailor's words were winged by Him who never smites in vain; and from that day the gallant and reckless officer became a changed man. He lived to preach the gospel for fifty-four years.

Among the early fruits of his ministry was the conversion of his brother Robert, now well known as an able, learned and pious commentator. Robert went to Geneva, and during a sojourn there of several months, he labored with unwearied assiduity to reclaim the pastors and theological students whom he met with from their rationalistic errors, to indoctrinate them in the evangelical faith, and lead them to seek a personal interest in the saviour.

The blessing of God was with him. A considerable number of young men became hopefully pious; and among those in whose conversion he had a main agency were Frederick Monod, now one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church, in France; Felix Neff, the devoted young pastor of the high Alps, whose memory is held sacred in both hemispheres; and Merle D'Aubigne the eminent historian of the Reformation.

To pronounce these names is to show how impossible it must be for any created mind to gather up the results of that single conversion on board the Melville Castle. And that conversion was brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor to his commander, firmly but courteously reproving him for his profanity.

This case is a strong one. But is it not instructive? Does it not shame our remissness in the great duty of bringing men to Christ? Does it not hold out the amplest encouragement to fidelity and zeal in the important work?—They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement.—The mother of a family being one of the heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate and more easily governed.—How many parents, who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or a daughter who had ignorantly fallen into temptation.