

She had all a woman's passionate necessity of loving, but very little of its usual more selfish complement of the necessity of being loved. Thus, her love showed itself in and towards a thousand things that by no possibility could yield her return. Birds, and flowers, and music, books, pictures, shells—such things as these that other people admire and are content, she seemed rather to love; so fond and grateful, and tender was her appreciation of their beauty. I have seen her radiant with a sort of tremulous delight in hearing of some lovely trait of character, or in watching little children at their play, or in gazing at some exquisite bit of scenery. Sunshine was brightness to her, clouds were pictures, the wind was music. The air came to her most balmily, the breeze most freshly. She was attuned to nature, somehow, so that all her variations were made musical; and even that which to other people would produce discord, was only harmony with her.

She had faults undoubtedly; but I cannot think of them now. They were visible to herself as well as to others. They did not make her miserable or despondent, but rather vitalized her energies for herself, and made her charity for others wider and warmer than in any other person I ever knew.

It was curious to hear her sometimes discussing, in her gentle way, with her hostess, a lady with an adoring husband, fair children, an ample fortune, and other minor advantages. This lady's view of life were gloomy—of humanity, condemnatory even to hopelessness.

"It makes me perfectly sick at heart to hear of such people. O dear! how much villainess and deceit exist in the world. Wickedness, crime, sin, meet us in every hand. Isn't it terrible?"

"Nay," would be Anna's reply, "I do not believe in the villainess of the world, nor in the utter depravity of mankind. Human nature must be very dear to the God who watches over its salvation. We have no right to cast out whom He receives."

"O, of course, religiously speaking," the lady would admit.

It was one wide difference between Anna's speaking and most other people's, that, though rarely religious in language, it was always so in spirit.

Dear Anna! I let her very bright, with her health renewed into its usual strength, and her heart as blithe and grateful as a sky-lark's song. When I next saw her, it was under a new load of pain and trial. A violent cold had settled on her limbs, and deprived her for many months of the power of walking. I found her confined to a sofa, in a suburban lodging, her window looking out over the trim road and opposite houses, with their little green gardens in front. But the aspect was south, and she was eloquent over the warmth and brightness of her domicile.

"This room is so cosy, and the people of the house are very considerate. And my friends here are so kind, and come to see me, and sit with me, and write me long letters when they are away. You see my suffering and helplessness bring out everybody's goodness. I feel quite glad and grateful, not only for my own sake when old Mrs Cross, who is so disliked, comes and brings me books and fruit; and Mr Seamore, whom people call avaricious and selfish, sends his carriage to take me a drive, as he has done several times."

Soon after this a new hope brightened her life. Her youngest brother wrote to her from India, to say he was coming to England; that he had longed for a home, and looked to her to share in and superintend it when he should arrive.

"I shall have a real home, with my brother my very own brother; my own home! O, how good, how dear a blessing, no one can tell!"

But I could guess, seeing her tears of passionate rejoicing, how sad had been the gap that now promised to be filled up.

Well, the happiness of anticipation she had, and enjoyed to the uttermost. The gladness of fulfilment never was hers. Her brother died on his passage home. By his death, moreover, a portion of her slender income developed away from her. She was so poor, now, that she had to eke out her means of livelihood by working at her needle.

But that is a blessing. To be obliged to work makes the time of my forced imprisonment pass more quickly. There is an added interest given to the work, you see, that only necessity could supply. It must be bad for me, if I had time to think too much of my brother.—O, my dear brother Francis, we were little children together!

Her external fortitude broke down at the mention of her brother.

"It seemed so very sad and desolate at first. I had hoped and yearned so much. For a little while I felt quite heartbroken, like a child-child. But then came the peace God sends to his children. It is so comforting to feel that, when trouble is with us, God is with us too."

Not long after, I saw Anna once again.—She lay very quiet and calm, and pale, on her white bed. Strong in her love, and undoubting in her faith, she was waiting only for death.

"Dear, don't you grieve: there is no pain left now: and I have been thinking so happily. It is strange, my mother died while I was a little child, but I can remember her face now quite well. . . . How good every one is to me! I love you all very much, but not half enough. Nay, don't cry. Think how happy I have been, how happy I am, even though—Ah, thank God for all!"

And when I looked on her an hour after, when her face shown with that wonderful shining that never comes till the earthly light is gone, and there has come on the mortal shell the passionless, emotionless, far-removed stillness of death, I, too, could say, "Thank God for all!" and think, as I turned again to the outer, living world of sunshine, sound and movement,—

"Truly, she is happy."

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A PINE TREE.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

(Copied from the *Miramichi Mercury* by the request of a Subscriber.)

"Somebody says there are tongues in trees, and that they talk with as much ease when cut and squared, as while they grow."

ALTHOUGH I was spared for a time, yet at last my size and fine shape marked me as a worthy prey for the Lumberer's axe. Till this unhappy period, I had always reflected on my size and beauty, for which I owed much to the drowned Mammoth, with feelings of pride and exultation, and often looked down with contempt on the more diminutive members of my species, but now I would willingly have changed shapes with the most knarled, crooked and deformed tree in the forest, because my very ugliness would have been a protection. Thus a Girl with a figure

"As tall and as straight as a poplar tree, and eyes as black as a huckle berry, when she has fallen a victim to the false arts and deceitful flatteries of the seducer, in the bitterness of her heart and the freshness of her sorrow, wishes that nature had been less kind, and made her less attractive."

You may conceive my terrors, and the pains by which I was tormented, gentle reader, when a fellow, six feet high, stripped to the shirt with an axe as keen as a razor, made a blow at me; after giving me a stroke or two, he rested his weapon upon the ground, put a plug of tobacco into his mouth, and swearing that I was a "d—d fine stick," spit upon his hands, and went actively to work to complete my destruction. After cutting about half through my body, he shifted to the other side, and played the same tune upon that, without seeming at all sensible of the pain which, as Falconer has it

"Torments the groaning Pine on high, at length I felt seriously shaken to my very topmost bough, and after wavering and tottering backward and forward for a while, fell to the ground with a most tremendous crash, tearing asunder the few particles which still connected me with my stump. And here I must again remark the difference between my sound and rotten branches; the latter, as they had been disgraceful in my prosperity, were totally worthless and unserviceable in my misfortunes; they no sooner came in contact with the ground than they were shivered into a thousand pieces, while those which were green and vigorous, although they could not prevent, did much towards breaking my fall. I could not but observe, though perhaps my mortification might have led me into error, that all the trees which surrounded me, spread their branches and shook their heads as if they were exulting in my downfall.

The cruelty of my enemy, the Lumberer, did not cease here, he fell to work, and soon deprived me of my limbs; after which he cut my top off and left me for a time to brood over my sorrows, and seek for consolation. The old Song says,

"Come, never seem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curse,
However bad you find it,
There's always some one worse."

And if there is any comfort in the reflection that our neighbours have more reason to complain than ourselves, I enjoyed it in its full extent, for, though what I have informed you of, would lead you to conclude, gentle reader, that no further mischief could be worked upon me, yet I assure you the greater part of the trees, who fell before the axe of the woodman, were worse treated than I was, for they were hacked and hewed most unmercifully, until instead of being round, as nature made them, they became square and unsightly, and lost not only their limbs, but at least one fourth of the original bulk of their bodies.

As soon as the snow began to fall, a parcel of Oxen, with machines which go by the name of Bob Sleds, were brought to the spot where my companions and I were lying, and we were all hauled together to a place called a yard, which was done, as I afterwards learned, in order to prevent our being buried in the heavy snow.—As soon as a considerable number of us had been yarded, some teams of horses began hauling us to the water side or landing. As soon as the spring arrived we were thrown without mercy

into the water, and for the distance of 15 miles we were steered and driven down the stream by the exertions of the Lumberers. This part of the process is distinguished as Brook driving, and to the great satisfaction of us Pine Trees, very often proves fatal to our enemies. These hardy fellows, for although I dislike them, I cannot but give them their due, remain all day in the water, and frequently run great risks in getting us clear of the rocks, &c. or breaking the jams, as they call it, and often fall victims to their temerity. Indeed to see the risks they run, and the hardships they endure, is enough to astonish even a Pine tree.

As soon as we had got into the tide way, or deep water, we were collected together into several parcels, and by the assistance of ropes, &c. were formed into rafts; after which we were towed to within a few miles of a fleet of large ships and brigs, which were waiting to receive us. We were now surveyed, and turned over to the Merchant or Shipper; after which my companions and I were dragged into a hole in the bow of a large ship, crowded together, and shut out from the light of day. Here we remained till the vessel had completed her lading, when she set sail for England, and after a passage of 25 days, arrived at Liverpool.

Here, gentle reader, I shall conclude my narrative, and for two very obvious reasons; the first of which is, that I have hated long stories, ever since I was a witness to the Owl's good natured system of annoyance; and the next is, because it has ever been a maxim with writers of all descriptions, that when the most pathetic touches of which a subject is capable, have been given, whatever follows is generally tame or superfluous; and as no part of my life, although very diversified, can exhibit such scenes of personal suffering as that which I have just related, and consequently cannot create so intense a feeling in my favor, I have thought it best to conclude while my misfortunes are yet fresh in your memory, and your heart overflowing with sympathy for my sufferings.

But I would not have you believe for a moment, that I stopped for want of materials, for I might yet write volumes, and inform you how I was converted into a mast for an East-Indiaman, how I doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and saw countries of all kinds; and how on the voyage home, the vessel foundered, and went to the bottom, where I was a witness to many curious things, among others, to a meeting of Muscles and Five Fingers, to sign a petition to Neptune, to get him to prevent the Whales and Grampusses from scratching their backs against the rocks, as by such proceeding, the Petitioners stated, they were subject to great annoyance. I might farther state, how I was disengaged from the hull of the vessel by a violent storm, and picked up by a French Slave Ship; how I was carried to Brest, and converted into a mast again; how I went up the Mediterranean, and saw the place where Orpheus made the Trees dance to his music; and here I could not help thinking that he might have played till he was tired in the Forests of Miramichi, without making the Pines 'stir their stumps' at all.

But I will not weary you, gentle reader with the particulars of these adventures, and while I thank you for the indulgence you have extended towards me, shall merely say, I am,
Your very humble servant.

A PINE TREE.

HINTS ABOUT CAGE BIRDS.

DISEASES AND CURE.—Moulting is what all the feathered tribe is liable to, during which time (about three months) they undergo much pain; they require therefore, care and nourishing food, as well as being kept warm, and out of any draught of wind. Cold brings on swellings and inflammation in their little bowels and frequently will, if not taken in time cause death. During the first season they only cast their down feathers, but every year after they throw off the whole of their plumage; at least, this must be done by nature or by art, or they will be certain to die shortly. When you find them begin to moult, which may be known when their feathers are seen at the bottom of their cages, immediately put them in some warm place; or if their cages were to be covered over the top, back, and sides, with thin cloth or paper, they would moult off much faster; clean and feed them as usual. When clean moulted, take off the covering, by degrees; give them when moulted in addition to their common food, a little chopped egg and bun, a little maw-seed, a few flakes of hay-saffron in their water, or toast and water. At other times put a rusty nail in their water; you must also sometimes put a little loam at the bottom of the cage, sometimes a little salt, unless you can get sea sand, which is better; and a piece of chalk.—Continue to vary these things, as birds, like human beings, are fond of change of diet during sickness. If this plan is followed, the life of many a valuable bird will be saved. After second moulting, you will find the wing and tail feathers, of your canaries become lighter every season; so that the fancy canary bird loses its fancy colors after one year old, and in five or six years, all his feathers will have become jonque or mealy coloured.

Swelling or inflammation most frequently proceeds from a sudden change of weather, or from the birds being kept in a room which

has during the day a fire, and at night, when sometimes from feeding them on unripe herbage; therefore always give ripe groundsel or plantain, &c. When birds appear dull and heavy, with their heads under their wings, appearing all of a heap, take them out, and see if their bellies are inflamed or swollen; if so give some grits among their seed, and a little boiled bread and milk, with moist sugar, in their tin pans; next day scald some rape-seed and bread in a bit of cloth, squeeze out the water from the bread, bruise the seed to a complete pulp, then add a little yolk of hard-boiled egg and a little maw seed; the next day give them bread and milk and clean water, with a few flakes of hay-saffron in it; so continue this regimen, keeping them comfortably warm, until cured: which you may expect in about a week or ten days. All this time take care to supply them every day with a fresh box of sharp sand or gravel, to dust themselves in; and a pan of clean lukewarm water in their cage for an hour or two daily, to bathe themselves in; you must also supply them with a little lump of salt, and a piece of chalk to peck at; as well as a few sprigs of watercress plantain, and other ripe greens; the bird, by its natural instinct, will choose that which is best for the disorder. If however, you find them, in about a week or ten days, getting no better, and the swelling or inflammation not abated, still continue the opening food—that is the bread and milk and sugar—until the inflammation and swelling are completely gone down. A little nourishing food, and a few grains of hemp-seed, must be given, now and then, to keep up their strength. We have known a very small quantity of magnesia to be of service; take just as much as may be laid upon a sixpence, dissolved in a wine-glass of spring water, and give it to them over night, so that they may drink two or three times the first thing in the morning; take it away at breakfast time, and in lieu of it give toast and water; so change for two or three mornings, and give at the same time some scalded rape-seed, &c.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he has a fortune left to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little, as a child is taught at school. In this way they acquire habits of industry that will not forsake them when they grow up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labour. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labour set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or the almshouse.

SNAKES.

THE following property in the snake is not, I believe, generally known. A respectable land surveyor informed me that while he was making a survey of some property, he was attended by a man who had the character among his neighbours of being a shrewd fellow, but what more particularly entitled him to distinction, was his extraordinary partiality for the common snake. On being questioned on the subject, he proposed to take the first opportunity which afforded of showing a peculiar property in the reptile. It was on a sunny spring morning, whilst running a line through a copse, that the man in question was observed suddenly to drop the chain handle and jump upon a bank. The next moment he came forward, with two full-sized snakes writhing about his hands and wrists. After viewing them some time, while the man admired them with the most lively feeling of satisfaction, he observed "I know them, sir (meaning their habits and disposition), quite as well as they do themselves." He then proposed to show a trait in their character, which would bear out that description of them in scripture,—viz., that they possessed superior cunning. On adjourning to a neighbouring road, the man placed one of the snakes on the hard ground. He then took a very thin twig, and tapped the reptile very gently on the head. It immediately darted towards him, when he presented his hand to its open mouth, and continued to play with it, now and then gently tapping it on the head with the twig.—He then said that it would presently dissemble