

WINTER.

The frost looked out one still, clear night
And says, "now I'll be out of sight.
So through the valley, and o'er the height
In silence I'll take my way."

But I'll not be like that blustering train,
The snow, the wind, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much noise and bluster in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

He went to the mountain and powdered each
crest;

He climbed up the trees and the bows he drest
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on the margin far and near
Where a rock would rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy he crept,
Wherever he stepped, wherever he breathed,
By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things, there were towers and
trees,

There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers
and there

All pictured in silver shrine.
But he did one thing that was hardly fair
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare;

"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Will chink to tell them I'm drinking."

J. P. WELLS.

Serial.

FIFINE.

CHAP. III.—A PILGRIMAGE.

FIFINE had been asleep for several hours, when she was roused by the joggling of the ambulance. She opened her eyes. The moonlight shone through the little window. Marraine was preparing for bed, and from without could be heard the sound of father Touton's voice, as he spoke to the horses. The little girl knew very well that like all the rest of the show-people, they were to leave Villerville during the night after the fete, and she closed her eyes and went to sleep at once.

When next she awoke, the wagon was again at rest. Father Touton was in bed, sound asleep, and from the little kitchen at the back came the sound of the clinking of saucepans, and of the horses munching their hay.

The little girl sprang up and hastened to help her godmother prepare breakfast. She found that, contrary to the usual custom, the wagon was standing beside the highroad, which here ran very near the sea. Close behind rose a steep hill, seeming almost to hang over their heads, and hiding the sun from them, though its beams rested full upon the white houses of the great city on the opposite shore of the river.

While Fifine was gazing about her she heard the sound of wheels, and looking up the road, saw a cart coming along, drawn by a man and a boy. They were Monsieur Jacolet and Desire. Fifine ran to meet them, and walked along at the boy's side. She was so glad to see Desire again as not even to be afraid of cross M. Jacolet, who however, was never cross to her.

"O Desire," she said, "Are you not tired? Have you been walking all night?"

"I am tired," he replied, "but we have not walked all night. This is not seven miles from Villerville, Fifine. We rested some time before we started, and we shall stop somewhere before we get to Honfleur."

"We might as well stop here," said Monsieur Jacolet's harsh voice. "There is a nice spring among the rocks yonder."

Fifine knew that Desire would be busy getting breakfast, and she ran back to her godmother. "Shall I help you, Marraine?" she asked.

"Yes, child. I am washing out the caseroles (saucepans), they are so full of dust since yesterday."

"And then we will get breakfast," said Fifine, observing with surprise that there was neither soup nor coffee upon the stove.

"No, child, we shall not want it. We are going on pilgrimage to-day, and the merit is greater if one does it fasting, though you may have a piece of bread. We will take breakfast when we get back."

"On pilgrimage, Marraine? How nice! I never went on pilgrimage."

"This hill is the Cote de Grace (the steep of mercy), said her godmother handing Fifine a saucepan to wipe. "It is a great merit to ascend it, for it is very steep. And at the top is a famous chapel which Our Lady especially loves. She pays great attention to prayers said here, than almost anywhere else."

"But why does she not pay attention to all of them?" asked Fifine.

"Silly child," replied the old woman,

"You don't suppose she can be every where at once, do you? There are people praying to her everywhere: she listens as well as she can, but she likes some places better than others, which is only natural."

"I don't see the use of praying if nobody listens," Fifine said thoughtfully. "But then, to be sure, she may be listening; one can't tell."

"She will listen to us after we have climbed the hill?" replied Marraine. "When one takes so much trouble to please her, it is no wonder if she does. It will be a good action, and make my conscience easy for a long time to come."

"Isn't your conscience easy now, Marraine?" asked Fifine in surprise.

"What questions the child does ask," said the godmother angrily. "Here, take your bread, and run away and eat it, and don't go far, for I shall be ready to start soon."

Fifine ran to find Desire. "We are going on pilgrimage," she said to him. "Are you and Monsieur Jacolet going too, that you stop here?"

"No," replied Desire, "men don't go upon pilgrimage, Fifine."

"Don't they?" asked the little girl; "why not?"

"I don't know," answered Desire, musingly. "They say that religion is only for women and priests, but I wonder how that can be."

"What is religion?" asked Fifine. "Is it going on pilgrimage?"

"I don't know, exactly, but I think it is that, and saying prayers, and such things. I wish I knew what it really is," he added thoughtfully.

There was no time for further words. Mother Touton stood before them ready to go, and the children hastily bade each other good-by. Fifine ran along beside her godmother till they came to a turn in the highway, where a steep road led straight up the hill. A zig-zag footpath at one side made an easier way up, and a number of people were walking slowly up by it, while in the middle of the broad road one or two persons were climbing up the difficult ascent upon their knees.

Mother Touton drew out her rosary, and dropped upon her knees. "You can take the path, my girl," she said, "but tell your beads as you go along; there's a good child."

Fifine was too much surprised to answer. She took her own rosary from her neck, and set out to ascend the hill, repeating a prayer from time to time as she went along. The path, in spite of its windings, was steep, and she was glad to sit down upon the benches she found at each turn, to rest, and wait for her godmother, whose progress was slow indeed. It was long before they reached the summit of the hill. The grounds were here laid out tastefully, with walks and beds of flowers beneath the trees. There were a number of booths for the sale of crosses, beads, and other "objects of religion;" there were restaurants, too, and a little chapel nearly hidden among the trees. The view from this spot was magnificent, but neither Fifine nor her godmother observed it. They walked toward the chapel, and seated themselves to rest upon the stone bench which ran around the sides of the building. They were quite alone: every one else had gone to the restaurants.

The walls of the chapel were almost covered with inscriptions recording the wonderful deliverances from shipwreck, and the other imagined favors accorded by the Virgin Mary in answer to prayers offered here. Fifine walked slowly along, trying to decipher the rude tablets, while her godmother knelt before the altar, again telling her beads and repeating her prayers. At last she arose.

"Marraine," asked the little girl, as they left the church, and seated themselves on a bench whence they could watch all that was going on, "what did you want, that you came here?"

"Want, child? nothing in particular; a good season, and a prosperous journey. But it is a good action, it helps one to make one's salvation."

"How?" asked Fifine.

"It counts against our sins," replied her godmother. "Every time we do wrong, that is counted, and every good action is counted. Then, when one dies, if the sins are more than the good works, one must go to purgatory, and suffer great torments, till one is purified, and fit to enter heaven."

"I don't think you will have to stay in purgatory long, Marraine," said Fifine. "You never do anything wrong, and coming up here on your knees, without any breakfast, must be a very good action indeed. I think the blessed Virgin must be very much pleased with you."

The old woman smiled as if much grati-

fied. "I have always taken great pains with my salvation," she said with a satisfied air, as she rose to go. "Come, Fifine, father Touton will be waiting for his breakfast."

The descent of the hill was almost as difficult to mother Touton as the ascent had been. She walked slowly down, while Fifine ran before her, waiting for her at each turn of the path. They found father Touton waiting for them. He had set out everything needful for breakfast. The pilgrims sat down with excellent appetites.

"Jacolet is gone, I see," said mother Touton, glancing around as she cut a piece of bread.

"Yes, he is going to Fecamp. There are so many Parisians down for the bathing, he thinks he will do well there. He will not reach Paris before Christmas."

Fifine felt sad at the thought of such a long separation from her little friend, but soon the bustle of getting ready to start diverted her mind, and shortly after, fatigued with her morning walk, she was sleeping upon her little bed while the wagon jogged slowly along.

To be Continued.

OUR BEST FRIEND.

It was a clear, cold morning in the beginning of the New Year. The stage would start in an hour, but Willie was ready. The last stitch had been taken in the new, plain, though comfortable outfit; the last of the old stock had been neatly mended and brushed, and all were carefully packed in the modest leather trunk. Willie shut down the lid, settled the lock, put the key in his pocket, and seated himself for one more talk with "Mother." Willie R. was a Christian boy and a member of the church. He could not remember the time when he did not love God and His Church. And though now he was a well-grown boy of sixteen, yet he had never outgrown his love for his mother. There was no one in the world in whom he reposed such confidence, or to whom he could talk so freely. But now instead of beginning at once, as usual, he sat for a long time in silence, and seemed to be attentively regarding the various figures in the delicate frost work on the window panes, but in reality trying to map out his future life in the great city to which he was going to seek employment. At length rousing himself, he said in reply to his mother's look of inquiry:

"Now, if I only had some friend or relative in the city who is rich or influential; or if I had a letter of introduction from some such person, how easy it would be to get a place. You know George Harris who went there last year? Well, he got a splendid situation through the influence of his uncle who is Mayor of the city. I know you say, mother, that it is more noble and honorable to fight one's own battles, and make one's own way in life, than to depend upon the help or favor of the rich and great; but sometimes I feel weak and faint-hearted at the thought of going into the world alone."

Tears were in the gentle blue eyes of the mother as she replied, "My dear boy, you cannot feel more weak and shrinking at the thought of going out from me depending only on yourself than I do. But I know you need not, and do not go alone. You have a friend richer than any of the merchant princes of the city to which you are going, for the silver, and gold, and all things are His. He is higher in authority than the Mayor; for He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He is more powerful and influential than any earthly sovereign, for he can move the hearts of His subjects as He wills."

Willie's face brightened. "Yes, mother, if God is my friend how can I be so weak and faithless as to be troubled because I have no other? I know I can do all things in His strength."

"Remember, my son, he never breaks a promise, but always keeps perfect faith with us. He is kinder, too, than any earthly friend you could have. Those who are in the high places of the earth, sometimes refuse to recognize or help those of their relatives who are poor and lonely. But whoever may treat us scornfully or turn us away, the dear Lord never does."

"Indeed, mother, he does not, but invites all such to come to him for help in time of trouble."

"And here is his word, his precious message to guide and comfort you," said the mother, as she put a small pocket Bible in the hands of her son, "Never cease to love and obey it, but make it the man of your counsel."

"Thank you, dear mother, the stage is coming," and with a "good by" kiss, and

a low murmured "pray for me," he left her and was soon rolling away toward new and untried scenes. After the talk with his mother, his heart kindled into a warmer, brighter glow of love to the dear "Friend above all others," who so well deserved the name, and he went with a light, brave heart to face the world in the care and love of such a precious friend.

Dear reader, are you the friend of Jesus? Of all the titles by which he addressed his disciples when on earth, that of "friend," was most endearing. "Ye are my friends," he says, "if you do whatsoever I command you." And what a friend he is to us! Though there be those around us who love us deeply and tenderly, yet—

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood!
But this Saviour died to have us,
Reconciled, in him to God.

By giving his life for us, he has proved that he feels for his creatures a love stronger than death, and lasting as eternity.—
Canada Presbyterian.

Smiles.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—My son, it may be that as you grow older you will be seized with an ambition to serve your country in the halls of Congress. To this end you should begin now to acquire that polish and easy elegance of language which will enable you to shine in debate. Read the daily papers and thus familiarize yourself with the language and manners of the American legislator. Cut out the official report of the great financial debate between the Hon. Mr. Cleaver and the Hon. Mr. Snark, that it may be to you a text book upon monetary matters:

Hon. Mr. Cleaver—"In presenting this bill for the issue of 400,000,000 copper dollars per diem, Mr. Speaker, I am moved to say—"

Hon. Mr. Snark—"The honorable gentleman is a dirty liar and darsen't take it up."

Hon. Mr. Cleaver—"Sir, Mr. Speaker, if the honorable gentleman doesn't take that back in two shakes of a sheep's tail I will kick the everlasting stuffing right out of him."

The Speaker—"The gentlemen must be careful, in the heat of debate, not to overstep the bounds of courtesy and parliamentary usage."

Hon. Mr. Snark—"The gentleman is a lop eared son of a gun from a wooden shoe county, and he can't whip one side of me."

Hon. Mr. Cleaver—"Will the gentleman step out from behind his desk and put up his mauleys? Dance to me, you sucker, I only weigh a pound."

Hon. Mr. Snark—"I'll slap your nasty mouth, you venomous old beast."

Hon. Mr. Cleaver—"Aw-w, shut up, skinny! what are you givin' us?"

Hon. Mr. Groans, of Texas—"Black his eye! Hit him in the mouth!"

Other honorable gentlemen, from various states, "Smear him one! Send him one on the paste horn, for luck! Smack him in the snoot."

Hon. Mr. Can Handle, the speaker, mildly—"The honorable gentlemen will please keep within the bounds of parliamentary courtesy."

Hon. Mr. Cleaver, jumping up in the air and cracking his heels together—"Whoop! I kin chaw up and carry out any son of a thief between Chicago and Cairo! If you don't believe it, smell of my boots!"

Hon. Mr. Snark—"Hold me down somebody! I'm the bad man from a river district and I eat raw buffalo! Where do you want to be hit first?"

And just here, the police, on their way to close a disorderly house in the neighborhood, stepped in and closed the debate.

From this page of congressional history, my son, you can see how to direct your reading in order to acquire a sufficient knowledge of financial matters to participate in a debate on the funding bill. It may be a grand thing to go to congress. I won't discourage you, my dear boy, if your ambition leans in that direction: Still so long as you have an alternative open, so long as you can get a steady situation as chambermaid in a lively stable or clerk on a raft, I wouldn't advise you to set your heart on congress. The American people really do not have very much respect for congress, as a body. They are always sorry to see it in session. They are always glad when it adjourns. Individually, the members of congress are I believe, good citizens, good neighbors, good men. But for a lot of good raw material, my boy, they can make the meanest aggregate when they get together. Don't worry about going to congress, Telemachus. Go to the mines, or join the minstrels. Your parents will think more of you.—Hawkeye.

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